

Mary McKee Taddiken

Dear Pauline,

This book started very small and just grew. The day last spring when you and C.L. played for Nea, my thoughts drifted back to a memory involving Wayne and you at Stardusters in 1967, and I thought I ought to write that memory down for you sometime. A few days later it occurred to me that there might be others who would have a special story or memory of you. So I spread the word at church, friends, and of course email, and this book is the “rest of the story”.

I have had such fun putting this together - I’ve touched bases with old friends and even made some new ones. But, most of all, the stories reinforce what I’ve always known - that you are an exceptional person, and I have been so fortunate that you have been a part of my life, and a good friend to my parents.

Now for my Stardusters story. In 1967, when I was a senior at CCCHS, Stardusters was celebrating its 25th Anniversary. All the band and orchestra members had chipped in \$1 to buy a gift for Wayne. All these dollars had been taped together, rolled into a big roll, and put in a box that had a slit for the first dollar to be seen. As I remember it, Mert Schwensen was the M.C. for the Anniversary portion of the program. Mert held the box out, and asked Wayne to pull out the dollar. Well, as Wayne pulled, the dollars came out, and Wayne walked clear across the stage, displaying a long string of dollar bills. Then Mert said, “Well, Wayne, what do you think you’ll buy with these?” Wayne thought a minute and responded, “Maybe I’ll get a color TV.” Mert turned to you Pauline, and asked, “What about that?” You didn’t miss a beat with your response, “Well, Wayne, I think you can sleep in front of a black and white one just as well!”

Another memory I have is when Scott and I were planning our wedding. I asked you to play for the wedding, and you said, “No, you ought to have someone who plays well, ask Helen Henry.” It had never occurred to me that there was anyone who played better than you!

Of course I remember Nursery school, playing in the sand pile and drinking juice out of the small orange juice cans (you recycled long before it became the thing to do). I remember, too, my piano lessons, church choir, and riding all the way to Beaumont, Texas with Wayne and three other kids - and a car overloaded with suitcases, instruments, and music!

I have seen first hand how you always volunteer to help anyone in need, and have opened your heart and your home to everyone you meet.

Happy Birthday Pauline!

Love and Hugs,

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