

FROM: D-C-10 Hooper Dr. U.S. President Madison Hotel  
Mattitt Village Miami Beach, FL  
Wilmington, NC

8 July

1949?

Dear Jim:

Sorry I haven't written you any sooner than this but have been pretty busy since last seeing you. Arrived at Camp Davis & had the biggest disappointment since I've been in the Army.

What a hell hole this place is & it's 35 miles from nowhere. There's so much chicken shit there it's not even funny.

This place opened in June as a convalescent center & distribution center - expecting to handle 20,000 weekly. Well it seems things aren't going right & they want to close up the place already. Newspapers are carrying stories on it & they're stopping the flow of returnees as of tomorrow. All construction work has been stopped.

I'll probably be here a while yet & hope they do close it up. The group is trying to get us back & in my case I hope they can get me away from here. It's a heck of a place to send anyone - especially returnees. Why they ever opened it is beyond me.  
(over)

792

I'm chief clerk here in. We have 51 men + civilians + have been pretty busy. Our TD calls for 120 + some men are coming in every week. That'll probably stop too.

Ruth + I have a Federal Housing apt in town - small but efficient. I ride back + forth 70 miles every day.

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I'm wondering how you are making out + hope it's better than I am. Let me hear from you soon at

5-C-10 HOOPER DRIVE  
MAFFITT VILLAGE  
WILMINGTON, N.C.

Take care of yourself + her's wishing you the very best.

As ever

John [Heft+]

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OFFICE OF THE  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



8 ARLINGTON STREET  
BOSTON, MASS.

## The Atlantic Monthly

July 9, 1945

Dear Sergeant Still,

On June 25th, we wrote you about the Atlantic anthology which Edward Weeks is editing for Pocket Books. On the chance that our letter may have miscarried we are enclosing two copies of it, one of them for your signature and return to this office if the matter meets with your approval.

Sincerely yours,

*C. W. Morton*  
*rd*

Charles W. Morton  
Associate Editor

T/Sgt. James Still, 35133320  
Hq. and Hq. Sq. 8th ADG, AAF  
APO 606, Care of Postmaster  
Miami, Florida

OFFICE OF THE  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



8 ARLINGTON STREET  
BOSTON, MASS.

## The Atlantic Monthly

July 9, 1945

Dear Sergeant Still:

Edward Weeks, Editor of the Atlantic, is compiling an anthology to be called "The Pocket Atlantic," which Pocket Books, Inc. of New York will publish and which will retail at 25¢. If space permits, he would like to include, and we hereby make formal application to re-print in this anthology, "Mrs. Razor." The fee (for United States and Canadian anthology rights and open market rights throughout the world exclusive of the British Empire) would be approximately \$17.25.

Generally speaking, the anthology will include some thirty-four listings from the Atlantic in recent years with a foreword by Mr. Weeks.

If this proposal is acceptable to you, please fill in the blank line below and return this letter to us at your earliest convenience. We are sending you another copy for your files. If any further information is desired, do not hesitate to call on us.

Sincerely yours,

Charles W. Morton  
Associate Editor

Permission Granted:

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

T/Sgt. James Still, 35133320  
Hq. and Hq. Sq. 8th ADG, AAF  
APO 606, Care of Postmaster  
Miami, Florida

Salts, KY

To: 1020 AAF Bldg, S2, L  
President Madison Hotel  
Miami Beach, FL

Baths, Ky  
July 10, 1945

Dear Jim,

We received your box of candy  
and we was pleased to get it. it  
really was good. we can't get chocolate  
candy around here. we think you do  
wreck for it. we are all doing fine  
not working much hard, have got plenty  
green beans. we got a card from Alonzo  
it was shipping out going to Shermake  
Alf. he has to go back to sea again.  
Ivel came home is gone back now  
he is stationed in New Jersey and  
Linn is still in Italy. he is quarantined  
Jim's school starts next week Jim  
is going to stay with us and teach it.  
old Timothy is doing fine. Fred & me  
re-making it all right. I must close  
I can be certain for the other side. a.m.

Dear Jim

Thank you for the  
Candy you sent it was  
really good. A bar well  
last a week.

Old Timothy had a  
family since you went  
back to the Army. She  
had 5 Kittys and every  
one of them died.

This is all we got to  
say.

Write me a letter  
soon as you can.

With

~~to~~ Love

James J. Simpson

GUY LOOMIS

P. O. BOX 98

BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

July 11, 1945

Dear Jimmy:

I was very glad to get your note telling where you were, and am also glad that you have had such a long rest and been able finally to shake off the fatigue. I hope that the new assignment, wherever it may be, may not be too arduous, for you have had a long pull.

