



AMERICAN RED CROSS

ASCOM I APO 331 OKINAWA

October 15 1945

My darling;

About one more week of this and I will be sending for a health welfare on you via cable. Your last letter was mailed Sept 24... nearly three weeks ago... reached me in about 10 days, so have been for the past ten days with no word from you. And what with the events of the past 10 days that's a long long time. I get letters from father regularly, last one dated Oct. 2. I received a letter the other day from Phil Salisbury of Sales Management, so know the mail is coming through.

Saturday night, Oct. 13, I "celebrated" by getting drunk with the Colonels in the Judge Advocate's office, and everyone had a fine time, considering. All I wanted to do was to stop thinking about you, and being with you and being home.

Yesterday we had a perfectly wonderful day. Jean Ludins and I took two of the girls who work in communications and went up to the village of Jinusa. We had lunch at Military Government headquarters, and then spent the afternoon wandering around the village. The "Honshu" or head man, invited us to his house to tea, with his wife and daughters.

Then we inspected the lying-in hospital (obstetrics). I just wish you could see an army cot with a dozen tiny Okinawans lying cross ways on it.. even one set of twins. The Japanese use only midwives for births, and the women all lie together in a half darkened room, on blankets, on the floor. It was quite a place. Then we visited the communal bathing beach, where the Okinawans - men, women and kids, all mother naked in the sun, bathe together. There is a large spring just above the beach which has several levels. The upper is used for drinking water, the second for washing people, the third for clothes, and the fourth for washing vegetables, "because they have more dirt on them". Sort of illogical, but they seem to get along well enough. The quiet dignity of these people is really something. Later in the afternoon the "Honshu" invited us to his office for Sake, coffee and "hot cakes" - a pancake made of flour and



AMERICAN RED CROSS

potatoes. The Sake was excellent and we sat around for hours listening to him tell about his experiences in Manila, where he drove a "taxibus", and "dance all night with chocolate cake every Saturday night." "Take whiskey right hand.. take water left hand.. drink, drink, mix mix (rubbing stomach) good, good."

On the way back we stopped at the Red Cross station at Ishigawa Beach, where we opened a can of chicken, and had chicken, crackers, and cheese, with hot coffee. The sand made me think of Portage Point, and the Pacific looked for all the world like Lake Michigan. Home early... 8 P.M., and took our girls, who were very tired after the long (60 mile) jeep ride, back to their compound. It was a good day.

The Army and Navy have about decided to give the island back to the Okinawans. You have no doubt read something about our situation in the papers. Our food gets worse and worse, and everyone is completely fed up with the whole situation.

You can fight Japs, but not typhoons. Skuttlebutt sez another hard one tonight and tomorrow, but I pray that such is not the case. I have orders for the States. Gibson is still trying to hold me here, and I am still trying to get the hell out. The wind is rising right now, and we may get a good one before morning. If so, I'm going to crawl in a cave.

My orders call for air travel, which should be wonderful. But I learn that there are over 1,000 officers stuck on Guam, and many men have been there for for a month.,. would much rather get a boat to the States, which would make it in from two to three weeks, depending on the ship. Would like to go by Honolulu and pick up my uniforms, but if I can't I can't. May show up in the States in my ragged, mildewed cottons. In that case would buy an officer's field coat to keep warm and come on home. The transportation situation is getting worse and worse here day by day, and I'm going to get out as fast as I can. There is the usual "military clearance" ... finance officer, classification, AG, mess bill, physical examination, etc. etc. etc. etc. And then when you are all packed, they take you to a quarantine point and go through all your luggage.. Oh me.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

At this point I don't think the accordion is worth shipping home, as it is all warped out of shape. So many of the parts would have to be replaced that it would hardly be worth it.. And just when I was getting to really enjoy the damn thing.

Morale here is perfectly terrible. Everyone wants out and right now. General Stillwell left this morning and Tenth Army is no more.
(A large rat just came out and took a look at me and then scampered on his way. If we stayed here, typhus would be almost sure to break out, as there are so damn many rats.)

There is a ship leaving this week carrying 300 nurses and some ARC gals, but I don't want to get on that one, as they get all the good quarters, and all of the officers will be down, way down, in the bottom of the hold. The best break would be to get on a Carrier, but I can't hope for that... 20 knots an hour... imagine.

In case I do not stop at Honolulu, and go straight to the Coast, you may not hear anything for two or three weeks. Don't worry about that, but just assume that I am enroute. Am going with Jean Ludins, so will have wonderful company.

Fine letter from Ken Crapeau.. said he had seen you and the children, etc. and that I would be surprised at the size of Henry and Ann... I expect so.

Darling, darling, it wont be long now.. I can count weeks, and soon days. Father writes that Jo has rented her house, so I guess our proposed stay in Cadillac is pau.. and I was looking forward to that after the Texas idea was discarded. Will let you know, from the West Coast, where to meet me and and when.

The readjustment of getting home may be a rough experience, as you must understand that I am not the same guy who left home last year; but I know you will be patient and that we can work everything out alright. I do know how we love each other and that we have a sound basis for a good life together. I also



AMERICAN RED CROSS

now that those kids of ours will be a worth all we can give them in the next few years.

Things are so fouled up .here there maybe endless delays, but will move as fast as I can. You had better address any letters or wires to me Care of "Military liaison Officer, American Red Cross, San Francisco, California." Do not, repeat do not send any more mail out here.

All my love darling... aloha,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry," with a flourish at the end.