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My Dearest,

Your letter May 28 in tonight— that's more like it! Also letter from Jo says the folks are "pretty good" - letter from Lyd started March 2 and posted May 8 - migod, letter from Blackie (very swell) and a bill from ARC area for \$3.01 I forgot to pay for laundry. Wonder if they will accept our gook money!

Still fighting the battle of communication. Now have my own staff - 1 ARC man, 1 Sgt. and 3 Gls who are typists - so am making progress. But it's still a hell of a mess, as no proper indexes to wires were kept for two months and when some officer squeals for a certified copy, how we hunt! Two days last week end we had over 200 wires a day and it sure put us in a hole.

Sammy Summers came by last night and invited me to spend the night with him at his (combat) headquarters. Going visiting around here is quite some event. You have to take battle gear along, etc. Also, it's best to take mess gear too, or go hungry.

We stopped at a psycho hospital on the way to chew the fat with the ARC gals, fresh from the States and looked over the set up. They have canteen tent, reading and writing tent, workshop tent and place for equipment. Very fine layout, and most of the patients are ambulatory & they are doing wonders for them.

Anyway, when we left it was dark. The roads were incredibly bad - worst I have seen, and right away we hit a blackout alert. We skated along in the dark for 3 hours - jeep lurching and pitching. Sections of the road passed through insecure areas so Sammy and I sat with our 45s drawn and cocked - ready for trouble. Usually you can go like hell with lights on - but with bad roads and blackout it's another story. We were not making over 3 miles an hour and swell targets.

Finally got to Sammy's area which is quite civilized - floor in tent and so forth. But Sammy no sooner got out a fifth of likker than some

damn sniper opened up with an automatic rifle and we all hit the deck. At length we pushed the tent door open and lay on the floor staring into the darkness, waiting for the flash of fire to appear - It did not. There is a hill opposite the area full of caves & holes & covered with dense woods and the damn Japs are beginning to come out of the woodwork, so to speak. This silly performance was repeated every few minutes until we finally got disgusted and went to bed. In the night some Jap re-con planes came in - dropping parachute flares and taking pictures. They could photograph our tonsils as we gaped at them! Finally got to sleep at about 4:30 but slept in this A.M.

Hitch hiked back with a QM Major from Minneapolis who stopped on the way at a dump and had his boys cook lunch for us. We had delicious ham, lima beans, bread and jam, and the best mustard pickles! We do not get anything like that & did they taste good. So back to my rock pile and to work. Went over to hdq. tonight for mail and forgot my helmet - Oh well - will just run faster if something happens. The damn thing will not stop anything heavy anyway.

Would like to see Ann's bike, I bet it looks swell. Will write Henry as you concurred - sending you the letter first. I don't want him to think perfectly natural and normal functions are either nasty or dangerous. When I was a kid they told me that was what would cause insanity and did I worry!

See where this is going to cost me another stamp. Garrett's gal writes there has been no meat in NYC for a month. How are you doing darling - tell me how you are making out - it's better to know than to wonder. Good thing I asked about Dinah as Lyd made reference to the accident in her letter. If she had mailed the letter I would have been wild. From my wide contacts with soldiers I know the worst thing that can happen to them is to hold out things. Even though the magazines say don't worry the men at the front, etc. There is the other extreme, some women load their letters with real and imaginary troubles and give their boys a bad time of it - But generally speaking - tell us - across the board - that's best.

Must hit the sack - migosh - I saw an offset (lithograph) press in operation today - and did it look good! Belongs to some mapping outfit who are printing a Corps newspaper in their spare (?) time.

Love you so very much my precious - the days and weeks are slipping by - oh so fast - because I am so blessedly busy. How would you like to live in Milwaukee post-war? Two hours to Chicago, and overnight to Portage on the ferry - German community, good food and good beer! Think the city could support one good public relations counsel? I do! Or we might publish paper there. I still love Lake Michigan, first, last and best!

Something very funny has come out over Radio Tokyo - remind me to tell you incident that relates to a traffic circle. Seems the Japs think we now have a plane that takes off in a spiral - oh me.

Our mess here is improving - for a time it was pretty rugged. Keep writing my dearest - your letters mean so much and I love you so much - so very, very much. Just can't tell you. Good night my sweet.

Your own,

Henry

Henry

*Lyd got me all caught up on Mama's love 'em and lose 'em business -  
oh me! Why don't you tell me the dirt.?*

*Sunday morning - Good morning sweetheart - sleepy this morning. Could  
not drop off until you were close to me - Love you.*