

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

FROM

TO: T /Sgt James Still, 35133320

Hq & Hq Sq, 8th ADG AAF

APO 606, c/o P postmaster

Miami, Florida

Geo. B. Antley

Forest, Miss .

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

Sept. 6, 1944

Dear Jim,

You asked in yours of the 19th about the Pastor on down. Well, the Pastor has been preaching on "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and on the tithe. He said if we had been giving the Lord his rightful part instead of sending the flower of our country over seas with bayonets, we would have sent missionaries and perhaps there would not have been any war. Out of 500 members, so far about 100 have agreed to tithe their income.

Most prices are far below the last war. The talk is first the war, then the election. This town is "Main Street", 3500 people, every type, height and depth, needing the Master touch to send them to the heights.

My oldest boy is completing his course in aerial gunnery B-24. This town is the boyhood home of Senator Eastland. He lived right on this lot from where I am writing. His father, a large delta planter, was buried here Sunday. The negroes on his plantation asked permission to give a floral offering. It was a blanket of flowers with orchids in the center costing \$90.00.

About the rest of my family - Mother is a U. D. C. with whom we live. My sister at home is teaching. My wife is plenty smart and everything else good one might mention, my second boy has a morning paper route. My girl is 13, thinks she is older. My youngest boy is 8, draws anything, especially any type of car, truck or airplane he has seen.

Yes I would enjoy a few weeks of "sweating it out" with you over there.

Sincerely,

Geo. B. Antley

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 121

To: Hq. + Hq. Sq. 814 AOC AAF
APO 606, c/o P.M.
Miami, FL

Hindman, Sept. 6, '44

Dear Mr. Still:

Now that the allies are stepping up at such a tremendous rate of speed, I sincerely hope you will change your prediction that you and your buddies will probably spend your third Christmas in Africa. I take it you were still blue- or yellow- ~~from the effects of malaria and dysentery, and those continuous rains,~~ and that you are now feeling much better and more cheerful in consequence. Your home needs you, there are more kittens to feed and pet and we all need to read again about sensible, homey, worth-while mountain people, as only you can write of them.

Another school year at Hindman began yesterday. The usual crowd, but not the customary flights of oratory we have had to listen to for the past years. Only Dr. Duke left of the Old Guard to reminisce, and he forgot to do that this year in his hopes for the future. All eyes are centered now on the new principal, a Dr. Fred Williams, who, it appears, is going to prove the man for the job. Well educated, with a degree from Columbia and other colleges, he had charge of a Colony in India for 18 years, teaching and presiding over both boys' and girls' high schools. He is a man who loves to tackle a job, and after looking over this one, it seemed to appeal to him. Has a wife and one boy of 11 years with him. One married and another in college. A fine executive, he had every teacher there knowing just what he or she was going to teach the first day of school. Miss Standish will teach Chemistry again in addition to her work in the library, with an increase in salary, of course. Pearl C. held out, or tried to, for an increase. Mr. W. gave him a day to decide and told him if he did not appear at the teacher's meeting on Saturday, he would consider it final. He did not appear, so the position as Coach was offered to Mr. Woods, head of Grade school, and accepted. So Mr. C. is looking elsewhere. Jethro seems greatly pleased and we are hoping for a good year of real accomplishment. Frances G. came for these last two weeks to help him, Mr. W., all she could, and is leaving tomorrow for her new position at Mitchell College, N. Carolina, Statesville. She will have charge of the Business administration there. We have lost Miss Manshardt, and Miss Frizzell, the former teaching nearer her home, - the latter now a Wave.

~~My son reached home from India August 16th. Made the trip by plane in seven days. He was 30 days going, partly by boat. He looks brown and fit, had a wonderful experience. Spent last week end with me here. The other son has been advised to go west and now has charge of the Pathology department of the Medical School at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City. Do write oftener. Mr. Loomis wrote the office asking if we had had late word from you. He seemed uneasy since he knew you had the attack of malaria. Be kind to your friends. They think a lot of you.~~

One of them -

[Julia Gunn]

Somewhere in the Gold Coast
Africa
9 September 1944

Dear Jethro:

This is known as "Blue Envelope Mail". We are allowed one such letter a week, not to be censored by the CO, but to be passed along to the Base Censor. I merely seal this letter after writing it, turn it in at the APO.

