Dear Sister

Let me bring you up to date on the Pontotoc news in this the first installment of the 1980 "Dust Hop." While we were on retreat (some of us), Sister John Joseph recuperated from her surgery so well that last Friday we could bring her home. That same evening she walked over to the Ryan dining room (with the help of her trusty walker) to join us for dinner. And since then she has walked over to Nasa, breakfast and dinner daily. The psalmist says something like this: Seventy years is our span and eighty if we are strong. I think of John Joseph.

These days we’re celebrating Nasa in the community room to accommodate the extra people from the leadership workshop here in its second and final week. Among the participants is a Trappist monk from South Carolina who has won the hearts of all who’ve met him. I can’t help thinking James Lorene would love to get aboard his trousers to alter them. They’re too long (the cuffs are rolled at least twice) and far too big. But then last week’s gospel was all about not being anxious about what we wear—so not to worry about baggy trousers. Almost all the old pews have been removed from the chapel, and our maintenance crew are gradually moving in those from Southwest—very gradually. They’re also attempting to mend the wall area where in the past water has seeped through.

In the hall on third floor Medaille a new carpet has been finally laid in preparation for the arrival today of participants in Elderhostel. They’ll reside in Medaille. Among the 24 participants is a darling 76-year-old lady who flew in from Seattle this morning at 6:00! Margaret Eugene and I met her at the airport. Other participants include a couple who drove in from Texas, another from Independence, and still another from another town in Missouri. Sister Drian met two women she knows from Peoria who arrived via bus this afternoon. They’re quite lively and enthusiastic; one of them announced she brought along 16 pairs of shoes! Of the entire group about half are living on campus; the rest are commuters. Among the commuters are Frances Tromel and her longtime companion Gertrude Vanderschmidt. Tonight the participants and their teachers (Jean Manley who’s teaching a course for them on the presidents; Mary Akkemeier who’s doing something for them in computer literacy; and Pauline Bellavance who’s offering a course in the merits of such products as Geritol, Rolaids, 7-Up, and the like) had a buffet supper just outside the Medaille ballroom. They all seem happy in anticipation of their week here. My task, I think, is to take them on a few off-campus jaunts during the week. With my poor sense of direction, who knows where we’ll end up?

Now for some comings and goings around here: Mary Grydos returned last week with superlatives for her Atlanta retreat; Tuesday she leaves with her sister Teresa for a three-week jubilee trip to California. Father Frank left yesterday, I think, for Taiwan where he’ll give a retreat to the Daughters of Charity and then tour Hong Kong, Japan and Hawaii. Jane Behlmann is at Rosary and Marcella at Berkeley. Alma drove to Pennsylvania last Saturday to attend summer session there. Jeanene writes that she’s heading (by now has no doubt arrived)
for California. Last Thursday Josephine and Gualalupe left for their home visit in California and New Mexico. Tomorrow afternoon Agatha and Jane Frances leave for retreat at MAF. Anna Catherine is with her sister Mas, and Margaret Denise with her sisters Mary and Margaret in idyllic Michigan on the shores of Lake Crysta- tal. Jane Mistoo returned late last night from her jaunt in Europe.

Gala multi-colored flags and balloons lining the entrance to Fine Arts are vivid reminders that Children's Theatre opens this week, 26 June at 11 am, with "The Enchanted Forest." As usual Bobo the Clown smiles out from the large sign above the entrance. It all promises to be a very good season.

Last Friday Sister Madeline Sophie's brother Clarence (the meat man) died of a heart attack. He was in the hospital recovering from a colon resectioning (doctors had removed a malignant tumor from his colon) when the attack occurred. He will be buried tomorrow. By now most of you probably know that Sister Norbert from Nazareth also died suddenly last week. Mrs. Arnold is hospitalized for serious heart failure.

Happily temperatures here have remained pleasantly comfortable. The Muny opens this week with "South Pacific." Or rather I should say it opened last week with Walter Cronkite and Marsha Mason in a one-night performance, a tribute to Richard Rogers. The few from here who attended that performance seemed to me less than enthusiastic.

I suppose if I tried I could prolong this newsletter and thus complete this page, but I'm already late getting it out. Let me instead end with good wishes from us all and the hope that your days away will be all you want them to be. We miss you. Until next week--take care.

Fondly,

Sister Margaret

PS: Ernestine wasn't around to draw my mop for me so I had to depend on my own resources. When I thought I had completed it, Sister Dorothy Ebbesmeyer who's here helping in the library said, "That looks more like a toilet brush than a dust mop." What resulted was my second attempt to achieve verisimili-
tude of sorts.
Dear Sister

Here's the second installment of your Summer '80 "Dust Hop." I'll try to pick up where I left off mopping last week. Let me think... well, the leadership people—the Trappist monks, the Trappistines (I learned her identity only last week) and all their companions—have departed the campus for diverse destinations. One of their group—a nun in a modified habit—told me that they all were advised not to reveal their identities or occupations. Obviously it was pretty hard for her to conceal her identity. I'm still trying to figure out the rationale behind this advice. But for now back to dust gathering which I can handle.

Eldershaw's participants, too, have departed—all 24 of them. Last Friday Sister Margaret Eugene had a farewell evening for them. She awarded them their certificates, and they in turn rewarded her and their teachers each with lovely bouquets of carnations. Sister John Joseph (I told you we couldn't keep her down) entertained at the piano—some Scott Joplin and some old-time pieces requested by the elders. When Sister Margaret Eugene introduced her, Sister John Joseph quipped: "They asked me to entertain the elders tonight. Elders indeed! I'll bet I was here before some of you were born." From then on she could have flubbed every piece. That one remark made her an instant hit. Sister June Bassett was also there to see her old teacher, Miss Vander- schwedt receive her certificate and Damien to see her friend from Peoria receive hers.

