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Okinawa,.

My own darling:

Its so damn hot and sultry tonight, it feels like New Orleans.. has been raining on and off all day and the air is heavy with moisture... you just sit and soak in your own clothes.. its terrific. Intended writing you all week end, but things have been moving so rapidly.. its hard to tell here the time goes.

First.. the envelope with the pictures finally came, and thank you thank you thank you.. oh my darling.. the one of the kintern with grandma Re When theymere all little; there was no picture of you.. which I badly wanted..but I do love the Washington picture and the ones of Possum Hollow. Next time we have a place like that were are going to OWN it, and its going to have a clear running brook, and no mud in the yard... after this operation I never want to see any more mud. Did I tell you I also received the envelopes with the Detroit Free Press and your missing letters from May... yes, guess I did.

Last evening a box in from Jo, and was she the darling... smoked oysters, anchovies, smoked salmon, and of all things... a pound of coffee. I don't have the heart to tell her that our first 15 days in here we (ARC) used up many tons of coffee, making it for the GIs on a 24 hour basis. She also enclosed a fish line and two spinners, which I am going to use to good advantage, IF I can find a native who will tell me which ones are edible. In the guide book it says, "If in doubt, only eat small quantity of the fish. The poisonous variety will cause severe cramps, vomiting, partial paralysis within the hour.. and sometimes death." Honest to gosh what a book.. The book also says that sea urchins (look like porcupines) are something of a delicacy..but no thanks. Went swimming yesterday afternoon in the China Sea and the water was full of jellyfish.. the largest we have seen yet. One was at least a foot in diameter, and some 2 feet long, and they stink like anything. We amused ourselves throwing rocks at them, but that did not seem to interest them a bit.. they keep right on swimming along, at a snail's pace. The tide was very very low (typhoon somewhere) and the water pretty warm, and in that case the shore is alive with marine life.

Dombrowsky got his liquor in (first shipment.. it comes in echelons) last night... 17 bottles for his \$20. They make up "pools" and each gets a pro rata share. I had no share, as I did not have a dime while on Oahu (as I often told you I believe) so get no liquor.. here it is worth minimum \$50 bottle, and up to \$85.00 - in other words I am out <sup>s</sup>\$850 by not being in the club. Al opened one bottle for us last night... but with 12 men around to sample the brandy no one got going very fast. It's precious stuff around here. Another blow.. we get our mess bill Aug. 1 for the past four months at 75¢ a day.. that will clean out what little I have extra, and as they (bless their little hearts) have cut out our \$50 overseas allowance for maintenance, I will draw my \$25 salary, and be happy. If I want to have anything from the PX (cigarettes, candy bars, powdered soap, etc.), I won't even be able to buy into the next echelon, which will arrive here about Christmas. Oh well.. what the hell.. I've come this far.

Yesterday we moved again... no.. not far... only a few hundred yards. I threw up another tent in the back of the area for our communications center. I have been assigned a full Field Director as assistant, and he is to take over the operation. It's one hell of a job putting up a squad tent.. they measure 30 x 16, and easily hold ten desks.. five on a side. (Its so hot I have my shirt off and the bugs are eating the hell out of me.) Saturday I started an "island messenger service", ARC operated, and rode the island with the driver to see how it worked out.. we went all over here.. looking for a lot of back woods ARC installations I had never seen before, and pounding along for hours and hours over back roads. Thank heaven all military vehicles have four wheel drive, or we would never have made it. There goes the air raid siren again.. the damn Japs are up to their nasty tricks. Incidentally, they have some new ones that we don't like at all.

Two hours later...all clear has sounded and now it's almost bed time.. that's where our time goes out here many evenings: standing around in the dark gabbing, and sweating out a raid.