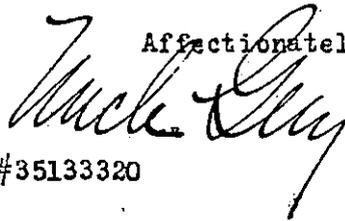
Miss Mount wrote you about the operation, and it seems to have come out all right. I have been back at the hotel for two weeks, having nurses still with me, and yesterday the doctor took the patch off the eye, which is a great relief. I do not yet know how soon I can be fitted to new glasses, and I suppose it will take some time to adjust myself to them when I get them. In the meantime, I am feeling all right, though rather dragged out by the heat we have been having. It probably wouldn't seem hot to you after Africa.

I am still hoping that your reassignment may bring you near New York, for a short time at least, for I should like to see you. I haven't been away from the city, except for a few trips up to see Kate Loomis, since rationing started, and hanging around the city gets pretty monotonous, especially as I haven't found it very easy to do things myself for the past six months—on account of poor vision. I hope that condition is thing of the past.

Miss Mount still has to read my mail to me and do the answering, and she will send this off to you.

Drop me a card once in a while so I may keep in touch with you. All the good luck in the world,

Affectionately



T/Sgt. James Still, #35133320  
1020 AAF, BU, Sq. L  
President Madison Hotel  
Miami Beach, Florida.

PS: I am sending by air mail the poem from the Virginia Quarterly thinking you may not have it, and just yesterday I saw the story in the Atlantic. Congratulations on them both. It is good to see your name in print again. By the way, did the book of Marianne Moore's poems ever catch up with you?

D. D. M.

ing special knowledge. Our fathers dealt with fundamental political principles but we of today, within those principles, can and must find solutions for economic and social problems. It is not enough now to saturate oneself in history and political philosophy; one must master the mysteries of economics and of sociology to deal with the political problems of this new day. And since modern invention has wiped out distance and made all nations neighbors, interdependent upon each other, the young man preparing for a political career should make a special study of international relations.

Thus prepared intellectually, he should study political psychology to the end that he may advance his cause intelligently through honest and wise propaganda. And nothing is more vital than a study of the science of political or party organization down to the precinct, for only through victories at the polls can he reach or hold a position in public life in a democracy. In brief, he must study to be—a politician.

### VIII

To recapitulate: Democracies operate best through political parties.

Political parties function only through politicians.

Eliminate politicians and you wipe out parties.

Wipe out parties and you throw democracies into a state of unorganized, undisciplined chaos.

And when in a democracy the people are unorganized, undirected, undisciplined, the Fascist has his excuse and the tyrant appears to dominate the nation by brute force.

That is the reason the Mussolinis, Hitlers, and Francos hate and exterminate the politicians; and that is the reason it is so stupid in a democracy to join them in their hue and cry.

And that is the reason why the theorists and scoffers who sneer at representative government, political parties, and politicians are consciously in some cases, and unconsciously, let us hope in most, making their contribution to the Fascist effort to destroy democracy in the United States.

# POETRY

## *THE TOMTIT*

TWILIGHT had fall'n, austere and grey—  
The darkening ashes of a dying day—  
When, lo, tip-tap at window-pane,  
My visitor had come again,  
To peck late supper at his ease,  
A morsel of suspended cheese.

What ancient code, what Morse was his—  
Minutest of small mysteries,  
That, as I watched, from lamp-lit room,  
Should peering from the Unconscious come  
My hidden spirit, and fill me then  
With love, delight, grief, pining, pain?  
Scarce less than had he angel been,  
And cognisant, alas, cold heart—  
Of all that volume will impart  
Which record keeps for Judgment Day!

Suppose, such countenance as that,  
In human, deathless, delicate,  
Had gazed that winter moment in—  
Eyes of an ardour and beauty no  
Star, no Sirius could show!

Well, it were best for such as I  
To shun direct divinity;  
Yet not stay heedless when I heard  
The tip-tap nothings of that tiny bird.

WALTER DE LA MARE

## LULLAY

“NOW lullay, my sweeting,  
What hast thou to fear?  
It is only the wind  
In the willows we hear,  
And the sigh of the waves  
By the sand dunes, my dear.  
Stay thy wailing. Let sleep be  
Thy solace, thou dear;  
And dreams that shall charm  
From that cheek every tear.  
See, see, I am with thee  
No harm can come near.  
Sleep, sleep, then, my loved one,  
My lorn one, my dear!” . . .

I heard that far singing  
With pining oppressed,  
When grief for one absent  
My bosom distressed,  
When the star of the evening  
Was low in the West.  
And I mused as I listened,  
With sorrow oppressed,  
Would that heart were *my* pillow,  
That safety my rest!  
Ah, would I could slumber—  
A child laid to rest—  
Could abide but a moment  
Assoiled, on that breast,  
While the planet of evening  
Sinks low in the West,  
Could wake, and dream on,  
At peace on that breast;  
Ere fall the last darkness,  
When silence is best.

