**Wesleyan Legacy - Post Script**

There were times on campus when I went through some feelings of depression.  When I entered as a sophomore, my middle sister had just been diagnosed with sarcoma in the upper leg, bone cancer, the same kind that Ted Kennedy's son had.  His was able to be treated because by that time treatment had been improved.  My sister had her leg amputated, and was able to go to school for a few months, but after Christmas, it was too progressed and painful. There was no insurance, no hospital care.  My mother took care of her at home 24/7, changing the dressings, feeding and bathing her.  I felt guilty for not being there, but worse than that, I had been brought up not to complain about personal problems. My mother said other people had problems and I shouldn't bother them with mine.  Consequently I told no one, and just suffered silently worrying about her. She died the following June after I came home from Wesleyan.  It was so hard on all the family. There were times that year when I would go to my room and spend part of the day in bed so I could sleep away my worries.  However, I kept my grades up - I had to in order to keep my scholarship.

At the same time, I had times when I was hungry.  Even though from time to time I had meals with families that I helped, and was able to cook a bit in the dorm room (against the rules, but our house mother turned a blind eye).  I know I didn't have enough vitamin C because I had a series of infections - like big pimples on my face, but they were infections.  I know for awhile when I was getting my meals in the cafeteria, I had oatmeal and prunes for breakfast for 15 cents, and for lunch I would get mashed potatoes and gravy to get a bit of protein, also about 15 cents.  After awhile the cafeteria server began to get the cue and added some meat to my gravy.   I don't remember how long that lasted, but it wasn't forever.

That same year my brother, living at home in Indiana, sometimes drove me back to campus after a holiday.  Sometimes I went home on the train, sometimes on a Greyhound bus, but he began to like to taxi me.  He met my roommate, Sara Brown, a home economics major.  They fell in love, and she later transferred to Ball State University in Muncie, IN to finish her home economics degree to be near him, and they married!  So that was a good compensation. (A few years later when I was at Union Seminary, the Columbia University ROTC student living across the hall from me, saw my youngest sister's picture in my room, and ended up marrying her.  That's another long story, not related to Wesleyan. I seemed to have been the unintended marriage broker.)

Also that year, John began sending me a dozen red roses on Valentine's day, a custom he has carried out to this day.  So, as my dad often quoted from Emerson's essay on compensation, "for everything we gain we lose something, and for everything we lose, we gain something."

I wasn't the only one who struggled financially - I learned later that many of my friends were working their way through school and also worked hard to keep up their studies.  My freshman year, 1946, was when the GI's returned to campus and they were beneficiaries of the GI bill so they didn't have financial worries, but they were serious students.

The religion professor, Dr. Lowell Hazzard, and his wife Stella, were called Mom and Pop Hazzard by the many students who hung out at their home on North Prairie Street which at that time went through to campus where the theater now stands and ended at Presser Hall.  They hosted a daily Tea at their home at 4:00 PM every day where students could drop in for a cup of tea and graham cracker cookies which helped supplement the calories some of the students needed. It was also a time when students could share their questions about life, or studies, or just socialize and feel "at home" on campus.  "Pop" Hazzard sat in his chair and "held court," while "Mom" Hazzard sat at a folding card table laid with a variety of china cups and saucers and poured tea while she darned sox every day!  They had 3 adopted children - 2 boys and one girl, all siblings - who were often there, too.  There were often campus meetings at their home for various religious groups - a real "home away from home" where anyone and everyone was welcome.

The summer I worked at the State School in Lincoln along with other Wesleyanites and a young woman from the University of Wisconsin, sponsored by AFS (American Friends Service Committee), we decided we needed a weekend getaway.  Somehow we arranged with the Hazzards to visit on a weekend when they would be away and they had enough rooms that we could all stay there. They left us a note, "Welcome to our home.  Please leave it in better shape than you found it."  And we did!  We decided to thoroughly clean their house.  My job was to clean the kitchen cupboards and all their contents, and there were many - all of those china cups and saucers plus much more.  Others took certain rooms. We swept and scrubbed and washed windows, and vacuumed, and cooked meals and cleaned up afterwards. We had cleared this with the Dean so that the officials knew we had permission to be there.  It was a wonderful, positive antidote to some of the stressful situations at the State School.

