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My own darling:

Perfectly beautiful letter in from Barbie the other day, and you had written on the back of a sheet that you would "write soon".. then I sweat it out for a few days, and finally your letter of July 2 came in last evening. And such a long beautiful letter it was.

Its just too damn hot this afternoon to wiggle.. in a place like this mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun.. so we have been going at a very leisurely pace.. the colonel just came in and suggested going swimming.. but the 12 mile round trip over bad roads in the dust hardly makes it worth it.. Would have liked to have been a mouse in a corner while you and Josie got a bit high on 4 bottles of beer.. I know how that goes.. likker out here now brings \$50 a bottle, and there is little or none to buy.. all 'trade' is estimated in bottles of whiskey.. fair Samurai sword brings 6 to 8 quarts... so when one of the men opened up a bottle of scotch last evening at hdq... real scotch.. it was something. I had three drinks only, and felt like I was flying.. of course in this climate your blood is so damn thin that a little goes a long way. On the way home Gordon Main and I had got lost, and wound up in a dead end road in a coral pit.. such a business. This island sure looks funny in the dark with a couple a drinks aboard... anyway we had a good time, and no harm done. If I can learn just one thing on this operation, and that is to know when I have had "enough", it will be a great victory.. although there have been times out here when I think a roaring drunk would have cleared the air a bit and done us all good. When anyone drags out a bottle men collect like flies on a dead Jap, and anyone who has three drinks out of it is either lucky or a pig.

There is no news to report.. every other day or so we go up the pike for a swim in the China Sea.. the other evening we struck it at low tide and it was fun to watch the marine life in the water.. the strangest tropical fish. Some are transparent, some are beautiful bright colors.. one was orange with a blue nose.. Puritan no doubt. We use diving masks to see in the clear salty water.

Had a wonderful letter from Redeker.. it seems Butch and Mericle were both "spared" at the last instant.. am certainly glad for Dale and his family, but wish Butch could get a taste of it.. he says Jack Adams is home from Guam, looking very fat and florid.. says "we'll thin him down to the size of a civilian in short order", and I guess that's no joke. Price is back from CBI and expects re-assignment to Wright Field.. if he does he will sure have fun with our Dayton friends. Phil promises to send me his address. You have undoubtedly read in the papers how the officers live on Guam.. there has been a lot of fuss about it. [<http://mickmc.tripod.com/life6-45-01.html>]

Damn... the gunner across the way is "bore siting".. every few seconds he lets go with a blast and makes me jump... it is now seven-thirty, we have been swimming again, and on the way back I found a CB chief who gave me some ice.. said he had none to spare until I asked him if he ever read Refrig. News. etc. Then he warmed up and gave me a gallon of flake ice. So for supper we had canned boned turkey, tomato juice with ice in it, and coffee. We now have a cook tent set up out back.. you can't keep food around where you sleep or work, as the ants march in by the billion.

After riding around on the Pacific as much as I have I can't quite understand anyone going on a boat trip to Bob-Lo for fun, but I do recall that it was fun... remember the time Henry Kaye lost the knife? Anyway I'm glad you two got along well. I think what you say about Doug is correct.. have thought so all along.. and trust it will all work out. Anyone who has been in combat has their values changed pretty completely, and after seeing people's troubles through the eyes of Red Cross, God give me peace and quiet at any price... time to make love to you.. time to write, and time with the kids.. that's about the size of it.

Mama's new situation intrigues me, but won't keep my fingers crossed, knowing the background... it would be just too too something or other, if she did make a deal... the prospects of inheriting another whole batch of relations is positively frightening, although I think it would be a good thing for all concerned.

I take it "the boys" got on well together. I have decided not to try to write Henry Kaye as we discussed.. as I recall the difficulty did not really start until about the 8th or ninth

grade.. would much rather talk to him when I get home and I think you can see my point of view. If the letter made the wrong impression it would be pretty bad, and he would not feel like turning to anyone else.. so.. if you agree we'll do it that way. The months are slipping away.

The boys are sitting here arguing about who gets which vehicles.. we have a batch coming ashore..but as usual, about half enough. So the battle is on.

I can imagine that your lab is a madhouse, now that cars are going back into production.. don't let them push you darling.. you should know from my experience how they can do it.. pick out one boss and work for him, and tell the others to "see Mr. So and So" when they give you orders. That little trick will usually work. Oh gosh but I wish I were where I could talk to you.. as I know you are interested in what you are doing, and I'm sure I could welcome a bit of your "shop" talk.

Got a beautiful letter back from Pat Miller of Perfex.. who says,

"Frankly Henry, the matter of the possibility of joining Perfex is certainly something that is impossible to handle by correspondence. Likewise, at this writing no definite decision has been made as to the direction in which we intend to point our advertising, and sales promotional activity... etc. etc.."

then...

"it would seem to me that when you get back to the old U. S. A. it would be worth while to run up to Milwaukee and chat with us, as it is my firm conviction that certainly this would be the most satisfactory manner of considering your problem."

