

## *Heritage*

### CHAPTER I

#### HERITAGE

"The life that you choose is your destiny."  
WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN, President Emeritus, Indiana University

Think of the millions of ancestors with their heartaches and hardships from whom my parents evolved. Imagine the billions upon billions of events that had to occur over eons for me to be here.

How lucky I am to have won the lottery of life!

**May the life that I have chosen be worthy of my good fortune!**

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If I could have chosen my parents, they would have been Mother and Dad.

My mother, Garnet Carvey, was born September 2, 1888 at Macy, Allen Township, Miami County, Indiana to John Whitney and Harriet Luella (McGinnis) Carvey. She had two brothers, Errett and Lester, and two sisters, Nina Keturah and Cecil Pauline.

Jesse Lawrence Tombaugh, my father, was born August 1, 1886 in Perry Township, Miami County, Indiana to Hezekiah and Hannah Catherine (Speck) Tombaugh. He had a brother, George Esta, and a sister, Golden Catherine "Goldie."

They were married April 20, 1912, at the farm residence of my mother's parents, John W. and Harriet Luella Carvey, a mile more or less south of Macy, Miami County, Indiana.

Dad and Mother met while attending Rochester Normal School, Rochester, Indiana, commonly referred to as Rochester College. Small communities such as Macy and Gilead, where they had begun their educations, only offered two or three years of high school, so it was necessary to go elsewhere to get a high school diploma. Rochester College, founded as a high school finishing school by Dr. Winfield S. Shafer, also furnished a couple of years of college courses.

Misses Adda Neff, Della Miller, Goldie Tombaugh and Mr. Jesse Tombaugh were College visitors this week.<sup>1</sup>

The following Macy high school students have been transferred to the Rochester college to complete their high school education: Blaine and Judd Hurst, Marvin Briggs, Merrill and Albert Belt, Garnet Snowberger, Ruth Dubois, Garnet Carvey, Dessa Nicodemus and Rosa Sowers.<sup>2</sup>

Commencement week of the Rochester College will be ushered in next Sunday at the Baptist church when Rev. O. P. Miles will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the class of thirty-five, who have completed the course prescribed by the institution. On Monday evening Aug. 5, Prof. Sim's music will give a music recital at the Chapel Hall. Prof. Sims has already demonstrated his ability along musical lines, therefore something very good may be expected. On the day following the entire class will picnic at the lake and on Wednesday evening the Alumni and Reunion banquet will be held at the College. This will no doubt be a pleasant occasion as the Rochester College numbers among its graduates many of the cities' most promising young people.

The graduating exercises will be held Thursday evening, Aug. 8, at the Chapel Hall at the college. The address of the evening will be made by Hon. Wm. H. Sanders of Marion. Mr. Sanders is one of the most fluent and deepest thinking orators of the state and will ably discuss his chosen topic, "A Phase or two of the Mind Life." This will conclude the exercises incident to the graduation.

The class is of the average size, perhaps larger than usual, considering the fact that there are no music graduates this year. However there will be next summer. Those who have finished the commercial and shorthand departments are: Ferne Ault, Ethel Lackey, Ruth Davis, Lenora Rush, Fred Foglesong, Nellie Hamlett, Vera Krieg, Geo. Aughinbaugh, Raymon Waller, Ua Lewis, Walter Coplen, Cathren King, Nora King, Elva Heeter, Earnest Hart, Earl Harter, Retha Ross, Grace Rowie, Edmund Osborne.

The graduates of the high school and teachers' departments are as follows: Hal P. Bybee, Jesse L. Tombaugh, Goldie Tombaugh, Fredrick K. Deardorff, Erret Carvey, Charles Maple, Ralph Newcomer, Guy Thayer, Glen Louderback, Coma Sommer, Russell H. Smith, Opha Pletcher, Harley Davis, Henry Robinson, F. J. Ginther, Nana McGraw.

The young people who have finished the course hail from this city and numerous other surrounding towns. Indeed northern Indiana is well represented.

Mr. Hal. P. Bybee is President of the class, Edmond Osborne, Secretary, and Jesse Tombaugh, Treasurer. The motto is "Laurels to Those Who Win," the class flower, the carnation, and the colors, maroon and white. The class, as a whole, is composed of intellectual and industrious young people, and their instructors entertain the highest hopes for a successful future for them.<sup>3</sup>

Many students attended to prepare themselves for teaching, which was Dad's reason for being there. He often said that he hated living on the farm, that it had no future for him and was all hard work. He told of getting up before daylight and husking corn until a quick

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1 *The Rochester Evening Sentinel*, (College News), Saturday, September 27, 1907.

2 Ibid, (Macy Items), Monday, September 21, 1908.

3 Ibid, Thursday, August 1, 1907.

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breakfast. Aunt Goldie would have the horse hitched, and the three of them, Uncle George, Aunt Goldie and Dad, would race more than three miles to grade school at Gilead, pulling into the school yard as the last bell was ringing. Uncle George, being the oldest, had to unhitch and care for the horse, which always made him late. However, an understanding principal overlooked the transgression.

The day wasn't ended after school hours. It meant another race back to the farm, a change of clothes, and more husking until supper. After supper they returned to the field where they worked until about eleven o'clock. If there was school homework to be done, then was the time! And it was done by the light of a coal oil lamp.

Often the farm work required that they be a week or two late starting a school year, and leaving a week or two before school was out in the spring.

One of the "old wives' tales" making the rounds of Perry Township was that if you wanted to get rain just kill a snake and hang it on a fence.

Even as a child Dad believed in scientific experiments, so he killed a snake and hung it over the fence. That night it began to rain and continued for three days. When he told his father what he had done, Hezekiah said, "Get that snake off of the fence!" He did, and the rain stopped.

Hezekiah once purchased a new pocket watch which aroused Dad's great curiosity. He opened the back, saw the gears, and carefully dismantled it piece by piece, and then put it back together. There were just two things wrong: He had a few extra pieces, and it wouldn't run. A couple of years later his dad, Hezekiah, was cleaning under the porch and found it. "I wondered where I lost it," he said. Dad confessed, and his dad only gave him an understanding look which made more impression than a thrashing would have done.

Dad was about twenty years old when the barn burned.

The barn of Hezekiah Tombaugh, of near Gilead, was totally destroyed by fire last Friday evening. The barn was struck by lightning during the storm and was consumed, together with all of the contents excepting the live stock which was removed. The barn [was] a large one and is quite a loss to Mr. Tombaugh. (*Macy Monitor*)<sup>4</sup>

The following was told to the author on June 14, 1964 by Jesse L. Tombaugh:

The old barn burned on a Friday evening in 1906, and on Saturday and Sunday Dad took the horse and buggy and drove around through the neighborhood looking at barns and making arrangements with the carpenters who were on the job ready for work Monday morning.

They were Alvin Seitner, head carpenter, and John Smith, one of the main carpenters. Also Ed Brady (father of Clint Brady) was one of the local carpenters. There were two other fellows from Disko.

Brady and I sawed the trees down, and from a list of finished lumber supplied by Alvin Seitner, sawed them into proper lengths.

As soon as a load of logs was ready, George, my brother, with a team and log bunks (a frame that set on top of the wagon on which the logs were hauled) drove through a neighbor's field to the sawmill operated by "Tile" George Tombaugh, and returned to the woods for another load of logs. As soon as a load of framing material was ready, George would unload the logs, pull around to the other side of the mill, load up a load of framing material, drive around the road and dump it on the lot where the barn was to be built.

The carpenters were there to start framing, and George went back to the woods for another load of logs and to the sawmill, back to the barn site, making another circuit.

Seitner marked off the timbers and designated where all the mortises, tenons and holes into which the pins were to be placed, while other carpenters completed that part of construction.

The posts, beams and braces were all laid out in their proper places and assembled in the proper place for the two sides--the east and west side of the barn.

When all of the framing part was completed, arrangements were made for the characteristic barn raising of those times when all of the men and women of the neighborhood assembled either to raise the barn or get dinners for the men who were working. The barn was raised and wood pins were put in to hold it in place, after which the carpenters were ready to start on rafters, roofing, siding, mows, stalls for horses and cattle, doors and windows.

I never saw men work like the carpenters. After a meal if you wanted to talk to Alvin Seitner, you had to follow along at a pretty good gait to talk to him. He knew exactly what he was doing. I asked him how he knew where everything went, and he replied that he had gone over it so many times in his mind that he could be blindfolded and by merely feeling the timbers could tell where they were to go.

It lacked from Thursday noon until Monday morning of taking four weeks to put the barn up ready for a hay crop that was waiting.

To accomplish this feat the carpenters roomed and boarded with us, and were on the job working as soon as it was light enough to see to work, and worked until dark, taking out only enough time for breakfast, dinner and supper, which in most cases was not over a half hour for each meal.

Cementing of the driveways was not completed until after the hay was in the mow. The stalls were cemented many years later.

I never see that barn without getting a mental picture of what it took to build it. Dad left the farm of 121.5 acres to me. It was first purchased on March 30, 1837 by Andrew and Agnys Onstott from the United States. My great-grandfather, George Tombaugh, bought it from the Onstotts March 13, 1841.<sup>5</sup> My grandmother, Hannah Catherine (Speck) Tombaugh, once told me that the farm had been in the name of Tombaugh since 1841 and never had a mortgage on it.

