

W. H. Knowlton,  
American Red Cross,  
Hdq. Tenth Army  
APO 357 San Francisco

5 June 1945.  
Okinawa.

My dearest:

Our early evening air alert is just over, and we are listening to Blondie... radio Okinawa goes off the air during alerts, to leave the ether clear for important communications. we can tune in on those too, but the jargon is terrific.. and out of this world. Two letters in from you tonight, thank God, May 15 and May 21st.. that makes four for May to date. Have not yet mailed the letter I wrote last night and today, as have not been over to Tenth Army Hdq. but will go tomorrow, and get this in the mail also.

Have had a queasy feeling about Dinah for quite some time. She did not belong in the city.. remember the time she got her nose caught in the chicken wire? It must have been a tragedy for the kids, but its over and that's that. Hope she has plenty of chickens to chase in dog heaven, and that it looks like Possum Hollow. It sorta takes the mind out of me, but out here I guess you learn to take anything.

In case you never did get the letter about the accident.. it was slight. Caught my foot on a tent rope (I guess) and hit my face against another rope, slid down it, and caught the stake across, my nose. Plenty of gore, but no serious damage, and no scars. The same night Joe Graham wound up in a hospital.. he caught his foot at the edge of the hole and dove into it, knocking him out and hurting his back. He was OK in a few days, however, and back at work. The whole business was caused by some star shells that came into our area.. the casing came screaming down, and buried themselves many feet in the ground, while the whole area was light as day. We thought, of course, that the Japs were upon us.. but they weren't.

Congratulate the Browns for me on the arrival of Victoria. Sure good news about Fritz.. please send me their address, will you dear? I have no idea of their whereabouts since they left 1019 Salem. Hope it's a gal.

Today my two GIs worked pretty good.. so we are only 40 pages of single spaced wires behind tonight, and we were fifty

last night.. so we are gaining a little. The job seems almost hopeless, but we will get out of it somehow. Once we get caught up it will not be so bad. Tonight I should cut a long stencil of the unlocated names, but am too damn tired.

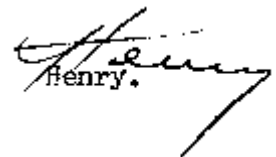
We have a big shipment of ARC supplies here now, and they are being distributed. We understand the PXs will be opened the end of the month, and then the boys can buy their personal necessities. They will be allowed \$10 per month each, invasion money.. yen sen etc. Radio is playing the Aresnky waltz, one of my favorites. Please let me know when you get the check I sent you, and what kinda hat you buy.

It's the funniest damn thing.. understood through Red Cross that my stuff was being held up and not to send any more. But tonight I got an article returned from Business Week, with a note from Bill Dodge saying they could not use it, so it went right through. That may mean that the news letter sent HCL Jackson may have cleared.. Am going to try another story for Redeker shortly, but he never acknowledges anything so that won't do much good, will it.

We are getting a hell of a bunch of messages through reflecting things that happened the last weeks in Germany; it just makes me sick. One of our own top flight men got news last evening that his brother had been killed in action. We deliver all communications here, so we even get the ones beginning, "the war dept. regrets to inform you that your son.. etc." I think we should take all the damn Japs and move them to Okinawa for the rest of time.. it would serve them right. Can't think of any other possible use for the place. Radio is playing Summertime... oh my darling.

No typhoon yet, but the air has been so hot and muggy today that something is going to happen.. it just takes all the starch out of you. Goodnight my darling, stay sweet and close to me.. your letters sounded pretty blue.. be sure to let me know if the situation begins to get out of hand, and I will come home and bail you out. We will soon be on the home stretch anyway.

Goodnight my sweet one and never lock the middle bed room door.. still following that star.... I love you.

  
Henry.

*Good morning darling. Looks like it might be a fine day.*