

The Ruthmere Record

THE RUTHMERE FOUNDATION, INC. • 302 E. BEARDSLEY AVENUE • ELKHART, INDIANA 46514

FALL/WINTER 2007

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NICHOLAS ROTH TO PLAY HOLIDAY CONCERT AT RUTHMERE

Hailed by the Indianapolis News as “a world of talent, displaying lyrical beauty, percussive driving power never out of control, and never without security and assurance,” pianist Nicholas Roth began his formal studies at age twelve and was receiving critical acclaim for his appearances by the age of eighteen. He has appeared as soloist with the St. Louis Symphony and the Indianapolis Symphony under Raymond Leppard, among many others. Roth has been featured in recital series and festivals throughout the United States, Germany, and Spain, including the prestigious Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concerts Series of Chicago, the Irving S. Gilmore International Keyboard Festival, the Kalamazoo Bach Festival, and Sunday Afternoons Live from the Elvehjem in Madison, Wisconsin.

Roth was a 1993 Beethoven Fellow of the American Pianists Association, which provided him concert management for three years. He has won first prizes in the Young Keyboard Artists Association International and Grace Welsh International Piano Competitions, as well as the chamber music competitions of Tortona and Pietra Ligure, Italy. He was also the recipient of a Deutscher Akademischer Austausch Dienst (DAAD) grant that enabled him to further his studies in Germany. In 1988, he was honored by the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana for his “contribution to the performing arts, his accomplishments as a concert pianist, and his inspiration to young musicians.”



Roth holds the Doctor of Musical Arts degree from Michigan State University, an Artist Diploma from the Hochschule für Musik in Munich, and M.M. and B.M. degrees from Indiana University, where he was the recipient of the School of Music’s highest honors including the Performer’s Certificate and the Joseph Battista Memorial Scholarship. His teachers include Ralph Votapek, Elisso Virsaladze, Helmut Deutsch, Edward Auer, Emilio del Rosario, and Michel Block.

Roth is Assistant Professor of Piano at Drake University and was previously on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin - Stevens Point and Alma College. His recordings are available from Blue Griffin Recording.

Hear Nicholas Roth play Ruthmere’s 1955 Steinway on Friday, November 23 at 7:30 p.m. The concert program will include Robert Schumann’s Carnival, Ravel’s Sonatine and Prokofiev’s Sonata No. 7 in B flat, Op. 83. Tickets are \$15. Call (574) 264-0330 for information and to purchase tickets.

NOTES FROM AN OAKEN AERIE...

MARILOU RITCHIE, LIBRARIAN / ARCHIVIST

When the maple outside the Beardsley Arts Reference Library starts turning its rosy red, we know that winter cannot be far away. The rains come, the temperatures drop, the rain turns to snow, and curling up with a good book is one good answer for the winter blahs. I was just leafing through a new book on clocks that came to us last week, and the beautiful clocks pictured in it would delight the most avid collector.

Ruthmere itself boasts a fine collection of clocks, which are tended faithfully once a week by Clock Curator Hosea Jump; he comes by every Wednesday to wind clocks and make any necessary

adjustments. The next time you come to visit take a moment to notice the many clocks in the museum and listen to the delightful tones of their chimes. Of course, the policy of the library is to acquire books that reflect the collection; therefore, we own several books to help enlighten you – and us – about timepieces.

We're happy to report that last month's BookFest drew many more attendees than last year's. Certainly we can thank Elkhart Public Library for their support, particularly in the matter of publicity, and we can thank the Indiana Humanities Council for the grant that

gave us funds to import master story teller Chris Fascione, who delighted young and old alike with his antics at the same time that he was retelling a good story. Author David Bennett of Fort Wayne also visited to tell us about his biography of Thomas Marshall, a Hoosier vice-president under Woodrow Wilson. They both visited the Beardsley ARL and found items of interest.

Take an hour off from your busy schedule and drop in to our library for a little relaxation. As the Elkhart Public Library suggests in their newsletter, it's time to simplify your life, and an afternoon in a library is one way to do that. ❀

RECOVERED VIEWS

"Recovered Views: African American Portraits, 1912-1925" is the title of an exhibit of forty photographs on display at Ruthmere Museum through November 20. So, Hurry in to see this interesting exhibit before it closes.

