

## Chapter 8

### The Wedding

We must back up historically to my first summer at Argonne when I first met Joyce. This was after my Sophomore year at Manchester and her Junior year at York Community High, the summer of 1957. I asked her to marry me in the spring of 1959, and we were married on June 26, 1960.

The marriage followed nearly three years of courtship and many visits both to her home and mine in Freeport. When in Lombard we did city things: tennis, Lake Michigan beaches, dancing, and taking in shows. When she visited the farm with me we rode horseback, pulled her on the sled with Inky, the horse, and played with the farm animals. When she visited me at the



Joyce in her Backyard



Joyce at Home in Lombard

University of Illinois we signed out 33½ records from the music library and listened to music.

Our social life included outings with the COB youth group led by Rev. Byron Royer. He was my “summer dad” my first year at Argonne when I lived with the Royers. At one CBYF party at a pizza parlor, By-



Back from Tennis

ron and I sat together, and he recommended that I order anchovy pizza. That way, he said, "You can sample everyone else's pizza, but no one will ask for yours!" This was wise advice which I've followed ever since!

We would have preferred to have Rev. Royer officiate at the wedding, but he had recently retired as minister of the church. Church rules forbade him doing the wedding so we asked the current minister and Rev. Paul Robinson, the President of Bethany Theological Seminary, to perform the wedding. Joyce and his daughter were friends

Our best men were brother Douglas and our good friend from Manchester, Virgil Huber. The best ladies were Joyce's friend, Marilyn Welch, and her Freshman roommate, Carolyn Hubbard. As ushers we had Joyce's brother, William Maier, my grad school roommate, Richard LaBarge, and

Manchester friends, Richard Berg and Dwight Beery.

Our wedding was held at the York Center, Illinois, Church of the Brethren. It was the church where Joyce and her circle of friends attended and my home church the first summer at Argonne. According to Joyce's mom, Minerva's account of the wedding, we had between 180 - 190 in attendance. Friends and relatives came in from Freeport, Iowa, and Indiana.

One of the most wonderful features of the wedding was that my roommate, John Barr, served as organist and had written the music for Lord Byron's poem *She Walks in Beauty* which Joyce's cousin, Carol Jo, sang.

Of course, we practiced the ceremony at the church the day before the wedding,

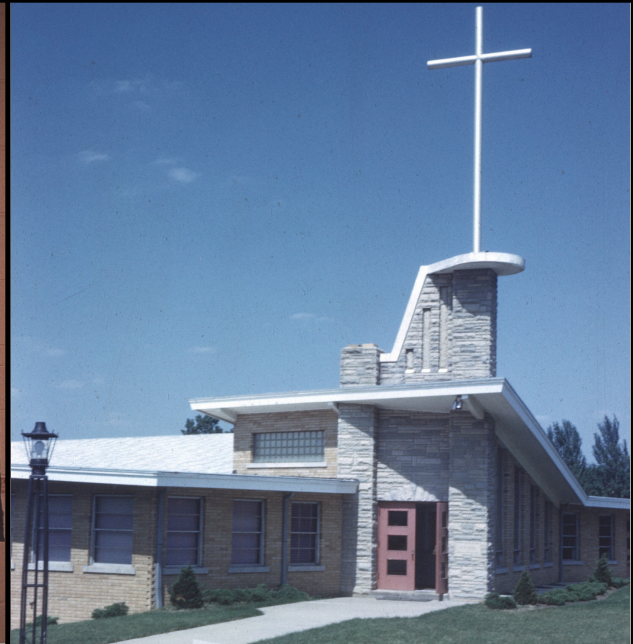


Joyce and Me on Inky





Rev, Paul Robinson, Joyce and Me



York Center Church of the Brethren

and Joyce's folks were most gracious and accommodating in hosting a dinner for the out-of-town relatives and wedding party the night before the ceremony. This was a jolly good time for both sides of the family to meet and learn to know each other. Her folks were also hosts after the wedding for pictures and our preparations for the honey moon in Colorado. The photos help tell the story.



Virgil, Carol Jo, and Dwight



John Barr and Friend





The Wedding Party



Preparing for the Wedding

The wedding went off without a hitch, but as we were walking down the aisle after the vows, Joyce tripped on the hoop in her skirt, I managed to catch her, and no harm was done!

Immediately after the wedding, we retired to the church basement for the receiving line and reception. We served wedding cake, mints, and nuts - not having the resources for a full dinner. The wedding cake was beautiful, and all our guests seemed to enjoy the reception. Immediately after the reception we had our wedding photo taken by a professional photographer, Douglas being our chauffeur for this task.

