

From: Hindman, KY

L. J. J. 1974

To: 8 Hg. Sq. Air Corps.  
Duncan Field  
San Antonio, TX

Dear Jimmie.

To-day Sunday, Decoration Day and we have been to your place, went on the hill for awhile and enjoyed everything the best in the world. Got a bunch of strawberries and now they are in the frigidaire waiting for the ice cream to freeze. Your strawberries was fine, not so many, but large. The rhubarb is extra fine with leaves large enough for umbrellas. We expect to can quite a lot. We will store away some for you.

This week the selecties are in Hindman for blood tests and will be leaving for camp about the 16th. It looks <sup>like</sup> Dan Martin is the only married man in Hindman on <sup>the</sup> list as far as I know now. Laird Wath, Morton Couler, Dennis Cornett (Ronnie's brother-in-law) and several more. I think the call is about 65 this time. My teachers are being thinned out and I'm not sure I will have more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz men teachers on the job when school starts. I am having trouble in pleasing the teachers and I am not worrying much about it. Tomorrow is board meeting with us and I am going to try to recommend about all teachers possible. The schools are all out now and I wish you were here we would

would take a leave and go somewhere.  
However I will stay on the job and  
when you do come we will take it.

Our garden is looking fine now.  
The corn is at last and now things  
are growing. we will have beans pretty  
soon and our potatoes are fine.

In case you do pull up stakes and  
depart write us at the time if possible.  
We still have your keys for your lock  
box at Hazard, and if you have any  
instructions please let us know.

We are always glad to hear from you.

I told Kirby Cornetts father yesterday  
that he had departed for somewhere  
but, he had not heard it.

As ever

Jethro family

no doubt have heard  
that a success Mrs Rawlings  
+ book Cross Creek is known  
rejoice as I do would  
be to know that ~~having~~  
seen the air you are  
tried you know they tell  
the Hers will win the  
r yours Sincerely

Aunt Ida  
Mrs Farrant

dress  
Mrs I. M. Farrant  
272 St George St  
St Augustine  
Fla

(To: 8th H<sub>2</sub> S<sub>2</sub> Air Corps  
Duncan Field  
San Antonio, TX)

272 SAINT GEORGE STREET  
SAINT AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

June 1st 1942

Dear Mr Still  
Heard through  
Mrs Rawlings Baskin that you  
were in the service she  
kindly gave me your address  
as I wanted to write you  
have pleasant recollections  
of your visit to Florida  
and cherish your book  
The River of Earth which

You sent me. How can you  
guess who this is? don't  
think so. Well it is just an  
old lady who wants you to  
know that she wishes you  
well. I hope that your lines  
will fall in as pleasant  
places as there is in such  
a thing as War. Am wondering  
how you like Texas? St  
Augustine is 53 miles from  
Camp Blanding and each  
week end large numbers of  
the soldiers come here for  
recreation there is a U.S. Club

across the street from where  
am boarding and as I would  
see soldier boys in large  
fers going in and out  
A few weeks ago a Texas  
division was over for the  
week end and they carried  
whooped things up in  
jellows but a number came  
in the hospital so I was told  
This St Augustine is a be-  
tiffull old city hope when  
the war is over you will  
be able to come and see  
us here know you will  
enjoy it very much

Riverton, Ky.  
June 11th 1942

Dear Jimmie:

Is it possible for you to get me a Publishers Weekly for May 30th 1942? I can't get one around here. Now you have my curiosity aroused--I want to see that particular number.

I have been expecting a letter from you; though I thought, you were on your way to Australia or Alaska--or on your way to some other unknown destination. I'd like to know how you like army life. I know that you have had time to change your mind about it since I got a card from you at Fort Thomas. You said then that you liked this man's army.

Do you have time to do any writing now? Did the change in editorship on the Post bother you any? Once I sent a story to the present editor of the Post who was at that time editor of Country Gentleman! He returned the story saying that it "wasn't impossible but highly improbable." The story was accepted by Esquire and has been republished in Scholastic, a volume of short stories entitled "Here We Are--" and in five different high school literature and life books!

Have you read the MOON IS DOWN? What do you think about it? The movie rights alone sold for \$300,000. Did you read Hemingway's FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS? I haven't read either of these books. I know now that I am a very small minnow in a very tiny creek pool. I'd do well to make enough from my work to live--even a bare existence.

