



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Oahu, T. H.
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My own Kay:

Your V-mail letter, Feb 21, landed several days after your air-mail letter which I have already answered... so you can see air mail is much faster.. for past few days mail has really been clearing.. got a letter from PBR... Paul Z.. father, and two from you... whee....

Nothing really new... still training films, walks, shots, combat swimming, add such.. with lots of odd jobs in between.. this PM drove a huge clubmobile to town.. one of those things with 16 wheels and 5 speeds ahead...am not so sure I would like to steal a Greyhound bus and drive it around, as I have dreamed about doing.... I got there alright.. but everytime I passed another large vehicle it scared me stiff. When you have all that weight rolling... its something.

Glad to know you are going to get a raise... keep after the "boss" as good help is damned hard to get... last batch of ARC guys to arrive here are pretty sad. By the way.. we have a man aboard named Stump.. the same Vandalia school teacher who lived with Stockstills and then moved to Vandalia.. remember? Lots of school teachers in our crowd.. he seems like quite a nice gent. Right now we have so many malihinis under foot that I have a hell of a time trying to keep them all straight.

Have been meaning to tell you and the children about the mynah birds... they came here originally from India... look something like robins, for size, but have bright yellow beaks... the males have black wings with white stripes across about one half inch wide.. very pretty when they fly... they are very tame, and walk around right under your feet. They have the fighting spirit of the jay, and the collecting habits of a magpie... they will pick up anything white, or bright in color, and carry it off to their nest. The other day I saw one standing on a piece of paper... with one corner of it in his



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beak, and he would try to fly, but would go end over end.. only to get up and try again. He could not seem to understand that it was quite impossible to stand on that paper and fly away with it at the same time. When the mynahs fight, they attack each other like fighter airplanes... zooming down on their adversary in a power dive. During mating season the lady mynah bird will stand by and watch while two males fight until one is dead... then calmly fly away with the victor... How the feathers fly. Many people get them young, and cut their tongue on the underside, which permits them to talk. They will imitate any human sound, but usually end up being masters of one or two phrases.. like "get outahere".. or "gotohell".. like a parrot. They are really very funny and never does a day go by that I do not stop and watch them.

Am very tired tonight and going to bed early... wish you were here so I could talk to you... there is so much to say and so much to tell you..have a bad case of butterflies, but not from likker... know that you would understand... night before last a WAV officer came in the club and played the piano for half an hour.. she was as good as that gal who used to play over WGN Chicago, when we were washed up in Cadillac..remember the program from 5 to 5:15 every day that was out of this world? Well, this gal played a lot of our favorites and wound up on Gershwin "Embracable You".... I could have wept.

Hope there is another letter in tomorrow... am worried about those sick spells of yours, and hope you will write frequently now.. or better yet, send me a straight commercial cable when you get this letter.. would cost you three bucks, but would be worth it to me... will you please dear?

Am to meet with the Area ARC public relations man this week end, and plan our modus operendi... guess I told you Arthur Mayer has returned to the states and new man is regular army; a Colonel.. sounds like a grand guy over the phone...at last I think we are getting somewhere... hope so. Will also try and see Jean on Sunday and will ask her to write you before long... as I believe she owes you a letter. Good night darling, and may God bless you and keep you all, while we are absent, one from



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the other..

Your own,

Henry -