



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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My darling my darling:

It is now ten o'clock in the evening and I have been hard at it since 7 this morning.. there is no rest for the wicked these days.. still have to take the wires to message center tonight, and am waiting for the boys to come back and finish them. We had an alert earlier this evening and while the raid was on they "took off".. doubt if I will see them.

Tonight your letter of July 23, mailed July 25 came in.. the first word from you since your beautiful letter written July 15, so you can see I have had about 8 or ten days of sweating out no word from you. I had heard from father, so knew things were O. K. with you.

To sorta give you the background, I am mailing you copy of letter I wrote the folks this afternoon...no precious.. I am not going to start sending you carbon copies..but do have so little free time, and so many things I want you to know.. thought it would be a good idea.. then I can tell you the things I want to tell you in a personal letter, without repeating pages of the things I know the folks want to hear about. O.K. ?

Sunday afternoon I went to the opening of a big general hospital, and it was a very impressive affair. The doctors, corpsmen, and nurses stood on three sides of a large hollow square around the flag pole.. with mike in the center.. the ranking officers across the end. They had a color guard and went through the traditional military flag raising ceremony.. it was something I will never forget. The officers in their unpressed, but immaculate cottons and combat boots, the nurses in their seer sucker uniforms and pert caps... you may see it in the noozereels.. if so I am the little guy in the sun helmet perched on a bank in the rear of the picture.. taking it all in. Afterwards the Colonel (Hospital Commanding Officer) opened the



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ARC recreation tent by cutting a huge cake and everyone had cold punch with real ice.. several thousand people were served.

Later same afternoon I "scrounged" from cold beer at a Navy base, and got invited to supper.. fried chicken.. and was it delicious.

As I told the folks, we had a bad morning the other night... about as close as I ever want to come to being knocked off... a piece of heavy flack came sailing in at me... I dove for a bank, and the thing.. screaming through the air.. struck with a sickening sound. Clarence Oliver was close behind me, and just then he fell sprawling toward me... (caught his foot on something) and I thought he had been hit. Somehow I wrenched my back in the process and got one of those "rib injuries" that make you so damn miserable, but there is nothing you can do but sweat them out. Would not want to be taped, as the tape would really finish your hide in this weather.. many of our men are horrible sights.. from fungus on their skin and just plain heat rash that turns to big sores. No wonder the natives often look so awful.. and they are used to it. I swim in salt water quite often and that really helps keep those things down. Anyway, I have been counting my blessings ever since.. to really be alive.

Except to be in Cadillac I don't envy you that bus trip.. remember the week end last fall when I made it from Dayton.. up there and back in three days.. that was similar trip as I recall. Yes, Katherine, I can tell from father's letters that he is all broken up over Jo leaving, and I also realize he is getting very old. I just hope that the years left are fairly kind to him and that he is not disabled. Am going to send him the next \$25 bucks I get for that trip to Grand Rapids he is talking about in his letters. We did not get our promised \$25 "raise" and they did not pay us our maintenance. It seems they are holding back the raise while they "talk it over" as there were so many howls from out here about not getting the \$50. In the meantime we dont get anything. Also, my status as F. Director does not take effect until Aug. 1.. so I got \$25 for last month, of which 20 is going into the next likker pool.. which will be in about Christmas, I guess. So am still busted,



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as I am saving \$100 to pay my mess bill that will come in any day now. Imagine having to pay for the grub we get.

Also got a lovely letter from Barbie tonight.. written over a period of about two weeks. Tell her I will write her again soon, and to keep on writing.. tell her I'm all for the motor scooter, as it would not ride any harder than a jeep and be easier on gas, as she says. Also tell her I saw the real thing this P. M. --- an amphibious jeep.. not a weasel, which is a tracked vehicle.. but a sea going jeep.. called a "seep".

Thanks for the Satevepost clipping.. will take a crack at that Dept. shortly. I know plenty of incidents, but doubt if any of them would pass censorship at this point. Like all things in a combat area my beautiful new typewriter was short lived... that is some dirty rat borrowed it when I did not know it.. got it all jimmed up so it cannot be used, and then carefully put it back in the case and put it in my tent. Now I have gotta run all over this damn island looking for a typewriter mechanic.. the regular army typewriter repair points will accept a machine for return in 3 months.. or some such thing. I'll find a guy that can fix it.. but it will be a hell of a lot of trouble. I do have a brand new jeep, and so far for 1,000 or so miles have managed to keep it from being (a) stolen (b) wrecked in some way.

No honey, haven't received the last two boxes you sent.. so far only the one with the rubber dollie mailed I think before we sailed. But I will.. in time.. got a package from Joe this week which was sent godknows when.. also copy free press from father mailed early in May.. so they will get here eventually, and be most welcome when they do. The sweater will come in good when we get chilly nights again.. I expect it will be lovely... so don't tell Lou we have endless thousands of knitted sweaters in our supplies.. like Joe sending me a pound of coffee, when we handle it in hundreds of tons.

I don't think Eaton of the Plymout Pail is as gullible as Helen.. but if he wants to print the story for its publicity



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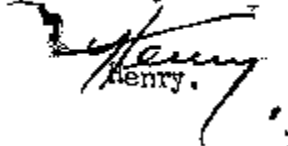
value.. it won't hurt anyone. The old Colonel up here on the hill will get the paper, and will he howl.

What with the copy of the letter to the folks this should about bring you up to date on my current activities... running this damn office with not enough help is still one big headache, but I'm going to see it through somehow, and it will finally be an operation I can be very proud of. Then mebbe I can take on this rest area thing, or something that permits me more freedom.

Sam Summers gave me a bottle of good Canadian whiskey the other day. Am going to have one stiff slug and hit the cot.. then let the Japs come... they are usually right on time.. at 2 A. M. which is an ungodly hour to prow around in the dark in helmet, underpants, and boots.. like a picture?

Goodnight darling.. yes.. we will talk for weeks.. and months.. and years.. and I'm sure we are going to agree on everything that is of any importance.. particularly that I love and adore you, and want to keep you close to me always. Here's a good night kiss for each of your fingers.. and each of your toes.. and don't close the middle bed room door. Still following that star.. your little card has been soaked with water more than once.. but its still right where you and I want it... close to my heart.

Your own,


Henry.