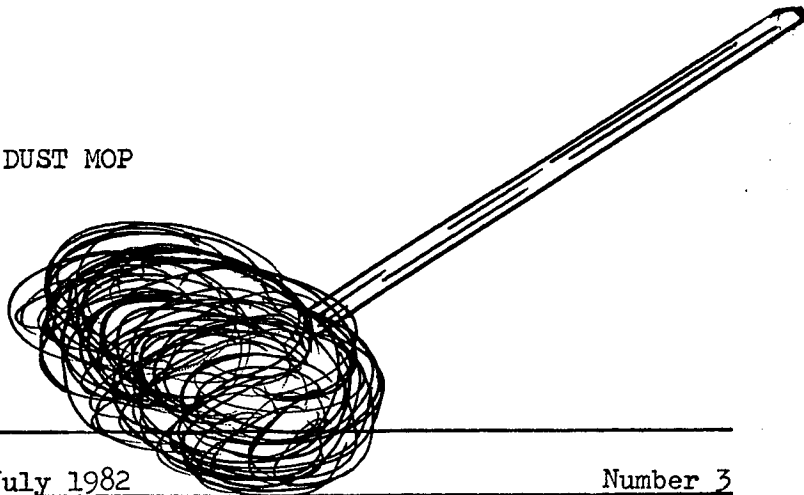


THE DUST MOP



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As I type this third issue of the Summer 1982 "Dust Mop," a pungent aroma permeates Medaille 2 and I know James Lorene is at it--popping the weekly Sunday afternoon corn. "Pure corn," as the ambivalent saying would have it. Today we awoke to a bright blue sky, almost cloudless and a glorious respite from the near daily thunderstorms we've been having. There's a lovely breeze wafting through the open windows, and both temperature and humidity level are considerably lower than they've been in the past week. We're, of course, reveling in it!

Just after brunch today I drove Mary Hugh to the Greyhound bus station; she's off again to spend a couple more weeks with Liz in K.C. This afternoon Margaret Eugene drove back to Peoria with the Rothans to spend a three-day visit with her family. The Rothans were here over the weekend to visit with Teresine. Agnes Cecile and Rose Genevieve left last Friday morning for their Sedalia, Colorado retreat. After retreat they'll go on a two-week tour taking them to Canada (Alberta, Lake Louise, Vancouver, Victoria), to Oregon (Portland, Seattle, Newport, Goose Bay) and finally to California (Eureka and San Francisco), then homeward. The trip is Rose Genevieve's delayed golden jubilee gift. Anne Catherine came home from Princeton yesterday afternoon elated over her week at Westminster College and in love with the university town. I still have fond memories of Princeton when I attended Cathy's wedding there. Rosemarie also came home yesterday from her visit to Detroit where she and her mother enjoyed their stay with relatives. This coming Wednesday Teresine and Marie Cecile will be off for their directed retreat at MAC which will end the morning of 23 July. Mary G. returns home from her Hales Corner retreat the day after they leave. Violette was here for an overnight visit and then was off to give some workshops and/or retreats somewhere or other. At summer's end she'll return to India where she'll direct retreats and work, I think, in formation. I hope I didn't dream all this! Ernestine is doing supremely well and declares that her newly-lensed eye has excellent vision. Dr. Knoff will eventually operate on her other eye.

Summer school continues. This weekend we had a group of about 40 people living at Southwest and involved there in a three-day seminar headed by Pam McIntyre and revolving around working toward a nuclear freeze. The UN this week ended its month-long session on nuclear disarmament--a session that ended pathetically devoid of any commitment to disarmament. But the super powers can't forever ignore the growing number of people demanding an end to nuclear build-up. This week, too, twenty-two Hickey girls arrived on campus; we're back to food service on a Monday through Friday schedule. We're still, however, taking care of preparing our own breakfasts which is really no great chore.

Margaret Denise, your favorite Cloris Leachman is still wowing them at the Westport playhouse where she's starring again in "Twigs" and receiving rave reviews from just about everybody who's anybody around here. And the newspapers have featured her in a couple of stories. Sorry you're not here to catch her performance. Last night Alberta Anne, Carmen and I watched Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart and Ronnie Reagan (yes, Ronnie Reagan!) in that old-timer movie, "Dark Victory." It was marvelous with old Ronnie (young then) putting in a downright embarrassing performance.

And he's still putting on "B" performances! I remember crying my eyes out in my younger days when I saw this movie for the first time; last night not one of us shed a single tear. Make what you will of that. Channel 9 has been running some of the good old-time movies weekly. Last week I enjoyed Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton again in "Becket." McEnroe took the Davis Cup this week at the Checkerdome.

The wallpaper (beige) has arrived but the workmen have disappeared to places unknown, so Josephine doesn't know when they'll begin hanging the stuff. The elevator in Medaille has received a handsome tiled floor; the elevator in Ryan will get equal treatment, I heard. Last week the Fine Arts work-study gals put on an elegant surprise party for Jan; it was attended by invitation only. Alberta and I had an invitation. Also present were the entire faculties from arts (art, theatre and music) with, of course, the exception of Mary Charity and Mary Shryock. It was a luncheon set up in the recital room (Jon was there): all variety of fresh fruits, lasagna made by Monica's mother and eliciting raves from all eating it, dips, ham, garlic bread, green salad, chips, rolls, cakes. And Jan was taken completely by surprise. This will be her last week at school; she and Jon leave for San Bernardino at month's end.

Whatever I have forgotten to tell you here will have to await next week's "Dust Mop." Until then continue to enjoy your summer. Marilyn, have a nice visit with Bud and his wife. Your three weeks at Santa Barbara sound excellent. Take care, all of you and don't forget to come back eventually.

With love,

Margaret