This afternoon we attended the wake for Sister St. Kevin who died last Friday at Alexian Brothers' Hospital. She had been hospitalized for an ulcer and what the doctor later diagnosed as some kind of obstruction. I think all of us who knew her have wonderful memories of Kevin. Can you believe she was 85? While at Nazareth we visited with Lois, Anna Joseph and Consuela among others. Sister Consuela takes her praying for Fontbonne very seriously. Anna Joseph said she felt very good and we agreed she looked very good. Lois was in her usual cheerful spirit and continues to be enthusiastic about her walking therapy. She's learning to walk with a crutch.

Eileen Browne was in intensive care last week at St. Mary's but back home again now. Mrs. Arnold remains hospitalized but her condition has improved. Father Romasiewicz who has been celebrating Mass here this past week told us Saturday morning about his being rushed to the hospital the previous night with what everyone thought to be a heart attack. But later the doctor diagnosed his pain as a gall bladder attack. So he expects to be reporting back to the hospital sometime soon.

We're still in the community room for Mass while Ryan Chapel has its walls cleaned. All the pews from Southwest, I'm told, have been assembled in chapel; they're fewer than the older pews which various people now have claimed and removed. As soon as all the cleaning is completed and the pew arrangement finally settled upon (right now they're being subjected to what C.S. Lewis once called the "liturgical fidget"—you know, whether to arrange them this way or that), we'll probably stake our claims in the new pews.

Not much coming or going these days. Sisters Agatha and Jane Frances are back from the CSJ retreat at MAC. Tomorrow Sister Mary Hugh leaves for KC and a visit with her...
Sister Liz, who's home recuperating from a bad fall, the result of her climbing a ladder to rescue cherries from her bird-infested cherry tree. Sister Anne Catherine is in for the weekend to keep a doctor's appointment on Monday. I know she would very much appreciate your prayers for her brother-in-law who's back in the hospital. Georgia, Therese and her sister Maria were in for a day from KC and plan to return there Monday. They drove Sister Carolyn Bernard's car in from KC. And I don't think I told you that Sister Francina is living with us on 2nd Medaille while she attends summer session.

Almost all last week St. Louis sweltered through ghastly hot temperatures. Yesterday we had a heavy rainstorm; consequently today's temperature is at least bearable. We look for a cool respite soon.

Katie, the lady who cooks our dinner Monday through Friday, has been giving us delicious meals. We continue to take turns by twos for breakfast and Sunday brunch. All in all we're managing beautifully and far more economically.

Last week's opening performance of "The Enchanted Forest" drew a full house. Best of all for me was Bobo with the birthday children. He's a treat to watch. The theatre was comfortably cool and the children reacted with their usual wonder and delight.

And I hope all of you in turn are reacting with wonder and delight to your summer experiences. If I haven't gathered all the dust of the week this time round, I'll pick it up and throw it into next week's "Mop." So good-bye until then.

Love,

Sister Margaret

PS: Sister Ernestine gave the nod of approval to my mop illustration; that's all I need to give me courage to illustrate this week's installment.
Dear Sister

It has been good to hear from those of you who have written and to learn that for each of you all is going well. Earlier Anne Gregory wrote a glowing letter about her KC hospital experiences; the last and only time we heard from Jeanene she was headed for California and by now may well be heading for home; Jane Behlmann writes that the nuns at Rosary have also abandoned their food service and taken to doing their own cooking; Mary Gaydos and her sister are getting VIP treatment via Sister Paulette on the West Coast; Margaret Denise hopes for warmer weather on the shores of Crystal Lake in Michigan (Good grief, what, pray tell, does it feel like to be chilly in late June or early July?) and Alma says that her Pennsylvania campus is like a small-scale Rome; Josephine and her sister, enjoying their visit with family, took time to send us a box of delicious See's which arrived in perfect condition despite our sauna-bath temperatures. Unless Jeanene beats her, Mary G. will be the first of you to return home (we expect her this month on the fourteenth). I think she and her sister plan to stop in Denver on their way home.

Margaret Eugene left last Wednesday for Peoria and will return tomorrow. Today Alfred, Stephanie, Fabian and Florence Marie took off for a week's vacation in New Orleans. I think they plan to return next Saturday or Sunday. Tomorrow Teresine and Marie Cecile go to MAC for their directed retreat. And tomorrow, too, Agatha Joseph is driving someone to Green Bay for a two-week stay. On Friday Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile leave for retreat and a workshop in Denver.

Our Fourth of July was an extremely hot holiday as have been the days preceding and following it with temperatures hitting 100° and even 105° last Tuesday. Friday night we were treated to something far more spectacular than the usual night-time fireworks extravaganza from Washington U. This year's Fourth celebration was held in Forest Park instead of its previous location on the riverfront. So we were agog with cooks and asahs over the two magnificent displays. Some of us took to the roof; others preferred to view the skies from the air-conditioned Medaille lounge on second. For all of us James Lorenz prepared delicious snacks: dip and chips, stuffed celery, daiquiris and soft drinks.

Children's theatre is going strong. Bobo continues to delight the little ones who strain to reach out to touch him or to be touched and sometimes even picked up. This week ushers in a new production, "Puss in Boots" and will run the usual two weekends. These days the campus is awash with children: theatre performances, theatre classes, swimming program, clinic, et al.

Last week we learned that Sister Viola's mother had died. Sister had planned to return to India this summer and was looking forward to seeing her mother. Last week, too, Sister Edith Vogel's mother died. Sister is missioned at the Boys' Home here. Sister Donna Loretta told me a few days ago that Sister John Marie is faring poorly. Anne Catherine's brother-in-law is home from the hospital. And I believe Mrs. Arnold will be released from the hospital sometime this week. Eileen Browne is back at work and seems to be all right after her brief stay in the hospital.
Nothing much new concerning chapel progress except to report that the pews are in and arranged thusly:

The painter has finished touching up various spots, and the floors and pews need to be cleaned before we can once again occupy the place.

