

Five Take Nuptial Vows in November Ceremonies as Engagements of Two Are Announced



1. Mrs. Floyd E. Harper was Miss Mary Martha Roberts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Roberts, before her marriage Nov. 2 in the home of her parents in Danville, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Harper are at home in Tipton. (Dexheimer-Carlon Photo.)

2. Miss Margaret Barrett, granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. O. H. Barrett, became the bride of Willard Meridith Avery on Thanksgiving Day. (Dexheimer-Carlon Photo.)

3. The McKee Chapel of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church was the scene of Miss Elizabeth Howard's marriage to Gerald W. Spencer on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Spencer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Howard.

4. The engagement of Miss Margaret Geyer to Robert E. Jackson, 345 Blue Ridge Road, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray E. Geyer. Geyer, formerly of Ft. Wayne. The wedding is to take place in January. (Bretzman Photo.)

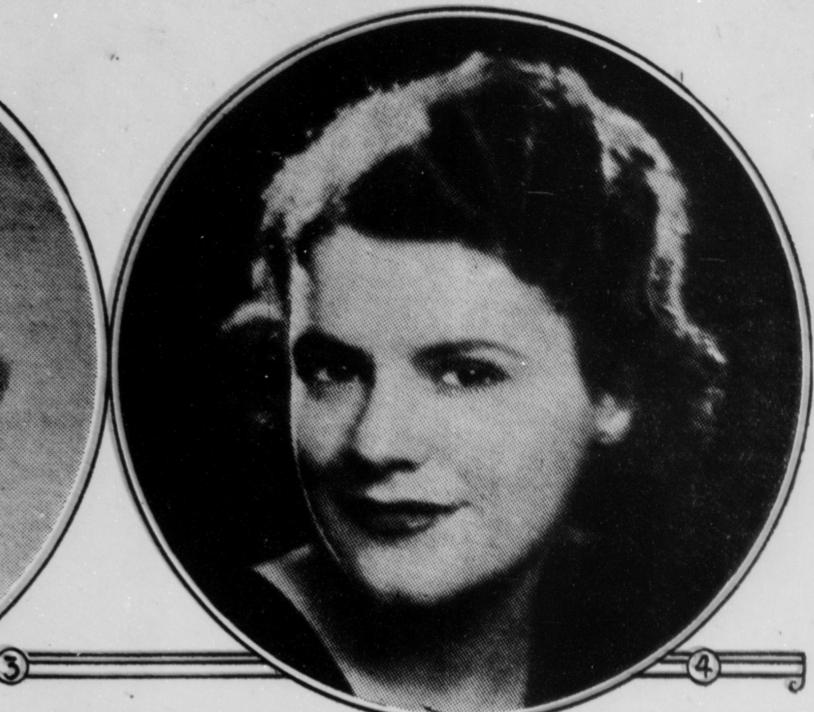
5. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Neel announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Louise, to Loder L. Patterson, Akron, Ind.

6. Mrs. Robert C. Pruyne was Miss Charlotte McFadden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McFadden, before her marriage Thursday to Mr. Pruyne of Chicago. (Dexheimer-Carlon Photo.)

7. Miss Elsie Louise Thiesing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Thiesing, became the bride of Robert Mathews in a pretty ceremony read on Thanksgiving Day. (Dexheimer-Carlon Photo.)



2



5

1937 Christmas Trees Adapt Their Moods to Decorations of House

Modern Home, Indeed, Might Use One of Bamboo;
Bomar Cramer and Mrs. Demarchus Brown
Delight Vassar Club Audience.

By VIRGINIA MOORHEAD MANNON

Sophisticated Christmas trees this season will be dressed according to the period in which the house is decorated. The chipped balls and tarnished tinsel of the past may rest in peace in the attic—to be replaced by ornaments which pick up the theme of the room.

An example of the new vogue in trees was set up today in an English Regency morning room. By using garlands of silver caught with heavy silver icicles on the tree, the decorator cleverly accented the rich colors of a Titan over the fireplace. Fancy the glamour of a French tree done by Marie Antoinette for her palace in Versailles—all white ostrich feathers festooned with garlands of pearls. A baroque tree dipped in gold lacquer and decorated only with heavy white snow might be just the thing in French drawing room.

An Early American tree suggests quaint painted wooden ornaments in the shape of birds or Santa Claus shoes. A tree fashioned of bamboo and rimmed with chipped paint might strike just the right note in a modern house. Here a touch of whimsy could be introduced in the lighting by using, perhaps, emerald green papers, a concession to the illumination of the earliest Christmas trees. Incidentally, trees don't have to be lighted by candles or electric bulbs. Electric spotlights placed in various parts of the room provide a new and dramatic effect. Angels, they say, are the final word in Christmas decorations.

The combination of Bomar Cramer and Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown on the stage of the Vassar Club's program yesterday morning was responsible for taxing the seating capacity of L. S. Ayres Auditorium to the limit. The club's first large meeting for the Vassar Scholarship Fund drew an enthusiastic and smartly turned out audience.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs. Byron K. Rust, chairman of the committee in charge of the benefit, was assisted by Mrs. Mortimer C. Fuscott, Indiana Vassar Club president; Mrs. Albert L. Lang and Mrs. Albert Seaton. A number of luncheon parties were given in Ayres' tearoom after the musical program and lecture.

Following Mr. Cramer's exhilarating performance of six Chopin numbers, Mrs. Brown captured the imagination of her listeners with her talk on "Arles—The Jewel City of France." Bright, sunny Arles in Provence, at the head of the great triangle where the River Rhone divides, became a beautiful illuminated history book of the South of France. The Phoenicians and Romans who used the river as a highway for travel; the Greeks who brought the olive, fig and grape, the secret of Provence's prosperity today; Julius Caesar, who quartered his army in the province in the winter; troubadours, monks and poets—all left their mark.

The gentle Rhone, the hot sun and the mistral, the biting wind which blows from the mountains, have had their effect upon the character of the people. It is a matter of regret that the picturesque Arles, the jewel of the days before the war have disappeared under the steaming roller of modernization. But the narrow and winding streets are still filled with happy, vivacious, volatile natives where Southern accent is distinguished by a decided nasal twang.

And the fruits, flowers and olive orchards are continually protected from the mistral by rows upon rows of tall, dark, definite cypress trees.

Mrs.