

317 East 37th Street,
New York 16, N. Y.
October 23, 1945

Dear Civilian Jim:

Hope you are well established in your new pattern and that all goes well. I haven't heard for sure that you are back in Littcarr but believe you are so here is a bit of a letter. If you will let me know for sure I will send your package on.

Since your all-too-short visit here I've thought of you time and time and have started several letters in mind, thinking of so many things to tell you - things which seem already to have strayed from the reach of my typewriter. One thing on which I often dwelt was the story of Money. A few things happened afterwards and the story took good shape in my head and rests there now getting ready to be born. I always wanted to tie it in with a tale about a latter-day Hindu saint and believe it will now work out well. Hope you weren't shocked by the fact that keeping the 50-cent overcharge was part of it. Studying the emotions of that was important. I gave the store owner his recompense in as great a way as he gave his to me.

Before I forget it - which I wouldn't - Betty Finnin, fiction editor of Woman's Day, read your MRS RAZOR and spoke glowingly of it. She invited me to her Long Island home some time ago and drove me about in her car to show the whole wonderful country. In talking about your story, she asked me if you would be interested in submitting something to her. She is sending you a few copies of Woman's Day so that you may see what it is like. You will know whether or not you want to do anything for her. She will pay well - from \$300 to \$600 - or maybe more to you. Betty is a grand person. She would appreciate the privilege of seeing anything you would want to send her. When you come to New York again I'd like you to meet her.

Am sending you a story of mine which was in October Woman's Home Companion. ~~Since~~ Since its publication I've sold the English rights (to be paid on publication) and another agency asked for French and Belgium rights, they to take care of the translation. That will run for a 6-month period and I don't know what it will mean. Horch believes he can place several things in Sweden too.

October rain runs down the kitchen window panes, bulging them like knotted glass. Two pots of mint grow on the ~~window~~ sill and one of these nights they must be brought in or they will be scenting a frozen dawn. My apartment of four rooms has to be heated by P. Sterling. There is no central heating in the building. For the living room I have a fire place. For the next room there is a small gas radiator which takes care of the whole house on cool but considerate days. In the kitchen fireplace is a hard coal stove - baseburner type - which, when started for the winter, will heat the kitchen (which is half living room) and the study (work room, in other words). The house next door is being remodeled and as a mountain of lath has been torn from it to be thrown away, the tenants of this house have been piling woodboxes and cellar so that we will have then for kindling wood. This in the heart of New York. This is a regular tenement building which we have worked over and it is attractive enough now for a magazine to have become interested in taking pictures of it - a before and after affair. I've sunlight and air and seclusion and I hope I may stay for a full year or two. There is a slight danger that the owner will sell the property, which might mean that we would have to vacate within a few months. May that not happen.

Jim, did you ever see a magazine called Tricolor? There is a story running currently which I like - The Lonely Steeple, by Victor Wolfson. If you haven't read it, I'll save my magazines and send them on to you. My absorption now is Nietzsche's Birth of Tragedy. I'll read it again and again. What a mind the man had. He was supported "out of context" by the Nazis but ten times as many things against the Nazi doctrine can be culled from a dozen pages of his writings.

The little girl downstairs goes walking with me sometimes when I take the dog. She had a birthday recently and now she says, "I feel so good now that I'm six." She wanted me to dream of her last night because she was going to dream of me. I did dream of her though I remember no more of the dream than that I talked to her over a picket fence. Her dream of the previous night had been about watching another dream in a television set. She's an amazing child, with the vocabulary of a college graduate.

In your package you will find several issues of IN FACT which you may glance through or read fully at your leisure. I find them instructive.

As the rain is subsiding and I must take the dog during the lull, I'll fold your letter, seal it, and drop it in the letter box on the same trip. Write soon, Jim. I'd love hearing how you fare. Did you find the low glass bowl for your yellow roses? If not, I have found a beautiful one and will get it for you.

Write soon.

Sincerely,

Pari

Seems strange not to use your army appellations.

644 Eureka ave.

Paris Nevada

Oct. 1, 1945.

