

Fulton
Thursday, Dec. 28, 1944

Dear Pogue,

Your letter written in Belgium Nov. 22 came yesterday, with the Parisian Christmas card. I was both astounded and delighted to hear from you, and your letter made me ache to see Paris again, even as it must be in the war. (Or can you really feel nostalgic about a place where you only spent 17 days?) Anyway, after reading your letter, I dragged out some old photos I took in Paris, and several rolls of film of Paris scenes that I have for a sort of modern stereoscope, and just wallowed in sentimental envy of your stay in Paris. I did like the place - putting it mildly - even if I did spend only a little more than two weeks there. It was the one place in Europe that was exactly as I'd imagined it would be. Other countries and cities either surpassed or fell below my expectations, but Paris was just as I'd thought it would be in every respect. Oh, well, if you want to say that women have more sentiment than sense, I meekly agree.

I'd heard a little of your experiences from the College News and from Marvin, whom I saw in New York during the summer. I was very uncertain as to the nature of your assignment, and after reading an article about the Intelligence ~~Corp~~ Corps, or something of the sort, in a magazine, I had decided you must be in that. What you are doing seems rather similar. The magazine description of the Intelligence Corps personnel sounded very much like some of your associates. I remember it mentioned the great number of Ph.D.'s in it.

I feel inadequate to comment in any way on all that is implied in that list of laugh-over places you wrote you'd seen. You evidently had a wonderful time in Paris. I hope you get to go back there

soon, and that the recent surge forward of the Germans in Belgium has missed you. Do you write any for newspapers, or are your accounts strictly for the War Department records? Did you see much of England while there, and is an English spring as lovely as we learned in classes in English poetry?

I can't imagine you living in pup tents and fox holes. You certainly must be a far cry from the dapper Poque of Murray days. However, it takes no effort of my imagination to see you dining with Gen. Eisenhower's staff, N.Y. Times correspondents, Douglas McArthur II, and the whole membership of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. That I can vision very easily - and the whole group listening to you with deference and respect. But Poque living in a foxhole! That's beyond my mental powers, (never very strong anyway), and I think it impresses me more than all the famous persons you met in Paris. I know, seriously, that you did enjoy your stay in Paris, though; getting to be solely among your intellectual equals again, and away from military routine, as well as meeting giants in cultural and political fields. Had your French rusted any?

If you're back in Paris for any time, and have an idle half hour any day, look up the Hotel de Bourgogne, on the Ile de St. Louis. I'm not sure about the number - ~~30 or 31~~ it was 30 or 31 - anyway it was on Rue St. Louis en l'île. It was a shabby sort of place, with a bar downstairs, but we liked the D'Angles family who ran it when we were there, and I wonder what has become of them. There were the two of them and their daughter, Aimée, then about sixteen. I doubt if they'd

remember, (assuming they're still there) the three American girls who stayed there ^{17 days} in the summer of 1939, even though James red hair might make us a little more memorable. However, we understood that they had few Americans.

How could I hold it against you because you write of your experiences, when they are so intensely interesting. It seems to me you have a - well, I suppose you'd call it Midas touch for lack of a better adjective - in that all your experiences are turned into interesting and stimulating ones by your ability to appreciate so much that would be wasted on many people. I enjoyed your letter tremendously and I hope you'll find time to get another one written to me before next Christmas.

I've been doing quite a bit of portrait painting this year, and have all the commissions I can do from now through May. I don't get so much for them - only \$50 each - but I did get nerve enough to ask \$100 for the last two in May, and they agreed as readily as if I'd said \$50. The more fool I for not having asked more long ago. I've also been doing a screen and some Pennsylvania Dutch designs in the home of the Frazer Schuses. She is one of the owners of "Four Roses" whiskey distilleries, and rich enough, so I hear. Also Ed Newbury, of the U.K. department of psychology, and I have been collaborating on some children's toys. He thinks up the ideas and I do the drawings, and Dan Goodman, the

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third partner, supplies the cash. We have one toy on the market. However, we only got it out a week before Christmas and missed the chance of big Christmas sales. I don't know how the toy is going to sell over a period of time - it is doing moderately well now. This summer, if I can get enough money ahead, I plan to study at the Art Students League in ~~Detroit~~ New York. During the fall I may have done an unwise thing. I refused an offer from the Chrysler Corporation to take a place in their department of special instruction. I would have drawn charts, diagrams, graphs, etc. The pay was good, with a chance for advancement, but I never liked the idea of living in Detroit, and decided I wasn't sure I'd like the type of drawing I'd be doing. I may have been a fool not to step up the offer. This is about all the news of myself I have to offer.

Do you hear anything from former Murraikes now in service? Where is Joe Horrell? I know he is in the Navy, and was attached to the British fleet for a while, or something of the sort, but have you any recent news? Marvin wrote in September that he'd been transferred to some sort of aeronautical testing duties in Winston-Salem, but I didn't get time to answer him until this Christmas holiday, so I don't know what he's doing now. Maybe you've heard from him since I have. I had a letter at Christmas from Mary Frances, but she didn't put her address on it and I don't know whether I can find hers here or not. She also told me a little about where you'd been, but her letter came only a couple of days before yours.

I was over at Murray once during the summer, to buy some painting materials. I saw Kemper, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. Horton. I almost walked into Wells Hall, wondering about the cub plane parked in front of it, before I recalled it was no longer the women's dormitory. Murray doesn't seem like itself any more to me - I hadn't the usual thrill of homecoming there that I always used to get - and I don't want to go back. It seemed a lonely place, cadets or no.

A funny thing happened, ^{to me} in New York the two weeks I was up there last summer. I think you'll appreciate it. I went with a friend of mine there to her art class. She had just started taking under Stuart Davis, quite a well-known contemporary painter, whose semi-abstract work hangs in a number of museums over the country. She'd only been to one class before the one to which I went with her. During the first class he lectured - at the one I attended he set up a still life and started them drawing. I felt silly being the only one in the room not drawing, so D'Ann gave me materials and I started too. I didn't dare draw the realistic way I normally would - not with a teacher noted for the abstract design qualities of his work - and as I hadn't heard him lecture, I didn't know what ~~approach~~ ^{approach} he'd told them to make in their drawings. At last I just decided to draw the still life as much in his own style as I could fake, from what of his paintings I remembered. Of course the happy sequel is that he liked my drawing and praised it warmly, saying I should make a painting of it. All of which proves what? That I'm an unprincipled faker who'll do anything for a little praise, I suppose.

Hope you get this letter after all this use of ink + paper.

Sincerely Christine