

W. H. Knowlton,  
American Red cross,  
Hdq. Tenth Army,  
AFO 557 San Francisco.

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Okinawa.

My darling:

Days and days with no mail... sure is rough when they forget us, as it is about the only thing that holds us together. This is supposed to be the drizzle season, but out here that means a downpour. Started yesterday afternoon and rained so hard it made our tents leak, so kept moving my cot around all night, with little success. Have been out in my jeep nearly all day, running errands, and driving through thick sticky mud.. often to the running boards. My rear end is, at this point, quite damp. These 4-wheel drive jeeps will pull through stuff that would mire any other type of vehicle.

Had some excitement around here night before last. Some huge star shells came in, their cases screaming to the ground, and their "stars" floating down making the area as light as day. We thought the Japs were upon us, and made a mad dash for our holes. Joe Graham, asst. director of operations and a very tough little guy, who is always making fun of people who dive for holes, dove into his hole so hard and fast that he injured his back, and has been in hospital since. No fracture, but he is damned uncomfortable I understand. In the confusion I caught my foot on a tent rope, fell on another stake, catching it right in the center of my nose. Have some beautiful lacerations, but nothing serious. It knocked me cold so the boys put me back to bed, and I awoke in the morning with a splitting headache.. Feel much better today, however. We found out later that the star shells came from some misdirected fire, but they scared the hell out of us, just the same. Last night it rained so hard that the Nips stayed home, and we all got some sleep, although was too tired to really rest.. you know how that is.

This is VE day, but there is no reason to feel jubilant out here. We are in the middle of a tough campaign, and Europe seems very far away. Am glad, however, that I am not in Germany, as I expect there will be confusion and suffering for some months, in spite of anything we can do to prevent it. Current reports (Newsweek) say that most of the GIs will come out this way, and few will get home.

We now have three enlisted men in hdq. as clerks, so I can devote my attention to my first narrative report, and not spend my time typing letters for the boss. One of the boys is a very intelligent lad, and think that I am going to enjoy him. There are so damn many details to an expanding and developing organization like this, problems of tentage, lights, phones, latrines, coral walks, mess etc. We have to pretty much take care of our own housekeeping, although as time goes on we will get help from the engineers who really know how to do things.

Our canteens are tremendously busy, although still very crude. One on a beach is serving 7,000 GIs a day and another has passed the 4,000 mark. Today the floors are covered with mud, but the work goes on just the same.

The next time I go on an operation like this I am going to have one thing for sure... a rubber mattress that can be inflated with air pressure. Why those hot shots in Washington did not give us a tip.. I don't quite see. Most of the stuff we were required to buy turned out to be useless. Our military (army) equipment, however is very complete and very fine.

Must go and help the boys bail out the fox hole. It has 4 feet of water in it, and is no fitten place for man or beast. Our discomforts are little enough, however, compared to those of the combat troops in the front lines.

The war has its funny sides, however.. remind me to tell you some time of the amazing adventures of one of the top notch press photographers out here.. what a guy. Am now digesting the narrative reports of our field men, and some of them are priceless. Very interesting occupation.

Will write more soon... I love you my darling... and hope and pray there is a letter from you tonight or tomorrow.

Your own,

Henry. 

Henry

Did you get (a) package from Oahu for kintern (b) caricature by Cole, (c) pencil drawing by Cole, mailed in a tube???