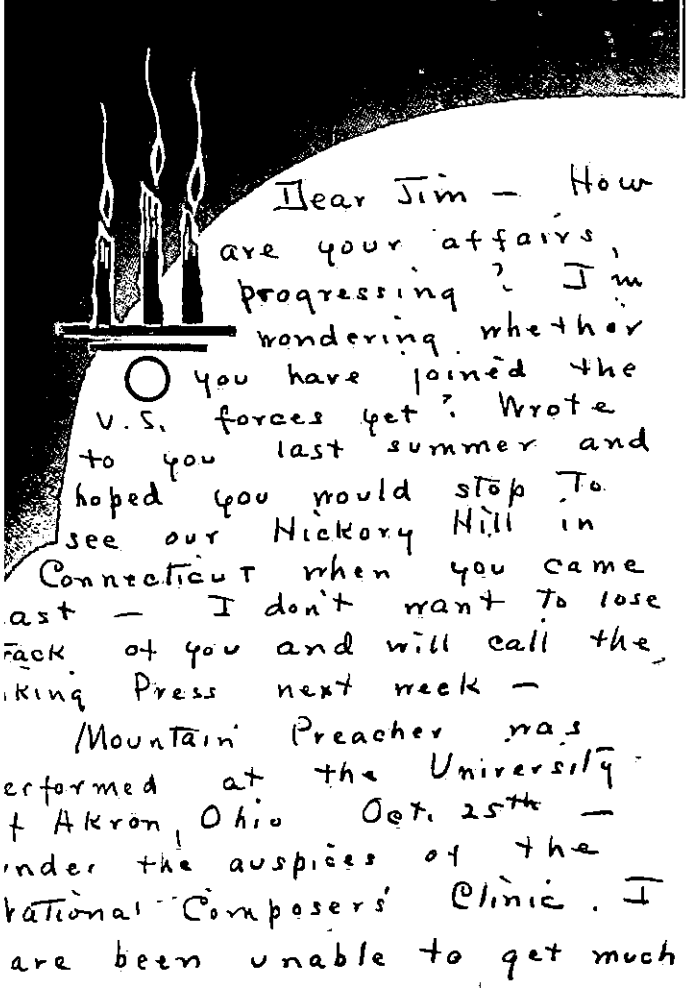


Christmas
congratulations

(From: 205 W. 57th St.
New York, NY)

[C. Dec 1942]



Dear Jim - How
are your affairs
progressing? I'm
wondering whether

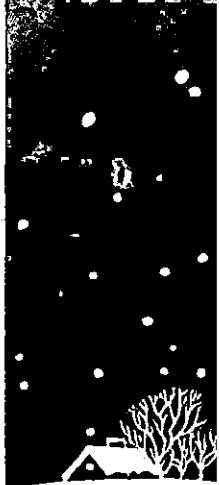
○ you have joined the
U.S. forces yet? Wrote
to you last summer and
hoped you would stop to
see our Hickory Hill in
Connecticut when you came
ast - I don't want to lose
track of you and will call the
Living Press next week -

Mountain Preacher was
performed at the University
of Akron, Ohio Oct. 25th -
under the auspices of the
National Composers' Clinic. I
are been unable to get much

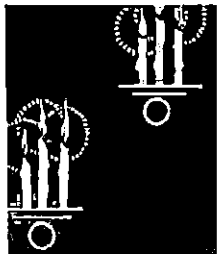
Every good wish
from
Ethel Glenn Hier

May this Christmas
bring you gladness
And light a
pleasant way
Through a New Year
full of promise,
Made happier
day by day!

of a report except
from a friend who wrote
that it was beautiful - I
hope for some good per-
formances after the war.
Many choral organizations are



6
90
10



145 Hicks Street, Brooklyn
December 2, 1942.

Dear Jimmie -

We have just received word from Uncle Guy of your safe arrival in Africa, and he has suggested I write a message to you.

Everyone is so very proud of all the boys in the various parts of the service. It is so fine to see groups of the States' best in the street or subway or wherever - Everyone is so kindly to them and I understand especially in the West, the towns folks are very good to the boys

We hear very very encouraging news from every theatre of action and I presume you are in active duty now and are quite used to army routine by now.

Uncle Sam hears from Billy regularly. As you know he is in Australia and has gotten over his appendicitis case very well and is back in active service.

We shall miss your 1942-43 short story but I am sure you you will have some new material to include in your future writings.

Uncle Guy was so fearful that the army would do something to your charm and ease and grace but I assured him those qualities were born in you and no one could take them away.

If you want us to send you anything from the U.S. let us know.

Now that we have a new address I am sending you today a small "Christians package of goodies which I hope will reach you safely."

Take good care of yourself and let us hear from you.
Cordially Hazel S Watkins

MISS LUCIA E. DANFORTH
THE PORTIUNGULA
HARROGATE
TENNESSEE.

will always remember

Dear James Still

How glad I was to get your cards and how overwhelming the address is! And the card is so interesting in itself.

