

1830 S. Limestone
Lexington 1, Kentucky

June 22, 1949

Dear Pogue,

I was in Murray a while one afternoon week before last, but didn't get to see either Dr. Lowry or his new house. I had only a couple of hours between buses, and spent all of my time waiting for Mr. Doyle to arrive, and being conducted around the art department and talking to Miss Eagle afterwards. I liked Miss Eagle. She seemed to think, (due to probabilities yet unknown to Mr. Doyle) that there might be a chance of my getting into the department as art teacher in the training school. This would be (in the event the condition she anticipated did arise) sooner than next year -- possibly this fall. However, I am not too enthusiastic about training school work -- it seems that I would merely be changing locales and just going on with what I'm doing now at a slightly reduced salary and with probably not nearly such ideal physical conditions as to art supplies, etc. The monthly salary would be about the same, but on a nine-months rather than a ten-months basis as I have here. The only attractive point about the whole idea is being nearer home. Miss Eagle seemed rather anxious that Mr. Doyle get no inkling of this possible vacancy, because of the uncertainty connected with it, and asked me not to mention the person involved, which is why I'm sounding perhaps a little cryptic. Miss Eagle seemed to feel that if I could land this job it would be a way of working myself into regular college teaching -- but, as I said, I'm not too enthusiastic about the Training School angle.

You must have had a most enjoyable time in Boston and New York. I would certainly like to see "South Pacific". I read the Pocketbook edition of "Tales of the South Pacific" from which the musical is adapted and enjoyed the book immensely. I've also seen a good many reviews of the show and they've whetted my desire to see it.

I had no idea that you were interested in going east for a

job, but after thinking about the matter, I can see why you would be.

My summer school teaching is turning out to be very much a snap thus far. I teach only three hours in the morning, and though we all have to report to our rooms in the afternoon, so far (a week and a half have gone by) we haven't been able to discover exactly why, and amuse ourselves there by any means we choose, and only bother to look busy when a principal wanders around. I do have a practice teacher, for the first time in my life. The university training school didn't have enough students to take care of its practice teachers and the public schools are crawling with them this summer. I am very much in awe of mine, but he will be with me only three weeks as he has to get in grade school work too. He's older than most college students, being 29, and very erudite as to books on art education, so that I've been kept hopping somewhat to read up a bit and discover what in the deuce he was talking about with all his references to "haptic" and "visual" minded pupils. I have a feeling, though, that by the end of next week I'm going to be enough used to him to regret his leaving. I am teaching at Henry Clay High this summer, but my students range all the way from 12 years of age to 18, all mixed up together in the two classes. In spite of this, it is the easiest money I've ever made.

We're having real summer here, plus a lot of humidity. As we have an hour and a half off for lunch, I hope to get in a good bit of swimming during the summer.

Don't forget to send me the reprint of your essay.

Sincerely,

Christine