

Assam, India
3 Oct 44

Dear James (None) Still:

C. B. I.

First of all, let me congratulate you on the rank of Tech Sergeant. I don't know of a single member of the old 8th Group who deserved to be in the first three grades than you, and I really mean that. I have often wondered what happened to you, and a lot of the old gang. Your card was sent from San Antonio on to my wife, who is now in San Francisco, and she in turn sent it on to me. I received it yesterday. All in all, it didn't make such bad time at that, considering the travelling it did. You mailed it on Aug 28th.

There really isn't a lot to write about over here in this filthy, poverty stricken, and disease ridden damned country except the weather. And it rains so damned much and is so damned hot that the weather just isn't a fitten subject for conversation or correspondence, so what will I write about?

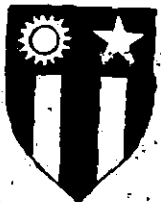
Anyway, as you probably already know, after you fellows left dear Old Duncan, I was transferred to Fort Worth, and when the headquarters there folded up and was merged with Kelly, I got a chance to get out of a higher headquarters, and "got." I went back to Stinson, where I met a lot of the old gang, and was Enlisted Personnel officer there until they decided to close up the joint and put it on a standby status as of the 15th of March. Anyway, I was the last officer to sign out, on the 18th, and was reassigned over at Kelly. I had been bellyaching to get overseas for over a year, and about the time Stinson closed up, the call came in for a personnel Warrant Officer, and as my SSN was 2200 with an additional SSN of 2110, they condescended to let me go. I was in on the first shipment of administrative warrant officers to be sent overseas as cauals, and believe you me, I "got overseas." I now have in over four months of overseas duty, and am already "sweating out" rotation. I am in the headquarters here, doing probably the same type work you are, Still, and not earning anymore than a good Pfc does. I am not in a position that I like in the least, have very little responsibility, do very little, and am definitely not happy with the whole outlook. But I guess if someone has to do this, and if I didn't they would get some other sucker, so it might as well be me. It does gripe me though not to be doing the work I like, namely, 2200 and 2110 work, when I am qualified, I think, to do it. But I guess I wouldn't be a soldier if I weren't "bitching," would I. But I can say one thing, I never did hear anything like that from you, even though you did so miss your Kentucky hills so very very much. And I'll bet you miss them yet.

Anyway, that is enough rattling on about me, isn't it? I have heard from the 8th in indirect routes a number of times. In talking to Mr. Falk at the South San Anton bank he showed me some photoes and let me read a couple of letters from Col Lusk. Where is he now? And How is he? Also, I saw Sgt. Norman Russell, or maybe I should say Lt. Russell there in San Anton. He was over at Barksdale, and came over to see Maj. Ray Francisco. I also heard from Lts. Summers and Mortimer through Francisco. I also talked to a boy who came back to Uncle Sugar Able to go to Ord or QM OCS. He was the red haired freckled fellow in the Repair sq section of headquarters when I was there. I know you remember him.

By the way, Kenneth T. Biggs, still a 1st Lt., is stationed just a short distance from here. I have seen him a couple of times, and talked with him two or three times over the phone. Still as screwy as ever. He would have to be to remain in grade as long as he has.

How are the natives over there, blackern the ace of spades. They surely are over here. I have sent Pauline a number of pictures of them, and tell her they are just good reasons why I will remain true to her until my return.

By the way, I saw Col. O'neil there at Stinson too. In fact he gave a little talk one day, and I talked to him about half a n hour about the fellows.



C. B. I.

How would it be to be back in San Anton about now and go down to the basement of the St Anthony to the Coffee Shop and have dinner again with Pauline and I. We've talked of that a number of times. It would be rather enjoyable and now, would it not. Of course, with the overseas service that you have now, you are more apt to do that than I am, that is for about another 2 months, if the present rotation plan is still in effect that long. Anyway, there'll come a day, really there will, when we'll all be back home to stay. Only right now, those 20 months seem endless to me.

Mail comes through to us in from 11 to 15 days usually. During the last three weeks the situation has been disturbed by the Atlantic coastal storms and all that, but I got a few of my bad letters yesterday and they helped a lot.

