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Apo 357
San Francisco

19 June 1945
Okinawa.

My own Katherine:

Right on the heels of your June 7 letter came your beautiful letter of June 10, and of course, in the meantime, I had written and mailed a long letter to you. But I had wanted to let you know the score out here for a long time, and now you know how to procede should it be necessary for me to make a move. Honest to God, we got one old guy out of here via air today, who has been on the hook for 48 days, waiting for ARC to work things out for the military, so he could get home. They stall and stall, because it looks bad to have people leaving the theater. The performance sorta scared me at first, but stopping to think about it I realize I have enough influence at home, and with the military here, so they mould never dare to pull such a trick on me. Anyway, you know what to do if things should start to get haywire. I would like to sweat the year out if we can both hold out that long.. sometimes it seems very difficult.

This has been quite a 24 hours. We took on a sergeant from the Chaplains who was something of a problem child, knowing full well that he was hard to handle. But we do need help so badly. Things went rapidly from bad to worse, and last night the Colonel blew him out of here in a shower of sparks. Consequently, today I had to spend all the afternoon typing up 72 outgoing wires and getting them ready for delivery this evening. Some training in accuracy for me, as every name, number, etc. has to be letter perfect. This morning we went to a military funeral.. my first out here. You will read about it in the papers, and no doubt see pictures.. everyone around here felt very badly about the thing.. believe me.

About the Business News check... the \$12 for pix goes to Garrett.. get a money order and mail it to him Julian Garrett, exactly same address as mine. I agreed to pay him for the pictures and want to do so promptly. Or you can send it to me and I will give it to him. Could pay him here, except getting checks changed into money orders, etc. is a very very complicated business. You start with the army finance office, fill out blanks, etc. etc. Then take the balance of the check and buy yourself a little suit, or a nice dress.. or something

spuzzy. I have no need for money and have paid up most of my ARC advance, so I can get money from them if I should really need it. And please let me know what you buy.. complete and intimate description please. Now.. is that settled? Did find a Seabee ships store open last evening, and bought a pound of Almond Roca... remember how good that is? Three Clark bars, and a can of nuts.. yum. Also we got a windfall at chow.. fresh pork shops last night, an honest to gosh orange for breakfast.. and did that taste good.. chicken (frozen.. no canned) for lunch or rather dinner, and of all things hamburgs tonight. They musta got some stuff off a ship somewhere, as that is our first fresh food since landing.. . imagine.

Enclosed is a picture of the the morning after the accident. My face was a mess, but you ran see that I could still grin. Could no doubt get a purple heart for "injuries received in the line of duty as the result of enemy action", but would sure hate to get one for stumbling over a tent and have to explain that for the rest of my life. Guess I told you the moustache is gone.. it got full of Okinawan fleas.

If you sent anything in what you refer to as "big" envelopes.. that is larger than letter size, they will come second or third class mail, and I will get them eventually, mebbe when I get home. So far I received the rubber dollie package, and thats all. I now have a GI flash light, obtained via two cans of beer.. so forget about that. Also told the supply guy a sad story and got issued some good socks.. which I badly needed. On the other business. yes, I think its safe, particularly if you can find any packed in metal can.. if not pack in bread, after protecting neck with sealing wax.

Your account of Henry's "date" was lovely.. wish I could have been on hand to see a bit of that one. Have a hunch a lot of them will bite the dust in the years to come... just hope it does not go to his head when he once discovers how attractive he is.

Tonight I met a Colonel, who lives in Plymouth and who has been a power in Michigan politics for years. He knows everyone, and even talked about O. L. Smith.. I think he was the guy Daddy admired so much. He told stories about Justice Potter, and Grosbeck, and Prof. Jerry Knowlton, who taught at Michigan when the Colonel went to Law School. He sent me away with an armful

of Plymouth papers, which I shall enjoy, advertisements and all. Could hardly get away from the old guy.. he is with AG here.

