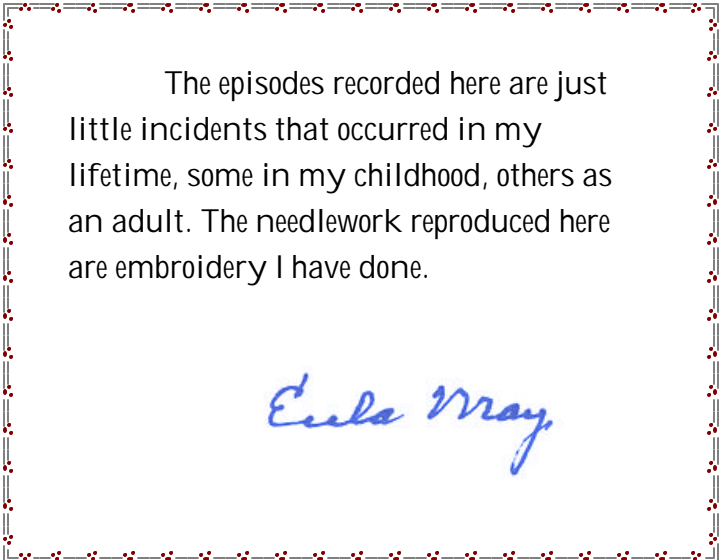




**by**  
**Eula May Nunemacher**



The episodes recorded here are just little incidents that occurred in my lifetime, some in my childhood, others as an adult. The needlework reproduced here are embroidery I have done.

*Eula May*

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People nowadays talk about parents who spank their children. Well, Robert and I got spanked—sometimes it was a swat with a hand on the seat of our pants—sometimes with a yardstick. I don't think we ever got hurt. Oh, our feelings might have been bruised, but otherwise, we were not hurt. However, on one occasion Mama could not find the yardstick when Robert and I were having one of our worst scuffles. We assured her that we did not know where it was, so without hesitation, she told Robert to go to the lumberyard and ask for a yardstick and to tell them why we needed one. I am not sure how much Robert told them at the lumberyard, but he did return with the "weapon." Mama gave Robert a few swats and then it was my turn. Robert always did claim that I didn't receive any pressure—she just hit the buttons on the back of my dress, and I just thought I was being bruised!



I was not a very good eater as a child, all I really wanted was milk, preferably warm from the cow. Old Dr. Taylor used to say to Mama, "Let her alone, she will eat when she gets hungry." And he was so right, for there is nothing wrong with my appetite now. But, when I was old enough to have skates and if I found out something was being prepared for a meal that I didn't particularly like, I would put on my skates and announce that I was

going to Grandma Snyder's. Grandma would fry bacon and open a can of corn for me. And besides that, I got to play with the stereopticon viewer.



A story as told to me about Grandpa Snyder: Grandpa was a Civil War Veteran. He played the fife, probably was in the Fife and Drum Corp. The story goes that while in the service, his overcoat was stolen. He tried, but was unsuccessful, in fining the culprit. Right then and there, he vowed that he would never own another overcoat.

He lived to a ripe, old age and walked with a



cane. Every day he walked the six or eight blocks from their house to downtown Ashland, Kansas, rain or shine, hail or snow, without an overcoat.

Daniel Snyder was my mother's Grandfather.



My father owned the men's clothing store in Ashland, Kansas. He worked long hours, for he would not miss a chance to serve a customer. My mother went to the store each afternoon and stayed until closing time. Pop's mother, Grandma, lived with us and was always at home. The store was four or five blocks from home and our school was between home and the store.

It was a cold, wintry day; the wind was blowing, and snow was forecast. I usually went to the store after school. As I prepared to go back to school after lunch, Mama told me to come home after school, Grandma would be there, and it was too cold to go to the store. I protested loud and long, and as I went out the door, I announced, "I am coming to the store," and slammed the door. School was out, and I headed for the store. I always went in the alley door for it was a bit closer that way. I got to the alley door only to be greeted by my mother. It was not a happy greeting for she said very firmly, "I told you to go home." She held the door firmly and

would not let me in. I screamed and hollered and cried. I cried all the way home. The wind was bitterly cold, my cheeks were wet, and when I got home, I practically had icicles on my cheeks. Well, at least, I had frosted cheeks, which required some attention, but I received very little sympathy.



It was the day after Christmas and my brother wanted to go hunting with his new gun. My father agreed to take him to a small lake on my uncle's farm about three miles from town. Robert was 10 or 11 years old and I was five or six. I begged to go along but my father was sure that I had no business going and, of course, Robert didn't want me tagging along. But, they finally agreed to let me go if I would promise to stay in the car. This was a touring car and the weather was cold. But, I bundled up good, made me some cracker and butter sandwiches wrapped in Christmas paper and away we went.

Arriving at the pond, I was sitting in a cold car out in the middle of the pasture. It was not long until I heard the gun fire, and then I heard it again. I waited a few minutes, and there it was again. Well, I decided that both Robert and Pop had been shot and here I was way out there all by myself. So, I took my crackers and started for town. As I

walked, I ate a cracker or two and dropped the paper as I went. To get to town, I had to go through the yard of Bill Evans who lived on the farm. Bill saw me and tried to talk to me, but I was in no mood to talk, so I just kept on walking. Well, it was not long until I heard a car coming, and there were Robert and Pop. I need not tell you what happened after that!



The Dust Storm—Using a pie pan to flour the steak, the potatoes mashed, gravy made, the usual Sunday dinner was in progress. As usual, the wind was blowing, the air was thick, the conversation around the table friendly, but lacked enthusiasm. The lighted chandelier above the table swayed as the wind hit the house with gusts. Suddenly the lights went out, no, there was a light there, what happened? The room was dark, the air was thicker than usual. What was happening? We got up from the table, went to the kitchen, the flour in the pie pan was now a dusty brown color. We looked out the window and could not see the neighbor's house. Yes, it was a dust storm, the worse one yet. It was that BLACK SUNDAY in Western Kansas in the spring of 1935.



