

# THE JAMES JONES

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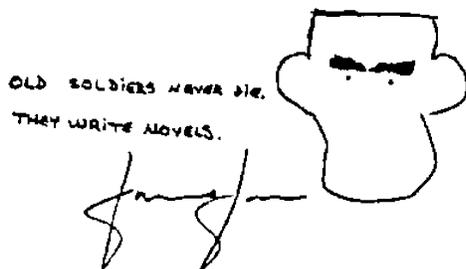
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National literary societies aren't exactly overloaded with members these days, so tromping on each others' toes isn't exactly the best way for them to be fruitful and multiply. With that in mind, incoming James Jones Literary Society president Kim Cox has decided his group will graciously avoid a battle of the titans on October 13, 2007.

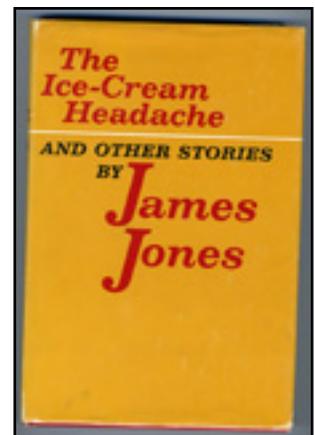
And that's why next year's 17<sup>th</sup> annual JJLS national symposium has been rescheduled for November 3 in Robinson, IL.

The 2007 Jones convention date originally was reserved in August, for October 13 at the Lincoln Trail College Zwermann Auditorium, the first literary symposium ever to deal exclusively with the Robinson author's collection of briefer works:

*The Ice Cream Headache and Other Short Stories.*

However, in mid-November, a representative of the Norman Mailer Society called to complain that October 13 also was the scheduled date of a Mailer symposium in Provincetown, MA, adding: "We can't change our date; we've already advertised it."

Oddly enough, the JJLS had advertised the same date more than a month before hearing from the Mailer group.



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**THE JAMES JONES  
LITERARY SOCIETY  
NEWSLETTER**

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The James Jones Society Newsletter is published quarterly to keep members and interested parties apprised of activities, projects and upcoming events of the Society; to promote public interest and academic research in the works of James Jones; and to celebrate his memory and legacy.

Submissions of essays, features, anecdotes, photographs, etc., pertaining to the author James Jones may be sent to the editor for consideration. Every attempt will be made to return material, if requested upon submission. Material may be edited for length, clarity and accuracy. Send submissions to:

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Writers' guidelines are available upon request and online at the James Jones Literary Society web page at:

<http://jamesjoneslitsociety.viu.edu>

Information on the James Jones First Novel Fellowship:

<http://www.wilkes.edu/pages/1159.asp>

*17th annual convention*

**2007 symposium rescheduled**

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“We had a difficult time in trying to accommodate both societies,” said JJLS president Cox, “but things fell into place when we were able to close on the November 3 date at Lincoln Trail. Really, it was the only other fall weekend that didn’t present problems for our members, some of whom also belong to the Mailer Society.”

“We have been assured by the Mailer Society leadership that the two groups will have better lines of communication in the future when it comes to scheduling national events.”

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**Argentine author dedicates book to memory of James Jones**

Recently, a 54-year-old Buenos Aires author sent a copy of his newest book to the James Jones Literary Society mailbox in Robinson. Written in Spanish, of course, the book was accompanied by this letter (in English):

“My name is Jorge Edgardo Lopez. I live in (the) Argentine and I write short stories about the Second World War (presumably true-life stories, based on interviews with German expatriates in Argentina). I give my book for your library. My book is an author’s edition.

“From 25 years ago, I’m studying the work of the master James Jones, specially the trilogy of Prewitt and Warden, genuinely immortal writing for the teaching of all generations.”

The book now resides in the James Jones Corner display cabinet at Lincoln Trail College. Its title: *Claus—Cuentos de la Segunda Guerra Mundial* (“Claus—Short Stories of the Second World War”).

A translation of the inscription inside the cover: “I dedicate this copy of my histories in memory of the great James Jones, master immortal humanist. —J.E. Lopez.”

