

Feb. 4-19-44

6.30 - p - m

Dear James

I received your letter last week. Letter was glad to hear from you. and hope these lines find you better after make a interesting trip across the desert. I am certain glad that you had a chance to see the p. c. c. I give any thing if I could see the p. c. c. of Jerusalem. I certain did admire those flowers you had packed in the p. c. c.

I guess every body here is all right so far. I wanted to go up. home today. but the weather was too bad. Sat. Morning it rained and then it sleet a while the water froze and my brow cold it was. Tonight it still is raining. The way I receive the soap brush yesterday. Afternoon from the depot. I hope I really was proud of it. But I can not set it out now on account of weather. I put it in an old bucket and keep it in the house so it won't freeze. I have never seen a brush like

it before, I certainly do like flowers
for I have about three dollars worth
of seed, I have all kind of glass
I hope I will have a good garden
when you come home. I have all
ready planted ones now.

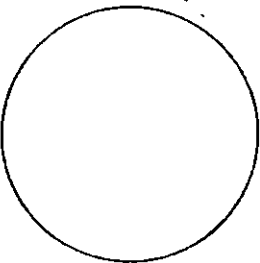
Say James do you ever see anyone
from the out there, Charles and
Akin is out there now where
we had a letter from Jess to say
he was going to be at home by April
I hope it won't be long till you
be back with us again.

The Valley certainly is scared of boy
these days. We have some men
here now in quarters on leave for
near the days. I am the good care of you
self. Hope to see you soon.

Love
Doris

I am sending you a picture
of Kathryn. She be through with
by June she hope

No. _____



[CENSOR'S STAMP]

To: Sgt. James Still 35133320
Hq. Hq. 59. 8th ADX, AAF
A.P.O. Box # 604
Postmaster
Miami, Fla.

From

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

Bushnell, Fla
(Sender's address)

Box 73, R. # 1.

Feb. 6, 1944
(Date)

Dear Jim,
Just back from town. From one until two o'clock this noon. They showed the big search light contraption, sea-going jeep - a big tank and also a German plane. From its looks it had been through the rough, and the Americans did a good job bringing it down.

Its been a beautiful day. Spring is in the air. Trees putting on new leaves. Violets blooming. Maple rag are shining bright and red.

Straw berries are ripening fast. pick Tuesdays & Fridays, got 100 lbs this last week.

Killed frogs Thursday. So, we cured sausage, crackling & pork chops and also cooked out the hard sent sides, ham & shoulder to cold storage to be sugar cured.

We finally heard from Bill. He is stationed in San Pedro, Calif. also had a letter from Tom. @ yes. a long letter from Fannie Will said all was well and about Papa. getting a letter from you, and how you were.

Love
Elvree.

V...-MAIL

% Vance E. Thomas, Cheltenham School For Boys
Cheltenham, Maryland

Febr. 6, 1944

Dear Jim:

I've been East some months, visiting my brother in Maryland and friends in Washington and in New York and New Jersey and have been having as good a time a war in this world and my having been very ill part of the time since I've been East, permits.

Last night I dreamed about my little home in New Mexico and saw it very clearly and beautifully. I'll be going home to it in time to put the garden in, I trust. It will be a smaller garden this spring and one that I'll just direct and not dig in, myself, since the doctor says I'm to "take it easy" quite some time.

You'd love the place, Jim, a roomy adobe house with a walled patio around it, and great trees that overshadow it, and a ~~young orchard--there are just five old fruit trees, three, four, pear and an apricot.~~ There's just an acre and a third of land and 'tis all in orchard, but for the berry patches and the house and garage, and the patio.

I've thought of you, there where you're fighting, when I think of other friends there, almost daily, Jim, and wished you well.

I'm writing, right along, of course. Selling has not been especially good for quite some time but I've done some stories I have liked and will do others.

I'm sure there are many stories begun in your mind and laid away against a better writing time.

