



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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AFO 357.

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My darling Katherine:

So many things happened yesterday it is hard to know where to start. I don't mean happened, exactly.. but were precipitated, or came to a head or I learned about them.. anyway it was quite a day. .

In the first place, I received a letter from Paul Zimmerman... in answer to one I had written him about a paper for ICI, asking him if he would invest.. etc. and he said,

"While I want to lay all the advantages and disadvantages before you, I would not in any way interfere with your publishing such a magazine and would, in fact, cooperate with you if you and your associates felt that it was better than an average business risk."

In other words he would not only back the deal morally but be willing to put money in it, if it appeared to be a good proposition. He says:

"I will be glad to discuss the paper further with you once you know when you might return,"

Also, Rheba enclosed a memo, which is attached, that you might find very interesting.. although I expect you know all about it by this time.. the Malcoms are pau. Now Maggie can drink herself to death in peace.. and I doubt like hell if there's a man in the case.. she's gone so far that no man in his right mind would want her.. so that's that.

The next nooze, which you must know more about than I do is that Jo has a swell new job in Grand Rapids, has closed her house and moved. She seems quite hopped up over the whole thing.. at the moment I have misplaced her letter, but she sorta



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did a good job of "selling" me on the whole deal and then backed it up by saying that she knew I wanted her to move out of Cadillac long ago, which is correct. Father, on the other hand is very very much upset, and I am grateful that you are going to Cadillac this week. He writes,

"You can understand that I am "not happy over it, but have not attempted to discourage her --- you and I both know that mother and I are both getting along in years and with Josephine gone we feel that one substantial support has been removed although not far away."

Father also writes that you are coming to Cadillac, that you are driving there with Rollo Petrie, (which I did not know) and that Henry Kaye was going to Dayton, and Ann to camp.. etc. and then remarks "but the particulars I do not have".. doesn't that sound just like him? Hope Jo turns her house over to you during your stay in Cadillac.. that would be lovely for you.. could do a small bit of entertaining on your own.

Last night I received a letter from Elmer Sylvester, now with Visual Training Corp., Detroit.. (slide films and industrial motion pictures) saying,

"Frankly, if you could fly back tomorrow, we could put you to work in the top creative spot. .You can practically write your own ticket. Whenever you have cleaned up your job in the Pacific, and want to go to work, let me know and we'll dust off your desk."

Then the letter ends,

"One of these days I am going to get in touch with Kay so that I can give you a first-hand report on the home front."

So it looks like we may stick around Detroit after all, but if I am to "write my own ticket" it will be pretty good sticking. So now the whole thing comes down to a battle with my conscience (I suppose you can say that I don't have one), and will also be guided by the plans of the military. Up to now Vinegar Joe has not let me in on his next move, and when he does



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I naturally won't put it in a letter to you. We are getting a lot of excellent new ARC men in here right now, and I believe the time will soon be at hand when I can pull out without feeling that I am leaving the operation in the lurch. Had I been made an accredited correspondent, and left to work as "historian", that would be different, but my present duties are executive.. that is, administrative, and so far as I can see will continue that way.

Another factor will be, that I will be willing to stay out longer, if ARC can arrange air transportation home, which they normally refuse to do, if a man resigns out here. By surface, however, it would take all of two months to get there, and I would be willing to work here that time, rather than ride around on a vessel. So we shall see how it works out. In the meantime, if you see Elmer, tell him I'm "interested", but that I have had a number of things to consider, and he better make it good.

(Here we are short of typewriters again, so will have to give this one up for a few hours.. more later).

Yesterday was also a big day here, as me and two other guys caught a Jap. Not a Jap exactly.. but an Okinawan woman.. anyway a prisoner. Monroe Sweetland and I went down to Naha to see how the new ARC area was coming along.. taking a command car and driver. Then we went over to Shuri "scrounging".. poking around for lacquer ware, unusual Saki cups, and such junk. When we were almost ready to go our GI driver came running and said,

"Hey.. yah wanta see a dead Jap?"

I said sure.. so he took us to the ruins of a house. I took one look where he pointed, in a space under the floor, and my hair stood on end. I said look son, your Jap is not dead, he's alive. We had no arms whatsoever, and so beat a hasty and strategic retreat. We found some CBs working nearby who said,

"Look now.. we came out here build roads.. to hell with your Jap."