(If you are interested in contacting him, you can

“talk” to Sr. Lopez via e-mail:

[jorgegladyslk@netverk.com.ar](mailto:jorgegladyslk@netverk.com.ar).)

*2006 symposium*

## Ray Elliott wraps up presidential term at Jones Film Festival

**Day**           **is done . . .**  
**Gone**          **the sun . . .**  
**From-the-lake**  
**From-the-hill**  
**From-the-sky**  
**Rest in peace**  
**Sol jer brave**  
**God**           **is**       **nigh . . .**

**By Ray Elliott, Former JJLS President**

The scene, which includes those words in *From Here to Eternity* when Prewitt plays “Taps” in James Jones’s first novel, a realistic look at life in the peacetime army just before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, is one of the finest pieces of writing I’ve ever read. Anywhere.

And listening to Jones reading the section makes it even more powerful. The words and his somewhat gruff, but melodic gravelly voice captures the essence of the peacetime army at the tail-end of the depression and of the men “who have no place” and shows quite clearly what it meant to be a soldier during that time, showing it in only a few hundred words as only one who has been there can know.

“This song (‘Taps’) is Reality,” Jones wrote. No question about that. James Jones understood the army like the 30-year man he once said he might have been had he not become a writer.

It was the power of James Jones’s writing and his knowledge and understanding of military life and war and their effect on society at large that drew me to his work even before I could articulate it.

With that in mind, it’s been an honor and a privilege for me to have served three years as president of a literary society whose mission is “to promote public interest and academic research in the works of James Jones; to celebrate the memory and legacy” of a writer who said so much, and said it so well, about the human condition in time of war and its aftermath — and also a society that promotes and encourages young writers with recognition and cash awards.

My term-ending event, the 16<sup>th</sup> annual James Jones Symposium, was the conclusion to plans that



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## 2006 symposium

## Ray Elliott wraps up presidential term

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were cancelled for a James Jones Film Festival a few years back. This time, the Virginia Theatre in Champaign, Ill., hosted the event and screened *From Here To Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line* and *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries*, the movie from Kaylie Jones's novel of that name.

Before the screenings, a highlight of the Saturday morning program was the awarding of the \$10,000 James Jones First Novel Fellowship to Herta Feely, a Washington, D.C., writer, who read from her winning entry, *The Trials of Serra Blue*. This is the second year the society has awarded \$10,000 for the winner of the competition that regularly draws some 600 entries.

Also reading from their winning entries were Elyse Parks, Robinson, Ill., winner of the \$500 James Jones - Lincoln Trail College Short Story Award, and Ashtin Blagrove of Robinson High School for her winning essay about a Jones short story, *The Valentine*. This essay competition is offered to all high schools in Crawford and Clark counties in Illinois where Jones was born in Robinson, Illinois, and later helped found The Handy Writers Colony in nearby Marshall.

JJLS board member Barbara Jones then kicked off the next part of the symposium with an insightful presentation on the Jones material available for research at the University of Illinois Rare Book and Special Collections Library. Yale University and the University of Texas at Austin also have a great deal of Jones papers and material.

The society offers a \$1,000 George Hendrick Research Award on scholarly work on the author. This award is named in honor of Jones scholar, editor of his published letters and first society president George Hendrick.

The original manuscript of *From Here To Eternity* and other Jones material was on display in the theater lobby. Also, the Early American Museum in Mahomet, Ill., had a board display of World War II veterans from the area that had been interviewed for their experiences and memories during the war.

In addition to the three feature films, also screened were Dawn Shapiro's ten-minute trailer of her documentary, *In Search of Lowney Handy*, now renamed *Inside the Handy Writers Colony*; an interview with Jones and his wife, Gloria, by legendary CBS journalist Edward R. Murrow; and society board member Mike Lennon's hour-long documentary: *James Jones: From Reveille to Taps*.

