

Sent to: Squadron "A"  
AAF Conv. Hospital  
Plattsburg Barracks, NY

317 East 37th Street  
New York 16, N. Y.  
August 6, 1945

Dear Jim:

Your letter came as a pleasant surprise. I started an answer on July 22nd yet for some reasons did not finish it. You will note the change of address as shown above. Please destroy the old one and use this.

Mrs. Razor is beautifully and strongly written. A friend of mine who read it wrote as follows; "With his understanding of how the "strange" child ticks, he should be connected with a childrens' hospital or medical center." I do not think of Jamie Lee as "strange, even from the story, yet I understand what she means. You misunderstood when you thought I felt you should write of the war. Heaven forbid that you or any like you write directly of war, though of course ~~wonderful~~ studies of reasons, results, etc. etc. have a definite place in literature, history, philosophy of history, etc. You are right. You have a chosen locale on which to embroider your work. I'll look forward to seeing the story in Yale Review.

About the new address: My landlady needed the yard for her little niece and her dog to play in and as that was not conducive to peace for writing (my small apartment being almost like a room of the yard with its only windows opening upon the play place), I looked for a more private place. (Both the child and the dog were of the lustiest variety.) Empty apartments and rooms are almost nonexistent in New York yet I found a place. An old house which had been unoccupied for four years because of much-needed repairs had been leased by two young women decorators who needed apartments for their families. I rented one of the top floor apartments and as the rent is cheap we each took it upon ourselves to remodel. It is a tenement house whose floors and ceilings have tilted and tipped to perkiness. There are two fireplaces in each apartment, one in the kitchen and one in the livingroom. There are four rooms, running "railroad" fashion, two large ones and two small. Some knocked out partitions. I didn't but I built closets and shelves and put a fine wall around the bath tub which stood nakedly in the kitchen. From the side wall of three of the rooms - by aid of a crow bar - I pulled off plaster down to ~~the~~ brick which I painted rosy. The kitchen and den are papered and I painted theé woodwork white. Painted the other two rooms blue (pale morning sky shade) and with yellow furniture and black floors they are lovely. I did all the work except the papering and the carpentry results and I have a home that is beautiful. Everyone gasps when they see it. Laurette says it is like a Matisse painting. With a fine view of the East River and a wide sweep of panarama including the Empire State Bldg. I have sunshine and peace and privacy. Up one flight is the roof where I sit at times and which next year I shall make into a garden. Have to climb four flights to get to ~~it~~ but it is worth it. At last I have a room for the desk and files and stationery. Still have much to do to the place yet the finishing of it can come when I've caught up a bit on writing. Hated to make the change now but had to for my own best interests. I do wish you could see Apartment No. Seven, 317 East 37th Street. The little girl who lives below me tried to write the new address in the air. She wrote a 3 and a 7, then said, "But I don't know how to make a teen."

Please let me know where you are to be located. Hope that your rambles will bring you New-York-way. Write soon again.

Sincerely,

Paul

Very home

HINDMAN, KENTUCKY

Aug. 10-1945-

[10: Squadron F  
AAF Com. Hospital  
Plattsburg Barracks  
New York]

Dear Jim

Miss Standish has just left Ben's house and she was asking about you. She is back for another year, but she doesn't seem a year older. The news is really good to-night and things are shaping up for the end in pretty sure. The president speaks  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. from now and we are hoping to hear some real news. Not the end yet probably, but maybe more than we think about the end. Russia to-day gained 15 miles in the first day of combat, and the devastating atom bomb. It must be something terrible.

The Russian ambassador and Toz are meeting and an important announcement is expected soon.

I wish you could see my two cats play while I am writing this letter. They sure are pretty.

I start to work the 20th. and I have got sufficient tools to make a start. I'm satisfied with the job. I planned on a vacation of some kind before work started but never took any. Of course I haven't hurt myself at work, but helped with <sup>the</sup> garden quite a bit. All corn on the shelves are full and lot of our vegetables in the garden will ruin. I have peddled some out in town. We have plenty for the winter. Woodrow and I bought two pigs 300 lbs. each and they are at his place. They will weigh 400 before butchering time. Hope to see you soon.

John

To: Plattsburg Barracks, NY

[Indianapolis, IN]

Post-Field

Aug 12, 1945

Dear James,

Guess you think I'm some  
kind of a party animal, I got my birthday  
party. Sure you must  
of it, sure wish you could  
have come by to see me,  
when you was at Bowman  
Field.

James, the reason I didn't  
write you, I've had a sore  
hand. I couldn't even write  
Ruby, so you know it must  
have been some sore.

Boy I sure worked my  
ass off since I've been here,  
Kris is the first Sunday, I've  
been off since I came on  
the field.

Think it will be some  
letter now, we have some,

more men, to help us,  
The news is all good,  
maybe we will get some  
soon, but will be the day.

There is a lot of company here  
and knows how, he said  
he was with you,  
company made for the day,  
I also made Cpl. It sure  
surprised me, I never  
expected to make anything.

