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ARC Hdq. Tenth Army
APO 357
San Francisco.

Okinawa
16 May 1945

My darling Kay:

Am sitting out in my outdoor "office" which is under the cook tent or fly. The breeze blows the papers all around, but it is much cooler and more comfortable than in the tent. Also there are not so many interruptions.

These are days of extravagant ups and downs. Letter in last evening from Mr. Martiere, ARC public relations man who said all my copy to date was being held up at forward area by the Navy, as my complete credentials have not come through. Have been assured so many times that "this was being taken care of" that I am a bit sick of it. I just got squared away with my credentials so I could get stuff out of Oahu, when I left, and now a new stone in the road. This morning, however, a letter came in from Lt. Col. Deglin, ARC PRO (who has since returned to the states) who said my first article, "Red Cross Girds for Battle" (mailed on ship) had been received... was very good, and had been turned over to Colliers. He also said an assistant editor of Colliers might be out this way and get more stuff from me. The second half of the article, "Red Cross Invades Okinawa".. is somewhere on ice at Navy-- Forward Area offices of Cincpac. What a mess. By the time I get it all straightened out the war will be over.

At long last I received your letter telling about your trip to Dayton. Glad you could see so many people, and have such a grand time. The letter was dated Apr. 22nd, but had no postmark and the stamps were uncanceled. Also rec'd your letter postmarked May 3rd (whee.. speed) and letter from Ann. Also rec'd drawings of WHK [William Henry Knowlton] that were appreciated by everyone here...the cartoons were lovely, as were Ann's remarks about the spaghetti.

Night before last I had a godawful nightmare and woke up the whole camp. Hope its the diet of meat and beans and not the willies or dengue. Last night I was having some awful dream again and awoke to hear bombs falling and saw them cast their infernal glow against the sky across the fields. Hit for the hole and stayed underground until the crowing roosters

indicated it was almost daylight.. so back to bed and slept fitfully until 6:30. Breakfast is between 6 and 7 if you want any. The moon is getting big enough so the Nips are active. Nights we sleep, and wade in mud by day.

Would give anything for a picture of you getting high with Mr. Mac. Had a note from him the other day, saying the political situation around the office was still "pretty bad". Jim is at Salina Kan. preparing to come out here on a beeg one. (B-29) Hope to see him.

Have written another "Okinawa News Letter" but can't send it out until they get that damn situation straightened out, as in the meantime I have been asked to hold up all copy... while it gets stale and out of date. Described Nakagusuku Castle, which I visited the other day.. its quite a place.

A recent letter indicated you were pretty well fed up with Detroit. What cooks? Is it the immediate situation, or just that it is a lousy place in either wartime or depressions. I would like to know, because I am slowly making plans (in my head) that are going to be carried out. Within the next year I am going to scout, and perhaps run some advertisements in Sales Management and Editor and Publisher, for a job and planned to specify Detroit area, but not, certainly not if you do not want to stay there. If I am unable to get money together to start "Automatic Heating News" or some such venture, I plan to try to get with some corporation as editor of publications, with a big trade journal as an editor, or perhaps with export department of some company having extensive publications. Anyway its going to be printers ink on my hands and no more selling and publicity if I can help it. Have not told you before, but ARC men coming on this operation are part of the military unit; the only way anyone can get home is on medical discharge, the same as an officer. This means that I am stuck at least until the operation is over, which may mean a long time. There is little chance of the Japs seeing the light and quitting, they simply can't afford to.. they would lose the strangle hold on their own people.

In any case I want you to know I am thinking, and planning, and that all my plans will be built around things that will make you happy and be best for the kintern; big things and little things. Am still glad I got out of Airtemp, even if I don't

have a nerve left when I get off this show. At least I will have a lot more self respect than I was getting taking dirt from Cameron & Co.

Have a lot of ideas in my head for stories, but must, simply must, learn enough about story structure to write them properly. Also have a swell idea for a play, but that will have to come much later. I feel, however, that I am now ready to start putting things down, and that is something I have never felt before. If only the Poi Dog story, or the ARC story for Colliers, or something would click, besides straight tradepaper copy.. would feel much better.

The sad sack Jewish boy I have been living with, and who gets on what nerves I have left, is being evacuated. He has reached the point where he whispers when the planes come and is pretty well haywire. He is not the only one, however, as one of our very best men has cracked up, and regulations do not permit describing his present condition.

Would like to see the decorating job. Why don't you or Barbie tell me about it? I loved her last letter. Also glad you got the package from Oahu and finally got the hat. It must look ducky on you... picture please? Father sent me a Det. Free Press.. the one with the full Pyle coverage... and it had reviews of the opera in Cleveland. Did Barbie give up the idea of going? No money?

Speaking of money, I sent the first pay check received here for April to Del Hurd. Somehow none of us got March checks. Something snafu as usual. Also you said something about sending along a money order out of a check from BR... for how much? Did you ever send it... precious child you are so damn vague at times, and I know you don't mean to be.

But your letters are perfectly beautiful, and I love you and I would gladly share my fox hole with you. There might be several others in it, but we would not care.. would we? We have ARC wimmin coming in shortly, and how I wish you were among them. It would be grand to have you here for the next year.. but I know you are holding your end up with the job, the house, and the chix. The job sounds grand.. the boys loved the one about the marcelle and the Kotex.. what a guy. Must also warn you that fox holes are inclined to be very cold and damp, like

the place where our web footed friends live. Am sure, however, that I could keep you warm.. in places, anyway.

Must continue with my narrative report. Not long ago the boss came by and said "Is that the report or a letter?" I just grunted, and he walked away. He's not a bad guy, but I certainly am having trouble learning to read his mind and to think in military language. "concurrence is requested in accordance with File 62-45 dated Dec. 6, 1944 Subject: etc. endorsed by etc."...

Am re-reading "Of Human Bondage" and enjoying it more than ever before. Never realized how Philip's search for truth and reality paralleled my own. It's very enlightening at this point. Am still following that star my precious...don't worry about me for, as I often point out to myself,"the mathematical chances are good" and I will try not to push my luck.

All my love to you dear one... your very own,

Henry.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, enclosed in a circular stamp. The signature appears to be 'Henry' and is written over a circular border.

Father reports article on Okinawa in May 1945 Natl.Geographic.