For alas, love is mortal;  
 And night soon must come;  
 And another, yet deeper,  
 When—no more to roam—  
 The lost one within me  
 Shall find its long home,  
 In a sleep none can break  
 In the hush of the tomb.  
 Cold, sombre, eternal,  
 Dark, narrow that room;  
 But no grief, no repining  
 Will deepen its gloom;  
 Though of voice, once adored,  
 Not an echo can come;  
 Of hand, lip, and cheek,  
 My rapture and doom,  
 Once my all, and adored,  
 No least phantom can come. . . .

"Now lullay, my sweeting,  
 There is nothing to fear.  
 It is only the wind  
 In the willows we hear,  
 And the sigh of the waves  
 By the sand dunes, my dear.  
 Stay thy wailing. Let sleep be  
 Thy solace, thou dear;  
 And dreams that shall charm  
 From that cheek every tear.  
 See, see, I am with thee,  
 No harm can come near.  
 Sleep sweetly, my loved one,  
 My lorn one, my dear!"

WALTER DE LA MARE

## THE TRAGEDY OF SMALL THINGS

AS the pale darkness settles down to praise  
With its gray tones the grandeur of the day  
Disorder comes with swallows in the field,  
Who rasp their arduous and eternal hunger  
Over the heavy air in which they hover,  
Shattering the silence like a globe of glass.

The hunger in the meadows is an omen  
Of what will bring the lion and lynx and wolf  
And hollow-haunting owl to awful life.  
In the dead center of the sibilant night  
Deaths build their pyramid within the wood,  
Among the sounds of sorrow and of sleep.

The builders of the monument forget,  
And those with whom the monument is built,  
Bone over bone, bone buried under bone,  
Have no cause to remember. Carols the cold-  
throated, king-torn nightingale, a voice  
Versed in the arts of mourning, and resigned,

“O triumph of the proud, O arching hours,  
Under which wait the witnesses of wrath,  
Take in the timid and the slow of foot,  
The ruminative and the patient ones;  
Sever the cords and pass the gates of fire,  
Burn in yourselves and come to ashes, too.

What falls will rise, beneath the eyes of doves,  
To the stag's bell and the insects' chorus,  
Beyond the wanton leopard and the fox.  
O hours of triumph, winding toward the light,  
Within whose confines crouch the hunted—taut  
And terrified and virtuous and trapped,

Prepare to see within your run their rising."  
 The song has ceased, the nightingale has fled,  
 And forth white-feathered comes the crowing cock.  
 Dour seeps the dawn across the forest floor,  
 And what was life and death beneath the moon  
 Becomes a falling leaf and silence seen.

HARRY BROWN

### *DROUGHT ON TROUBLESOME*

**T**ROUBLESOME Creek is a highway wandering more  
 than natural

For a passage going somewhere and arriving at certainty;  
 A road aims at straight lines, though accepts a curve or two  
 And a rise and fall to make a scheme and nature agree;  
 A creek pays less mind to man than to geography.

It would take a lot of rain to span the banks of Troublesome  
 And fill them up and start a respectable flowing,  
 And waken the rushes and dampen the hair of the mosses,  
 Liven the springs and start the draws a-roaring;  
 It would take a master rain to set the creek road going.

JAMES STILL

*TROOPS ASCENDING THE BEACH  
CALLED OMAHA*

**S**OMETHING more clinging than the mud  
Slows the ascent. Files reach  
To the farthest turning of the road,  
And more wait on the beach.

With steps which sometimes slip, men climb  
Past the first monuments—  
An enemy helmet in the slime,  
The foxholes and wet tents,

A smashed pillbox, a splintered house,  
The raw clay and the graves.  
A climber fumbles in his blouse,  
Looks back at the Channel waves,

Over more ships than he will count,  
And lights his cigarette.  
He thinks hard as the slow lines mount,  
Trying not to forget

Just how his wife looked and his child,  
And last things seen at home.  
In the strange fields the day is wild;  
Below, the coastlines foam.

Here is the anticipated shore,  
The land not new to us,  
But by our dead of another war  
Made known yet fabulous.

They go toward the imagined wood,  
Remembering names of earth  
Made famous by their fathers' blood.  
The first awed groups move forth

Through villages where the broken wall  
 And silence show the way.  
 There is no word that would say all  
 That I should like to say

Of comfort to them as we pass;  
 I can only smile, as though  
 That said: "This is the kind of place  
 Where men who come may go—

Enter one day, return another;  
 And here, with different speech,  
 Are women, patient, like your mother."  
 So I would try to reach,

Even in passing, some green boy,  
 Whom a few months will give  
 The killing edge which wars employ  
 Or not leave still alive.

