



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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American Red Cross,
Hdq. Tenth Army
APO 357 San Francisco.

12 August 1945.
Okinawa.

My darling,

Another Sunday, and it's so damn hot it would make our eyebrows crawl right up into your hair and turn around and crawl down again. Am at Tenth Army hdq, where I just had my best meal to date on this rock... steak cooked rare, and it was tender, canned asparagus, and canned fruit salad.. synthetic lemonade, but it was cold.

Your letter arrived with the OWI Satevepost story, which I shall read with interest. I hoped for more information about mama Hickey san.. how in the world can I write her, say congrats etc. if I dont know exactly what I am talking about.

Things here are all fouled up.. believe me. Everything is sorta in a state of absolute suspension until the atmosphere clarifys. Dombrowsky is getting just like the whirling dervish of song and story... I expect him to go straight up in the air at any moment and disappear into the the atmosphere. As you know, I can't discuss any of the details, as they are all military, and you will read about them soon enough, in the papers. Just keep your shirt on, don't worry, and sit tight.

Last night you were very close to me before I went to sleep, and I know now I can come back to you without anything hanging over us.

There is really nothing to tell you since I wrote you yesterday afternoon, except that I love you more, and that I am waiting with both ears back for things to clear up out here. I wish to god I could tell you the score, but I can't, and that's that.



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Still following that star.... please please write often,
won't you dear?

Your own,
Henry

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Henry". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke at the beginning. Below the signature, the name "Henry." is printed in a small, simple font.