Now a little something to tickle your funny bone in the event it needs tickling:

How does a coffee pot feel when it's full? Perky.

Who doesn't mind being interrupted in the middle of a sentence? A convict.

How would you describe the lamb stew? Much ado about mutton.

Let these bits of nonsense serve as an ending to this third installment of "The Dust Mop." Until next week then. . .

Love,

Sister Margaret
Dear Sister,

Summer at Fontbonne wouldn't be summer at Fontbonne if we didn't rush someone to St. Mary's emergency room in the wee hours of the morning. This time it was Sr. Dorothea who last Tuesday night was stricken with terrible pains and nausea. When the pain became unbearable at 4 am the next day, she knocked on Alberta Anne's door. After calling Dr. Redington, Alberta and Marilyn took her to St. Mary's, and by 9 am Dorothea was registered as a patient in Room 230 where she remains while undergoing tests of various kinds. Redington called in a surgeon over the weekend who has now narrowed the trouble to her gall bladder or pancreas. We don't yet know whether or not any kind of surgery is in the doctors' plans. Well, now that I've disposed of this week's most dramatic story I'll move on to the next most dramatic and discussed news around these parts; namely, the weather.

Today Governor Teasdale declared Missouri a disaster area. Hundreds of people in the state and at least 95 in this area have already died from excessively high temperatures. Teasdale has ordered the National Guard to assist getting especially the elderly and young children to air-conditioned shelters set up all over the city. The National Guard also came in last week to install some kind of temporary air-conditioning system at City Hospital where poor patients have been suffering miserably from overheated wards and rooms; a number of them have died. Yesterday I was at the Harry Truman Restorative Center (originally Choronic Hospital) to celebrate two of my ladies' birthdays. It was painful to see how much they're suffering from the oppressive heat in that old non-air-conditioned building. And the weatherman promises no let-up this week or even next. Today's temperatures are expected to go anywhere from 100° to 105°.

It's to this kind of torrid zone that Sr. Mary Gaydos returns tomorrow evening. Still we'll be glad to see her again and to hear about all her adventures. Sr. John Joseph, I'm sure, will be happy to relinquish the pitch pipe to Mary. Our singing sans organ these days would never get off were it not for that pitch pipe. Last week just after I had sent off your "Dust Hop" I discovered that Jeanene was home and indeed had been in St. Louis for a whole week before I knew it. She had gone to her parents' home when she returned from the West. I suppose I can say that Jeanene's and Mary's returns mark the start of the gang's summer trek back to Fontbonne.

Today after brunch James Lorene left with her family for a week's stay in Cuba (not Castro's but Missouri's); she'll return Friday. Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile got off safely last Friday for their Denver retreat and workshop; they'll return July 28. Teresa and Marie Cecile return from their MAC retreat this Wednesday. Sisters Alfred, Stephanie and Fabian surprised us all by coming in late Thursday night instead of this weekend as they had originally planned. They said they had a wonderful time but decided that it was too hot to stay in New Orleans when they had seen all they had wanted to see.

Monday the college is expecting a group of Japanese students who like last year's group will stay on campus while they see the city. So I'm brushing up on my Japanese as well as on my deep bow: o-hi-o ga-zai-mus, ko-nee-ch-i-wah and so forth.
Monday, too, marks the start of a two-week early childhood seminar sponsored and conducted by the folks in Washington, DC but hosted by us. They'll be living in Southwest and holding their sessions in the cool library. Occasionally I run into Father Frost who's here taking two or three courses this summer.

Last week just when I thought the chapel was almost ready for cleaning I ran into Bob the painter and he said he was told to paint the sanctuary because it needed it. So right now he has set up his scaffolding in the sanctuary where he paints away only in the mornings, because he works half days, the job is slow-going. It doesn't look as if we'll be back in the chapel before August. One thing's pretty certain—it'll have to be ready for us to celebrate Mary Gaydos's golden jubilee on August 15.

Before I say "good-bye" here are a couple more funny-bone ticklers:

Who's the patron saint of advertisers? Francis of Sales

Who's the patron saint of cowards? Francis of Assisi.

OK, so they are corny? But they're all I have. Bye, bye.

With love,

Sue, Margaret

PS:
Good thing I'm running this "Dust Mop" off on Monday. Just as I was going to press I happened to mention to Alberta "I'm sure that I didn't see any seminar people around. No wonder—I'm a week too early! That early childhood outfit isn't coming until next Monday. Sorry about that."
Dear Sister

Assuredly the headline story this week is also the saddest story: sometime last week Sister Rosemarie’s two lovely sculptures, Daphne and Persephone, were stolen from the studio. So far there’s only a slim suspicion and really very little to go on. Because there was no forced entry, the thief must have had a key. I should think he’d be afraid he might turn into a laurel tree or, on the other hand, be snatched into the underworld. What makes me write “he”? Could be a “she” who absconded with the pieces. In any event, absconding with them took some doing; those two sculptures weren’t lightweight. I told Rosemarie her Persephone may have been such a perfect likeness that the old boy Hades may have come up and snatched her away. In fact, when I see the foliage around here drying up or drooping miserably I’m not so sure I’m not onto something. A policeman, the friend of one of the Dominican sisters, is coming this week to draw a composite picture of the two pieces so he can be on the look-out for them in pawn shops or elsewhere.

Rosemarie’s sculptures theft was one among a rash of recent thefts around here: Not long ago about 40 newly-purchased sheets and pillowcases were stolen from Southwest last Monday Jeff Szukowski’s room on maconino was broken into. Both Rosemarie and Jeff believe these robberies were inside jobs, and a number of people here think the same about the linen theft.

