



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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My own Katherine:

Your letter written July 15-17 in tonight... we sure are getting good mail service now. It started raining about 4 this morning and when I got up the drainage ditches along the edges of our area were little dirty brooks..when we first moved in here I got a labor detail to clean them out, and am now glad I did. Through the day it got very hot, rained off and on, and the humidity was so high safety matches would not strike.. imagine that.

We had a deluge of radios, as well as water, and I helped the boys type, for a number of hours, attempting to get to the bottom of 100 pages averaging 4 wires each.. so hardly looked up all day. I am doing plenty of "writing" out here.. telegrams.

On that score I finally decided to put all the cards on the table at once, and wrote to Lewis Bowen, head of all Publicity for Red Cross, in Washington. Cmdr. Riley, the last guy to have the job in Area office is back there now for a "conference" and perhaps the story will interest them.. perhaps not. I did not "cry" or ask for any special consideration.. simply told my story in chronological order and wound up asking if I was to be accredited, and if so when. I hope to get an answer this time, either yes, or no. On this job I don't have time to write anything much, anyway.

Tonight I went "out to dinner" at a nearby Navy base. It's wonderful how they operate. The sailor at the gate saluted smartly, made out a pass for me, saluted again, and told me where to park my jeep. Incidentally, I have a brand spanking new jeep, and it's a peach. Sam Summers was along and we had dinner with the senior officers.. hamburg (fresh meat) with catsup on the table.. first I have seen, also good coffee and ice cream. You must get tired of my telling you what we have to eat, but it's one of the principal topics out here, particularly when we get an unusually good meal, and this was.. that is for us...



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it's usual with Navy, even on shore. Around the area all the tents were framed with "decks" (floors to you) and all the walkways were wood, up out of the mud. All very spick and span, and some different from the Army. Oh yes, and we drank out of real glasses.. not tin cups and had white oilcloth on the table, and were served by colored boys in white T-shirts. All very fancy.

Last night a Marine Captain came around with some steaks.. and we mixed up a quart of gin with fresh limes, simple syrup and ice.. you can pick limes here by the bushel.. but like the Okinawans themselves.. they are very small. The steaks were far from tender, but they were fresh meat, and we ate them in sandwiches with fresh bread. Yum. The "cocktails" sorta set us off.. it only take two drinks out here to start flying. That's true anywhere in the tropics.

Harry Gibson is still back on Oahu, and the boys here are getting pretty much disgusted at having him take a 2 month vacation in the middle of this thing. He sent out a batch of new men with "fatigue" clothing, and no cottons, and before they got here the uniform regulations were changed to CKC cottons, so they have no clothes. He does not realize how fast things are changing here. We have had a few visits from the Japs, but fortunately they have not been interested in our particular area just lately.

You already know how I came out on my "feelers"...except Carrier.. and I don't want to work for them if I can help it as internal political situation is lousy. Everett S. Brown, chairman, Dept Pol Sci. writes, "so far as the 'Military Government of Okinawa' is concerned as a title for a thesis much would depend on the amount of material available. By the very nature of the subject, such material would have to be obtained locally. It would be difficult to pass judgement until one could know just how extensive this material is." He seems to doubt that there would be enough "material". Perhaps no one has told him that MG have some 300,000 civilians to handle, who are enemy aliens, who have a strange language, a completely foreign culture, customs of their own, but who must have food, medical care, hospitalization, a place to live and a roof over their



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head. With all utilities and other modern conveniences out of the picture (not that these natives expect them), it has been quite a job. If I wanted to do a thesis there would be literally tons of reports to wade through, as the military like to keep records.

What he seems to be saying is that it could be difficult, if not quite impossible, for the Committee to examine anyone on a thesis written about Okinawa. Actually, I don't blame him. The "requirements" also include a "reading knowledge" of BOTH French and German, which would be pretty tough for me.

By the way, I met a naval officer the other night who studied under Briggs at Cornell. Thought a great deal of him, but reported that in 1940 and 1941 Briggs became very "isolationist"... opposed our entry into the war, and thus became very unpopular. That's what a man gets for standing up for his convictions. The country ain't so free as it might be ...anyway, we have never heard from him since Oberlin days.

You indicate that you would like to keep working while I take my doctors... darling that would be wonderful, but I would prefer to get a small property going, like a business paper.. perhaps for ICI, that would support us, and then get the PHD. In tonight's mail were a batch of teach sheets and clipping of my stories in ACRN News, and I notice that George Taubeneck's new book "Great Day Coming" sold 1,000 copies at \$3.00 each in first 10 days. In that kind of a market I should be able to get along without too much trouble. I don't give a damn about having a "big" enterprize.. but would like one that would keep afloat while I was doing something else, and I think that will be possible. Think I would have a pretty rough time being a scholar again at my advanced age, but would be willing to try it. There is a new deal at Western Reserve... their institute of "Human Relations" is giving doctorates on problems dealing with American social and human relations and that is a subject close to my heart.. what to do about the negroes in Detroit for instance.



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Julian Garrett was over last night with a fresh manuscript of a story his gal Betty Byrd had written, "The Gentle Wolf" and it was lovely. You may see it in Ladies Home Journal. Julian is returning to Area office, and I have a hunch we will not see him here again. He has left me a lot of his negatives, and I am working on a deal to get prints.. then will mail the lot to Betty Ward. Did you ever get the poem I sent you that she wrote called, "The Shawl"? If I get the prints I will have an excellent picture book on Okinawa, and that will be wonderful to have.

At the end of this week I am getting a full fledged Yield Director to come in here as my assistant, and I hope to be able to wean myself away from this confining and trying job before too long. He is a mature man, who has been with troops, and who has decided he "likes office work" better, as he has a hard time working with the younger men. In that case I have been offered an opening in the Clubmobile Dept. as supervisor of all troop rest areas, which would be very much to my liking. They are setting up commissary to make 80,000 donuts a week, and compound for some 300 gals, and I would work on the program that introduced the donuts and the gals to the troops in rest camps. Sounds like a swell assignment to me. It would also mean another promotion in a short time, although that does not interest me much, at this point.

Expect Henry Kaye had the time of his life in Dayton. Hope the little rascal behaved himself. Don't wait for that "vawse" with both ears back, as I just now found a metal can to pack it in... have also packed my "dog"...that keeps spirits away, but it is so damn heavy don't know if I can afford the postage on it. have also packed a few samples of Okinawan dishes, wood and china and other knick knacks. They must go to censor.. then G-2 (intelligence) then to the post office, and then out. Also must go to the finance office and get my last salary check cashed, or changed to "yen" and that's another trip. So it's four trips to mail a package.

It's nearly 11 P.M. and bedtime - hope my letters are reaching you promptly. Our nights here are still cool...enclosed are some pix taken in our present area except the fox hole pix



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which is at hdq, my "home away from home" for some weeks. Cozy little spot, particularly when half full of dirty water. I love you darling... more than I can tell you, and you can be very sure in your heart that everything is, and is going to be.. alright... still following the star... and with a prayer for "ours" and you... goodnight....

Henry
Henry.