There was another family in town that was another "home away from home" for me.  Dr. Harlowe Evans, who had taught biology at Wesleyan but then was teaching at Illinois State Normal, and his wife Joyce, children, and Joyce's sister, Dorothy Spalding who was a piano instructor at Wesleyan, all lived together with Grandmother Spalding near the Wesleyan campus.  They had been classmates of my parents at Taylor University in Upland, IN.  With the large number of students on campus, it was sometimes hard to find an open piano practice room. So for awhile the Evans graciously let me come to their home to practice.  They would include me in family suppers at the Methodist Church, and to attend free movies on the ISNU campus.  When I gave my senior piano recital they hosted a lovely reception for my parents and a few friends in their home.

Another family connection I had at Wesleyan was with Professor Rupert Kilgore, head of the art department. He was from Fairmount, Indiana, home of Jimmy Dean, not far from my home. He knew my mother's family and relatives, was familiar with the churches that were built in the area largely financed by both sides of her family.  He knew the architectural styles of these buildings, and was familiar with the heavy Quaker presence and influence in that part of the country.  We sometime met in the Memorial Center for a coke and just talked about life in that part of the Hoosier state.

There was another family in town who befriended me, the parents of Marilyn Kraft who was my age and who entered IWU Music School sometime after I did, but never graduated.  I met Marilyn when I was in 7th or 8th grade at East Bay Camp, a Methodist Youth camp site outside of Bloomington. Later she rode the bus to come visit me in Indiana when I was in high school. The Krafts had been a farm family near Towanda, but had moved to Normal by the time I was at Wesleyan when they invited me to their home for a meal.  Her mother, whose first and maiden names I don't remember, had been a Sigma Kappa, I believe, at Wesleyan where she majored in home economics. So when I had a suit that need some alteration she offered to refit it for me.  So kind and generous of her.  She was written up in a nice article in the Wesleyan Alumni magazine many, many years ago as an example of an outstanding alum who was still active in her later years living in the Westminster Village.  I cannot recall Marilyn's married name, only that she lived in the Southwestern part of the USA and we exchanged Christmas cards for many years, and then I was notified of her death.  I regret I cannot recall Marilyn's married name although I would recognize it if I heard it.  She is not listed in the Alumni Directories that I have, I suppose because she didn't graduate.  Nor is she in either of the 1949 and 1950 Wesleyana yearbooks.  I think she pledged S.A.I.

This reminds me of another disappointment I had on campus, that was actually a blessing. Even though I was a music student, I went through Rush with all the sororities, although only S.A.I and D.O. were open to me.  When I did not get a bid from either one of them, I was crushed.  All of my former Wesleyan school teachers had been members of S.A.I. and I very much wanted to be chosen by them.  However, due to both my work load and my financial status, I never could have managed Greek life and it was a very good thing not to be chosen.  I then became a member of Indee Women and was able to have good friends in both music sororities, and sometimes was invited to both houses for some special event. When I was a junior, the Dean of Women called me and said the D.O.'s were having trouble recruiting members and very much wanted me to join them.  I guess I had proved my worth by then! Without any hesitation or regret, I turned them down, again because of my work load and finances. My initial disappointment soon faded as I was fully immersed in many other aspects of campus life and studies.

It was, and still is, strange to me that Wesleyan's music sororities and fraternity had chapter houses with the ritual Rush pattern.  This is not the case on any other camps that I know of.  On other campuses those music Greek organizations do not Rush, students just join and conduct their business in meeting rooms.  I also wondered why, since music students could only join music organizations, why they still went through Rush with all the Greeks on campus.  It is possible that after all this time, I am not remembering all these details correctly, but I think that's the gist of it.

Now for one of the most memorable all campus events I attended.  It was in the home of the new faculty member, Rabbi Steuer (don't remember his first name).  It must have been during my freshman or sophomore year since he is not listed in the two Wesleyana yearbooks I have for 1949 and 1950. Or maybe he was just a part time instructor in religion. He and his beautiful wife and their two young boys invited the Campus Christian Fellowship and the Episcopoi organization to their home for a Seder meal. He was a refugee from Germany, from where they had recently smuggled out gorgeous silver serving pieces, family heirlooms, on which they used to lay out the traditional Passover meal on a long buffet table.  We all took our places at a long table with the traditional candles, flowers, the kiddush cup, wine and matza, with the two boys at the head of the table with their parents.  It was the first Seder I had ever attended, and as we went through the traditional ritual which always includes the youngest child asking,  "How is this night different from all other nights?" and the ensuing dialogue between parents and children. I was very moved by the warm, loving, respectful ways the parents spoke to their children and included them in this sacred ritual.  It showed how central to their faith were the family ties, past and present, as they remembered an ancient deliverance from bondage. It made us all realize the recent horrors of the Holocaust, and the beauty of the Jewish religion, the roots of our Christian faith."

