

Monday, July 21

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Dear Fogue,

You can relax right off for this time I've nary a complaint about your mail service and am not going to scold you for a single thing. In fact, I enjoyed your letter so much and I'm so glad to get the address of Sue and Nub that I'm in a very grateful mood toward you right now. I'm going to write Sue tonight, when I finish this, and will give her and Nub the highlights of the news about you (I can't write a letter long enough to give all of it in one sitting), and will tell them you asked to be remembered.

I do so enjoy hearing about your interviews with all the great of the land, and get quite a vicarious thrill out of it. I've seen so many pictures of Admiral Leahy and always thought the trite old description of "sea dog" seemed to suit exactly. Does he look like that really? I would imagine the anecdotal part of his interview would be the most interesting, though it might not get your writing any forwarder, if you couldn't print it. And while I'm on the subject of your writing, I want to put in my bid right now for an autographed copy of it when it's published. This I want very much, so please don't make any excuses or forget all about it.

There was a very brief review of Merriam's Dark December in the Lexington paper Sunday, and I'm sending the clipping to you, though it hardly says enough to be of much interest. I haven't yet had time to go over to the University Library to see if they take Military Affairs, though I'm almost sure they don't. However, keep me informed whenever you burst into print and I'll read it if I can possibly get my hands on it.

Yes, I have a snapshot of you with some Russians (I think you said you were all drunk), but it isn't a very clear picture, for the film seems to have been scratched up a bit. You gave it to me when you were in Lexington. However, I'm going to hold you to your promised photo which you are to have made in the near future.

I hope Mary Frances gets a good rest this summer, as you thought she looked thin. (In that I envy her, for I'm getting too large for all my clothes. It doesn't much matter about the clothes, though, what with all pictures of fall clothes ankle length, I will look odd in mine anyway, for I can't be buying all new ones

I can't imagine when you find time to read, for I know I'm not half as busy as you are, and I never have any time to open a book. Of course you always were a night owl and could get by on a few hours sleep whereas I'm still a country gal in that respect, among others. Book reviews are the best I can seem to do, and I remember reading reviews of both the Balzac and the Stendhal but ~~much~~ ~~it~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~read~~ ~~them~~, for I don't remember anything they said about the merits of the books. The only book I've looked into lately is a volume on negro art, and that's mostly all pictures. But, wait, it's not quite that bad. I did get through the book by Anthony Eden's ~~bygone~~ cousin -- The Semi-Attached Couple. It's an Jane Austen sort of thing and can be read in a couple of hours.

I'm starting on pictures for the third book of the six I have to illustrate, which means that I can only finish four at most before I go to Fulton the middle of August. And that's going to mean that I will have to spend Saturday mornings and some hours after school each week finishing the illustrations in the fall. Nobody minds as the books aren't to be published until next year, except that after August I go on an hourly wage scale and I can make more painting portraits then. I've drawn a lot of my friends as some of the characters in the books, and may dare include you if one turns up that seems suitable -- and providing I get that photograph, and also providing you don't raise holy Ned at the thought. How do you think you'd do as the fire chief? Or had you rather be the vocational agriculture teacher?

The woman with whom I share this apartment has been away a month now, visiting her daughter in New York, and my chief entertainment during that time has been eating huge meals in the homes of my friends, which must account for my increasing weight. I had some of the best old ham Saturday night that I ever ate. On one or two nights, though, I got so tired of going out that I stayed in and cooked meals for myself, much to my surprise. I'd never tried to cook before, except breakfast, and I quite amazed myself. The results weren't too bad -- at least I'm alive and kicking. I haven't tried any crepe suzettes yet, though.

I hope you were conscious of what you were writing when you wrote the last two lines of your letter. I shall wait and see.

Sincerely,

Christine