Am starting to put out a few feelers. Last night I wrote to Pat Miller of Perfex Corp. at Milwaukee, and asked him if he saw any possibility of an opening there. It is an excellent small company, and a growing factor in the control business. Julius Luthey, the president, is quite a guy, but they also have C. E. "Borie" Lewis, one time sales manager of Delco Heat, who is worse than Cameron.. all hot air. Told Pat I was not willing to make a decision, but wanted to begin getting the lay of the land. Hope it does not get blabbed all over the country.. cautioned Pat to keep still. but knowing him as I do.... We could no doubt tie up with Carrier, and I don't want to move to Syracuse, also the internal political situation there is worse than AirTemp.. it has been going on for yars and yars. Also wrote Phil and asked him how he would like to have me come back and help him run the paper for a spell, if Dale and Butch both get in the army and leave him up a tree. Wish to god I could get Dale out here. If he could join Red Cross I could get him here in one hell of a hurry. Would like to go back to Airtemp but not so long as Cameron is there, and it maybe a year before he finally steps on his as Blackie used to say, and falls in the mud. Blackie writes, however, that the day is coming.... Also wrote Elmer Sylvester, now with Visual Training Corp. in Detroit.. asked if they could use creative writer. would be fun to work on slide films and industrial movies for a time. Would much prefer editorial and creative to administrative work.. and here I am running a cable office.. oh me. So, as father often says, we shall see what we shall see. Something will work out. When the time is ripe we will try to get a paper going, and then we may starve again, but we sure will have fun.. it won't be no puff sheet, I assure you. I also wrote Fritz and Robb last night, for the first time.

Out here everything dates from the time the island will be "declared secure" and we have no idea when that will be. The Japs still roll out of the bushes, they find Okinawan babies in caves, and all sorts of weird things. The other night we lost a pile of supplies when an ARC man with a supply unit got into a pitched hand grenade battle. Result.. two dead Jap officers.. six soldiers.. greatest loss coca cola.. The army guy reported there were tears in his eyes when he covered the mess with a bulldozer.. coke was scattered all over the landscape, attracting millions of flies. Booty.. two Jap sabers from the

officers, two pistols, and several watches. Americans injured, none. Also, we have another old guy out here who sticks with his Marines in the line.. the other morning he crawled out under heavy fire and got one of the boys who was badly hurt.. will no doubt get medal for it. He says, "why should those young uns take a chance.. when an old codger like me has nothing to lose?" He's quite a character. Gibson still has his troubles with the resignations pouring in.. some of these guys just came for the ride. He has gone back to Honolulu on business leaving the authority to little Joe Graham, who is now throwing his weight around in great shape. I stay away from him, and do my job.

You must be reading about our hero.. a young lad by the name of Craft¹, who broke the stiff Jap line before Shuri all by himself. It's quite a story.. and you will no doubt read about it in one of the most courageous incidents of this, or any, war. watch for the story.

Got some Seabess to do my laundry for me, and even the towels are white and clean. The clothes even smell good, for the first time in months. Today I moved in on a shower across the road, and about the time I got wet a Gi came along and said, "You better get the hell outa there.. Thats for officers only.. the Colonel will raise hell." I said, "O. K.. let him".. he came back with a non-com. who also said his piece while I was getting clean.. I thought to hell with them. When I was getting dressed the Captain appeared and saw my insignia. He immediately said, "Don't know what those damn soldiers said to you.. but forget it.. you are more than welcome to use this shower anytime.. but each man has to carry his own water" - He was a red headed Irishman named Kelley, and a pleasant guy. I said thanks, and walked off looking for a can of water, which I never found. Water is damn scarce. This is the Army Mr. Jones.

I meant to go to the press conference this afternoon, as no doubt it was very interesting.. but did not have time.. what with the wires to get out. Our coral roads are wonderful in dry weather.. except that everything gets full of white dust.. even the pine trees in our little glen are almost pure white.. and you should see the stuff in our office.. we can't keep it

¹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clarence_B._Craft

clean. Then when it rains the coral and mud underneath turn to a deep soft mush.

Last night I went up to a Division CP where I spent one had night in April, under heavy shelling. It's now the "rear" CP and quiet, except for the rumbling of howitzers in the distance.. that shakes the light Jap buildings. You can imagine how fast things change in wartime, in a place like this.

Must get to bed, stayed up too late last night writing letters, and found it hard to get up at six.... and tonight.. now ten oclock.. am very sleepy. We do not have electricity in the new set-up yet, but do have Coleman lanterns.

Goodnight sweetheart.. may the peace of God watch between me and thee, while we are absent one from the other... and I almost forgot to tell you.. that I adore you...

Your own,
Henry

(handwritten) There goes the siren - damn.

Your own,

There goes the siren - damn,
Henry

20 June 1945.

My darling:

Your EFM cable in this afternoon.. of course they carry no date... when did you send it? Also father's day cards from Barbara and Ann, which were much appreciated. The way these typewriters pile up letters is a caution.. unless you go real slow.. l i k e t h i s ... love you...

Henry.