I had heard somehow that you were in the army air corps and that you could be reached through the Ambergys, and thought I should write long ago, but did not.

Mr. Harkness is in the Red Cross in Texas, I think. We lost seven young professors and teachers. The attendance has dropped, of course, but I think the college will hold out. I am not teaching this year. I asked them to give the work to my fine assistant. She is fine and loves the work.

I came for the holidays to Berea, Ohio, to visit an old student of mine. I think you never met him, though he has been in Harrogate several times. He teaches in Baldwin Wallace College - Greek & French and his wife is head of the Greek department in the U of Chicago. They spend all their vacations together. She is lovely. I am going Monday to Platteville Wisconsin for January and then spend February and March in Minnesota. I want to be at home by the middle of April - perhaps earlier.

We are so encouraged by the news. I wonder where you are. When you come home again you can tell me.

I have read a number of books this Fall. The last one I love, *The Robt.*, by Lloyd Douglass. I think it is a beautiful book. I've read *Pied Piper*, *Drivin' woman*, *Castle on the Hill*, *Beyond the Walls*, one book which I did not care for at all was "*Past Imperfect*". *Song of Bernadette* I thought was lovely.

Aunt Moore is studying at the U. of Tennessee this year. I miss her, but am glad she can study.

Miss Buffum has broken her collar bone but is as cheery as ever. She is quite a wonder, I think.

I heard but do not know how true it is that Mr. Grannis is dead. *Hubert Kirby* is in *Cleveland, Tenn.* in an ice plant. It pays better than teaching and is not so precarious. I was not up at Pine Mt. this Fall. Mr. Morris is Chaplain in the Navy and a returned missionary is taking his place.

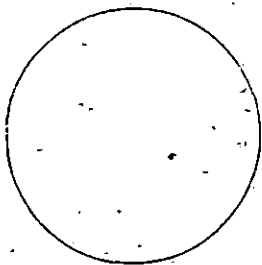
I would love to hear from you if you have time to write, but I know how busy you are and how important it is to write much.

Cordially yours

Lucia E. Danzwith

Dec 3/42

No. _____



[CENSOR'S STAMP]

Sgt. James Still, 35133320

Hg. Hg. Sq. 8th A.D.G.

A.P.O. Box No. 625

%Postmaster
Miami, Florida.

M. Hervey Sharpe

(Sender's name)

Teacher of Voc. Agri.

(Sender's address)

Clewiston, Florida

December 3, 1942

(Date)

Dear Uncle Jim,

Seems sorta strange to address you as "uncle" after these sudden years of my growing up, but I guess we all are subject to inherit such titles and are proud of such clan-like acclamation. It seems like only yesterday that I used to pride myself in secret glee on hearing that you coming to our house on one of your stray jaunts 'cause I knew that I was going to be one of your favorite bed-fellows. Well time changes everthings, and here we both are-----

To give vent to my side of this friendly gassing maybe if I started to give a graphic view of my recent exploits of life perhaps it won't get what it deserves--- a complete black-out by our neutral reader. Perhaps you have heard wild rumors of domestic affairs if you care to get my version here goes; On March 16, '42 I was yanked out of the U. and put to school marning a bunch of ag boys up on the Suwannee River at White Springs. Thus the last smidgeon of my official formal book learning obtained this practical way. The the tassel was moved to the other side shingle giving me a B.S. on may 24th last. Being out out school and with the scard-rabbit freshman look (maybe) off my pan, a job, a car I had to hang up the 'ole hitch-hiking rat cap to hold down the small town teacher prestige and go to all the wild oat sowing on four wheels. All was well 'til the Ickes gas stingyness turned into a real thing. Tires got bad and had to sign my herit age away to get some more. Car courting had to stop, well it did. I wound up a brilliant 58,000 miles of rambling piller to post smooching, started to play better game and for keeps. After a 3 year knowing, with the war situation agging things on I broke my everlasting vow to fool all your past prediction did it. June 11 last Gladys Crews and I started keeping shop together. We remain at the scene of our crime, White Springs, until this past November 9, when at such date we were given 36 hrs to leave town. Due to the present affair ag teachers got scarce and each were given more than one school in the shake up I got transferred down here to take over the Counties of Glades and Hendry. So ends the gap of my mistakes that you hadn't heard about.

Been reading to Gladys both of your books (she can read with a B.S.) she likes both of them fine. She is all time picking out some of your mts. lingo and springing it on me. We would like to buy copies of each, suppose they are available at the publishing company.

Hope this finds you of health and enjoying yourself, I'm here sitting on the bench waiting to get into the big game. While waiting I'm trying to get you more food. ---- write if you can.

Always and ever,

Hervey

V - MAIL

(P: Elvira (Still) Sharp)

(Incomplete)

Sunday, Dec 6, 1942.

Dear Jim.