Pauline decided that she didn't want to stay in San Anton after I left, so she took off for San Francisco. Her family went out there too. She couldn't find a suitable place to rent, so she and I went and bought a house. Yes she did. And from her glowing reports of it in her letters, and from the pictures she has sent me of it, it seems to be plenty OK. About the time the 8th took off for parts unknown, we bought us a '39 Chevrolet coupe. It is still in fine shape, and a short time before I left, I was able to wangle four new tires and Lifeguard tubes for it, so tire worries are out for the duration. When we returned to San Antonio, the rental of furnished houses was at a low ebb, so we bought us five rooms of furniture, and now we don't owe a dime on any of it except the house she is buying. We have accomplished quite a lot since you last saw us you know. Of course with the salaries we both are drawing, Pauline is now working at the 4th Air Force in Frisco, the army is doing right well by us. Of course this thing isn't going to last forever and a day, so a neat little amount is going into bonds and savings account each and every month. So when this is all over and all that we can tell 'em to kiss our you know what, and do as we damned well please. We might even visit you in your beloved Kentucky hills. I would really love to do just that.

really, I think I have rambled on about enough for this time. Now, my friend, it is time to hear from you. Hows about it. Tell all the old gang hello for me. Beverly, Stobaugh, Sgt. McKinney, Col Lusk and any of the old fellows that are still there.

I'll be expecting a long letter some of these days. I sincerely hope though, that you are back in Uncle Sugar Able by the time this gets to you.

Food is good, strictly G.D., but
good. - We live in tents,
how about you? -

Sincerely
Billings

AUGUST DERLETH



SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

4 October, 1944

Dear Jim Still,

I was glad to have yours of September, which came through in good time, I thought -- but then, so has all mail from the Italian, South France, Sicily theatres previously. ... I can well imagine that creative work would be impossible in service. Jesse has found the same difficulty. As perhaps you know, Jesse was stationed for his boot training only about 150 miles from here, and he managed to get up here for a weekend last summer, and enjoyed it. He had written a little series of poems in the service, but was not very much satisfied with them. However, though the first two were not good -- the working himself back into harness poems, so to speak -- the others were up to his-usual form. Jesse has hit it off well, what with the success of PRIVATE TUSSIE last year; and there is every indication that his new book of poems, ALBUM OF DESTINY, will go over very well too, though there is now manifest the obvious reaction of the petty against the successful, something none of us can escape, I fear. Just as much as anything and everything else, that is essentially American, too. I suppose writing is virtually professional for me; I do most often write under handicaps of various kinds -- pressure from creditors, necessity of making deadlines, and so on -- all these assustom one to working under duress, regardless of how little one wants to work. In addition to writing, I went into publishing back in 1932, and now have developed a healthy buying public, which it would be financially stupid to disregard; so I keep on publishing books of the other writers in the genre of the supernatural, at the same time that I keep on writing a variety of books for other publishers. I think though you are quite right in writing chiefly to please yourself; most of the writing I have done that I take most delight in was done in the same way exactly, to please myself and no one else. Unfortunately, I have found that such writing, though it inevitably pleases the critics and the reviewers generally, seldom takes with the public, and I have to support myself by my writing; so I must carry on by doing a lot of things I really don't care to do. Farming on the side or vice versa (writing on the side, as a farming man) must be ideal; I live in the country myself, but instead of farming on my picayune 10 acres, I go hiking for recreation. I am still on approximately an 18-hour day, but if I keep it up, my blood pressure, which wavered down to 154 from 180 in the past six months, will promptly go up again. It is good that you like the army life. I myself could not adjust to it, no matter how much I wanted to do so. I would worry about my debt load, my publishing business, about this and that all over the place and end up a psychiatric casualty. I've been too long in the creative life, I think. Well, all the best to you always,

A. D.

Knott County Board Of Education.

