

Wednesday, September 24 [1947]

Dear Fogue,

Here's a very belated "Happy Birthday!" I should think you'd be very proud of being just 35 years old, because it seems to me you've done more in those 35 years than lots of people do in 80. I hope your celebrating the day didn't add to your fever blisters, but I owe you no thanks for mailing your cold to me, because I'm out of school today and yesterday with a fine set of wheezes and sneezes.

I am cast down to hear that you probably won't be getting down Kentucky way until spring, because I had fancied you might enjoy the fall trots, which begin today for about ten days. I have never been to the trots here, but everybody says they're very quiet and refined, compared to the running races, and attract a very different class of people; mostly people really interested in horse-flesh rather than betting.

You sound to me like you're considerably homesick for the sights and sounds of a classroom. I suppose you're one of the few who are really born to teach and therefore are happier doing that than most anything else. I should think that you'd want to keep on writing, and maybe get on the staff of some magazine like The Saturday Review, or continue to do something that would require a bit of travelling now and then -- but of course those things are would I would prefer in your circumstances -- and I am not and never will be enthusiastic about teaching. I don't imagine you'd consider teaching at U.K. very worthwhile, certainly not enough so to drop the marvellous job you now have. I have heard it rumored that the University can't expect to hold Clark and Vandembosch much longer. Clark taught at the University of Chicago this summer, and Vandembosch has a year's leave now, I think, and some say he isn't returning at all.

I am still trying to hold down two jobs -- teaching and drawing for the Sloan Foundation, but I'm getting way behind in my drawing. I'm so tired after a day's teaching that I haven't the zest for the drawing that I did in the summer. It's very queer how much later in the day 2:30 seems (that's when school is out) now than it did back in the summer.

Do you remember last year my mentioning the fact that I'd drawn up some illustrations for a child's book that a friend of mine had written? Anyway, ever since then the manuscript and drawings have been going the rounds of publishers, mostly through Dr. Clark who has been wonderful about helping us. Last week another rejection came, and my friend and I decided we wouldn't send the stuff anywhere else. But this rejection held out a tiny ray of encouragement to me. It was from the editor of the Children's Press, in Chicago, and she said she'd be glad to look at some more of my drawings and that she saw no reason why I couldn't use my work commercially. So I want to send her some more sketches soon. You know more about publishers than I, Pogue -- do you think that is something to be encouraged about -- or is it just professional courtesy?

Had you really rather be called "Forrest C" than "Pogue"? After all, I suppose it's more logical to be called by your given name, and I could change over easily enough. The habit of calling you "Pogue" is simply a hang-over from Murray days. Suit yourself, professor. I am having to change the habits of well-nigh a life-time in the matter of my brother's name. I have called him "Winks" since we were both quite small, but this summer at home he seriously forbade me to continue doing so. He said he was married and hoped some day to be the father of a family and would henceforth answer to nothing but his own name of L.D. instead of any childish nonsense.

As ever,

Christina