You ask if I had a buddy,  
nobody like you ever, I  
like all the boys very well.

Guess you have been having  
a big time, we would like  
to go with you again,  
James I will stop in this  
line,

Always a Buddy  
Charles  
(Jones)



UNITED STATES ARMY

August 12, 1945

Dear Sgt. Still,

I was unable to see a copy of the Atlantic until I returned to Miami. I had then realized that going to Chattanooga, Cleveland, Knoxville, Nashville and back to Chattanooga would take so much time. The last four days I spent sitting by the telephone, sweating out a reservation, which I finally got through Atlanta. So I arrived here just before the deadline.

I mentioned your story to my brother in Chattanooga and he inquired



UNITED STATES ARMY

among those at the office and found that a Dr. Johnson (Ph.D. Chem.) had read it that morning before coming to work. He had borrowed the copy from a friend, but brought it to the plant so Tom could read it. He gave me the gist of the contents but said I should read it for myself in order not to miss the many phrases that give it local color. He, too, was intrigued by its meaning.

I got the copy at the Post Library and read it more than once, for I found it to be something I couldn't dismiss readily.



UNITED STATES ARMY

I lived in the country as a child and found a certain familiarity in the chickens climbing about in the trees, the warmth and contentment you find behind the kitchen stove, and, most of all, in the "make believe" with my sister and me it took the form of stick dolls dressed in rag that became real people, forked sticks for the men and straight ones for the women. Certain families in the neighborhood were our subjects quite frequently, both the prosperous and the "no count" ones.

You portrayed so keenly the imaginations and



UNITED STATES ARMY

emotions of cheshead and  
the concern and sympathetic  
understanding of parents who  
did not learn psychology, how  
books. For a fleeting instant  
I, too, found myself wondering  
if the father were beginning  
to share the hallucination of  
Glay - it was all so convincing.  
I especially cited the last  
paragraph. When the father  
turned around to retrace  
the laborious six miles I  
realized his love and devotion  
were so great that a physical  
hardship meant nothing  
compared to lessing the mental  
suffering of the child.

Maybe I have missed  
your idea completely. Anyway,





UNITED STATES ARMY

I shall look forward to seeing  
your next in Yale Review. I  
hope to go to the Beach Library  
soon and get Times yearh.

Do you remember  
the little Sgt. who works  
in the same room as I, and  
who talked to you about your  
assignment. He says he's going  
to send the line "There roses  
are tierred up like woman's  
shoes" & Picturesque Fresh. Letter.

I hope you are finding  
time to write what you like,  
and that you have renewed  
your acquaintances and  
have a comfortable retreat  
at your disposal.

Thanks for telling me  
about the story.

Sincerely,  
Georgia Walker

Plattsburgh, New York, NY  
8th Ave + 51st St.  
New York, NY

Brighams Store  
August 15, 1841

Dear Jim

Your letter of August 9th was received today. Well I guess you have been celebrating V day to day, for myself it was just another work day with us here at this base.

By that Post in the first to place you spent any time in.

that one thing that I dread going back to the states and well to go through all of that G. H. Cross. but I think when I get back to the states that it will be discharge from the Army.

Before I left the states I weighed 184 pounds but I ~~lost~~ fell off a good bit when I got

Wounded, but I have gain  
back to 178th. now.

I am not ~~even~~ except to  
get back home not before

November

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You ought to be able to get  
out of the Army now being  
the War is over

as ever your brother

Tom

---

Hindman, Ky.  
Aug. 19, 1945

[To: Squadron A  
AAF Conv. Hospital  
Plattsburg Barracks, NY]

Dear Jim:

we are looking for you home pretty soon now. I notice all over 38 may apply for a discharge now. Let us know what time to expect you.

Jim, now that the war is over we would like for Morris to get back and enter the University at Lexington. If anything I can do now I do not mind doing it to get his release because the war is over and there are plenty of men to go to the occupational zones.

I would be glad if you would watch for possibilities and give us any assistance you can that may help. I start to work Monday 20th,

Sincerely Yours,

John Embrey

that atomus your announcement and it seemed to describe the feeling of the actual day I was reading it.

Has your brother Tom come home from Italy yet? And how did he recover from his wounds?

They've taken my little niece Nancy to the Warm Springs Foundation Gonzales, Texas. The doctor does give them much encouragement.

She might get well in two months maybe six and maybe more. She's such an active little thing and it's pretty hard for her to face. She seems much happier since she's been moved out to Gonzales. They have three beds for their patients.

I hope to go down there some week this fall.

