

w. h. knowlton,  
American Red Cross,  
Hdq. Tenth Army APO 357  
San Francisco.

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Okinawa (where it rains)

My darling:

You know camping is fun, except when it rains... and rains... and everything gets wet, and even envelopes all stick shut, and your clothes are cold and clammy in the morning. But we don't mind a little discomfort, as they stay home when the weather is bad... had another good night's sleep last night.

For the moment I have been transferred to Communications office on temporary duty. Can't give you any details of AFC business, but this is, without a doubt, the worst mess I have encountered in all my business history. The guy running it means well, and is trying to do a good job for dear old ARC, but he doesn't have near enough help, and added to that is a propensity for keeping everything either in his head or on his cuff. At this point his cuffs are getting very ragged and his temper very frayed indeed.

The problem is complicated by numerous individuals, in various capacities, who appear and make asinine suggestions of one kind or another, that would only make had matters worse. You can imagine what a difficult job it is to locate soldiers in a mele like this, and when you have a long list to locate every day, it gets very very complex indeed. Hope I do not have to stay here long, it would drive me plain nuts. It's just a good thing that some of us, at least, have the interests of these serviceman at heart.

Fine letter in from Redeker, in which he says one story I sent him, from shipboard, is "almost a model of reporting". That made me feel good, as those sorta words do not come easily from him. Also said Dale was reporting (draft) about the 20th of this month, and how he hated to lose him. Also said Butch still had his number up, but was going along on a series of 30-day reprieves. Wish I had known about Dale sooner, as he could have made arrangement with his board to join us. We sure could use men like him out here, and he would have a far better go of it than in the army. But what's done is done. Barbara Belcher is now associate editor of "Refrigeration Engineering, so she has come up in the world.

Have just finished re-reading "Of Human Bondage" and it is still the masterpiece of our time. It is a magnificent story, magnificently told, much of it autobiographical. Understand that when Maughm was asked to read the first chapter on a record, for the blind, he started out bravely enough, but in the middle of it his throat filled up and he could not go on... it brought such vivid memories of his own childhood, which is described so beautifully. Philip Carey's quest for the meaning of life, in which he finally discovers that it has no meaning, is a marvelous piece of story development.

Our supply man finally arrived, after being on ship 81 days... migod think of that. He is setting up a big supply dump at a central point, has it enclosed with barbed wire, and is preparing to unload a shipment. Hope they manage to keep most of the stuff this time, as we certainly lost plenty coming in.

Today I have been doing nothing but typing.. lists, names, serial numbers, and organizations... most boring kind of work imaginable, but the days are slipping by and thats what counts now. One of our supervisors, with a lot of communications experience, is coming in tonight and see if we can straighten the damn thing out.

Will not get any mail until I get back to hdq., and cannot mail this, as we are only permitted to send out letters at our own APO. Should I find anyone going over to 357 will have them drop it in the box. Will undoubtedly get time to continue this in the next day or so... love you... love you...

May 25 to continue

...still fighting this communications thing, but got one break.. man who has been gumming it up is in hospital. Can't tell you what goes on here but last night was hell on earth.. will never forget it. Don't worry, however, as I know pretty well now to protect myself.

Am just too dog tired to tell you anything but that I love and adore you... you were close to me last night.. very late, when I finally got to bed.. could you tell? Please drop note to the folks and tell them am O.K. will you dear? Have no idea what the papers will report, as have been unable to get to press conferences.

Love you my darling, love you forever....

Your own, Henry.

*Henry*  
Henry.

Attached check... new clothes for mama.. love you darling.