

w h Knowlton
ARC hdq. tenth army
357 san francisco.

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Okinawa.

My darling:

It is that time of day again, and so happy to have your letter of the 9th that came in this afternoon... wish my letters would reach you as promptly. I'll look forward to the picture Barbie drew... I'll bet its good.

Also, today came a clipping of the Town Crier column in the Detroit Free Press, and I can't figure that out. I checked my copy of the letter and it was mailed out to HCL Jackson. Is he still writing for the News? Has he gone to war? Is he dead, or what. I can't believe that I went to sleep and addressed the envelope to the wrong paper. Am writing Mark Belltaire to see what he knows about it. With it was a long feature article, "Okinawa News Letter" which was, I believe, held up by Navy, as they are not letting my stuff thru. Damn it all, first it was army on Oahu, and just at the time I get that all straightened out, its Navy out here. Understand it takes 3 to 6 months for all the red tape to clear the war dept. after ARC gets around, in its leisurely fashion, to start the ball rolling.

Does not seem possible that it is Saturday. There is no "day of rest" on Sunday out here, and one day is much like another. All I know is the days are marching by very rapidly, and each one shortens the time until I can be with you. Oh my darling....

This afternoon one of the GIs and I went out scrounging.... looking for lumber. The natives build

houses on a 4 x 4 frame, which is too sturdy to pull down without a wrecking crew, but the balance of the house is made of thin panels.. about 3/16-inch thick, that are not good for anything except kindling wood.

There are very few "boards" as we know them, and that's what we want for tent floors, etc. So our expedition was not successful. Saw a lot of natives, and the kids, especially the young boys are very fine looking lot. They smile and wave and make the VE sign. Near a native hospital we heard an MP telling something to a native gal who kept saying OK bud.. OK bud... they sure learn fast.

Your letters of May 2, 8 and 10 are in... there may be some in between. Can't understand why you are not getting mine. The period from Apr. 11 to Apr. 20 is something of a blurr in my mind however, and don't remember how much I wrote you, except the first letter of Apr. 16th which you have. It was sorta hectic, believe me.

Last night Zeke came in early in the evening and set fire to a gas dump some miles away from us... have never seen such a shower of sparks, and am glad I was not close by. We got to bed around 2 and out again at 7.

Ran across an April 1944 overseas edition of the Post, which has some good stories and articles. Particularly enjoyed meeting Mr. Glencannon again. Thought article on our Pacific empire very poor... if the writer has been out here, he certainly did not stop long enough to look around. There is much more to it than that.

Yes, Eloise sent me copy of "Candlepower" and I was proud enough to bust when I saw the page one pix and the masthead. Her letters are full of Doug, and I can well understand the anxiety, as his mother has heard nothing of his transfer from his original camp, although I read a story somewhere that a large number of flyers in that area had been liberated. Many had been moved far inland. Knowing what I know now about such things, it's very hard to tell what may have happened. Also said she planned to visit you in Detroit, and said, "I hope I can find my way into Kay's heart." She has worked hard for that job, and deserves it, and I think it will keep her steady until things begin to work out for her. In any event, it is so damn good to be able to talk to you, and to write anything to you that I want to.. I have always felt that the closeness was the most wonderful thing we had... if I could only make you understand how I adore you, and how everything seems to work out to bring us closer together. Last night I was restless, and could not go to sleep, but after a long time you were very close to me.. so close that it almost seemed real... darling are you sending psychic projections clear around the world. You must have been the same place at the same time or it never could have been like that. Certainly am not losing my vitality, what with the regular hours, good food, and outdoor life. But I have lost my stomach.. its completely gone.

Tonight I would like to give you a bath, and wash your back with a sponge and soap.. then dry you off and rub you with alcohol (if we could find any) until you relaxed all over. Then I would rub you with talcum powder, put the bed lamp on the floor, and crawl in beside you. Later we would smoke cigarettes and talk, far far into the night about this and that and cabbages and kings. Tomorrow morning would be

Sunday and after a good breakfast in bed we would chase the chicks off to Sunday school so we could resume our researches in heaven. But I had better quit writing like this, or I won't sleep at all tonight.

Rained this morning, but has now cleared up, so the nips have a clear sky again. Night before last we had a colored company in the area, and they were whipping imaginary japs all night, but one must have given them hell, as last night all was quiet from their direction.

Our narrative report is still on the fire. Guess Gibson is too busy to go over it, and now that I am not expected to write ARC stories until my status is cleared, I do not have too much to do. Would like to take a field assignment for a time, at one of the battle fatigue rest camps, as I did not come out here to sit around, and there is much to be done. So far as the writing is concerned, think I will have to practice on my fiction in the interim. May be good thing.

In a native town this afternoon I saw a few hibiscus.. flowers are not plentiful here. Made me think of Oahu. If there was any way under the sun to get you out there I would arrange it, but it just can't be done. To get permission to leave the mainland, you have to (a) have a job, and (b) have a place to live. The first would be easy to arrange, but the last would be impossible. Wouldn't it be fun to spend a month there and go back together? Oh my darling....

Your report on Henry Kaye is wonderful.. is he really buying bonds? I have been wondering if I

should not write him and tell him a thing or six in a casual way.. he's reaching the age, where he should not be allowed to have the fear and dread of his very natural acts that I had. Someone should tell him to just take it easy and everything will work out alright in time. If you want me to do that, and feel that it would be the right thing, let me know and I will send you the letter to edit, or "approve" as we say, before he gets it. What do you think? I certainly don't want him to have the guilty feeling I had for years... in fact pretty much up to the time I met you.

It's a good thing you're not here... I would eat you... and no salt or pepper either. It's getting too dark to see the paper.

Goodnight Katherine, may God bless and keep you all...

A small, stylized signature or mark, possibly a logo, located at the bottom center of the page. It appears to be a circular emblem with some internal lines and a small mark below it.