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My own sweet wife:

That's a nice word.. wife, and as time goes on I love it.. and you, more and more. Today there was MAIL.. June 16 card from Henry Kaye..bless his heart... June 16 letter from you and June 21 two letters from you, one written on the 18th.. letter from Blackie, and one from father. And so much nooze.

Sorry you did not get a chance to see Tracy and Jo.. but expect he had lots of plans and things to do in his short time. Also very very sorry to hear Uncle George has been ill.. will write Hazel directly.. she has been so faithful in writing to me.. which reminds me, have received no word about how Roy Mott came along.. is he better? I sincerely hope so.

Blackie says Earl Hazelrigg (one of the three original Airtemp employees still with the company) is leaving to go with a dealership in LA... Blackie and Earl are good and great friends.. Blackie says, "I'll be sorry to see him go but guess he's had about enough. "

When I first got to Honolulu I wrote Bob Malcolm and offered to bet him \$100 that two out of three men who took over my work at Airtemp... Walker, Misorick, and Mougey, would resign within a year.. Blackie writes, "Joe Walker will no doubt have resigned by the time you receive this. He couldn't take the crap that Cameron is totally filled with. I like Joe and am sorry to see him go but another 6 months would make a physical wreck of him".. One down one to go... Blackie is going to Temagamin (Canada) fishing and says, "I don't think I have the jitters, but I need to get a slant that's different. Mebbe a few oversized brook trout is what I need to help my soul." Also said Isobel is having book published (how exciting).. he writes, "She doesn't say much about it to me so I suppose it's some Swami job on the occult." Isobel reports Jean wants to leave the islands.. too many Japs.. more exaggeration I fear.

Yes, I would love to send you that letter from Lyd.. that she was nearly three months writing, but it's so damn confused I

am sure that I would have to appear before a board of censors and try to explain what it's all about. It seems that one of mama's flames up and married some old maid in Middleton.. or some such thing, which Lyd thought a good joke.. she is drawing a comic strip about it, in which various characters appear.. the old maid.. the guy... also "bob" (with bottle) the preacher, (no bottle) and mama left at the altar, or something.. really, I lost track as I was reading it. Will save the letter however, so you can read it to our grandchildren, and perhaps it will explain everything.

Oh yes, and not least.. also a beautiful letter from Barbie, in which she reveals that she has that peculiar sense of knowing about things that no one really knows, the thing that has bothered me so many times. Please do not mention it to her, unless she has told you about her experiences which relate to Dinah. Perhaps it is just a vivid imagination.. and again it may be something else.. I wonder.. how I wonder.. but it was a perfectly beautiful letter. Yes, darling.. I shall write Ann.. even when it's so hard to know what will please her. There is a spider walking around my typewriter about the size of a quarter.. I mean the body.. legs and all he would fit in a cup.

This place is alive with wild life at night.. the other morning a GI came running into his hdq. tent yelling, "there's a snake in my tent with a head bigger'n my fist." The boys all laughed at him.. until they discovered that there was!

Thanks for Bob Metter's address.. I had remembered his saying he was in the tropics, but I see now the FPO is New York, and the number is definitely not out this way. But will write him.. thanks for diggin it up for me.. would like to have him around in a business after the war. Or am I nuts? And am I pleased to know that the airport is finally going to be where it should have been all the time.. that's wonderful.. it will increase, in time, the value of 66. Glad to know you plan to go to Cadillac.. I know it will please the folks, and you may get a bit of a rest out of it.. still a few people around you know, and Jo is always delightful company.. don't you agree? Hope you can get to Portage.. if you see the Shannons, by any possible chance.. I mean Mac and Fern, get me the name.. or even the number of Mac's ship, or his Navy FPO number.