The panels following the movies and the short pieces brought reactions of appreciation. Longtime



**Bruce Swann, University of Illinois assistant professor of library administration; Ray Elliott, JJLS immediate past president; screenwriter Michael James Moore and Lincoln College Interim President Bev Turkal look over a display including the manuscript of *From Here to Eternity* during the 2006 symposium.**

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## Ray Elliott wraps up presidential term

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former Robinson residents and contemporaries of James Jones, Mary Fran Whittinghill and Alyce Cox, had seen neither the Murrow interview nor Lennon's documentary.

"Thanks so much for showing the documentary," Whittinghill said. "I truly enjoyed it."

"Yes," Cox agreed. "It was so good to see both and the piece on Lowney."

Another audience member wrote after the symposium, "I deeply appreciated the opportunity to see *A Soldiers' Daughter*, *From Here To Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line* on the big screen (in the Virginia Theatre). Thanks for bringing the Literary Society and the movies to our communities."

The following weekend, Kaylie Jones and I were among 30 featured authors at the Illinois Center for the Book's annual Illinois Authors Book Fair. The ICB offers an Emerging Writers Competition annually and has named the poetry section after former Illinois poet laureate Gwendolyn Brooks and the short story section after James Jones and in partnership with the society. More than 100 entries were received in the first year of the joint competition.

Kaylie presented Daniel Heinz, Elmhurst, Ill., \$500 for his winning story "James' Arrival"; William Siavelis, Chicago, \$300 for his second-place story, "The Time That Uncle Tom Died"; and \$100 to Susan Srikant, Urbana, Ill., for her third-place story, "My Arrival in Horseshoe, Nevada."

The winners later read from their work at a small group session, and Kaylie conducted a writer's workshop and spoke again as part of a panel including board member Judy Everson and myself before the screening of *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries* in the auditorium at the Lincoln Library in Springfield.

So day is done ... in some respects. But the work goes on.

Next year the James Jones Symposium is scheduled for Lincoln Trail College (LTC) in Robinson on Nov. 3 and will highlight the short stories Jones wrote that were set in and around the Robinson area. Longtime and retired LTC English teacher Helen Howe (who knew Jones at the time of the publication of *From Here to Eternity*) and area high school and college students will be featured on the panels for discussions of stories.

And a James Jones Film Festival is being planned by the Coles County Arts Council's Embarras Valley Film Festival ([www.evff.org](http://www.evff.org)) and the Eastern Illinois University College of Arts & Humanities for next fall at the university in Charleston, Ill. The festival, which featured EIU alumnus Burl Ives, originally from near Robinson, features alumni and others from the area whose work as actors, writers and directors made it to the screen.

So day goes on.

*2006 James Jones First Novel Fellowship winner*

### Excerpt from winning novel, *The Trials of Serra Blue*

By **Herta B. Feely, 2006 First Novel Fellowship winner**

*The Trials of Serra Blue* pays homage to the late 1960s and early 70s, and gives voice to those of us who were, on the one hand, adventurers stirred to action by leftist politics, pacifism, Buddhism, women's lib, and a plethora of new ideas and "isms;" and on the other hand, lost souls trying to find our selves or someone to love, or drowning in drugs and praying for rescue.

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## The Trials of Serra Blue

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*The following excerpt takes place on Tuesday, August 14, 1973, in Buen Pastor, the women's national prison located in the countryside outside Bogotá. The prison is run by nuns, which was the case in numerous women's prisons across Colombia at the time. Serra and her friend Lucy have been sentenced to four years for smuggling cocaine, and they have been imprisoned for 32 days. They are awaiting their lawyer's arrival—Dr. Briceño, whom they refer to as Dr. B. He promised to pick them up and take them out of the prison for the afternoon, the first time they will have left Buen Pastor.*

*There's reference to James and Ken—respectively Serra and Lucy's boyfriends, from whom they've heard nothing. James was the leader of their little band of smugglers, and Ken was also carrying dope, but managed to get his through customs (where Lucy and Serra's dope was discovered).*

*Demian is Serra's best friend back in Santa Cruz. Serra has befriended one of the nuns, Sister Magda, who allows Serra and Lucy to work in a walled-in garden beneath the Infirmary and occasionally does small favors for them. Yolanda is in prison for making fake IDs for M-19 revolutionaries, and Serra idolizes her.*

### Buen Pastor

#### Tuesday, August 14 (Day 32)

Lucy and I fix two eggs. We're having them over-easy. They sizzle and glisten in the butter, giving off that fried egg smell. Sister Magda also brought us milk and a container of instant coffee. I measure out enough for two cups.