I think that it is a shame that we have lived as close together as we have and haven't seen each other since college days. It is your fault and it is my fault. Either one of us could have visited the other. Maybe that is the English in us. I know that Still is an English name for I saw it all over England. Stuart is a Scottish name but Mom's people came from Yorkshire. You are getting enough orders but Jimmie Still I'm ordering you to write me a letter--no matter how brief--and to send me if you can a copy of P.W. Always, Jesse Stuart *Jesse Stuart*

Sunday June 14th 1942.

Dear Jim,

All well.

Comer quit his job at Fairfax and gone to work at  
Gadsden. he move his things out to Mr. Adams till he  
can get a house. Inez came down yesterday and her and  
Lois went to see Ellore they went via train. I do not  
know when they will come back. I am on my round inoculating  
dogs. I inoculated 172 dogs yesterday.

Will make my trip down by Cusseta next Saturday.

We are having lots of rain.

Write soon and often always glad to here from you

---

Asever Pop.

P.S.

Jim, I hope to go to work at Goodyear  
Rubber Co. Wednesday.

Will tell you about everything later

your Buck  
Comer

MRS. SIDNEY RICE

1140 Illinois Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Jim, Sid is afraid if you haven't already joined the army, voluntarily or otherwise you soon will and he'll lose touch of you completely. He often wonders to me how you are etc.

Won't you please write to us and tell us how things are going with you?

We are all well and happy. Ann who is now 2 years and nine months is wearing glasses because her right eye goes off focus (which she inherits from me.) She looks quite the scholar.

You might be glad to know Sid has been doing a little writing lately which I think is pretty good.

For several reasons we, like so many other people this year, aren't going on a vacation. Sid is going to miss seeing his folks more than I will miss seeing mine.

Please write to us -

Sincerely

---

Dot Rice



Gadsden, Ala  
June 18, 1942

Dear Jim:

I was glad to know that you are still in the States, and hope that you want have to leave the Country.

I am expecting to be called to work at the Good Year plant. I had an interview today with the Shop Foreman. He said that he would call me if the labor board Ok'd my application.

I hope to be out of textile work for good. I like Gadsden and hope that I can locate a house and get settled. We should like it fine since Inez + Doug. live here.

Papa thinks it is ok that I left Fairfax. He's doing fine as usual.

I hope to see you before you leave the U.S.A. Luck to you

Your Bud  
Cowan

June 18, 1942  
Gadsden, Ala.

Dear Uncle James

I hope you are enjoying your stay in the Army. I bought my first Defense Bond today, so you could keep em flying. I got a promotion last week, I am now the assistance manager of the Birmingham Post here in Gadsden.

Love  
Peanut

P. J. Matter, Louise, and Barbara Sue, are in Florida for two weeks.

La Fayette Ala.

June 21<sup>st</sup> 42.

My Dear Jones,

I write you a Card of my return from Union Spgs  
& expressing my regrets at missing your visit - but how could  
I have been from you -

I am wondering if you are still in Low Aetonia!

The copy of Virginia H. Arding letter to you has appeared

~~many circumstances - readers please - for to me it was a letter~~  
years.

The message to you from me of the worship great  
writers was something to be treasured thro' a life time.

I am proud for you & for the red red hills of County who  
you are being -

How you ever read "Kristina, Lovenskaer" by  
Knut Hamsun? It is a story of a staunch century Randevous  
life? It is a story of a moving  
tragic story of that time & people.

I imagine the old days of research - by its  
accomplishments. Its recent flight from Norway under  
such cruel conditions will give meaning to you

Try of which you are fighting for - a free land for free men -  
Honor the destruction of Lidice, the extermination of its  
real population - something to make you want to stamp out  
Hitlerism, his diabolical Gestapo?

How could things come to such a pass in a so-  
called civilized world?

James, I had the pleasure of meeting another of  
Charles Cummings' literary club - Helene Thompson  
Whelan formerly at our time lived near you -

She has written two prof-ly novels "Give us this night"  
& "Dr. Reed" & says she is now working on her third.

She left last week with her husband for some  
Californian assignment. She says when they there  
get new material & make good for her work -

She is a very pleasant young woman & takes her writing  
very seriously -

Probably to make a study of the woman  
people as you have done & find the poetry & tragedy  
in this life here is a real literary  
accomplishment - something of which to be proud -

2.  
You asked me of George O'Connell - well he is a  
young Mississippian. His poems have been published  
with two other young poets whom I do not know  
as I only looked over the book.

