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Form 2247

Okinawa  
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## AMERICAN RED CROSS

My darling Katherine:

Have just finished rewriting the final draft of an article on what soldiers like and don't like to eat, and it left me drooling. Wish I had something good to eat, but don't know what it would be, as the only thing we have around in cans are rations and they are not much good cold.

I planned on doing so many things today, but one of the supervisors had my jeep, so was grounded all day, and did not get much of anything done. I called Tenth Army tonight to see if there was any mail over there, but no such luck, so did not go after it. Sam Summers and I went down to Corps area, over the road we took that one wild night, and it was pleasant to go over it again, with no mud and no Japs.

We are beginning to get prisoners in now, from Japan, and although I have not seen any of them have heard some of the stories. There is to be no publicity here, so I can't write up any interviews, but I may be able to get some materials I can use later. They wired Manila, about my being accredited, and they wired back saying that here in the theater it would have to be done by so-and so who is now in the forward echelon, presumably Tokio, and who, no doubt, has many more important things on his mind, and too many correspondents under foot already. So it goes. I doubt if I will get any action out of Washington. Since we are now under MacArthur I find I can clear copy here, so that helps, and I really have nothing to worry about. When the Navy was in charge, it was some different.

The last two days I have been sleeping and sleeping.. thought for a time I was coming down with the dread Japanese "sleeping sickness" but feel much better tonight. Think it was a reaction from my long hours at the canteen last week, my battle with Gibson, and a few other things. Anyhoo.. here we are.

Cal Taylor just came in with a pint of rum, and we now have it mixed up with fresh Okinawan limes and coke, and ice.. and does it taste good. About one will be enuf for me tonight, and so to bed.

Am having my picture taken shortly with Jimmy Doolittle.. will that be swell. Or did I tell you? Guess I did.

For heaven sakes tell your boss, who lives next door to Sylvester, to tell Sylvester to write to me pronto. If I just had that damn letter from him I could have a leg to stand on and as it is.. I'm here indefinitely. You see I told Gibson about the offer, and that I had written back asking how long it could be kept open, etc. and so Gibson says.. lets see the reply. You had better call Elmer and tell him to write me and say that the deal can't possibly be held open "in view of the current situation" after Oct 1. Tell him my head is whirling with offers, so I won't necessarily take him up on it, but I need something to get me the hell out of here without a black eye. Action, baby, action.. I wanna go home!

We hear over the radio this noon that all censorship will be off shortly, and then I can write.. oh my can I write to you... tonight I sent out the first clear text (uncoded) Red Cross message giving the name and location of a military unit.. to Guam.. it was a very urgent case.. the worst I have ever handled in Red Cross to date, and I'm going to get that young fella home on furlough.. or else.

This week will be shipping you two boxes.. one contains an Okinawan idol.. to keep evil spirits away, and the other an assortment of rice dishes, etc. Hope they both get through undamaged. There is a tea-pot for aunty Midge.. the Okies never saw a pitcher. You should get the stuff well before Christmas.

One of these days I may ship home a box or bag of just junk.. old fatigues, and such stuff.. that may be of some use later, and I hate to throw away, and I'm not going to carry them around either. Don't know if I will get back to Honolulu or not...but I almost must, as my winter uniform is in Jean's garage, and I will need it when I hit the coast, as it will be winter.

There is, in that foot locker, one blouse, one green pants, and one pinks. And that my precious, along with some badly worn

out CKCs.. is all the clothes I own. They will do, however, to get home.

It sure takes a hell of a long time to get an answer to a letter. How about meeting me in Texas? I keep thinking about that. Red Cross has now "frozen" our pay, so the "increase" they gave us when they took away the \$50 a month has not been paid, and now we are not going to get paid for some time I guess. Sorry now I paid up my advance with ARC... I don't owe them a cent, and I'm one guy in a hundred out here on that score. Many of the dead beats owe them hundreds of dollars. So now they "freeze" our pay.. oh me. This is while the records are being transferred from Honolulu to Manila.. via cattle boat, I guess. What I am leading up to is that I will no doubt hit the mainland with only my travel advance, which should be enough to pay my fare back to Washington in good shape, but that's about all. Do you have enuf in the sock to make the trip?

As for your working after I get home.. that will be completely and entirely up to you. The children are old enough now so they can get along in good shape. I have a lot of things I want to do, and I'm going to do them.. but I hope to god we can have some semblance of home life in the process. One thing we must do, in the next few years is to have a look at Alaska, and do it before the Alcan Highway is abandoned, and I hear it may be soon. I get one hell of a kick out of your referring to it as "The Great Chrysler Corporation" and hope you realize that it (the company) treats its help just 1,000% better than General Motors, GE or most big companies. Compared with working at frigidaire, you are in clover. That may be hard for you to realize, but its true. The point is.. don't work for any of them... agree?

Skuttlebutt has it that they are turning the Okinawans loose in the next few days.. boy what a mess that will be ..but I doubt it, with all the military here. The boys were going to sail to Korea last night but we had typhoon.. did not hit here, but they were unable to load LSTs on the beaches, and the ships all had to "take off" and go out to sea.

Tell Ann that the Little Poi Dog showed up late last night, with a sore foot. I knew he was not hungry, when he would not eat sweet chocolate, but when I showed him a place to sleep under my cot, he crawled right under and whimpered himself to

sleep.. this morning he was gone.. before I woke up. Where.. I don't know.

Did I tell you the other day on the push to Tokio I found a blooded cocker spaniel. I stopped to see her, and her owner was a Dayton boy? Imagine. Right in all the confusion of the planes and the crowds and the coffee and the donuts....

Now that our elegant compound for females is complete, and ready to use, we are no longer under Honolulu and Manila sez they have no gals to send out.. none at all... so what does Dombrowsky tell the Army? It's the first time I have ever seen him at his wits end.. houses built, kitchens, latrines, lights, everything.. and no gals.. oh me.

Enough of this.. and to bed... without you.. but not for long.. please god don't let me get one of these damn tropical diseases at this point.. please god get me back to my Katherine and my kintern.. for a little while at least-- please God.. I love you.

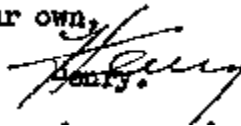
Your own,  
Henry

Sept 4 -

Dombrowsky flying to Manila this P.M in pvt. plane - whoops - I am to "corner" war prisoners for stories - looks like we may get info out yet!

Love you - Henry

Your own,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Henry".