



1943

[1943-03-24]

Envelope to:

Mr. & Mrs. T. E. Goodin, Sr.

R.F.D. #1

Erwin, Tennessee

MAR 24 1943 INDIANTOWN GAP PA

[letter is typed]

*** Saturday Night

Dear Folks:

Sis hasn't written, but sent candy. Says to tell his big brother to write. Asks them to write - other general news.

[1943-08-23]

Postcard from the War Department indicating a change of address to New York.

To:

Mr. & Mrs. T. E. Goodin, Sr.

R.F.D. #1

Erwin, Tennessee

AUG 23 1943 INDIANTOWN GAP PA

[1943-09-09]

Envelope to:

Mr. & Mrs. T. E. Goodin, Sr.

Mrs. R. P. Sawyer

R.F.D. #1



Erwin, Tennessee
SEP 17 1943 U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE A.P.O. 507

Letterhead now reads "United States Army"
Letter dated 9 Sept., 1943
Postmark is September 17, 1943

"Somewhere"
Co."B", 32 A.R., A.P.O. 253
c/o P.M., N.Y.C., N.Y.
9 Sept., 1943.

Dear Folks,

(I love you, Stanley loves you - what a hell of a way to start a letter, but with two unofficial advisers & quasi-censors, it is a start.)

Left last week, excellent ship, nice accommodations, excellent food and fair weather - surprisingly enough. Everything was fine till one morning Stinky got sick & lost his breakfast, ate no supper, & we have been doing well since. I got involved in a friendly game of chance, it became unfriendly, I got hold of Stinky, & immediately my luck turned for the better.

Hoping by now you have received my last communications tho frankly I don't remember when it was written. Days have ceased to have meaning. We do hear the news flashes and it was really sweet to hear about Italy. We shall finish up the other 2 so & so's shortly.

By the way, saw a kid named Walker (who lives on Maple St in J.C. - a block from Bills) just before I left. What a small world. And one of the Tapp boys that used to be in my S. S. class is on board, too. I think I told you of seeing Mr. Meyer. I probably didn't tell you I saw G. Vanta's sister for a couple of hours - too, but this was sometime before I left.

Precious little I can tell you, as there is little I know, and nothing of importance has happened. I've read a couple of books, caught up on my sleep, met a couple of VMI boys (one from



Richmond), renewed a W & L acquaintance, & generally enjoyed myself. We eat twice a day - and I've never been fed quite so much in two meals ever. Really works out nice. Our regular diet is varied but little, and except for milk, I'm still getting all the tea I want.

The Red Cross has been very, very nice to us, and it's almost unbelievable what they've done. In fact, when I get back, one of them has promised me my "3-phases" of happiness in reverse and is she cute!!

For Sis's information Bullenger was broke when he came on board but I lent him \$5 & he now has more than I!! A shrewd man no doubt.

I'm wondering if our ex-girl has woke up yet. The last couple of letters I had, she apparently hadn't, so I suggest to my sister that she tell her sometime that I definitely have a mind of my own - and when it comes to females - regardless of my own vices, they either don't have them, give them up - or I move on to greener pastures. And as long as she has known about that particular hate of mine, and thinks still she can get by - well, maybe the shark won't bend her - but it is too late for her to do anything about it. The set-up was perfect - but I'm still the one who has to live with me.

Well, didn't get to celebrate Pap's birthday, but sometime tomorrow I'll drink a ginger ale, or ginger beer (no worry - there ain't no alcoholics on board) to it. "We're" getting old, ain't we?? I only hope by the time I'm around sixty, I've got more than three brats to show - but I'll settle for the 4 grandchildren if there are 3 boys & 1 gal!!

If you're doing any worrying, you might as well quit. I've never felt quite so safe in my life. And my somewhat involuntary prayers go up to Him in thanks for the marvelous protection we have, as well as the other million things a day. And even if He does see fit - I can hardly complain as it's not everyone who is blessed as I have been in so many things. Particularly my family.

Must be closing. Hello to everybody & my love to you all.