Yes, I have kept in my remembering mind the places we saw and the hours of that tour worth the keeping. I wish we could have found the wisdom and the kindness, between us, to have made all of those brief days as happy as those beginning hours were, Jim.

How is it with me? Pretty good, Jim, now that, most the time, I'm feeling better. I'm staying with friends I like much and see other friends often, and now two of my brothers are here, my older brother Vance and one of the younger boys, Mark, from Lincoln---he's just been transferred here.

I had a nice letter from Pan only days ago. I missed seeing her the first time I was in New York, and when I came back, after a visit in New Jersey, I was too ill to hunt her up and see her, but I'll surely be in New York again, for a few days, sometime before I go home and will see her then. She had a fine story in Esquire in October.

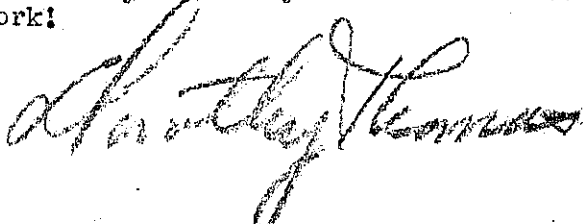
I had nice little notes from the school teachers I've met in Yellowstone Park--they asked about you.

I went the other afternoon to listen to the Senate debate over the Soldier Vote. They'd just better let you vote!

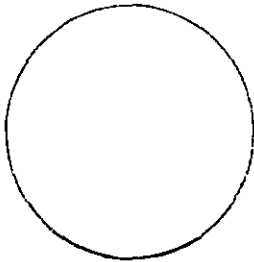
Kenny is working as a draftsman at Lockheed's, in Burbank, Calif. Mother is out there with her, now. She's in very much better health.

The other day, here in Washington, whom should I meet, crossing the street but my old love, Lennie, ruddy and straight, with none of his old gaunt look, very different, in his uniform--he enlisted and is in the Signal Corps. We were both so surprised at the coincidence in our meeting so--just that. What a kindly old papa Father Time is!

Heaven keep you and bring you safely home to your mountains and your folks, and your good work!



No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

S. Sgt. James Still 35133320
Hq. + Hq. Sq. 8th A.D.H. A.D.F.
A.P.O. 606 70 Postmaster
Miami, Florida

W.C. Still
(Sender's name)

918 Spruce St.
(Sender's address)
Gadsden, Alabama

Feb. 8, 1944 - 1:30 PM
(Date)

Dear Jim;

I have delayed writing to you for a few days, because of an intense working schedule, which has reduced me to a mere 150 pounds. I have been working for the past few weeks from 70 to 80 hours.

Mary was down home this week. Papa and the rest are fine.

I got my greetings from the President the 31st of January and will report for examination the 26th of February. Goodyear has put in for me a deferment thru the War Manpower Commission but I havint heard anything from it.

I hope you are in the best of health and can come home soon. You will be home the 15th.
Write often - Lots of luck
Came

V - MAIL

Thursday A.M.
Feb. 10 - 1944

Dear James.

This is a real Feb.-
day @ least I wish you
could peep in an my
yard. Violets are in
full bloom have been
ever since Dec. the first
I pick them every other
day.

Yellow Jasam are so
pretty the Jonquill are
very pretty and the
with it pink & red bloom
are at its best.

So far the last year
there has not been ~~any~~ the
there were some kind of
flower in bloom in my
yard, it make tears come

So you see he is a choir

I got a card from
Cpl. J.W. Borders. Santa Ana,
Calif.

I am sending you a picture
over a year old, I am not
quite this large.

Allen is going to work 16
hours today he went in at
seven this morning. I think
it is too much.

Papa was feeling pretty
Monday A.M. Allen went
up there to see him.

I think Tom is coming
for a few days this month
I hope I get to see him.

Write when you can.

Love,
Lois.