I failed to mention that another professor,  **Zelah Newcomb,**who taught piano pedagogy, had a great influence on me. She taught town children herself, and taught us techniques how to teach children that carried over to our own playing that complemented the teachings of our piano professors.  What she taught that so many other piano teachers who hang out their shingles don't have a clue about, was how to use the hand to achieve musical phrasing. She also taught us to integrate basic theory into teaching methods and how to practice, how to isolate problems to economize practice time, how to "play musically."

These superb insights actually made it difficult for me to find piano teachers for my own children because none whom I knew had any understanding of developing basic technique.  They just taught reading notes and counting. Piano playing is so much more than that.  So I started teaching all five of our children to be sure they got off to a good start - and also, to be honest, because at the time we couldn't afford to pay for piano teachers.  However, as one might guess, it wasn't long before I found teachers I could live with.  There is too much emotion involved in teaching one's own child, but at least I felt they had a good foundation.

I think it was because I was taking this class that I was asked if I would give free lessons to a young girl who had a brittle bones condition that prohibited her from doing many things. I do not remember her name, but she was  about 7 or 8, confined to walking with crutches so she wouldn't fall again. She wanted to learn to play the piano but her family's working class status meant they couldn't afford it. Besides they didn't even have a piano.  They lived in a walk up 3rd floor apartment, but a nearby neighbor in a bungalow style home situated in a lower class near downtown, and they not only had a piano, but when they learned she wanted piano lessons, they graciously offered her to come over to their home every day for lessons and tor practicing.  Someone from one of her social service agencies contacted Wesleyan to ask if there might be someone who would give her free piano lessons. So here I was, there I went.  Someone paid for her piano music, and I donated my time.  It was very satisfying to teach her - she wanted to learn, and she practiced regularly.  The neighbors were also a witness to me in how practical Christian love can be demonstrated.  Their humble home was welcoming in its comfortable, old style furniture. Always the smell of the soup of the day permeated the atmosphere with a message of a warm, loving home, that the dining room table being used as a base for the sewing machine at the moment, would later be the center of a simple, family meal.  Sometime during the year I taught her, a reporter from The Pantagraph newspaper arranged to write a story about her, which was published with a picture of my teaching her.  I kept a copy of that story for years, but along the way and moving, it got lost in the shuffle.

When I returned to Bloomington for one of the Alumni weekends, I was saddened to see the changes in the entry of Presser Hall.  When I was a student, it was a wide open space, where the winding stairway curved all the way up to the second floor, and the entrance to the balcony.  I remember seeing Lloyd Pfautsch lovingly holding his wife Edie's hand as they hurried up the stairs to get seated for another recital.  At Christmas time, there was always a very tall Christmas tree that filled the space.  It was so high that tall ladders had to be brought in so that many of us music students could help decorate the tree - hang ornaments and carefully drape the evergreen branches with hundreds of tinsel lengths.  We would then sing carols around the Christmas Tree.  I realize that the changes - installing an elevator for accessibility - was probably a good thing, but lowering the ceiling to seal off the first floor just seemed to me to be a loss of a lovely open, inviting space. It changed the atmosphere for me.

Another Christmas at Wesleyan provided one of the most spiritual experiences of my life, then and ever since.  I was playing the piano along with the University Orchestra, accompanying Bach's Christmas Oratorio sung by all the choirs, and directed by Lloyd Pfautsch.  It was a very difficult piano score and I had worked hours to be able to play it.  In the process I had marked my score with fingerings and a few pages clipped together for cuts from one section to another. I was so anxious about being able to perform it, that when I arrived on site after I had hurried to get appropriately dressed and to get myself over to the new Student Memorial Center for the performance, I had left my score in my room!  The only thing I could do was to use an unmarked score to read from. Apparently I had practice enough that I no longer needed fingering markings, and I even remembered where to cut from one spot to another.  Mr. Pfautsch's superior conducting with such accurate cues to orchestra and choruses was so exacting that we were all impelled to excellence.  Personally, I felt electricity tingling through my whole body.  I was transported to an ethereal atmosphere that was as close to Heaven as I will ever experience on this earth.  The text starting with, "Christians, Be Joyful!" set to Bach's stirring musical setting was powerful. I never played better.  In the words of Saint Exupery's Lilttle Prince, "I was carried beyond myself by the force of urgent necessity."

One more memory surfaced that I must include about a special friend at Wesleyan, and with that I conclude my campus memoir.