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American Red Cross
Tenth Army Hdq.
APO 357
San Francisco



Okinawa
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AMERICAN RED CROSS

My precious child:

Yes, darling... I'm still here. Your letter of Aug 6 starting out "where are you?" is now turning the rest of My hair gray.. or rather white.. as its all gray now, since the push in April. Am wondering if you will recognize me, what with the weight gone and the rest of the after effects.

I told Jo I might take my overseas leave -- I have 5 days coming -- and make a junket to Manila.. am still planning to do that, but things have piled up here so fast and furiously in recent days I have not had a chance to think about such things. Today we were changed over from Honolulu to Manila, so are now under McArthur, bless his heart, but the new commissioner from Honolulu is here on an "inexpectation tour", only he does not want to talk business, as he is no longer responsible for us... he's a Navy Admiral (retired). We had it all fixed up for him to have rations and quarters in one of Stillwell's private bungalows, and after he he'd been here about 24 hours he called up and said he was stopping with his old friend Rear Admiral Price, who is Navy Commander here. Then he called later and told the big shots they could "come over and see me at such and such a time."... he did not offer to come near our headquarters, or look over any of our installations. What a business.

By this time I assume mother is married to "Floyd", whoever he is, and is living somewhere in Lansing. Honest to God, honey, I would at least like to write her a personal letter, if you would only let me in on whats going on, and damned if I'm going to write her care of you.

Yeh.. I know how Chrysler does things... not for me; received a nice letter yesterday from D. W. Russell, mailed in May of this year, with a 3¢ stamp. I hear he is hospitalized again, perhaps for a long time and that PBZ has agreed to spend three days each week in NYC on his new business, and 3 days in Dayton. He plans to kill himself too, I guess, with over work. By the way.. I wish you would write Eloise and tell her her



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friend Johnny McGraw called me, said he saw her in March and that she was going to have all her teeth out.. I think he got things a bit mixed up. Her recent letters have been pretty damn blue.. it seems that Doug has not shown up or called her again, and she does not know where he is or how he is etc. I have not written.

Also we have a CIC (Commander in Chief) in Red Cross. The whole damn outfit. Charlie Plumb always loved to tell the one about the GI who wrote home from Palestine and said, "Dear Mom, here I am in the land where Christ was born, but CHRIST I wish I was in the land where I was born."

No, it was not your letter of the 6th that gave me the gray hair, but the next letter... the 10th.. about Barbie and the school etc. First, don't sell the house and go buying property in Birmingham unless you can get an excellent buy, which I would imagine is out of the question in this market. If you could find something out there to rent, I would say sell and move out, but I don't think, from here, that you could do that either. As for Miss Newman's school.. I would hate to see Barbie go there when she would be well out of the class of most of the girls, as to clothes, cars, etc. etc. -- I don't know whether they make snobs there or not, but I suspect they do. But I would much rather pay \$400 to Miss Newman than go out on a limb on a house deal right now. Whether you realize it or not the markets in America are badly inflated, and will be for some time to come. I would like to sell the house now, rent for a year or two, and buy in again later. That may, however, be impossible.

In any case, the arrangement will be temporary, as I expect to be home before another semester starts.. I mean the February term, and we may decide to move some where else. I am] reaching the point, where I doubt if even big money could hold me in Detroit.. I have lived "on the ground", and I mean just that.. for too long.

The clipping you sent me about what happened on Okinawa when we celebrated the end of the War was somewhat inaccurate.. or rather it was a rank understatement. Censorship has been



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relaxed but I still can't tell you what happened that night. Its enuf to say that one of my best boys has beep evacuated.. He's going home. The last paragraph was true.. for about a month we slept with mask beside our pillow.. and it was not a pleasant atmosphere to live in.. believe me.

Glad Crapeaus are in Detroit.. Ken will do a good job in export. He has a very happy faculty for keeping his skirts clean and keeping himself out of trouble, although it's sometimes a bit rough on others, if you follow me. Would like to see them again, however, and be sure to give them my best.

I'm no closer to getting home. They asked me again today if I could stay on and go to Korea.. the deal would be relief on Dec. 1.. but I know I can't count on a damn thing they tell me, and if I once got in there they might leave me stranded for months.