JETHRO AMBURGEY
SUPERINTENDENT

HINDMAN, KENTUCKY

Oct. 5-1944

BOARD MEETS:
FIRST MONDAY
EACH MONTH

Dear Jimmie

October weather is here and we are digging potatoes, peanuts etc. getting ready for the winter. we are having nice weather, and is plenty warm this afternoon maybe rain to night. Morris is still with us, he has been a member of the Air Corps Reserve since the first day of July. It has been three months, and I hope he will be called anyway soon. The longer the better.

we are having an election soon and our Presidents race seems to be the most interesting. Buckley speaks here to-morrow afternoon. The people are enthusiastic and expecting a good time. Buckley will win, and we think Roosevelt will win also.

I have received your books you are sending here and also the pictures. Yesterday I received a portion of 'Stars + Stripes'. We are anxious for this thing to end over there, however our Army is being slowed down at present but I hardly think will be stopped for long.

Things are about as usual at Hindman and Can. I bought two pigs and Melvin is feeding them for me. Would like to see you come in about Christmas time. A little apple brandy is floating around in the Country.

As ever
Jethro and family.

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 54

October 5, 1944

Editor,
American Mercury,
570 Lexington Avenue,
New York 22, New York.

Dear Sir:

Sets of your magazine available here do not include the June 1940 issue. Not being able to consult it myself, I am asking whether you will be good enough to have someone look up an article in that number by J. Still in which Shikepoke Creek is mentioned and if it is an actual, not fictitious, locality ascertain for me the state in which it occurs.

Your cooperation will be appreciated and your reply may be mailed in the enclosed penalty envelope, post-free.

Very truly yours,

W. L. McAtee

W. L. McAtee,
Technical Adviser.

Enclosure



Gold Coast
6 Oct 44

Dear Sethro:

Yesterday a team of U.S. Sailors came to play our soft-ball nine. This morning as I ate breakfast at the Mess Hall - I looked up to find Seaman 1cl Paul Johnson, (Mitchel Johnson's boy from Mousie) standing beside me. At first I thought I had been in Africa just one day too long - but it was Paul, as it turned out.

I introduced him to Colonel Luak and Major Slater and they have arranged for Paul and fellow-sailors to stay with us 24 hours longer. I spent the morning with them, showing them the place, and turned them over to Sgt Short for the afternoon. We will attend a USO show tonight.

Paul says he will be home in about five weeks and will look you up.

Ever,

Jim



Hindsman, Kentucky
October 7, 1944.

Dear James Still,

Hooray for you! I was delighted with the good news of your health and mammoth weight. Being the only fat member of my family, ten pounds over-weight doesn't sound too alarming.

To-day I went down to see ~~Renee~~, and swapped news of you with her. She invited me to spend the day with her soon, and bring my glasses, so as to appreciate better the books and pictures. All three of the family are well - Morris is waiting impatient to be "called." Have they told you of the new principal? A jolly as well as energetic man, and he bid fair to be a strong executive. His wife is like unto him, and will be a pillar in church & community work.

The little boy of eleven comes up to play chess with me, and it pushes me to beat him. He deplores the fact that so few will try to learn that glorious game. Got one fellow taught once, said he, but I made the mistake of beating him, and he quit.

Have echoes of the hurricane along the North Atlantic shore reached you? Cape Cod suffered badly, and so many of the grand old trees were destroyed, though fortunately there was no loss of life there.

Brother Charles wrote me that the trees protected his own cottage, though many of them fell. But the grove hasn't lost its identity. The fury of the wind made him think of the nursery tale, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down." A lady from a neighboring town told him of a marvellous escape. She & her husband, and babe were blown house and all a mile across a small bay, the man holding a table at

factfully (?) I explained that we didn't come when we were big school fellows. He stood in thought then produced, with fetching air "Could bring my baby sister? Then I'd have to stay to take care of her. Billy + Caroline Pratt have a new brother, less than a month old. Caroline, aged two, was detected by her horrified mother, stuffing a Hershey bar into the baby's mouth. Babe was licking his chops enthusiastically.

Am amusing but, related by a proud, nearly-dimbling father. His son of seven said that his two friends wanted to elect him ^{class} president. But I didn't want to. Cause I don't want to stay in that grade another year.

