



AMERICAN RED CROSS

12 Sept, 1945.

Darling:

It is now 4:30 P. M. -- next day.. did I say never a dull moment? We had a cloudburst this afternoon, and we had a river three ft wide running in the back door of our hdq. tent and on out the front door and into the road.. most of the roads in the neighborhood were completely under water.. several feet deep in places.. what a mess.. and it only rained for about 30 minutes. Dombrowsky was asleep in his tent and it is a wonder he did not float away.

Went to bed quite early last night and then could not go to sleep.. guess you know how that goes, sometimes, from what you have written. I have a terrible heat rash or prickly heat on my forearms and chest and it burns and prickles all the time, which does not help. The guy who says this would make a good summer resort is nuts.

This morning I "cleaned house" in my little tent, which was something of a mess, and tried to get my junk sorted out. Think I will pack up my combat clothes, and send them on home, although it seems as if I always have more "old clothes" than I can use. However, these would be swell around a cottage, if we ever get to a cottage again, and I am sure we will.

Gibson said today he would process my request for resignation, transportation, etc. through right away, so I hope everything goes without a hitch.. but you never can tell. Still want to get to Korea, but morning reports say rioting in Soule, as a result of General Hodge keeping Japs in office until Americans arrive to take over. I'll bet my friend Major Shephard, PRO is having one hell of a time pouring oil on the troubled Korean waters. Major Peters, PRO here for MacArthur said last night he could arrange for me to go to Tokio and return if I wanted to look it over. From what I hear the place is pretty awful.. city blown completely to hell and full of starving people.

Am getting one or two girls into my office to help out.. and how we need them, but now must get female latrine dug in our area.. have been holding off.. thinking that we would move to the new ASCOM I area.. but it now looks as if that is weeks away, and that we may still be here "on the ground" when I leave for the States. Anyhoo.. I can get the prisoners to dig the hole, but no "chasers" (guards) so may have to put one of my typists out with a gun to watch the diggers. That hardly makes sense, but I've got to get it done somehow.

On second thought.. even if you are able to meet me in Texas.. lets plan to spend a few days in Jo's house in Cadillac.. unless it is rented. She could come up for the week end, and it would be one swell place to rest.. seems like a good idea from this distance anyway. Transportation would be a problem I know, as we can't pick a car off a tree.. prices quoted in current Det. Free Press father sent me are out of this world.. out of ours, anyway.

Just between us gals, our food, for some reason, gets worse, and worse, and worse, this noon fried spam (that's what we call it.. but the preservative is so strong you can't taste the meat, and its not "SPAM"), dehydrated potatoes, they were out of corn (thank god.. we have that endlessly), canned pears and "battery acid", or synthetic lemonade. We get chili on rice, weiner sausage on rice, canned beef on rice, and corned beef on rice.. they must have captured a hell of a lot of Jap rice, or something.. only army cooks don't know how to handle it, like the orientals, and it comes out like paste. MacArthur must have diverted all the good vittles to Japan.. but enuf of this bitching.. We do eat.

Still no mail, but there should be some soon, in fact a lot of it. Will write you a love letter as soon as I stop itching.. right now I could not bear the thought of getting heated up.. if you follow me.. would make me itch more,

But you know I love and adore you... and will soon be counting days, as we are now counting weeks....

your own,

Henry

your own,

Henry