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Hdq. Tenth Army
APO 357
San Francisco



Okinawa
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Form 2247

AMERICAN RED CROSS

My darling Katherine:

Saturday night on Okinawa... and beginning a month that brings us that many days closer together. Saturday night always seems like our night, and how I wish we could be together. You would like Okinawa now.. the nights are gorgeous.. there is always a breeze.. the cloud formations at dusk are out of this world, and now the moon is bright and clear. I have been working on the airfield since 4 P. M. making hundreds and hundred of gallons of hot coffee and dishing it out to the GIs. The boys that went to Tokio today all came back.. the weather closed in and they could not land. So there were thousands of them around our canteen.. double line several blocks long waiting for coffee.

It is now 9:30 and Colonel Dombrowsky is sitting here looking mournfully at the stack of work on his desk. Things have really begun to pile up on us out here. It is the first time I have seen him look discouraged, but he seems to be now. The damndest things happen. For example.. last night some louse stole one of our Clubmobiles.. they are HUGE vehicles, mounted on 6 x 6 GM trucks. The MPs and shore patrol were looking for them all night, and this morning the vehicle was parked where it belonged, in front of the operations office at the airfield. Endless phone calls and much excitement during the night, but they never did locate the damn thing. Reason.. the outfit has two good beds in it and can be locked from the inside... can you imagine what it was used for? Alright, mebbe some tired GIs slept in it.. who knows?

One of the big dogs with the wooly tail came in yesterday from Manila.. the man in charge of camp service for the AFPAC area, which we are now under. Guess the general excitement around here was contagious, because he showed up at the canteen at midnight last night and wanted passage to Tokio. As I understand it, he got it, and is on his way up there today.



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Learned today that Jerry Gruitch is arranging for me (and him) to have our picture taken with Jimmy Doolittle. Won't that be one for Refrigeration News and perhaps Airtemp News? Also something to have.

Nice letter this week from Paul Zimmerman.. he sent me a clipping from Sales Management Magazine on his new business.. Ted Quinn, who headed the War Production Drive and did a bang up job, has "signed up" some 60 distributors.. imagine most of them are former GE distributors, and they "own" the new company... which will sell appliances built under contract with various manufacturers. They have 60 accounts that have put in \$1,000 each, and all profits will go to the distributors, that is on the common stock, but I expect Quinn and Zim have arranged an equitable cut in the gross business which they expect will be tremendous. It is the beginning of the "socialization" of distribution, and I am glad to see it come. One important point.. no product will be accepted by the distributors until a majority have tested and approved it; no franchise can be cancelled without the vote of the majority of the dealers.. which is something after the way GE have kicked their distributors around for years. Another thing.. Zim said if the "great plans" of the ICI were approved in Chicago "next week" there would be "a big job for somebody" and "it would pay you to keep in close touch with me from now on." So.... there's another prospect and a damn good one. Although I doubt if I would want the post of Managing Director.. however, if I could get some pal to take over.. it would be a good connection to have in starting our "Automatic Heating Age", and I am sure the time is ripe for that. I am sure itching to get home and get my fingers in the pie again. I am getting like the GIs who are "eager beavers", which is anyone slated to go home.. they are afraid to ride in a jeep for fear of having an accident.

Was greatly impressed by the Commencement Address delivered this year by Ernest H. Wilkins at Oberlin, who retires next June.. 1946. You might write to Secretary, Oberlin Alumnae Association, for copy of "July-1945 Alumnae Bulletin" where it appears as the "editorial". I am writing Wilkins and asking



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permission to send it to our friends this Christmas.. it would be perfect. We, the intellectuals, or thinkers, or whatever anyone wants to call us, are way behind on our job in some way or other. Our material progress is tremendous, but our moral progress is failing and fast. I was brought up on the idea that American boys were taught not to steal, but out here they steal everything from ponchos to Clubmobiles, and we have lost three jeeps in the past month.. two were wrecked. Personal belongings are not safe anywhere; I have lost my .45 and almost everything else of any value. I don't think the situation can be rectified by "old fashioned religion" or any other tub thumping cult.. I think it goes deeper.. and must be handled in the schools.. by the State. It takes me back to Norman Wilde and his "Ethical Basis of the State". I could write about this for hours, but I have been doing a lot of thinking about it, and am wondering what can be done. I just hope the Japs don't figure out how to smash atoms before we have a chance to mold the minds of the next generation of Jap children. If they do, the results will be frightful.

Oh darling, darling, there are so many things I want to talk to you about, and it is so hard to do it in letters. At this point I am happy to be so busy that I hardly have time to think. Every other day I have to spend 6 or 8 hours at the canteen, as the supervisor on duty.. there has to be someone responsible on all 24 hours of the day, as the damndest things happen. The prisoners (Americans) from Japan are starting to trickle in.. just a few that got away before anyone had a chance to process them. One guy hitch hiked over 100 miles from his internment camp to the Tokio airfield, and he has only one leg. Also, the airborne troops will continue to move out of here for some time to come, and they say it will take at least 60 days to get all the prisoners out.

I now have a formal letter from the ARC here, appointing me "Public Relations Officer" for the command, and also they have again requested Washington, this time by cable, for my papers as an accredited news correspondent. I don't much give a damn now, as it would only be a hollow victory, but I am stubborn enough so I would like that, and would also like to come home with the



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"increase in rank.. to Lt. Comdr. Navy or Major, Army, depending on the papers. I won't believe it until I see it. Oh yes, it would mean another thing: as a correspondent I could request, and get, my own travel orders anywhere, at any time, which might permit me to come home via London, if I had enough guts to let Red Cross go to hell and start out. Would also mean that ARC would have one hell of a time keeping me here on Okinawa, once I decided that I wanted to start home.

Time to go to bed, with my dirty blankets and my fleas. Did I tell you about the fleas? They bite in rows, and come up in round red welts.. like tatooing. But they do not itch, like the heat rash, which at this season is horrible. I only have a little of it.. on my forearms, but some men here have it all over, and it almost drives them nuts.

My censor friend tells me the mail is going out promptly again. Hope so, and that you get this soon. Have had quite a number of letters from the States dated Aug. 20, but think your last was written on the 14th. Its only a matter of weeks now honey... so keep your chin up.. way up... and remember that I love and adore you. I'm a little bit frightened at the process of adjustment to civilian life, but with your help and your tolerance, I'll make it O.K. Its been nearly a year now since I have even been near a woman, and I won't know how to act, in public at least. I'm not a bit worried about in private. Are you?

Your own,
Henry
Henry

(handwritten) Sept 2 Your letter Aug 21 in today - So it's Mrs. Howell!

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