Waiting for the milk to heat up, I tell Lucy about a time Howard terrorized me when no one was around our commune. It's a story with eggs in it. When she doesn't respond, I speak about James and Ken, imagining what they're doing. This morning she seems despondent, barely saying anything, the opposite of me. I'm flying high, thinking about the afternoon.

"I don't care about getting out if Ken isn't there," she says. Before I can stop myself, my hand slaps her face. Startled, I step back. She barely changes expressions, merely acts a little surprised.

Contrite, I apologize. "Let's just try to get out, then you can see if he's still there." Her eyes refuse to meet mine, so I repeat myself: "We have got to get out first."

Lucy's mood spoils the breakfast. It doesn't taste nearly as good as I'd hoped.

Afterward we step outside to work in the garden. I ask her if she still takes pills to sleep, and she says yes. "That's the problem," I say. "They make you depressed." She shrugs, which makes me mad again. She can be really annoying.

I tend the roses, like my father did in Chicago, while Lucy digs around in the earth, pulling up endless weeds. I prick my finger on a thorn and remember Demian telling me what a Buddhist monk once said, "Waiting is fulfillment." I wonder if the monk ever spent time in jail.

\*\*

Slipping into Lucy's hopeless mood, I begin to worry that Dr. B won't show up. I pick up my green *cuaderno* and write:

#### *Waiting*

*Jail's great equalizer. I wait. Lucy waits. All the women wait. We wait for the cells to open at six in the morning and again to grind shut at six at night. We wait for the Infirmary door to be unlocked. We wait each day for the horn to sound, the*

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*exact moment we are allowed to eat  
 breakfast, lunch and dinner.*

*The inmates—all except Lucy and  
 me—await their families or friends to pay  
 them a visit on Sunday, then they dread  
 when visiting hours end. Or, like us, they  
 wait in vain, because no one showed up.*

*Those of us lucky enough to have  
 one, wait to see our lawyers, our aboga-  
 dos. Often we wait and wait, for the ap-  
 pointed hour becomes luego, mañana,  
 next week. We wait for letters, the rarely  
 permitted phone call, a moment of free-  
 dom. We wait to hear from the judge  
 about our sentences, we wait for days,  
 months, years to complete our penance.  
 We wait for a nun to tell us what to do,  
 to lead us in prayer, to tell us we are for-  
 given, a priest to absolve us of our sins.  
 We wait to be pronounced rehabilitated.  
 We wait for the day we will be free...*

From in between the pages a scrap of paper falls  
 to the floor. Yolanda's brief note which appeared  
 yesterday on my cot.

*No te preocupas. (Don't worry.)  
 I'm fine. They try to break my spirit, but  
 it's just another cell. What else can they  
 do? We are making a plan for when I get  
 out of solitary. Write me. It's hellishly hot  
 and cold in here.*

From those few words, I knew unequivocally  
 that the note was authentic, that it came  
 from Yolanda and that she was putting on a brave  
 front, though who knows what else they've al-  
 ready done to her. I remind myself to take her  
 example as my own, not Lucy's, at least not to-  
 day. Reference to a plan makes me curious. The  
 note seemed sufficiently ambiguous that I wasn't  
 worried about a guard having read it, for surely  
 she'd had to rely on one to pass the note along.

This was prison life. I am also certain that  
 Yolanda's parents have money, which can at least  
 buy her some luxuries, even if it hasn't kept her  
 out of solitary.