St. Louisans’ deaths from the unrelenting heat is now well over 150, and the morgue here reports being overburdened trying to deal with all these bodies. It’s the poor elderly who are dying in such large numbers. Right now the National Guard both here and in Kansas City are going from door to door trying to discover elderly who’re suffering from this oppressive heat. Many of these old people are most reluctant to leave their homes or don’t know there’s help available to them. I can’t remember anything like these days of fierce unmitting high temperatures. Often we’ve had readings of 100° or 102° even as late as 8 pm. The predictions are for some kind of relief by Tuesday. If it would only rain copiously and then snow just as copiously!

Sister Dorothea remains in the hospital still undergoing more tests. Her doctors have now diagnosed her problem as pancreatitis, although haven’t at all. As I know, ruled out the gall bladder as another source of trouble. She has been on intravenous and antibiotics since her arrival at St. Mary’s almost two weeks ago. Today the sisters who visited her said she was feeling better and even said she was hungry. That may be a good sign because up until now she hasn’t mentioned being hungry. I know she appreciates our prayers.

Sister Agatha Joseph returned last night from Wisconsin where she thoroughly enjoyed all that state’s beauty. She had high praise for Alberta Anne’s and my alma mater as well as for my birthplace, refreshing Green Bay on the shores of the magnificent Fox.
James Lorene returned on Friday from Cuba, Missouri and Mary, of course on Monday from the West. Mary Hugh returns from Kansas City tomorrow. So you see, it’s just as I wrote last week: the trek back to the Gateway to the West has begun in earnest. But we haven’t yet seen an end to departures. Alfred and Marilyn go on retreat next Sunday; Clarice goes to the Conacle the same day. And I think a few others will go on retreat pretty much the same time. Sister Ligouri leaves Tuesday for Tucson. Jane Frances leaves next week for a visit with cousins in the East. Some of us still have home visits in late July and early August.

What can I add about the chapel? Precious little. I think Bob the painter has taken permanent sanctuary there. The scaffolding remains, but I can’t tell what kind of progress has or hasn’t been made. I’m just glad Mary is having a jubilee August 15. That fact just may spur the workers to a completion soon. Who knows?

This fifth issue of "The Dust Mop" is your final one; your sojourn hasn’t ended but mine begins this Thursday when I leave for Chicago in time to celebrate Lorraine’s birthday the following day. Sister Josephine is due to arrive on the same day I’m departing. (Josephine, Sister Mary Gaydos will meet you at the airport; she’ll wait in Medaille for your call from there.)

I hope the weekly “Dust Mop” helped keep you in touch, banal as their dust frequently tends to be. Take care and return home safely. Bye.

With love,

Marge

PS: Has my dust mop shown any improvement since the first issue? I have a feeling it has.
Dear,

At long last — my first and rather late 1961 summer "Dust Hop."

Well, first off — the WP Fair at the riverfront which for weeks has been touted as the midwest extravaganza of the summer got off to a rousing start last Friday only to be drenched out yesterday around 4:30 pm when a heavy rain drove a reluctant crowd from the levees. Almost all the night events, especially the fireworks, there as well as at Washington J. and elsewhere around the city were canceled. So last night we had no spectacular sky show to view from the Medalie roof.

But we did have a scrumptious July 4 supper in the faculty dining room pineapple halves hollowed out and filled with mouth-watering chicken salad on a bed of fresh pineapple chunks. Served with this creation were chips, Fritos, Pfeiffer's delicious pecan rolls, iced tea and lemonade. Some rather raucous games of Uno followed supper and after the games we were treated to Sisters Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile's super rich ice cream pie. Josephine, Teresine, Alberta Anne, Agatha, Marie Cecile and Florence Marie (our guest) won the fabulous prizes.

Yesterday morning, in time to celebrate the Fourth, Alfred, Stephanie and Marilyn returned from their retreat at MAC. The week before John Joseph, Agatha and I had been there for the CSJ retreat given by Father Dirk Zwetsloot. Some of you may remember him from the Advent penance service here last year. Because the directed retreat he was scheduled to be a part of at the Institute and which I had planned to make was canceled, he was kind enough to give me a directed retreat at MAC — lucky for me.

Dorothea is in her second week basking in the Florida sun with Anna Rose and I can't remember who else. Mary G. left last Wednesday for her 30-day retreat at Hales Corner, just outside Milwaukee. She went via AMTRAK. Margaret Eugene is in Peoria for the weekend. She and Damien drove up Thursday afternoon and will return tonight. Early this morning Rose Marie left by car with her uncle and her mother for a two-week visit with relatives in Detroit. Her mother seems much improved after her recent hospitalization; we were all happy she felt up to the trip. Clarice Marie is recuperating so splendidly at Nazareth that we expect her home soon.

The student dining room seems to be shaping up finally; someone said workers plan to lay the carpet next week. The place should be a pleasant surprise for students returning in the fall. And Fontbonne wouldn't be Fontbonne if at least once a year it didn't put up a wall somewhere; this time it's Ryan's third floor east. Just beyond the staircase they've walled in hall space and with it a corner classroom and the two windows at the end of the hall. I'm still with Robert Frost when he says, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall..."

In various spots on campus one sees dirt trails running through green lawns; these mark the now-filled trenches where plumbers have laid new pipes replacing those archaic ones that have given the college so much woe. The work has been going on
since the start of the summer session, and now our maintenance people are trying to turn the muddy tracks back into lush green grass. Heavy and frequent rain seems to hinder rather than help their endeavors.

Various summer session groups still come and go: gone is Elderhostel whose participants had nothing but superlatives for everything in their program (even the food service, mind you!), but clearly their darling was Don Burgo. And I for one was happy about that; it was a boost he needed. Gone, too, is the leadership group from St. Joe's; they all signed a card for the sisters in Medaille in appreciation for sharing not only our liturgies with them but some of our Pfeiffer goodies as well. And gone are the young people in the jazz seminar as well as the folks from the National Association of Independent Schools. Still here are students in science, business, communications and who knows what else.

