



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Oahu, T. H.  
11 March 1945

Dearest Katherine:

This has been another beautiful Sunday... warm sunshine.. but it is cool again now that the sun has gone down. Wanted to go swimming this afternoon at the Officers Beach, but had no transportation, so we sat around the lanai of the OC and drank GI beer.

Things are really working out. As I told you, our PRO for area ARC is an army colonel now on detached service with us... went in to see him yesterday, and he is assigning Julian Garrett as full time photographer to the command. Julian has navy credentials and wears the uniform of a war correspondent. He is arranging for me to go to headquarters early this week and get army credentials, so my stuff will clear without any difficulty.. at least no more difficult than the rest will have ... I will remain Red Cross, which I prefer .. and we are to operate as a writing and photographic team.... the colonel said, "don't get separated... whatever you do." Garrett is an interesting guy and I think I am going to like him.

After the meeting yesterday we had lunch at a joint in town and then retired to one of the in town officers club to talk the situation over. We wound up after dinner at the Lennox mansion, and had a perfectly lovely evening listening to Jean play the piano... she was in good mood... good spirits, and really on the beam. She played the whole book for us and wound up with Aloha ohe...almost broke my heart.

Your V-Mail of March 1 date came in today...the one where you had been up all night... I gathered that you could write more soon...hope so... as every letter means so very very much. Have not heard the final outcome of the Dodge main strike, but hope it is ended by now... you should hear the officers rave when they read about things like that... oh me.. oh my.



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This week Garrett and I are going to take pictures of each other with the speed graphic (he has all the equipment) and I will try to get a good one to send to you...Hope the change does not startle you too much.

Tonight we had deluxe dinner at the club, even had steak, and the flavor was good, even though it was taken off the tag end of some old Hawaiian cow...mostly bone and gristle... did have some elegant tomato soup.

Please send me package containing tinned meat, sardines, anchovies, tomato soup, and a tin of (sealed metal) coffee, if you can get the latter. Guess I told you.. someone stole the two coat hangers the day they arrived. Can you beat that?

Had a fine letter today from Bob Malcom, and was I surprised and pleased... you had better write them and give them your address, as they do not know where you are; Marg. is working again. Bob said she got cabin fever... Russ is at Mayos in bad shape; Fors is trying to resign because of his health... nervous breakdown Bob says... the more I see of that mess the happier I am to be out of it.

Really nothing else I can tell you darling, except that I love and adore you and am thinking of you all of the time. If you were here tonight I would rub you with alcohol until you were relaxed and soft all over and then make love to you until the sun came up again.. or longer... and then we would have coffee in bed... and read the paper, and talk about nothing... and I would make love to you more.

The poi dog story is finished... will try and send it to the children... but I am not at all sure it will arrive.. there is a possibility it might have code experts going nuts trying to read something into it that is definitely not there... it is just a story.



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Good night my precious one... will write you often... and be sure in your heart that everything is alright... darling it is.

Your own,  
Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry", with a comma at the end.