Johnny

[1943-10-10]

Envelope from WAR & NAVY DEPARTMENT

VMail to:

Mrs. T. E. Goodin, Sr.
Erwin, Tennessee

10 Oct. 1943

Dear Mom,

Have a little time off this beautiful Sunday afternoon and will try and get you one of the many letters that I try to write and never quite get around to. To begin with, last night I got on my little bike and pedalled [sic] down the road to see what kind of condition I'm in, and found that I'm not quite so good as I used to be. However, I'm not very sore today, which is some consolation. This afternoon later I'm going to try and make it down to see my Tenn. Gal friend and spend the evening with her. Tomorrow I go on leave for a few hours and have to have more little treasures to store away in my memories to tell you about once I get back home. I can see you chuckling over me about to ride some ten or fifteen miles to see a girl on a bike when you used to have trouble getting me to ride into town on my bike at home. Well, conditions are some different at this place, and that is the only way I shall be able to get there without walking and well***&"()*!!! I've done enough of that since I've been in the Army to last me for quite some time. I still haven't heard from you to know whether you know where I'm at now or not. I should have heard at least that you received my cable, but guess that eventually I will...I still enjoy myself thoroughly around here, with the exception of the weather, and I usually freeze real early in the morning. Another thing that is affecting us all, is the water or the damp weather or something...really is hard on the kidneys, and frequent rising in the wee wee hours of the morning is the general rule. With



the latrines some distances away, we have resorted to the use of buckets that are very similar to the ones that my sister's boyfriends used to be serenaded with. And at the time of my return, I will tell you of an incident in which a young lady and myself were treated to a serenade..and there was nothing to camouflage the racket with. Fortunately, she is a very understanding soul, and nothing was said about it. But I can at least now sympathize fully with my poor sister in her younger days.

What a life. Since coming over here, I think I have reached a greater appreciation of the life we led and the happiness and little things than I ever had at home, and many things that were without humor then, are bubbling over with humor now, and I think of your little word that you picked up in South Carolina frequently--"Sneak!!" and wish that sometimes we could have done more "sneaking" than we did..but then on the other hand any more and father dear might have taken drastic action against his "children"....

I have written to Uncle Pyott, but due to censorship measures I couldn't elaborate on the things that I know he would enjoy quite like I'd like to, so will store them up, too until we get back. If anyone in the world could appreciate the English people I think you two could. Only last night we ran into a group of them, of the Air Force, and despite the Irish situation over here, they were singing Irish songs, English songs, and we countered with our own American songs. Sis would enjoy their version of "Coming Around the Mountains"--They add a western "Ki yi tippe Ki Yi Yo" all of their own, which we never would quite associate with that hill billy song. Also, their version of Dina being in the kitchen - tacked on to the end of "I've Been Working on the Railroad" is slightly suggestive if not plainly put of a study of the finer things of life. And speaking of the finer things of life, the moon over here the last couple of nights has been very nice, but as some one has said, it is only one half as good as a North Carolina moon and one tenth as romantic as some other moons we have seen.

Our whiskey is rationed over here, and being the sot I am, I gave away my ration, and will try and stick to my cider...it is pretty good, but can't compare to the twenty cents a gall [sic]



stuff that we used to buy on top of the mountain coming back from North Carolina. Some of it is good, but some of it has a taste very similar to vinegar.

Well, I'm almost out of space here, so will have to be signing off for this time. Hope that you now have a magnifying glass to read these things with. With all my love, and everything that goes with it.

As always,
Your Johnny

[1943-10-18]

Envelope to:
Mrs. Glenna Goodin
Erwin, Tennessee
OCT 19 1943 U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE A.P.O

Somewhere in England
18 Oct., 1943

Dear Mom,

Thank Heavens you write big as your V-Mail came through perfectly and wondrously legible, which is more than I can frequently say of mine own. No, my Mother Mary, no gangplankitis or jitters, no storm, no lightning, no thunder, no excitement. I got sick the 3rd day out, lost only breakfast, and felt good the rest of the way. Nope, no kodak or films, but indelible prints on my mind. Censorship on films is stronger than that on mail. Besides, with a few exceptions, you would only get pictures which you could get at home.

