

Monday Night, October 7 [1946]

Dear Pogue,

Am I awed to be knowing you, what with your hobnobbing with General Eisenhower, chatting to Cordell Hull on the phone, and goodness knows how many other celebrities you're familiar with! In fact, after reading your last letter, I began to feel I'd committed lese majeste (or however it's spelled) in taking you to task for not writing me, and wondered how I'd ever dared do such a thing. Seriously, I am flattered to be writing to you, only I feel you've gone so far out of my ken since Murray days, that I haven't the faintest notion of what to say. I think your work sounds marvellous, and I know you're happy to have such an interesting job. Do you know anything more about when you'll go back to Europe? I wish you could get by Lexington again before you leave (at least I could afterwards boast that I'd shaken hands with a man who'd talked to Eisenhower), but I suppose that is very improbable. I'd really like to talk with you a lot more than we did before.

The other day on the bus I'm almost positive I saw Casey Organ, the former Murray football player, but he was at one end of the bus and I at the other, so I never did get to ask him for sure. He may be working on his master's up here, or coaching somewhere near here. On the other hand, it may have been only someone who looked exactly like him. The university has been mobbed with students this year, like schools all over the country, and there are all sorts of weird little two-by-four housing projects, barracks, trailers, and odd shacks mushrooming up in the most unlikely places on the campus and near it. I was over at the art department the other day when a class was over, and seeing students come out of the classroom was much like watching the old circus stunt of the fifty clowns who pile out of a little Ford car. Students just kept coming out of the room ~~when~~ after it seemed that it had long ago emptied its capacity.

I was sorry to hear about Mrs. Hall. Have you heard anything more about how she's getting along, since you wrote me? I was in Murray for a few hours on my way back from a visit to Elizabeth. I missed bus connections there and had to wait for a later bus, so of course I spent the time out at the college

(Did I tell you all this before?) Anyway, I looked for both Mrs. Hall and Mr. Brown, but didn't see anyone I knew except Kemper, Oakley, and Virginia Woodbridge Thomas.

I didn't find Elizabeth any better. In fact, she has a new hallucination, illusion, or what-have-you. She is convinced that she is physically ill all the time -- things like heart trouble, peritonitis, etc., and has taken to her bed and refuses to get up for anything, though a succession of doctors have assured her mother that she is perfectly well physically. She still has odd ideas that her parents are her bitterest enemies, and seems to be doing all she can to cause her mother discomfort. For the first time since she has been mentally ill, she treated me somewhat as a stranger. She was friendly, I suppose, but in a most formal and stilted fashion, and I was quite uncomfortable the whole time I was there. She must have become even worse since then, for just this Sunday I had a long distance emergency call from her, begging me to stop work and come down and see her. She said she was "desperate", and when I got over my amazement enough to tell her that of course I couldn't come, she wanted to know if she could come up here for a visit, which petrified me more than ever. When I began stammering excuses, she suddenly hung up. I'm thinking it was the worst thing Eva Katherine and I could have done to get her out of Lakeland as we did. If most mental institutions didn't seem to be such horrible places, I would be all for sending her back.

I was interested to hear about Joe Horrell teaching at St. John's. It has been so much in the news the last several years, and that he was recommended to teach there by Dr. Hutchens seems quite a feather in his cap.

"The Voice of the Turtle" and several other well-known plays have been to Cincinnati lately, but without the cast that had made them famous in New York. I haven't gone up for any of them yet, though several friends of mine have seen one or two of them. The Cincinnati Symphony is coming here in the early part of November, which I don't want to miss (the symphony, I mean; I'm only too sure of November).

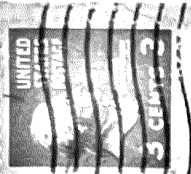
I was as much impressed by your reading list as by the company you've been keeping. If you ever feel like you're getting out of touch with the ordinary, semi-literate masses, you can remedy that by writing to

Your old friend,

Christina

Dear Dr. Forrester
This card is for you
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