

July 24, 1940.

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

Dear Betty:

It seems as if it has been a long time from July 9th to July 24th. This was the date you wrote me regarding the interesting angle concerning your and Catherine's connections with the Department of Physical Education.

It was about 1925 when I went to Arkansas City and talked with a young lady regarding the possibilities of coming to our Physical Education Department. Then in 1940 I had a similar experience with a young lady who is quite a bit like the young lady of 1925. Both have poise, personality, persistence and pep, and I am feeling very certain that Catherine will do an excellent job here. I was struck with her poise and her confidence. She has grown a lot in the two years, and I know that she will do a fine job.

You see, we still turn to you when we want dance teachers, and I want to thank you for all the consideration and advice that you have given me in these times. I considered Virginia Walker, but since she had been connected with the Y.W.C.A. in Cincinnati for quite some time I felt that she would be much more out of touch with the dance situation in the University and the needs of the University than would Catherine. And then again, as you say, she doubtless was drawing a pretty good salary, but I believe she might have sacrificed some to have gotten back in the University. I felt that Catherine would have the stimulus and the enthusiasm to do a better job than Virginia in this situation.

I am told by the Chancellor's office that the minutes have been sent to the Board of Regents for signature and we are only waiting until their return to announce Catherine's election at the University. Doubtless she has told you she starts at \$1400 a year.

I am very sure that all the advice that you give her will be heeded by her because she depends a lot on her big sis. When I think of the fine thing that you did when you brought up Joe and Catherine and saw them through the University I know that was quite a task, but one, I am sure, that was a tryst between you and your mother. I remember very distinctly when I lost my own mother and the responsibility that she felt for the youngest