Speaking of stones, I loved that one of yours about Bands. More please! I do so enjoy your letters.

Sincerely,

Anne Cobb



keep the door shut, while she, with the baby, perched on a shelf over the kitchen sink! Sounds like a Tall Tale, but is true.

Like the kid-like people, I'm doing the same things just the same as he is, with one exception, a Dramatic ~~came-over at High School~~ ~~stupid at that sort of thing~~, and wish I had been Firm in refusal a few years ago. I played the fool as the villainess in a production to earn gold for the P. T. A. and have never been able to live it down.

The baby parties continue to be my pet diversion. At the last one a bigger boy who had obviously "laid out of school" and was bossing the coaster, caught my eye

5329 Ben Avenue
North Hollywood, Calif.
October 7, 1944

Dear James,

Your letter really did some travelling to get to me, and before we go any further I'd better record that I changed publishers three books back, with the following always now reaching me: % Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 270 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Getting a report from Africa from you as you see pictures made from my work is tougher on you than it is on me. On me, as a matter of fact, it is a matter of great interest, and I was very glad to hear the GIs went for it, I was wondering what kind of a reception it would get in the field; at Camps at home it went over all right, but over the water I ventured to feel it might be a different proposition. Columbia brought me out to work on it, but didn't give me much chance, though I did contribute putting in the boy character and the ending. I liked the money connected with working in a studio, but the rest of it is pretty bad for anyone with any sensitivity and taste. In fact, it's downright horrible. When you get a chance to do it, accept, work, and then get the hell out with the coin. If you're any good as a narrative writer in the first place, you won't be much good as a visual writer. I wasn't. It takes a curious sort of creature to be a screenwriter. Some novelists and decent writers are able to make the change, but once made they are just about through as serious writers. They get rich and fat and lazy. The place itself is amazing in this regard; writers whose fine stuff you read years ago and whom you thought dead turn out to be the guy next to you at lunch. They are now hard, bitter, suspicious, and wanting to make the break back but knowing they will never manage it.

Do you get a chance to do any writing? Perhaps you know of the various opportunities being offered to servicemen in writing prizes, etc. Dutton is offering a fat one. 20th-Century-Fox will practically give a fortune to any GI who has a book or a play under his belt, a couple of thousand in advance I believe and twenty thousand in all if it works out. If you've got an agent he'll tell you about these; if you haven't, and you want to know about them, I'll slip you some details.

Have you seen any of the Armed Forces Editions of books being put out by the Council on Books in Wartime? Winkle and another one of mine, "Thunder Mountain" which comes this month, are in this. Something like 15 million have been printed and sent overseas. It is a part of what we expect the book business to be after the war. Hang on to your writing, boy, because from a small luxury business (if you're interested in this) the book business is expected to develop into big business with mass distribution at lower prices. Certainly I'd rather have say, a hundred thousand people read my books than ten thousand. And those are only small figures compared to what the really popular books will do.

If you have a book up your sleeve and aren't tied up with any publisher, I'd like to recommend mine. I've tried in my time three in New York and four in England, and this is the most civilized of the lot. Some of the big splashy publishers make eyes at me, but I prefer this young, vigorous outfit. If you stick with them, they'll stick with you. They've done three books of mine so far, with three more

completed and ready to go during the next two years. I enclose a copy of the blurb of the next one, consisting mostly of my New Yorker things. I've been knocking myself out with work. I'm getting on into my forties and won't be able to keep up the pace forever. I can now afford to take time off once in awhile and write a short story I don't need to sell, but which usually does.

I don't know whether all this talk about writing and publishing is welcome to you, or whether you may think the God damn bastard is back home boasting about what a big bloat he is. It's meant to tell you that your world of writing will be a wider and greater one than ever before when you can get the hell out of the Dark Continent and away from the beasties. Television, for one thing, is a good way off commercially the way it is pictured at present, but its on the books to provide audiences for writing of a size never dreamed of before. The writer is sitting right in the middle of all this, because without him the wonderful machines don't work.

Let me know if I can do anything for you at this end. And, I hope you see no more of my movies in Africa.