Cool and cloudy weather continues, the sun breaking through for an hour or two a day. Here in headquarters we have to keep lights on most of the day, even though the building is practically all windows.

No slackening of work in my department; it seems to come on forever. We are short-handed at the moment. Cpl Pompa is in the hospital with stomach ulcers and Sgt Bliss is away at a rest camp. I had postponed Bliss's trip for over two months on account of so much activity in our section, but at last told him to go ahead. He needed to get away, to rest. Sgt Follas had also been batting the ball for months without cease and I gave him permission to take a three-day pass. He didn't go any where, just went to bed and stayed there for three days. In a shuffle of personnel some time ago my section came out with one man the less.

A native boy has just been assigned to us, Bamfo by name. He does the dirty work. He is clean almost to the point of being finicky, dresses in freshly starched white shorts that practically rattle when he walks; he is intelligent, does his work so quietly he is hardly noticed, speaks English in a clipped British manner.

I have been Personnel Sergeant Major for nearly ten months. In some ways I had no gifts for such a job, and others I was cut out for it.

The detail is immense. The two soldiers who had this job before me were edgy-tempered, loud-mouthed bastards--and I understand now how they got that way. On the whole I have kept my temper and blown-my-top seldom. For one thing I decided long ago not to worry. On rare occasions when I think my head is going to explode I just walk out, put on my bathing suit and head for the beach. An hour's swim usually clears up all problems.

But I do like this job, and am a little bit proud to have it. In this outfit there are jobs far more important perhaps, but there are none I would find more interesting, more diverse. There's none other which would fit the contrary human being that I am.

Our mahogany outhouses are being torn down and concrete ones being erected. If they don't get the new places up by sundown we'll have to go-for-bush tonight. Lately, in a check on dysentery, we have all had to turn in stool specimens. Last night I went into an outhouse and there sat six soldiers, their little wooden specimen boxes in their hands, and all constipated by the thought of having to publicly garner a specimen.

When I see how all this beautiful mahogany is wasted hereabouts I wish very much I could get a couple hundred board feet back to America. A GI I know ~~has~~ is working every angle trying to get permission to ship some of it back to the States. I doubt it can be done.

We can now state we are in the Gold Coast, though not the exact place. Back when a child in Alabama we used to have a polite way of telling folks to go to hell. We said, "Go to Guinea!" I didn't know then the derivation of this expression.

The Gold Coast, Liberia, Sierra Leone and Nigeria are shown on old maps as Guinea.

Thirty months ago today I set off from your house for the Army, the unknown. Do you remember that day? It is faint in mind. It requires an effort to recall it. On the 21st of this month the 8th Air Depot Group will have completed two years of foreign service. Only a part of us, however, are left of the original outfit. A celebration is being planned, a day-long holiday. Something of a carnival is to be staged, with American hamburgers (we haven't seen one in two years), ice cream, beer, music, and various events, culminating in a lottery at night in which \$3,000 in prizes are to be given to G.I.'s holding the lucky tickets. Last year, you may recall, at the celebration of our first year overseas we had a barbecue.

With the war in Europe appearing to be on its last legs there's a small, small chance some of us may get home this winter--that is if they don't decide to send us on, directly, to the Pacific. A great many soldiers who have wives and children back in the States are really sweating the war out. They talk about going home constantly. The subject has become pretty bore-some to me. Naturally I want to get back to the US if and when the time comes for it--but that is a matter I leave up to General Arnold. I definitely do not want to return to the States so long as the European war is in progress.

I do admit a hankering to move on East, or anywhere out of the tropics. While I am in good health now, I think I've been here long enough.

My brother, Tom, is in action in Italy and I am much concerned for him. No word from him lately.