Also your letter of the 15th or 16th.. telling about Dint and Eleanor.. that's wonderful.. oh honey but I would give

anything to see that boy "graduate" to be an officer.. I would be so proud I would just about bust. Doubt like hell if they will leave him behind.. as you must have an idea about the program.. if he gets out here though I will have to stay awake longer every night with my prayers, as I pretty well know the score on those lads.. something happened again today that I keep thinking about, and wish I could forget. Dint is such a prince, and Eleanor and those kids need him so. By the way, have never yet heard you mention Chet & Ilah in a letter.. do you ever see them.. imagine by the time the war is done they will be too rich to speak to us. Is Ilah still working and Chet still exercising the ponies? Will write Eleanor directly.. am glad you saw Mr. Mac again, and will look for Jim when the time comes.. after all there are a limited number of places where the "beeg ones", as Jim calls them, can land.

What happened in the Detroit elections.. did Walter Reuther get anywhere against Jefferies? What goes on in our old town.. I even get scuttlebutt about it out here, but no real news.. let's have the scoop.

Yes, the clean up on Okinawa has been a pretty rough affair and one day I can tell you the story. Right now, is pau. When you see Helen Potter ask her if she got the newspaper clipping I sent her, and have her tell you about where I found it.. and see if she believed me. How I love to pull that gal's leg (figuratively of course) and this one was well rigged.. the clipping, not the leg. Actually, I got the paper from a stuffed shirt colonel who subscribes to the Plymouth Mail.. noticed in the "personal" that my friend (?) Ted Vladeff has been lecturing on chiropractic healing to the good people of Plymouth. Was sure pleased to hear that..but it was fun reading Eaton's page one editorials that have long been famous.. he's quite a guy and I like him. But don't tell Helen where you got the paper, and perhaps I can make the story stick.

That catches me up on your wonderful letters.. except to tell you that the typhoon went around us but some ships bound for here had a wild time.. one of our ARC gals that had just landed that day got a broken ankle that night.. someone struck all their tents and she must of gotten mixed up with the ropes, or something. Anyway, the gig wind never arrived so we still have something to look forward to. Have not gotten acquainted with any of the other 26 that are here.. they are all in hospitals and confined to their areas from 7 P.M. until morning.

Scuttlebutt says the two old maids that are in charge of supervising all hospitals are to be moved to the CP where I am now, principally because the powers that be at Tenth Army don't want them around. Heaven forbid.

My new GIs are doing swell, but we are still five days behind. I am now typing all the outgoing wires, and I type until my back aches and head aches and I ache all over, but someone has to do it accurately and well, or everything gets in a mess. The volume, of course, is increasing constantly. Hope now to get out from under this thing in two or three more weeks.. it will take that long to break in someone to handle it properly. By that time Gibson will be back from Oahu.

Finally got the lowdown on the public relations mess and copy getting stuck. It seems the commissioner sent three men down to Guam.. with proper credentials. He also sent two gals who were AFDs or something, without credentials. When the Navy discovered they were working in public relations, writing copy and that the commissioner had pulled a phoney (not his first) they sent the gals packing back, and Navy held up all ARC copy and pictures, until a few days ago. That accounts for all the stuff getting stuck.. in other words it was an ARC biz.. and not me for once. Anyway, I now understand that only two men can be accredited.. Navy thinks that's plenty for us.. and have no reason to think one of them will be me.. I guess that angle is out and I'm grounded for good. Before the blow up I could get my own copy out without trouble, but they now look over anything ARC with jaundiced eye. Tom Stowe was recalled, Garrett is not permitted to write copy.. result: no one is covering Okinawa for ARC, and I don't give a damn. Will fill my head and notebook, and publish my stuff in due time. I do, however plan to make an issue of the situation with ARC, as it is just one more promise they went back on. So we shall see. After a guy has been through one battle campaign like this, he fears neither employer nor fellow man, and I am certainly not worried about Red Cross.. they need me a hell of a lot more than I need them.