I cannot comfort them nor bless,  
 Seeing, as I descend,  
 Companies almost numberless  
 Moving from the land's end

Upward in slow, deliberate lines.  
 There is a kind of peace—  
 The dedicated spirit shines  
 In the uplifted face

To which, from love, I speak good-bye.  
 Coastward my pathway runs;  
 Theirs inland toward tracered sky  
 And the thump of heavy guns.

LAWRENCE LEE

new job. we went to Clear  
and Melvin's place + went home back and had  
dinner with us. Had a fried chicken. I went  
to read you this past week and spent two nights  
one with him and one with Melvin. wanted to  
bring some but too dry. Could not do any good.  
Timothy is looking old. She had five kittens  
since you were full. all failed to survive.  
I am taking it easy now, although getting loads  
in shape to furnish my shop at Can Creek.

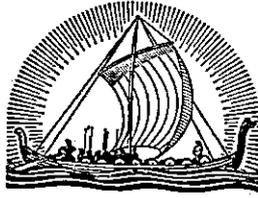
I have decided to work there and probably a  
wise decision. school starts Aug. 20.

Your first class mail will be sent to you  
we have not received any as yet. Morris has  
not a furlough in sight. we hope he will get  
one soon. We hope the Japs may quit soon.

Ronia had a good time in Texas. she stayed  
about four weeks. We are expecting you  
some week end soon. Be sure and let us know  
before hand because we may be away from  
home. because the rush.

As ever

John & Family



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18 EAST 48TH STREET

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July 23, 1945

S/Sgt James Still  
35133320  
Hq. & Hq. Sq. ADG, AAF  
APO No. 606  
c/o Postmaster, Miami, Florida

Dear Jim:

The weeks become months and the months become years and we wonder what is befalling you. The first sign of life from you since my striking and interesting Christmas card was your story in the current Atlantic Monthly. It was a great pleasure to catch the old feeling in its full effectiveness, and I am most curious to know whether this is something you wrote before you left or whether you have been able to go on using the same material in your radically different surroundings.

I hope you will feel like writing some day, telling us what life is now like for you - what these years are likely to do to you as a writer. Do you know yet or are you waiting to see? I don't deserve a full report from you, having been such a bad correspondent myself, but I hope we can have a few words. I hope too that your return may not be too far off.

The others here join me in sending cordial regards.

Sincerely yours,

*Marshall Best*

MAB/rc

701 President Madison Hotel  
Miami Beach, FL  
Forwarded to: AFFECT  
Plattsburg, NY

Pomigliano d'Adda  
July 27, 1945

Dear Jim

I have 83 points and I expect them to  
lower the points in a few days now.  
Their outfit have finished ~~to~~ all of the  
planes that they were supposed to and  
they are not sending more here to this  
base.

They are sending all the boys below 80 points  
out now and filling their out fit up with  
those above 80 points. We haven't anything  
to do now, working one day and off three  
from this base is a boat a daily out  
of Mt. Vesuvius. You can look at a map  
of Italy and tell where I am stationed.

I have been in quite a few towns here  
in Italy and Naples is the nicest one of  
them all.

This time was a year ago I was in  
Pisa the city of the leaning tower. Looking  
every thing that Jerry was throwing at us  
We lost two thirds of my company there.

And the day that I was wounded there  
was 11 of the boys left in my ~~of~~ company  
that I came across with and one of them was  
wounded by the same shell that got me  
and now there are four of them left in  
my old company now.

A few days ago we were captured and  
~~they~~ my spec Number was it was  
at M. P. spec Number but I have done  
any M. P. duty yet. But in my service  
record show that I still have a rifleman  
spec Number.

All we are doing now is waiting out  
a boat ride back to the states

your brother  
Tom



Pemaquid Point, Maine July 28, 1945

Dear James Still

Your card finally caught up with me after various forwardings, and it was nice to hear from you as you hunker abroad. Have the grassed surroundings driven away the birds? Back in the early days—1900-01, if I remember rightly—there were lots of them on the trail near West Palm Beach.

Though my own Atlantic is in Hindman, I snatched one from a woman about Wilson

long enough to read Mrs. Tagor. I had a little  
cousin once whose imaginary people were more  
real to her than the real ones. Small wonder  
that she majored in Psychology when she grew  
up, and is, I think still living. A mountain  
mound said to me once, "Haint' n't a sight what  
folks can think up!"

My young nephew will be in a hospital in  
Paris for some weeks yet. Got all through the War  
in Germany - Combat Engineers - then, starting  
Officers' training, while doing a "pickaback race"  
fell into a (probably concealed) hole, and broke  
the big bone of his leg!

Our beloved redstarts are roundabout  
and I never saw a Magnolia warbler the other  
day. - Hope you will soon be trailing up Troubles