I write back, telling her that of course I'll  
 help in any way I can. I try to think of ways to help  
 her now, though none come to me. Then I take a  
 moment to say a prayer of thanks, here we are  
 about to leave the prison for a few hours, when  
 Yolanda has been stuck in that hellhole for weeks.  
 Despite my effort, the nagging feeling that Dr. B  
 won't come plagues me. What did Demian tell me  
 to do? *Let go*, he said. *Whenever you want some-  
 thing really badly and you're afraid of not getting  
 it, just let go.*

I simply can't follow his advice. Supersti-  
 tions surface. We wait to hear our names called  
 over the loudspeaker before dressing in our fake  
 silk suits and platform heels. I say words in a cer-  
 tain sequence. I pace and pray and beg that he'll  
 come. We refuse lunch, hoping he'll take us out,  
 although just then neither of us is hungry. Espe-  
 cially Lucy, who says she no longer feels like eat-  
 ing. Ever.

We sit on the bench, waiting to be called.  
 My stomach is clenched tight. I think I'll go crazy  
 if he doesn't show up. I allow my gaze to drift  
 across the field, tracing out a new escape route.  
 "Lucy, look," I say, pointing across the field.  
 "We'll make our way along the edge of that build-  
 ing at dusk, when it's hard to see and before they  
 lock us in, then we'll make a run for it."

No response.

I shake her arm. "Lucy, we've got to get out  
 of here."

She's crying. Tears roll down her freckled  
 cheeks, and with her tongue she licks one. At the  
 same moment, the loudspeaker blasts our names.  
 She wipes the tears away with a long sweep of her  
 beautiful, freckled arm, and turning toward me, her  
 face bursts into a wide grin.

\*\*

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*2006 James Jones Creative Writing Award***“I Am Jillian” wins \$500 first-place prize**

*(This is an excerpt from the short story that won the \$500 first place prize in the 2006 James Jones Creative Writing Contest sponsored by Lincoln Trail College and the James Jones Literary Society. The author is 18 years old and is a graduate of Robinson (IL) High School. She currently attends Vincennes (IN) University.)*

**By Elyse Parks**

.....I finally fell asleep an hour later, even though in my sleep I was sweating and nervous. I had lived like this my whole life. I don't know why I still got sick every time, maybe because I knew. I knew this wasn't normal. At around 2, my door creaked open and my eyes flew open too, as wide as they could go. I knew he was here.

My dad, the guy who was supposed to protect me, was in my room, thoughts in his head that hurt me. He did what he had done to me since as far back as I could remember. I shut off my feelings and my senses. I just laid there and thought about something, anything else.

I thought about what it would be like to have a mother who made dinner and kissed you goodnight; a father who loved your mother and treated you like a daughter; a father who slept in his bed all night long. I thought about a happy family. I wondered if one really existed.

Finally he left, without a word. And I curled in a ball and said to myself, I have to get out.

At that moment I knew what I had to do. I jumped out of bed and went into my closet. I grabbed a duffel bag and stuffed it full with everything I needed. I threw some clothes and tennis shoes on and opened my window. I threw my bag to the ground and jumped, landing in the bushes. I grabbed my bag and ran.

I ran for awhile, maybe half way to the bus station. I got there at 5 and went up to the ticket booth. I laid \$150 down on the desk that I had taken from (stepmother) Shelley's purse in the car, when she wasn't looking, and said, "Take me as far as this will get me, as far as you can from here." The lady handed me a one-way ticket to Oregon. I waited a half hour for the bus and once I was on, I knew I was free.

The bus ride felt like forever, but I really didn't mind it. I loved everything about that bus. The little kids who laughed too loudly in the back, the guy with a cold 4 seats away, the lady who sat alone reading a book by herself. I felt safe with these strangers for some reason. Or maybe I just got to feel like someone else.

It reached about 11 p.m. the next day and we were finally there. I ended up buying another ticket and I told the ticket booth guy to surprise me. Another 5 hours later, I at last had reached my heaven, the place I had been trying to get my whole life....

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*New JJLS president***Kim Cox takes reins of society for 2007****By Kim Cox, JJLS President**

Our Society gives out a number of awards each year, but it seems to me that the highest honor is entrusted with its leadership. (Granted that it doesn't come with a \$10,000 cash prize, but then I didn't have to write anything other than these remarks!) Thank you for your confidence in me. With everyone's assistance, and particularly that of the other officers and board members, we will have a successful year.



I will share my plans for the year in a moment, but I would like to introduce myself to the members who don't know me. I was raised in Robinson, and graduated from Robinson High School 34 years after James Jones. I then graduated from Lincoln Trail College and the University of Illinois.