An Indian trail from Rochester to Wabash passed through the farm. It was later improved enough to be called a road, and was even referred to as the Rochester & Wabash State Road.<sup>6</sup> The house was built facing this road. Years later roads were made to follow township lines, so the back of the house now faces the present county road 500E, and the site

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5 Abstract of Title.

6 Jean (Cragun) Tombaugh, *Fulton County Indiana Commissioners Record "A"*, pp 259, 301, 329, 344

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of the old road is now occupied by the chicken and barn yards. North of the barn the road started in a northwest direction toward Gilead. A very slight evidence of the road still exists south of the chicken yard as it approaches County Road 1200N.<sup>7</sup>

When I look at the place where the road existed, I wonder how many pioneers passed through on their way from the Wabash & Erie Canal at Wabash, Indiana, to their western destinations. I can see them riding in overloaded wagons, many pulled by cattle. I gave the cattle yoke to our son, John, which Dad said he was sure had been used by my great-grandfather, George Tombaugh, on his journey from Pennsylvania to Indiana.

I asked Grandma Tombaugh if Indians still lived in the neighborhood when she was young. She said that they had all been moved away. However, once an Indian family came to the house and asked for work for the whole family. There was plenty at that time, and they did it well, so well, in fact, that Grandpa offered them a place to camp if they would remain and help, but they refused.<sup>8</sup>

"You may want to keep the farm for sentimental reasons, or you may want to sell it," Dad once told me. "That's a decision you'll have to make. But if it becomes a burden, don't hesitate to sell it."

Of course it has tremendous sentimental value to me, even though in 1984 I did sell the 44 acres on which the buildings are located.

I remember every Thanksgiving and Christmas that we would be there to eat Grandma's cooking.

How she turned out those meals is still a mystery, for her only "conveniences" were a Round Oak wood stove and a small corner cabinet. And there was a novel arrangement which Grandpa had rigged up years before. From the windmill a pipe went underground to the pantry off the kitchen in which was a tank perhaps two feet wide, three feet long and about thirty inches high. The water came in at the bottom of the tank and out an overflow pipe about four or six inches from the top of the tank. From there it went underground to the horse tank, located in the barn yard. You could always count on getting a good cold drink of fresh water, but any health department today would frown upon it.

Grandma had an ability to force herself to endure pain and suffering in silence. I never once heard her complain, although she certainly had enough to complain about.

Dad told me of the time that she hitched up the buggy and drove to Roann, where she had all of her teeth extracted, returning home the same day and not missing any of her household chores.

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7 As told to the writer by Jesse L. Tombaugh.

8 As told by Jesse L. Tombaugh to John B. Tombaugh.

In the summer of 1924 or 1925, while I was staying there for a week, Bob and I were playing with a two-wheeled light-weight trailer which Grandpa had made for towing behind his Model T Ford. It was great fun for one of us to ride while the other pulled. I was pulling and Bob, while riding, walked forward causing the tongue to come out of my hands crushing my big toe nail.

When we got to the house I wanted Grandma to call a doctor. She said that no doctor was needed, for she would dress the toe, and that it didn't hurt as much as I thought. Somehow she talked me into thinking that I was man enough to bear the pain, and she proceeded to cover the toe with hot beeswax. Although I lost the nail temporarily, I gained some measure of self-confidence from the episode.

My dad inherited Grandma's patience, kindness, loving, understanding and ability to bear pain and misfortune.

He suffered with hemorrhoids for several years. It was around 1928 when he consulted a physician who made periodic visits to Plymouth, Indiana. The doctor would occupy a hotel room for a day or so at a time, performing surgery on an out-patient basis. We were living at Culver, and Dad asked me to go with him to drive the car. Although I wasn't sure that I was equal to the task, he assured me that I would do fine. He endured the operation, which I could tell was very painful, but he never lost his sense of humor.

On the way home we met a wrecker truck with the name and slogan painted on it. The slogan: "You Wreck 'em, We Fix 'em!"

"That doctor should have a slogan," Dad said. "'Your rectum, we fix 'em!'"

Dad, Uncle George and Grandpa Tombaugh, were all very sentimental, and would shed a few tears upon every greeting and parting. It disgusted me then, but I'd gladly join them today.

Grandpa had a slight sense of humor which he seldom showed. He always appeared to be pretty stern. Now that I look back, it's easy to see why.

I remember grandpa's left hand, which was a lesson to me on safety.

While operating a corn shredder, in the vicinity of Gilead, Monday, Hez Tombaugh, a well known farmer and thresher fed his hand into the shredder machinery and had all of his fingers torn off before he could get loose. Physicians dressed the mutilated hand and he will be another living witness to the mistake of getting too close to the dangerous corn shredder.<sup>9</sup>

The Doctor had saved his little finger and thumb which had become unusually strong, allowing him to do much work. I was fascinated and of course asked him how it felt. He said that he could still "feel" the missing fingers, and that changes in the weather caused some discomfort. He admitted his carelessness and cautioned me about safety at all times.

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Grandpa was also afflicted with rheumatism, probably enhanced, if not induced, by working in all kinds of weather and living in a cold, drafty house, with no inside plumbing. The "outhouse" was built into the northeast corner of the woodhouse, and was complete with Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues. On lazy summer days it took a long time in there to do our wishful shopping.

The only 20th Century conveniences that Grandpa and Grandma Tombaugh had were a Model T Ford, a party-line telephone, and a Bissell carpet sweeper. Around 1925 an electric transmission line was erected between Wabash and Rochester, and it passed within a few hundred feet of the house, but the \$500 needed to purchase a transformer, plus the cost of poles, wire and wiring were more than they could afford. So, they continued to use their coal oil lamps and the gasoline table lamp in the house. Coal oil lanterns were carried to and from the barn and other out-buildings. Every morning the wicks had to be trimmed and the flues washed. It was a dirty, smelly job which Aunt Goldie performed without complaint.

George E. Tombaugh of Perry township, Miami county, and Josie Mary Hurst of Macy are licensed to marry. The groom is the son of Miami county councilman Hezekiah Tombaugh, and the bride is the daughter of county commissioner James R. Hurst of Macy.<sup>10</sup>

My Uncle George and Aunt Josephine "Josie" (Hurst) Tombaugh, were married March 10/11, 1909, and had three sons: Wayne Hurst Tombaugh, Gerald Howe Tombaugh and Robert Lincoln Tombaugh.

Aunt Josie, was born January 13, 1885/87, and died March 5, 1918, when Robert "Bob" was about two years old. Grandpa and Grandma then raised the three boys except for a few months when Uncle George was married to his second wife, Aunt Mable (Stofer), whose former husband was a Musselman. She had twin boy and girl, Gaylord E. and Gaythal E. Musselman. Her children and Uncle George's children got along without any friction. In fact someone in the family remarked that the children got along better than the parents. The marriage ended in divorce after only a few months.

Uncle George was employed as a motorman on the Winona Interurban Railway, running between Warsaw and Peru, where he remained until the spring of 1924 when he was stricken with a lingering, painful disease diagnosed by the family physician as elephantiasis.

Dad once took him to Martinsville, Indiana, where Uncle George wanted to take mineral baths. He was there a week or so, and returned home without any cure, or even improvement. Through it all, he was in good humor.

He tried hard to do something useful and rewarding although he was in constant pain. He was able to sell to some friends and family members a few aluminum clip-boards, which were designed to hold sales slips. The last thing that he did was assemble family information, at the request of Reno G. Tombaugh, concerning the Tombaughs living in Indiana. The

Tombaugh History 1728-1930, was not published until after both Uncle George and Reno had died.

Until his death on December 13, 1929 Grandpa and Grandma cared for him and his three boys. Wayne, the oldest, was everyone's right hand, for he assumed responsibilities well beyond his years from the very first day that they were with my grandparents. He helped wash, feed and care for Uncle George, assisted him to an easy chair in the yard or even as far as to the barn. Wayne and Gerald did the plowing, cultivating and harvesting of the crops with the aid of a team of horses which had to be tended. They also had several cows to milk. Bob assisted in all of the work more and more as he grew up. The boys remained with Grandpa and Grandma until they were old enough to be on their own.

I once accompanied Wayne to the mill at Stockdale, Wabash County, Indiana, where we watched James H. Deck, owner of the Roann Roller Mills, make flour of the load of wheat which we had on the wagon. The mill, located on Eel River, was water powered. The flour was filled into sacks carrying the name "White Loaf Flour."<sup>11</sup>

Grandpa believed in doing it right whatever had to be done. There are still concrete fence posts in use which he made. Every summer during any lull in the other work, he had the boys cutting trees for fire wood, and he wasn't satisfied until the woodhouse was filled to the rafters and not another stick could be added. The wood was for the cook stove and for butchering.

One clear, cold morning Dad, Mother and I left Akron before daylight for the farm ten miles south. The dawn was breaking as we were leaving town, and it was barely daylight when we arrived. Grandpa had everything ready. Dad had taken his rifle, and this was the first time I had ever seen a hog killed. As soon as Dad shot the hog in its head it fell, and the men, including Grandpa, a couple of neighbors and my cousins, were there to move the hog to a large trough filled with boiling water. The water had been heated in a huge iron kettle that probably held thirty or more gallons. The trough was made from a tree trunk that had been hollowed out and lumber nailed to each end. Grandpa had a special razor, shaped like a man's straight razor, but much larger, which he had honed for the job of shaving the hog.