Just another lonely Sunday afternoon. Our family is so small now, makes one feel lonesome. Elvira + Becky is around + about Hazel is the only one here with us this P.M. No one her age + I run around with so she stay home, she is interested in sewing and is always making something or mending or making over a garment. She is taking typing this year + liked it very much. All the kids are growing and most as large as I am (not in weight) make me feel realize I am getting along in years.

We are having typical Florida weather. I am sitting by the window writing. Wish you were here to see the red birds.

Twelve pair. They came early this year + never there ever. This is the first time I've ever watered them. Its amusing to watch them fluttering in + out of the water taking their bath. I sit on the back porch while working + watch them for hours at a time.

Tom + Pal stayed with me last night while the rest went to town. They are both lots of company. Tom said, "Tell Uncle Jim to hurry +

shorts the japs and come to see us". He still has
the hatchet you gave him.

Berries are blooming and have a few ripe
ones. Tom & Pat eats them as fast as they get
ripe. Have cabbage plant ready for setting. Mum
is setting several acres in cabbage this spring
or is it still fall? Have Tobacco beds ready to plant
later, that is when it time to plant, also Tomato patch
He is trying stake tomatoes this time for a change.
Did I tell you Herry & Gladys are now down at Clewiston.
He reached at Clewiston & Moor Haven. It's down on
Lake Okechobee, where the big cane mills are.
I think you came to Tampa on the Tamama.
I sail once. Don't think they like so much.

Bill wrote he had 2 or 3 more day before graduate
at Newport, R. I. He is hoping to get to come from
Texas. If he does. We plan to have the rest home
to

Jim, I was so glad to hear from you. The next
day after your letter came, I had a letter from
Papa. Telling me about you. He seemed so
happy. In the meantime I had written
Inez, Lois, Tom & Papa about getting your letter.
News travels fast. Each one so anxious for the
rest to know.

Had a card from Tom. He is out in Oregon.
asking us to write him too. Here is his address

Members of Board

T. C. Campbell, Chairman
Bert Newland
Cleve Combs
Sid Adams
T. B. Sutton

KNOTT COUNTY
BOARD OF EDUCATION

JETHRO AMBURGEY, Supt.

--

HINDMAN, KENTUCKY

Dec. 6th, 1942

Board Meets:

First Monday
Each Month

Dear Jimmie :

My it is cold weather over here and I have been thinking how you are making it in your cold room. It was six degrees below zero here this morning and East Over is not so warm .

I was in draft board office yesterday and in reclassification of the men from 28 to 35 your number is 324 which does mean you may be called in the next two or three months, and they also told me you probably will fall in the group to be called to Hindman for examination on the 16th, of this month. I want to come over there and stay all night with you but I will have to wait until this weather gets better. We hope to be moved out in our rented house in the next few days. I went down yesterday and had some gas heaters installed, and things are going to be fine after we once get moved in. Miss Watts says she is trying her utmost to get some one to take our place at East Over. Every body seems to think we are doing right in leaving the school, and I think it the wisest decision we have made in a long time. The rooms are fine and will be as warm as you please. I am going down to day and get our water and light system in order with the hope that Miss Watts will have some by the end of the week. Let me know when you will be over as I imagine you will come to see us when we get in our new house. I am having some supplies sent up there in a few days for the toilets. They will be heavy and may be necessary to unload them there at the gate and put on a sled latter and haul them where they are needed. They will not bring them until the waather gets better. Let me hear from you.

Sincerely yours
Jethro Amburgey

Dear Gang:

I've been intending to write some of youse guys a letter for quite some time, but just don't seem to get at it. Everytime I start to write something comes up and I have to do a little of the work that keeps pouring in day after day.

I have a very nice job up here. Am in the personnel section and handle the transfers of EM. Try to keep all the units filled up with the right kind of men at all times, so their training can be more efficient and be accomplished with less delay. But, on the other hand, I'd trade this job for a Staff Sergeant any day if I could be with the Eighth. I really think of all the fellows a lot.

I have it on pretty good authority where you fellows are situated now, that is, about the first of November. But the way things are moving over there, you may be on some other continent by now. Anyway, a nice job is being done all along, keep it up.

Whitley, you remember him, don't you, made a Warrant Officer about a month and a half ago, and is stationed here, also in the enlisted section. He is quite busy too, most of the time, and is as full of hooey as ever, I guess. In fact, a number of others down at Duncan have made Warrant Officers: Ditmore, over in the T & L office, Bill Darling, and I don't remember who else. I was in San Antonio about the first of October, and I happened to see Lt. Kenneth T. Biggs, fresh out of OCS, and at that time he was asgd to the 16th. Also, it is now Major Curbo, Lt. Col Garner, Major Martin (executive officer there), Capt. Eldridge, Capt. Wandres, the Pay man. In fact most all of them have a little more rank except Billups, and, as you know, he is probably the rankest one of the lot. You needn't agree so readily, you know.