I took every English course at RHS and LTC, and minored in English at the U of I. However, I was not exposed to James Jones's work. It was not until he died, when I was in law school, that I realized his importance, and I then started reading his work. (My personal favorite is "Some Came Running".)

Professionally, I am an attorney in private practice in San Diego, California. I have served as a Judge *pro tem.* for the San Diego Superior Court's Small Claims division for the past ten years. I have also been active politically, and was elected Chair of the 1996 California Presidential Electoral College. For the past 21 years, I have been a DJ on KSDS-FM, San Diego's "Jazz 88," and now thanks to the web, all the Jones fans that are also jazz fans (as he was) can catch my show streaming at [www.jazz88online.org](http://www.jazz88online.org).

I am a charter member of our Society. Although I've lived most of my life in California, I still tend to regard Illinois as "home." I belong to a number of Illinois-related organizations, and I am gratified that our Society keeps the memory and good work of a fellow expatriate Illini alive. This thought segues nicely with a discussion of our plans for the 2007 symposium, which will be held at LTC on November 3.

The focus of the symposium will be on the Illinois-based short stories in *The Ice Cream Headache and Other Stories*. Ms. Helen Howe suggested the idea of panels made up of local high school students, to discuss the youth-oriented stories set in Robinson. We think this is a wonderful idea, because if we involved the students, we will involve their parents, and increase attendance at the symposium, and hopefully increase our membership. It seems to me that every high school student (and ultimately every resident) of our region should be proud of Jones's contributions to the world's library. Another idea that has occurred to me in the course of writing this is to explore the possibility of assigning one story to each of the four high schools, and having some sort of contest for who does the best job. We have plenty of time, so dig out your copy of *Ice Cream Headache* and send me your suggestions. (My email address is [kcox2@san.rr.com](mailto:kcox2@san.rr.com); telephone 858-270-3194.)

I would like to thank the founders of our Society, and those who have kept it alive over the years. With your assistance, we will continue to expand the appreciation of one of our greatest novelists.

*JJLS membership report***Will membership be on the increase or decline?**

As the directors of the James Jones Literary Society sat down to their respective Thanksgiving dinners, they did so with the knowledge that the organization, at Turkey Time, had its **largest** membership in history (263) and its **highest** total of paid-up members in good standing (229).

Those members come from 32 states, the District of Columbia and seven countries on four continents, meaning the Society still can be called an international organization.

So much for the good news.

And the JJLS bad news is this: Unless they reach quickly for their checkbooks, 17 of the current 263 members will no longer be with us after they receive this edition of the newsletter. Their membership payments will be one year overdue by the end of 2006 and they will be removed from the rolls at that time, per JJLS rules.

Those who are in this situation know who they are. The front of their envelope on the mailing of this newsletter says quite clearly: "Last issue unless you renew."

Another part of the bad news: On December 31, an additional 25 memberships will lapse unless renewals are forthcoming. Those who will be in that situation know who they are, too, because their membership expiration dates are circled in red on the mailing envelope.

In other words, at the end of this calendar year, the Society faces the possibility of having only 246 members, 42 of them who would not be in good standing. Those would be the **lowest** totals in more than two years.

This is only a reminder, not a browbeating.

If you choose to leave us, we're sorry but we respect your choice. If you have just been a bit forgetful about renewing your membership, now is the time to return to a Member in Good Standing rating. The renewal form is on the back page of this newsletter.

And members who are in good standing should also remember that giving a membership in the James Jones Literary Society to a friend or relative makes a nice and relatively inexpensive last-minute Christmas gift. Again, turn to the back page....

Thanks for helping keep the Society afloat. Remember that more than 60 per cent of the revenue from membership dues is used to provide four newsletters a year such as this one.

And don't forget that, for a variety of reasons, the 2007 national symposium date in Robinson has been changed to November 3 from October 13. Please mark your 2007 calendar now about that change.

