



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sept. 8 Okinawa,

My darling, my darling:

I started the other night writing the enclosed letter to Henry Kaye, and then discovered it contained a number of things that might make too great an impression on him at this point, so re-typed it for you and the folks. This self carbon paper is something.. its swell.

I am back in the PRO business.. now writing for Red Cross and Dick Day in Manila sez he can get the stuff out pronto. Guess he is quite a guy.. says if I want to use radio just file the copy "Knowlton for Day" and it will be O.K., so I have all the channels of a correspondent without being one, so to speak. They sent me this little gal from Manila who is a photographer and she seems like a dandy. I found her long lost (two years) fiancée in a hospital here yesterday afternoon and the reconciliation was out of this world. Am also trying to keep on top of the communications system and also help out in the POW situation, which is something. Gibson told me yesterday, "no more night work pushing coffee in the canteens.. save your strength for more important things." But once I go over to the center where they come pouring in, its hard to leave.. got back this morning at 3 A.M.. My last contact was a teacher scholar from Christ College, Oxford, and a charming individual. He was picked up in Hong Kong Christmas Day.. 1941.

Your letter of August 25th in this week. Yes.. my precious.. I'm coming home and help you start living again.. I have already written you about a projected "honeymoon" if you want to call it that.. in Texas and New Orleans, and am waiting with both ears back to hear what you have to say about that. Now that we can report our movements, via radio, I can let you know via Red Cross, when I leave here and by what method of travel. If by air, it will take me a week or ten days to hit the coast, if by water from 3 weeks to 5 weeks.. so you can figure from that. If I return by ship it may be to Seattle, and that would foul things up.. would be 500 miles too far north. If by plane its San Francisco, and I hope its plane. I would telegraph you from the coast, and if we both started for San Antonio or someplace in New Mexico at the same

time we would arrive together. Its together that I want most.. what a wonderful word.

If that proves to be too difficult and expensive I'll take you somewhere for a week or two, where we can be by ourselves, and make love, and live, and make love, and have fun. I would prefer where its cold... but knowing how you hate the cold, I could stay where its hot for another week or two,.. as a matter of fact will no doubt get the shakes the minute snow flies, as my blood is awful thin at this point. You pick out the place.. O.K.? If worst came to worst I would even settle for the Wardell. Anyway,, you might as well know it now, I'm going to need at least a month or six week of rest. I have not been weighed in months.. but would guess 125.. my pants and shirt look like a sack tied in the middle. Don't think it has really hurt me any but I don't want to tackle a year or two of high pressure work until I have a chance to pull myself together.. am afraid the combat was none too good for my high strung nerves, but they too, will heal in time.

Had a brief, formal note from Eloise.. there is no engagement.. seems Doug wants to stick with his mother for a time, etc. -- think there is a strong attachment there. The fortunes of war.

We're counting weeks now, precious one, not months, and I'm going to see to it that you are never "mixed up" again... we have so many things to do, and we are going to do many of them together. What a wonderful word.. together. Don't worry about being an old maid, or a virgin either.. you don't forget how to swim or ride a bicycle, if you follow me. Or do you?

Love you forever.. with all my heart,

Or why not Jo's house in Cadillac!!! Henry