And my dear old one and only, there's nothing over here that looks as sweet and pretty as Jean B., nothing so genuine and motherly as that Jersey Cow that I'll never stop grieving over, no kids as sweet and mean as Jean Goodin, or as loving as our little Glenna! War has had a terrible effect, but even in peacetime - there still wouldn't have been any of them. Me with Queen's daughters? Ha. My Juliet was a kid who didn't know for



sure where her next meal was coming from, yet knew Shakespeare, more about London than Churchill, and above all, had a big picture of what a country boy and his first visit to town would like to see and do. We see all the cathedrals, the State Houses, the Parliament, Waterloo Bridge and so on in daylight. At night, we ate well, and went into out of the way places where lights were low, where soft music was playing, when other kids away from home were forgetting loneliness, or the buddy who didn't come back from a raid, or the gal back home who had just married a 4-F, or the quarts of sweet milk and peach ice cream. Stinky whined once in a while and howled at the full moon and was contented that no bombers flew over. At 3 & 4 in the morning, even tea and toast, and what not, calmly discussing her problems, wishing I could help her and inwardly cursing those who brought the catastrophe that humanity in war areas know so well. And relieved that my own were safe and secure, even tho some of the pleasures and privileges of life are gone for a while. Somehow, blissfully unaware of life as such for one of the longest periods of my life, as I drank deeply of the finer and realer things of life - architecture, history, art, music, literature, while experiencing the actual drama of life in love, companionship, understanding, sorrow, pathos, and even eating. And still not sure that Mother Mary wasn't sneaking around behind me nudging and egging me on!! - Because she, as no other, could know everything, and maybe not with a blessing or approval in toto, but still could understand and ponder them in her heart. And even tho our second meeting will probably be a terrific disappointment, I'm still looking forward to it, and those devilish blue eyes, those feet twinkling faster than my eye could follow, tho my ears did, and a general makeup that my own Mom might have had when she was in her twenties.

And the muse from Tennessee - we keep each other out of trouble. the nite before I left for London she kissed me and said "Just to keep you out of serious trouble while you're gone." I was sort amazed, and yet, I can't say it didn't work. I was reminded of the card I got from you the time I kissed Ruth L. goodbye at the station and Pappy nearly exploded, and I could see you sniggering behind his back, and I knew despite our little human faults, God had chosen me to have the best parents a kid could have, and I felt kinda glowish because I felt they know and knew I felt that way, and it didn't take a war to show



me as it has so many kids.

And now, my dear old Witch of Endor, I'll grab my serenading can, bury myself in the covers, and drift off to sleep until Stinky wakes me up, either for a serenade, or for breakfast.

I'll be waiting for those volumes, and send them air mail if there's not enough room on V-Sheets. "Hoofs & one bent horn."

[1943-10-23]

Envelope from WAR & NAVY DEPARTMENT
OCT 23 1943 NEW YORK N.Y.

Vmail to:
No address

Dear Dad,

I got a letter from Marg today and she said that Joe Summers had been killed in a plane crash. Not having any more particulars than that, I did write (illegible) to Mr. and Mrs. Summers, and tried to tell them how I felt. Doubt if I could have succeeded very well, but anyhow I did. Wish you would find out some more and let me know. Although I saw very little of him in the last few years, he was still one of my best buddies as a kid, and my liking of him never really diminished much during the years. He is the first friend I have lost in this mess.

I am going to get a check cashed tomorrow or sometime soon, so watch for it at the bank. I finally convinced them that this is an emergency, and got it through. So if you haven't sent that requested second money order, skip it, as I won't need it, I don't think.

Got a letter from Paul Duncan and he thinks that maybe he will be over here soon somewhere or other. If he does, sure hope that I'll get to see him...that would be an awful get together...I may even have a couple of glasses of cider.

My trip to London was very successful, and I hope I can tell you



all about it someday. Hardly think it would do to do so now, and besides, if I tell you everything now you won't have anything to listen to when I get back home again.

Marg says she has quit smoking really this time, and I could believe her, but I won't. She told me I did lots of things that maybe she didn't approve of...but darn her, she at least knows practically my every move...or did up until I left. Since then, it really wouldn't do for her to know very much, although I feel very much the same, and in fact a little better.