- There has been another shift in the War Bond set-up. In October you will once more begin to receive my bonds--a fifty dollar one, and a ten-dollar G.I. bond. The first you receive should be dated September 1944.

By today's mail a recent copy of "Yank" goes to you. Save this magazine for me after reading it.

Have you received various books I asked the publishers to mail to you recently?

In your last letter ~~where~~ you indicated that I should, considering my great age, try to get back to the US, and out of the Army. Nothing is further from my mind. I don't want to get out of the Army at any time soon. In some ways, as the common G.I. saying goes, "I never had it so good!"

Have you visited Dead Mare Branch lately? How wonderful that place is going to look to me when I get back! It is a place almost too good to be true.

Sincerely,

Jim

Margaret Hay Edwards gets her doctors
degree in Medicine from Temple Uni.
Phila. the 14th of Sept.

Ethel Craft opens for two
weeks in N.Y. supporting Miss
Hayes in "Harriet" on the 17th, then
the 32 weeks road tour from coast to coast!!!

Reconditioning Section
ASF Regional Hospital
Camp Crowder, Missouri
10 September, 1944

Dear Jim,

Thank you for your card. It will be fine to have at length an answer to my year-old letter. So many months I have waited to hear from you. Thinking you never got the letter, I wrote months ago to Jethro to inquire of him your latest address but he did not reply.

In October my former photographic outfit moved here from Livingston, to await shipping orders to some overseas theatre. Just before they left in February I came down with an attack of my burdensome arthritis. This resulted much to my disgust in a classification D- NON and reassignment to the Medics. At once I began work here in the Reconditioning Section where I was promised all sorts of ratings but none of which ever came through. I have worked at a number of rather responsible jobs, first personnel consultant, then acting sgt-major and now in the Educational Reconditioning Dept. my new job is that of Director of Terd Education. For this work they sent me to the army's School for Special and Morale Services at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Only last week I returned to Crowder.

Granted a three-day delay in route I revisited the Kentucky Mountains --- for the first time in two and one-half years. Somehow it all was changed, how strongly it seemed to me that all the villages were run down at the heels and needed their woods cut. Jackson was particularly depressing. The old Hotel Jefferson has degenerated into something only slightly removed from a house of prostitution. There once the school teachers sat in swings on the porch now sway "broads" with purple painted toe nails....

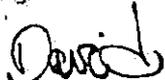
A kind Breathitt friend drove me over to Hindman to see Marine Captain Arthur Amburgey's parents. I wanted to see Mrs. Gunn, but she was not here. We had only a little time so the Amburgeys were all the people I saw. Arthur has written me very wonderful letters for two years, at least one a week during his busiest combat period. I await with eagerness his proposed return to the states after October. This month he is on Guam.

Isn't it about time you got to return, after so many long months overseas?

I do not know what you want to hear. Please ask questions and I promise to write at great length about anything of which you desire information.

With every good wish,

Always your friend



P.S.

Since both Margaret and Ethel always liked you very much, I am sure they would each be thrilled if from Africa you were to send them notes of well-wish. In the event you have time and feel inclined to write them, I am sending their addresses:

Mrs. Margaret Hay Edwards
1516 Russell Street
Philadelphia, 40, Pa.

Miss Ethel Craft
374 Bleecker Street
New York 14, N.Y.

[From: Krow, OH
To: Lt + Lt Sgt 8th AFG AAF
APO 606 c/o C.M.
Miami, FL]

Monday 10³⁰ a.m.
[11 Sep 1949]

Dear Jim;

I received your letter today, and it was sure a treat to hear from you. It has been at least two months since I had a letter from you. I haven't heard from Tom since he went over seas, except thru some of the family. I'm going to write to him this morning if I can locate his address. Alfred never writes me either, so I don't have any information about him, except that he is working in the ship yards in New Orleans, La.

I had a letter from pop last week. He is doing fine. The same ole Doc; he never slows down. He's a first class Daddy too. That man has really gone to bat for his family.

