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My dearest Katherine:

Last evening I went over to Tenth Army to get my mail, and found a big brown envelope from you mailed May 3rd.. whoops.. thought it was the long lost pictures, but found it was copies of Free Press, watch strap, razor blades, and your other small present, which at this point was deeply appreciated. Thank God that phase of the operation is over and we now have an ample supply in each latrine. Will save the strap for my future civilian operations.. the only thing that will hold up here is a metal band.. I have one made from a Jap zero. The razor blades were most welcome, as our supply here is not too plentiful.

Gradually our food improves.. yesterday we had chicken (canned but damn good) for lunch and last night pork chops... and did they taste good.. are you still living with no meat? This noon we had macaroni and cheese, cold stewed tomatoes, peas, bread with fresh butter, canned peaches, and cold.. ice cold synthetic lemonade.. the first cold drink we have had, as the ice maker is now working. When they first set up the ice maker out in the blazing Okinawa sun it ran for three days and did not get cold inside. I pointed out to the mess lieut. that the "sun load" on the dark metal (it was too hot to touch on the outside) was greater than the capacity of the machine. It was too big and heavy to move and he said, "That's a lot a so-and-so", but I noticed this morning he had a house built around the thing, and that we had ice.

When I got back from Tenth Army last night the lights went out, on accounta an alert, just as I started to write you a letter.. we sat around and talked in the dark for an hour or two and then went to bed. It took me a long time to get to sleep, no doubt because of the quantities of coffee I drank during the early evening, so I overslept this morning and when I awoke was lying in a puddle of sweat from the heat created by the sun beating on the tent.. here in the "sub tropics" the sun is as hot at 8 AM and 5 PM as during the noon hour.

For three days we have had a heavy influx of wires, and this is complicated by the fact that the hot weather takes the

starch out of the boys, and it is hard to keep them going very fast. Right now we are one day behind, but that is not too bad, considering. When I first took this over the whole thing was running weeks behind. Our work is also complicated by the fact that combat organizations are moving back to rest areas, and new outfits are coming daily. The turnover is terrific.

Doctor Stocking sent me a copy of Pacific Island Decameron by H. Allen Smith, that is edited by .. he tore the book in half and sent it in two parts.. came thru in nine days. Much of it, like several of Wolcott's choice morsels, I had read before, but some of it is new, and I am enjoying it no end.

Have seen several of the lousiest movies lately ever made.. complicated by the little problem of the film breaking, or going off the track or running too fast.. at times we have 50 to 100 stops to see one bad picture .. great stuff.

My god.. I have been writing this for three hours ... interruptions one right after another... all the fool things that can happen around a cable or rather radio center... I feel like Mrs. Ludins and the plumber... when she said the job was not going well he exploded and remarked.. "Mrs. Ludins, to get this job done you must hire a better man as I am if you can." I feel like telling that to some of our field force.

Our commissary man has arrived and he is scurrying around trying to get a site where he can make 60,000 donuts (count 'em) a day... needs clean buildings with concrete floors, etc. which are impossible to find. He wants to use native labor, but I'm afraid that would be difficult from a sanitation standpoint. But he does have a weapons carrier and that is what we are going to use to go swimming.. right now.. will finish this later.. after chow.

6:45 PM.. never will learn to write 18:45 hours.. have been up to ye olde swimming hole in the China Sea.. water delightful... and hungry as wolves for good supper of beef and gravy, potatoes and peas (real potatoes), spinach, rice pudding and ice water. Can you see me eating rice pudding with relish? I hafta laugh sometimes.

Guess our swimming hole is no longer inviolate.. there are some nurses around, so we had to wear underpants.. too much hurry to let mine dry and when I went to mess looked like I had

sat in a puddle. Nothing sacred around here I guess.. at least not for long. This morning I was visiting an ARC tent at a nearby hospital, and one of the gals was complaining bitterly about a life behind burlap and barbed wire.. they have to be in their compound at 7 P.M. and cannot go out afternoons without the permission of the CO, destination, complete medical and social history of escort, etc. and then must have two couples. I said "why in hell don't you go out in two couples and separate?". "Oh" she said... "I guess you don't know much about women... there are no girls I know that I could trust that far... etc. etc." All of which made me a little tired.

Lots of new ARC men in this week.. some of them look very good compared to the batch we came out with.. have one man living here now for a few days who owns two or three weekly newspapers.. his wife is editor, and he is biz manager.. started the thing during the depression with a few hundred bucks.. he set the type and his wife wrote copy.. won several prizes for weekly paper excellence.. all sound very swell, but no children during this strenuous process, and I wouldn't trade anything for ours. Opening of many ARC stations, and changing others naturally complicates our coverage of all military units and the distribution of messages.

Darling, there is absolutely nothing new with me... the days go by like swords and roses and their principal feature is that each one brings me that much closer to home and to you. There is no place to go here, our only recreation is swimming and the movies, and there is always office work to do, day or night, if we want to work. Many of our men have had the "GIs" (severe diarrhea).. oh how DO you spell it, but so far I have escaped. Garrett has settled down to a program of riding the bombers to Japan and China.. he no longer even pretends to do any photographs for Red Cross, and Jean Ludin is riding the cubs in his itinerant coverage of outlying islands. He calls the cub pilots "my boys"... and loves the assignment.

Charlie Plumb has evidently been fired, as messages from his station are now signed by another man, who I know. When I last saw him he had been drunk for a month, and I saw little progress that he would ever get sober.. as where he was the bar was open all evening.. double shots 15¢ like many navy stations. Will take this over to Hdq., and get it in the mail... all I can tell you is that I love you very very very much.... and am still

sawing wood out here, and that's about the size of it... And here's a kiss for each of your toes.. oh darling.. I love you.

Your own,  
Henry

*Henry,*  
Henry.