

WISE-WALKER WEDDING

Contributed by Jean Walker

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Ceremony Was One of the Most Elaborate Ever Performed in the Line City

In spite of the serious times of war, it is well Cupid plays his part the more to make the true soldiers of the day feel that our fair ladies of the land are worth the struggle "over there," and come what may they have the hearts of the best and noblest to give their support and comfort to the brave and the strong.

The many social gatherings the past ten days preceding the marriage of Miss Margaret Wise and Lieut. Robert Marshall Walker, Jr., U. S. A., have given their friends much pleasure in showering and toasting the happy couple.

Miss Wise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wise, of two of the pioneer families of Arizona, and it is unnecessary to mention the fact that society will miss the young lady much as one of its popular leaders, yet rejoices in the fact that she will be with them soon, as one of the youthful dames to grace the matrimonial set. Mr. Walker is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marshall Walker, Sr., of Cooper, Texas, and one of the popular young subalterns in the 35th Infantry. Their marriage, which took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Crawford street last Wednesday evening, was one of the most beautiful ever attended in the "Line city." The handsome residence is adapted so beautifully to such an occasion, and the decorations were arranged so artistically over windows, lights and door casings, in tiny white flowers peeping from green foliage and clusters of pink roses here and there, one might well imagine himself in Fairyland. The stairway in the spacious reception hall, from which the bridal party descended was especially beautiful. In the drawing room the entire mantel was a bank of green and white, forming the background of the altar, over which hung a most beautiful white bell with ribbons suspender to allow Cupid to fall on the couple at the close of the ceremony.

After guests had arrived, at the appropriate hour of the ceremony, Mrs. A. M. Gillespie sang the song ever popular for such occasions "Till Death", by Angelo Mascheroni, beautifully accompanied by Lieutenant Baldwin, who as exquisitely followed with the wedding march from Lohengrin, played on the piano.

Entering the drawing room from the dining room Rev. G. C. church, and the groom, attended by the best man, Mr. Waite by the best man, Mr. Quait Dodson, (sic) took

their places at the alter as the dainty ribbon bearers, little Mary Smelker and Dorothy Little, graced the scene with broad pink ribbons forming the aisle through which the bride and her attendants passed to the alter.

First came Miss Mary Sykes, cousin of Miss Wis, as maid of honor, wearing an elegant gown of ecru lace, and pink hat, carrying an arm bouquet of pink rose buds and ferns. She was lovely as she walked so stately, keeping time to the strains of the wedding march, and took her stand at the altar. Following came the two bridesmaids, Misses Margaret Wylie and Lupe O'Neil, in creations of pink, with large picture hats of the same color, carrying also the arm bouquets of pink buds and ferns. They were enough to remind the other young officers present that there are other pink buds (can't say not bespoken') but not yet plucked?

Next came little Margie Barr, cousin of Miss Wise, as ring bearer, daintily dressed in white, carrying the ring on a silver tray. She was very graceful as she took her stand to await the bride, who followed, meeting her father at the foot of the stairs, who gave her away.

In her handsome gown of white Duchesse satin and Georgette crepe, with long court train draped with lace, the bride looked exquisitely beautiful. Her only ornaments were a pearl necklace and pin (heirlooms) "something old and something borrowed" – and a handsome bar pin, a gift of the groom. The train bearer, little Nancy Ellen Gillespie, who was dressed in white over pink, was very attractive.

The ceremony was very impressive, each voice enunciating clearly the beautiful sentences of the Protestant Episcopal marriage service, just as the chimes pealed forth in accord.

In a fitting place in the ceremony Lieut. Carl Whitman of the 35th Infantry sang with rare effect the appropriate song, "Just You." By Burleigh, Mr. Whitman's rich and well trained tenor giving pathos to the occasion which was very impressive.

After the fateful words that bring the high contracting parties had been pronounced, before the little train bearer was able to get the bride's train out of the way, congratulations were showered so thick and fast that there was a grand "mixup" for a few minutes, and it might have proved serious had the lights been cut off for a time.

The bridal party then proceeded to the dining room, and in accordance with ancient custom, the beautiful wedding cake was cut by the bride with the sword of the groom, after which ice cream and cakes were served, the prevailing color scheme being carried out in pink, white and green.

While the bride was donning her go-away gown – a tailored suit of navy blue – an amusing incident occurred, breaking the solemnity of the occasion. It was a mock wedding, Miss Marie Camou and Lieutenant Barry being the central figures, Miss Camou making a fitting bride after catching the bride's bouquet (sic) as it was flung into the assemblage.

While the rest of the guests were being served refreshments the beautiful music furnished by some of the musicians of the 35th infantry was a gentle reminder of the dance which followed. Punch was served during the evening.

It is unnecessary to relate that the bride and groom slipped away and were soon en route (sic) to Tucson, where they took the train for Cooper, Texas, to visit a few days with the family of the groom and other places of interest.

After July 10 Lieut. And Mrs. Walker will be at home to {illegible} friends, from all of whom {illegible} go many wishes that they {illegible} have great and long {illegible} happiness. They were recipients of many handsome and useful presents with which to furnish their home when located.

Note: the illegible areas of this article are due to a torn space in the newspaper.

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