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Precious Katherine:

Will start this letter now, and finish it tomorrow when it's over. What's over? This, my darling, is the calm before the storm. Since morning it has been pouring, driving rain, but has now stopped for the moment. According to the best information we are expecting a typhoon at 2100 tonight, and the navy report it will be a "man sized" one whatever that means. We have been securing our tent with wire, the best we could, but it may blow away. Now we have to pack all our stuff in what waterproof containers we can find.

Wrote you a note last night.. and then your letter of the 25th came in today and the last previous letter was dated May 5th.. almost three weeks before. So you see I have been sweating it out. No.. have not received your picture, drawn by Barbie, any copies of Free Press, or anything else. Did get the mother's day thing from Ann, Barbie's letter, and Henry's letter, which I have answered. Am pretty sure I know what's happening to the mail but that's pau in a letter. Just so I get one every two or three weeks.. I won't start a Red Cross investigation.

We are so swamped with work here in the office that it's just hopeless until we get some help. Now getting 200 wires a day.. about all two of us can do to check them in.. let alone distribute them and type them first. It's a grand mess. Were to get a non com and two GIs today, but none of them showed up.. suppose it rained too hard.

Yes, I understand about Detroit.. the racial situation is bad, and is steadily growing worse. Also, economically, the community is not sound. So long as they permit the auto plants to dump their unemployed "on the town" at least once each year, the community must bear the burden and things get tough. When people can't pay their bills, the merchants suffer, and so on down the line. And I would hate to go back to commuting, although I did get a lot of reading done when we lived in Bloomfield.

Now that I am where we have electric lights can do a bit of reading. Have just finished "Leave Her to Heaven" by Ben Ames Williams.. very morbid story, about a gal something like Mrs. Nelson, only worse. Williams believes in the "potency of place and the impotency of man"... and I believe just the opposite. But it is technically a very skillful job; he tells the story from the view point, or thoughts of the man, then goes back and traces the same events from the woman's view, and it makes quite a picture. I must learn some of these technical tricks if I am ever to get anywhere with fiction. I get a head full of wonderful ideas, but then don't know how to put them together so they fit right, and that I must practice and learn thoroughly.

We even have a radio, and get all the big programs on records; it's funny how much I can sit back and enjoy some of the stupid programs I would never listen to at home. Last night we had brief air raid alert.. then all quiet for the night. Know damn well they will not bother us tonight, what with the typhoon.

Must get busy and put stuff away. Will let you know tomorrow what it's like to experience one, or it may blow around us, although usually the navy is pretty accurate about such things. Love you darlin.. so very very much.

5 June 45-- Next day.... like everything else in this damn war someone fouled up on the tornado dope... nothing happened and I slept like a top. But today it is quiet, and oh so sultry... it hurts to move.. so we may get some action yet. I got up once during the night... it's funny how quickly you form habits. We had one pet Jap we called "pee-call Charlie", who always came over between 2 and 2:10. Now that he stays home I still get up at the exact hour to answer mother nature.

Last evening one of those fool things happened that keeps you in your right mind... no matter what. Because they are so funny. I was alone about seven when some guy called from Hdq. orderly room and reported that they were short one guard for the evening trick, and that an ARC man was supposed to show up. I knew nothing about it and said so. The sergeant said, you got a buck sheet on this several days ago and it's signed.. we gotta have another guard over here.

I then explained I was alone on the station and that under military regulations I could not leave it for any reason. The only other man we have here, I explained is our section chief.. Mr. Dombrowsky, who is, incidentally an Army Colonel... US regular Army, retired. Apparently in some consternation the voice put the phone down and shouted across the orderly room to someone else, "Jesus Christ, he's going to send us a f-----g Colonel.. What'll I tell him ?" The voice came back and said, "Sir, you had better call the Hdq. Commandant, sir". So I did, and found out our one GI was supposed to stand guard, but had not shown up. "We did not intend sir, that an officer should stand guard, sir, etc." I could not locate our GI so let it go, but was certainly amused at the reaction when I said I would send Dombrowsky over to stand guard in the pouring rain. When he heard about it he snorted, "Hell man.. I haven't stood guard since I left West Point."

Time out for chow... lunch this noon fairly decent... pea soup sorta like dish water, but still soup, corn beef patty with piece of cheese on it, bread and preserved butter - don't know what they put in it but it don't melt in boiling water, dehydrated potatoes, slice pineapple... not bad for army food. Now we will get three meals of stew on rice. can feel it coming.

Glad to know what you did to the house, and that the kitchen looks nice... would I love to see it. Have you ever located the guy with the lot next door? I would like to get ahold of that, as it would enhance value of property.

Have you ever heard from the Woodrys? Suppose they now spend the winter south and the summers north. Cliff made a killing just before the war, and will never have to work again, but I'll bet he's having a grand time spending that money. Guess the last time we saw them was at Possum Hollow.

Why so quiet about Dinah?.. Did you have to get rid of her? Or what? Must get back to work.. my GIs are here today and plugging away at their little portables.. hope we get out from under soon. It's some mess. There is supposed to be more mail over at hdq. this afternoon... will send our driver after it.. hope it's word from you.

Just think darling.. the end of this month will be 9 months .. then we are on the home stretch... oh God Katherine, but that will be a good feeling. But much will depend on what happens in next few months.. it's in the lap of the gods, and we will have to leave it there, for the moment.

All my love to you my sweet,

Henry.



Henry.