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6 may 1945.
Okinawa.

My darling:

The attached photograph, published in a Honolulu paper will give you a little better idea of how we spend some of our evenings. The whole point in the matter is "all that goes up must come down" and it pays to stay under cover when this kind of ack-ack is going up, and falling all over the place.

Last night was about as usual... 10 to 12 and then 2 to 4 in our nice little dugout.. damp and cold as hell... could not get warm when I got back to bed.

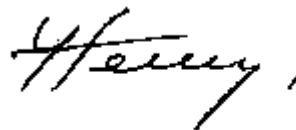
Had interesting day yesterday, however, looking over some Navy ice making equipment..the Lieut. gave us a drink of Old Overholt... oh me oh my.

Smashed my beautiful watch the other night unloading total cola from ducks on one of the beaches; have turned it over to ordnance and they hope to have it fixed in a month or so, which will be swell. Have learned that you can trade coke syrup for anything... its just like gold here, and we have quite a bit of it. Now have my own "refrigerator" in my tent... a human blood box, heavily insulated, with a center container for flake ice... pretty spuzzy. Did I thank you for the lovely watch strap?

Night before last we had a sniper near our tents and the GIs plugged away at him from time to time, the bullets whistling over our heads. Am much more scared of a stray one than of the damn Japs, who are lousy shots, thank God.

Have your letters of Apr. 16 and Apr. 20; will be interested in your report of the Dayton trip.

It sure does not seem like Sunday around here...the war goes on every day.. with no let up. Hope there is more mail today... love you my darling.. so much it hurts.



Henry