Yrs,

~~TEP~~
Ted Pratt

PERILS IN PROVENCE
And Other Ticklish Places
By THEODORE PRATT

(Author of "Mr. Winkle Goes To War," "The Barefoot Railman," "Thunder Mountain," etc)

Here is a champagne of a book, full of the sparkle and gaiety of prewar France and of the France that is being born again. Theodore Pratt and his wife spent four years in Mediterranean countries in the Thirties, in France, Italy, and Spain. In France they lived in the old hill-town of Gagnes-sur-Mer, in the depths of Provence.

You will meet Monsieur Jourjon, who has unusual opinions about Franco-American unity; the French artist who, uninvited, painted a portrait of the Pratts in bed; Monsieur Gambelle, the grocer who expresses himself volubly about war; Pompeo, the French soldier badly inspired for war but who works the big guns; Lucien, whose prospective parents-in-law operate the local maison particuliere; the railroad ticket-taker who describes the length of a journey as "An hour and a half for most but only a few minutes for lovers," and many other manifestations of the French spirit.

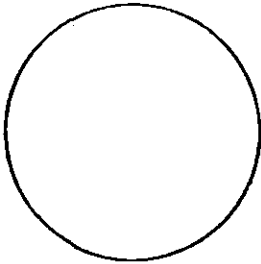
In Italy, against the orders of Mussolini, the author wrangled permission to visit the secret rooms in the Naples Museum, while in the Roman Forum he meets an Italian barber who wishes, nostalgically, he was back on Fifth Avenue in New York.

In Spain, a policeman has some astonishing emotions about the Monarchy vs. the Republic; the Pratts are robbed by an exceedingly polite thief who excuses his activity on politics; and Hilario, their gardener, spends a dollar and ten cents on women, three of them.

Both before and after their Mediterranean days, the Pratts found much the same kind of behavior at home, in New York, in the country, in Florida, and in California. This is recorded with a rare appreciation of the humor to be found in situations often perilous, frequently hilarious, and always gay and diverting.

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. _____



[CENSOR'S STAMP]

T/Sgt. James Still 351333-20
Hq. & Hq. Sq. 8th ADG AAF
APO # 606, 7/2 P.M.
Miami, Fla.

Helen Swain
(Sender's name)
Bushnell, Fla.
(Sender's address)

Oct 9, 1944
(Date)

Dear Jim -

Patsy received the card last week and she was very proud to get it.

I received a short letter from Tom, as you know he is in a hospital in Italy. He said they were taken the stitches out of his arm the day he wrote. So he seemed to be fine. He wrote the letter himself, although someone addressed the letter for him. I was glad that he was able to write the letter.

We are all well, and enjoying this cool October weather.

I heard over the radio this morning that Wendell Willkie died last night. That's the second noted man in the last week. The first Al Smith.

Hazel is liking college fine. She said she was Captain of the Physical Ed team.

We haven't heard from Bill in several weeks. I guess though the Japs keep them busy.

Patsy & Lommie are still hoping you will come home soon.

With love
Helen

V...-MAIL



164 DUANE STREET

NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

WALKER 5-2600

PUBLISHED BY FIELD PUBLICATIONS

O)ct. 9, 1944

Dear Jim,

It was good to hear from you again. We have been thinking a great deal of you lately, Reg and I. I ran into Nicholas Kalashnikoff, who has asked for your address which I can now forward to him.

I've been out of the Army on an Honorable Discharge for a year now and have been working on PM all that time. I was on PM for a year before my induction, so that I'm completing two years on the sheet come this November.

In addition to being Consumer News Editor, I've been asked to edit the GI poetry which we get. Unfortunately they don't pay for the stuff or I'd ask you to contribute, knowing that you could place it anywhere you wanted. ~~your~~ Still, if you have an odd piece that's been kicking around, send it on to me. I'd like to see it.

I hardly think my novel will sell a great many copies although it has received a fairly good press to date including excellent notices in the New York Herald Tribune and the Saturday Review of Literature.

Tell me Jim, is there anything you would want in the way of books, magazines, gadgets etc? I'd be glad to send you some of these remembrances of civilian life.

