

"One Day in May"

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Connection to the College (student? faculty? alum? friend of the College?): Alumnus/alumna

Email your comments to <u>archives@hanover.edu</u> or print out this form to complete by hand and mail it to Duggan Library Archives, 121 Scenic Drive, Hanover, IN 47243. Photos and doodles are also welcome.

Describe your day on May 15, 2022.

Tell us whatever you'd like at whatever length you'd like. We think future students will especially appreciate hearing about concrete details -- What can you see and hear from where you are right now? What did you do for fun today? Did you cook or eat anything special? Who did you spend time with? Was today a day of rest? a day for religion? a day to catch up on work?

It's a sunny day, but the weather for the last week has been hot, in the upper 80s. Much too warm for mid-May. Climate change is causing spring to come two weeks early and summer to follow abruptly.

I retired in 2018 from the Indiana State Museum, where I was a curator for 23 years (after 21 years at the Children's Museum of Indianapolis). My field was social history, but in retirement I've been concentrating on guilt history. At 9:30 I began the day with a 3-hour phone meeting followed by another hour of work, all on a paper a colleague (Xenia Cord) and I have written for the American Quilt Study Group. It's been accepted for publication and we'll present it in San Diego at the annual seminar. But the editor just sent back text and footnotes, and we're frantically rechecking references, trying to find replacements for illustrations that aren't sufficiently high resolution, pushing back on some edits, rephrasing others - lots of work trying to meet the deadline in just a few days. We're having lots of computer issues; her old Mac and my new Dell don't play well together; somehow mine is stripping all the footnotes and footnote numbers out of the document; we're having endless trouble sharing photos; writing under these circumstances is a challenge! We did the research and writing during the Covid-19 years of 2020 and 2021, so most libraries and museums were closed or inaccessible, the newspapers we needed were not all online in a searchable format, and we did our research the old-fashioned way, with boxes of yellowed newspaper clippings and blurred snapshots. At least while I'm working on the computer I can look outside; my work space is in our home's lower level, which has floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a stone patio and a ravine in a forest; no houses to be seen, only the light filtering through a hundred shades of green and chipmunks scurrying across the patio. I'm very, very luckv.

My husband Don Kaufman has been blowing winter's leaves off the patio, then weed-whipping the plants growing between the stones, but his rechargeable batteries died and he discovered his weed whip is too old to buy replacements. So he had to buy a new weed whip instead. Such waste! We're very conscious of limiting consumption of resources, recycling, etc.; it seems wrong to have to junk a perfectly good tool because they no longer make the battery packs. He's now

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upstairs catching some Pittsburgh Pirates baseball on TV. I'll look up more references, then relax a bit with a mystery on my Kindle e-reader.

We had a little cheese and crackers for lunch, then leftovers from Panda Express, a Chinese chain restaurant, for supper. After supper we'll play games; usually gin rummy, plus Parcheesi, Azul, or Boggle. I watch very little TV, just the news, PBS nature and documentary programs, and Antiques Road Show. The news is depressing and scary; Russia's invasion of Ukraine, with soldiers fighting and civilians in body bags lying in the streets of communities that look exactly like towns and neighborhoods here in Indiana; the rise of the far-right, the possible Supreme Court overturn of Roe v. Wade. The latter two raise the specter of what more may come if that precedent of personal privacy is overturned; loss of what few LGBTQ+ rights that have been won, gay marriage, other women's rights, etc. We have a transgender grandchild who graduated from Hanover, and I worry about their future. I fear what will happen to our country's ideals if this swing to far-right conservatism continues. It feels very like the late 1920s-early 30s in pre-Hitler Fascist Germany. I really, REALLY don't want to live through that. There's so much that we should be focusing on solving together instead; the overarching climate crisis, fueled by massive overpopulation and greed and unconcern for the great web of life that encompasses everything on this planet, not just humans.

We'd also like to hear about what a typical Sunday is/was like for you at Hanover. Tell us about how you usually spend/spent Sundays at Hanover – at whatever length you'd like. We think future students will especially appreciate hearing the small details of everyday life.

I don't remember what I actually did on any Sunday forty-nine years ago! I certainly studied, either in my room, in the library, or on a blanket out on the Point. I don't recall that the cafeteria served brunch, and since I was on scholarship, I couldn't afford (and wasn't permitted to have) a car to go elsewhere. Once in a while my parents drove down for a visit. In the evenings I might have treated myself to a Beatle Burger (a cheeseburger with a fried egg on top) at the Campus Cabin. It was a log cabin restaurant on college grounds that was destroyed in the 1974 tornado.

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