Next it was cut into pieces and taken into what was called the "old house." In fact the old house, consisting of one room, had been constructed from the first house on the farm, the one in which Grandpa was born. There was a workbench with vice, a fireplace, a cabinet for smoking meat, a barrel of kerosene and a barrel of salt. And it was there that Grandma and Aunt Goldie churned butter, did the washing and ironing and made soap.

Getting back to the butchering, after the meat was taken to the old house, Grandma, Aunt Goldie and Mother proceeded to cut the fat into chunks which were placed into an iron kettle over a fire in the fireplace. Periodically they would retrieve the cooked chunks and place them in a press. My cousin Bob introduced me to cracklings, which were the product left in the press after the lard had been rendered. Having seen the poor creature so recently alive, I had

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some trouble thoroughly enjoying the food. To this day I never eat any meat without thinking of the life that has been given that I might eat!

The women also would clean the intestines by placing them on a flat surface and with a knife, I presume on its dull side, would squeeze the intestine until it was clean on its inside. For some reason this never seemed quite sanitary to me, but I was assured that it was, for it was also thoroughly washed. Anyway, the intestines were used on a sausage press from which ground meat was extruded and long pieces of sausage were made.

The sausage was then canned. It was cut into short pieces a couple of inches long, put into mason jars and hot lard was poured until it completely covered the sausage. The jars of sausage were then taken to the cellar. That was a very small area probably six or eight feet square under the kitchen. To reach it, the kitchen table and chairs were moved, and a door in the floor was raised. There was very little head room and the floors and walls were earthen.

When Mother, Dad and I were in New York City, the school year 1923-24, we received a box of apples from Grandpa and Grandma.

The apples were the largest of the season, polished, and each was nested in paper packing with the proper end up.

"I know who packed that," Dad said.

"Your Dad, of course," replied Mother.

When we returned home that spring they mentioned to Grandma how nicely packed the box was. "Well," she said. "We had it all packed and it didn't suit Dad, so he re-packed it!"

Grandpa was not only very precise in whatever he did, he was also known to be punctual. In fact, Grandma and Aunt Goldie used to say that Grandpa always started early so he could get back home early, and that sometime he would meet himself going home! I've been accused of being much like him, and I consider it quite a compliment.

Aunt Goldie attended a business school in Fort Wayne around 1924 and became employed as a secretary for the school Doctor at Culver Military Academy, where she remained until her retirement in the early 1940's.

She never married, and each week-end she returned home to help care for her mother and dad. I always liked her, perhaps because she paid attention to me and encouraged me in whatever I was doing.

Aunt Goldie became interested in photography and learned to develop pictures. One picture which I prize is of Grandpa and a bull of which he was most proud. On the picture she wrote: "Two of a kind."

Dad told me about one time that my grandparents went to visit grandma's sister and brother-in-law, Aunt Lou (Speck) and Uncle Jesse "Jess" Whitesel in Wabash County.

Aunt Goldie, who was about five or six years old, heard my grandparents talking about the death of a woman about one mile south of the farm. It made a big impression upon her, and she was anxious to be the one who would convey this bit of news to Aunt Lou and Uncle Jess.

As soon as they arrived, she jumped from the buggy, ran into the house and said: "A woman went to bed last night, and when she woke up she was dead!"

Dad once told me about a Perry Township neighbor whose wife died. The man was known to be somewhat slow, and the community, though full of sympathy for him, was slow to show it.

An hour before the time set for the funeral no one had arrived, but at the last minute a large crowd assembled.

After the services, he said to my grandfather, "At first I was afraid the funeral was going to be a fizzle."

Grandpa Tombaugh told me that when he started to school he could not speak English, having been raised in a family that spoke only German. He said that the other children teased him, and he vowed to learn English and completely forget German. I tried a couple of times to get him to speak just one word of German, but he refused, insisting that he could not remember.

Although his schooling was for only a very few years, he overcame his initial lack of English and once served as Perry Township Trustee. I also recall him being President of the Tombaugh-Swihart annual reunion which attracted close to three hundred relatives.

## PUTTING THE SCREWS ON "HEZ"

While in Peru last Monday we met everybody's friend, Hezekiah Tombaugh, who lives on a splendid farm south of Gilead, two or three miles, but gets his mail through the Roann postoffice.

We were both waiting for a Winona car north and so we sat down at the corner of the court house fence to exchange gossip. In the conversation we suggested to Hez that he was not on the Akron News subscription list and that he would live longer if he were. But he figured that he was already taking about six newspapers and went on to name them and allowed he could not afford the News. We saw it would take another effort to get him. So we went after him again.

We promised him that if, after the Akron News was in his home six months, and the family every member of it including himself did not seek for the Akron News first from among all the rest, we would retire from the field. We had him on the spot. He is our meat, Hez is. But it is up to us to make this a paper so interesting that Hez will grab for it on sight or go down the road to meet the U. S.

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mail carrier to get his paper printed at Akron. We can do it. Watch our smoke. Hez is a subscriber for life. (*The Akron News*)<sup>12</sup>

"Hans Jakob Tannbach, or as we now write it, John Jacob Tombaugh," of German ancestry, arrived in Philadelphia with his wife, Maria Elizabeth, a native of Friesland, on the ship "Albany" on September 4, 1728.<sup>13</sup> Their grandson, George Tombaugh, Sr., my great-great grandfather, lived on Pigeon Creek at the "Haw Bottom Tract" near Scenery Hill, Washington County, Pennsylvania. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and participated in the Whiskey Rebellion.<sup>14</sup>

William H. Speck, the father of my grandmother, Hannah Catherine (Speck) Tombaugh, was born October 7, 1818, at Millersburg, Bourbon County, Kentucky. He came to Indiana after settling first sometime before 1850, in Ross County, Ohio where most of his children were born. He and his family then moved to Richland Township, Miami County, Indiana, by 1860, and to Noble Township, Wabash County, Indiana, by 1870.<sup>15</sup> By 1840 he was married to Catharine Goddard, who was born May 19, 1824, in Greenbrier County, Virginia. Her parents were Jacob and Mary (Lants?) Goddard.<sup>16</sup>

Dad described his grandmother, Catharine (Goddard) Speck, as being quiet, sitting in a rocking chair and smoking a pipe. His description, together with her photograph, suggests a possibility that she may have been part Indian, but this is only a supposition. She would fill the pipe with tobacco and have Dad, when he was quite young, put hot coals on it from the fireplace. He said, "I always walked very slowly taking my time to cross the room, and had to take a few puffs to keep it burning for her."

While Dad's family was of German and Dutch descent,<sup>17</sup> Mother's was Scotch and Irish as far as we know.<sup>18</sup> The Tombaughs tended to stay to themselves while the Carveys enjoyed being with people. The Tombaughs were very conservative hard working farmers. The Carveys were hard working but venturesome.

I like to think that I have inherited a balance of each of these admirable traits.

William Carvey, son of Matthias Carvey, was born in 1776, birthplace unknown. At one time he was a resident of Goshen, Orange County, N.Y., moving to Yates County, N.Y. in

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12 *The Evening Sentinel*, Saturday, June 1, 1912.  
13 Reno G. Tombaugh, *Tombaugh History 1728-1930*, p. 6.  
14 Jean C. Tombaugh, unpublished family records.  
15 *ibid.*  
16 *ibid.*  
17 Reno G. Tombaugh, *Tombaugh History 1728-1930*, pp 5-6.  
18 Jean C. Tombaugh, unpublished family records.

1824. He died in 1848, but place of death is uncertain. His wife was Elizabeth (Hawley), born 1778, place of birth unknown, and died 1847, place of death unknown.<sup>19</sup>

Nine children born to William and Elizabeth were: John, Peter Matthias "Matthias", Isaac, Samuel P., Francis, William, Jane, Ellen (Eleanor?) and Hiley.<sup>20</sup>

My great-great-grandfather on my mother's side, Peter Matthias "Matthias" Carvey, was born about 1803 in Vermont and died at Macy, Miami County, Indiana January 4, 1841, where he is buried in the Carvey Cemetery on Piety Hill. His first marriage was to Susan Chapman who died in 1823 leaving two sons, William Sylvester Carvey, born in Rutland Vermont, and Myron W. Carvey, birthplace not known. They resided near Penn Yan, Yates County, N.Y. Matthias next married Annie (Bailey), born 1805 in the State of New York. She survived Matthias, and her second marriage was to Samuel Reins in 1843 in Miami County, Indiana. She died April 3, 1883 and is buried beside Matthias Carvey in the Carvey Cemetery.<sup>21</sup>

Annie (Bailey) Carvey was the daughter of Richard and Melinda (Parke) Bailey, of Onondago County, N.Y.<sup>22</sup>

Matthias and Annie had four children: Stephen B., Avery P., Peter Mathias and Anna Jeanette, all born in the State of New York.<sup>23</sup>

In 1837 Matthias and Annie (Bailey) Carvey, with their children, accompanied Annie's brother, Stewart Bailey, and his family by covered wagon along the southern shores of Lake Erie, to South Bend, then south through "the little new town of Rochester," reaching the home of Salmon Collins on the north shore of Mud Lake eight miles south of Rochester.<sup>24</sup>

"While they were struggling through the mud and crossing the sluggish streams in Paulding County, Ohio....the hind wheels of the wagon sank into a mud hole so deep that the tired team of horses could not pull it out....In desperation, Uncle Carvey, who was a physical giant seized the hub of one hind wheel of the wagon and with a shout cried out loud, 'In the name of "Spink Cooper" get out of here,' he lifted the wheel clear out of the mud....Who Spink Cooper was we never were told."<sup>25</sup>

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19 History of Yates Co., N.Y., 1873, pp 541-42; Bible records of Mary R. (Carvey) Moore, Middleton, N.Y.