In other words.. he leaves the door wide open. I doubt at this writing, if any good company in the industry would close it.. and that is a good feeling after the years we have struggled.. yes, I say we.. as you have hauled more than your share of the load. If we wanted to stay in Detroit I believe I could go back with Al Crawford at Timken on a very good basis, as I know he has been looking for a Promotion man for some time. I still, however, hold to the idea of starting a paper, perhaps in the automatic heating industry, and give it a fling, until we either make a big success of it or go entirely broke. Have never

heard a word from Bill Bennett, but it is possible that he is very busy, or just does not bother to write. Things move so rapidly these days.. I was startled to learn Bingay was overseas.. didn't think the old guy had it in him. Incidentally, one of the current guys aboard here is the music critic of the Boston Herald.. man of some note. What in hell he's doing here I don't know. He wants a story on Red Cross here, but damned if I'll dig it up for him, after the run-around I have been given on that score.

Did you know we had a new commissioner.. that makes the score 100% on my experience in Red Cross.. every man I have been associated with, in this short space of time, that is directly associated with, has been fired or quit.. some organization. Mr. Leverage, personnel man, Alexandria.. fired; Instructor at American University, I forget his name, resigned; Mr. Boynt, overseas briefing and clearing.. former Charlotte newspaper man.. resigned; Stan the donut man, group leader on trip over here or rather to Oahu, fired; John Undercoffer.. field director on Oahu, who became a supervisor on Saipan or Guam.. fired; Mr. Humbert, field director who succeeded Undercoffer on Oahu, resigned; and now the Commissioner. I rather imagine he got fouled up with the Navy to the point where he was "invited" out as he seemed very sincere in his desire to stay put, here he could buy local book departments for Brentanos, which he owns, and plug Paramount Pictures, of which he is board chairman. Also, it is very convenient to have a radio and cable service open on military channels to carry on personal business in wartime. Anyway, the new man is Vice Admiral Adolphus Andrews USN (retired) .. which means that we should be able to get along a lot better with Nimitz and Company. As I understand the situation Griffis wanted to control the entire Pacific, including the Philippines, which is now operated out of CBI but General Mac said no.. he liked the present set up. In the meantime he, Griffis, got himself in a tangle with the Navy.. so now we have a new boss. Gibson is still on Oahu, and I understand he has had his wings trimmed plenty for the way he handled this operation like a fuherer... so we shall see, as father often says.. what we shall see. I am waiting for my promotion to Field Director to clear before I start yowling about being accredited.. one thing at a time I sez, and you sure learn patience out here.

Have my communications office "organized" to the point where I have very little to do.. but I find that if I don't stay

right in the tent and watch over my GIs they are inclined to "goof off" as the soldiers say.. go for a haircut, or to the dispensary, or somewhere else.. anything is better than working for any GI, but they are, I must admit, pretty damn good boys.

It's now almost eleven o'clock, and bedtime, one of the boys, an attorney, has been describing how they control politics in Worcester, Mass (with gestures) and it was one of the funniest performances I have ever heard.. so I had to stop and listen. Had planned on going to the movie, but it got too late for that, and the evening just slipped along.

Will write more tomorrow... before I take this over to the APO.. goodnight my sweetheart.. how I wish you were in my arms tonight.. oh darling.. I do love you so.

Sunday afternoon.

To continue...today it is hot as hell, and in addition the wind is blowing so hard we have to keep the tent sides down.. we have sawdust on the floor of the office tent, and when we get too much wind it fills up the typewriters.. also our noses.. also coral dust from the road outside... so we keep the flaps down and sweat.

Could not go to sleep last night until you were close.. and was restless from small arms fire going on intermittently.. think the boys are shooting at goats, etc. Then this morning the flyboys started out very early.. oh god what the Japs must be taking these days.

The afternoon mail brought a book from Doctor Stocking... he's an ingenious cuss.. took the cover off and tore the book in two to bring it within the weight limit.. the name is "Desert Island Decameron".. a collection of semi-risque stuff edited by H. Allen Smith. It came through, regular mail in 12 days, and those pictures you sent have not arrived yet, although I did get the Free Press after 2 months.

For "Sunday" dinner this noon we had those fat, tasteless sardines or kippers that are packed in California, cold beans, bread, peanut butter, and cold cocoa.. out here you eat to sustain life.. certainly not for pleasure.

This has been one of those days.. all kinds of messages going haywire, and I sit here and try to straighten them out and keep from blowing my top. Sometimes I think we have the most colossal example of inefficiency and blundering stupidity in the whole world.. but mebbe it ain't that bad.. just the heat.

The colonel just came back with his jeep, so I can haul this over to hdq. and get it in the mail... hope it reaches you without delay... all my love Katherine... am still following that star and have a very good feeling that we are on the way back... and I hope you do too!

Your own,
Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry", with a large, stylized flourish underneath.