**Cash prizes await *The Valentine* essay contest winners**

There are 750 James Jones Society dollars ready and awaiting participants in the 2007 essay contest for high school seniors at Crawford County (IL) high schools and at nearby Marshall High School about Jones's "The Valentine," part of *The Ice-Cream Headache and Other Stories*, a collection of the novelist's shorter works.

The results of this second annual competition will be announced and cash awards will be made on Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, 2007, at participating schools. (Robinson, Palestine, Oblong, Hutsonville and Marshall seniors are eligible if their respective principals choose to co-sponsor the event and assist in the judging process.)

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## Cash prizes await “The Valentine” essay contest winners

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The winners also will be invited to participate in panel discussions about “The Valentine” at the annual Jones symposium, to be held in Robinson on November 3, 2007, where the *Ice-Cream Headache* will be the conclave’s centerpiece.

Robinson cash winners in 2006 were Ashtin Blagrove, Matthew Miller and Jason Holtzouser, while Cody Hutchinson was the victor at Marshall. Palestine, Hutsonville and Oblong chose not to participate but will again be invited to take part in 2007. The amounts of the awards at each school are determined by the number of participants. The contest is principally underwritten by former Society presidents Jerry Bayne and Dave Nightingale.

Six of the 13 stories in *The Ice-Cream Headache* are based on Jones’s experiences in Robinson.

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## William Styron succumbs to pneumonia

They gathered at Southampton College of Long Island (NY) University on June 26, 1999—titans of the fiction-writing universe—to pay homage to and tell stories about departed good friend, comrade and writing peer James Jones at the ninth annual Jones Literary Society symposium.

The titans were novelists and screenwriters Norman Mailer, William Styron, Budd Schulberg, Joseph Heller, Betty Comden-Kyle and Peter Matthiessen. They could have commanded a combined appearance fee of \$100,000 for that day. They charged nothing.

It may well have been the most important literary event of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

And now the second of that Southampton sextet has passed away—the latest: Bill Styron, who died of pneumonia at his home in Martha’s Vineyard (MA) on Nov. 1, 2006 at age 81. (He was preceded by Joe Heller on Dec. 12, 1999.)

Styron was best known for his novels the American Book Award-winning *Sophie’s Choice*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Confessions of Nat Turner* and *Lie Down in Darkness*. (Heller, of course, wrote *Catch 22* and—you may not know this—authored the original screenplay in 1967 of *Casino Royale*, a James Bond spoof starring David Niven as Bond.)

Mailer’s view of Styron, as reported in *The New York Times*: “I think for years to come, his work will be seen for its unique power. No other American writer of my generation has had so omnipresent and exquisite a sense of the elegiac.”

William Clark Styron Jr. was born in 1925 and raised in Newport News, VA. He was graduated from a Virginia prep school in 1942, enrolled in the U.S. Marines reserve officer training program at Davidson College, transferred to Duke University in June, 1943; went on active duty with the Marines in October, 1944; was commissioned a second lieutenant in July, 1945, and was assigned to participate in the invasion of Japan.

When the atomic bomb attacks nullified any actual invasion of Japan, he was discharged in December, 1945, and returned to Duke University from where he was graduated in the spring of 1947. His first novel, *Lie Down in Darkness*, written in the New York City area, was published in 1951.

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## William Styron

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He served a second stint in the Marines in the summer of 1951 and then moved to Paris in 1952 (six years before Jones arrived), where he wrote a novella about his Marine experiences called *The Long March*. He also helped found *The Paris Review*, along with other members of the American expatriate set including Matthiessen and the late George Plimpton and Irwin Shaw.

He spent a year in Italy, where he became reacquainted with Baltimore native Rose Burgunder at the American Academy, whom he had met a year earlier, and they were married in Rome in May, 1953, before moving back to the United States to Roxbury, CN, in 1954. Twelve years later, he bought a harbor front summer property on Martha's Vineyard, where he became acquainted with Jones.

He also is survived by daughters Alexandra, Susanna and Paola, a son Thomas and eight grandchildren.

His lifelong motto may well have been this, a quote from Flaubert that he posted outside the door of his writing studio: "Be regular and orderly in your life, like a good bourgeois, so that you may be violent and original in your work."

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