20 Jean C. Tombaugh, unpublished family records.

21 *ibid.*

22 Walter Clark Bailey, *The Stewart Bailey Family*, 1927, [indexed and reprinted by Wendell C. Tombaugh, 1982], p. 10.

23 *ibid.*, p. 11,

24 *ibid.*, p. 14.

25 *ibid.*, p. 13.

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Henry S. Bailey, grandson of Stewart Bailey, served as Judge of the Miami Circuit Court in Peru, Indiana.

Peter Mathias Carvey, my great-grandfather, was born in 1832 in Genisee County, N.Y., and died in 1907 at Macy, Miami County, Indiana, where he is buried in the Plainview Cemetery. He married Mary Margaret (King) in 1861 at Macy. She was born 1847 in Miami County, Indiana and died in 1932 or 1933 at Macy, where she is buried beside her husband. She was the daughter of William Hugh L. Lothian-King and Angeline (Clifford) King.<sup>26</sup>

I knew great-grandma, Mary Margaret (King) Carvey, for she was alive until my freshman year in college. My first recollection of her was when she was moving from the home which she had sold on Piety Hill in Macy to her next home located the second house south of the Christian Church, also in Macy. This must have been around 1920. Mother took me with her to help her grandmother make the move. I distinctly remember them removing braided or woven rugs from the floor. They had been nailed with carpet tacks, and there must have been hundreds of tacks which Mother and Great-grandma accumulated.

I do not remember the incident, but Mother often told about the little rocking chair which I now have. When grandma came to that chair, which was loose at all joints and had the cane seat and back all broken out, she told Mother to just throw it away.

"May I have it?" Mother asked.

"Of course," Great-grandma replied. "But it isn't any good."

Mother cleaned the finish from the chair but never did anything more to it. Finally, around 1932 or 1934 Dad took it to a cabinetmaker by name of Fred Newby. We resided at 700 Fulton Avenue, Rochester, while Fred lived a block west and half a block north where he had his home and shop. He was anxious to work on it, he said, because he wanted to learn to do caning. He did an excellent job of caning, but finished the wood not to our liking, so around 1961, a year before Mother's death, I did some further repair and gave it a new finish.

The chair is small, made of walnut, and its distinctive feature is a hand-carved rose at the very top of the oval shaped back.

Although she never got any use out of the chair, it was one of Mother's few prized possessions. Great-grandma had said that it had been brought to America from Scotland by her mother. It has to be at least 150 years old as I write this, which is 1989.

Every spring my Grandma Carvey, who was then living next door, offered to wash a few things for Great-grandma. The offer was extended for only a few things, but before she was through Grandma had washed practically everything Great-grandma had.

Great-Grandma believed in varnished furniture, for every spring she would refinish some. I remember how it all seemed spotless and shiny.

She was slender, not quite average height, and must have possessed a strong constitution, for she was thought to be "at death's door" on several occasions, but recovered on all but the last from which she died in 1932. She seemed to be stern, but Mother said that she could remember her when she was "full of fun."

The children of Peter Mathias and Mary Margaret (King) Carvey were: John Whitney, Sylvester Avery, Ransom Clark, Nina G. and Grace. Ransom Clark and Grace died in infancy. Nina G. married Leland M. "Lee" Hatch and Sylvester Avery "Vester" married Laura M. Clendenning.

Grandpa, John Whitney Carvey, was born December 6, 1862 at Macy, Indiana, and died of Brights disease September 4, 1939 at the home of my mother and father in Rochester, Indiana.

John Whitney Carvey married Harriet Luella "Hattie" McGinnis in Macy, Indiana, November 3, 1881. She was born at Logansport, Cass County, Indiana February 21, 1861, and died June 16, 1942 at Macy, Indiana.

Grandpa Carvey was always striving to better himself financially, and willing to take some risk to accomplish that. He and Grandma, Harriet Luella (McGinnis) Carvey had pulled themselves up from poverty by the time I knew them.

Grandma's father, James Thomas McGinnis, was a mule driver on the Wabash & Erie Canal where he worked between Logansport and Peru, Indiana. Later he was employed at George Farrar's livery stable in Macy, Indiana. He served with the North in the Civil War, leaving a wife and three small daughters, Alice Izadore "Allie", Harriet Luella "Hattie", and Annabelle "Annie". Grandma said that they were often without much food and once, when they had no fuel for a fire, her mother, Nancy Jane (Hosack) McGinnis, was arrested for taking wood from a neighbor's woodpile. When she was brought before the Justice of the Peace her excuse was that she needed it to keep her daughters warm. The Justice was compassionate and dismissed the charges.<sup>27</sup>

A short time after James Thomas McGinnis was mustered out of the army and returned home, he was followed by a woman whom he had met and who had come to take him away with her. Great-grandma, Nancy, arranged a meeting with the woman, who soon left and was never heard from thereafter.

W. Glen Powell, when interviewed,<sup>28</sup> stated that "Uncle Tommy" McGinnis had been a circus clown at one time, but remembered him when he was an employee at Farrar's livery stable in Macy.

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27 Jean C. Tombaugh, unpublished family records.

28 Interview by Jean C. and Wendell C. Tombaugh with W. Glen Powell, former Macy, Indiana resident, at his home in Argos, Indiana, on December 29, 1963.

## *Heritage*

After Nancy died, Tommy married a Mrs. Hitechew, whose former husband, a conductor on the railroad running through Macy, wanted a divorce because he had a girl in trouble in Indianapolis. Mr. Hitechew had kept asking her for a divorce and she continued to refuse. Finally he changed his tactics and started making love to her, calling her "Queenie", telling her how nice she was, etc. Then he brought out a piece of paper that appeared to be blank, and asked her to put her signature on it, saying that he thought so much of her that he just wanted to be able to look at it. After she signed, she learned that it was an agreement for a divorce that was to stand up in court.<sup>29</sup>

Mr. Powell further said that Macy gossip was that Mrs. Hitechew had married Tom thinking that he had money, but when she learned otherwise she became very hard to live with. She was a very large, raw-boned, muscular woman, who was very plain and rough and used rough language.<sup>30</sup>

One day at Farrar's livery stable Tom was talking to a man named Bent Gray, who was carrying a bottle. Tom said that if he had "that much" (indicating a couple of inches) out of the bottle, he would go across the street to his home and throw that woman out of his house! Bent Gray said, "I have it", as he gave Tom the drink.

"If you hear any screaming on the part of this woman," Tom said, "you come over right away and save her, because I don't want to hurt her. I just want to get her out of the house."

Tom crossed the street, entered the back door, and had no more than enough time to get into the house until he came flying out the front door. She had him by the seat of his pants and the back of his neck and literally tossed him out. Tom merely got up, turned, and went downtown without looking back.<sup>31</sup>

Grandma, Harriet Luella (McGinnis) Carvey, was very embarrassed that her father had married Mrs. Hitechew. About all that she ever said in my presence was when she called her "that woman!" leaving no question in my mind about her feelings. Come to think of it, that's the nearest to an unkind remark I ever heard Grandma utter.

Grandma's niece, Korah Ethel (Champ) Roberts, wife of Omer L. "Homer" Roberts, a Macy barber, was a large heavy-set woman, a good dancer and full of fun. She played the organ, violin, harpsicord and french harp, "or anything," and taught music for ten years never having taken a music lesson.<sup>32 33</sup>

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29

ibid.

30

ibid.

31

ibid.

32

Interview by Jean C., Wendell C. and Jesse L. Tombaugh with Mrs. Florence DuBois, Mother's first cousin, at Rochester, Indiana, on January 11, 1964.

33

Jean C. Tombaugh, unpublished family records.

I well remember Korah. She was a great talker, full of Irish wit, and a very likeable person who often visited Grandma Carvey. Across the street from Grandpa and Grandma's house lived Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Case. Mr. Case, with his brother-in-law, Oliver "Ollie" Leonard, operated Case hardware, the back door of which faced the back of his house. One day Korah and Grandma were sitting on the porch swing as Mr. Case and Mr. Leonard came from their store, followed by their collie dog. "There goes Ollie, Rollie and Collie!" exclaimed Korah.

Nancy Jane (Hosack) McGinnis was born in 1838, and died in 1903. She was the daughter of John and Polly (Ramer) Hosack.

Grandma, Harriet Luella (McGinnis) Carvey, was sent to Marshstown, Fulton County, Indiana, when she was still a young girl to do housework. She often said that she got practically nothing for her drudgery. She left the impression that she did not like them, for they wanted to be better than they were.