This war has brought about a great change in the lives of a lot of

people. Take my life for instance, it has
been one great worry, a great loss which can
never be replaced. However, things may work
out alright for me yet.

I had a letter from Mary this morning.
She is coming up Thursday for a two weeks
visit. After that visit I will know just how
I stand. I know that I'll be happy to see her
and would like very much to see baby too. Due
to the police scare here, she couldn't come this
time.

I expect to catch a plane down home by
Christmas anyway. I got a feeling that I should
go to see Pop and Family.

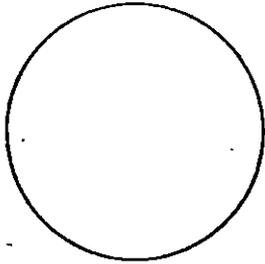
I have a very good job here with
Goodyear at \$8.50 per week. That's not bad
money at all.

I like Abiron fine, although the
war between the States hasn't ended yet,
and until the end of time it will still go
on.

Take care of yourself and write when you
have time

now or -- -- -- my young
me to send you? of as game it, and it will be on its
way. send to you.
25.

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

S/Sgt. James Still, 35133320
Hq. + Hq Sq., 8th ADE. AAF
APO # 606, c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

Helen Swain
(Sender's name)

Buchnell
(Sender's address)

Fla.

Sept. 11, 1944
(Date)

Dear Jim -

After getting the family off to school and work I decided it would be a good time to write. I am writing Bill and Tom also.

Patsy has started to school again. This is her second term. Tommie wanted to go but he is only five and can't go till next year.

Hazel leaves for Tallahassee next Sunday to go to school.

I got the present you sent me. I sure do thank you. The little butterfly you sent Patsy was sure pretty. She will write later and thank you herself.

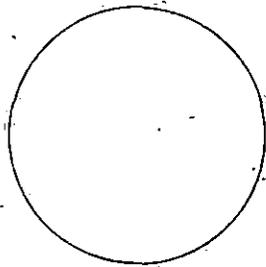
Earl is still sawmilling. He is getting ready now for the fruit season. I guess he will start hauling the last of this month or the first of next. You remember the plant that is at Dade City where I worked, well you wouldn't know the place now for it has been enlarged to about twice the size.

Bill is still in the Pacific and seems to be o.k.

With love,
Helen

V...-MAIL

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To T/Sgt. James Still, 35133320
Hq & Hq Sq. 8th ADG AAF
APO Box 606
Postmaster,
Miami, Florida

From
Marie Marvel
(Sender's name)
Box 158, Berea College,
(Sender's address)
Berea, KY.
Sept. 12, 1944
(Date)

Dear Jim - Today I've been driving up in the mountains of the Cherokee National Forest visiting isolated little schools. All should be consolidated say the modern educators yet any attempts to do so have resulted in lawing with the supt. left to pay the costs.

The County Supt. here is an interesting conversationalist I believe they claim he's the bonniest supt. in Tenn. but one is never aware of it after he begins to speak. He is well versed in Indian lore and is of the old time scholar type. His wife (a second one) is a character! Can beat Mrs. Burns in her mt. talk all to holler. And she never lets up a minute! I've traveled with her two days now with nary a sign of a lagging tongue & I know she's good for another three days with plenty left over for the next fellow who comes this way. She's more fun than Mrs. Burns - not half so serious. spins yarns about wild turkey hunts, killings and revenue officers that just leaves you fit to be tied to use her language. She was born back in what is now the Tall Forest. She's an intelligent educated woman but likes to use her mt. speech to the limit.

Have been reading Fat Review of lit 20th anniversary number tonight. It's subtitle is "Literature Between Two Wars". It was like a review of my own reading for these have been my adult years. They printed approximately 4000 names in alphabetical order under "Among Fat's Contributors" & it was fun to find your name.

Jim, is there anything I could send you?

you'd like or need that I
yoursever
Marie

V...-MAIL

From 29th Coy. Royal Engineers
The Army
The British
1944

Egypt.
13 Sept. 1944.

