



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Okinawa.
28 September 1945.

My darling my darling:

This is a beautiful sunshiny morning.. its hotter than hell, but the sky is blue and there are white clouds chasing each other across.. did I ever tell you that the sky on Okinawa is more beautiful and wonderful than anywhere else.. its full of changing fancies.. and the cloud formations are out of this world. The weather changes with startling rapidity, but when it is clear it is beautiful. And in the evening the colors are gorgeous.

And I have learned to love the China sea.. sometimes it is slate gray, with a deep bluish cast, sometimes it is pale soft emerald green, and again it is bright blue, like Portage Lake... at other times it has streaks of various colors, all running out over the coral reefs. At low tide the mud flats are dismal... at high tide they are covered 8 feet deep with water and the waves dash against tne sea wall. In a typhoon they roar and pound, like the sound of distant artillery.

This morning I have eleven people in my communications tent, and things are humming along, getting done. It's a great satisfaction after all this battling... believe me. I don't know how long I can hold them together, but I can at least prove to the command that the job can be done.

The damndest things still happen. Yesterday a high pressure high test aviation gasoline line, near Yontan field (about a 6 inch pipe) broke open and at the same time caught fire. In a matter of seconds, the burning gasoline covered the landscape, burning up dozens of tents. Fortunately no men were close

enough to get caught in the holocaust. Kadena Field is temporarily closed while they "black top" the strips with tar. That will be the big field here eventually.

Red Cross has come through with a new wrinkle... Manila is automatically holding all resignations 60 days before taking any action and then it may take them a month to act. But I still have hopes. If this thing continues to shape up I will go to Tokio for a few days next week and have a look-see. We hear all kinds of tales about Korea, but my friend "Slim" came in yesterday on his way home and said it was quite a place, although the venereal rate was almost 100%.

Mr. Christensen, director of operations from Manila, was here last night, and I had a brief talk with him. Seemed like an alright guy, but you never can tell. Think he is on his way to Tokio.

Time for chow.. will write another page on this later.

Tell Barbie that this morning a beautiful Irish setter wandered into our office and started looking around... I thought he wanted food but when he spurned a K ration of "chopped ham and egg yolk" I gave him water, and he drank several canteen cups full in quick succession. Then he stuck his tail out straight behind him and trotted off.. he sure was beautiful. The PRO men have a mutt left behind by some marines that is one of the funniest critters I have yet seen. He is physically incapable of sitting down straight - he sits on the side of his little rear end and with his head cocked on one side - presents a very lopsided appearance. His name is Boscoe and he is a "natural born comedian"... keeps doing the funniest things and then looking around to see who is laughing. He's priceless. They are going to take him to Tokio in a C-46 along with their jeep.

Ships are putting out to sea this afternoon, which means only one thing... another great day coming... hope it goes around us this time and does not hit head on.

Scuttlebutt... that Dombrowsky is in bad with the command here, and that when he goes to Manila this week end he is not coming back. Don't know whether it's true or not and Dombrowsky is not saying, but I keep hearing things. I would not be surprised as the regular Army men (West Point) and the reserve

officers do not think alike or get along too well. We shall see.

I haven't written mother yet but will do so soon. Must also write the folks as have been neglecting them lately.. too many things happening at once.

Sales Management asked me to write an article on food, but when I sent it in, Salisbury returned it, saying their two competitors had run similar articles, and they did not want to "imitate"... so I sent it to my agent to see what she can do. I should have written it months ago, and it would have clicked.

This noon I met the guys who are building a Coca Cola plant here, and plan to work up story on their new machinery.. refrigerated, which is supposed to be really something compared to old methods, etc. Am also trying to get aboard some hospital ship here that is completely air conditioned... that would be a REAL place for a rest out here to get away from this damn sticky heat. I still prickle all the time.

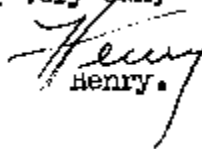
Really not much news.. still have plenty odds and ends to do, like getting more teletype paper, and trying to find clean sand to put in the floor of my "girls rest room tent" and such and such.. always a lot of tag ends to pick up.

And I almost forgot to tell you that I adore you.. oh darling I love you so very much, and just can't wait until you are in my arms.

Your very own.

Henry

Your very own,


Henry.