U. S. NAVAL AUXILIARY AIR STATION
CECIL FIELD
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

10 February, 1944

Dear James,

Pay no attention to the address above. It is simply a station where I bought some writing paper that came with me to Green Cove Springs.

Months back, while transferring from one station to another, I lost a batch of papers, among them your address. The other day I suddenly realized that Marjorie Kirman Rawlings, who lives some 20-odd miles from here, might have it. She did. And so this very belated letter. I only hope that it catches up with you eventually where ever you may be, Africa, Italy or whatever.

Green Cove Springs is right on the edge of the Cross Creek country. Mrs. Rawlings - who is now Mrs. something else, incidentally - has described it well, as you remember no doubt from your Florida trip several years ago. You know what Florida is like in February. Those years seem far away, don't they? Now airplanes roar overhead and the coast towns rock with practice bombs. The deer and alligators have probably hidden deep in the swamps from the unnatural nature of war.

You have probably seen and done much since you wrote last spring. That letter sounded like a center of calm in a storm.

The last six months have been busy ones for me. I went into the Navy in June. I had always thought of the Navy in connection with ships. But there's a part of it that flies, and that is the part I belong

to. The life keeps me on the move. This is my fifth station since indoctrination school. Now I've been ordered to Washington this coming ~~weekend~~ ~~weekend~~ what will happen after that remains to be seen. Much of my work has been with pilots back from the South Pacific. All of it has been interesting and some of it exciting. But it has left me with no time for reading anything except gunnery manuals and books on aerial navigation. I still have a standing order for Miss Porter's book when it does appear, however.

Jean and the boys are in Blacksburg. The kids have a safe place to play; Jean has her friends there, and the college looks after the heating and plumbing. Under the circumstances it would be foolish to subject them to the crowded, haphazard living conditions that exist close to any military establishment. And if I were to go out of the country — it takes from 12 to 16 months nowadays and I'm 8 on — they are now in the place where they could live most conveniently and comfortably.

I heard some time ago that your Kentucky contemporary is now in the Army as well. Apparently his new novel was a fizzing skyrocket that didn't soar very high, even with the Book-of-the-Month club to hoist it.

I wish you would write sometime again. It's hard, and often impossible, to get around to letter writing I know, but someday try to dash off a hello and send it on. I can't give you any address, since I'm being detached and don't know myself where I'll be a month from now. But you can always reach me either at Blacksburg or through the Bureau in Washington, where my address is
46 Bureau of Aeronautics, Special Devices Division
610 H Street, N.E.
Washington (2), D.C.

Perhaps we may meet some day at some port on the other side of the world. The flying army and the flying Navy seems to get considerably mixed sometimes.
Best of luck, Jim. Yours sincerely,

Feb. 14 - 1944

Dear Jimmie:

Today is Sunday and we have just got back from Wagon where we saw Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in "Bil Cray" it sure was a fine show. we all enjoyed it. Morris went along and he and his girl occupied the front seat in the Car. Had zero weather here last night, but to-day the Sun is shining but promises on for another cold night coming. If you will notice Spring is well on its way and it sure will be good to see. We have not had such a rough winter this time, but still there is room yet for some tough weather. Rain has been awful light this winter and the Farmers are worried because of it. we are already plowing for our garden and will not try to make as much garden as usual this time.

Morris is going to try for the Air Corps reserve. He passed his first entrance test at Wagon two weeks ago and ~~and~~ in a few days will go to Detroit for a physical examination. If he passes the test he will be called after he reaches 18 and finishes high school about the first of July. I believe he will pass his physical test, but the school in April will be too hard for him. but I hope he makes it.

I was in Frankfort last week and went
in one of the asst. Attorney General's office, and
while there I ask if I could see Mr. Dummitt.
The girl called him and he said he would be
glad to see me in about 15 minutes. The girl
showed me to his office and I had quite a talk
with him. The Republicans swept the State as you
probably know had with only one State man being
elected and that was Secretary of State, Dummitt
was elected Attorney General. I told him I
would tell you about his election etc. He looked
more like W. C. Fields than anybody I know
it has been a long time since I have heard
from you. I would like to know more about
your whereabouts if possible. I told Ronnie
a few minutes ago you may walk in home soon.

