



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

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My own darling:

It is already June 7th, as I started to write this last evening just as somebody pulled the switch on the generator. We have electric lights again, but they are only on from dark until about 11. Earlier in the evening I hitch hiked to Tenth Army to pick up mail.. your two beautiful letters in.. one written June 22 and one written June 26th.. both mailed on the 26th. Honey, when you write letters like that I could just reach out across the miles and kiss you... and ....

But here it is the middle of the morning.. Recent days have been mostly work... Now have four GIs on my staff days and two evenings.. six to 10 and while they are good boys, they take a heap of supervision, and I have to be on the job to answer questions. I have run off a couple of times, late in the afternoon, swimming. There is an elegant beach on the Pacific side of the island.. longer than Waikiki beach, but the surface water blows in making the beach water temperature very very high.. it is just like sitting, or swimming in a dishpan.. or soaking in the springs at Hot Springs Va... not the least bit refreshing. But yesterday, we found on the China Sea side of the island an old Japanese coral pier, evidently used for small boats or 2 man subs or something, and the GIs have built a diving board out over deep water. The water is bright bright blue, crystal clear, and so salty you float like an egg in salt solution. The swim was very refreshing, and we came back just in time for chow with enormous appetites.

From your letters I gather that the newdealers are still tinkering with the economy and that the farmers in the west can't get enough food points to feed their thrashers to harvest the wheat.. and so it goes in circles.. and you don't get enough food. You can tinker with the economy for a time, and get away with it but eventually the law of supply and demand, fortified by fear, will begin to catch up. I hope to God you don't find

yourselves in the middle of a tough situation. When I think of the "ration strength" as we call it.. the number of men, being fed here by stuff all shipped from America.. it makes me wonder.. and this is only a small part of the vast network of the American war machine. But out here we would much rather have the truth about what is going on at home than to have people try to brighten and color the picture. After all, we are all in this thing together.

As I have told you, the PX is open.. and yesterday we got June 18th issue of Time which is the latest "news" we have had to date. There is a fine article on Mauldin.. the greatest cartoonist of this war. Please buy, or order a copy of "Up Front" (Henry Holt & Co) Stan Anderson had a copy of the original publication, printed on newspaper stock called "Mud Mules and Mountains".. published in Italy. I hope the new book includes the one with Joe and Willie looking in the window at the ribbons, while the spruce, newly landed sergeant says, "The red one is for good conduct.., etc". Also, a picture of Willie in bed with an old Frenchman and his wife who says, "Look Pierre.. we have been liberated." Also like the one in that issue of Time where the Chaplain says "forever, amen.. hit the dirt."

The Okinawa campaign did not have the freezing cold of Italy.. but it was more like Italy than anything encountered in the Pacific.. the rugged terrain, the deep mud.. the stubborn well fortified enemy. There seems to be a lot of stink over the way the campaign was conducted.. particularly from David Lawrence. Some of his remarks demonstrate that an arm chair strategist, who has never been on the ground or scene of action, can make some horrible mistakes. He is about as wrong as anyone can be.. there were excellent reasons for not doing what he suggested, and even the battered GIs in the hospitals agree that the campaign was conducted with brilliance and economy of men. The point is, however, that the combat troops here looked much like Mauldin's "Willie" when they came out of the lines, and that is one reason I would like to have the book. Also, he understands the soldier.. how he thinks, and how he reacts, and what goes on inside him.



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It still seems funny to think backwards and think ahead in writing letters... by this time Eloise has been to Detroit and back, and I hope the two of you did not try to settle my future in all its details, as I plan on having something to do with that.. but seriously.. am glad you could be together, and hope that this time you were able to enjoy yourselves and have a good time. No darling, I don't think I need help at this point ... I think you realize now that something happened over which we had very little control, and that when we came to our senses realized that no true happiness could ever result from such a situation. But without going into all that again I can assure you that our closed corporation is going to stay in business, so you can 'dream again and plan again' all you wish. There will be no let down if I have anything to say about it, as you and I, Katherine, are going to see things through together.

Your plans for the summer sound good. Am sure the folks will enjoy seeing the children, and I am delighted that Ann can get to camp, as it will take some of the sharp edges off her. You have not said anymore about Interlochen.. is there any chance of Barbie going... is it too hard to get in? or too expensive? or both. I know that Henry would enjoy a visit to Dayton, and I want the children to become accustomed to going and coming by train and plane as early as possible.. alone, and on their own responsibility. I expect that civilian travel, particularly east and west, will be very sharply curtailed soon, as it's going to be some task to give all those boys furloughs, get them to their homes and back, and move them all to POEs on the west coast, and on out here where we need them. I have a pretty good picture of what it takes.. and it's plenty. Think mother going to Texas will pretty well solve your problem... I sure will be proud of baby Dan when he graduates... and again.. he may get out this way, as we are getting things pretty well fixed up for the flyboys.. as you know.