"They were so uppity that they wouldn't even say 'mustard.' They called it 'mustar.'"

She said that she was overworked and her parents took her home. How long she had stayed there I never learned.

Grandpa, John Whitney Carvey, had a grocery store in Macy, Miami County, Indiana. According to a newspaper account, he "has moved his grocery store across the street to Dr. Barnes' building formerly occupied by Farrar's drug store."<sup>34</sup>

At one time he managed the Macy creamery, where he made butter, cheese and ice cream. I'm sure he must have liked his work, for his favorite foods were cheese and ice cream.

Macy is building a \$6,000 butter and cheese factory.<sup>35</sup>

An ice cream freezer will be added to the Macy creamery, and cream made from pure, fresh milk will be supplied to the trade.<sup>36</sup>

The Macy creamery is one of the very few in this part of the state proving successful. The stock is now held at a premium, and the owners expect to enlarge in the spring so as to care for the increasing business.<sup>37</sup>

He and Grandma purchased a farm a little over a mile south of Macy when Mother was a child. Mother told me about how Grandpa and the seller dickered, until finally Grandpa said he would take the farm if the seller threw in the dinner bell. Many years later they gave that dinner bell to Mother, and it became mine after her death. A few years ago I returned the bell to the farm by giving it to my cousin, Lester Dee Carvey and his wife, Donna Belle

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34 *The Rochester Sentinel*, Rochester, Ind., Wednesday, May 8, 1889.

35 Ibid, Wednesday, May 20, 1891.

36 Ibid, Friday, February 17, 1893.

37 Ibid, Friday, December 20, 1895.

## *Heritage*

(Richter) Carvey, who had purchased the farm from his parents, Lester Sylvester and Madge (Calaway) Carvey.

That farm was but one of three that Grandpa acquired. Just about the beginning of World War 1 they purchased their second farm immediately west of the above farm. They called it the Holley Place. I believe that the previous owners were named Holley. I've heard them say that they paid for the farm during World War 1 with wheat which had soared in price.

Their third farm, adjoining their first one on its north, they got for their next home, leaving their first place for Uncle Lester and Aunt Madge to farm.

Grandpa Carvey was restless and needed something else to do besides farming, so he formed a partnership with John M. Hatch. Mr. Hatch's son, Lee M. Hatch, was married to Grandpa's sister, Nina G. Carvey. The firm of Carvey & Hatch, a road contracting firm, lasted but one year. They were low bidders on a short gravel road a mile or two south of Akron. One day Grandpa left Mr. Hatch to run a grader while Grandpa went to gravel the graded end of the road. Later that day Mr. Hatch and grader could not be found on the road. Upon further searching he was located on another road, where he had been grading and drinking all day!

The next year, which was 1920, Grandpa got a new partner. His son, Errett, was married to Bertha L. Crouder, daughter of John Fred and Margaret (Ballard) Crouder. With John F. Crouder, Grandpa formed the partnership of Carvey & Crouder, and they proceeded to bid off around twenty miles of gravel roads in and around Leiters Ford, Delong and Bruce Lake Station, Fulton County, Indiana.

Mr. Crouder was also a businessman, owning and operating the Macy Elevator.

John F. Crouder and Company, of Sulphur Springs, Ind., have purchased of J. W. Hurst the Macy elevator and will continue the business with increased vigor. Jas. W. Hurst who retires from the business has earned a vacation. He has made the business a success and has accumulated a good bit of money and is entitled to retire.

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After a few months Mr. Crouder decided that the risk was more than he wished to take. After all, they had bid off a job of over \$100,000, which was a lot of money then. So my Dad bought him out. Then, within a very short time, he and Grandpa sold a third of the business to Uncle Lester Carvey, my mother's brother.

Around 1924 Grandpa and Grandma bought a frame house next door south of the Christian Church in Macy. After a couple of years they completely remodeled it, putting brick on the outside, rewiring, installing new plumbing and plastering the walls and installing hardwood floors inside. They even had Ernest Norman, who worked for the "company" many years, dig and concrete a full basement. Their previous residence, which was the third farm that they owned, became the home of Uncle Orville and Aunt Nina (Carvey) Foor.

Grandpa seemed to be full of energy, and even though he was around 64 or 65 years of age, started going to Texas with Grandma and Uncle Lester and Aunt Madge. There, in McAllen, he purchased some lots on which he built rentals. The town grew, and so did the value of his property.

Grandpa was a good business manager, but Grandma managed to manage Grandpa whenever it became necessary.

He carried their cash on their Texas trips. My cousin, Dee Carvey, tells about the time that they left their motel and had driven fifty or more miles when Grandpa discovered that he had left his billfold. They returned to the motel and were perhaps even more surprised than relieved that the innkeeper was honest.

"I'll take that," Grandma said firmly. Grandpa meekly handed it over, and she thereafter was in charge of all cash while traveling.<sup>39</sup>

I always looked forward to visiting Grandma Carvey, for I knew that I would be showered with love and kindness. She had the reputation of seeing no bad in any of her grandchildren.

Grandpa was deathly afraid of snakes. When he was a young man the town bully, Elias Bills, threw a snake upon him after Grandpa had given him warning not to do so. It so upset Grandpa that he literally thrashed Mr. Bills to the point that he spent some time in the hospital.

The following newspaper article concerns Grandpa and his father, Peter Carvey.

### THE MACY SHOOTING AFFRAY - PETER AND JOHN CARVEY SHOT BY WM. BILBY

Several weeks ago the Kokomo papers contained sensational items of William Bilby kidnapping his own child from its mother, who had refused to live with her husband (Bilby), and was then keeping house for a relative in Kokomo. The sequel to this episode transpired at Macy on last Friday evening where Mrs. Bilby had gone to live with her brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Carvey. Bilby resides in Logansport, and on Friday went to Peru and while there was heard to threaten the life of Dr. Coe, of Mexico, whom it is understood he accuses of being to a certain extent, responsible for his trouble with his wife. He took the evening train at Peru for Macy,

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arriving there, went direct to the residence of Mr. Carvey. Bilby asked his wife to take a walk with him which she refused to do, and then he ate supper with the family, and all the time seemed in a very pleasant mood. After supper he started to go away and Mr. Carvey walked with him to the gate. Bilby asked Mr. C. to go on his bond for the maintenance of the child which he had taken at Kokomo, but Mr. Carvey refused to do so. They stood at the gate several minutes and indulged in a friendly chat, when Mr. Carvey, bidding him good bye, and telling him to come and see the child whenever he wanted to, turned toward the house, and had walked but a few steps when Bilby drew a revolver, and fired at him, striking him in the side, the bullet ranging downward and lodging in his abdomen. Mr. Carvey's son John ran out of the house to protect his father, when the murderous Bilby fired at him, striking him on the side of the head, where the bullet glanced off without doing much injury. Another son then came out and started after Bilby who turned and shot at him twice without effect, and then escaped to the woods and is still at large.

Before the shooting occurred, Bail Palmer, who lives in Macy, and is said to have come with Bilby from Peru, went to Farrer's livery stable and ordered the fastest team in the barn hitched up, and to be tied at a certain place, but Mr. Farrer, hearing of the shooting, ran to his team and took it back to the barn.

Evidently Bilby's intention was to kill his wife and then escape in the rig which Palmer is reputed to have hired, to Mexico, and there settle his trouble with Dr. Coe in the same way.

Mr. Carvey is seriously, though not necessarily fatally injured and may recover.

Mrs. Bilby was formerly the wife of Silas Horton, who committed suicide at Logansport several years ago by hanging. She afterward came to this city and formed the acquaintance of, and married Bilby, who was then working for Mr. A. Bowers, the lime dealer.

Many rumors are afloat of Mrs. Bilby's unfaithfulness to her husbands, which, no doubt, has much to do in giving her more than her share of this world's troubles. The Carvey family is highly respected in Macy, and in their affliction have the sympathy of the entire community.<sup>40</sup>

Mother was the oldest girl in her family, and the responsibility of helping raise the siblings fell heavily on her shoulders. She worked in the kitchen, did washing and ironing, cleaned house, and even helped in the fields. Her hands were not those of a lady of leisure.

She knew how to work, and did it willingly. She and Dad believed in buying only what they could afford. For years she cooked on a coal oil stove, had no ice box, no electric sweeper, no electric washer or dryer. She scrubbed all of our clothes by hand. We had a hot air furnace which she stoked during the day. I was in high school when she got her first electric washing machine, and it was not until I was in college that she finally got an electric refrigerator. Until then she never even had an ice box.

She also knew how to save. I remember her telling about when Dad was teaching at Union City, Indiana, they rented rooms from a Mr. McFarland, whose young son was beginning a career in the shoe retail business. The son would come home bragging about how

many dollars he had taken in during the day, and Mr. McFarland would say, "Well, son, it's not what you make but what you save."

This advice fit exactly into mother's thinking, and it is precisely what she tried to follow. She practiced make do, do over or do without. She would check all of the grocery sale items and then make the rounds of the stores. Dad would kid her about how much gasoline and time it took her to save those few pennies, but she persisted, saying that pennies become dollars.

Dad taught school in the winters and worked toward his A.B. degree each summer of their early married life. They were married April 20, 1912. Dad borrowed five dollars from his Mother and they went to Indiana University for his last year. He worked tending the furnace for their rent and assisted a professor by making drawings.