The photographs are from a collection of black and white portraits created by African-American

photographer John Johnson who lived and worked in Lincoln, Nebraska, in the early part of the 20th century. The images document life in a black community in a small Midwestern city, a society rarely depicted in any medium.

Ruthmere is inviting visitors to bring copies of images of their families, the community, buildings and events to become part of a new collection of the community's history. If copies are not available, Ruthmere will make reproductions of the originals.

"Recovered Views" is sponsored by Exhibits USA, the national touring division of Mid-America Arts Alliance. Admission to the exhibit is free. Museum hours are 10 am to 4 pm Tuesday through Saturday and 1 to 4 pm Sunday.



Costumed Girls Posing with Cards and Bottle, c. 1915, Attributed to John Johnson



Boy Beside Chair, c. 1915, Attributed to John Johnson

For additional information, call 264-0330 or visit www.ruthmere.org.

THE GOLD CAPER

ROBERT BEARDSLEY, PRESIDENT

In 1978 two friends and I decided to go salmon fishing in Scotland. George Minnix, an Episcopal priest from Indiana and Jim Lapish, a stockbroker for Bache, Halsey and Stuart, made up our merry crew. We consulted travel agents, salmon fishermen and anglers in general. The River Dee that flows through Braemar, southwest of Aberdeen, was the place to be in August. George is not a fisherman but was interested in the scenery and sightseeing.

Where to stay, what is salmon fishing all about, how much does it cost, what clothes do you take (Scotland is cool in August), what is the best way to get there? George suggested Mar Lodge. In *New York Magazine*, I saw the following ad: “Mar Lodge, Braemar, salmon fishing River Dee. Victorian guest lodging, superb food, fishing rights to one mile of north-side midnight to midnight, gillies available.”

Before the Internet we communicated by letter. Telephoning across the Atlantic was an expensive and last resort. I wrote. My inquiry got a prompt response on heavy embossed stationary within 10 days. Yes, two rooms the week of 6th-13th August are available and would we need a gillie? Board was included, breakfast and dinner, no lunch. Yes, that would be nice, we thought, I made a reservation and sent off a deposit after consulting the dictionary: “Gillie, a professional guide and servant, especially fishing and deer-stalking.”

In early August we flew from Boston to London where we rented a car. We arrived in Braemar at the appointed time. The countryside of Northern England and lower Scotland as we entered the Lowlands was spectacular. The landscape is made up of hills, valleys, and lakes. Everything was green, crisp, the air filled with invigorating ozone after a

summer thunderstorm. I wonder now why I have not been back more often.

We expected a small hotel, maybe ten rooms, sort of a “wee” place with lots of charm, a sparkling salmon stream, and young lassies standing by to whip up breakfast of eggs, bacon, sausage and beans. Instead, Mar Lodge was the 80,000 acre estate of the late Duchess of Fife, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, almost twice the size of Balmoral next door, the present Queen’s Highland Home. Footage for the current film *The Queen* with Helen Mirren was filmed there. Wow.

In 1978 the owners, the Ponchauds, were not there. We had Mar Lodge and its rocky bubbling stream, the River Dee, to ourselves along with half a dozen other paying guests. We did not catch a single salmon, although gillie Stephen taught me the rudiments of the sport and how to trill the “r” that gives the Scotchman his burr. (It sounds over moo-rrrrland, it sounds over-rrr hills) The weather was cool and sparkling, the days warm, and when we were not fishing, we hiked and climbed the “braes” for an athletic seven days. We returned the following August in 1979. Sadly, Stephen was no more. He liked to drink. One night the winter before, he got lost in a snowstorm trying to get home from his pub and froze to death in a snow bank.

In August of 1979 the owners were there. The place hummed. Madame Ponchaud wore smart tailored highland dress whipped up, no doubt, by some London couturier. Mr. Ponchaud, on the other hand, was simplicity itself, friendly, down to earth, although he was quite aware of his own importance. We got on very well. I enjoyed his dry humor. One morning he said to his wife out of the corner of his mouth,

somewhat curtly I thought: “Call the queen and tell her I can’t come to tea today” Hello? Shortly after that, while idly turning the pages of the morning’s *London Times* he turned to me and asked, “I say, do you have any money?” –as if he had nothing better to do than ask me silly questions.