197 men leave Tuesday 15, for their physical
and almost all married men. That County will
soon be out of men under 38.

With the best of luck to you. Write more
often.

as ever

John and Family

Feb. 14. 1944.

Dear James.

Serently hope you are well
and still enjoying your
self. How is the weather now
we are still having cold weather.
Although the ground hog
did not see his shadow some
hope we do have early spring.
Tom is suppose to be home
now on furlow I guess will
soon be going overseas. we
sure hope we get to see
him, this time its been about
two and one half years since
we saw him. I talked with
Dad last week his is some

from us our core on a count of his tonsils
& Douglas has been working on his
immune test for several days now
time. I got a card from Billie Poug
brother he says Aunt Mollie has
side plumer she 80 years old and
we are sure worried about her. We
must go down as soon as can
if weather clears up, quite raining
it snowed, sleeted, and froze over
during last night reminds me of the
time the children you and me drove
down one week and to see Dad when
you were visiting us about twelve years
ago - with you. With Love. I may
sounded good to me, was doing
fine. Peanut is doing fine
now after having his tonsils
removed he will start back
to school in the morning
we have taken our hands
and shoulders out of salt to
rite gee they really looked good
sure hope you get back
in time to help eat them.
By the way how is (who Dat?)
sure hope you get to bring
him home as you come
along. Corner called me
he got a deferment from
2 B. again how yellow
Peanut was ~~...~~

Dear James & family - you are in small
every body is able to go as far as I know
James, wife is her with us a few days. We
Allen, Miss Verna & I went down to
Lancie's yesterday P.M. spent awhile
were O.K. Allen said tell you to hurry
you came home a let take a walk. The
flowers I wrote you about last week are
still blooming & the yellow Bell bush I have
at window beginning to open - excuse me
for writing on Jim's letter. write a few lines
in all so say we love you. Write soon.

Love,

Lois.

Capt. H. A. Guiler? I presume not
since his P. O. is different from
yours.

I'm sure I told you your
sister and Miss Lerra entertained
me at a very sumptuous
dinner while I was at home
last fall.

I've been quite interested in
seed, bulbs, plants etc since
I've been away. Have also
collected things I plan to use
in my sketch is and when I get
over, I paid \$6.50 the other
day for a Bird & Paradise
plant which you no doubt
see many of.

I could write you but I doubt
if I've seen anything in the state
that you do not know about.

Best of luck,

Jim

Pewertons, Ky.

Feb. 15th 1944.

Dear James Steel:

It was through Mrs. Grammis that I got your address and I'm grateful to her for sending it to me. When I wrote you I doubted that I would hear from you, but your letter made record time here - only seven days. I know the feeling you have when you don't get letters when you are away from home on foreign soil. I was 14 months in Europe (in peace times of course) but I'd travel for days and not hear the English language spoken. I'd pick up mail that I'd have forwarded ahead, and though it would be two weeks old, I'd relish it - taste, devour it more than I would a good meal.

— Jimmie, I read in the Ashland, Ky. Daily Independent a sorrowful note last Sunday where Edgar Lee Masters, once a law partner of Clarence Darrow and the author of approximately 50 books (Spoon River went into 80 editions and he made scads of money from writing and law practice) had been sent to an ~~author's~~ authors' home because he was found penniless, dead-broke and suffering from malnutrition. You

2
probably know what this home is - I don't, I
know it's financed by a group of authors.
But Edgar Lee Masters is there now.