I finally managed to get seven days leave the first of November and got to go home, up in Missouri. Had a grand time and lots of nice weather, but it snowed like the devil the next week after I got back down here. We are having fine weather here, a little rain, and all that, but not too cold. I still like snow, though.

As you probably know, gas rationing, also coffee, is in effect. We live out about 5 miles from the office. I got a B ration card, which gives me about 6.66 gallons of gas per week. That is all we actually need, but we can't do a lot of driving other than to and from work. Then we get 1 lb. of coffee per person every five weeks. I guess we can stand that though, to give youse guys all the gas and all the coffee!!

I'm about to run out of space, so guess I'd better quite this nonsense. Let the whole gang read this, Lancaster, Stumblebum, McKinney, Wheaton, Walton, Lusk, and all the rest. You all have my very best wishes for good health, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and Hurry Back!

Sincerely,

Billups

WRITE!!!



KNOTT COUNTY
BOARD OF EDUCATION

Members of Board

T. C. Campbell, Chairman
Bent Newland
Cleve Combs
Sid Adams
T. B. Sutton

JETHRO AMBURGEY, Supt.

HINDMAN, KENTUCKY
Nex Dec. 7th, 1942

Board Meets:

First Monday
Each Month

Dear Jim:

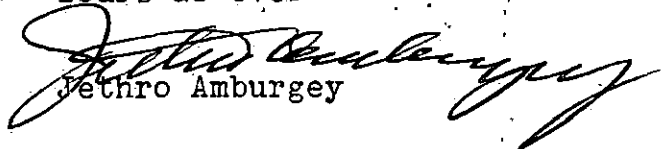
I received your letter on the 8th, of December just eight days after you mailed it. I think that must be a record. We sure appreciated your letter, because it was the first from you since you left New Jersey. We have been discussing and trying to determine where you are located and I think we have decided about the place. I wonder if you are on the march westward, or stationary. I am trying to put myself in your position as to the kind of work, distance from the front etc., I, m not sure how well I can imagine the picture but I hope pretty good. I hope so me day we will be able together to travel and see things. I have wanted to go back and see things ever since I came home in 1919 and I am sure expecting to go back some day. I know I can never do anything that would be more enjoyable than a trip back across. Yesterday about 100 selectees went for their examination and only about 40 passed the physical test.

Next month the bunch will be made up almost entirely of married men unless they take the 18 and 19 year olds and they have no orders as yet to do so.

You say you will miss the winter this time. We have been haveng real winter here for the past three weeks. Plenty of snow and almost zero weather for about three days. Nice cool weather just what you would like. Christmas time will soon be here but we do not have big plans for Christmas. We probably will stay home and enjoy our house and the comforts it provides for us. I only wish the soldier boys could enjoy these things. I may come in if I can but it looks now that all above 38 years old will be put in defense jobs and not put in the army. We have a bunch of men here such as Beckham Combs who should be in the army are probably better in some defense job. I think he will be pretty soon. I probably could get a job somewhere but I guess I could not get in the army. Could you give some advice. I am not satisfied with my job, . My people are runninh me crazy wanting jobs, and I can, t do it, . What must I do &?

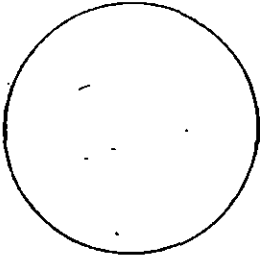
I will write you again next week, so you be sure and write us often.

Yours as ever


Jethro Amburgey

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)

Sergeant James Still
35133320-Hq. + Hq. Squadron
8th A.D.G. A.P.O. Box 625
~~Miami~~ ^{ami} Florida c/o Postmaster
Miami

Christine Innings
(Sender's name)

P.O. Box 86
(Sender's address)

Mitchell, Ind.

Dec. 9 - 42
(Date)

Dear Jimmy,

Congratulations!! You are climbing fast. You will be a General the next thing I know of you. Do you think you will be content to "just" write about mountain people when this is over? We are mighty proud of you boys and I wish there was some way to let you know how much we do appreciate what you are doing.

I should like to hear from you if you have the time. I hope I shall be able to hear, first hand information about your experiences, the people etc. Do you have any opportunity to write? I hope so, for there much be much ~~that~~ material, if you are not too busy.

Be a good Soldier.

Christine Innings

V.-MAIL

Rev. W. T. Edwards
1131 Christopher, Ave.
Gadsden, Ala.

Bibbie and Aunt Mollie sent us a
large James box dont of errant
miss, we will try to wait. we
are really having winter weather
its trying to ~~rain~~ ^{snow} for a week
between rains. Well present is
very anxious to get in the money
but we wont try to finish high
school first remember dont mind
we had a state wide bunch
out and it was a success...
I wish we could go
down home but your
mission that's ends all. Will
write soon as of + on so con. Also of
love. I am. / Thursday night we are
living in a good box.