Do keep me in mind when you move. Tell me which way the wind is blowing for you.  
Yours ever,  
Marie

Pineville, Ky.  
Aug 20, 1945

Dear Jim - We're waiting here for the mail truck to take us out to Red Bird Settlement. Betty Bankart, the Smith College girl who is to travel with me this fall came Aug 15th & I'm initiating her with this trip. This mail truck trip is always fun - takes us about three hours to go 25 mi. then we'll stay just for a week, then ride horseback over to Sacks Creek in the edge of Clay County, then horseback <sup>again</sup> to a road over between Hyden & Hadan to Beech Fork Settlement. Will go on to Berea Sept 1st to get cleaned up for the next trip over on Cumberland Plateau. Betty is good stuff, I think you'd like her, a fresh count & good complexion, even blue eyes on a

solid sort of earthly quality  
yet not bound by it. I think  
I'll be a help as soon as I  
can break her in.

Did I tell you we're to get a new  
person or I should say a person  
(never lived here for two years)  
who will be in our office  
at Berea? This not to be executive  
secretary yet will have a little  
more responsibility than a sten-  
ographer. She's in her middle  
fifties a friend of Helen Dingman's.  
used to work at Smith, Ky. near  
Hadam years ago intervening years  
in ~~Ohio~~ <sup>Ohio</sup> at Mount Clear N. J. or  
~~to~~ Smith that's about I intend  
to find some free time now &  
then.

How do you like your work?  
It sounds like the best  
thing you've had yet? Do you

think so?

Will you be slated for the N.Y.  
Army School now with the  
war ended? How long can  
they keep you in & do you want  
to stay in?

Bob ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> we feel sunk!  
The mail truck just came in  
& said he won't go out till late  
this afternoon. He's leaving his car  
washed on. We expected to go  
at 10 A.M. now I guess we'll  
take the noon bus out & like  
five miles over the mountain. We  
beat him at that. Got up at  
3:30 A.M. just so we'd be here in  
time to go out on this 10 A.M.  
mail truck! Such is travel in  
the subs!

Finally got Pennyp "End of All  
Men". I liked it very much.  
& read it about the time of

and garden on Dead Mare  
hold a piece of you? Does it  
still seem home to you?  
Wish I knew what you were  
thinking.

I think I have that saying  
of friends on uncertainty copied  
in my tiny notebook of things  
to keep me thinking straight. ~~Strange~~  
how we have to live with it  
all of our lives.  
I never heard the one about  
Yodanis works as a means of  
self-concealment  
to that why you ~~curts~~ ~~the~~  
quite given up you know, in  
trying to figure you out but find  
myself deeper entrenched in  
just enjoying you and that  
that & so far I haven't found  
an escape. Perhaps it isn't  
necessary.

Yours ever  
Marie

(10: Hudson, KY)

Red Bud Settlement  
Berea, Ky.  
Aug 22, 1945

Dear Tim - Out of the  
cage! Where did it  
something to take in  
you'll not believe it's true for  
a long time but bet you'll  
find your things quicker than  
you think.

Is this going to mean  
I shall be seeing you  
soon? Do manage it  
somehow. We need to talk  
and talk.

I hope you'll be "rolled" down to  
Camp Atterbury at Indianapolis  
sooner than you think. I  
suppose there's no use inviting  
you to Berea & I'll admit  
I can think of better places  
to meet. However, I'll be there  
the week of Sept 1-8 & could

perhaps retrieve that dinner  
I missed with you at Canary  
Cottage last May when I  
left by the early bus and  
you say where & when & I'll  
try to make connections.

I'll either be at Stuart Pollock  
Sept 10-15 (was half planning to  
go down to Hindman the week  
end before Sept 7-9) or Highland  
Bill near Jackson, Ky. will  
know definitely in a few days.  
If Betsy B. the girl working with  
me doesn't seem to leave suddenly  
to be at her sister's wedding I'll  
probably take her by Hindman on  
the way to Stuart P. or Highland.  
What are you thinking about  
Harvard or University of Southern  
California? Do you still feel you  
want to take advantage of that  
Bill of Rights? Does the  
column and the ...



GUY LOOMIS  
P. O. BOX 98  
BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

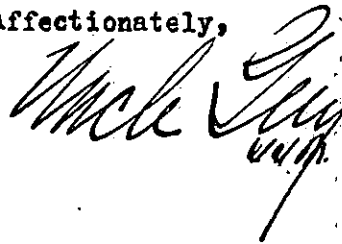
August 27, 1945.

My dear Jimmy:

When you were over here the other day, you said you would get in touch with me if you were not shipped off somewhere. No word has come and I hope you have not left these parts; for I do want to see you again and have you over to dinner so that Miss Mount, Mrs. Watkins and Betty will have a chance to look you over and hear some of your experiences. I hope you can arrange to carry this out, and if so be sure and give me a day or so notice so that I can arrange with them. If Betty is to see you, it will have to be soon for she leaves the 3rd or 4th of September to go back to college.

Enjoyed our little visit greatly and rejoiced at seeing you looking so well. Look out for that malaria and you may be able to shake it in this climate.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Uncle Guy". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed word "Affectionately,".

T/Sgt. James Still, #35133320  
U. S. Personnel School  
Capital Hotel,  
8th Avenue and 51st Street,  
New York, N. Y.