Communications are coming in regarding the upcoming general chapter. A number of us are going to the opening mass at the Old Cathedral this coming Wednesday. Agnes Cecile and Stephanie have been asked to be ministers at the mass and, wonder of wonders, to come in on Tuesday for a practice! We're all curious to know why one has to practice ministering! Alberta, Marilyn and I are in the choir and so can view everything from the gallery. Bishop Warm will be the celebrant (which may be the reason there's a practice for ministers of the eucharist).

Must stop so I can run this off in time for Eileen to stamp the envelopes early in the morning. Continue to enjoy your summer. We miss you all. God be with you -- each and all.

With love,

Margaret

POSTSCRIPT:

Knew I'd forget something: while I was on retreat Jane Frances went to Chicago where we're all hoping doctors can completely mend her bum knee. So far no news about the surgery, but I'll keep you posted. Meanwhile do keep her in your prayers.

Tonight we were treated (one day late) to Wash U's magnificent fireworks: this time not from the roof but first from my room where trees obstructed our view and finally from the TV room where the view was unobstructed. Some watched the riverfront fireworks show via TV which featured prior to that the lighting of Eads Bridge by the Veiled Prophet seated in all his phony splendor in a garish neon-lit barge. I still think it a mistake to have combined the Veiled Prophet affair with our Fourth celebration. But it was a beautiful night for all the people who the night before had been disappointed by the rain: the sky was clear and the moon, a sliver of a moon, was splendidly new. Now, for sure, I must run this off and get it in the early pick-up.
Dear

Happy Bastille Day! Sorry I’m late with this week’s "Dust Hop"—am too busy meeting my first obligation; namely, gathering news and meeting deadlines for the general chapter, a frantic, frenzied business (for sure, as Anwar Sadat would say!).

Yesterday’s election process at Carondelet which we all were permitted to witness for, I think, the first time in the history of the congregation was a moving experience as was the Mass of Thanksgiving following the election. The singing at the Mass drew raves (Fontbonne’s contribution to the choir included Alberta, Marilyn, Rita Marie and me). Mary Ann Mulligan did a splendid job directing us; Mary was at the organ; and Nancy Hayden, Ruth Fates and Mary McGlone with their guitars. Gretchen, Mary McGlone and Nancy Kennedy were the soloists. It was all beautiful and exceedingly hot in the gallery. For most of the mass we stood on risers in the cradle of the institute’s unairconditioned chapel. Enough of all this—you’ll read it all in the news releases supposed to have gone to press today. But they didn’t because Carondelet where the material is printed and mailed had a power failure in the neighborhood. So the presses didn’t roll and meeting my deadlines didn’t mean much.

After yesterday’s mass we were all invited to a picnic box supper at Carondelet. Most people headed with their boxes (chicken, slaw, potato salad, cold drink, cookies or fresh melon) for air-conditioned or fan-supplied rooms: library, auditorium or dining room. But my crowd—Mary, Marilyn, Alberta, Sheila and I—for old times’ sake headed for benches in the yard overlooking the Mississippi and loved it all.

When we arrived home we were pretty shocked to find our elders feeling oh so good after having treated themselves to a happy hour. Only a few of us are home this week simply because we’ve had more goings than comings. Dorothea is back from a sun-filled fun time in Florida. Friday Fabian flew to Augusta, Georgia; Sunday at 5:30 am Stephanie, Alfred and Agatha took off by car for Atlanta and neighboring places; around 10 am the same day James Lorenz left for Florida with two carloads of Hogan family; in the afternoon Teresine and Marie Cecile left for retreat at Nac. And Mary Hugh left last Thursday via Greyhound for Kansas City; Agnes Cecile and Rose Genevieve last Friday for retreat in the Colorado Rockies. Rose Marie is still in Detroit. There it 'tis.

Temperatures in St. Louis have been soaring into the 90’s for days and we’re promised no let-up. Today, one of the warmest days of the summer here, the newly-elected general superior and her newly-elected assistant together with the nominees for general council left Mercy Center at 9:30 am for the chapter of elections at Carondelet where they will remain until they’ve elected the four council members. What a time to be at Carondelet! Betty Moslander and her assistant are there, too, as facilitators for the election process. Everyone seems most happy about the general superior and assistant general superior choices. "Ood grief, didn’t I say 'enough of this'?

- more -
Now what shall I say about those dirt trails on campus and about progress in the student dining room? Well, the dirt trails are still clearly just that—dirt trails sparsely marked here and there with pathetic tufts of green grass. And the dining room? Typically the workmen laid the carpet before completing all the messy portions of their job. Covering the new rug (dull grey, quite drab seemingly) is a large expanse of plastic and covering the plastic is an equally large expanse of debris. But work there is moving forward.

What else? Last Monday (or was it Sunday?) the Hickey girls—some thirty of them—moved into St. Joe’s. Summer school continues on. And, oh, I almost forgot—the admissions offices also got new carpeting—same kind that’s in the dining room. Surely there must have been a wallowing good sale on the stuff.

For now—farewell until the next "Last Mop" which I hope I can manage, if not on time, then at least late. Take care. Peace.

With love,

Margaret

PS: Forgot to say that Sisters Josephine, Alberta, Marilyn, and I spent a beautiful Sadhana weekend on prayer (Tony deMello, SJ from India) at St. Louis U’s Beach Center. It really was smaekingly good, particularly the Sadhana exercises. The people are all very good friends. And it was Margaret Denise who was the instigator AND creator of last Sunday’s happy hour. In the morning she and Margaret Eugene treated us to a super delicious Sunday brunch.

No surgery yet for Sister Jane Frances. Please continue to keep her in your prayers. The doctor is trying to rid her knees of the infection.