Mr. James Stice
Y. Vanderbilt Univ.
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Stice:

While in the library yesterday I
ran across your book entitled "River of
Earth". On the fly leaf was a little
clipping about your Stice family coming
from England in 1636, & to S.C.
Since I am one of the S.C. Stices
I am very interested in your connection
with the family. My branch has lived
around & in Blacksville, S.C. for three
generations we know. I have been working
on the S.C. "Stice" history but seem
to progress very slowly. My great grand
father was Samuel Stice. My grand
father Henry David Stice. My father
who still lives in Blacksville is 65
years of age is Samuel Hutchins Stice
my brother a Jr. lives in Washington D.C.
where he has worked in the Congressional
Library since his graduation at "The
Citadel" in Charleston. He studied &

2) Graduated in Law at George Washington where
where is still taking work. My sister &
I graduated at Oberlin College Genesville
Yale & I have had graduate work at
Kubady with Courred at Vanderbilt My
husband is from Ky. Lexington so
that makes three things in common.

I am writing a note of Viking Co
so I hope one of these reaches you.
I have 14 DHP lines but I hate to
say I do not have the price. I
have a copy of the Coat of Arms &
am very interested in getting a published
history of the family. Perhaps the Cou
work together on it by exchanging our information

I would appreciate hearing from you.
Kindest regards to your family -
Sincerely yours,

Marion Imogene Steel King
(Mrs. H. E.)

I have the Reed DHP line which is
on my grandfather Steel's side.

Wednesday
Oct 31 1945

Hello Jim.

Well the time has come to leave the army. I for one bow out with no regrets.

I have not cleared the field yet. I expect to go to the separation center in the next week or so.

Penny and I have been very happy here in West Palm Beach. It has been almost a vacation for us.

We will go to Atlanta soon. As yet I do not know what I will do.

The 8th A. S. G. is no
more. It was broken up
the 1st. We were made a Regt.
after the 70 point and 60 point
men are discharged there
will only be a few men
left.

Capt Rankin, Burgess and
a number of the officers and
about 100 men have gone
home.

If you are in Atlanta
be sure to look us up.
we will be happy to see
you.

Yours
Faunt
Cain

644 Eureka av.
Reno, Nevada.

[Oct 12, 1945]

Mr. James Stice
Of The Viking Press.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Stice:

Since I am a D.C. Stice I have noticed on a copy of your *Rivers of Earth* a note that your Stice family come from England in 1636. Since ours must be the same family & since I have been working on my Stice family history I wonder if we can't compare notes.

My home town where for three generations my Stice family has lived my great grand father being Samuel Stice who lived in the town of Blackville D.C. where also my grandfather Henry David Stice & his several brothers ^{lived} as does now my father Samuel Hutchins Stice we have a very good family record for the recent generations but since up to my generation there were no daughters or no one who seemed to

I'm as interested in the 'Steel' side
of the family as how my mother &
I. Perhaps you have some record of
the old S.C. family & know when
your branch of the family went to Ky.
since I am less than 40 & my
dad is 65. My brother Samuel H. Steel
has worked in the Congressional Library
in Washington since he graduated at
the Citadel in Charleston. He has worked
& gone to school graduating at
George Washington Univ in his Law
work & he now is in the
States Law Judicial Division. My sister &
I graduated at Brynau College, Greenville
Ga. I taught for a long time High
School Science History Math & E.C.
etc. I took post graduate work at
Vanderbilt & Peabody in Nashville so we
have two things in common.
If I hear from this I shall
be glad to write lots of things.
I wish kindest regards & congratulations
on your book. I have not been

3) so lucky is to read the others
but I shall in the near
future.

write me about your family

Regards to all -

Sincerely yours,

Marion Luogne Hill King
(Mrs. H.E.)

my husband is from Lexington Ky.

GUY LOOMIS
P. O. BOX 98
BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Oct 15-1945

Mr. dear Jimmy

Was very glad to get your letter of Oct 11 and I judge from it, that your temporary upset has cleared up nicely. It must have been quite an upset to have it happen and am glad indeed, that it is a thing of the past.

From what you say of the mess, that you got into it seems that ~~in~~ many Branches of the Service are headed by most incompetent people. Guess a Pull more than ability got them the job.

