



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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My dearest Katherine:

Darling darling.. its brand new ..it's beautiful.. it's clean .. it's gorgeous...I just love it..... what? This morning I went over to the supply warehouse and drew myself a brand spanking new Royal portable typewriter.. the latest model, and what's more a good one. I left my old clunker in Honolulu with Jean, and we came in here with a batch of medium grade Coronas, which all promptly began to act up as soon as they hit damp weather.. they have a carriage guide made out of catgut which does awful things in this kind of a climate. So when I got here I managed to scrounge onto a typewriter that Gibson had used personally, marked "personal, do not remove from the Commissioner's office." Then in the course of the horrible dust we have had that one is still workable, but way beyond anything but a professional cleaning job. So now I have a bright new one, and is it swell. Will have to keep it in the case almost all the time, to keep the dust out of it.

Just called Tenth Army.. there is a letter over there from Barbie, and I would like to have it, but don't want to hitch hike as it is beginning to rain, and is almost dark. Some of the boys will bring it over in the morning, as there is to be a meeting here. This is movie night, but there will be no movie if it pours.

Absolutely nothing new with me.. just work.. and more work. Have been feeling sorta rummy for the past few days, but can't say I'm sick. May be a touch of dengue, although if you get much of that it's hell. They have taken us off atabrine, and that may have something to do with it, after months of taking it. Sometimes when you stop taking it you get all the symptoms of malaria, without having it, and again you discover you really do have it.



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Have not shipped the vase yet, as I have a wooden box, and the box has some more room in it, and I must do some hunting, to see what I can find to put in it. We went up the line swimming last evening, and on the way back stopped near a ruined native village and poked around in the houses, and caves near the houses. Did not find very much.. brought back one of those peaked Japanese hats, that Ann would love, but don't know how to ship it. Would like to get a few good saki cups, some of which are perfectly lovely.. fine china. The vase I am sending you was made by Hiraoka in the town of Satsuma, Kuyushu, Japan, and the name of the town has since been changed to Kagoshima.. you will be able to find it on any good map. According to the translator it is an exceptionally fine example from a famous pottery. Anyway, our scrounging expedition did not produce very much, but I may be able to find enough to fill up the box and get it off to you.

Last evening I wrote two stories for Redeker, and now wonder if they will clear the Navy. I felt like marking them "this is not Red Cross copy". The Navy PRO here who is a fine gent said he would try and find out if they cleared. Julian Garrett had a letter today from Vince Martire, who is in charge of publicity in this theater, and he wants Garrett to come over to the Marianas to take some pictures, and as Julian is pretty well fed up here I expect he will pull out soon. He has been going with the fly boys lately, taking pictures over Japan, which is a somewhat dangerous, if exciting business. As for me, I don't give a damn if Red Cross gets a stick of publicity out of here or not. If I get any free time I'm going to hitch hike a ride to Manila and look the place over.. or rather what little is left of it.

Letter in today from Doctor Stocking.. and am enclosing it, as I know how you love his sense of humor. Also letter from Jeanette Dow, who is quite unhappy because they are to return to Dayton.. Minor is being made Director of Sales Training, which falls under Cameron. God help him. He will need it. Anyway, Jeanette thinks now she would like to stay in Washington, now that the kids are doing so well in school and she likes the town.. and so forth. She says she will be glad to have Minor get



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out from under the "strain" of working for Ward.. he ain't seen nothing yet.

One of the men just came in with a jeep.. will drive over to HDq. from where I can mail this, and pick up Barbie's letter.. goodnight my sweet... your own, Henry.

Henry
Henry.