

Jane Deyoe

Pauline is amazing! Can't believe she's 98. I remember the Pauline mask on a stick that Mom had. Everyone had one for her 90th birthday, and I don't remember how that all played out. But I remember that Pauline mask sitting around Mom's kitchen until we finally cleaned everything out.

The Snodgrass family is all tied up with music in my memories. Pauline had the patience of a saint trying to teach me piano, never scolding me for not practicing. (I always did feel really guilty though when lesson time came and I hadn't practiced. Not that it ever caused me to do much better.) I remember putting the folded dollar bill (for payment) on the edge of the piano at the beginning of the lesson. I was always jealous of Judy Lind because she took lessons from Mrs. Carlson, who put neat stickers on the pages when Judy had mastered a piece. Pauline didn't do that. That just wasn't her style.

Later I took violin lessons from Carol Snodgrass and, of course, played in orchestra under Wayne. I just took for granted the fine music instruction we had from the K-State professors Clyde Jussilla and Warren Walker. What a wonderful opportunity Wayne gave us in that small town. And theory classes on Saturday morning. What I learned so long ago enables me to somewhat understand my musician son.

And the clarinet. I started that in 6th grade and played in the band until I graduated. City Band, too. Remember those hot nights in the band shell and various church women putting on ice cream socials. Is there anything better?

I hate lipstick to this day, and I credit that fact to playing clarinet and having band and orchestra first hour. I didn't want to get lipstick on my reed, so I waited until after band or orchestra to put my lipstick on. Frequently I forgot. I still hate getting lipstick on anything, like the rim of a cup or glass, so usually I don't wear lipstick at all, unless I'm getting really, really dressed up.

Wayne used to get so mad at me because I was so frequently late to band. One morning, he just kicked me out and said to go to study hall. I had to talk to him later to get back in.

And there was the year that Judy Lind and I worked as Wayne's assistants in that little office of his in the old high school. We did all kinds of filing and whatever else he needed done. He was a little put out to have to hire us, because Rose Marie Potenski wanted to do it too, and he felt she really needed the money. But we had asked first, so he felt honor-bound to hire us.

And the morning of my wedding to Leigh Stamets in December of 1961, Pauline put on a breakfast for my family. Since I was already pregnant and having terrible morning sickness, I could hardly eat a thing. It was really nice to support my parents in that way.

And when my sister Nancy married Mike Schottelkotte, Mom and Dad had a reception for them at the country club. Pauline played the piano and my husband Duane sang and they both just loved it. Pauline always had such fun with music.

Thanks for a lifetime of memories, Pauline, and Happy Birthday!

Jane Oberg Deyoe (daughter of Frank D. and Ruth Esther Oberg)
jane.deyoe@mac.com