

April 10, 1940.

Mrs. H. Leigh MacCurdy,
25 Parkview Avenue,
Bronxville, New York.

Dear Elizabeth:

I enjoyed reading your very interesting epistle of March 25th and I assure you that I can appreciate the manifold activities than an energetic soul like you work yourself into.

I know it has been a grand experience for you and Leigh to have Howard in the position that he has been this year and both of you, as fond parents, watch the young man grow to maturity and his place in the sun. I was very proud of Howard, and wish to extend congratulations to him and to his parents for the success that he has achieved. I know that his hockey has meant so much to him, and through this winning activity of his he has undoubtedly projected himself into the position in school life that has been both pleasurable for himself as well as his proud family.

Bob Allen has been a source of much joy to us, but it is on account of his academic achievement that we are proud of him rather than on account of his athletic ability.

Now, regarding Goal-Hi. As soon as your letter was received I went to a representative of the Medart Company, who was here at the National Catholic Educational Conference, and told him that I wanted to purchase a Goal-Hi and send it to you. (I will make explanation regarding the purchase at some later time.) I have instructed them to ship by freight one only Goal-Hi standard, together with rule book and so forth, to you. All that will be necessary for your P.T.A. to pay will be the freight. You can explain to them that this contribution is made to you on account of the splendid contributions that you made to physical education while you were at the University of Kansas. I sincerely trust that the younger group will get all the joy out of this game, which I think is not only interesting, but educationally effective.

From your letter I see what a busy life you do lead. It seems as if life has been crammed full of so many activities here in the midlands that if they increase proportionately to congested areas I do not see how the sardines ever get turned around in the small containers that we human beings find ourselves.