We had just finished breakfast. I see him now, standing by the window in a three piece grey tweed suit, white shirt and tartan tie (Fife, of course) the wool smelling faintly of tobacco, a signet ring on his little finger. He was the embodiment of Savile Row elegance. He radiated that air of nonchalance and superiority that makes most Americans uncomfortable and lower classes everywhere want to start a revolution. At the end of the living room, a large early oil painting of Queen Victoria looked down at us. It was not a copy. I was in the presence of a tycoon, a personage of importance.

“Well, er, a little,” I gasped. A billionaire, asking me, did I have any money? Not waiting for a response, he declared in firm tones, the way one might tell a son in the 1950s to get into plastics: “Buy gold! It will be \$2000 an ounce by Christmas!” That seemed unlikely since gold that day in August 1979 was around \$325 but who was I to contradict Gerald Ponchaud? “Thank you, sir. That sounds like very good advice. When I get home, I will see what I can do.” Like get a second mortgage on the farm, sell my 1936 Dodge pickup truck, get rid of those old World War II Series-E savings bonds Grandmother left me, maybe a painting or two, the gold in my teeth? Buy gold? That was a good one.

So Jim and I fished and schemed to raise cash. Gerald might be right. Could gold really go to \$2000 by Christmas? Meanwhile, life at Mar

continued on next page

Lodge went on in many pleasant ways. The bathroom for our two rooms was out of order. On our first day, Madame asked us to please use the big bath across the hall, the one always reserved for the late Queen Mary because it had a separate "water closet," with a varnished mahogany toilet seat? Sure, of course, thank you. The five foot tub wasn't bad either, copper with a mahogany top and many twiddly silver faucets. Filled with hot water and nice bath soap in hand from Floris on Gernyn Street, London, like "New Mown Hay", soaking there was quite tolerable. That Royal Lady used to visit summers with her husband, George V, when the Fifes still owned it. One can imagine the hunting parties and the feasts that followed in the Teens, Twenties and Thirties. And the household. How they must have worked.

We were usually sixteen for dinner. The dining room of Mar Lodge, as I remember, is oak, about 20' x 35', the walls lined with dozens of red stags' heads. A "starter" of some sort was at our places when we sat down. Scottish girls in Highland dresses passed platters of fresh caught salmon with Hollandaise sauce and vegetables with Brussels sprouts always being one of them. For dessert after the cheese course, some nights there was a "trifle," a sponge cake spread with jam, soaked in wine, sprinkled with crushed macaroons and topped with custard and whipped cream. Or one could have just fresh fruit, a favorite of mine. Once afternoon, I checked out the kitchen. Black stoves, prep tables, pots and pans by the dozens hung from overhead racks. A huge skylight for ventilation and light and well-scrubbed orange tile floors made it look like a hotel kitchen. Everything was immaculate. Stainless steel was everywhere. Six to eight men and women in white

uniforms, aprons and toques, were working quietly to prepare the evening meal. The kitchen at Balmoral as filmed in *The Queen* looks very much like the kitchen at Mar Lodge.

Around ten o'clock, everybody retired to the "drawing room" for brandy, but there were no drinkers in our crowd. (Mr. Ponchaud did like to nip a bit when his bossy wife was not looking.) Most everyone disappeared by 10:30 to be ready for fishing and deerstalking early the next morning. To my dismay there was no piano in that seventy room house and no bagpipes, either. The Ponchauds were not musical. Neither were the Fifes, I heard. There was a small library at Mar Lodge, however, where George and I spent several happy hours going through the classics, most of which had not been read in a while, if ever. The bindings were magnificent. Inherited from the Fifes, no doubt, or purchased from them was a magnificent embossed and monogrammed leather desk set with an ivory letter opener or page cutter, on top of a library table in front of the window overlooking the River Dee fifty yards away. I coveted that desk set a lot. Thou shall not steal.