But to my estimate he has great talents & he  
can get away from teaching & may some day  
develop it.

Now you were wise to send your poem when you  
like David Thomson took to the poets of the world  
for you yourself that excellent for literary work, quite.  
I love your mountain stories with their picturesque  
mountain speech - "The Pine Walker" & "Little Pe" are  
just for me.

I have seen thoughts of the pick negro speech  
all around me. I was led to make a note!  
The Robby Frost was told of poems "The Witness Tree"  
Now as you know what a witness tree is?  
An old negro woman down in the Buckaroo mountain  
was - See her you of you as with them!

My daughter & her children have been up for several  
weeks so I'm having a long time of it. The old  
China very tree in the back yard is their playground -  
Do let me hear from you soon -

With all your wishes & the best  
of luck in this war effort  
Sincerely yours friend,  
Minnie Mai Hollingsworth

How at last you father in law times each &  
Don't let me go but from no one at home -

June 27, 1942  
Gadsden, Ala.

Hello Uncle Jim;

How is the Army treating you now? I hope you are well and satisfied with it. Are you getting three meals a day now.

Peanut said you were a Corporal. Well I congratulate you. Keep up the nice work that you are doing. It won't be very long before you'll have them saying "yes sir" and "no sir". I suppose that will make you feel better. Do you think you will get another furlow soon. I hope so and I know you do.

Uncle Coomer is working at the "Good Year", in Gadsden. He is a Mill-rite, whatever that is.

We have just returned from our vacation in Florida. We had a splendid time. They are all well. Herry is married. Billy is going into the Navy soon. They are rationed on gas. I wish you could see Helen's little girl and boy. They are the cutest things, and sweet as pie.

Dearest James.

We had a nice time enjoyed every minute of it, come back by way of Birmingham. Lois came on with me, Comer carried her to the bus this morning. We are glad Comer is working here now. He is looking for Mary to visit him this week while I'm off. We really are having plenty of hot weather now days. See God, should see our sun tan it will take lots of facials to get rid of it.

Write soon lots of love  
D. Mary



Well Uncle James We will not have much longer to lay around the house, because our schools ~~are~~ will start in August instead of September. I will be glad in a way.

One of my girl friends, sister, and her boy friend was killed instantly in a car wreck while I was gone. There were four others in the car. Two were scarcely injured, the other two wasn't hurt very bad. They said they met another car and was forced into the soft dirt and went off the road ~~and~~ <sup>They</sup> crashed into a tree. My friends and her sister were only half sisters. She died without knowing it. They had to make her face out of plastic! They say it didn't look like her. Her mother and half sister are suffering of bad over it. My girl friend Peggy Elder feels ~~lost~~ lost without her. The scene taken place on the road back of the mill.

Well I must close. Write me if you have time, about the Army. I'm buying war stamps to help.  
Your niece  
Louise B.

(From: Republic Precision Div)  
2317 W. Grand Ave

Chicago, IL

To - Duncan Field  
San Antonio, TX]

June 27, 1942

Dear Jim:

It is Saturday evening. I have been working out in the yard all day and have just had a shower and dinner and now feel pretty good. It is a perfect time for a letter.

Every day we get quite a harvest of vegetables out of our victory garden even though it only measures fifty feet by twenty.

I have a new job. I started on it the first of June and it is one reason why I have been delayed in answering your letter. It is swell. First of all because it is connected with the defense effort. I manage the office and business end of a new, small factory making engine parts. It is not nearly so grand as it sounds. But its exciting.

It didn't seem right to be working at tax saving research when I was so young and healthy and there was a war on, so I got a leave of absence (which might even be permanent) until after the war is over, to take up this more pertinent task.

All of this despite the fact that I am about the most confirmed pacifist that ever came off the skids. When I used to try to write poetry, very often my efforts dwelled cynically on the futility and inevitability of war. One written seven years ago had the following stanza as part of it:

Mankind!

Why will you not look to the light -  
Swinging in History's bloody tower,  
Bargain with Peace for your plight  
And check your sorry hour?

At first glance it seems to be an endorsement of Chamberlinism. But another way to bargain with Peace is to be strong, ready, bland and friendly.

We are in it now so poets like yourself must lay that kind of thinking to one side and look to their fate-given task of putting into a few short lines the bolt of inspiration that it takes to make men strive hard enough to gain the victory.

Your writings reveal a very keen, intuitive understanding of human nature. However, I have always had the feeling that in uniform and in war, men's souls burst at their seams and reveal more of their natures than even a poet's instinct comprehends, before it has the actual experience.