I would love to see the place, and get home by the end of the year, but its hell when you just reach the point where no one can he trusted. We are having a wild time here, one huge airborne outfit came in here without anything.. no personal luggage, no comfort articles, no bed rolls, no place to sleep, etc. so ARC to the rescue.. with our finest troops getting handouts daily from ARC. There are also a hell of a lot of pilots here same boat.. sleeping in their planes.. just waiting. I wish you could see them: shining C-54s standing in rows as far as the eye can see. Imagine.

Our welfare message load is increasing by leaps and bounds.. and I mean just that.. now have 11 men working.. hard, and not keeping up with the load. I do have Zook, however, and he gets part of the headaches. The other day the Special Service Colonel called, said he wanted donuts and gals to meet Kay Keyser.. We chased all over three airports all afternoon - with gals, donuts, camera man, etc. and when he finally landed he said he "wouldn't have any", and walked off. Oh God... I have seen everything now. He wants to to play only for "combat



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troops", which are now mostly fresh replacements from the States, and has refused to play for the other troops here. If I were in command of this island it would take me about 30 seconds to cut orders for him and his outfit.. homeward bound.

Have started on a serious piece of creative writing with a guy named Sgt. Copeland, who spent 20 years on the Chicago Trib and has a clean fine style.. also a head full of ideas.. will send you a rough draft when we get it worked out...he will only be here two more weeks, so we have to work hard and fast. Nice letter in from Barbara Belcher: she liked my article in Sales Management... but wants another about the GIs.. which I am working on now. She is now the EDITOR of Refrig. Engineering, as the gal ahead of her got a better job and the Editor is still in the Army.. can you imagine that? She's a bright kid. Am tempted to take on Korea thing.. but more tempted to chuck it and come home.. which I cannot at this point, do gracefully. We are needed too badly here, and I'm not being a tin horn hero when I say that.. we really are. I can't set any date, but am shooting for late October or early November. God will I freeze when I get back to the States.

Have traded my likker ration, or most of it, which cost me \$20, for a good Hohner full sized piano accordian, worth about \$450. Its a beauty, and I am trying to get a bill of sale or something so I can ship it to you.. this climate is tough on anything.

Last night I had dinner with Col. "Shorty" Benner.. world famous Marine... there are 381 Colonels in the Corps.. out of 30,000 officers.. so they have, actually, the status of generals. He's a screwy little guy.. started out in life playing a drum for a carnival kooch show, and wound up as bassoon player for the Cincinnati Orchestra.. later went to Annapolis, and has been in the Marines since 1920...soldiered all over the world.. lived in Haiti and other weird places. He's a grand guy, and I really enjoyed the evening. He played my accordian for hours, and could he play it.



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Did I tell you.. Jerry Gruitch, former head of Airtemp Laboratory, is now here.. full Colonel, on Jimmy Doolittle's staff. Jimmy's PRC is Norman Ross, partner of Jimmy Lee of Chrysler (Ivy, Lee, and Ross-- Public Relations) and a fifty grand a year man. Am going to arrange to have a picture taken for Refrig News.. Doolittle, me, and Col Gruitch.. ain't that something?

I must sign off and take this to the Post Office; also wires out to message center. Honey child, I'm so elated the war is over, and that we can see the end of this mess in sight... and hope you feel the same way, as it will carry you along, through the hard months ahead. Sit tight, and if necessary and it is indicated, sign up Barbie for first term at Miss Newman's and sell the damn house if you can find a place to rent.. but DON'T get \$3,000 out of it and pay it down on a \$10,000 deal and run your rent up to \$85 a month again, if you can possibly help it. If you can hold your payment at around \$35 to \$50 its O. K. with me to buy anything you can locate.

One other thing.. you may sweat out a long stretch with little or no mail. All planes or most of them, are grounded, waiting for the move into Japan and they just are not moving mail by air. So when you consider it's 55 days by most ships to Frisco.. you may have a long dry spell. I have written you very very frequently, this month, and hope you get at least part of the letters, so you have some idea what is happening.

You might call Elmer Sylvester, at Visual Training Corp., and tell him I am waiting for another letter from him.. it would help me get out of here, even if we never made a deal. Tell him I won't hold him to anything he offers, I just want the damn letter to put in evidence as a legitimate reason for leaving.



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Good night darling.. sit tight.. take it easy... we are still following that star, and rest assured I will get back as fast as I can. Letter from Eleanor says Dint graduates in early October.. I can't possibly make it by then. Don't suppose he will know how long he will be in Texas.. but if you can find out see if you can work out a deal so we can all get together there.

I love you darling... someday perhaps I can prove to you just how much.

Your own
Henry
Henry