



AMERICAN RED CROSS

W. H. Knowlton,
War Correspondent,
American Red Cross,
Hdq. Tenth Army,
APO 357,
San Francisco.

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My darling:

More than once I have accused you of being vague, but never cryptic, until I sweat out no mail for five days and then get your card written in Wassums in Detroit, which says, "good food... good company.. no yellow coats!" The "no yellow coats" escapes me completely, but the boys have been laughing at me for the past several hours because I go around scratching my head about it. I may be stupid, but I just don't get it. Jean Ludins looked at the menu on the back and sat drooling... that's one hell of a thing to send a bunch of guys who have been living on rations for weeks. This noon we had weiner sausage, cut up in a tasteless sauce, and tonight spam.. cold.. so you can taste the preservatives real good. Dehydrated potatoes both meals. No bread.

As for me, I took the day off and stayed in bed most of the time. This morning got up too late for breakfast but ran over to the mess hall in time to get a cup of cold coffee out of the bottom of the kettle. Then read a whodunit until I fell asleep, then went to sleep after dinner and slept all afternoon.. and the boys woke me up for chow.. I have suspected that my battery needed charging pretty badly, but did not realize how completely exhausted I was.. since we moved out of the mud and got up here on the hill on a clean floor, I have slept and slept. Even went to bed early last (Sat) night.. although Jerry Gruich had invited me to a go around at the 8th Air Force Beach Club. I was just too weary to start out.

There is really nothing new to tell you.. oh yes.. one of our men who was, for a time, in charge of the Yontan canteen, died on the West Coast. Think I told you, we thought he had

dengue, but would not go to the hospital. Then one side of his face and throat collapsed, and when he left he was an awful mess.. was evacuated by ship but got no farther than the coast. We lost a man somewhere between here and Leyte, who was reported killed on Okinawa, but this is the first ARC man to go, as a direct result of this operation. He was a labor relations man for Curtis Wright, St. Louis, and swell guy, but fortunately a bachelor.

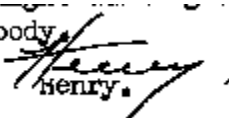
Tonight saw a wonderful movie... "Incendiary Blonde".. based on the life of Texas Guinan. While the treatment seemed pretty, sympathetic for one who was a notorious character, the picture was beautifully done in technicolor. See it if you have a chance. I wonder if the Jaques still spend three days arguing over what picture they are going to see next and whether it is B double plus or A minus?

Am losing two of my new and very capable GIs tomorrow. They are being recalled to their outfit and as they are both sergeants, I cannot take them into my TO which permits only two sergeants, and I have two now.. so it goes. Bucking the Army is great sport.

There are now 29 ARC men trying to get the hell out of here and none of them have been able to get "concurrence" from Manila. I am going to wait it out until the end of this month and then start raising hell, proper. I told you Thanksgiving, with luck and Christmas at the latest, and think that will be about it. There are 1,500 officers at the transient center here waiting to get home, and yet a ship sailed yesterday with accomodation for 300 officers, because these men had not been "processed". The Army says, "no transportation available" etc. etc. Such a business.

The sunset was gorgeous tonight over the China Sea.. colors out of this world.. and from the officer's mess we can see the ships in the bay below... its an inspiring sight, but I'm just too tired to be inspired.

"No yellow coats..." O.K. you win... Goodnight darling.. I adore you and am just too lonesome to be of any good use to anybody.

body

Henry.