

Hi, All!

Dan had written what was supposed to be our personalized family letter, commenting all about your activities, letters, etc., but now I can't find it. Before he left, he read it to me--saying it was illegible, and assigning me to type it (I'm going to go join those feminists--I'm tired of being secretary.) Just as he was leaving, I asked where his letter was, and he said "I threw it on the floor" (his favorite place for filing things). "Which floor," sez I. "The bathroom floor," sez he. Well, there is no paper on the bathroom floor or anywhere else I've looked on floors (not that I would find anything under all the clutter)--but I'll try to remember what he said.

He was very anxious that Marty and Liz hear our proven-true formula for killing slugs. Our neighbors use beer, but we brew our own with cracked wheat or flour and sugar-water. That, fermenting nicely, is placed in tuna-fish cans and put all around the garden.

Dan just called from New Jersey (he is at a school and has a break--sure inspiration). Guess who took the letter with him and will now dictate over the phone:

"Dear Family. I greatly enjoyed all of your letters. Except for the missing letter from Charlotte. Guess I'll join the Hallmanack bandwagon, although I was never that unhappy with "Helloocaust" and found "Hallways" quite amenable. Congrats to Mom Hall on the A's and A minuses. A request for Tracy: please include a glossary next time (prehensile, desultory, pitocin). The best one of all was eau de corral. Also enjoyed the scene you described of kidding, farewelling, parting spirits on their way to earth. And the bit of Frost. What's with your closing "Oosh?" (I explained to Dan that you used to say "shoe" backwards as a kid and that became your nickname.)

Our thanks to David and Karen for their work and representation and results (a surprise Check!). *& to the original source of it all!*

As you have probably sensed, June and July have been busy months for public communications and politicking. And the last week or so has brought a record heat-wave, a twelve-hour (for us) to twenty-four hour metro-area power-blackout (and associated looting). Even a small amount of it in White Plains. I am commuting to New Jersey this week to attend a company systems analysis course. Daniel is attending a day camp with supervised swimming and recreation. And lonely Laura is making daily use of our wading pool. Our garden, shrubs and flowers are doing quite well this year--in addition to rhododendra and hydrangia, we have lots of annuals. We've been turned on to day lilies this year. A friend at work brought some over last year and helped plant them. He had pollinated and sprouted them and grown the sets. This year many of them have bloomed, giving us breathtaking, beautiful surprises in many different colors.

A note to Marty: For slug control, mix yeast, cracked wheat and warm water, let sit overnight--pour into tuna cans--and place a few of these throughout the garden. The slugs climb in and drown.

Love you all. The end. Love, Dan.

P.S. from Sherlene. We are thrilled with our new nephew "Alec" (though it kills me not to use that beautiful name, "Richard.") And anxiously awaiting news from Ginger and looking forward to a new "Neil," too. Nancy, that smear job of Carlis was a scream. Daniel favored us with a similar scene when he was a toddler. Yuk. It's supposed to mean they crave sensory and creative (tactile) experience. She'll probably be a great sculptor someday and you can tell her how it all started.