

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, August 23, 2010

**Three Days in June 1935:** My parents attended three family weddings on three consecutive days, June 20, 21, and 22, 1935, in perfect weather. I had a minor part in the one on June 21.

My father's first cousin, Emilie Mitchell (1894–1962), married Gates C. Gilmore, a widower with four children, at the Mitchell farm on Little Baltimore Road on a Thursday afternoon, June 20. As was often the case, my mother helped decorate the house for the occasion. Emilie, just past 40, had kept house for her two bachelor brothers after the death of their parents in 1933. My guess is that less than 50 people attended the Quaker service. I do recall, however, that when the Mancill family joined us for six weeks at Southern Pines (North Carolina) in January and February of 1935, Aunt Anna Mancill (my father's sister) received a letter from Emilie, saying that Gates had proposed and did Anna think she should accept. By return post, Aunt Anna told her "by all means." Emilie helped Gates raise his son and three daughters, and she was a wonderful step-mother. They shared 27 years of marriage before Emilie's untimely death.

Lorraine Edwards Marshall (1912–1974) married Stephen John Pyle (1909–1976) on the lawn at Woodcrest, the Warren Marshall home at Yorklyn, in the early evening of Friday, June 21st. Three hundred guests were invited to the Quaker ceremony. My father was asked by his niece to read the wedding certificate (at a Quaker service, this takes the place of an ordained minister performing the marriage). Since it was in the open with no PA amplification, my mother wanted to make sure he could be heard, so she made him rehearse. I can remember him standing by the hedge in front of Auburn Heights (today it would be on top of the railroad tunnel) reading while my mother was on the front porch, intent on hearing every word. The rehearsal dinner was held at Auburn Heights on June 20. On the wedding day, Aunt Bertha, mother of the bride, arranged for two or three harpists from Philadelphia to play in a clump of trees off to the side of the area where the guests were seated for the ceremony. Lorraine's only sibling, her sister Eleanor, then 11 years of age, was too old to be a flower girl and too young to be a bridesmaid, so they decided she needed a male companion to walk down the aisle with her. You guessed it—her cousin Tommy was the same age and size. I took my job seriously, and I was told later I was supposed to smile.

Virginia Stuart of Harrisburg married Fritz Morgenthauer in a church wedding in the Pennsylvania capital on Saturday, June 22. Not quite family, her mother, Mary, was a member of the Walker family of Baltimore whose house there had been a second home to my mother when she was in nurses' training at Union Memorial Hospital in that city during World War I. Our family had kept in close touch through the years with Mary and Allan Stuart, a Harrisburg dentist, and Mary's sister, Naomi W. Horn, was one of my mother's closest friends who visited Auburn Heights often, usually staying several days on each visit. My parents drove to Harrisburg for the wedding in my mother's new Packard 120 sedan. In 1935, the 120 was the Packard Motor Company's first serious attempt to break into the mid-priced market, and the car was advertised for just over \$1,200, vs. about \$2,500 for the cheapest full-sized Packard.

The three weddings were great successes and lasted "until death do us part." The Pyles had seven children, all of whom are living. Robert Marshall Pyle (1944– ) is a member of FAHP.