Mother told me that they would purchase a soup bone for five cents which would last them a week! I've never been hungry, but only because they were more than once.

He finished in the spring of 1915, and got his first job at Union City, Indiana. And, he repaid the five dollars to his mother!

He said that he got along well with all of his instructors while at I.U., but there was one in particular whose methods and temperament he did not like. That teacher would get started early in the semester downgrading and picking on a few students for no apparent reason and would continue until the end of the semester. Although Dad was spared this treatment, it so infuriated him that he vowed that before leaving school he would tell that teacher, Professor Schuyler C. Davisson, exactly what he thought of him. However, time did not permit this luxury.

After he was well into his year of teaching at Union City, he asked the trustee just why he had chosen Dad for the job, and, much to his surprise, the letter of recommendation had come from none other than Professor Davisson!

It is interesting to note that when he took me to the campus in the fall of 1932 to begin my college, the only teacher to whom he introduced me was Professor Davisson.

"Professor Davisson," Dad said, "You may not recall, but I was absent from class on January 15, 1915. My excuse was that we had a baby boy that night. I want you to meet my excuse."

Dad had a wonderful sense of humor. He loved a good joke, but he never told anything not fit for mixed company or children, and he would resent anyone belittling another for his race, creed, religion, handicap, appearance or ancestry. I guess he believed in civil rights before they were invented.

He and mother had a friend also attending Indiana University by name of Henry DuBois who was from someplace around Rochester. Henry enjoyed telling stories, perhaps because he had an appreciative audience. On one occasion he was standing on the back porch, which had no railing and was a couple of feet above the ground. He was facing Dad, having

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his back to the unguarded edge of the porch, and while telling a story he stepped back, falling to the ground in a sitting position. He was so engrossed in telling the joke that he never stopped talking until the story was finished, and then he got up.

Henry was proud of his heritage. He often said that his family was originally from France. He would sit back pompously and say: "DuBois is a French name. It was pronounced DooBwah. My great, great grandfather was Count DooBwah." Then Henry would lower his head and say, "Lord, how we've degenerated!"

Dad was principal of the high school at Roann, Indiana for a year. He liked to tell about the physics teacher who enjoyed playing ball with the students during recess . One recess they played right up to the ringing of the bell, when the teacher suddenly remembered that he had a test scheduled for them. Excitedly he yelled, "Everyone taking physics grab a sheet of paper and run to the laboratory!"

One student at Roann of whom Dad was very proud was John V. Beamer who later became a Congressman from Indiana.

Dad recognized talent, for he had plenty of his own. After teaching a year at Union City, Indiana, he spent a session at Chicago University, where he was admitted into Phi Delta Kappa, an honorary educational fraternity.



## *Heritage*

### CHAPTER II

#### PRE-SCHOOL

Mother and Dad had lived at Union City, Indiana and Roann, Indiana before moving to Akron, Indiana where Dad was the Principal of Akron High School. After a year we moved to North Manchester, Indiana where he was Principal of the Chester Township Grade School. We were there one year before returning to Akron where he was Superintendent of the Akron High School.

My first clear recollections are in North Manchester.

We lived in a frame house two blocks east and a half block north of the downtown section, where an automobile agency is now located. The house faced west while the back yard became the west bank of Eel River, which once flooded coming close to the back of our house.

Perhaps the most vivid memory of North Manchester is Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. The reason why it is so well remembered is that Mother, each day for at least a month, had me repeat what I saw and heard.

We then lived on the south side of the block on the main street just east of the downtown business section. A service station is located there now. I can still see a fire truck with men in uniform who were ringing a large bell, perhaps the size of a church or school bell. One thing that impressed me was that they were smoking cigarettes. I had been led to believe that soldiers were all good, but here they were doing something that Mother had taught me was bad. I learned that even the good are sometimes bad.

Dad was called as a witness to the Wabash Circuit Court in Wabash, Indiana in a suit by parents against a teacher who was alleged to have inappropriately punished a child. We were standing just inside the courtroom door when Dad was called to testify. I could not understand why I could not accompany him to the witness stand.

I often served as Special Judge in that same courtroom many years later, and each time I took a longing look at the place where Dad had left me to watch him testify.

I remember the commencement for graduates of Chester Township Grade School which was conducted in the church on the main street about three blocks west of our house.

Dad had contacted Fred Landis,<sup>41</sup> the well known editor, politician and speaker from Logansport, to give the address. Mr. Landis told Dad what he would charge, but Dad thought it

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Henry Z. Scheele, *Halleck, A Political Biography*, Exposition Press, 1966, p. 48: During depression years of 1932 and 1934 Democrats swept virtually every important political office in Indiana. Frederick Landis of Logansport, however, became Indiana's lone Republican congressman

was too much, so Mr. Landis agreed on a percentage of the ticket sales. Later Dad said that this made more for Mr. Landis than had he been paid the fee.

That evening Mr. Landis had dinner with us. My cousins, Wayne and Gerald Tombaugh, were there at the time. Mother had a glass dish filled with salted peanuts. This is easy to remember, for we seldom had such luxuries. Mr. Landis paced back and forth from room to room, and with each pass by the peanut dish he grabbed a hand full. His mind must have been on his speech, for every time he would go by us he would say, "Harya boys. Harya?" as if it were our first meeting.

The Chester Township School was across the river and over a mile from home. The folks never had owned an automobile. Come to think of it I wonder how they got where they wanted to go unless by train or interurban. They did not believe in borrowing money to buy luxuries, but they felt that an automobile was not really a luxury but a necessity in Dad's work. So they borrowed the money and made the bold step.

The next Sunday afternoon Dad took Mother and me for our first ride. The car was a Model T Ford touring car, complete with side-curtains that could be put on in case of rain. Only luxury cars were equipped with electric starters, so Dad had to manually crank it. After cranking what seemed like a long time, it finally started after a fashion. It sputtered and jerked, and rode something awful during the entire trip.

"Well," Mother exclaimed, "If that's what it's like, I don't like it!"

The next day Dad took it to the garage where it was discovered that three of the four sparkplugs were cracked.

About three years later Dad upgraded the car by adding a foot accelerator, commonly called a foot-feed, and a hand operated windshield wiper. We wondered, "What will they think of next?"

Dad was hired as Superintendent of the Akron High School, and we moved back to Akron in the summer of 1919. Our house, owned by a Mr. Waechter, was on the south side of East Rochester street, next door west of the Francis M. "Frank" and Emaline "Emma" (Haldeman) Pressnall home. Mr. Pressnall was assistant cashier of the Akron Exchange State Bank. The Pressnalls had a phonograph that played records about a quarter of an inch thick. That was long before anyone in the Tombaugh or Carvey families could afford such a luxury.

That winter Mother and I simultaneously got the flu that was spreading throughout the entire country and killing many of its victims. It struck her much harder than me, and her worry was who would raise me, for she felt that she would soon die. We recovered, but it probably weakened her system permanently.

She so wanted the best of everything for me. I remember that we were in the kitchen when she said that she prayed that I would not smoke or drink when I grew up. Although years

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in 1934 .... He contracted pneumonia and died on November 15, 1934, nine days after his election.

## *Pre-School*

later I experimented with each, that scene came to me and undoubtedly helped me to lead a life of which I wanted her to be proud.

Mr. Ginn, who lived across the street, had a cow. My job was to have him fill our quart milk can every couple of days. A couple years later we were having milk delivered. It came in bottles, and in sub-zero weather, if we let it stand out too long, the frozen cream would protrude a couple of inches above the top. It was not pasteurized, so the cream came to the top, and Mother used that for coffee. We never had pasteurized milk until about 1931 or 1932.

Since it was my nature to avoid problems rather than to solve them after they appeared, I seldom got into any real trouble.

We were a block north of the Winona Interurban which was an attraction to a curious five year old boy. One day I followed the tracks to the west. I knew what I was doing, for I wanted to see where they went, and was satisfied when I saw that they made a right turn toward the center of town. I then returned home without incident.

Someone who saw me several blocks from home had recognized me and notified Mother, who was most glad to see me. She thought that I had decided to run away, but that really wasn't even in my mind.

Dad coached the high school boys basketball team that year. A game was scheduled with Talma High School, eight or nine miles north-east of Rochester. A school bus, loaded with the boys, their equipment and Dad, headed out of Akron in a mild snow fall. By the time they reached Athens the snow was beginning to fall in earnest, and they became snowbound a couple of miles away from Talma where they remained a few days.

Fortunately for them the farmer had just done some butchering and was generous with the food. Dad and Norman Clair "Clair" Moore, who I believe was either captain of the team or its manager, were given the only extra bed, while the others piled down on the floor near the fire. Clair told me a few years ago that even though he and Dad got the bed, the others got the best place to sleep, as the bed was in an unheated bedroom.

They were there for at least two days before any roads became at all passable. All telephone communication was cut off and the Erie trains were unable to travel for at least two days.

Finally, they started home, getting as far as they could in the bus, and continuing on by foot. When they got to Athens they followed the Erie Railroad tracks back to Akron.

I remember how worried Mother had become, and how relieved she was when Tom Waite called to say that he had spotted them walking along the tracks.

