

1941
Wednesday, April 2

[April 2 was a Wednesday
only in 1941, not 1942]

[Post marked for
April 3, 1941, but
Pogue not dated until
1942]

Dear Pogue,

All is forgiven, though I do think it a little unfair that you make me have to relent by telling me you're joining the army. But if you put it like that it ought to be a steak dinner ~~for~~ the next time I see you, when you will probably have a chest full of war medals and a head of grey hairs from long wars at school.

As for the army - I pity them, for I see right now where you and your system at bridge will dry clean the ranks every payday. It should not be such an unprofitable year for you.

I'd like to hear some of the highlights of army life, if you ever feel like writing the kind of letters you wrote from Paris. I've kept those, and with a lot of good ones about Corps life, they should be quite publishable some day.

Seriously, Pat. Pogue, I hope you find army life not too bad. Here's a snappy salute from

Christine