Do you still feel the way you did about writing, before you shipped out? I'd like to hear whether you've written of late.

Sincerely yours,

Boris Todrin

Akron Ohio
Oct. 13, 1944
7. a. m.

Dear Jim:

I have just got in from work and wrote to Tom, so I thought I had better write you too.

Have you already heard about Tom being wounded in action in Italy. Mary wrote me that he had been wounded in his right arm, but was able to write a letter. Here's hoping its not serious. I saw in the Valley Times that he had written his wife that he was injured and had received the Purple Heart.

I knew you would want to know about it.

I am still here at Goodyear, Akron. I dont know just when I'll go back to Gadidon, but I dont think it will be very long.

Rose Marie said to thank you for the book. She was tickled over it, and I'm sure

it will help her in her school work.

Mary, says that she is a regular book worm. She reads three or four books a week from the library, and she's a find for magazines. I think she is the stuff.

I haven't had any news from papa lately. I have written him several times since I have been here.

I never hear from Alfred at all.

I got another raise this week, but I don't know just yet how much. I can always use a few more cents.

I want to buy me a home when this war is over, so have got to do a lot of saving. I would like to go in business in Gadsden sometime too

write often and take care of yourself

Lots of luck to you -

Your Bud

Cover.

Mausie, Ky, Oct 16 1944
Sgt. James Still
Gold Coast, Africa.
Dear friend!

We sure had a pleasant surprise when we received your letter telling us that you had seen and been with Paul. We felt sure he was some place on the Coast of Africa he could not tell us when he wrote. I am sure Paul was pleased to death to find you in that far off land. Little did you or Paul dream when you visited us when Paul was yet only a small boy that some day you would meet in Africa, both fighting for the same great cause.

James you will never know just what your letter meant to us and we thank you so much for writing us. We have often thought of you and wondered just where you were. Clarence is now on his way across, so soon will be.

My family are all scattered those

that are not in the Army are in some essential war work. With the exception of one boy, he will be old enough to register in Feb.

I only wish I could write you a lot of news, but there is but little taken place since you left. Only those that are too old or unfit for military service are left.

My only hope and prayers are that some day this great struggle will be over and you boys can all come home.

It would be good to hear from you again some time.

Wishing you all the luck in the world.

I remain as ever yours
Mitchel Johnson



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Italy

1918

Dear Sam

I guess by now the boys know that I have been wounded and I hope that they received my letter telling them that I was hurt before they received the notice from the War Department.

I am also wounded in both legs & nearly blind and am still in bed.

I will have and tell them that I was wounded only in my right arm, and sent you reports and tell them my father has your friend that Papa will be all brought out in

They will all surely ~~make~~ release me and I am in limited service now.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

I received a letter from [unclear]
[unclear] and I all ready answered
it, but
[unclear] with a few letters to
answer that I may have had
that [unclear]

with

the

P.S. I have a new address now
and I've forgot and will have
telling them how I've had

Fairfax War Service Center

CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE

FRED J. BALLENGER
A. T. HANSON
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JOE L. JENNINGS



MRS. FRANK BURGESS
SECRETARY

FAIRFAX, ALABAMA

October 20, 1944

Dear Fellows & Girls,

Do you recall those late fall days back home? The trees around the boulevard taking on a tinge of yellow,....the first frost.... smoke beginning to curl from the chimneys..... people walking a bit more briskly on the street? Well, those are the little incidents that are occurring around here now, indicating that Old Man Winter is just around the corner.

NEWS AROUND ABOUT: The Valley High Glee Club will sponsor a musical comedy Saturday night under the direction of Miss Margaret Hall and J.O. Turnipseed.....The Valley Freezing plant plans to begin operation next week.....The Red Cross Blood Bank will make another local visit next Tuesday. We don't ever have to worry about Fairfax not giving her share. Sam Chambers, J.B. Tidwell and James Murphy have each given six pints of blood, and after two more bleedings will be members of the gallon club..... Maxwell and Gunter Fields have been invaded with planes from certain coastal areas of Florida due to the hurricane that has been lashing the Eastern coast. Early this morning we heard the drone of their motors as they were returning to their mother fields. It is estimated that the hurricane has taken 36 lives and caused damage mounting into millions.