Have heard from one or two other boys I am close to, that they found the same condition elsewhere.

Now let me urge ^{you} to go mighty slow, till you have become accustomed to changed conditions - take life easy, and get back to good health before you start anything.

Am not sure that I wrote you, that I had to have a Cataract operation on my right eye. It happened on June 12th and I left the

Hospital fifteen days after it was done. No other complications were found and it was a complete success. The sight is slowly returning, and now by the aid of a special lens I can read most of the letters that come to me - I can neither write nor type as yet, and may be weeks before I can again become active in both lines.

So must possess my soul in patience till everything is cleared up. Physically I am o.k. but mighty tired of having around my quarters Miss Maunt, and Miss Poole (my nurse) have both come to my rescue in answering my letters and will very recently Miss Maunt had to read all letters received.

Ambulant every day, but till I get a new leg and I hope to have it tomorrow, do not dare venture out on my own.

Drop a line when you can, and above all things so mighty slow and don't let anyone tempt you to any activity, writing or anything else, till you are back to your full health.

From what I hear over Radio, it takes a soldier who has seen actively a long time to set back to civilian life.

GUY LOOMIS

P. O. BOX 98

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Hardly knew how to address the envelope
but will take a chance and use your
military title and I hope I have it correct.
Billy Carr is back in civies again and
will likely tie up again with The American
Air-lines.

Affectionately
M. Loomis

25. You will likely hear from Miss Mount in reply to
the letter - but I found a chance to get mine off to you, so
you may set time.

843 6th Street, Santa Monica,
California 21 October 1945

Dear James:

I wish instead of Florida you could come to California where the climate is good and besides, I know a doctor who will have your blood positively weighed down with red corpuscles in a month. Finding a place to stay is always the problem, but I imagine this place won't be any more crowded than Florida. What you need beyond any doubt are calciums and vitamins and iron and God knows what else, but this man makes a speciality of balancing your chemistry and when that is done, most of the things that all you disappear. A round of penicillin does the rest, and presto, science relinquishes you once more to the bedevillments of mind and spirit, which no materia medica can cure; but it can help you put up a better fight.

When I came here last January I came only to die, or so I believed. And my one thought was to get as far away from friends and family for this gloomy event as I possibly could... Incidentally I had taken a job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (writing) for thirteen weeks, but I had no notion I'd be able to go through with it. It was my plan to stay on my feet as long as I could.... Almost at once I came down with virus pneumonia (my old trouble was always my throat, and that had weakened me) and by some miracle of luck the doctor was called in who knew just what to do about me. I have been in wonderful health for a good while, and so can you be... I write of this first because I think it is important for you, after your long bitter trial, to begin life over again at least with your health repaired... Your whole future as writer depends upon it..

Did you have a Guggenheim Fellowship? I can't remember. If you did, did you have a renewal? Because now is the time to ask for a renewal in that case. Or for a first one if you haven't had it. But I seem to remember you did have... What a scene to come back to, James, your little house and all around it gone to pieces; and those three and a half years gone, which could have been spent in it, keeping it pleasant and getting your work done. We have all lost those years. I wonder if what seems to you self-bemusement is just the lassitude after long strain. People did feel that war, I mean the civilians, too. Hardly one of us who did not have somebody in it; people worked hard to turn out material, they oversubscribed every bond drive, for the most part I think they did what they could to help win a military victory... For the other victory, the one we need so badly, I think most people do not even know what it was supposed to be... who knows what this war was "about?" For so far as I can see, not one question was settled by it. I'll have to do a little digging for faith, too, James. I have it, really, but it is a long-term thing, maybe fifty years from now we will be able to see what this meant, what good came of it.....

It is wonderful to know you could write even a poem and two stories; and to have them all published. I didn't see them because I see hardly any magazines, but now I shall look for them..... I am glad you liked Paul Cadmus' drawing of me; and lovely to know you thought enough of it to adorn your wall with it. On the Gold Coast colony of British West Africa... God, how far away that sounds.

