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Okinawa.

My darling:

Started writing this on the 15th about the time things began to happen.

First.. all things come to he who waits.

At last "From Cincafpac (MacArthur) for Action Comgenten (Stillwell)

Quote Knowlton acceptable for accreditation GHQ Entry to Japan Unquote"

So at last..long last... I am a fully accredited war correspondent.

In the meantime Gibson has issued one of those dogmatic orders of his saying that Knowlton is to be relieved of all duty except communications and is to spend full time, repeat full time on communications and not do anything else. But that's all right, as Dombrowsky does not see it that way and Dombrowsky is my boss. Also, we had a PRO gal from Manila arrive the other night at 10 P. M. and leave at 5 A. M. who gave me a whole string of instructions about setting up an office, (PRO) etc. and wanted to know where to ship the rugs and floor lamps.

Then Saturday afternoon it started to blow, and by yesterday morning it ws blowing hard, and by yesterday P.M. at dusk we were in the midst of a full fledged typhoon. We all got in bed right after chow.. as it was the only place that was

half way dry, and the lights of course, had gone out when the wires went down.

I never spent such a long night.. could not find my flash light or locate any dry matches so I just stayed put. The wind first howled, then roared and then came through the valleys like a wild thing. My little tent bobbed up and down and pitched and swayed and flamed and the rain poured in both ends, through the flys, but it did not, thank god, go down. We lost our two big office tents, administration and communications, and this morning it looked like a couple of giants had been having fun with spoons.. papers everywhere.. files split open and soaked, phone and light wires tangled in everything.. I have never, never seen such a mess. We have spent the day moving to an area next door, where the British Air Force just moved out.. when the war was won they changed their plans and beat it.. anyway they left framed tents floored with coral, and two of them were still standing this morning.

Our mess hall was blown to bits.. it's on top of the hill and many of the military sections here are totally wrecked. I understand the beaches are strewn with landing boats, and barges, and some larger vessels were broken up on the coral reefs during the night. This morning about 4.. when the typhoon reversed its direction, I thought how glad I was to be on land, and would, if necessary, crawl into a hole, or culvert and stay there.

This afternoon the sun is shining, and it's steaming hot, and the heat rash is sticking out all over me, and "in" like a thousand needles.. it's lousy stuff .. I think due to some fungus in these parts.. makes you very uncomfortable.

On top of all our little troubles like typhoons (I think we were damn lucky not to have anyone killed or wounded) we have the big trouble about mail. None of us have had any mail for 6 days, and we learn that none has come in.. or expected.

Something is snafu again, but with all the movements of units to Japan and Korea, it's no wonder things go astray. Also, they have been using all the big planes that are available to get the recovered prisoners in here, and after talking to them I guess we can get along without mail.

Anyway.. with all the excitement we have been having the days go by very very rapidly, and that is what I want. Gibson promised I could go to Korea, but now says no, because some of the field directors get too much to drink and call him up and yowl about communications.... they always yowl about communications and I guess they always will. Right now I don't much give a damn.

While I was writing the paragraph above it clouded up and started to pour down rain.. I dashed for the other area about 100 yards down the road and by the time I got almost drowned getting my tent flaps down (have had them open today trying to dry the thing out) the sun was out, and it was steaming hot again. That's Okinawa.... just a little liquid sunshine now and then.

Am hunting all over hell trying to find one of those little metal insignias you pin on your shirt, above the right pocket, that says "war correspondent" but I can't find one. The correspondents have one each. Think they get them in New York or Washington, and then guard them with great care.. however that can wait.

Must get to work and help the lads type some wires.. things have piled up during the deluge. We are getting lots of inquiries about some awful tornado in Miami, Fla. but don't have any real news on it yet. Be sure to get me copy of Sept. 10 issue of Time and keep it, will you? Also copy of new book "It Couldn't Happen to a Dog" (with illustrations).. order it at Hudsons or Doubleday Doran, unless they have it in stock.

More later,
Henry

Henry
Henry.

(handwritten) Weather man says to batten down again. She's coming back tonight!