

Jan 6, 1939.  
At school.

Dear Mr. Allen:

I suppose that by this time everything is back in full swing at the University and business has probably picked up considerably since the semester ends soon.

Our semester ends here Jan 20. I guess that means that my business will pick up too; for I have to give out grade cards for the first time. Of course I only have 325 to make out. Thank goodness we don't put them out every six weeks.

School is rolling along fine and dandy again. You notice I say again. I thought that it always had been quite o.k. until yesterday I received a letter from Haring, the H.S. principal, informing me that I was not to teach folk dancing. I could teach the same material provided I did not call it dancing but would call it Folk Games. He said "Of course I realize that the school and you are not interested in teaching dancing - etc." Now can you imagine anyone being so old-fashioned and might I say "stupid"? It really burned me up. I'm still not going to be satisfied until I have a talk with him. After all, I haven't taught Folk Dancing since before Thanksgiving, why get his ire up now?