Mr. Hart, Vanderbilt University, sent me a
newspaper clipping about Don West. He is
now in addition to his radio work and
his superintendency of the Tula schools,
Tula, Ga. organizing the farmers of
Georgia into a union, - if he organizes
as he writes (poorest poetry I've ever read
with the exception of Eddie Guest, Ernest
McGaffey and a few lesser lights in
the Ozard Magazine) he'll make a damn
job of it. In college I was as fond of
Don as I would have been of a
brother but I can't stomach the thoughts
of some of his past activities and the way
he tried to talk to me last time
I saw him (he didn't get far with me) -

Jimmie the real fun in writing, the
big thrill for me, is not shooting
to a million copies of a book - it is
selling a short story to the Atlantic
monthly, Harpers or Esquire, it is
the placing of a poem in a good
magazine. It's not the big sales of
a book that counts, nor the prizes
it wins - I know what I want to do.

and would love to do it before I die,
 I want to write more short stories and poems
 and buy more rough hillside ones and raise
 sheep and chickens after this war is over.

I saw a picture of Harry Hroll in the
 Peabody Reflector a few days ago. He is
 wearing glasses now, is fat, great overhanging
 joints and looks too old for his years.
 All three of his sons are in service, he's
 really turning out novels now - Dr. Grabb
 teacher at Peabody College has written a
 couple of novels -

Last month I went to Cincinnati and
 enlisted in the Navy. I had a chance of
 getting a Commission (Lt. (j.g.)) (My
 brother ^{James} is an Ensign in the Navy) but
 I was turned down due to high blood
 pressure. Never failed a physical before
 in my life, nine days after I failed
 this physical I was normal as anyone
 could be. I can't figure it out. 28th
 of this month I go to Huntington for
~~draft~~ induction physical and I'll
 pass. If you get this letter try to
 write me at least one more letter -

P.S. I am sending your address
 to a few of your friends.
 Sincerely,
 Jesse Stuart

**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
Feb. 16th, 1944

Board Meets:
First Monday
Each Month

Dear Jimmie:

I have just received your letter dated Jan. 31st, and postmarked Feb. 8th. I wrote you two or three days ago but after getting this letter I will write you another short note. We received the package from Egypt and of course we know where it come from. Your letter was interesting but still you do not write as very much in regard to whereabouts etc., as others do from here. This morning 195 men left for Huntington for their physical and about two thirds of them will not pass. In march their will be 250 men sent for their physical and will clean up all men under 38 married and single.

I believe I told you we did not receive your bond for the month of Jan, 1944. I believe that was the date. Everything has come in except the one. The \$50.00 bond has not arrived yet. I remember you lumbage but I thought that occurred from the use of apple jack. What does the apple jack taste like out there in Africk, and how much do you drink? We will try and send Hindman Herald's more regular and I, m glad you enjoy them.

Ewel: Has been in the Navy about 8 months, and Elmer has been in the Alutians, arrived there the day after the Japs left and evacuated the Island. You probably have read about it. Elmer has been home since that time and now back in Wyoming. Lonzo is at the Great Lakes training Station and will be home on a ten day leave soon. Elmer is in an engineering outfit. I, m not sure the book you mentioned has arrived. I will let you know in your next letter.

As ever, Jethro And family



SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

19 February 1944

Dear Jim Still,

I asked Jesse Stuart recently what he heard from you, and so got your address from him, and the word that you were abroad and in uniform. I had wanted to ask for some time about your book of poetry, but only a little while ago, when my Trade List Annual came in, I saw it listed as once again in print. You know someone liked my copy of that book apparently a great deal more than I did and simply made away with it, and since it was o. p. when I discovered my loss, there was nothing I could do about it. Now thank heaven I can replace, and so have your three books all together on my shelves. I managed to put the two prose books in both our public and our high school libraries here.