Am now truly signing off.
Dear

Impossible to get this written on Sunday! So here I am at Mercy Center on a Monday morning taking advantage of a break for me which I'm using to do what I didn't believe I could do this week—get off a third "Dust Mop" to you all. The delegates have just finished a half-hour reflection period focused on some questions the process team gave them; they're now in small groups sharing the fruits of their reflections on common life, common good and common fund. Does that small-group sharing sound familiar? Imagine the thousands of words that have been uttered in this meeting room since July 8! And it looks as if there's not going to be a let-up of the verbal flow by July 24, the tentative date for ending the chapter. But then that's only my assessment.

Jeanene who's assistant to John Kenneth Scott, the coordinator of all the working staffs here, took off to her Mom and Dad's Saturday night, went to mass Sunday morning and then to bed a good part of that afternoon. The pace for chapter workers behind the chapter proceedings is pretty frenzied. And I'm up to my neck writing news releases and province newsletters. Who knows what heresies I've promulgated in those releases! To think that when I was a kid I wanted to be a journalist.

By now I hope the election results have reached you: Sister Miriam Therese Larkin (LA), general superior; Sister Margaret Collins (A), assistant general superior; and the general council: Sisters Tobias and Marian Cowan (SL), Constance Marie De Foe (SP), Rose Cecilia Harrington (LA) for a second term. I'm assuming most of you, probably with the exception of Mary Q., are getting chapter news via the houses.

Now for some Fontbonne comings and goings: Teresine and Marie Cécile returned yesterday from their retreat at MAC; going there today for private retreats are Margaret Denise and Margaret Eugene. Sister Ann Catherine and her sister Mae are off to Colorado for a vacation; so are Jane H., Damien and Jesse. Later this week more folks should be drifting back. Sister Clarice Marie's doctor has told her she needs another month's recuperation at Nazareth even though she herself says she's fit as a fiddle. I know she must be keenly disappointed. Please keep in your prayers Father Wilson who has just had surgery at Deaconess Hospital for a detached retina. And we learned that Sister Agatha Irene's niece died in the Kansas City hotel tragedy.

We've had a nice long letter from Sister Jane Frances who is at St. Victor's in Chicago where we're all praying the doctors there can clear up the infection in her knee without surgery. She is in great pain.

Forgive me for cutting this short; must be off for another session. Take care.

Love, Margaret
THE DUST MOP

VOLUME XIII 28 June 1982 Number 1

Dear

Here 'tis—the first "Dust Mop" of the 1982 summer season. And what shall I tell you in this first issue? Summer drones on hot and muggy as word comes from you, Marilyn, that in Santa Barbara you're freezing. It's likely, too, Margaret Denise, that you're basking in the cool breezes off Crystal Lake. Do send some of that coolness our way!

Science, Fine Arts and chapel remain one grand mess: Word is that in Science sheer mess, utter chaos reigns. In Fine Arts the painters and floor tilers have been with us for the past two weeks. All the offices on second floor (at my end where the flooding occurred) are being plastered, painted and in some cases having their ceilings lowered. There are times when I think it not at all a bad idea to get plastered myself. In chapel the plastering continues, but the hanging of wallpaper has been delayed because the stuff sent is too green; something lighter has been now ordered. Today the fellows and I moved my things back into my office. By noon I gave up; the noise and dirt were too overwhelming. I'll go back in short shifts each day this week and try to put some order into the place; dusting books, shelves and putting the books in some kind of order on shelves. And Pat Apel? Well, he has taken the week off!

Last week Teresine came home to stay and we had a gala party to celebrate the occasion. She's gradually getting back into the swing of things and is even resuming her job as bursar with Agatha still handling some part of the job she has been doing so diligently and Margaret Eugene the food. It's good to have Teresine back and I think she's glad, too. It's also good to have Jeanene with us again. This summer she's taking a statistics course here on campus. Last week she took off with Pauline Balavage and her family to Six Flags for the afternoon and evening. She brought along her nephew Tony who spent the night with us on Medaille Second and thought the event quite something.

Last week, too, I drove over to the Academy to visit with John Joseph on her feast day; we had a nice visit for about an hour and a half. Her room is conveniently located on second floor just adjacent to the elevator and only around the corner from the bathroom. She hasn't begun to give piano lessons yet; they're still trying to determine where would be the best place. I'm sure once she begins her lessons she'll really feel settled in. In any event it's wonderful to observe how great John Joseph has been this past year what with all she has been through: "strength and honor are her clothing" (I think that's what Proverb says about the virtuous woman).

On Saturday I drove Sister Genevieve to the airport; she had just completed her two one-week courses in administration and was flying to St. Paul for a couple of weeks' stay. She has resigned from her seven-year position as superintendent of schools in wherever (North Dakota?) and is asking for a sabbatical for the coming year to complete her research on some community-related study. Pretty much everyone is home these days—at least for awhile. Oh, Rosemarie left early this morning for Detroit where she and her mother will spend ten days visiting relatives. Mary Hugh, I think, comes home from KC at the end of this month.

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Though Father Figge was scheduled for mass here this week, Father Wilson came instead. During the intercessions we learned that Father Figge is sick and has been ordered to get complete rest. Yesterday was the grand Gaydos family picnic at Rock-haven. Mary invited Clarice and Carmen to join the clan for the event; they left after brunch and didn't return home until after 10:30 pm! Yesterday, too, Clarice celebrated her feast day.

Please keep in your prayers Ernestine who'll be going into Barnes Hospital early next week for cataract surgery and a lens implant. I'll keep you clued in on her progress in next week's "Dust Hop."

