

## Marilyn Summers Cool

I have two stories.

1. Several years ago I offered to give Pauline a ride from Kansas up to see Diane in St. Paul MN. ( Minneapolis MN is my home.) All the way up it rained, poured, in fact, with little reprieve. We stopped at a couple interstate rest stops, me often times asking Pauline if she was comfortable continuing. Always she assured me she was.

Eventually the skies darkened. Lightning illuminated the skies. Thunder rumbled. Still, Pauline insisted she was fine as she just kept talking in order to keep me alert as I drove.

It was dark and still raining when we approached the Twin Cities. Ever so patiently Pauline sat non-complaining as I circled around to get us on the right track after missing the St. Paul turnoff. In the meantime Diane was calling family to see if anyone had heard from us--this was prior to cell phone use.

All in all, I would say that Pauline was an amazingly calm riding companion. Not one to complain, she showed a great deal of patience with this driver.

However she never again inquired about riding up north with me to the Twin Cities.

2. Back in the 50's Pauline talked to Mary Catherine (my mom) one day while Pauline was sewing. At one point Mary Catherine heard Pauline yelp. Often Pauline used her padded bra as a pin cushion. On this occasion Pauline was braless. (OOOOOh, that hurts!)

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