After the reception, Joyce's folks hosted an informal reception at their place in Lombard. It was primarily a photographic session, We had packed our suitcases for the trip to Colorado, so we could spend the time visiting with relatives, primarily from Iowa and Freeport. An interesting side effect of the wedding was the short affair between Virgil and Carol Jo. Minerva noted that there seemed to be a mutual attraction.



Just Married!



The Wedding Couple and Mom





Dick LaBarge, Mary Johansen, Joyce and Me



Reception Line

My Argonne boss, Dr, Paul Mooring, gave me the week off for the honeymoon, with pay as his present. Harold and Frances Miller, our family friends from Denver gave us the wedding present of a week in their cot-

tage in the mountains. They repeated this gift for Doug and Audrey who were married in August of that year. Our other wedding presents were many and varied, more than covering the pingpong table in the Maier's basement.

The Maier's reception on the Sunday evening following the wedding was indeed a "photo op". Every possible combination of couple, parent, sibling, and group was photographed. We show a few of these combinations. After several hours of socializing and photography, we loaded our suitcases in the Studebaker and headed West. We made it to near Cedar Rapids the first night. When I signed into the motel there the clerk said "Ah - newlyweds!" Somehow, although we had untied all



The Wedding Cake



The Wedding Couple and Mom



Wedding Gifts



My Parents, Us and Doug and Audrey

the tin cans, she knew!

As we approach our 60th year of marriage, my memories of our honeymoon grow dim. But several remain clear. First, their cabin was on Mt. Thorodin. We had to park at a locked gate about a half mile from the cabin and carry our suitcases in. Second, on one of the first days there we hiked to the top of a lookout tower used for spotting forest fires. This was particularly exciting because fellow hikers told us of a mountain lion in the area that was stalking hikers. Third, later in the honeymoon we hiked through a mountain tunnel and came out in a valley with a beautiful trout stream. I had my fly rod and good luck in catching several. My sense of accomplishment was dimmed somewhat by rumors that the forest service had stocked several Colorado streams with new trout ahead of President Eisenhower's vacation. He was a great fisherman.

Finally, as the pictures below show, we scrambled among the rocks and snow patches of the Colorado rockies. This was our first introduction to the mountains which we would enjoy greatly throughout our lives.



Joyce's Parents

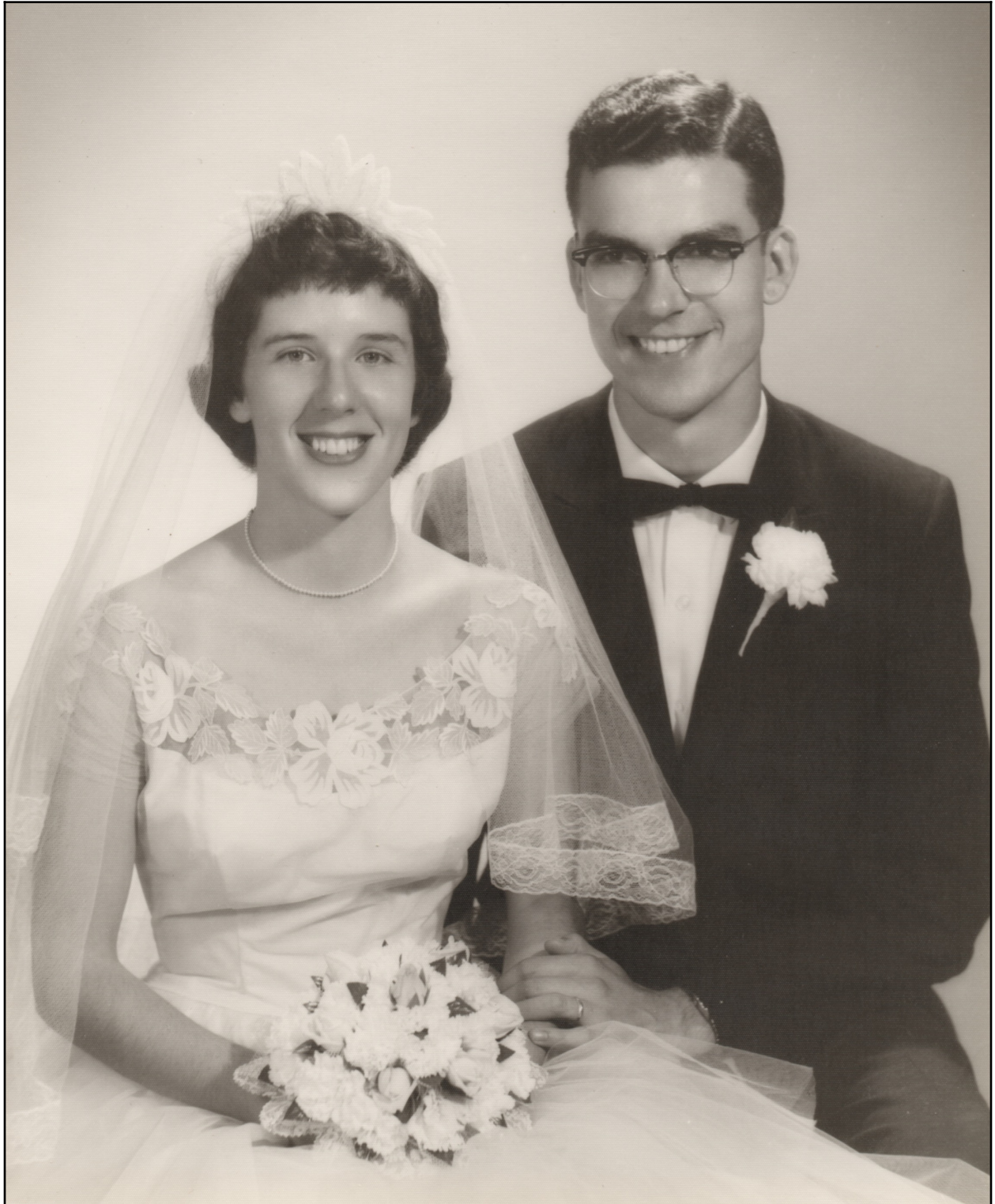
By some good fortune, during my third year at Argonne, three of my