The only reason I put up with this confining clerical job is that someone has to help the soldier, and this is a damn important place to do it. When the table of organization for the operation was made up, no personnel were set up for this job, so it does not carry any rating.. Dombrowsky is recommending my promotion to full Field Director.. but that cannot be approved until Gibson returns, because of my "special"

status as historian.. you see I am attached to staff, and not to any branch of the organization like the one where I now work. Someday I can explain to you how all this works, but our organisation follows the military so closely that I just can't do it now without spilling beans, and I have no desire to do that.

The other day I did "take off" as the GIs say and went across the island to a lovely beach.. near a CB encampment.. we are not permitted to swim in fresh water here, because of some bug that goes in through your skin and raises hell with your intestines.. something perfectly awful.. but there were a lot of GIs in at this beach. Met a military government doctor on the way down to the shore who said it was safe.. but don't know whether he knew anything about it or not. I have since learned that they think this nasty little bug is also in the ocean around here.. although I doubt that. May account for the fact that the natives never go near water of any kind at any time. Will get some more scoop on it before I go in again.. but did enjoy that swim.. the beach was clean soft sand under the water and no coral. This island is practically surrounded by a coral reef, and you can't walk over that to go swimming.. it cuts your feet like a razor.. also cut-backs made by the water under the coral create very dangerous currents in the water. But this place was in a cove..surrounded by wooded banks.. very beautiful and the water not too salty.. did I sleep afterwards. What the army still needs most is more Simmons beds.. I still don't think much of canvas cots.

There is not much else in the way of news out here.. once a day I go to hdq. and pick up my mail.. Tonight saw a very delightful movie "The Affairs of Susan". The terrain of the island is such that you can make a natural amphitheater almost anywhere, and we sit out on the hill, on water cans, and watch the screen. Not very comfortable, but adequate. Got a GI to make me a metal band for my watch, and it's swell, made from a Jap plane.. the only thing that will hold up here.. the cloth one you sent me was about to rot off. Did I tell you my low quarter shoes were all green mould when I unpacked them? Whatta mess. We soon go to cottons, and I only have three pair pants, which is nowhere near enuf here, what with the slow laundry. I got by on Oahu, where we could get laundry in 48 hours. Perhaps I can get Jean to mail some from Honolulu.. Stew can buy navy clothes. As you may have gathered, I was so very very short of

money all the time I was on Oahu, that I could not buy anything. Now that I have a few bucks there's no possible way to spend it.

Have also discovered a small, new Steinway, that belongs to special services, and if I hit it the right times of day.. can practice a bit. I played a few minutes tonight, and my fingers were like boards. Speaking of clothes, I only have one suit, the brown one, and that is never going to fit.. would hate to get weighed, but would guess around 130, and that suit was bought at 154. Oh me.

Oh darling.. your letters are so lovely.. and bring you so close to me. The time goes awfully fast for me here, and hope it does for you... we are on the downhill stretch and it won't be too many months now.. don't know how many as that again depends on the situation and what cooks.. you know by now who is new general of Tenth army, and that should give you an idea.

My god.. it's one o'clock.. the latest I have been up in a long time, except during raids.. better get some sleep while I can...will mail this tomorrow, and hope you are not too long getting it.. your letters in today had me walking on air all afternoon... oh my precious I do love you so....

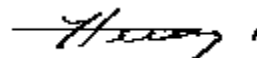
Is Henry going to the farm? Hope Jo can arrange for Ann to go to that camp, as I think it would be so fine for her. Would not care to have her in any high hat set up, as she tends too much that way already... bet she's getting prettier, and Barbie sweeter, oh my darling.. I want you all so much. Goodnight Katherine, my own darling.

Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Henry". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Henry".

Did you see Walter Winchell's opus about his wearing overseas ribbons?

29 June - Good morning my sweet - it's already hot & sultry at 7:30 A.M. - have had my hot cakes, bacon & coffee -& now to work! Love you!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Henry". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the end of the letter.