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Dear Ed,

So much has been going on, but I still feel ashamed that I haven't written sooner - and I won't even sit around making excuses!

The best news of all is that T.C.I. Hospital is going to be named for Uncle Lloyd! Everyone just forgot to tell us secret and it was only publicly announced a couple of days ago. We are thrilled and pleased and terribly sorry that it wasn't done during his lifetime. The big dedication ceremonies will be next Saturday

went out of town and it won't be announced until he comes back. I am beginning to lose interest in that phase of Operation M. Mil just grins happily when people mention it to her and she refuses to come down to earth. They still insist they are going to Double Oak Mountain on their honeymoon!

I heard Eleanor Steber of the "Pittsburgh Post" sing Wednesday night at the auditorium. She knocked the audience cold in a Kelly green satin dress with a train and glitter-things all over it. The red hair and the high, true soprano would have done it anyway. I thoroughly enjoyed it. Her program included many gay little French songs, but the Brahms Lullaby as an encore won everyone.

Wednesday morning was a wedding, Peggy Calder and Freddy Ferguson, at 11:30 a.m. You should have seen me chumpily

gobbling cold scrambled eggs
and champagne in a wild crush
at the breakfast following. I
have never seen such a mob scene
but it was a gay crowd and one
perfect day.

Then Dad's birthday came Thursday
and we allowed him to take us to
Dale's for those steaks we dreamed of
on meatless days in Hawaii! He'll
have a cake today though, and
you should see the wild assortment
of presents in store. I've gotten
British knee length shorts for
him and Mother was talked into
buying a weird modern chair,
which closely resembles a trap! It's
the kind of thing one stays in
indefinitely. It's for Florida.

Last night was a cocktail
party in the sound room on the first
floor at Victoria. I thought about
the time we had lunch up there.
That was fun! I am so glad we
had the brief visit on Sunday
though I was so keyed up I
probably made no sense whatso-
ever! The orchid lasted for ages.
Thank you so much again I
Sue Augusten

when a memorial plaque will be unveiled on a boulder in the grass circle in front of the hospital. Mr. Gregg will speak, Mr. Fairless, president of U.S. Steel, the presidents of the A.M.A. and the Southern Surgical Association will also be there.

At least, those are the plans, but after the freighter incident, only seeing is believing to my way of thinking. Assorted uncles and aunts will also convene and it will be a very wonderful occasion.

Uncle Lloyd has also been chosen one of the eleven leaders in Birmingham over the past fifty years and his name will be included in the cornerstone of the City Hall. We are very proud.

Life has been this gay with all Mil's goings-on. The air is full of plans and they stew over the smallest details. I am in the throes of compiling the newspaper announcement, but Wayne