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So we went on and found an MP station. The MPs called military government, and after a long wait, two officers, well armed, and an interpreter arrived. The "dead Jap" turned out to be a very much alive Okinawan woman.. about 33 years of age.

She first refused to crawl out, but finally, when she did decide on it, backed into the hole farther to... of all things.. try to fix her hair. She must have been hidden for at least 6 weeks, and was very weak from lack of food. She was of course, terribly frightened, but maintained the most magnificent dignity I have ever seen.

When she got out of the hole she rewound her obi, carefully straightened her kimono, folded her arms and then stood with her arms folded, waiting for the fate she so thoroughly expected. The kimono was dirty, but of beautiful quality, with brocade on the back, and the lining was a brilliant red silk.. a beautiful garment. Said she had 7 children, and lived in Shuri. She had a very fine face, and gave the impression of being a very high caste woman. She was definitely not Japanese, and I expect she was the wife of some high up guy in Shuri, which was the seat of culture here.

I would certainly like to get her story, but it would take many hours with an interpreter, and I have work to do. The officers assured her they would attempt to locate her children, and carried her off in their jeep. We came home. They have a hell of a time re-uniting Okinawan families, because the kids don't know how to spell their own name, and there are many shades of pronunciation. Ann should be interested in that.

In the scrounging I found a few small pieces of laquer ware with the "seal of the Kings of Shuri" on it, which is lovely. Also a book of Japanese posters, some of which are unusual. Also a "dragon" made of clay that goes up on the roof to keep evil spirits away. He is just lovely, but the clay is so brittle that I'm afraid it would take some job of packing to get him home. Will try it however. He would scare anybody, anytime. Sweetland found some gorgeous pewter (he would) but was willing to let me have the dragon, which I wanted. Scrounging



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is exciting, as you never can tell when you might uncover a Jap, dead or alive, or set off a dud, or some damn thing. We procede with great care.

Have found a place to get Garrett's negatives printed, so will attempt to get a complete set of his pictures.. he has plenty of them showing the natives, the villages, ruins, etc. I know you will be interested, if I can get them, and I would like to have them to keep.

We have a number of new men here.. including one friend of mine from Oahu.. I have been assigned another GI.. a man who was a Field Director in the States for 16 months and finally got drafted; am also being assigned two ARC men as assistants, so will wind up with by far the largest staff on the island.

Have just finished a new "Standard Operating Procedure" known in the army as S.O.P. on communications, which should be of some help to the new people, if they will just read it.. which I very much doubt. Am getting it mimeographed today. Our new Asst. Director.. to replace Graham has arrived, and I am very well impressed with him. He is tall (6 ft. 4) has a pronounced stammer, and that usually indicates a very sympathetic individual, as you can't fight something like that for years and not be affected by it. Graham is waiting with both ears back to get home, but they have requested that he wait until Gibson gets back from Oahu, and Gibson has been gone for one hell of a long time. Guess I told you, the Commissioner has resigned and Vice-Admiral Andrews (yes the big shot) has taken over.

Hope you and the children have fun in Cadillac; know the change will be good for you; now I will stew until I know you are safe up there. Rollo Petrie was, at one time, the fastest, and I believe worst, driver in Cadillac.

Guess that's all the news dear one... except that I love and adore you.. is that news too? I'd say that came under the category of editorial opinion.. my it's hot and sultry this afternoon.. remember the one about when the weather's "hot



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and sultry".... but soon the frost will be on the punkin ... if you remember the rest of it.

Just wrote father tonight...apparently he feels pretty low in his mind to think that Jo is going, but doubt if I can say much to cheer him up. Am glad for his sake he is in a rear area, as the signal boys often catch a lot of hell in combat. We have had a few sporadic raids lately, but they have not amounted to much, thank heaven.

Let me know if you hear any scoop about Bob and Maggie.. do you ever hear from the Wards? Blackie is my only faithful correspondent at Airtemp, and his letters are marvellous.

All my love to all of you.. I am really excited about the Sylvester biz., as believe I would like writing industrial movies and films.. wanta go to a premier?

Your own,
Henry

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Henry".

Henry