To celebrate the Fourth (on the Fifth), we've been invited to spend as much time as we want at the Strathearns. So we're going to go there at noon and take along snacks and our supper. Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile have kindly offered to take care of the food which promises to be scrumptious. Naturally we'll take our swim suits, but we plan also to take along games for in-between times: scrabble, boggle, cards, etc. I think everyone has signed up; it should be fun. Just before dark we'll head for home in time to catch the fireworks at Washington U. The Strathearns are at the lake for the holidays and the only folks at home will be a couple who have been house sitting. Joanne said she has told them we're coming and that no other guests are to be invited there for the day. We're looking forward to the event.

Office news: Jan Kent (much to the sorrow of all of us who know her) is leaving at the end of July for San Bernardino where her husband Jon has accepted a job teaching at the state university. Hate to see her go but we're happy Jon has a job. Penny Park, too, is leaving Ellman's office for a job teaching English in a Washington, Missouri high school; she'll move there this summer. You already know about Eileen's leaving the mailroom (Rose from the business office will replace her) and Bunice Kauflman's leaving student services to take a higher-salary job at Washington U's medical school. We still have heard nothing about Larry Hayes's replacement or whether Pat Cronin has located her umpteenth secretary.

And now to get this into the mail without further delay. Whatever I've forgotten to tell you, you'll learn in next week's installment. Continue to enjoy your summer and come home eventually—refreshed, renewed and girded for campus capers. So until next week--

Love,
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 Ligouri who stayed behind to be with her nephew Danny, his wife and their baby (in from Tucson for a visit). Those who didn't want to swim played 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 least unobstensibly certain. Mind you, I'm not privy to all the intricacies of high-level maintenance. What I see as Keystone Cops 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 Sonnino's room he painted only three walls; the fourth, he said, wasn't too bad and they did afterwards 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 with what 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.
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.

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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
Dear

Here is your final issue of this summer’s "Dust Mop"; by week’s end I’ll be off to Chicago to visit Lorraine and to Madison unless the family repeats last summer’s decision and comes to Chicago. Anyway by the time you receive this some of you will already be thinking about coming home. Then you can see for yourself what’s popping around here. But right now let me fill you in on the past week’s events.

We continue, of course, to receive various and sundry announcements via our mailboxes. This time we found quite a lengthy personal message from Verne Peters announcing her decision to take a new position at Belleville College in Illinois. Because you’ll discover her letter among your accumulated mail when you return, I’ll spare you the particulars. There was also an announcement from Mr. Apel telling us to give our wholehearted cooperation to Clem who will pinch-hit in Apel’s vacation absence. He (Apel) even gave Clem a title: Director of Maintenance and Buildings. Isn’t that also Apel’s title? Oh, well, who cares? Last Friday was Jan Kent’s last day as Fine Arts secretary; she and Jon will use these last two weeks of July packing for their move to San Bernardino. I’ve already met Jan’s replacement (a Joanne somebody who had been somebody’s secretary over in administration)—seemingly a very sweet person who was with Jan all last week learning the ins and outs of her nerve-racking job. Last week The Clayton Citizen ran a front-page picture and accompanying story about Jane H’s being chosen Clayton Citizen of the Year. Mayor Benoist was pictured presenting Jane with a plaque. Oh, another citizen was pictured receiving the same kind of plaque—can’t remember who he is. An announcement from the team searching for a new business manager urges us to be present at any of the interviews the last week of July.

So much for announcements. Now on to progress on various and sundry renovations. The new huge dumpster is at last in place; it’s really too high for trash-pitching from ground level. To pitch on target one must do his/her pitching from dock level. The chapel is near completion as far as wallpaper hanging goes; it should be completed by this Monday or Tuesday. Then as soon as the chapel can be cleaned it should be ready for use. Josephine has already washed the altars; I think Carmen lent a hand. Tomorrow night a couple of us are going to wash the altar rail and windows; perhaps we’ll also end up doing the floor if the cleaning people aren’t available. All the offices in Fine Arts (second floor) have been completed, but the rest of the building is still in chaos with workmen everywhere and Science isn’t any better off. You’ll be relieved to know that in the midst of all this chaos the grass is being mowed and the Hickey kids being fed.

Yesterday afternoon Mary G., Alberta, Dorothy Ebertseymeyer and I went to the Generalate to join in the ceremony ushering in the new general government. Though the academy chapel was unbearably hot despite all the fans, the ceremony was beautiful and impressive. Present at the ceremony were all the provincials and vice-provincials, former superior generals Eucharista and Seraphine, both looking very well indeed. We saw John Joseph briefly; she seems well. Incidentally Joan Pitylak has asked to live with us in the coming year (she has been living at Lourdes). As far as I know there was no serious objection to her coming, but actually I haven’t heard anything more on the matter. I do suppose, however, that now if she still wants to come she’ll come. Teresines and Marie Celeste are on retreat at MAC. James Lorene left yesterday driving
to Sarasota, Florida with her brother, her sister Mary Ann, her husband and all the children. They'll return at the end of the month. Alma left 13 July to drive a cousin and her child to their home in Wyoming (they had been here for the funeral of Alma's brother). Rose Daria accompanied them; she and Alma plan to return around the 23rd of this month. Mary Hugh is in KC with Liz. I think that's it for comings and goings.

Last week we learned that Father Persich is in DePaul Hospital receiving cancer treatment. He had been on vacation in New Orleans when he discovered a growth on the side of his neck. A doctor had told him it was nothing to worry about; he'd watch it, however. But when Father's brother, a doctor, saw the growth he became alarmed and soon after tests showed malignancy. Father Gaydos is back from Russia and will be saying mass for us this week; he'll probably have more news about Father Persich.

That's it for now, I can't at the moment think of anymore news. Enjoy the remaining days of your summer away. Don't forget to return. And do take care.