Gadsden Ala.
Dec. 9. 1942

B
Dearest James
I sure hope these few lines
find you feeling good and
healthy. We are all well at
the present time. It's been rain
for a week. Douglas wont
you to hurry and write us
all the news we are anxious
to hear from you soon just
a line or two would look
good to us I know I saw
Cora in about 3 weeks
they are well, they never
come over until Douglas gets

of an them we do all the young and
many friends plenty of time to go to school
and other places. The Adcock family
across the street got word last night their
son was missing this afternoon they
heard from him and he will be
home in a few days. I'm happy
they were. Well our company is going
no bonus yet I need it to pay I
got to get my self some new eyes and
teeth, James I'm getting my middle age
weight on me and I might get to be as
large as Aunt Lizzie Smith. Do you
ever hear from down home I never
do. When Mary goes she never see
any of our folks. Believe it or not
Comer & Douglas went to play golf 4
weeks a go and come in with 8 lb.
of black bass fish they really were good
James I sure in joy reading of the
Carrie Pile he's in Africa Believe it
or not there not but a few words I see
in the papers. James I'm sending our
pastors address he's a grand person
to know if can as soon as possible
write her and wife a few lines
he's the man that come to Texas and
tried to see you but I ayed and found
I could to you on the phone a few min

110 of ---
Gadsden, Ala
Dec, 10, 1942

Dear Jim,

Received your letter yesterday and was sure glad to hear from you.

Jim, if there is anything that you need, don't fail to let me know, as soon as possible.

We wanted to get you something for Christmas, but didn't know what one might want or need in Africa in the Army.

I have not heard from papa in a month so I imagine he's doing alright.

I haven't heard from Tom yet. He is in Oregon. I don't know his address. I will get it as soon as possible. I want to send him a small gift. Perhaps a pair of gloves.

I imagine a Goodyear gas mask would help out in the African dust - ha ha.

My land lady came by this morning and refunded \$3. rent money. It appears that she made a few false statements to the Board.

I am still working seven days and am buying \$5.00 per week in bonds besides stamps that Mary and baby get. Rose Mary has \$5.00 in bonds. Nathan sends her \$5.00 every month. He has been at Elgin Field Fla. but is back at ~~Fort~~ Spence field. He will get his wings this week, and I suppose

117 South Palm Way
Lake Worth, Florida
December 10, 1942.

Dear James Still,

Africa, for God's sake. Up in Hendersonville last summer I heard you were in the Army, but that I would get a note from you from Africa, and that you would see JUKE GIRL there sitting on an egg-crate, I never dreamed.

I could imagine what it must have meant to a sensitive person like yourself to go into the Army. But evidently, from your rating, you seem to have adjusted yourself very well. I envy you being young and a part of the most immense thing that has ever happened in history. Writers like yourself are needed just where you are, and even though you may not see at the moment -- or are too busy doing certain other things -- to see the background on which you can later sit very prettily, I think you will find it will come out.

I was all set for a Navy commission until the medicos got a look at my eyes, and ~~the~~ the Army evidently thought likewise. And now, at 41, I've decided that where I belong after all (or so I tell myself) is doing some writing on war themes, a few of which have come out. There will be a little book around February called MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR. It is now being checked by the War Department and OWI.

But this is small stuff compared to what fellows like you will be doing later. The folks here, as you can imagine, are pretty set-up by the ~~British~~ African move. It slapped the few fatalists good and hard in the face, and, except for the few who will always be found, people are thoroughly aroused now to backing up anybody out shooting for them. And damn well they ought to be.

If you have anything to do with Florida at any time in the future, Lake Worth will always reach us between Nov. 1st and May 31st. Unless we can get standing room on a train next summer, it will be good for additional months.

Meanwhile, let me know if I could do anything for you in these parts, though I expect, for instance, you have more coffee than we have right now. If you ever move over to the South of France, look into the hill town of Cagnes-sur-Mer near Nice as a place to live in peacetime; Pierre Nicolai, grocer on top of the hill, is a good friend of mine and will steer you about. But if you move over to the Balearic Islands, don't mention my name; I was thrown out of Spain for an article I once did for Mencken.

All best wishes,

TED Pratt
Theodore Pratt

Box 14 R.A. Johnson
Shannon, Ala
Dec. 14, 1942,

Dear James

I was sure glad to get
your note, but I ^{know} don't
think so.

Papa came in this morning
and spent awhile with Allen
& me, he said was feeling, I
think he was ask me to write
Alfred for him, and also to
give you the address you
wanted, seems like he don't
have time to write anybody.

We are well able to work.
I almost made 5 days last week.
I got a card frame Elmore
this morning.

The rose blown again
since I wrote you, I just
wish could have sent it to
you was so pretty.

Alfred T. Still
 311 St. Emanuel St.
 Mobile, Ala.

