



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

W. H. Knowlton

American Red Cross,  
Headquarters, 10th Army,  
APO 357 San Francisco

At sea.. somewhere in the Pacific.

My dearest Katherine:

The days go by like swords and roses.. the way they did in the time of moses... only this time its a bit different, as we all joined the "Order of the Golden Dragon" by crossing the international date line. So we lost a whole day somewhere... don't know where. Its a strange sensation, however, to go to sleep on day and wake up, not the next day, but the following day... something like hypothermia..

Our life aboard ship has settled down to a monotonous routine that is not without its compensations. Our meals come at fairly civilized hours, nine, one and six... then we have drills and more drills, of various kinds, orientation lectures, movies in the evening every other night, and there is plenty to read. Have spent my "spare" time (if it could be called such) working on an article describing the organization of the Red Cross with the 10th army, the [line excised by censor]

Have also complete he article Phil Salisbury of Sales Management wanted on how military service is changing the buying habits of officers. When I got it all down found I had some good material about toilet articles, particularly deodorants, clothing, shoes, boots, etc.

The only real discomfort aboard ship is the dirt.. everything gets filthy, and the way you feel after spending the night on a canvas bunk... makes your back ache in a different place every morning.. variety at least. There are plenty of modern water coolers all over the vessel, and that is a godsend to me... as you know how I like to drink water, and more so now that we sweat out pounds day and night. Hate to think what life will be like when we get where we have to boil every drop of drinking water, and then have no way to cool it.

Yesterday I took a tour through the ship's engine room... it is driven by large steam turbines, powered from oil burning boilers. When you first look at the maze of piping it looks very complicated, but it is not hard to separate out the steam system, the sea water system, the condensing elements, the fresh water system, so even the novice can tell, basically, what is happening. You know how I love machinery... and believe me there is plenty of machinery.

When I came aboard ship I had 35¢ in my pocket.. after the clearing, the post where I have been stationed... only to learn that we may not be paid for two or three months. I spent the 35¢ for (a) GI haircut (you should see it) 25¢ and ice cream 10¢. The navy makes good ice cream, but I can't recommend the army barbers. There is absolutely no use for money, however, so no real point in having any.

Navy language is wonderful... the loud speaker barks day and night, usually preceded by a shrill whistle..."all troops, lay down to your compartments"... "all troop officers lay up to the ward room." You never go anywhere in the Navy.. you lay up or lay down... why I don't know. They never tell you to stop [censored] but say "secure from sun bathing", "secure from drill" there must be some background for this language, but have not yet discovered where it came from.

Naturally I [censored] you are, and the children, and a few other things. Remember that when you want to get word to me in a hurry, for any reason, have the ARC chapter in Royal Oak cable "Field Director.." at my address and the message will come through promptly by cable. If you get upset or worried, simply ask for "health and welfare" report on me, and you will get an answer in from 10 days to two weeks.

I wish you would send me a few of those 8 x 10 prints out of our collection of pictures.. like the one of Barbie and the bird... Ann and Allison Black, and some of the others. bI have forgotten what all we have.. but I sure would like a few of them. The Redlander artist lost the "good" picture I had of you and the childrel. It was to appear in the paper, but somehow never did, and I could never get it back. The Major in charge of the paper was "so sorry"... pau.

Let me know if you received the sketch "by Cole". Since we have been on board Cole has been busy every minute, sketching

the GIs and the officers... he is every liberal with his talents, and I hope he will do a portrait of me soon, so I can send it along to you... he is really very good. He is FD for Hdq. Co. and special troops.

Our weather has been uniformly beautiful... we have reached the point, however, where the deck is so hot that you need combat boots to walk on it for very long... and any shade on the open deck is very welcome. Low quarters shoes get so hot on the bottom you can hardly stand it. Our ship is fairly steady in the water and no one has been seasick. The evenings are lovely... as the sun goes down it fairly drops into the blue Pacific.. it looks so round and hot you almost expect to see a cloud of steam come up when it hits the water.

The other evening right after dinner I saw my first "predatory fish"... some sort of shark came alongside... deep green in color... looked about the length of a good sized row boat. He cut the water a couple of times , and then swam away. It was quite interesting to note, however, that he swam rapidly enough to keep up with the speed of our ship without half trying and that was going right along. Would hate to meet up with one in a dark alley.

One of the GIs on board is working on illustrations for the Poi Dog story... he is supposed to be very good... hope something comes of it, as the story really needs pictures.

There is really nothing exciting to tell you... somewhere out here in the ocean the Navy has a rest camp on an island, where they have good beer and such.. but we ain't going there..... so I can just keep on dreaming about that cold bottle of Bud from now on. When we finally reach a port somewhere I hope there is some mail, as I would gladly settle for that.

The months ahead may be pretty terrible for you darling, but never forget that I love and cherish you, and will be making a bee line to where you are when this thing is ended. I know you will take wonderful care of the kintern and keep things right side up until I get back, and that means more than anything else to me. When you get a letter from me please drop a line to the folks, as there is always a chance that something will get snafu so they don't receive any letter.

Cole is now sitting on the bench ahead of me, sketching one of the Lieutenants, but an officer just came through saying, "orientation for all officers in Compartment No. 2" which means I gotta run along, and pronto...

I love you darling, and hope this reaches you without too much delay. Tell the children the next time a trip around the world comes along we are all going....

Your own,

*Henry*  
Henry.

*Mijosh but this is a big ocean!*