



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

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My darling:

Tonight I was to go to Tokyo, but the weather turned very bad this morning and the courier plane is not flying tonight. May be able to get out tomorrow night, but this is the height of the typhoon season and there is no telling when they will fly again. No typhoon today, thank god, but wind and driving rain.

Yesterday was Barbie's birthday, and I can't remember when I've been so low. In the first place I went out Saturday night with a bunch of guys from Michigan Law School... and we had quite a time, winding up in the Colonel's tent (Deyo of Plymouth Michigan.. class of about 1911) at two o'clock and singing the Friars Song etc. until morning. Met a guy named Mabley who is cousin of T. Hollister, and he also went to Michigan Law, and also married Alpha Chi.. it was quite an evening.

Guess I have told you that no human being can drink much in this hot climate and I did not feel too good.. on top of that got to thinking about the day Barbie was born, and about all the things I have done to make your life miserable for years.. and I guess I was a bit homesick (still am) and could not think of anything except being in your arms. This is the first time since I left home that I have felt this way.. and I can't seem to get intersted in going to Tokio or anything else. All I want is you darling.. you you you.

I suppose I should snap out of it and look at the blessings.. the war IS over and I AM going home and I DO love you, and I do want to see those kids of ours. I was hoping to write Barbie a birthday letter, but just could not do it.. tell her I will make it up to her somehow when I get back.

Long letter from Fred Laughna telling me all the dope about the plant; also nice note from Marcella Vocke (Russell's

secretary) -- one of the loveliest gals out there. She says DWR is improving and starting to run things again from his bed, but from what I hear he really cracked up this time. But the more I hear of the operation the less I want to go back; particularly since Zim has left.

This morning a B-24 (bomber) loaded with POWS (released recovered prisoners) ground looped on Yontan Field, and made quite a mess. Fortunately did not burn, and the pilot walked away from it.. but some of the prisoners were pretty well smashed up.. legs off etc. Imagine spending four years in a Jap camp and then having that happen on the way home. I have never said much about it, because of the censors, but this military flying is NOT what it's cracked up to be... there are altogether too many accidents for my money. ATC (Air Transport Command) has a marvelous record, but these flyboys with bombers and fighters.. things happen out here almost every day. The colossal carelessness of a war theater is something. For example, one of my drivers has wrecked four vehicles in the past six weeks... I won't even ride with him.

Letter from Dick Day, ARC PRO at Manila, says send my copy directly to Washington with info copy to him so he no longer wants to "clear it" which means that the stuff I am putting out is acceptable. Would like to get one "hot" story before this is over and get a by-line in a lot of Stateside papers. Would make me feel better about the whole thing.

Some Prof. Hanna, U of Mich. English Dept. is speaking at the Officer's orientation class this evening, but I'm just too weary to climb the long hill. Our mess hall blew down during the recent typhoon, and they are not rebuilding it as we soon move to the new CP, and get in Quonset huts, with floors. We are still very much "on the ground" here although most of the units here are on floors.

Now have two girls in the office; one excellent secretary, and the other is a chatter box who does not do a damn thiag. Two of my "trainee" boys going stateside this week, so am in the grease once more for personnel. Men from here are going home very rapidly... fast as ships can be loaded. Its amazing.

Honey girl.. there really is no news... except that I love you and adore you and want you so very very much. Just think, we can count days now... instead of weeks and months. I would

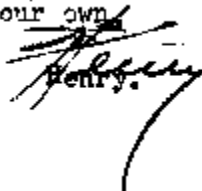
come home by ship via great circle route (15 days) but for the fact that my foot locker and uniforms are in Oahu.. at Jean's.. and I'm afraid it would take many weeks to get them shipped home. That means flying which is rough duty (32 hours in the air to Honolulu) but will be quicker.

Oh darling, I wish you were here tonight.. all of Okinawa is sopping wet, but the inside of my little tent is dry and it should be sorta cosy and private under a mosquito bar.. never thought of that before .. let's try it sometime.. but in Michigan, not on Okinawa. O.K.?

Jean Ludins wants to go home via ship as he wants time to "readjust" his thinking.. believe we will all need a bit of that, as we have been living in a different world from the one at home. It's going to be something, believe me.

Goodnight, Katherine, give each chick a kiss for me, and remember you are close in my heart and that you are going to stay there.

Your own,  
Henry

~~Your own~~  
  
Henry.