



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Hdq. Tenth Army APO 357

11 September 1945.

My dearest:

It's fun to write you letters, not that I can tell you things. Have often said that more fool things can happen.. and in a war theater they keep right on happening.

Yesterday the ARC gal got married, first on a merchant ship and last evening in a CB Chapel.. Gibson wanted us to release a big story on the event, but the gal said "no publicity" until she could notify her family, which I thought reasonable, and so did Dora Hamblin, our little photographer.. anyhoo, Gib was sore, but we stood our grounds.. reason "professional ethics" which he could not understand. Dora took one picture of the couple, which is being held for future release.

Anyhoo, in the meantime (afternoon) Dora went down to the ARC women's compound, where the female prisoners are kept.. to take some pictures. She, and her camera were immediately taken into "protective custody" by a Captain and a Lieut. from ASCOM I, (service command) G-2 (intelligence), who said she had no right to take pictures. After some little argument she was taken to G-2 headquarters at ASCOM (here where we have the communications center) and was given a going over by officers there. She told them she was working under instructions from Major Peters, GHQ PRO AFPAC, and they finally said, "Whose HGQ?" She said MacArthur's, and they said that was impossible as MacArthur's GHQ was in Manila and the advance echelon was in Tokio. "How did Major Peters get here?" etc. etc. and she finally said, "I don't know.. but someone must have sent him here, because he's here.. at Yontan Field." Upshot was that all three or four officers and Dora went to call on Major Peters, who fortunately was in his tent. He saw what was up and treated her like a long lost friend.. as a matter of fact she has worked with GHQ in New Guinea, Hollandia, New Caledonia, and all the way on through the Leyte campaign and up here.. for 17 months. They assured the G-2 officers that

she was O.K. and that she had every right to take pictures, etc. etc. They finally retired from the scene, very much licked.

The silly part of the whole thing is that ASCOM I is under AFWESPAC, which is MacArthur's service command, but our operation, Red Cross is now under AFPAC, which is MacArthur's tactical command, so they actually have no jurisdiction to 'vet' us, which they don't like a bit. It looks tonight as though they may not permit us to bring in any Red Cross girls for over two months, or until they are through using our compound for women prisoners.. anyhoo.. its all fouled up again, and Dombrowsky is wild.

Last night after the wedding the Tenth Army gang dropped in for a drink, and I got out the squeeze box and we sang songs for an hour or two. I still can't work the damn bass keys, but can play enuf with the right hand to accompany singing, and that's what they like. It was good fun.

Spent the morning tracking down a generator I had borrowed from some CBs and found that it was not lost, as I thought. It was only worth about 20,000 bucks so I was a bit worried. Went down to the prisoner of war compound, men, this afternoon, and our recreation tent was jammed.. there are now about 3,000 prisoners in the camp, and they are starved.. they want donuts and cokes, and coffee, and candy all hours of the day and night, and we are giving them everything they want.. towels, soap, wash cloths, tooth paste, shaving cream razors, etc. Such a business. I interviewed one swell lad from County Kildare, Ireland, who made me think so much of Jerry MacGruddy. He was in London for the first blitz, and moved to Hong Kong, as a tax man for the British, just in time to be captured by the Japs in Dec. 1941.

First reports from Korea say civilians are very friendly, food plentiful.. everything fine. Boys coming from Japan say don't take money up there.. but old pants, and coats, and food and candy.. anything like that is worth a fortune. Prices in Tokio are already fantastic. The Japs are bowing and scraping to us everywhere.. but you can't tell what they are thinking, behind those mask-like faces.¹

Gotta run up to Yontan to the PRO with tonight's copy.. more later.²

¹ Glad we've learned to read Japanese faces.

² No signature on this letter, no "more later".