Walt Whitman was one of the kindest men that ever lived and he hated war. But he said that the experience enabled him to later on borrow from the strong colors of stark reality to present the peaceful, worthwhile things with more beauty and brilliance.

A novel way to become better acquainted has developed. One of my best friends, a young fellow I grew up with and went to school with, moved with his wife and daughter to San Antonio a few months ago. They went down there because of his wife's chronic throat trouble. The dry climate causes it to disappear.

Several weeks ago they were up here visiting and I told them about your being so close to them. They were very anxious to get in touch with you and invite you to their place for a darn good dinner and a debate or two. Ed and I have spent countless hours in heated debate on every conceivable subject.

He is a salesman. Before he went south he had an excellent job as such for Sherwin-Williams in one of their best territories. He is impetuous and impulsive and is made of whole cloth. His mother and father are modeled after God's most ideal pattern for 'Good Folks'.

They went down South again before getting your address from me and the other day they sent me an air-mail letter containing an airmail stamped addressed envelope instructing me to give them your address so they could ply you with the kind of invitation I have always found so much pleasure in when they have made it to me.

I have hesitated to give the address without first consulting you just in case you didn't want your privacy intruded upon. But it is tempting to have Ed and Jean meet you so they can write me a description of yourself and your thinking as you have never done in your letters.

I understand they are only about a mile from your camp. They have rented the house of a doctor. It was furnished complete with a blind mule, a peacock, a mexican named Jesus and some old pecan trees. Since they have been their Jesus has found a defense job and the mule has died, but the pecan trees are still giving shade on Sunday afternoons.

After I finish this letter to you I will make use of their stamped envelope to send them your address. No doubt they will soon contact you. They are Edward and Jean Thompson, daughter Skipper, and brother Kenneth who is also of one my best and closest friends.

From now on, while you are in the service, I promise to answer all letters within twenty-four hours of their receipt. How about a letter right now?

Give'm Hell,

*Paul*

From: T-47 ONE V.  
Galsden, Al

(29 June 1974)

To: 842 SQ AAF  
Duncan Field  
San Antonio, TX

Monday, 6 A.M.

Dear Jim:

I am now working seven day a week at the Goodyear plant. I worked ten hours a day last week, but we are changing to eight hour shifts today.

I assembled sewing machines yesterday. My job will be sewing machine repair. The pay will be more than I made at Fairfax.

I like Goodyear fine, and I am sure I'll like better when Mary and Rose Mary can come up here. I haven't seen them in nearly three weeks. Boy! am I home sick.

I had a letter from papa last week. He seems to be doing fine.

It sure does pop him up when he hears from some of the kids. He sent me ten dollars which I shall return as soon as I can make a couple of pay days.

I notice you have a promotion. How <sup>do</sup> you like being a Corporal?

I had better go to work. Write me soon  
your Bud

Lothair, Kentucky  
June 30, 1942

Dear Mr. Still,

This letter will probably surprise you. I have written to you at Lettcan but only recently, & knew you were in Service and Miss Grover has given me your address. As usual I have misplaced it, so I am relying on her kindness in forwarding this to you.

Through Miss Staudish's <sup>help</sup>, I have just been reading some books from Kindman Library. I enjoyed your "On Troublesome Creek". I like your interpretations of our mountain life much better than Jesse Stucats', though I have read only few of his <sup>works</sup> and am probably prejudiced. Here, that's much too flat, but I can't express my opinion any other way.

Can you still have time to write? I hope so, because you

have an entirely new subject upon which to start don't you? O, I mean your writing about it will be new. There are no new subjects.

I must start off in a new vein. Somehow, I never say what I mean. I have just finished "Gone With the Wind". I found it rather amusing and enjoyed it very much. I have often wondered why, in reading or studying about the "Civil War" my sympathies were always with the North. But, while reading this book, I recalled some of the things I've heard my great-grandfather say. He was one of those "dam Yankees," as they were called. Everyone called him "Radical John," and ridiculed him for naming my grandfather after Abe Lincoln. I imagine my folks were called "poor white trash," because they owned no plantations and worked no negroes.

But what is even more surprising to me, my great uncle was a member of Ku Klux and I have always been prejudiced against negroes. I am like a "house divided against itself" but why am I thinking about "Civil War" days? Just the book stirring my memory. I am all mixed up about it, but then "Radical John's" wife was an Indian. Some day I shall write a book, a biography - autobiography, or history about my people. Perhaps it will be my life work.