After catching not one but two salmon that year, the fishing part of our vacation was a success. As we said goodbye to Mr. Ponchaud in the lounge the morning we left, he repeated his advice: "Buy gold!" "I shall do my utmost, sir, believe me," I replied. And I did.

All told between the end of August 1979 when gold was at around \$350 an ounce, and January 21, 1980 when it hit an all time high of \$850, I somehow manage to acquire 300 ounces of the precious metal. Christmas? Gerald was wrong about that and \$2000, but he did predict the fastest rise in gold prices in years. Thanks to him, I enjoyed a

tiny part if it. I did well in the end, but along the way there were some snags.

In 1965 I attended a Gold and Silver seminar in Chicago by a Dr. Franz Pick, a highly respected economist and currency expert of the day. He preached and lived gold. Buy it, said he, but buy bullion not gold stocks and keep it in your bank vault or under your bed, definitely not in a brokerage house or in paper. He based this on his belief that the government would once again confiscate all private holdings of bullion at ITS price, just as it did in April 1933, by Executive Order of President Franklin D. Roosevelt after he declared a bank "holiday." FDR was not popular those days in my family. You could not even speak his name in Grandfather Andrew H. "Hub" Beardsley's household (1864-1936). Can you imagine being forbidden to say George Bush out loud in your home today?

In early months of 1933, federal agents swarmed the vaults of all banks and private depositories across the country and sealed all safe deposit boxes. Thereafter you could only open your box in the presence of the Feds, who would then confiscate the gold and in exchange issue "script." This "script" was backed by the Full Faith and Credit of the United States Government, of course! Unfortunately for the owner of the gold, Full Faith was pegged at \$20.67 an ounce, one third the current international going rate. For example, if you owned one million market value of gold April 15, 1933. On April 16, 1933, the value of that gold suddenly dropped to \$333,000. With that in mind in late 1979, my stash went into a safe deposit box at Society National Bank in Elkhart, Indiana. Dr. Pick said that was okay if you kept your eye on it and could rush there before Treasury agents beat you to

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it. But in a bank vault gold bullion is not immediately saleable, I soon learned. Caramba!

Friday afternoon, January 18, 1979 I called Jim Lapish at his office in Boston, my third call that day. Gold was going through the roof. I figured I had tripled my money, and the time had come to sell. "Bulls make money, bears make money, but pigs get slaughtered," the Wall Street saying goes. So Jim placed an order to sell 300 ounces

at market then at \$835. "Congratulations, Robert!" soon dimmed when Jim called back: "We can't execute your order because your gold is not in house. You have to go to Indiana and bring it to New York!"

Friday I was in Miami. The gold was in Elkhart. I could not physically get the bullion to New York until mid afternoon the following Monday. Miami/Chicago was easy but O'Hare/ South Bend connections were delayed by snow. After all, it was January. Faithful Leroy from the farm waited in South Bend for me until late that night. Normally the farmhouse was closed in winter but Leroy and Henrietta, bless her heart, had the heat and lights on and a fire going to welcome me when we arrived about 10:00 PM, the wind howling out of the northwest and the outside temperature zero or below. Tired and anxious, I dove into bed, an adult beverage near in hand for cheer and comfort, as I remember.

Sunday, I got permission from our bank president to access the vault before

opening hours early Monday. There are advantages to being a director. We got there at 7:00 AM, still dark. I wore my disguise of Levis, dark turtleneck, black mouton parka with a wolverine trimmed hood, snow boots, heavy black leather gloves, topped off with a rather dashing, I thought, black and white check cashmere scarf. I carried a small Air France flight bag. I felt like I was about to rob a bank. Knock, knock. Open up. Gimme the gold!

Familiar faces opened several glass and steel doors until I was in the main vault. All those boxes full of money, gold, stock certificates and diamonds. Click, click, four to the left, three to the right, six to the left, open, thank you very much, I'll take it, have good day! And we were off.

Insurance. One should not travel with \$300,000 of anything without insurance. Getting insurance over a weekend is not easy but Old Reliable Insurance Company came through (we did business with them for forty years). Their only condition was that I had to travel to New York with a bodyguard. What kind of bodyguard? Anybody will do. How about an Episcopal priest in good standing? So Father George joined the caper, meeting me in South Bend. He had his disguise, I mine.