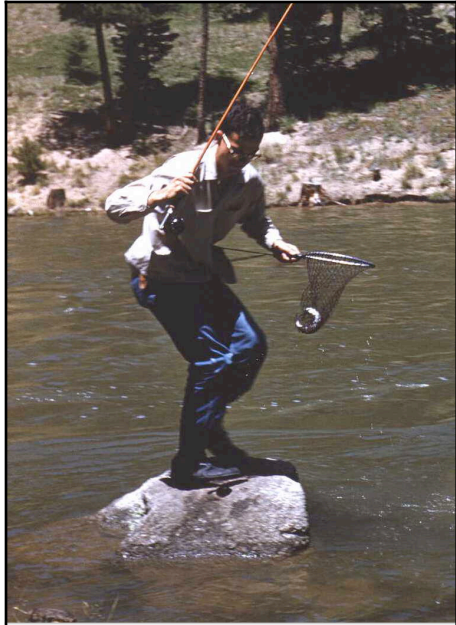
Heading for Colorado



Manchester colleagues and I had met a married couple from Downers Grove who wanted to rent out their home on Main street while they spent the summer in their cab-

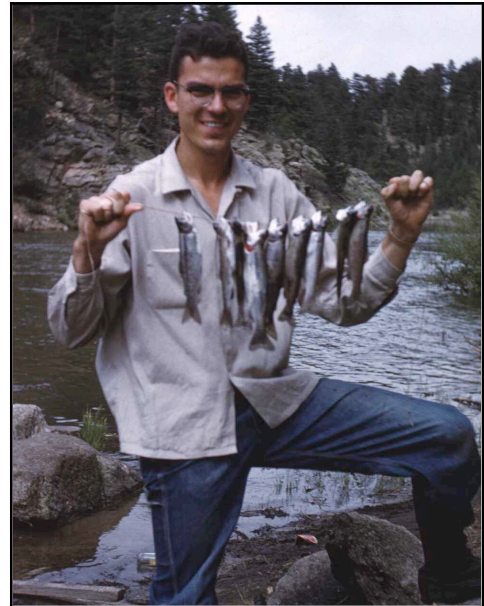


Our Wedding Photo



Fishing

ins in Watersmeet, Michigan. Dick Slabaugh was in my class, and both Roger Dilling and Duwayne Beery were one year behind. Why this couple, both teachers in Downers Grove, trusted four college students with the care and maintenance of



Good Luck!

their beautiful home continues to amaze me. In any case, it was an excellent arrangement, and the four of us had a lot of fun and became quite close. In fact, Duwayne joined Dr. Burson's group as I was moving on to Dr. Mooring's van de Graaf group.

Downers Grove is one of the closest suburbs to Argonne, so our car pool commute was short. One might expect that, since we had three physicists and one chemist (Roger) in the car, our discussions would involve our research, great questions of nature, or at least campus gossip. However, all I can remember is constant, never ending discussion of sports:

How were the Cubs doing in the National league, what was Babe Ruth's batting average in 1916, how many home runs did Ty Cobb score, etc, etc, etc. My colleagues were sports fans and I was not, so I ranked as "odd man out".