Dear Jim:-

Just a few lines to express my thanks for the copies of "The Day" you have so graciously kept me on sending me. They are well read by the fellows here. Let's hope they keep coming.

At present I am working in the Administrative Section of the Dispensary on this post. Kelly can't seem to get the correct spelling of any words which more than I uttered in it. Capt. Parley had put me in charge of all correspondence & found there and I am having quite a time getting familiar with the various forms. It is all coming to me slowly.

The news of the European War here is becoming more encouraging. I looked like it won't be too long now before we are transferred into the Pacific Area to work there.

A group of like minded
men up to Palestine and Jerusalem.
I hope to go up there next month or
also go up to Alexandria.

Well Jim, I hope this letter
finds you all in the best of spirits.
Hope you have a happy Last Anniversary.
Write me a few lines.

Your Friend
Robert "Dingleberry" Smith

Sept. 17th-44

My dear Jimmie,

Your very welcome letter of Aug. 25th reached me a few days ago. You had me guessing and a bit worried for your other one came almost months ago so I was beginning to think you were laid up again. Wrote to Hingman about you but the next day your letter came. So sent them an airmail telling them you were O.K. Tried to get that copy of the Times but so far have met with no success but am still hoping. Told Miss Mount about the books and she will start some more to you. You have had nothing on us so far as weather goes. We have had the hottest summer I can remember. Aug. 4th was hotter than any record for that day since the Weather Bureau was started. And it was the same with the first half of that month. To add to the heat we had high humidity-some rain a good part of the time and to end up with that tornado from the South Seas hit us Thursday night. Did a lot of damage in N.Y. City but only about 20 people were killed. But the loss along the east coast all the way up from Florida, and in that state as well, ran into the millions. At Atlantic City the damage amounted to about four million dollars alone. Too bad there is no news of interest to pass on. You likely know more about the War than we do. But everything seems to be going along in fine shape and our losses of men they say is not large when the operations are considered. We are all hoping it will be over soon. The predictions by the leaders are that it will be. Billy Garr (now a captain) about whom I have written you has been sent back home and is now in New York City connected with the 510th A.A.F. Base Unit Hq, A.T.C. Domestic Transportation Division. He had expected to be sent to Texas but the N.Y. office kept him here. Does not know whether or not he will be sent overseas again but is quite sure he will be here for six months at least. He has a slight touch of Malaria I think and think he told me he was taking those Atabrine pills. He has a fungus infection in his or on his hands and it bothers him some. The M.Ds here do not seem to know just how to treat it. He is worked hard and has most unearthly hours. He watches change every eight hours for the office is never closed. They run from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., then 4 P.M. to midnight and then midnight to 8 A.M. and he has served on each. Too bad you are "changing your colors" but it is better to do just that than to have that malaria get into your system. Have been told that when it once "gets set" it is mighty hard to unseat it. So better watch your step and keep well. Your M.D. must know by this time how to treat it successfully. Best of Luck and drop a line often if only a postal so that we will know you are keeping well.

Affectionately yours

Willie

LTB: 1/2 + 1/2 S2. 5th APG RAC
AP# 606 c/o PM
Miaming FL

(1-25-71)

MR. & MRS. DOUGLAS H. BARNES

924 AVENUE D

GADSDEN, ALA.



2820-J

Sunday nite Sept. 17

Dear James,

Hoping you're feeling fine and well we are O.K. only Douglas has a cold. The girls are going to school. We hear from Peanut most every day he's in R.M. school. He told us he sure got a good letter from ^{you} he has called us three times. Douglas is going to Bainbridge, Md. Oct. 14. to see him I may go if Mary get's back from Alaron Ohio before that time. She left last Thursday after noon to see Corner. Mrs Adams and Rosemary did not go as she is in school. We are having cool nites and hot days. Louise, Barbara and me went to see papa on Sunday came back on Friday morn Flower girl came home with us and stayed a week. Lois spent each nite with me at pep I enjoyed my stay I also visited Alma DeBoach in Lanett she's really pretty and her boy is across Papa sure looks well and get's about good. He had the most water-mellon and fresh ham's they were mighty good. One of our neighbors went fishing and brought us a mess of fresh fish. I had a freezer of cream this morning. on one ate any of it but me. I baked Peanut a ginger bread cake will mail it Monday. We have a little dog in our family name cooler he's a cute little thing he's happy to chew on our feet and he's really playful. Douglas played golf shot 40 this after noon I must right Tom. I hear he's got a combat badge. Please excuse me for not writing sooner, but you right soon. Our Pastor Mr and Mrs Edwards come try to see us soon I mean in the fall. Love
D.H.B.