Got my first exam record today, Sept. 2, really enjoyed it thoroughly. Gotta close. With all my love to all of you.

Johnny

[1943-11-15]

Envelope from WAR & NAVY DEPARTMENT
DEC 4 1943 NEW YORK N.Y.

Vmail to:
Mrs. Glenna Goodin
RFD#1
Erwin, Tennessee
15 Nov, 1943

Dear Mom,

[Pal?], are you on strike again, or is the ink out, or didn't the yellow house pay enough to buy a few air mail stamps? If it didn't, I'll try and get hold of some and send them over to you. O.K.? I'm only making a few thousand a month now, so it won't be any trouble. Seriously, wish that you would drop me a few lines, by way of Uncle Sam's airmail some of these days and let me know what you and all the pets (including my Pop of course) are doing, and who is doing to what and how, and how often, and so forth and so on.

Am not doing a lot of things these days, more or less routine-- and trying to stay warm and keep healthy and all that. Believe



it or not, I'm taking our old exercises at night, and getting back into good condition. Plus the fact that it helps me keep a little warmer after I get to bed. We have a nice place to live in--one other officer and myself have a section of a hut with a heater in it, and we keep it fairly warm and dry in there by means of said heater. I, unfortunately, have to move my bed when it rains, since the huts were rather hastily constructed and I get a slight shower right on my head (remember out on the back porch???) when it starts raining. If I'm asleep, I just bury down in the bed, and if I'm awake enough I get up and move my bed out of the line of fire. It's fun--and we are getting hardened to this darned weather. I'll really appreciate home when I get back. I'm sorta glad that you would literally freeze and couldn't enjoy your trip like I'd want you to. Of course, now if we were in France or Italy, or somewhere like that, -- that m[i]ght be different.

Well, guess you know your angel, halo, wings and all, got herself engaged to Charlie Sherrod--which I suppose is well and good. She was one swell kid...but I'm used to having the swell ones get away anymore, so I'm not too disillusioned. I am reminded somewhat of the story you used to tell me in a careful Mother Mary manner about the man who went out in the woods looking for a straight stick, found a fairly good one, thought he'd find a better one, didn't, and then when he came back for that one, someone else had walked off with it. Am beginning to wonder if that will be my fate. I'm really not worried, though, because I think I'm better off single over here than I would be if I were married..because I see what the others are going through with while I'm having one whale of a good time and not worrying about anything or anybody. Well, maybe my sister gets a little of my worries but she is old enough to take care of herself by now, surely. Right??

As told to you before, I haven't found any English girls that appeal to me so much that I might take off with one of them over here..as yet. They tell me that the Scotch girls are really nice, and of course, my Irish (Hi Grandma) might feel a native strain and a little urging if I met one of them. After all, there musci [sic] is rather good, isn't it? How is your Irish these days, anyhow?? Keeping yourself under control, or are you raising H--- [in]g [sic] general when your righteous indignation



about something boils over?? Ah me--to hear some of your choice expressions and spells would be sweet music right now, like the hasty, angry, turbulent stormy whispers I used to get on occasion, as the night I mentioned mistress in the presence of above mentioned angel.

Well, looks like I'm going to have to close. Stinky is being a good pup, well fed, and even gaining weight over here--the shiftless skunk [sic] --no "poop" though.

Love and kisses,

Johnny

[1943-11-23]

Envelope from WAR & NAVY DEPARTMENT
DEC 9 1943 NEW YORK N.Y.

Vmail to:
Mrs. Glenna Goodin
RFD#1
Erwin, Tennessee
23 Nov, 1943

Tuesday night.

"Dear Mom",

Just a few lines tonight while I have the time...I'm planning on going up to London town tomorrow and don't know what is going on there--but I must go!! Our passes are now limited to only 2 1/2 hours, so will have to take it easy from now on on my leaves. May result in my having more money to spend at the time I do leave.