I have no doubt it is difficult to do much -- if any -- writing where you now are, but if you are managing to do any, let me know. I have often wondered how I'd adjust myself to a situation in which I could not write, for I have been at it for 20 years, writing every day, and seldom less than a thousand words, that when I do set out to take a vacation, about three or four days away from the typewriter is about all I can stand, and after that I would be psychopathic until I could get to work again. Not that I overdo it when I do work, but simply that the work is so much a part of me. I have an idea, quite apart from high blood pressure, that that is why the induction station doctors put me into 4-F and sent me back to my desk. I took a vacation of a week in Chicago recently, and by the fifth day I had to get back to work; so I wandered down into the Lopp and promptly found myself signed up to four book contracts. That was in mid-January, and now, a month later almost to the day, two of the books are done, though they were minor pieces -- on an anthology of horror tales, the other a collection of my own detective stories.

I miss your byline in the Post, for, though I don't get the magazine regularly, I do look into it religiously every week. George Sessions Perry has been making it quite frequently with some tall tales which are unfortunately only spuriously regional; but then, the war takes the front of the stage now, and regional work is more or less in the background. It was ever thus, of course, and I rather think that regional writing, though it will come back to full flower again afterward, will never again attain such an importance. Our coming era of literature, after a brief reaction into romanticism, I think will be of a more nationalistic or internationalistic kind, with the idols



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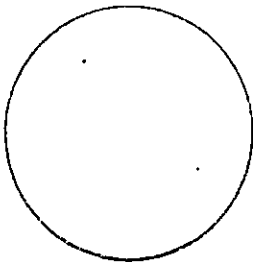
SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

people like Henry James. I may be wrong, but the trends are that way. I wonder sometimes whether we'll see another of those expatriate movements -- surely, if so, a movement to America from the older countries, rather than from America to them! The romantic escape has already begun, what with such books as Lloyd Douglas's *THE ROBE* being best-sellers, not a particularly good book by any standard, and Sholem Asch's *THE APOSTLE* in second rank. Curious how religious novels surge forward from time to time; the *NAZARENE* and Werfel's *SONG OF BERNADETTE* started this movement. Fortunately, Carlson's *UNDERCOVER* in non-fiction more than makes up for the escape into early Christian history in fiction, and Konrad Heiden's *DER FUEHREK* is coming up fast.

But I am afraid I am rambling far from a note of good wishes et al. Best to you always,

Cordially,

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Sgt James Still 35133320
Hq + Hq. Sq. 8th A.D.H. A.A.F.
A.P.O. 606 Co Postmaster
Miami, Florida.

W.C. Still
(Sender's name)

918 Spruce St
(Sender's address)
Madison, Alabama

Feb 19, 1944 - 1.P.M.
(Date)

Dear Jim;

Since the last letter I wrote you things have changed a bit. I got a 2 B Classification until Feb 24, on Jan. 12 I got a 1 A. Card - on Jan 31. I got greetings from the President. on ~~Jan~~ Feb 10 I got a letter from the board cancelling my pre induction examination - on the 11 Feb I go another 2 B until further notice. I suppose I will be around awhile yet.

Papa is well, Tom was to be home on 15th I couldn't get off to go see him. I am still working about 70 hrs per week.

Income tax takes care of all extra time however I'm not picking. Why haven't you written to me? Here's hoping you are in fine health. We are missing you
lots of luck
Comes

V - MAIL

Millbrook, N.Y.

Washington's Birthday, 1944
(22 February)

Dear Jim:

Thank you for the card. I know you told the
Foundation's intention is right and kind.

I don't think it's like walking at Washburn
School. He wrote, "I am a big dog in a bureau
kisser." A letter that came this morning sounds
more cheerful, "The sunlight is riper, the
air feels different on my face."

I told my mother who is eighty two about your
being in Africa. Some time later she said, "I told
God to leave that boy and take me; I'm old enough
to die."

If we both live until after the war, I hope I'll
see you. Meanwhile, I'm pulling the good work
on you. Regina.

ST. CHARLES HIGH SCHOOL

RUFUS FUGATE, PRINCIPAL

ST. CHARLES, VA.

