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My darling:

Your letter in today written on the 20th, saying you were flying to Dayton for the week-end with the Wards... so hope you had a perfectly beautiful time, and so glad you could do it.

Out here its a little hard to realize that "there will be peace again, and love again and togetherness again" but how I loved to hear you say that. Your letters mean more than anything else to me Katherine...I always re-read them a dozen times.

Sorry I wrote you yesterday, even though I re-wrote the letter. Some pretty rough events have taken place here in past 48 hours, you can tell from the releases in the papers. Its hard to lose new friends, even though you have only known them for a short time. Have had a night's sleep however, and we all feel better. We were getting to the end of our tether. For some unaccountable reason, no doubt the cloud cover, and Nips only came over once and then only for a couple of hours early in the evening. "Junior," however, got busy and kept us up until twelve. So far, however, he has not trained his little cannon on us; seems to be after more important targets.

Today has been uneventful. I wrote a story on the plane accident near our warehouse and described the nearby Shinto Shrine that the boys sleep in. Have decided to put out a small ARC mimeographed paper, "The Loo Choo Cross".. as these are the Loo Choo Islands.. or were when the Chinese had them. Spelled at that time, Lieu Chieu or something like that. When I wrote the "Poi Dog" story I had the little guy going to the Lao Choo Islands, not realizing at that time that they were our target, although I knew we were coming here. When I found it out it scared the wits out of me, as if I had put the damn thing in the mail at the time there would have been hell to pay and more. By the way, did you ever get the story? Suppose Mr. Censor is still trying to figure out if it has any hidden meaning? I marked it plainly as "fiction" and stated that it had no military significance. Let me know when you get it, if ever,

will you please. You should have had it long before this as it was mailed during the first weeks of March from Oahu, airmail.

No darling, I did not get a chance to meet Mr. Pyle, much as I wanted to. I caught a glimpse of him in Oahu before he went to Iwo, and had an idea he would show up here. As you know, he died on IE Shima, which is another island in this group. Have not been there yet, and understand only way to get there right now is via Piper Cub scout plane. He came in here, however, with the Marines, who, as you know encountered very light resistance at the time. There are many of the great and near great here, however, have become personally acquainted with Warren Moscow, NY Times, Lindsey, AP, Julian Hart and John Henry, INS. and many others. They are a wild and wooly lot. They make fun of ARC men carrying guns, but last night two of them, including some Chinese representative of a Chungking paper caught hell from the army for sleeping in one of these big masonry tombs, that are definitely off limits. Understand they were scared stiff of the shelling. Anyone who does not admit he is scared when hell starts popping out here is just a plain damn fool.

Swell letter from Jo today. She says, "Do you know why the papa bear can't have cubs?" "Because he has no cubbyhole." Oh my... what humor. Honey, will write more tomorrow before I mail this.. time for chow, and I love you.. so damn much.

*Your own
Henry.*