

Second wedding: 'Intimate is best'

Tradition says an "encore wedding," or remarriage, should be smaller and simpler than the first. But with a little imagination, it can be every bit as special, said Joyce Jacobs, owner-manager of J'Marie's Bridal Shoppe.

Here's some advice from the experts: How soon? Elizabeth L. Post, author of "The New Emily Post's Etiquette," says a widow should wait at least a year after her husband's death before remarrying.

"This is simply a matter of showing respect for his memory," Post says. "She is at least mentally in mourning."

A divorced woman, however, may announce her engagement as soon as the divorce is final. She should not wear an engagement ring before the divorce is legal, Post says.

What size wedding? Intimate is best -- in most cases, Post advises. But if you eloped or had a small wedding the first time, it's OK to go all out on the second wedding.

Often couples who want to include many friends settle for small ceremonies and then have large receptions, Jacobs said.

A white dress is fine. But Jacobs said most second-time brides choose off-white or colored dresses that are simpler than traditional bridal gowns. The bride should not wear a veil since it symbolizes virginity, Post said.

If one or both have been married before, they probably have tableware and most other household items they'll need. So guests need not bring gifts to a second wedding.

In case friends of the couple don't know this rule, it's nice to request "no gifts" on the corner of the invitations, Jacobs said. But close friends probably will give presents anyway, and of course, they should be accepted.

Columnist is appalled by change in attitude

By Mary Louise Knapp
Columnist

Editor's Note: This column first appeared in the Daily Nebraskan's 1982 Wedding Supplement.

When my friends Oliver and Rosemary were married in 1967, they were determined to avoid any of the matrimonial difficulties which had clouded the lives of their parents.

"Fighting about money is so suburban, darling," Rosemary expostulated in her best Bohemian accent. "If Oliver and I ever argue, which should be never, we are only going to fight about whose turn it is to write letters to the editor criticizing our capitalist system."

Oliver, who had previously expressed his intention to stay home the first year of the marriage to keep house while Rosemary worked at the welfare office, agreed.

"Another thing we're absolutely not going to do is send our children to those fascist public schools," he said. "They can just as well be educated at home and not have their minds filled with bourgeois trash."

"We're both learning to cook," said Rosemary, looking proudly at

their collection of woks and wooden spoons. "That way we can avoid the mainstream American hassle of the wife getting dinner on the table."

"I'm going to spend my spare time learning macrame in order to show our children the ambivalence of sex roles," said Oliver, his nose in a sociology book. Rosemary moved the couch to the other side of the room, and showed me her class schedule at the Free University, which included classes such as "The Art of Woodchopping" and "Construction Management."

"Yep, we've got it all figured out," said Rosemary proudly. "We've successfully circumvented all the middle-class problems that ordinarily would accompany marriage. Remember to ask our advice when you get married!"

Well, time will tell, as they always say. I kept in touch with Rosemary and Oliver for a few months, during which they lived in an obscure commune in Tennessee, making a precarious living by selling macrame at roadside stands and taking turns preaching at the First Existential Church, a small but financially sol-

vent religious cult.

We lost touch completely after a couple of years, when they moved to California. I continued pursuing a career in public service.

Then, out of the blue, I received an invitation in the mail.

"It's probably one of those ladies from the Reactionary Society wanting me to attend a decaffeinated tea," I thought, gazing at the conservative style and typeface. To my surprise, it turned out to be from Rosemary and Oliver, inviting me to attend their fifteenth wedding anniversary reception.

The address -- a small Vermont town -- made me pause, but I decided to go anyway.

"Are you sure this is the right address?" I asked the taxi driver, stupefied at the model of suburbia I saw before me.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "That's the Doohickey's place all right. Mr. Doohickey is chairman of the board of the Second National Bank, and his wife is head of the local PTA. They're nice, church-going people too. Not like some of these cult members we have around here."

I felt a wave of nausea creep up from my stomach, but decided to go on.

I rang the bell, and was greeted by two solemn children, clad in what was obviously their Sunday best.

"Good morning, Miss Anthropy," the boy said, giving my hand a manly shake. "I am Oliver Doohickey Jr. I hope to follow in my father's footsteps as chairman of the board of the Second National Bank."

The girl curtsied demurely. "I am Rosemary Doohickey, named after my mother, but you can call my Muffy," she said. "Would you like a martini? Mother will be here in a minute."

I looked around the tastefully furnished house, gulping several drinks in order to numb the shocked feeling.

Presently, Rosemary and Oliver appeared. Rosemary, fifteen pounds heavier and much grayer, wearing a Halston dress, shook my hand. Oliver, in a blue suit, merely nodded.

I stayed for only two of the three martinis I was offered, then pleaded urgent business and departed, a sinking feeling in my soul.

"The best laid plans of mice and men . . ."

Judge reflects on days of being an officiant

By Cindy Coglianese
Staff Reporter

Editor's Note: This article was first printed in the Daily Nebraskan's 1979 Wedding Supplement.

When lawyer Ralph Slocum was appointed as acting county judge in 1952, one of his assignments was to perform marriages in Lancaster County.