It's rainy and muddy here again, it seems it always damp here. (I know--I'll get a letter telling me about not getting my feet wet, and to stay warm and dry, and all that baloney that I've been getting for years from) and there's nothing that can be done about it. But, we make the most of it, and I'm almost a



coffee drinker--have to drink something hot and warming up these cool mornings. What a life...I'm certainly filling it up with experiences over here...and quite some interesting ones which I'm afraid that I'll have to wait till I get back before I can reveal all concerning them. "Sneak"...you'd laugh your head off, and I'm laughing at you right now for all the curiosity that I've succeeded in arousing in you by now. Even Dad might not approve of everything, but I'm not really worried about any of it from a moral standpoint, and you needn't either--it's just that it would be funny to anyone who knows me.

No mail today...but the boys really got packages last night, and in my hut. We ate pickeled [sic] herring, cookies, candy, cake, dates, figs, more cookies, and washed it all down with water, and anything else that we could get. As a matter of fact, someone, bless them, sent a pound of coffee...evidently thinking that we were short of coffee when we aren't at all. Oh well, bless their hearts, and I'll bless anyone who sends me some of that stuff. Surely did enjoy eating stuff like that. It was nearly 12:00 before we got to bed, and then we got up all night long! But that was that. Sure did enjoy it all right.

No mail has come in lately for me, and that hasn't helped either. Have heard rather regularly from Lou lately, and don't hear much from the Carters at all...and since you know about Jeanie, well, I don't expect to hear from her. Hear from my Lucie gal every once in a while, even though she is still supposedly engaged to that guy. Don't know what the situation is around that place, but would like to know some of these days. Anyhow, I'm going to keep in contact there...Lou might not come through after this darned war is over.

Think I told you I met a British general and had dinner with the British colonel the other night, at which time I had a most enjoyable evening and afternoon. Took the walk in the afternoon that we used to take together, and thought of you as we ambled along over the English countryside, even to the she-dog that went along with us, and got lost when she strayed over after a rabbit, and we had to chase her down. She is very good at coming when she [is] called, so we didn't have too much trouble!!



Our party for this Thanksgiving is definitely on--for Saturday night, and it looks like a good time will be had for all. I'll try and let you know the details, if I'm still sober enough by the time Sunday rolls around to get to writing you a letter. Don't get excited...you can worry over (V-mail stamp) Stinky, too much.

Love,

Johnny

[1943-11-27]

Envelope from WAR & NAVY DEPARTMENT
DEC 13 1943 NEW YORK N.Y.

Vmail to:
Mrs. Glenna Goodin
RFD#1
Erwin, Tennessee
27 Nov, 1943

Dear Mom,

Got your letter last night, and frankly I don't give a darn whether you write about a lot of stinking gossip and things of that nature..you just write in you [sic] own syle [sic] and to heck with what happens when I get it. I really enjoyed your letter, and got it out in the field when I was cold as the dickens and wished that I could be back where I could sit in front of the fire, and so on and so forth.

Also got a letter from Sis, typed and intended for V-mail But she went over the margins with her typing and they don't accept ose [sic, those] kind, so you can tell her that she will have to watch what she is doing and stay on the paper. Also theat [sic] "one" on a typewriter is only an "1" or to be plaigner [sic] a small "L". So much for that. Really enjoyed both of your letters, and got a couple of others, but of course yours took preference over all of them. Got a package from Lou, and think that it must be a cake, and also got a copy of "Esquire" which I



am also enjoying very much and haven't finished reading as yet. May get to it some of these days, you know, even with my opening about every other package, I'm still getting quite a bunch of them, and am storing them up until the time that Christmas actually comes. Just ho[p]e that I'm still here to open them leisurely and in my own time. One never knows really, though. I ate some of the candy bars in your package this morning, and they tasted good out in the field. The nuts,, well...I'm saving them for a little while yet, too. But everythi[n]g is darned good, and I appreciated it all. [sic] Amazingly enough, all of your packages have come through indarned [sic] good shape, and so far, I haven't received any that have been in a damaged condition. Which is very unusual.

Well, got to go to an officers [sic] call, and then go out on the range, so must be closing for now. Keep up the good work, and write when you can. With all my love to all of y you as always, still your

Hoofs and horns.