Sept. 28. 1
Stable New mi

Dear Jim;

I received your letter, I sure was glad to hear from you again I had began to think something had happened to you or you had forgotten me one;

I'll never forget those days at Fort Thomas I only wish they had lasted longer, also I knew as much about the army then as I do now.

You asked me about Jim Duke, well the last I heard from him was Jim had had a letter I was home on furlough. It seems he got out of the army in something called the "Internal Security" some kind of investigation work I think. He stationed in Fort Worth Texas. I never did get a letter from him & so far as I know he never did come home on furlough, you know he is some what of a funny fellow to say the least.

I suppose you'd like to know how this man's army & I have made out, well on the whole good, I've been station here almost 2 years now, well he 2 year is next month. I've been with the mps, most of the time, but now for the last month or so I've been working from the forward mess hall office

as an Investigator, I'm much or most sure this from
the theft of a toothbrush is up!

on this field every one who is married can leave off the
post, I have my wife with me, you know I was married in fact
thames, see how the grandest boy you may see, 6 months old,
I'm sending you his picture, so you see why the army to me
is not so bad.

are any of the boys with you now that were taken out good
old Fort Thames? you know I've never been able to run into
any one I knew yet!

I'm ~~time~~ ~~looking~~ ~~forward~~ from the day we separated at
Fort Thames to see you again in Hindman and you know I'm
my home when that thing is over, which I hope won't be
so long now.

While I was home but if your friends spoke of you.

Remember our friend right in Fort Thames Jim Burke got
well at me and never did get over it. Do you remember the
Sparksman boy from Jones Park,? well he never did do any
good & at last he got discharged, come back home & they
sent him again, I haven't heard from him any more.

Well Jim and boy write to you and buildy more after &
I will too, I'd like to stay, Hoping to see you some time
soon in Hindman, Yours always
Dell's

Sept 29 1944.

Dear June,

While cleaning out car yesterday among various books, old letters and etc I found a letter that Hazel had written you Aug. 23 just after the gift arrived.

So I send her letter on to you. She is now in school. And likes very much Her address is Hazel Sharpe.

Florida State College.

Box 751

Tallahassee, Fla.

Its getting rather fall like. Day are hot out in the sun but. but cool enough in the shade and the night pleasant.

Had a nice long letter from Mae (Tom's wife.) I have already written about it.

I was very sorry to hear that Tom was wounded in action. Although I was expecting it some how. Well anyway his wound could have been worse. She just wrote. Wounded in, one arm, elbow down. Sure hope he doesnt lose his arm.

One of our Community Boys was home on a thirty-day leave from Hospital. He has lost a leg. Other-wise is in perfect health.

We haven't heard from Bill in several weeks now. Of course we are a little anxious, more than likely they have moved to an other Island. The last we heard he was near Admiralty Islands.

Do you know this man? Lt. Col. Ben L. McLaughlin of the Eighth Air Force. He is a very good friend of the family and we hear from him occasionally. Then again you probably may be miles apart. He is ground commander of the B-1 Flying Fortress.

That is the last address we have.

We had our first Okra today. Fall planting, have an acacia. Hope to can & sell some if we don't have an early frost.

Tom & Pat are up quite often, both are growing up and lots of company.

Well I hear from home occasionally. The last account they were all just fine.

Wish you could see Tom, Mal said he was awfully blue. But suppose he will be back in the States before very much longer.

Write often as you can - I write softer than isn't much to tell.

Love -

Ellene -