Playing in the Snow

My three 1959 summer roommates were well aware of my upcoming wedding in



Climbing





First Home - Summer, 1960

1960 and unanimously agreed that we could request the house for the summer of 1960. Again, remarkably, the home owners agreed and, in lieu of rent, we could paint the house. Since our only income was my Argonne salary, we gratefully agreed.

Here is the house and us working on it. Joyce started painting

with a 3" brush, but after her dad visited us and suggested a 5"-6" brush, the job went much faster.

Two other events our first year of marriage should be mentioned. First is the marriage of my brother, Douglas, to Audrey Bessert. They had been high school sweethearts and were married in the August after our June wedding. As I recall, I was

Doug's best man, but I forget who else was involved in the wedding. It was in the Freeport COB, and they took their honeymoon in the same Miller cabin in the Rockies as we did.



First Home - Summer, 1960



First Home - Summer, 1960

The second significant event was the Florida vacation we took with one of our ushers, Dick Berg, and his new wife, Linda, in December, 1960. The trip was rather a lark to celebrate our new independence as couples. Plus, Dick was one of our mutual friends that Joyce had know at York Community High.

The trip was both enjoyable and educational. We visited Marine Studios, the forerunner to Seaworld, the Bach Tower, Cyprus Gardens, and our second



The Receiving Line

cousins, Lloyd and Thelma Hauger and their daughter, Vera Jean. Unfortunately, at least two of our party came down with the flu the night we stayed with the Haugers which was rather awkward.

Interestingly, Vera Jean was still in the real estate business in Lakeland, Florida, that Lloyd had established years ago. We met her again in 2016 during our tour of Florida Southern University, the school designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Cyprus Gardens was awesome with its thirty foot high bougainvillea bushes,

cypress trees, Southern Belles in their fancy gowns, water skiers, and Esther William's swimming pool. The Bach Tower, which we revisited again in 2015, has remained virtually unchanged and is still giving beautiful carillon concerts. We were so impressed with Florida that we "triple dated" with Joyce's folks and my folk the following year.

Unfortunately, our first Florida trip was during the period of "Jim Crow" in the South. To convince my northern colleagues that overt discrimination was still practiced in the South I took this picture. Even the drinking fountains were labeled "Whites Only" and "Colored". It was not pretty!



Us with Linda and Dick Berg



Florida Roadside Attraction

However, society has come a long way in banning overt racism. On our drive to Florida, we sometimes stop at fast food restaurants at which both staff and customers are completely integrated and seem to get along well. This social change comes about through both government policy and what Abraham Lin-



coln called heeding “the better angels of our nature”.

Interestingly, during our first years at Champaign-Urbana, this city was still part of the Jim Crow South. Wards and Sears Department stores were still segregated with blacks allowed only in the back rooms, unloading product and not dealing with customers. One of the University of Illinois philosophy profs, Harry Tiebout, inspired us to march in protest of this discrimination at these department stores. It was the first time that Joyce and I had taken a stand on social issues. The protests were successful, and soon all department stores had black employees serving at front counters.

A curious racial event occurred during our graduate days. Prior to this event, blacks were allowed on Illinois football teams but not on our basketball teams on which it was obvious they were black. However, stars such as Carl Cain and Deacon Davis from Freeport High School were not welcome at Illinois because of this policy and were transferring to the University of Iowa. After several seasons of the black friendly Iowa thoroughly trouncing the all white Illinois teams, coach Harry Combes rescinded the all white policy and recruited Govoner Vaughn as the first black player on the Illinois basketball team. Soon more



Gelen, Thelma, and Vera Jean Hauger

blacks were to follow, and one of our graduate years Illinois won the Big Ten championship in all major sports - football, basketball, baseball, tennis, and track.

Curiously, as I was writing this I received the following update from the University of Illinois. Clearly, things have changed at our *alma mater*!



Signs on a Southern Filling Station

# ALUMNI UPDATE



### Much to be Proud of at Illinois

#### **Dean James D. Anderson**

As we gear up for another academic year, the College of Education at Illinois is preparing for and excited about what is sure to be an eventful fall, one that we hope you will be a part of in numerous ways. [Read more...](#)



### Alumna Inspired by Educator, Fellow Graduate Dean Anderson

As a doctoral student in Dean James Anderson's class, **Jeanne Morris**, Ed.M. '66, Ed.D. '79, wrote a paper on the education of blacks in the South that she still cherishes today. [Read more...](#)