Pvt. Thomas W. Still 34395114
 Co. E 363 Inf.
 Camp White
 Medford, Oregon

Pvt. James A. Johnson
 Co K 309th Inf., A. P. O 78
 U S Army T 1341
 Camp Butner, North Carolina

I am expecting Wilfred
 to get his call any day.

He is going to school and
 working P.M.

Well had to go over to see
 Mrs. Verna. She is sick
 with Cole. Mr. Tom seems to
 getting fine. Well I for got
 to say Alfred spent last week

end at home.

Your Aunt Moly Stearns
fell and broke her knee.

Aunt Croce getting long fine
when heard from them.

Will have to stop if I get
this in the night mail.

Love,

Lois

Friday 12-15 - p. m
(C. 1942)

Dear Brother

Just a few lines to let you know. I
hadn't for got you. I have wrote to you twice.
I guess you didn't get them. But hop you get this
one. We are all doing just fine. We had one of the
happy weeks ever spent in Jan 19 - till 23. Charles
and Alvin came home for ten days first time. Chris
has seen Charles in two years. Wish you could have
seen with us. All the family came down on Sunday
this was 23 for dinner. We thought of you and
loved. Sad part about this Jessie left last week
for the Naval somewhere. They ask us not to mend
the name. He close to Weston Still place.
Catherine left Wednesday evening for training
for nursing for Hillman in Birmingham. and
Limbren also went to see if he could join the
naval. He came back this morning said he would
know in 30 days. I guess I stay here to take care of
Mrs Waller and Martha. Our Daddy is in the best of
health fast as a pig. They family and Mary, five
daughters. Lois and Lois, son. The house was full
mostly all the time ^{which} ~~when~~ the boys was at home. Our
work here is runing good and we are all buying
stamps to help win this war and get it over. Say I wish
you could send a good picture of you so I can have a
enlarge with my boys. We eaters are proud of you
all and what you are doing. Excuse Dad when
I will write more next time.

My prays are with you always love
P. m.

December 19.1942.

Dear Jim

Got your letter a few days ago

Also got your Cable. The war department did not notify me in any way as to your transfur in fact I dont think they have ever sent me a notice. of any kind. Well Tom is in Oregorn, His address is

Company E 363 INF. Camp White Oregorn.

Well i got a letter from all of you childrens so i am trying to write to all of you all , you know what a job it is for me to get started to write a letter. hope you keep well and dont take any unnessery chances with those G and snakes.

Write soon and all of the news you can get by with

Asever

POP

GUY LOOMIS

Dec. 19th-42

P. O. BOX 98

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

My dear Jimmie,
Your letter of Dec. 7th got here in jig time. Went shopping yesterday and am enclosing the result. Asked the store keeper if he was sure they were right and then an officer came in and I put the question up to him, much to the disgust of the store keeper and as he said O.K. am sure they are what you want. Glad you wrote for them. Only too happy to get you what you need if I can. You seem to be having a grand time of it and likely storing up untold wealth of stuff for some future stories about that country. Sent your address to Edith-Christine- Kate Loomis and Mrs Watkins but some of them say they have had no response. Told them you were busy and had little time to write so were likely getting off replies, in the order of their reception, as fast as you could. If you do not have time for a letter why not send a card or postal to each one. If you need postals let me know and I will send you some. In single spacing you can get quite a few words on them. Guess I will be holing up all winter here at the Bossert. They have cut down the gas so low that it is not safe to venture far away from the home base. Did get a special lot to let me get down the the Grace Nettleton early this month. Am sure it will be our last trip for the Duration. And they ration us on sugar-coffee-red meats-and now they say the next will be on butter. But nobody kicks for they do it to have enough to send you men what you need. When I write the people mentioned above will tell them about the shortage of paper. Will take a chance and send you some Monday. Your letters describing the country and the natives are most interesting. Were I not so old might venture out there when the war is over. But at my age a safe harbor is the best bet. And the Bossert offers one unless that maniac starts bombing us. Rabbi Wise told a story in one of the papers about his offering 50 reichsmarks for dead bodies, especially a Jew, and said he was also opening graves and using the flesh ~~an~~ the bones from the bodies to make fats for soap etc and the bones for fertilizers. It was in a paper I saw on the trip, If there ever was a maniac he surely is one. Read little in the papers as it

is too upsetting but am doing my bit by subscribing for Defense Bonds to more than 10% of my income. Dont forget to write for anything you may need and if I can get and send it will do so gladly. Write when you can but if there is a long interval between letters will know it is not because you dont want to write. But drop a line when you get the chevrons and tell me if they are what you wanted. Best of Luck and I hope the box will get to you sometime.

Affectionately yours

Walter S. [Signature]

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS
HAWTHORN, FLORIDA

Dec. 21, 1944

Dear James Still:-

I meant to write you long ago,
but misplaced your last address.
I can't remember whether I thanked you
tangibly, as I thanked you so often
in my mind, for the exquisite verse
you sent me. I am treasuring it,
and since it appears to be an
original, you may have it back
some day for a collection, if
needed.