"The first couple that I married -- they were an older couple, real nice -- well, I had to ask them if it was all right if I read the ceremony off the paper because I didn't have it quite memorized," Slocum recalled.

Slocum also recalled a time when he was told to visit with a couple before they were married. They were waiting for their license in his office.

"This tall black couple came in . . .

I told them they were the first black couple I had ever married. They said they were glad to be an experiment.

"Then I commented on what a healthy-looking couple they were and told them they'd have a nice family. They said 'Thank you, we have three already.' After that I decided no more conferences."

Slocum said he married many students from Lincoln's universities as well as performing marriages for servicemen from the airbase. One of the most memorable of the university student marriages happened on a "cold day in November."

"It was a hell of a cold day in November and this couple walked in barefoot. They were really well-dressed, so I said to them, 'I've heard a lot about hippies but you're the best-dressed hippies I've ever

seen.'"

"They both were attending the university. The girl was from California and she told me if she married a Nebraska resident she would have to pay in-state tuition rather than the more expensive out-of-state tuition she had been paying.

"I asked them if that was the only reason they were getting married and they told me they had planned on getting married sometime anyway. Then I asked them about their bare feet and they told me that that is how they lived in California -- in bare feet. So that was my first barefoot marriage."

There were even times when a female couple would come to his office and ask if they could be married, but Slocum said it was the male couples who were most insistent that

he marry them. Slocum said he would refer these couples to the Attorney General.

During another wedding ceremony, in the sunken flower gardens in Antelope Park, the Hawaiian bride asked if Slocum would include a native rite in the ceremony.

The ritual, she explained, called for Slocum to put a dollar bill down the front of her dress immediately after pronouncing them man and wife. She told him that on the wedding night the first thing her new husband was to do was look for the bill.

Slocum, not wanting to spoil the wedding rituals of the bride's native land, agreed. After pronouncing the couple man and wife, Slocum said the biggest stir in the crowd came from his wife.

Poconos come up short as hot spot

Editor's note: This column was run in the 1988 Wedding Supplement. At the time Scott Harrah, the reporter, was a Daily Nebraskan night news editor.

Just call it Las Vegas for lovers.

Almost every bridal magazine runs regular travel features on honeymoon hot spots. They always mention the typical tourist havens -- Hawaii, Colorado, Europe, the Caribbean -- and a group of small, grassy Pennsylvania mountains called the Poconos.

Just what are the Poconos, and why would anyone want to spend a honeymoon there?

Perhaps it's the resorts. Not just your average resorts, but "honeymoon resorts." These honeymoon meccas are filled with outlandish, romantic amenities: hotel rooms with private Olympic-size swimming pools, heart-shaped whirlpools, two-story hot tubs in the shape of huge champagne glasses and mirrored ceilings and walls to make it all seem kinky.

An ad in a bride's magazine claims the Poconos have "the charm of Europe, the glamour of Hollywood, the excitement of New York. And everywhere, a special kind of magic." How come they don't mention the dinosaur playlands?

Let me explain. When I lived back East, my family always drove through the Poconos on our annual trip to visit all the hillbilly relatives in West Virginia. I loved the place, but my parents would never stop at any of the roadside attractions there because they said they were "tourist-trap trash." Maybe they were afraid my virgin eyes would glimpse two nude honeymooners in a giant champagne glass.

The Poconos are an Eastern version of the Black Hills, replete with trashy tourist traps like miracle caves, waterfalls that change color, Santa Claus amusement parks, anti-gravity houses. There's just one thing missing: Mount Rushmore.

The Poconos' popularity is the result of clever marketing.

"It was over 40 years ago that a man named Rudolf Von Hoevenberg first had the inspired idea that honeymooners deserved a world of their own," says Modern Bride magazine. "He couldn't have chosen a more romantic setting than the Poconos."


My main question is this: Why honeymoon in the Poconos? They're hills, not mountains.

The bridal magazines laud all the fun you'll have "meeting other newlyweds and sharing memories of your weddings with them." A honeymoon's purpose is to get away from it all. Who would want to waste time lounging around a pool with boasting brides who say, "Well, at our wedding we had live pink flamingos, and I wore a black corset and cape instead of a gown. What did you wear, darling?"

Wouldn't it be much better to fly to Vegas, get married by an Elvis impersonator at a wedding chapel (they do have Elvis impersonator priests there), then spend your honeymoon in singles' bars across the country, telling all the sex-hungry people about all the AIDS-free monogamous fun they can't have?

Then there's that other honeymoon haven, Niagara Falls. Again, why here? Who would want to spend a honeymoon next to an annoying, noisy waterfall? Maybe the thought of water constantly falling off the side of a cliff and crashing below turns some people on. But if you think you'll need the sound of rushing water as an aphrodisiac on the Big Night because your spouse isn't enough to get you hot, maybe you should skip the wedding.

If you think you're having a heart attack, think out loud.

 Chest discomfort that lasts longer than two minutes is nothing to fool around with. Play it safe and ask someone to get you to a hospital emergency room -- immediately.

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