I had asked for a private security screening in South Bend. One could not have every Tom, Dick and Harry taking a gander at all that loot, now could one? As my bag trundled slowly into the x-ray machine, three or four inspectors huddled close to see what all the fuss was about. "What you got there, bud?" The metal detectors were going crazy. "A bunch of gold," said I. A senior inspector was summoned. "Let's see it." His voice calm, his eyes popping, he said: "I see. Sure looks like gold to me!" I was

Ruthmere

DISCOVER THE REWARDS OF MEMBERSHIP

Please fill out this form and mail or fax it to:
Ruthmere Museum Membership
 302 East Beardsley Avenue
 Elkhart, IN 46514
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Name(s) as you would like to be listed in publications _____

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Enclosed is a check for \$_____ Please make check payable to Ruthmere Museum

Please charge \$_____ to my:

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Matching gift form enclosed. Membership contributions to Ruthmere Museum may be matched by your employer. Ask if your company participates in the matching gift program.

Memorial in memory of _____
 Memorials are available anytime at Ruthmere.

Membership Levels

Individual - \$25
 3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, one free tour for 2, and information regarding all upcoming Ruthmere events

Family - \$50
 3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, one complimentary family tour, and invitation to the children's summer party.

Patron - \$100
 3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, listing in newsletters, one complimentary tour for 4, plus information regarding all upcoming Ruthmere events.

Bronze Patron - \$250
 3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, listing in newsletters, one complimentary tour for 8 plus information regarding all upcoming events.

Silver Patron - \$500
 Same as Bronze Patron above plus one complimentary tour for 12.

Special membership opportunities are available at higher levels. Please contact Laurel Spencer Huslyhe at (574) 264-0330.

All memberships include a 10% discount in the Museum Shop.

cleared. I zipped my hoard back into the flight bag and we boarded.

The weather improved. It was light when we landed in O’Hare. No security checks to go through now, we marched QuickTime from Concourse A to Concourse C for an American flight to New York. First Class, thank you. After all, we were on a Gold plate special. We enjoyed our coffee, bun and orange juice (tea for George, actually, who states loudly to this day “I’ve never had a cup of coffee in m’life) and we arrived LaGuardia on time in a cloudless sky, the “bowling ball” safe in the overhead. I did not forget to take it with me when we deplaned. Our driver was waiting for us at the gate, waving a “Lapish” sign (melodramatic staging on my part) and we were soon off to Bache Halsey Stuart’s main offices on Gold Street in Lower Manhattan in the Financial District. Bundled in the back of our shiny black Cadillac limousine, we two Hoosier boys rolled along the East Side Expressway in some style, we thought. Our driver, picking his teeth, inquired casually, “Come to the City often? You here on gold? Had a lot of business for the Wall Street for that lately. Nice stuff.”

When we rolled to a stop, a large number of limos taxis and expensive cars crowded around the entrance of Bache. At the lobby information desk, I asked for directions to the Gold Room, where I was to deliver my bullion. The man on duty jerked his thumb towards a hall to his left, along with a lot of people who seemed to be hurrying. We joined the crowd, my weighty “bowling ball”

swinging safely at my side. The room, at least 40’ x 60’, was well named. Bars, kilos and ingots of gold were everywhere, like dead rabbits on the lawn during a tularemia outbreak. Some were strewn across desktops and tables, behind which harried brokers scribbled receipts for the commodity of the day as fast as they could write, yelling back and forth from one desk to the next with an urgency that made no sense. The room was in pandemonium.

“I am here to deliver some gold so I can sell it. I would like a receipt, please.” I opened my bag and hauled out my pitiful eight kilos (a mere 17.6 pounds) and plunked it importantly on the desk of the only person in the room with anything near a pleasant expression on his face. He said nothing, looked up once to be sure I was human, I suppose, and furiously started writing a receipt. Behind him was an old-fashioned blackboard, the kind we had in school years ago. Written on it in chalk were a number of descending numbers beginning with 845 and ending with 635. “What’s the “635” for?” “That was the price of gold twenty minutes ago.”