It was a beautiful fall afternoon when a friend, named Gladys, called to ask if I would like to take a ride with her and her mother. Gladys, past 55 years of age, and her mother, 87, occupied the front seat, and I was in the backseat. We went north out of Wichita to Valley Center, then to Sedgwick. But, Gladys was one who didn't care to stay on the beaten path, so she turned into a country road. We admired the beautiful fields of grain, the freshly plowed fields, when suddenly Mrs. M, said, "Do you know where you are?"

"Yes, Mama," was the answer.

Another few miles of no houses, a pasture of beautiful, Angus cattle, when came the question, "Are you lost?"

"No, Mama," was the reply.

After another five or ten miles, the silence was broken with, "Are you sure you know where you are?"

There was a pause, then the answer, "Mama, I'm sure of just one thing!"

"What's that?"

"I'm not pregnant."



Three Eula Mays? In August of the year that I was to enter Kansas State Teachers College in Emporia, my father and I went there to find a room

for me. After looking at several places, we found what we wanted, and told the lady of the house that I would like a roommate. She assured us that she could find someone by the time school started. Come September, I went to Emporia ready to move into my room. The lady of the house was glad to see me, and said, "Oh, good, your roommate is here, too." We were introduced, "Eula May Nunemacher, this is your roommate, Eula Mae Peters."

What a surprise, I had not ever known a person with any part of my name. But what were we going to do in order to identify which Eula May? Well, Eula Mae said she didn't always use both names, so she could be called "Eula." All went well until the next summer when we went to Oklahoma City for Eula to go through the Allergy Clinic there. We were in a small booth with a nurse who was giving Eula her shots. While sitting there, I said something to Eula Mae, calling her by name. The nurse turned to me and asked if I spoke to her. "No, I was talking to Eula May."

"Well," the nurse replied, "That's my name, too."

After recovering from our surprise, Eula said she spelled her middle name "M-a-e." Then, I said mine was "M-a-y." The nurse replied, "You won't believe this, but I spell mine "M-a-y-e."



This is taken from a letter that my mother wrote to me:

"My, but I had a close call! Sunday noon I went over to Bertie's for two or three minutes. When I turned the corner to come back into our house, there stood Mr. Skunk on the step. He said, 'Psst!,' and I said, 'OK,' and I turned and ran to the northwest corner of the house. He was right after me, but when I turned the corner at the southwest corner, he was so far behind me that he got lost. I broke into the front dining room door and I was sure glad to see Pop. Whew, but it was close. If Wesley Santee had been along side of me, he sure wouldn't have been in the lead! If Mr. Skunk had 'let off,' we wouldn't have been able to live in the house for six months, for he was right in front of the back door on the step. He sure was brazen! That is my second encounter with him. Now, if I have my way about it, there won't be a third!"



I attended a reunion of the Coldwater class of 1943 a few years ago. They were an average bunch of kids back then and grew up to be an outstanding group of elders. At the reunion, they were reminiscing about things that happened in my English class. They all remembered how I required that they learn the eight parts of speech, we

diagrammed sentences, we knew what good sentence structure was. The comment was, "I still can give the function of a noun, a verb, etc." "Yes," said Charles, "And I tell you what—when Miss N. came into the room and those brown eyes were popping, you'd better settle down to work."

Quickly, I said, "My eyes are blue."

Charles just as quickly said, "Yes, but when you meant business, they were brown."



As librarian, I had many unusual requests and comments. One day after school was out and football practice was over, a boy came barreling in the library, huffing and puffing, and said with great disgust, "Do you have a Bible in the library?" I assured him that we did, and he asked, "One that I can check out?" He checked out the Bible and left.

The next morning my first pupil in the library was the same boy, and he slammed down the Bible on the desk and said, "It wasn't in there!"

"What wasn't in there?" I asked.

"The Book of Job," he answered.

I assured him that, of course, it was in there and turned to the Book of Job.

He looked at it and said, "Oh, I looked at that, but I thought that was 'job.'"



One day, a girl asked me to help her find material on "Youth in Asia." I was puzzled and asked what they were studying. "Well, it has something to do with putting people to death—I don't know what it has to do with Asia."

A little more questioning and I found out that we were looking for "euthanasia."



It Seemed to be a habit of mine to say to the librarian's assistants as they came into the library,

"How are you this morning?"

One pretty little girl would give me the same answer every morning, dully and with no smile, "Livin'."



In Dodge City, the Junior-Senior Banquet was a big deal. For many it was the biggest event of their lives and everyone went to great lengths to make it memorable. It was my duty as Senior Sponsor to ask each student if he or she wanted baked steak or fish. There were many Catholics in the classes and the banquet was on a Friday night. All went well until I came to Fred Rodriguez, a delightful Mexican boy, a good student, and full of fun. He answered forcefully, "Steak."

Surprised, I asked, "Are you sure? It is on a Friday night."

He assured me he knew what he was doing and that he did not want fish.

Pushing the issue a little, I said, "What will the priest think about this?"

"He won't know," he answered.

"Well, how do you feel about it?" I asked.

"Well-II-II, to tell you the truth, I kinda feel the flames lickin' up the back of my legs sometimes."

He had a great desire to be a physician. I

wish I knew how he turned out.



And then there was the boy that I had helped on several occasions to find material for a theme he had to write. One day he came into the library, big brown eyes popping, and said, "You know what, Miss Nunemacher, I just decided that I am going to make you the first footnote on my theme!"







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