

Mr. J. D. Goodin
Co. "C" - 4th Pltas.
4th Tr. Bn.
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

MACON
JUL 27
3³⁰ PM
1941
GA.



Mr. Thomas E. Goodin, Sr.
R. F. D. # 1
Erwin,
Tennessee

Personal



CAMP WHEELER, GEORGIA

Saturday, Camp Wheeler
(as usual !!)

Dear Dad,

Was glad to get your letters and want you to know I appreciate them. And your asking me for advice about trading is sort of ironic, isn't it? You're the trader, not me. But my advice would be to buy you a new car, jack it up, & run the jitterbug! Seriously, George is right in his cars, & I haven't caught him wrong yet. And you know his pretty solid. Also - get you a set of new tires and store them.

Don't plan on waiting till I get out before getting one. Cause unless I'm discharged for something unusual, I won't be out of here for two and maybe 3 years at least. It's not official, but our officers tell us that, and they certainly aren't playing. This is serious, and they're trying to get volunteers for Puerto Rico & Panama now.

Now, Dad, another thing on my chest to get off. When you write, skip all this patriotic faling, and don't try to cheer me up. I don't need it. I pride myself on the fact that I've got enough of you in me to face and tackle anything, big or little, one year or 10. And I realize that you've been all any boy could ever ask for for a Dad. I've criticized you, and even you'll admit you've got faults, and you've spoiled me some (ha?) - but still I wouldn't want any other Dad than you. I know you so well, I can about tell what's in your letters before I open them. I know what you're thinking now. But, don't worry about me - I've got enough of Mother in me to make the best of everything, good or bad. Even getting in the "intelligence" - when 90% are casualties, which is the highest percentage of loss in any department. Cause, well -

I'm in a good bunch of boys, good officers, and hard work, mentally and physically. But, as I say, don't worry.

And now, Dad, a few words about Mother. Sometimes, I know, you could throw her across your knee, and probably be right in doing it. But, Dad, she's always stuck to you, even when she could have (and maybe should have) thrown you across her knee. This being a tough time, now - the worst in her whole life, and please, for my sake, if not her, do what you can to make her remaining years a little happy. Because you've never had close contact with your family, you couldn't understand what I'm talking about, and I couldn't explain it - but I know, she's had a couple of close calls to a nervous breakdown already, and if she gets through this summer - it will be a miracle. Dad, you are a man, and even the collapsing of your financial empire didn't unnerve you - but with Mother, it's different. Remember that, and regardless of what happens, please don't ever tell her "I told you so". Spare her that much. I know this is vague and doesn't make sense to you, but then again - you may know. I know that you know tens of thousands of things you aren't supposed to know. At any rate, regardless of what comes up, try and help her. It may hurt you, too, but being the man I think and know you are, you'll swallow your thoughts and grin.

I hope you and Mother can come down. Why don't you come to Chattanooga on the Steamline, and then come on down? Of course, for her, it would be better to come to Spartanburg, spend the night, & come on on the next day. As for that Steamline trip, wish you & J. R. would come down on that trip!! I'd like to see him. And Pop - you have a little saved up now, you could relax just a little and enjoy yourself out once in a while - and I'd love to see you. Marion is a nice place - but it's Georgia, & that's enough said.

I've been in the hospital since Wednesday with an infected, abscessed jaw - when my wisdom tooth was. I'm O.K. now, and leaving in the morning. Don't tell Mother, as she would only worry. And incidentally, when you get through reading this letter,



CAMP WHEELER, GEORGIA

maybe you'd better tear it up, & burn it.

It seems a funny sort of letter for a kid to write to his Dad, but well, if anything should happen to me - you'll know how & what I feel about you, and everything. I'm afraid there have been times when I've been an awfully bad boy, especially to you, but being like you are, you've overlooked them in me when you wouldn't have anyone else.

Don't know whether you can work out anything for Ray or not, but for his sake, hope you can - and don't say anything to anybody that would kill any chance. Like what you said to J.R. - that made me mad!! You might be taking a chance, but that's what I'd all are doing, as - try & give him a break.

Since I've got to write to the rest of the family, I'll be closing now. Pap, try to understand what I've said - and don't think about it.

With all my love, as always,

Your son,

Johnny