There seems to be plenty of football news in the offing this week Valley High defeated West Point High 27-0 last Friday night; they play Tallassee High at the Lanett ball park tonight..... Auburn took a beating from Ga. Tech last Saturday 27-0. Those from here who attended the game say that Auburn really put up some stiff opposition. I didn't attend the game, but I was in the midst of the enthusiastic throng of Auburn students and other football fans going up on the train to Atlanta Saturday morning. The familiar cheers of "Wreck Tech" and "War Eagle" aroused the spirit and interest in the game. However, spirits were a little dampened when I was riding back with them Saturday night.

SERVICE NOTES: Buddy Redd is now ground school instructor at Dodge City, Kansas. He says that he likes that much better than flying.....Latest rumor has it that Ralph Freeman is back in the states from the South Pacific.....Joe Rice, Jr. is enroute to California after serving in the South Pacific since January '42. Tommy Smith has written Mr. Jennings that he hopes to be greeting him personally before too much longer. Watt Still, who was reported as being wounded in Italy, writes that he is steadily improving. He has seen Sheely Betts from Beans Mill.....Earl Cannon has a medical discharge from the Navy and is back home to his old job in the machine shop.....Yancey Sanders has completed nineteen missions over German held territory.....Murray McGinty is in a hospital in Miami, recuperating from an operation on his leg. Hope that you are soon out, Murray..... The Conways have recieved news that David is a prisoner of the Germans.....The Wrights are waiting, hopefully, for some good news of Marshall, who has been reported missing..... Roberson Alford and Roy Ellington have APO addresses.

Bits of this and that on the lighter side----

Two Negroes were discussing the war. "Is you ready to go?" one asked. "No," said the other, "I ain't ready, but I'se willin' to go, unready."

Shop window sign over girdles: Line Tamers.

Adam was the first man to wear an Oak Leaf Cluster.

A movie actor wearing thick-lensed glasses was examined by the draft board and rated fit for service. "But my eyes are very bad," he demurred. "Yeah!" said the medical examiner. Listen, brother, I've passed a stone-blind man as 1-A." "Stone-blind? And he's in the Army?" "No." said the medico. "Had to turn him down. His Seeing Eye dog had flat feet.

A CO wired a furloughed sergeant: "Move Heaven and earth, but get here Friday." The sergeant wired the CO: "Am raising hell, will get there Saturday."

To a destroyer whose lights were visible a nearby ship signaled: "Pardon me, but your ship is showing."

Thanks to you who have written.. To those who haven't written wont you do so soon. The letters have been rather few this week. You aren't going to let me down, are you?

So long for now.

Sincerely,

Helen Burgess

215 Montague Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
October 23, 1944.

My dear Jimmy:

Your letter of October 15th came this morning and I am getting this off to send you the T/Sgt stripes, but am in doubt as whether they are just what you want, for Miss Mount says the stripes are not wool, but rayon. Will look further into this tomorrow and if I can get better ones will send you another four sets.

I am sorry indeed to hear about your brother and hope that his injury may not be as serious as you fear. Miss Mount says that she understands that when relatives are notified of serious injuries to a soldier, he has a good chance of recovery, for if he is fatally injured they do not send word until the end. I shall be anxious to hear about him when you know more.

Am getting this off in a hurry and you will hear from me again if I get more stripes.

Best wishes to you from the whole office family. Miss Mount is all right again.

Affectionately,



T/Sgt James Still, 35133820
Hd & Hq Sq, 8th ADG AAF
APO 606, C/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida.

Will answer after 10/25

Lawrence, J. C.
Oct. 29, 1944.

Hello Still,

I guess you thought I'd forgotten about you and the rest of the fellows over there and that I'd promised to write too, but I haven't! When I made that promise I didn't realize there were so many jobs waiting for me when I got home or that help would be so scarce either. But anyway I'll take time for a few lines to-night.

