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February 7, 1946

Dear Anna:

Your nice letter of welcome made me blush at the memory of another nice letter I received from you a couple of years ago and never had the grace to answer. It seems very strange to be back behind the old desk again, but the last three years are gradually growing dim although - to my utter astonishment - I find that I continue to miss the Army a great deal.

I'm afraid that I will neither meet Ruby Hill nor see you at the opening, and even more afraid that we won't have your stimulating and useful presence at the meeting. It is, apparently, irrevocably scheduled for March 23-24. It is too much to hope that you will be able to get out here at that time, but if I am unduly pessimistic, let me know. We have a lot of ~~existing~~ candidates in creative writing and your backing will be sorely needed.

I am very anxious to talk to you personally, not only for old times' sake, but to seek professional advice. I spent an agonizing and exciting month at St Simons Island getting started on a novel, of which I managed to get about 25,000 words written - some of which I think are pretty good. It was by far the hardest work I have ever done, more like giving birth to a set of broken dishes than anything I can think of - but you know the sensation only too well. The subject is a Southern white's development in the North and I am trying to face squarely the matter of sexual relations across color lines from his point of view, among other things. Naturally, if the book is ever finished and printed it will mean I can't go home again; but as I am very anxious to return to France when the JRF breathes its last, that will be no hardship.

My foreign service was, in retrospect, the most vital and graphic period of my life. I was in Germany a total of eight months, six with the Infantry and two teaching a staff school at Oberammergau - a little enchanted interlude. Herb Goldhor, whom you may have known at the GLS was also a faculty member, and Roberta McLeMore was at one time a student. We were training GI's and officers to assume the management of small unit libraries - all very interesting and all very futile.

I am hoping for some leisure soon in which to catch up on your own prodigious literary output since I left. It would be swell if you could come to the meeting. In any event, let me hear.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

P.S. Natural this is my own typing; so excuse the strike-overs.