With love,

Margaret
Dear

How can you bear absenting yourself from the Gateway to the West over this gala Fourth of July weekend? What hoopla! What cheesecake! What superlatives! What promotions! If I see another Ms. Universe contestant spread in living color across the pages of both our dailies, I think I'll flee the city. Margaret Denise and Carmen, I have a sneaking feeling that all this St. Louis looniness would thrill you through and through. It's pretty hard not getting swept up by the hysteria: the Veiled Prophet parade ushering in the weekend festivities, Harry Belafonte sending chills through his audience, the Beach Boys, spurned by knob-head Watts, having their last laugh as they wow St. Louisans, the stands with their ethnic foods and crafts, balloons and fireworks lighting up the night skies over the Mississippi, dare-devil airshows, Beach beer and all that. The weather seems made to order: sunny blue skies, daytime temperatures in the mid 90's but tempered by lovely breezes gusting sometimes as high as 20 or 25 mph. So much for the VP Fair.

Tomorrow we folks celebrate the birth of our country at the Strathearns who have fled the suburbs and headed for the Ozarks for the weekend. So their house and pool are ours for the day. As a matter of fact, the pool was available yesterday and today. Alberta and I who are this week's and next's grocery shoppers have planned yummy Fourth of July snacks and a super supper for the occasion. Wish you could join us!

This past week every guest room on Medaille Two was occupied by ladies registered for Mary Anne Mulligan's Church music and Kinder-something workshops. We couldn't bear housing them in the sauna-like rooms on third. They were ever so nice and ever so appreciative. Upon leaving, they left behind lovely "thank-you" notes, a pretty plant and a huge basket of fresh fruit. The only guests remaining are Ann (Anna Thomas) Walsh who took last week's music workshop and is staying on until 9 July and Marguerite (can't recall her former name in religion but she's the violinist) who might live with us next year. Presently she's staying until Thursday, presumably to look us and the place over before making her final decision. Jeannine is back in St. Louis but at her parents for the holidays. She'll be in and out getting her things back in her room. Albina returned today from her Institute retreat which she enjoyed very much. Sister Guadalupe is visiting Josephine. She, Joanna, Mary Paul and Agnes Raymond—all from Nazareth—will join us at the Strathearns tomorrow.

We had farewell parties for Charlie Beach who has now left for his new job at Webster U. and for Mary Crow who'll stay on until her replacement arrives. They'll still interviewing for the dorm position. There also was an ice cream cone party for Mary Marx who's moving from secretarial services to full-time printing. No dearth of going away parties around this place!

When the Fourth celebrations are over, remember we still have the Ms. Universes with us. Don't omit watching the TV coverage: (11 July, I think) because you'll be able to experience the joy of recognition—Kiel Auditorium is being dressed up for the event.

Will stop now and get this off even though there's probably not a postal pick-up until Tuesday. Hope all goes well for you all; we miss you. Take care. Bye-bye!

With love,

Margaret
Dear

In a week's time not much news woolies gather; expect, therefore, no juicy news leaks, no earthshaking revelations but rather only the ordinary events of daily living. Teresine continues her retreat at MAC and should be returning by Wednesday. Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile are in KC visiting family and friends. Ligouri leaves Tuesday for Tucson. Ann Walsh (Anna Thomas) remains with us and is now taking a ceramics course from Cat in the art department; she has been asked to teach an art course at the Wilmette college next semester. Rudy Torrini had a splendid and extensive feature article and three-column picture of himself and his Sacred Heart statue which Father Hogan commissioned for his church in Valley Park—all this in the St. Louis Review of last week. And everyone else? Well, most (especially Marie Cecile) are primed for the week's big event: the MS. UNIVERSE PAGEANT televised LIVE to the WORLD via Channel 4, Monday night.

Television is sure not to catch close-ups of our dry and parched Missouri earth. High temperatures and hot sun have dried up our land; all plants, trees and flowers seem to be crying out, "Send our roots rain!" Last week we had several splendidly cool days; unfortunately they disappeared all too soon. A couple of workstudy female students have been caring for the campus and doing well rooting up weeds and trimming shrubbery.

High temperatures haven't kept away conventioneers from our city. The Missouri Lutheran Synod is holding their meetings at the Convention Center and the Jehovah Witnesses theirs at the Checkerdome. Speaking of the Checkerdome, I think the BLUES are again on the verge of being bought by some out-of-towner who's interested in keeping them in St. Louis. We shall see. The St. Louis Cardinals are finally winning some for a change. Still no news of a dorm director appointment.

Jeanene seems to have almost completed moving her things back to her room in Medaille. Rosemary Connell has transferred her department chair to Jeanene who'll now head the department. Rosemary will be on sabbatical this coming year but left yesterday for a two-week teaching stint with Rosemary O'Malley and others somewhere near San Diego where they'll be staying. They'll be teaching Spanish-speaking children, I think. The campus continues to be a-swarming with kids. Monday Mary Ann Mulligan's piano pedagogy workshop begins. Incidentally, her mother is home from the hospital and feeling much better.

A couple of days ago Sister Clarissa from Nazareth was taken to St. Anthony's Hospital where she's listed in critical condition. A little over a week ago Sister St. Marie left the Kirkwood Hospital for Nazareth where she continues to have good and bad days.

You probably will not be getting a "Dust Mop" from me next Sunday; perhaps I can manage one by the following Wednesday. Sister Ruth Margaret has to fly to Washington D.C. to pick up a car from her brother who lives there and drive it back to her sister in St. Louis. She needs a driver to help her and she has asked if I can do it. It's only over next weekend. We'll leave here late Thursday afternoon, spend the weekend in D.C. and return by car early Monday morning. We'll spend Monday night in Indianapolis where we'll visit Casimir Joseph who's recovering from heart surgery (I did tell you, didn't I, that she suffered a heart attack while visiting her family there?) and return to St. Louis on Tuesday. A short trip but I've never been to D.C. so I'm willing to take even a short trip. Until the next time, take care.