Double Caramba! My heart was sinking faster than the gold. The bubble had burst. I should not have listened to Dr. Pick. My bullion should have been right here in the house Friday afternoon and that Monday morning, I would have sold my gold at \$845 an ounce! Receipt in hand I rushed to the lobby to call Jim. What should I do? He was surprisingly calm, considering that everybody on Gold Street was rushing around

tearing his or her hair out. “There will be a rally, but not today. Let’s put in an order to sell at \$735 and see what happens.” Cold comfort, I thought, but with no other choice, I agreed. I turned to George, his Windsor-blues bulging at those piles of gold all over the place, and said, “Let’s go, George. Our business here today is over.”

It was a glum journey to the airport, this time by taxi. George came to Boston with me for a visit. I thanked him for being such an excellent guard. We were both deflated, naturally, although even at \$600 I was ahead despite the extravagance of the First Class tickets and the limousine. We waited for what the morrow would bring.

“The Morrow” brought \$735 on the nose in the morning rally. Thank you, Jim Lapish, what a call. I think that was the highest the rally got. Later I wrote Mr. Ponchaud about my “success” and thanked him again for his advice. I did not mention Christmas or the \$2000 number. One of his sons wrote back that Gerald was very pleased for me and wished me luck in my future undertakings! With the proceeds from “The Gold Caper” and the sale of the Condado penthouse in San Juan, I paid cash for “Sunnyside,” my wonderful home with ninety acres at 26 Summer Street in downtown Kennebunk, Maine where I lived from 1981 until 2005. In addition to many memories and thousands of photographs of happy times there, “Sunnyside” now produces dividends of a different and most pleasant kind.



Thank You To Our Valuable Volunteers

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NOVEMBER

23 Nick Roth Concert (7:30 pm)

Edwardian Yuletide at Ruthmere begins November 23 and continues through December 31. Through this season, the mansion is decked with live poinsettias, Christmas trees, and many other festive touches. Tours are offered Tuesday through Saturday at 10 am, 11 am, 1 pm, 2 pm and 3 pm and on Sunday afternoons at 1 pm, 2 pm and 3 pm.

DECEMBER

16 Free Day (in Partnership with Elkhart Museums Association)
22 House Walk

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RUTHMERE HOLIDAY HOUSE WALK 2007

With all of your shopping completed and your preparations in place, you'll want to plan to spend December 22 enjoying Ruthmere's Holiday House Walk. Two beautiful Greenleaf Boulevard homes, a number of ties to Beardsley family history, and several stops within the Beardsley Avenue Historic District make this year's Holiday House Walk a great way to spend the Saturday afternoon before Christmas. This year's walk will feature the magnificent Greenleaf Boulevard home of Tim Portolese and Dr. Bruce Newswanger. The 10,000 square foot Tuscan-style riverfront home features sixteen Christmas trees and a 300 piece Christmas village display. Also on Greenleaf is the lovely French

Country home of Brad and Michelle Miller, originally built in 1930 for Olive and Edward Beardsley. The home features seven trees, each portraying a special theme. The Millers also display Christmas cards from the Beardsleys in the gazebo. Visit Elkhart Camera Center at 420 E. Jackson Blvd. to see their charming Christmas village display, collected by the family over many years. Here you can also visit with Santa and make a last-minute request! Ruthmere will be open for the afternoon, and will be festively decorated with fresh poinsettias, Christmas trees, and many other seasonal touches. Linger and enjoy baroque and seasonal music by Juliana and Friends (piano, violin and viola)

and have refreshments in the Game Room. The House Walk continues down Beardsley Ave. to the Havilah Beardsley House at 102 W, Beardsley Ave., now undergoing restoration by The Ruthmere Foundation, Inc. Stop in to see the work in progress and learn about plans for restoration of Elkhart's oldest historic house, the home of the city's founder. Further along Beardsley Avenue, near the Dr. Havilah Beardsley monument, is the charming cottage-style home of Dot Hansen at 316 W. Beardsley Ave. This was once the home of James Rufus Beardsley, the son of Dr. Havilah Beardsley. Tickets are \$25 and may be purchased at Ruthmere. Call (574) 264-0330. 