

Cystal Falls, Mich.

June 16, 1944

Dear Friend Jim,

I received your letter today with the two copies of "Who Dat". Arnold used to send me copies of the paper now and then, so I could see what they were like. I was wishing I could get hold of a copy when it had the article about him in. Thank you so much for sending it.

Arnold's death certainly was a terrible shock. It hit us hard. It's so difficult to believe it, even yet. He was such a grand person. I know you must miss him a lot, too, as well as his many other friends. He was so well liked by everyone.

We held Memorial Services for him at our Church on May 28th. We had songs by a soloist and by the Choir. After a short sermon, and the obituary, someone

played 'Taps'. All of Arnold's brothers and sisters (and there are a lot of us!) were here for the Service, except the two boys who are overseas.

We had some bulletins printed for the Service and I think you might like one, so I'll send one on.

Arnold used to speak of you in his letters. He said, once, that you were a writer, and asked me if I'd ever read any of your stories.

I must close now, and thanks again for sending the papers. Good Luck to You.

Sincerely,
Laraine Groop.

Sunday June 18th-44

My dear Jimmie

Your welcome letter of June 2nd at hand and it was indeed most welcome for from the tone of it you seem to have gotten over your trouble and are well on the way to complete recovery. If all is not quite cleared up just watch your step carefully and thus complete the job. Glad the capsules reached you safely and hope you took the matter up with your M.D. and got his O.K. ere you started on them. Now if there is anything else you want do not hesitate to ask for it. Am only too glad to send you boys all I can to supply your wants. You must be seeing a great lot of new country and fortunately for you you are young enough to fully appreciate its grand from every point and capable of storing away in your sub conscious all the wonders of that country and will carry back many memories of what have seen. You may be able to write some "mountain stories" of that country when you get back. But above all watch your health for that sticks closer than a brother and have heard of some of the boys who come back to recuperate being bothered with it here. Had a great surprise last Thursday, was at the office and Billy Carr's voice came over the wire. He had landed in New York on Wednesday from the New Guinea section. Had left there on the 9th I think he said. He came down in the afternoon and spent several hours with me. He was ordered back to first report at Headquarters in New York and to go from here to Washington. He knew not why he was sent nor where they may send him from here. Will write me as soon as he gets his orders. The war has set its mark on him. Was in three major fights and has three stars on his ribbon. He was not wounded in anyway. Did not try to get him to talk about his experiences for the little he did say showed clearly they had hit him hard. He seemed O.K. but was still taking that atabrine to kill the malarial germs in him. But his face showed that it had aged him some and he was a bit nervous and unstrung. My clock struck the half hour and it made him jump. We hear many experiences over radio from the boys who have been in the battles and I did ask him if they were authentic. Also whether the men were so loyal to their wounded buddies and about the chaplains. In reply to the first two his reply was a very positive "YES" and as to the chaplains he said they were most loyal and attentive to the men and that they worked in deepest harmony without regard to the denomination of either and handled the men without any regard to race creed or color. And what he said bore out the broadcast of Chaplain Jim that comes in over the radio every Sunday on W.J.Z. at 2 P.M. Have not missed one of his broadcasts in months. No news from here as time just drags along. Gas is rationed so can do no touring. But we are taking it all as it comes and without kicking. For you boys over there must be having a tough time of it. Suppose my next surprise will be a voice over phone saying "This is Jimmie Still". Let me know ahead if you can so that I can arrange to put you up here at the Bossert. Where you will be most welcome. Write when you can.

Affectionately yours

Do get gas enough to let me get around the city to do what I have to do. With the trolleys taken off of the streets and the busses crowded, when one is 84 one cannot get around as they did when they were 40. Don't use the subways for the stairs are too hard to climb. Am O.K. but trying to act my age,

Uncle G--

218 East 36th St.,
New York 16, N.Y.
June 28, 1944

Dear Jim:

Your birthday was not forgotten. I thought of you and realized that I had been thinking your day was July 16th instead of June 16th. I sent you wishes and hope you gathered them in from the ether.

There has been a wondrous sunset, like the atmospheric scenery in some old bible picture of venerable God with his long beard and white hair, his wonder radiating through the heavens. Tonight the rays have shot through the sky in such glory that it seemed the biblical face should appear and give a pronouncement. I hope it has been beautiful for you too.

Do you see the Ladies Home Journal there? If so, and if you care to look in the July issue, you'll see a story of mine. It's certainly not my best or heaviest but they did pay more money than for some of the better ones. Woman's Day is buying one too. I believe you'll like it, so when it is out I'll send it along. The name is "THE WATERMELON PICTURE." Horch says he will have two more in July too. Well, to earn enough money to be free of other work while working on the book.

How are you, Jim? Do tell me. Write a bit of a note whenever you have time. Keep a million things in mind to talk about when you get home. What a lot you'll have to say. And write.

Such nice letters come from Kentucky. I meant to bring the one from Jennie to quote to you. It goes something like this: "I have a little garden. I keep the weeds out. I feed the chickens and gather eggs. I wash the dishes and sweep the floor. I sweep the house." Irma Jean says your monthly roses are blooming. How far away your little house must seem, yet how very close sometime. When are you going to do the story about the dulcimer?

Goodnight, Jim. I'd so like to see you.

If you don't see LHJournal and want me to, I'll send a copy.

The picture of me is terrible. Makes me look fat, and big.