Dear

Greetings on this America's 206th Independence Day! And what a full and glorious day it has been. Over two million people gathered at the riverfront today for the Fourth festivities touted as the biggest ever in the history of St. Louis. Hot, muggy weather with hints of showers did nothing to deter the high spirits of all who braved the crowds to join in the fun and fireworks and to be entertained by the likes of the Beach Boys, Bob Hope and Elton John. And we? How did we celebrate? In the refreshing pool at the Strathearns where we had the whole lower floor to ourselves— from 12 noon until seven in the evening. We packed snacks and supper and took off, every single one of us except Liguri who stayed behind to be with her nephew Danny, his wife and their baby (in from Tusson for a visit). Those who didn't want to play cards, scrabble, boggle, pool and the piano. I spent the afternoon in the pool. For the most part so did Alberta, Agnes Cecile and James Lorene. Margaret Eugene and Mary were in and out (mostly out, I thought). It was the most relaxing time we've had this summer, and everyone was in such good spirits. Sorry you had to miss it; but then you both have all the ingredients for a relaxing time and probably wouldn't trade with us. Before beginning this I wanted to watch the night display from Washington U. So lying across my bed with my feet comfortably perched on the windowsill and with Mozart coming from my wonderful FM station I enjoyed the spectacular display from nine to about nine-thirty. My favorite moment is the grand finale—always dazzling.

By now you may have been notified that Alma's brother Bernard died last Friday from lung cancer (I think it has been barely two months since Harry died). Tomorrow afternoon we're all going to the wake in St. Charles. Then Tuesday morning some of us will try to make it there for the funeral mass. Tomorrow Ernestine enters Barnes Hospital for her cataract surgery and lens implant on Tuesday. We'll be praying that all goes well. This week, too, Mary leaves for retreat at Hales Corner and Agnes C. and Rose Genevieve for retreat in Sedalia, Colorado.

And what shall I say about the Fontbonne environs? Not much, I should think. Sound and fury abound and progress remains uncertain ostensibly or at best unobstensibly certain. Mind you, I'm not privy to all the intricacies of high-level maintenance. What I see as Keystone Gops capers is probably something altogether different. In any event, the rooms at my end of the corridor in Fine Arts have been painted and cleaned. Of course, the painter ran out of the yellow for Nancy Taylor's office and so had to paint the outer vestibule of her office off-white. Then in Madame Sonnio's room he painted only three walls; the fourth, he said, wasn't too bad and they did afterall have to make the paint last for at least two more rooms. "But, sir," I said rather faintly, "there's a marked difference in the shades of paint." "True," he answered with a broad smile, "but it's not too bad." And so it goes. The campus is lush and green what with all the heavy rains we've been getting. The latest news about staff departures was last week's announcement that Pat Cronin now has another secretary (for how long, O Lord?) and Al Merschon is leaving his co-op position. Tom is still preparing our meals in the evening and for Sunday brunch (Doug decided serving lunch only was sufficient). Can't say we're really sorry.

I'll probably think of things I left unsaid, but I'll sign off nevertheless and clue you in next time around. I hope all goes well for you and that you continue to enjoy your summer. I went to the affirmation ceremony last Saturday at Carondelet to help affirm our area superior—very beautiful mass and ceremony. Take care.