In the summer of 1920 the folks bought their first home, which was on the same street a block nearer town, and located on the north side of the street next door east of Hubbard and Pearl (Leininger) Stoner. It seemed that we were destined to live near bankers, for Mr. Stoner

was cashier, later president, of the Akron Exchange State Bank,<sup>42</sup> while on the other side of the Stoners lived William A. and Annabel (Conrad) Patterson, Mr. Patterson being founder and president of the same bank.<sup>43</sup>

One of the first things that Dad caused to be done was have an outside basement entrance installed so Mother could more easily carry her washing to the clothes line in the back yard.

The water was heated by coils from the furnace, but there was a small wood burning laundry stove in the basement on which she placed a copper boiler. The clothes would be hand scrubbed on a scrub board and then boiled on the boiler, when they would be removed, rinsed several times, and finally hung on the line to get the fresh air and bleaching effect of the sunlight. One thing sure, we were always kept in clean clothes. And Mother saw that I was clean, checking behind my ears after each bath. She told me once that each day I should wash down as far as possible and up as far as possible, and on Saturdays I should wash possible. "And put on clean underclothes," she would say, "because if you get in an accident you don't want to be taken to the hospital in dirty ones!"

Dad always liked livestock. Once he decided to raise some rabbits for our food, but needed a hutch which he built in the basement. He measured very carefully, employing all of the geometry necessary to assure his being able to remove it through the new outside entrance. After it was completed, he decided that it needed to be covered with roofing paper. That made it too big, and he had to remove the door frame to get it out of the basement.

That remained a family joke for years.

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42 Shirley Willard, *Fulton County Folks*, Vol. 1, p. 17.

43 *Ibid.*, p. 13.

### CHAPTER III

#### SCHOOL

My first day in school came about a week after school had already started, which was in the fall of 1920. My birthday being in January made me only five years of age, so the folks waited until they determined whether the school had room for me.

Mother, of course, accompanied me. Although we lived but two blocks from school, I probably couldn't have made it by myself, for I really saw no reason why I should be in school. I was not very impressed by the other students, and I could tell that the feeling was mutual.

We went home for lunch and I told Mother that she didn't need to go back with me in the afternoon. It had occurred to me that the other mothers weren't there, and her presence somehow embarrassed me.

That evening Mother asked me how I liked school. "I don't like it," I said. "The kids stepped on my feet!"

I've learned that one of the challenges of life is keeping people from stepping on one's feet.

Mother's sister, Aunt Pauline Carvey, taught first grade in Peru for many years . I remember one visit to our house in Akron soon after I had entered school. She prescribed flash cards which she and Mother made. This was to help me learn to read. Perhaps it did, although reading never has been one of my favorite things to do.

I always attacked my studies more because it was a duty than a pleasure.

Miss Tural Haldeman was our first grade teacher. There were more students than one teacher should handle, so she was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Neva Kinder. We loved them both, but once I wasn't so sure about Miss Tural.

Charles H. Haldeman, who I believe was some of her relation, was seated next to me. One day we proceeded to carry on an important conversation to which Miss Tural objected. She never showed any temper, but her expression became stern, and we definitely understood what she thought when she sent Charles and me to the hall for a few minutes. Upon our return to class we felt it more important to pay attention than to converse.

A few years ago I saw Miss Turl and told her that I remembered when she sent me to the hall for talking.

"Why do all of my students remember the bad things?" she exclaimed.

Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey had bid off two or three roads around Leiters Ford, Delong and Bruce Lake Station, all in Fulton County, Indiana, expecting to use horses. They hired drivers and their teams, some of which were to pull the grader, some to do grubbing, some to pull slip scoops or wheelers for moving dirt, while others were for hauling gravel. At one time there were over one hundred teams hauling gravel. Farmers converted their farm wagons by removing the bed and installing sides, front and removable end and bottom. The bottom was made of long 2X4's running lengthwise of the wagon, each end of which was rounded to become hand-holds. As gravel would be shoveled off the load, first one board, then another would be removed or turned over to allow the gravel to fall through.

Often the teams did not seem to perform their best until the drivers used some profane language. In fact it was seldom that a driver did not curse and swear at his team.

The first cursing, swearing and vulgar language that I recall hearing was that summer. It seemed that almost everyone who worked on the road needed those words to properly express their thoughts. The folks didn't approve of it, and fortunately I didn't use it.

Then came six Ford gravel trucks. Those six trucks did the work that over one hundred teams had been doing! The trucks were owned, not by the partnership, known as Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey, but as follows: Grandpa and Dad each owned two trucks, while Uncle Lester and Uncle Orville Foor each owned one. Uncle Orville was married to Mother's sister, Nina Keturah Carvey.

I was with Dad in 1921 the day that the trucks were picked up from Finneren Motor Sales Co. on the east side of Main Street between 5th and 6th, first building south of the alley, in Rochester, Indiana.

The trucks were complete with cabs. They hauled approximately one cubic yard of material in the "gravity" dump bed. To dump the load the driver just pulled a lever which released a pin, and the bed flew up while at the same time the end-gate was opened. It was quick, but not very good for spreading while unloading.

We went to the service area of Finneren's where the dealer had prepared the trucks for delivery, and each of the drivers got his assigned truck which he drove around to Main street. The trucks were backed at an angle in front of the agency, and a picture was taken. Dad said that this was the first fleet of gravel trucks ever operated in Fulton County.

Included in the picture were: Ralph Finneren, Lester S. Carvey, Wendell C. Tombaugh, Jesse L. Tombaugh, Lew Wheatley, Estel Bemenderfer (salesman), and Orville Foor.

After the photograph was taken, the drivers returned the trucks to the service department where the mufflers were removed from every truck to give them more power! I don't know how much more power they had, but they sure had lots more noise! They could be heard for miles, and it was deafening inside the cabs.

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I was with Dad nearly every summer on road jobs from the summer of 1921 until I was through college. He was not just my dad, but my idol and my buddy. The episode of picking up the trucks is my first recollection of that long cherished relationship.

It required a full-time mechanic to keep the trucks running. In fact it was seldom that all six were running at the same time, but they proved to be a valuable investment.

Many farmers had expected to pick up extra money that summer with their teams. Although they were disappointed that they were displaced by the trucks, and some were angry, none of them caused any trouble in connection with completion of the work.

Some gravel was obtained from local pits and was loaded by hand. If the next truck was late, the shovelers necessarily had to wait, so Dad rigged up a small bin into which the men continued to shovel until the truck arrived. The bin was then emptied into the truck.

On one road it was more economical to purchase gravel from Million Bros. who operated a large commercial pit at Lake Cicott in Cass County. It was shipped via Pennsylvania Railroad to the siding at Bruce Lake Station, Fulton County, where it was unloaded by hand onto the new trucks. Dad had a bin made of wood which was hung onto the side of the railroad car, and the shovelers filled it. A gate and chute allowed the gravel to be emptied into the truck.

I was playing with Chauncey Lee Summers in his grandparent's general store at Bruce Lake Station when one of the men came rushing in and made an urgent telephone call for a doctor. I didn't hear what was said, but Chauncey said that Dad had been hurt, and might not live.

While opening the gate, the bin had come loose from the railroad car, pinning Dad against the truck. Only after a lot of shoveling and lifting by the men could he be freed. We got there about the time he was laid upon something for the purpose of carrying him to a back room of Crabill's general store.

"Be a good boy," Dad said as he was being carried past me. Later he said that he was sure that he was going to die. The doctor's opinion was that if the blow had been an inch one way or the other it undoubtedly would have killed him.

Chauncey's grandparents, Harrison and Nettie Crabill, graciously permitted Mother and me to remain there with Dad a few days until he was able to be moved to our temporary home in Leiters Ford, Indiana.

That summer the whole family rented a house in Leiters Ford from Mary Della "Della" Steinhiser one block north of Overmyer's general store. The house was on the northeast corner of the street intersection. As I see the house today, I wonder how we all had room, for besides Mother, Dad and me, were Grandpa and Grandma Carvey, Uncle Orville and Aunt Nina Foor, and Uncle Lester, Aunt Madge and my cousin Dee Carvey.

I remember the Fourth of July that year. Others were getting ready to take the day off, visiting and watching fireworks, but Dad and Mother picked blueberries which Mother canned. She was somewhat peeved that she had to work while others were out enjoying themselves, but Dad appealed to her thrifty nature, reminding her that while others were spending money, they were saving it.

About the only time I ever associated with Bernard Bridegroom in Leiters Ford he had a pack of cigarettes. We went to the little barn behind our house where we proceeded to light up. I became worried that my breath would give me away, but he assured me that if I ate onions or pickles no one would know. I immediately went to the house and ate some pickles. No one ever said anything about my smoking, so I assumed that the pickles worked.

Second grade was spent in Akron Grade School. That year school made very little impression upon me, but I remember that I had acquired two friends: Gordon Trout and Harry Huppert.

During recess, while the other children were playing on the slide, swings and revolving swings, Gordon, Harry and I would sit and talk under the fire escape, which was on the north side of the building.

I was on my way home from school to celebrate my seventh birthday when the Harmon brothers teased me, seemingly trying to restrain me. I think one of them was named Darius, but I cannot recall the other's name. It was all fun for them, but pretty frustrating for me. They finally released me, but my birthday was not up to par that year. I concluded that I must be a born coward, and should thereafter try to avoid trouble at all costs.