It is strange to think of you

2
as "sorrow in Africa", yet I know
no one who could better absorb
an alien exoticism and a new
way of life, for you will distill
both human and poetic values
out of your experiences and out of
the terrain.

To have life — and death —
face us nakedly, is the greatest
boon that can come to a
creative worker.

The African Madonna is
a lovely thing. Who is the
artist?

When you have time, I'd love
to know as much as
Censorship permits, about your
work.

I think I see often, and
that I do ~~think~~ ^{think} of
if I've heard from you.
With affection,

Mary K. R.

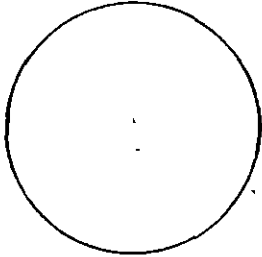
MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

HAWTHORN, FLORIDA

It is kind of you, in the thick
of things, to wish a "Merry Christmas"
to anyone safe in barbarism!
Christmas cannot be "merry" for
those of any sensitivity, yet it
can be full of hope —
hope that there are enough
"men of good will" to see
through the stupidity of human
quarrels and eventually
work out a decent give and take.

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)

SERGEANT JAMES STILL
#35133320 HQ & HQ
SQUADRON 8TH A.I.G. APO 625
%POSTMASTER MIAMI FLORIDA

KATE S. LOOMIS
(Sender's name)

ATHENS
(Sender's address)

NEW YORK

DECEMBER 16, 1942
23
(Date)

Dear Jimmie -

Uncle Guy has sent me your last address and has written that he has received a card and letter from you since your arrival. This is a belated Christmas greeting and all good wishes for 1943.

I have used my home address but am writing from Washington, D.C. where I am staying for a time with my sister and niece. We have had a beautiful fall of snow - heavy enough for coasting and "our" street has been one lively place. Children and their pet dogs making the most of it while it lasts. This section is closed to traffic for their safety when the sliding is good. At the foot of "our" garden where Morrison crosses Nevada a policeman stands guard, after dark, by a log fire, and the children gather round him to warm their fingers and toes. It makes a lovely Christmas card. I

Again, all good wishes to you - Sincerely
Kate S. Loomis

Enclose it!

V.-MAIL

CONFERENCE of SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN WORKERS

VICTOR OBENHAUS, Chairman of Executive Board
Pleasant Hill, Tennessee

MRS. ELLA FRANK SIKES, Office Secretary
Berea, Kentucky

ALVA W. TAYLOR, Executive Secretary
and Editor of Mountain Life and Work
101 Bowling Avenue
Nashville, Tennessee

December 23, 1942

Sgt. James Still, 35133320
Hq. & Hq. Sq. 8th A.D.G.
A.P.O. Box 625
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

Dear Mr. Still:

It was good indeed to have a word from you, but I don't think we will remove your name from our list of contributing editors. We hope you will be back ere long and resume your work with us.

The greatest of good luck to you out there at the front.

Sincerely yours,

Alva W. Taylor
Alva W. Taylor.

AWT-H

SOUTH HILL R. D. 3 BALLSTON SPA NEW YORK

Christmas Day, seven o'clock in the evening, 1942

[Katherine Anne Porter]

Dear James:

Your Christmas card with the surprising little notation came safely on Christmas Eve; and I don't quite know why I should be surprised, except that of all those I know in the Army - and I seem to know an army of my own, these days, I have become a vivandière by mail, really-- you seem to have broken speed records arriving at a destination. Bless your heart, and you know how many good hopes and wishes go with you.

Some day maybe you can tell me what your Christmas was like; I shall tell you now that mine was the weirdest of my life, for I have spent it in deep country, in my house- your remember that house? well, I have it now, and it is in itself all I wanted, a lovely place that you will like when you see it, but by a strange combination of what we shall have to call circumstances, I find myself snowed in, car frozen, no telephone, ten miles from nowhere, absolutely alone, unless you can count a striped tomcat who sleeps for hours on end and then yowls to be let out. I don't call that company after what I have been accustomed to.... I was invited to Yaddo for the celebration, but no one could come for me, and I could not get out. So yesterday and today, I walked in the snow, wrote letters, and read Henry James' *The Art Of The Novel*, which is surely the very finest piece of critical writing that exists. If you are prejudiced against James, my dear, let me persuade you to get over it at once. I was thrown off for years by other peoples' talk, and that is one of the worst ways for a writer to cheat himself..... Just read him some day if you haven't. And then let me know.

Well, in the midst of all this hubbub, there comes a huge car, a kind of truck, floundering through the snow, it rolled into my driveway, and a little smiling, warped kind of man with a red nose got out and handed me a bouquet of twenty five- I counted 'em (- red roses, said "Merry Christmas" and departed as he came. They had been sent by telegraph to a little village nearby, by my publisher, of all people. Can it be as I have sometimes suspected, that my publisher is going to be my best, if not my last, friend? Or should I be so emotional over red roses? Timeliness is of great importance in small things as well as major, I find: that incident quite made my day. I returned to James with fresh heart.