You never saw my house in Ballston Spa, did you? I haven't seen it myself for just two years on the fourth of this October... I had to leave it- for what you call the cruel months, and they are really cruel too in upstate New York-- and so drifted on to Washington and was Fellow of Regional American Literature in the library there for seven months, filling out the tenure of John Peale Bishop, who had died in April = then back to Washington and my illness of nearly two years getting worse, I came west. Since then things have been much better.. Mrs. Ames writes me that the place looks very well indeed, some one goes out now and then and opens the windows, and dusts things a little, and after all, it was only lived in a year, being all renewed then, so maybe it will hold together until I can get back to it...

I wish you had written to me to let me know where you were, for I thought of you anxiously many times. I had only a card saying you were gone to Africa, with an address, and I wrote you there, I think certainly more than once.... My favorite nephew went through the whole thing in Europe from the landing of our Army to the end, with the 9th Army, in Field Artillery Fire Direction, came through, and is in the University at Dijon.. But extremely tired, run down, discouraged with the ominous directions the peace seems to be taking, oh me, I am afraid yours is the mood of every thinking man, every man of civilized feeling, in the Services... But we do have one thing not even death can take away, and no earthly disaster can quite overwhelm us while we live. We are artists, and life has that much meaning, and what other meaning could be more to us? And when you are able to write again, you will find your life returning to you.... But still, here I am again with my strange faith in human remedies and ameliorations--.I long for you to have some good food and expert medical care.....

Do write me again soon and let me know what you do and what happens. Welcome home with all my heart. You cannot know with what relief I greet each letter or bit of news that comes to me from my friends who have been through this war and are coming back alive and at least unmutilated physically.... With that for a start, I cannot help but feel grateful...

Sincerely yours

Katherine Anne

I shall stay here until next spring and then, I don't know.

Katherine Anne Porter

843 6th Street, Santa Monica California

THE
NEW YORKER

No. 25 WEST 43RD STREET



BRYANT 9-8200

October 24, 1945

Dear Mr. Still:

I'm sorry we didn't feel either of these poems quite for us, but thanks a lot for giving us a chance to consider them.

Sincerely yours,

Peter DeVries
Peter DeVries

Mr. James Still
Bath, Kentucky

Enc: A FUNNEL SPIDER, LIZARD

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

Oct 29, 1945
929 Magnolia av.
Charlotte 3, N.C.

Dear Gimmie:

Mary Ann called via that ancient invention 'the telephone' and tells me you are back in the good state of Kentucky which I have not seen for sixteen years. I know you are glad to be back and to pick up your work again. My brother is still in Paris but we expect him home before Christmas.

I am writing after a day of hard work but hope to write you again when I feel more able. I have been sick but think I am O.K. now. As you probably know I am working in a book store - which I enjoy but the
(over)

work and strain is really terrific
this time of year and will be
until after Christmas. While 90%
of our material is religious liter-
ature, Bibles, church and Sunday
School supplies, - the store has
grown so rapidly that it is now
the largest book store in Charlotte
and, of its kind, the largest in
the South. We do carry a line
of general books for children
and as I do the buying I some-
times slip in an old favorite,
that is a little off our main
policy. I have a weakness for
the beautiful books printed by
the Heritage Press and the
Doubleday - Doran Limited Editions
series. The former has a ^{magnificent}
edition of Vergil's The Aeneid, which
I have just bought for myself. I
know you are familiar with these
publishing ventures. I do not
stock these in the store.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

Are you back in writing 'harness' again? I will keep a watchful eye on 'The Publisher's Weekly' for signs of any activity on your part.

All I do these days is work. Not that I mind - but I am afraid so much of it has made me a 'dull boy'. I am still thin and beginning to get as gray as a water-rat.

Hope you are feeling fine and can find time to drop me a line before long.

Sincerely,
Jouman (Faulkner)

P.S. you certainly have a most unusual address. All I can think of is a timber-wolf howling in snow storm.

Send
copy to DTC

A-5 Dec 45

Woman's Day

M A G A Z I N E

19 WEST 44th STREET • NEW YORK CITY • TELEPHONE VAnDerbilt 6-2890

October 29, 1945

Dear Mr. Still:

The last time I saw Pan Sterling I happened to tell her how much I had enjoyed reading "Mrs. Razor" and Pan was delighted and informed me that she was a good friend of yours. So, right away quick I asked her to write you and tell you how very much interested I am in your stories. I'm sending some copies of the magazine under separate cover. While we don't go in for out and out slick boy-meets-girl type stories, still we don't go for the too oblique either.

