

I also enjoyed your description of the low coronary risk male. It sounds a little bit like my life in retirement, except that lunching daily at the VIP Room does not bode well for one's heart health.

I've had sort of a humdrum summer (rapidly drawing to a close). In the past Lou and I usually managed to work in ~~a major trip~~ of some kind of a major trip, either in the U.S. or abroad. Maybe we're getting too old for that now. I think we've made a grand total of three weekend trips to Lake Byron all summer.

Lou is involved in Gordy's restaurant almost to the point of obsession. She leaps out of bed at 6:30 a.m., to dash downstairs and do the dishes from last night's baking and work on his bookkeeping. She's off to the restaurant about 10 a.m., to get home usually after 5, just in time to begin the evening baking. Gordy's threatening to start opening evenings in September. I'm not sure how that will affect our lives.

When Jay and Amy deposited Bryce on our doorstep back in June they didn't happen to mention that his other grandparents have apparently gone out of the daycare business, so I've become the sole, full-time owner and operator of the South Ninth Street Daycare Center and Home for Wayward Boys, all day, everyday, five days a week. I'm beginning to feel a little like Father Flanagan. Bryce and I have gotten very well acquainted over the past couple of summers, which is nice. My grandfather Richardson died four years before I was born, and the other one lived 500 miles away in Iowa. That was a major trip in the 1930s.

Drew is slated to arrive Tuesday evening. I've been trying to persuade her to drive down to Nebraska with me. I've been corresponding with the Nebraska Historical Society about some archaeological digs that have been going on at a place called Ft. Atkinson, north of Omaha. My great-great grandfather served there in the 1820s (and died soon thereafter). It was apparently a terrible, unhealthy place. The army abandoned it after seven years. I'm at least glad that Asa Richardson found the strength to produce a male offspring before he toddled off.

If you and Stacy run out of things to do in Minneapolis, you might be interested in seeing a photo exhibit by my friend, Fred Scheel, up on the third floor of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Fred was the fellow I ran into on the beach at Anna Maria a couple of years ago. He has a valuable collection of photographs that are displayed along with his own. I think there may be a display of photography by Richard Avedon there right now, too, which would probably be even more interesting.

I had sort of half-way hoped that sending Stacy and Beth and Drew stationery for their birthdays might suggest something. Alas, to date, Drew is the only one who took the hint. Lou and Stacy have these long phone conversations punctuated by exclamations--"That's terrible!" "That's wonderful!" laughter and tears. But when I ask what they talked about she says, "I can't remember." Congratulations again on a most impressive book.

*John*