February 23, 1944

Dear Jimmie:

I wanted to write to you about a year ago but had no idea where you were. At that time I happened to run across a pamphlet with your picture and a picture of Jesse Stuart in it. This pamphlet was discussing the writings of the two of you and also comparing the two of you. I thought it most unusual to find your pictures together like that and wondered if either of you saw the write-up. I finally got Jesse's address and ~~MAILED~~ mailed the ~~ONE~~ pamphlet to him. I asked him if he knew any thing about you but he didn't at the time but just the other day I had a letter from him saying he had heard from you and gave me this address.

I often wonder what has happened to all the boys we used to know at L. M. U. I have seen or heard from but very few since I left there. John Wagner is teaching in his home county or was about two years ago when I saw him at Kingsport, Tenn. John Carter is teaching in his county and has married twice. He is not as timid around the women as he used to be. Roland "Slim" Carter is teaching in Georgia. Tom Taggart is in the army somewhere. I can't understand why they wanted him. I don't know what happened to the rest of the rough necks.

Now a few words about yours truly. I finally decided to settle down and study a little for a change and finish at L. M. U. I have spent most of my time since then teaching. I managed a company store in Harlan County one year but was not satisfied and started teaching again. Last year I worked for a while at Glen L. Martin's in Baltimore but got sick and had to come home. I am at it again and doubt if I ever try anything else. There is no future to it but I enjoy it more than any other work I have tried. I married a gal in 1933 that I met two years before at L. M. U. and we have one eight year old daughter. I am supposed to be the principal of this school but my wife teaches with me and in reality I am merely her assistant. We have a very nice set-up here, two nice buildings and twenty two teachers. We are not so very far from Harrogate but I have not been there but once since I got married. St. Charles is a mining community and if you ever lived in one or near one you know something about the people. We have some very nice ones and also several of the other kind. I was amused as well as disgusted at some Holy Roller meetings that were held about three miles from here last summer and fall. I am speaking of the snake handlers that you might have seen or at least you have heard of them. Their "doings and Carrying ons" made the front pages in several newspapers including New York, Washington and others. Kentucky passed a law a few years ago against the handling of snakes in church services. This bill I think must have been sponsored by the Humane Society in Kentucky. But the Humane Society in Virginia was not so interested in the dumb animals so they came from Va. Ky., and Tenn. to hold their

ST. CHARLES HIGH SCHOOL

RUFUS FUGATE, PRINCIPAL

ST. CHARLES, VA.

meetings in an out door, roped in arena here. I went down one Sunday to see the show - and I do mean show. They passed the copperheads and rattle snakes around to the faithful to pet and fondle and all the time they were singing, shouting, dancing and seeming to be enjoying it a lot. It reminded me of pictures I have seen and articles I have read about the savage snake dances. I thought at the time that you and Jesse both should attend at least one of those meetings. You should have been able to find plenty of material for short stories.

What have you been doing for the last ten or twelve years? Did you ever marry or are you still your own boss? I know it is useless to ask you how you like the army because there are but very few who really like it but realize it is a necessary evil and want to get it over with and back home as soon as possible. I imagine they will call me about the time school is out or sooner. I was put in 1-A a few days ago.

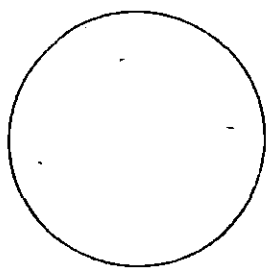
I would enjoy hearing from you, sometime Jimmie and when you get back I would enjoy seeing you and talking with you if you should happen to be in this territory at any time.

Sincerely,



No. _____

From



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To O/Sgt. James Still, 35133320
Hq + Hq. Sq. 8th ADB, AAF
A.P.O # 606
% Postmaster
Miami, Fla.