I do hope you'll let us see something ^{still} some time.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely,

Betty Finin
Fiction Editor

Mr. James Still
Dead Mare Branch
Littcarr, Kentucky

F:p

5/Dec 45
317 East 37th Street,
New York 16; N. Y.
October 29, 1945

Dear Jim:

Thank you for your fine October letter with its drifting leaves and the autumnal signature. I'd just written to you, mailing the letter as usual to Littcarr. Will it be forwarded to the correct post office?

Your package will go forward at once now - on the first day I can get to the office where I used to work. They have all the facilities for doing packages up nicely.

Am sorry that you were ill for so long and trust there will be no recurrence. Could it be that your pains were caused by that so-called food we didn't eat in that little eating house on a cross street in the garment district here in New-York????? When you come again I'll know where not to take you.

Have been typing all day, revising as I write. It's the two-part story for Woman's Day - provided they want it. It's been hard because it has been done for money and I am not proud. Yet it has to be, so it seems.

A friend of mine - the girl who lived in San Antonio and whom I wanted you to meet when you were there - has come to town. Her mother was to visit her so she got several theatre tickets. After her mother found she couldn't come, I fell heir to her seats. First we went to "Oklahoma" which I consider a splendid American opera. It's far better and deeper than I imagined it would be, particularly the second scene dealing with "poor Jud." Then Saturday we went to see Eva LeGallienne in "Therese". She was better than the play, and Dame May Whitty was superior even to her. And that is not all. Wednesday we go to "Anna Lucasta," an all-negro show. So you see, the horn of plenty holds theatre seats too.

Here is the Woman's Home Companion story, in case you find time to read it. You will notice red lines drawn through a couple of sentences. They were written by the magazine - not by me. I blushed when I saw them. Don't know why they didn't let the poor dog follow his nose-wind rather than a scent. In one story "The Watermelon Picture" - which hasn't been published yet - in speaking of a day-old piece of watermelon I said it looked like a sore. One of the dear readers shuddered so I wouldn't be surprised if that line too is cut out.

Goodnight, Jim. It's late and there is still much typing to do. This has been a spring day shuffled among the autumn ones, the kind of a day that lures new shoots out of drained stems. Yesterday was Fall and tomorrow may be too, but today was spring.

Good writing days to you.

Pan

OFFICE OF THE

EDITOR



8 ARLINGTON STREET

BOSTON 16

The Atlantic Monthly

October 31, 1945

Dear Mr. Still:

"Littcarr, Kentucky" is an exceptionally attractive poem and I am truly sorry that we have been unable to make a place for it in the magazine. I hope that in spite of your disappointment, you will try us again.

Sincerely yours,

Phoebe Lou Adams
For the Editors

Mr. James Still
Bath
Kentucky

(From: 1723 Liberty St.,

Apt. 466

Akron, OH

To: Littcarr, KY]

Wednesday 10 a. //

[31 Oct 1945]

Dear Jim:

I had a letter from Inez about two weeks ago, telling me that you had been discharged from the Army.

I wrote her and asked for your address which I have been trying to get ever since you got back in the States.

Saturday I got a letter from Ishmael Archer telling me that he had been up to see you.

I'm sure glad to know that you are out of the

army and can go about living a normal life. I suppose you have been getting a lot of good rest, and enjoying your little home in the mountains of "ole Ky".

I have been trying to find out what has happened to Tom. Is he back in the States yet?

Papa never answers my letters, but I keep writing.

We are working six hours per day now, and I am on the 2nd shift. 12 noon to 6 p.m. not bad eh!?

at present the pay is a bit on the short side, but we are expecting to get a raise soon.

We sure would like to have you come up for a visit, any time. Whatcha say?

My transfer to Gadaden was a false alarm. I suppose I'll just stay here awhile anyway.

write as often as you can.
Rose mare has made all a: this year. Hope to see you soon
as ever