---

I hope this rambling letter has taken your mind off army life for just a bit.

Please write me, if you can, and tell me all the news about yourself.

I should like very much to have a snapshot  
of you in uniform.

Your friend,  
Givian S. Flavery

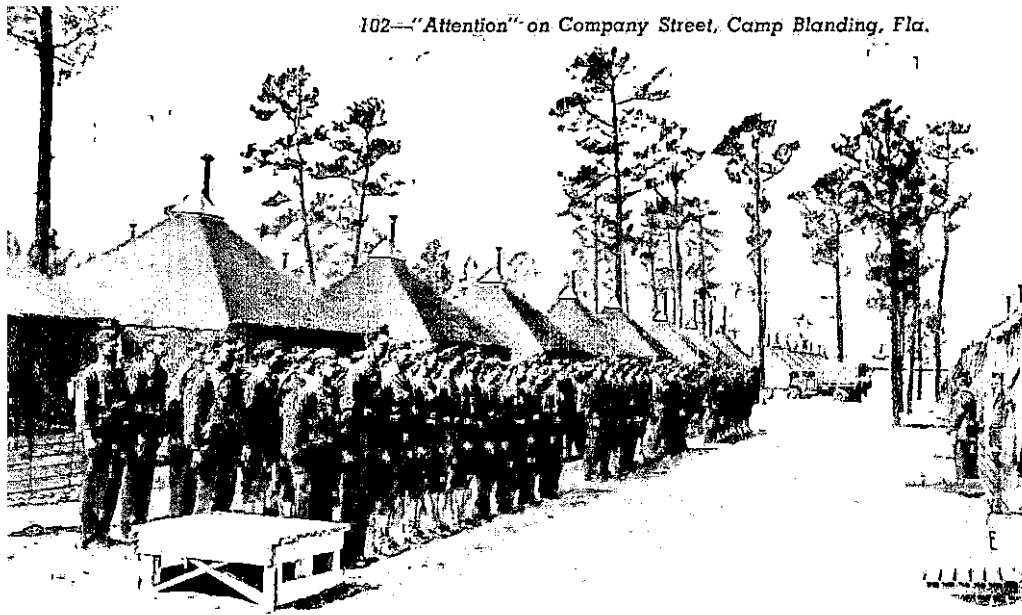


I had Miss Grover + Miss Standish  
over for dinner last Sunday.  
June 21<sup>st</sup>. We had a nice visit.  
We were in Hindman the last  
of May. I saw pictures of your  
cabin on Dead Mare Branch. It looked  
so restful and secluded. I bet you  
miss it. Write to me.

---

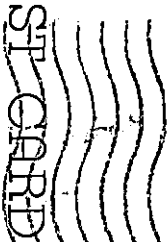
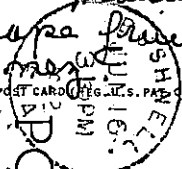
---

102—"Attention" on Company Street, Camp Blanding, Fla.



Arrive in Bushnell Fla. Sun. noon  
 in going my self fine. Went sleep-  
 ing Monday. going to the cattle  
 market today. wife go fishing Wednes-  
 day. Cecile is getting her basket read  
 island Hazel are fine tomatoes for  
 canning. we killed a snake late  
 Sunday evening. Nell is plowing  
 getting land ready for planting  
 peanuts. I gathered grape fruit  
 yesterday. Love & Mary

GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLOR-TONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



Post James Steel  
 814 S. G. Ave. Croco  
 Duncan Field  
 South Daytona Fla

The famous Dupree Gardens, consisting of unsurpassed landscaping with thousands of azaleas, camellias, gardenias, magnolias, hollies, annuals and myriads of tropical plants and flowers, nestled in the center of a beautiful 900 acre estate, are located 17 miles north of Tampa, Fla. on U.S. Highway 41.

GENUINE CURTIS-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLOR-TONE" POST CARD REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[1942]

JUN 19 4 38 PM

POST CARD



Received your card

The day I felt home was glad to get it with could write often.

Work could have been better with us yesterday.

Went fishing twelve, in all caught more fish than could eat for dinner.

If all keep well at home we will stay a few days longer.

Sister,

Pvt. James Still

8 Hq Sq. Army Air Force

Duncan Field

San Antonio, Texas

MILLSBORO N.W. CO., TAMPA, FLA.