I came here in September, exactly at the new moon, and for all society for three weeks I had mice in the cellar, two owls hooting at each other in the maples outside my window (the cat had not come yet); later I just opened the door one morning and there he sat on the doorstep, looking pretty anxious, I must say) and a chipmunk who made his burrow beside the front door. Then Federico Castellon and his wife came to stay the fall, he rushing to get some painting finished while waiting for his citizenship papers so he could get into the Army-- and the place took on life and warmth at once. We had the oddest kind of time, getting the delicately adjusted electrically controlled machinery to work, and three people can make an fearful amount of just plain house keeping to be done, and then the winter closed in like a bear trap, and there was not a dull moment. But I do want to say that everybody including me behaved elegantly, with manners, morals and ethics going at top speed, and we parted, day before yesterday, better friends than ever, which does not always happen in these community households. We talked about you, and they

on Sunday several or every day.
I have brought of the letter you
wrote John, and read it to Miss
Storwick & me. It was good to
have news of you, and we'd all
welcome more very eagerly.
Miss Storie when I'm visiting
right now, wants to be remembered
to you, I can do so ^{for a week} yesterday, and
though the water was very high,
for old Troublesome to the Ohio,
it isn't quite of flood status
yet, and seem to have quieted
last. No more July ones, we hope!
That was enough for one life-time!
Here's hoping you are well, and
will stay so, and that the New
Year will have better times for
everybody! Affectionately yours
Ann Cobb

607 The Turntable.
Lawrence, Kentucky
December 31, 1914

Dear James Still,
Your Christmas card—such
an interesting one too—arrived in
plenty of time. At that rate, mine
to you probably reached you around
Thanksgiving Day! I jined took out
one of the "V...-Mail" letters to write
you on, but decided that my writing
was too "sorry" to be miniature-
photographed. Also two pages isn't
enough for the subject of discourse
which is the Sunflower seeds of
Mr. Amburgey. If you haven't
forgotten your good deeds, you will
recall that you asked him to
bring me some. Which he did, a
heap of them. When I brought down
a box of modest size to hold the
seeds, he laughed and said,
"You'll need a bigger box than

mail, so I packed a very nice one, one
the kind you put fruit-cakes in,
and a little one besides.

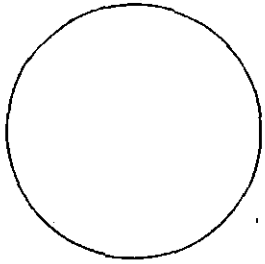
The tufted titmouse, who scorned
the food previously provided,
now condescends to "stop by," and
all of the birds hereby extend
their thanks to you.

We had a good Christmas. Pauline
wrote a beautiful play, and she
and Miss White trained the
children well in it. One little
boy who came to the manger to
get his little lamb's broken leg
cured, was especially appealing.

We had lots of fun trimming
the tree, and got the star up
on the highest branch, thanks to
Hubbard who must be about
six feet three! The boys & girls
had the usual jolly party, up

at Recreation House. Pauline also
put on a clever little skit about
letters to Santa Claus. The youngest
girls were in it, and Ruby was in
her element. A lot of gifts for
the party and, later on, the
stockings for those who didn't go
home for Christmas Day. Vera
Manhardt & I packed a number
of bundles for the poorer families
out in the country, and several
went to the names you gave to
us. Of course not as many
gifts were sent in, this year,
but still there were quite a
lot. All sorts of parties we
had, but I really enjoyed our
"baby party" best of all. The
youngest ones have always
been my "pure pets," whether

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

5/Sgt. James Still, 35133320
Hq + Hq Sq, 8th ADG, AAF
A.P.O. Box # 625
c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla.

Mrs. M. H. Sharpe
(Sender's name)

Bushnell
(Sender's address)

Florida

Dec. 31, 1942.
(Date)

Dear Jim,

Your Xmas card came. We appreciated it very much. Also one from all the rest of the family. Lois, Lonie, Inez, Tom, Corner, and Alfred.

Xmas is all but gone. Very nice quiet one, no company at all. Our family scattered so. Helen, Earl spent Xmas day with his mother. Harvey + Gladys I suppose went to Jasper to visit her family. We expect them to stop by on their way home. Had a letter from Billy today. No one to write, what he is doing or where he is. So --

Well Hazel will be 17 years old tomorrow. You remember, you + I were home at Fairfax (Garetts Station). You were home from Harrogate, Tenn. Picked berries Monday, got 22 pt. They were so nice and big. How about a big bowl with sugar and cream? I bet you could go for them.

This is my first attempt at V-mail. Hoping you would get it quicker.

Every one is fine. We think of you often. Wish you a very happy New Year. Love - Ellodee.

V - MAIL