

CHAPTER LXIX

RUTH'S WEDDING

By Ruth

Grandfather and Grandmother left no stone unturned to give Ruth a lovely wedding. The night before there was a dinner for the families and bridal party, previous to a wedding rehearsal at the Germantown Women's Club. The food was grand. Brides are supposed to be so excited that they don't remember much, but Ruth decided that she was going to enjoy her wedding - and she did.

September 24th dawned a perfect Fall day - bright, clear and cool. As far as has since been recalled, the only thing Ruth forgot was to wish Cousin Susa a "Happy Birthday" that day. That had been considered when the date was set, but in the final rush it was forgotten. Cousin Susa has forgiven her, Ruth is glad to say, however.

The First Methodist Church in Germantown was gorgeously decorated with flowers (mostly dahlias) and ferns and palms. Ruth insisted on getting there early enough to hear the music - violin solos by Howard's chum, Arlan Coolidge. The wedding march - and it was soon over.

The reception was at the Women's Club afterwards and then Howard and Ruth left for their wedding trip at Ojibway on Georgian Bay in Canada.

On our return we found that Howard's father and mother had fixed up our apartment (49 Park Avenue, Bloomfield, New Jersey) so that we were all ready to start in house-keeping. Even butter in the refrigerator!

Already Ruth had played hooky from Columbia for a week, so despite her yearning to major in cook books and housekeeping, she had to tuck her music books under her arm once more and wend her way to Teachers College to

finish up her work for her Master's Degree in Music Education. It was rather a struggle until February - three hours commuting daily, eighteen hours a week of classes, cooking and housekeeping besides. But we managed. What's more, we're alive to tell the tale! Perhaps Howard is to be given the most credit because he did not even complain when Ruth left on the quarter of seven train in the morning! And what's more - we're glad we did it, because we'll always have the satisfaction of knowing that we completed what we started out to do.

While we are handing around credit for this degree, we ought to include Sandy, too, as he arrived not long after the degree was awarded.

To say that he was the tiniest, cutest, brightest, prettiest baby yet produced is so foolish. No one will believe it who reads this, but he was, just the same. In retrospect there seems to have been some doubt about raising him but at the present time of writing he is a husky specimen.

He was born June 24th, 1928 and spent his first three months in Sparta, New Jersey, at the summer home of his paternal grandparents. That gave him a good start so that by the time we returned to the apartment in September he was well on the way toward manhood.

Though the baby changed the daily routine of the Sanborn household, he did not cramp our style entirely, thanks once more to the paternal grandparents, who were ever willing and eager to take him. Ruth once more took up the study of voice under Mr. George Fergusson in New York. Howard started night work toward his Master's Degree (he did not dare let his wife be the master in the house!) and both Howard and Ruth continued to play in the Glen Ridge Symphony Orchestra. We very early agreed that anyone who found matrimony monotonous had a life far different from ours.

Sandy, as an infant, had a very loyal champion in Mrs. Taylor, who lived below us in the apartment house. Every time Sandy so much as kicked a

toe out from under his blanket as he slept in his carriage in the back yard, she would telephone me and say, "Your baby is uncovered and he is far too precious to have anything happen to him." So Ruth would clamber down three flights of stairs, cover him up, only to find upon ~~her~~ return that he was once more uncovered.

Because he was small he learned to walk fairly early (thirteen and a half months) and used to afford great amusement for those who did not know him. His mother used to carry him on the street and then, for the fun of it, suddenly put him down and let him run, just to watch the expressions on people's faces - surprise, astonishment, almost unbelief that anything so small could run so fast.

He learned to talk so that at eighteen months he made complete sentences. He did not talk "baby talk" but had some difficulty with his "L" calling "ladder" a "yadder". At the age of four he had difficulty with his "R" but we never were sure whether it was a speech difficulty or just a New York-ism because he insisted that "world" was "woild" and "girl" was "goil".

John Davis Sanborn came to town on May 6, 1931. Immediately upon birth the argument began as to whether he did or did not look like his brother Sandy. The fact that the argument was so prolonged and so heated may go to show that there was considerable likeness between them. He was a pound heavier at birth and has continued that one pound lead until the present time of writing. Temperamentally, the children were quite different although they both were fortunate enough to have acquired their Daddy's good disposition.

Sandy cried more or less as an infant (even at night, alas!) but Johnnie was never known to cry unless he was sick (which was seldom). Sandy had an utter horror of being penned in and had no hesitation about

letting the whole world know it, but Johnnie would play for hours together in the play-yard without a whimper. Despite the fact that they both have very definite ideas on what they do and do not want to do, they have been easy children to handle - up to date!