Getting to the next letter.. no darling.. I don't want you to quit work.. by all means no... I know you enjoy it and I don't want to be trite and say "its good for you"; what I mean is that I think its good for you to broaden your horizons by knowing something about the life of the working gal...can't say you have ever been "sheltered" living with me, as you have not,

but you have been "confined".. raising kids and keeping the place afloat... and you may have to work while I get that PhD yet.. you can't tell. As for me, I was pretty P---ed off as the GIs say when I found that the Navy credentials had fallen through, due to the stupidity of the big dog himself.. but what's done is done and there is still a hell of a lot of work to be done. This morning Dombrowsky bucked through a promotion to Field Director, and I think he can make that stick, even though it takes several months for the inner circle in the rarefied atmosphere of Honolulu to act on it. Also, if I want to continue to head communications, the job is to carry the next higher rating "assistant supervisor" which would be an even better set up for me, or anyone who takes it over. Also Dombrowsky is a wonderful guy to work with and for.. I have never known better. As you know, he has been in the army many years, and really knows his way around. Also, there is none of the fighting and bickering and endless wrangling that goes on at headquarters. Little Joe Graham, the hatchet man, who keeps things in an uproar, is returning to the States soon.. He has been out 27 months, and hope his successor will be a bit more amiable. When a guy is fed up and homesick, and disgusted, like Graham has been, he is little good to ARC or himself. Also, like quite a few ARC men, he may return to find himself drafted, as he has always been a school teacher. Those guys are between the devil and the deep blue sea.

I have sent a copy of Dombrowsky's recommendation for promotion on to father, and asked him to forward it to you, to keep in our scrapbook, or with my personal papers. I thought he would get a bang out of it, although when I see some of the men who have reached the same status, by being "kicked upstairs", I'm not very proud of it. As you know, I have no "ambitions" in Red Cross, but I prefer to advance when there is any advancement coming.

They have pulled another fast one on us...When I was on the post at Oahu, I could not live on the \$50 maintenance. The theory was that when we got to a forward area.. like here, we would make it up. Now they have gone to work, without consulting any of us, and eliminated the \$50 maintenance, and substituted actual maintenance.. in other words quarters fee, mess bills, laundry, etc. none of which we have here. So... we don't get the \$50... but they did throw us a bone in giving us a raise of \$25... so actually, while in this theater, my pay has been cut \$25 plus the tax on the \$25 raise. This is all a

little disgusting, as the way it works the arm chair experts in Honolulu can now put in expense accounts for their expenses in hotels, and out here we get a reduction. Everyone is sore as hell about it, but when the commissioner speaks that's all there is to it.. something like Moses. I had planned on coming home with a little dough in my pocket.. but I guess I might as well forget that one too.

Have about decided to quit worrying.. just too much ARC work that must be done here to have much free time anyway, and if I get any time, have plenty to put down. I have been going through some Japanese copy books (used to teach high school kids English) and some of them are perfectly killing.. another amusing thing is English "readers" also German with "pomies" written between the lines in Japanese characters just like I used to do with my Latin.. kids are kids I guess.

You're right about not quitting in the middle of things.. now that the fighting is about over our work really just begins... later on there will be plenty of replacements coming out (lots of men are anxious to get "foreward" once the combat phase ends) and it will then be much easier to get home. On the other hand Vinegar Joe may also have some plans for us... and if so.. I doubt if I would stay behind. So we shall see. But we are definitely on the downhill stretch, anyway, and that helps my morale no end. Would like to get back before Dan 3rd arrives.. but that's asking a little too much I guess. Also, everything depends on the military and Vinegar Joe has not told me his plans. Be that as it may, darling, we can sweat it out now, I think.

Looking back on it particularly since Easter Sunday.. this has been a great experience for me, and I have no regrets. I hope that you will like the guy who comes home better than the guy who left, as he will be a different guy.. in many ways, and I hope a better one.. but no one can count on that. I am old enough and ugly enough to know that being home again will not be the Shangri La it seems from this perspective, and that simply being home will not solve all the problems of living, but I do feel that I will be better equipped to cope with those problems, and that will mean a great deal. It will, however, be Shangri La to hold you in my arms again, and I think I will fully appreciate the good things of life for years and years.. good food, a comfortable house, a clean bed.. and my darling....and I almost forgot.. a bathroom.. what luxury.. what bliss.

Have not heard a word from any of my "feelers"... wrote Pat Miller at Perfex in Milwaukee, to see what he had to say, but somehow, I don't want to get on the old merry-go-round like Airtemp.. would rather work on the Milwaukee Journal for half the money.. or tend bar, where I could talk to the customers...I think you know what I mean. We spend half our life fighting for money to buy the things that are all around us... most of which we can't buy.. like good friends.

Here I have been talking to you all day off and on, as I started writing this first thing this morning and it is now 3 P.M. and hot as hell. The days here are blistering hot but the nights are cool.. so we can sleep. Last night I was restless for a long time.. until you came to me.. and then I slept soundly.. not even one raid.. and this afternoon am so sleepy I can hardly see straight. Must trot up the hill and get my laundry. We had a air corps station compliment unit move in nearby, and being resourceful they have several Okinawan gals doing laundry.. one day services and if they don't lose everything it at least clean. Using fingers I asked one of the Okinawan gals how old she was...5-5-2 meaning 12? and she shook her head and said no... 13 5-5-3 fingers. But they count like the Chinese.. the day a child is born is its first birthday.. so we were both right.

Still have a lot of odds and ends to clean up this afternoon.. so must get at it.. keep sweet my darling, and

remember that I love and adore you.

Your own

Henry,

"Have I ere intent to undertake,  
I find it difficult to break,  
The mom - concealing spray  
Of blossoms, and loves way."

~~found in a Japanese copy book - at~~  
Shuri - I love you !!!