Mrs. M. H. Sharpe
(Sender's name)
Bushnell Fla.
(Sender's address)

Feb. 26, 1944.
(Date)

Dear Jim:

I'm just back from south Florida. Bill came in again for 10 day so last week end ~~he~~ and I went down to Hervey's at Clewiston on the south. coast of Lake Okechobee - we went to Palm Beach, saw the Atlantic coast for the first time. Beautiful beaches, flowers, trees and Palms. Bill was lucky, he visits home in a month we sure miss home.

We are getting lots of berries for the size of the patch. Tobacco plants are ready to set. We are really having beautiful weather. Nice and warm.

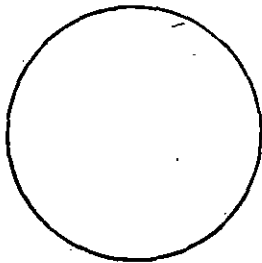
Had a letter from Lois, said Tom Still had been home and got married while there to a Miss Mayflower Vaughn - Of course I've never heard of her. Although I hear from Tom often.

Mel has had the flu this past week. But is able to be up. so Helen + Tommy spent most of the week with us so Tommy wrote you most every day, at least that what he called, his scribbling space is gone so good by.

V...-MAIL

Ellorie

No. 35733320



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

T/Sgt. James Still
Hq & Hq Sq, 8th AFG AAF
APO 606, c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

Mrs. R. A. Johnson
(Sender's name)

P.O. Box # 14
(Sender's address)

Shawmut, Ala.

Feb. 27 - 1944
(Date)

Dear Jim:

We were glad to hear from you. Every body well as far as I know. I call Papa yesterday A.M. and talk to him said was feeling fine and believe he had got over his cold.

Papa said tell you he mail a letter to you Friday, Feb. 25 - 44.

And about Wilfred, I don't know except he can't walk only in a chair.

We are planning to go to see him soon maybe then I will know.

Pvt. Robert W. Johnson, Ward 4-B
Army & Navy Gen. Hosp. Hot Springs
Ark.

Yes Tom got married, I read the announcement in paper. Maeflower Vaghn of Fair Fax. She has two girls they are school age, Alfre could tell you all about this Woman. I can't. Dore & ney and girls spent night Sat. Love. Lois

V...-MAIL

UNIVERSITY OF CHATTANOOGA

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Feb. 28, 1944

Dear Jimmy,

I am glad to know where you are and to have the opportunity of visiting you. Jesse Stuart sent me your address and is responsible for this letter.

I have just finished Stuart's Mongrel Mittie, a very nice dog story. My review of it is here in The Chattanooga Times any Sunday now. What do you think of Laps for Private Jussie?

It is interesting for me, whenever it is possible to make

the trip, to stop at LMU and then
"feel" the respective attitudes toward
yours and Stuart's writings. You
both have followers — and they
have reasons for their choice.

mentioning LMU reminds me of
the present campaign to raise
\$75,000 for a physical education
building. I have letters from
Jesse Edds and others about it.
I wish I could give a good-
sized war bond, but a little one
is the best I can do. I am
a member of the so-called white-
collar stratum (not so clean in
Chattanooga) of society, which is
caught in the squeeze of the
present economic pressure. Being
neither labor nor capital, I do
not have the high pay wages

of the one or the profits of
the other. So I squeeze.

A word about my family, Jimmy,
since I haven't seen you in years.
We have a girl eleven years old,
and a boy six. Yvonne is in the
6th grade. The boy is enjoying
his last free year. Gillie teaches
in one of the city schools, I have
been a regular member of the
English staff at the University for
two years. We like it here very
much. Before coming to Chatta-
nooga we worked for five years
at Hiram College. I was
Head of English there and Gillie
was dietitian. I feel that our
family life has been pretty
well balanced between the country
and the city. perhaps that is

wholesome! We enjoy working and being busy. The church takes enough of our extra-curricular time.

This letter is a scraggy one, but maybe it will serve as a starter.

When you have a minute, write us about yourself.

Best wishes,
Roland Carter