

is the hottest duty they have ever experienced. It hasn't bothered me too much - in fact there were nights on the 3rd floor of St. Pat's that were far worse than this has been today.

Now that I have thanked you, rendered an account and discussed the weather - it should be correct to proceed to singing my own praises. So sorry that I can't report any spectacular deeds - tho' I did manage to beat a Texas cockroach single handed. The devil had me going for awhile - but I used a Jerry Jones' Kneetothe rib technique and lo he spit my two whiskey bottles, a brewery & a copy of the Nonna Notes. And surrendered.

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After an elapse of 24 hours and the interment of a score of "cases" which are so familiar to you, I am back trying to bring this letter to a conclusion.

Chaplain Jim "S" is doing a swell job - his letters are always an inspiration - a prod to my own indolence.