

July 22, 1943

Dear Pogue,

If you're of the school of thought that one should always have something to say in a letter, you'll throw this one aside pronto, because I don't and it's too hot to struggle at pretending I do. I'm writing simply because I'm as bored as I'm hot, and I've been writing letters all afternoon to people whom I imagine are in less boring circumstances than I (which probably isn't the truth), on the chance that they'll write interesting letters in answer.

Too bad about the OCS, though, for all I know, you may be accepted by this time. I hope you get into something you like. What are the "specialist Schools" you mentioned? Do they give ratings?

Many thanks for the information about the army organization. It cleared up lots I've been puzzled about, and which nobody else had been able to tell me.

I read the long feature in the Paduch Sun-Democrat about you, which appeared, I believe, at the time you were having your furlough, and observed that you still made good copy. There ought to be a shorter term for that, like photogenic; only should I say you are copygenic, or newsgenic, or featuregenic? Who is Bill Powell, author of the article? Any relation to Burns Powell? Incidentally, you probably went through Fulton going and coming on your furlough, why didn't you stop or phone and say "hello"? 'S no way to act towards an old friend and former enemy (remember Student Org days?). Though I can't say that Fulton offers much incentive to stop off. It's the deadest, dullest town in this part of the state right now.

I'd like to have Mary Frances' address again. It was lost in the shuffle of my getting home, and I'd like to get our correspondence going again. My major industry this summer seems to be writing letters. I couldn't get a job here in Fulton, and the only condition they'd hire me on at the airport near Union City was that I resign my teaching job. Hot weather laziness has prevented me from trying to get on at Mayfield or Paducah. I've been doing a little reading -- stuff that I've heard the brighter ones talk about for the last couple of years, such as Berlin Diary, Suez to Singapore, etc., and I've managed to see most of the movies I wanted to see the past year and missed at Lexington. I've been going swimming some in the two-by-four pool here, even though the water is from the ice-plant and correspondingly cool, and I can't swim a stroke. I go chiefly to get a tan, I guess. A kid here just out of summer school at Murray wants me to cycle back over there with here (I think a naval cadet is the pull for her) if it gets cool enough, and I guess I'll do it, though I can see all the people I know and want to see there in an hour, or two, and that hardly seems worth all that cycling. I don't know whether I'll be able to get over to Memphis or not. My sister-in-law and I had a shopping expedition ^{to Memphis} planned back in the middle of June, but that fell through when she went to Chicago to be with Winks. I still need the clothes, but with my pocketbook in its present anemic condition, I'm rather doubtful of getting them. If something turns up and I should come, I'll try to let you know, or look you up. I'd like to see Mary Frances again, too, and her youngsters. If you're through Fulton again, be sure to phone me. My

number is 554.

I read in today's paper that Charles Baugh (I think I had some of your classes with him) made 142 on his intelligence test when inducted into the army recently, at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, I think it was. I'd never thought of him as particularly brilliant, or is that rating high only in comparison to the group he went in with? The paper didn't indicate whether it was that, or that such a grade was way up there for anybody.

How was Kemper when you were at Murray? I still think he got irritated at me the last time I was there, though about what, I can't imagine. I Haven't heard from him since then, and that must have been two years ago. He always took a huge delight in being cryptic, though, and for once he's succeeded.

Do you run across many old acquaintances of Murray days in Memphis? I guess I'm losing my grip on things, because now when I see someone whom I haven't seen in years, and with whom I was merely acquainted once, rather than being good friends, I can't recall whether I knew the person ~~at~~ back in high school, at Murray, at Lexington, or some other place.

If you're ever through Fulton again before September, you should make it on Monday evening, between the hours of six and eight. I'm slated as a hostess at the U.S.C. (it's a little log cabin where the American Legion used to meet) here then, and have been instructed to entertain what few sailors, soldiers, and marines may come by. So entertain you I will, baring you don't ask to be jitterbugged with. In that case I'll have to turn you over to the younger fry.

Be good, and give my regards to Mary Frances.

Christine