With the development of this operation, our problems increase hour by hour. We have new men arriving almost daily, for one reason and another, and some of the things that happen are unbelievable. Here are a couple of dandies... army special service section was given a very beautiful beach here on the island to be developed as a recreation area, for use of the

troops. The understanding was that we were to handle the large canteen and installation in general... provide supervision, latrines, and all the things necessary where you have thousands of people around. Anyway, we put a man in charge and he worked like hell, with soldiers and Okinawans and everyone else he could find, getting set-up. Then Sat. A.M. a bunch of CBs arrived with a bulldozer and started to build a road right down into the center of the beautiful beach. Our man went over and inquired what the hell. The CBs said orders is orders.. we build a coral road, also a pier. For what? Unload ships, said the CBs. It seems the Navy had decided this would be a swell spot to unload ships, and as army does not have jurisdiction over the water, they are moving in. They said it would be "only temporary"... take a couple or three months. By that time summer will be gone, and the beach for all practical purposes will be ruined for a year or so, from the oil, sewage, etc. spewed out by the big vessels. We reported the thing through channels to the colonel in charge of special service but found he has gone to another island for a conference, and by the time he gets back the ships will be on the beach, unloading. So there we are. Our man is about wild.

Another one.. we have been working for weeks getting clearance on a compound, and area for female workers. On a big project like this all contact with the Army is handled by one of our section heads, in this case Dombrowsky. Al had been sweating out all the endless details, and finally a plan was submitted, by the engineers, to ARC, through channels. Somehow or other the plans, (blueprints) tracing, description, etc. etc. all wound up in the office of the Field Director in this area. One of our newly arrived Asst. Field Directors (came three days ago) found it and wrote across the face of it... "Red Cross approve this as a splendid plan.", signed his name Joe Blokes, and then the Field Director's name, and sent it back to the General through Channels. Of course the damn thing was all wrong, Al Had been cursing the military for not returning the plan, etc. for several days, where here it has been "approved" by us and gone back to the command,

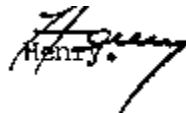
When you have a couple of dozen similar things happening every day it's no wonder that the guys in administration get grey around the ears. At this stage of the game war is "big business", and it takes a lot of effort to keep everything straight.

The man in charge of recreation has been talking to me about taking over control of all rest areas in these islands, which would be some job, and mean another promotion. He wants a guy who can operate them, but is also publicity conscious.. so his operation gets a big play with the military and home papers. Just to give you an idea, one single rest camp, located on a small island, would have a staff of several men, and from 30 to 40 ARC gals.. There would be one huge GI Club, and no doubt another officers club, a beach etc. -- would be large layout, with food commissary in the club, snack bars, and all that sort of thing. Having a dozen or more of these "rest camps" to run would no doubt keep me occupied about 20 hours a day. But right now we can't even find one clean building with a concrete floor that can be used for a battery of donut machines, so guess it will be some time before the rest camps materialize.

Nother thing that is fouling us up.. the Air Force is not under the same command as Tenth Army.. therefore the ARC men coming in with them are not responsible to Gibson. They can tell everyone to gotohell all they want to.. they take orders direct from Washington. One guy came in this week with eighty tons of supplies, and has no personnel, but hes not going to give up a bit of it. He does, however, want to use all our facilities, such as communications, etc. that will be to his advantage. I can see some headaches for Gibson if he ever gets back here.. we understand he is on his way. Another little thing, they unloaded our donut machines alright.. on the wrong island, and the only way to get them back here is to take them apart and ship them by air.. oh me.

Thank heaven a lot of this amuses me, and I'm trying to keep my perspective in the midst of what is, at times, terrific confusion. My communications center is running smoothly, and with that to stand on, should get along OK for some time.

Must get to bed, my precious, as I now have to have the morning messages ready for the driver at seven sharp, and I have to have breakfast and sort them out before that. Wish you could share that little wall tent tonight.. thanks again for the pix... also received clippings from Redeker.. at long last...also reprint of my article in Sales Management.. my initials are now S H. Knowlton.. damn them anyway. Love you

  
Henry

forever.