It's great to be a free man once more but I still have a feeling that I'm still a part of the old 8th A.D.C. and think of you all daily. At times I'd like to be with the old gang again, but I'd much rather we were all on this side of the Atlantic!

I've been too busy to see what all is going on here in the "Old Country". In my own Community life is pretty much the same except when you look

around for your old pals and find that most of them are either in the service or away working at defense jobs. Several of the boys in the neighborhood have been killed or wounded in action. When you get that kind of news from your close friends it makes you realize that Korea isn't the worst place to be stationed after all!

My old hat-hater wrote me about the celebration of the second anniversary - guess you enjoyed the party too!

How are things going under the new Col.? I've heard varied reports. I wonder too if you have any pretty WAC's in the personnel dept.? You'd better watch out if you want to remain an old bachelor!

We have had the prettiest fall weather you could imagine so far - trees are at their height of beauty now here. It's a wonderful feeling to step out of

the house before day-break these clear mornings and feel the bite of the frosty air - makes you feel like you are really living again, after having been in the tropics so long. I hope it won't be long til you can have the same thrill!

The war news is very good lately. The navy really gave the jap fleet a pasting in the pacific the other day it seems - the last report to-day was 58 war ships sunk or damaged and that probably isn't all. I just hope it will all be over soon and you boys can be home for Christmas dinner.

The political war is getting pretty warm. Franklin must be getting a little uneasy because he's making some extra speeches that weren't scheduled.

My trip home from over there was OK - they kept me in Miami about four days getting my discharge ready. They

gave me a straight honorable discharge
with no strings attached! Boy and did
that look good!! The Army is the
"easy life" though. I'm working about
sixteen hours a day now - My brother
and I with the help of three sorry negroes
are milking forty-two cows, taking care of
forty five other cows and growing calves, and
trying to operate two good size farms.
It keeps us pretty busy. My father has
continued to improve since I got home
and is now able to get about pretty well.
Mother has been very ill for three weeks
though but I hope she is a little improved
to-day. I've enjoyed the best of health
all along - don't believe my stay over
there impaired my health at all.

It's about bed time so I'll have to stop
for this time. Write all the news and
hurry home. I'm looking forward
to your visit when it's all over.
Your friend,
Wat. Aron



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Stuy

Oct 30, 1944

Dear Jim

I received your letter telling me that work here such you tell me you that I was wounded over the Italian front.

I want to give a letter around the 26th of Sept telling you that I was wounded over the 13th I guess that you have received it by now. I think Ben making arrangements so that a ~~letter~~ will receive the same magazine and I have needed it for several years myself.

Yes I have ~~and~~ received the combat medal & I have two ~~return~~ over my ~~awards~~ ribbon now.

I am still in the Hospital but I am getting better.

Your Brother

Tom

(To: #9 + #959, 8th AFB AAF
APO 606, c/o Postmaster
Miami, FL)

Bath, Ky
Oct. 31, 1944.

Dear Jim,

we are all fine received your letter, was very glad to hear from you, and to know that you was getting along fine and hope you stay that way.

The flowers are all gone but the chrysanthem they are in full bloom now the big elm tree at your door has grown a lot. And the wisteria vine has cover the whole side of the house it bloomed some this year. The roses done well this summer they bloomed most all the time. We raised a garden over there.

Dad is gathering the corn he said he guess he had about two hundred bushel of corn.

we hear from the boys pretty often they are all right. Elmer is in Texas he likes it there all right said

it was pretty hot there. Emil is in
Portico he was home not long ago
Gonzalo can't tell where he is he
is on the sea somewhere.

Jethro & Raney had dinner with us
Sun. we hear from Jan often she
always asks about you.

Jamie and me goes to school I go to
Carr Creek am in the first year of high
school. Jamie is writing you a letter.

it is getting cool weather here has
frosted some. it is cool nights & mornings

we got the book you want was very glad
to get it, and want to thank you for it.

we have got plenty pumpkins we make
pies out of them. are getting plenty sweet
milk. I guess I had better close since
I half to write some more letters.

hoping to hear from you soon.

always

Dr. William S. Dadi.

[Amburgey]