I liked spelling, and usually did well with it. Once in the third grade taught by Miss Edith Studebaker, I wanted to be sure of remembering my words for a forthcoming test. The desks had been freshly varnished and glistened like new. I made the unforgettable mistake of writing the words on the desk top, soon learning that they were not temporarily there, but had been scratched into the new varnish.

I was worried, but thought that no one would notice, but one of my classmates told me that I was in real trouble because the teacher had seen it and had showed it to the Principal, Mr. Fred Blackburn. He was stern looking, husky, and I thought determined that infractions should not go unpunished.

My day was ruined, although no teacher had said anything to me.

The next morning I preferred to stay in bed claiming a head ache and stomach ache and leg ache and ache all over. Mother gave me a lot of sympathy, and finally told me that Dad had already talked to Mr. Blackburn who said that if I would say I was sorry and that I never would do it again I would not get the spanking that I knew I deserved. Mr. Blackburn never could have known how sorry I was!

The next Saturday Dad went to the school and personally refinished the desk which had been replaced by another.

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This episode covered me with a feeling of love and security that has protected me all of my life.

Joseph "Joe" A. Madeford always had difficulty with spelling and would cry every time that he flunked a spelling quiz. Spelling seemed to be my long suit, and I am sure I must have offended him with some cutting remark about his spelling. I was on my roller skates on the sidewalk in front of the Library at Akron, when he proceeded to push me onto the grass. That seemed to be sufficient, for the fight promptly ended, and we continued to be friends.

One of my most brilliant classmates in all of my school years was Charles Daniel Smith, known as Daniel or "Dan." Whatever was being studied, he knew more about the subject than was to be found in our books, and he presented it without braggadocio. In fact he was surprisingly modest.

He lived on a farm about one and one-half miles south of Akron on what is now State Road 19. One Sunday he invited me to Sunday School and chicken dinner with him and his parents and brother, David. I lived only a short two blocks from school, and must have been in pretty weak condition, for it was all that I could do to keep up with him on our walk to his house. My excuse must have been that I was unusually small for my age and he had inherited height from his mother who was the daughter of Dan Leininger whose offspring all seemed to me to be tall.

One of my gradeschool playmates was Bernard Clayton, Jr., who lived just a block west of us in Akron. He was a couple of years younger than I, but large for his age. He was naturally tall, and had sort of a dare-devil disposition. Once we were playing on a tree stump in front of their house. Bernard went to their house, returning with a shell from a revolver and a hammer. He placed the shell on the stump and began hitting it with the hammer. I had been warned about the danger of playing with firearms and shells and told him not to hit the shell, but he assured me he had done it before and it would only make a loud noise. I kept a discreet distance, and fortunately he quit before the cartridge was discharged.

I saw him a few times at Indiana University. Once Dan Smith, Bernie and I attended a movie. I had forgotten the picture but Dan's diary of Saturday, Sept. 12, 1936 reads: "Went with Bernie and Wendell to see 'China Clipper'. Bum show, good photography. Home via Book Nook."<sup>44 45</sup>

Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey had at least two roads to build during the summer of 1923. Grandpa was usually in charge of dirt moving and grading, while Uncle Lester and Dad generally handled the gravel. That summer Uncle Lester was building a road at Macy, while Grandpa and Dad were performing the largest and most difficult construction job that the firm had yet encountered.

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44 Charles Daniel Smith, Springtime in Paradise, *Diary and Reminiscences of an Indiana Boy*, "Fulton County Historical Society Quarterly" Vol. 59, p. 162.

45 Bernard Clayton, Jr., lived in Akron where his father published *The Akron News*. At Indiana University Bernard, Jr. majored in journalism and later worked for *The Indianapolis Star* and for *Time-Life*. More recently he published books on bread baking.

It was located near Lake Cicott, which is about seven miles west of Logansport, Cass County, Indiana.

A portion of the road was to be rerouted over a hill that dropped off nearly one hundred feet. The job called for making a deep cut in the hill while filling the ravine. It looked good on the blueprints, but to accomplish what was needed was something else. A used steam shovel was purchased especially for the job. It was moved to the top of the hill, where it was first used to throw some dirt over the side. Finally it had made a sufficient cut that the Ford gravel trucks could go over a perilously steep incline to haul the dirt to the desired places to be filled. At this point the task became somewhat more easy. By today's standards the job was not large, and could be done in a fraction of the time. But it took all of the summer of 1923 to grade and gravel the three to four miles, and to construct a few cement headers.

Lloyd Smith was the full-time mechanic who had the duty of maintaining the six Ford trucks and the steam shovel. He and his wife and two children, Rosanna and Jake, camped near the foot of the big hill in what appeared to be a long-abandoned shack. Rosanna, the older of the two children, was my age and had been a classmate at Akron. Only a couple of times did I see them, however, since most of my time was spent at our house in the village of Lake Cicott.

Mother and Dad had rented a house from Mr. and Mrs. Webster, who operated a restaurant across the alley south of our house. I have to stop and think of directions there, for all summer I was turned around in that little town. It is strange, but even today I can be perfectly oriented until I reach the edge of Lake Cicott when I immediately become turned around!

The town consisted of Webster's restaurant and dance hall, a grocery store, depot and Million Bros. sand business all on the south side of the main highway, and a barber shop, restaurant, dance hall, church and the lake on the north side.

The Websters had two boys, Kenneth "Kenny", who was about my age, and his older brother, Parke. Kenneth and I spent many hours together. His father was a member of the Ku Klux Klan, and Kenneth was wide-eyed about the organization that taught hate for Catholics, Jews, negroes and foreigners, and was guided by D. C. Stephenson.<sup>46</sup> Kenny was proud of the jingle that he claimed to have made up: "I wouldn't be a Catholic for a million bucks, 'cause I want to be a Ku Klux." The Klan was reaching its peak of political power and corruption in Indiana, and many jobs were obtained or lost by people who belonged or didn't belong.

One night the Klan had a big parade in Monticello which the folks and I attended. Dad and Mother were very much against the organization, but wanted to see what took place. I have no clear recollection, but am sure that Mr. Stephenson was there. I do remember hundreds of white-sheeted marchers, some carrying flags, and I believe a large cross was burned in the downtown square. It was awesome and frightening.

I saw D. C. Stephenson when I was a freshman in Culver High School. The senior class was chaperoned by Dad and Mother on a visit to the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City. Mr. Stephenson, who had been sentenced for the death of Miss Madge Oberholtzer, was

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pointed out to us as he worked as a laborer in one of the shops. The Klan in Indiana had been decimated by that time, but only after it had sowed its seeds of hate and prejudice.

A bit of national news that I heard came from Kenny, who told me that President Warren G. Harding had just died. Although I had never heard of President Harding, the news of his death was sufficient for me to remember.

It appeared to be a time of progress for the Websters. As I watched they installed a 32 volt Delco electric plant. What a thrill it was to see electric lights for the first time ever in this little village. The plant ran a lot during the day, charging a row of batteries from which power was obtained to light the restaurant at night. There were also two or three small electric fans with no larger than six inch blades.

On Saturday nights they held square dances in the adjoining room south of their restaurant. Our house was across the alley north of the restaurant, but I went to sleep every Saturday night listening to the music and the caller. After each dance the caller would say, "Four more. Fill up the floor!" As the evening progressed the crowd became noisier. I often wondered if they were there primarily to dance or to drink. Apparently they were reasonably well-behaved because I never heard of any fights or necessity to call the law.

About once a week a farmer would drive his buggy to Lake Cicott and park it at a hitching rack located between our house and the Good Bros. grocery store. With him he brought his ragged four or five year old boy who was directed to sit in the buggy until the father returned. The father would board the train for Logansport where he would drink most of the day, returning late in the afternoon. Mother and Mrs. Webster were much concerned about the poor little boy who had nothing to eat, so they always gave him his lunch.

The Good Bros. maintained the post office in a corner of their grocery store. The building was made of brick but appeared to be old. The distinctive feature of their store was the carbide lights which must have been installed near the turn of the century. In spite of their obvious age and obsolescence they gave off a very white and bright light.

One of the Good brothers took me in his boat one day for a couple of hours of fishing. I'm sure he thought he was doing his good deed for the day, but fishing seemed to be a perfect waste of time, and I could hardly wait to get home and do something useful.

I was beginning to get interested in electricity. I can look back and I know that my interest had been kindled by Dad, for he had taken me to the telephone office in Akron where he purchased two dry cell batteries. Unlike today when telephones are powered at the telephone office, it required two dry cells at every residence to power the telephone. Mr. Horace Larrew, the manager, obtained the cells from a barrel in which they had been packed in excelsior. Then Dad purchased a small socket and a 3-volt bulb. It was this that I had taken with me to Lake Cicott.

Grandma Carvey came to visit for a few days. After supper, in fact after it became quite dark, she said that she was going to the "out house." I was quite solicitous and offered to rig up my electric light for her to carry. Mother gave me a metal kettle into which I placed the batteries and the light. But the light wouldn't burn. After much experimenting, Mother said

that I'd better let it go so Grandma could get to the toilet. But I insisted on continuing to make it work, and Grandma waited until the light was fixed. I was so proud as she walked back the path carrying my light. I never knew if she got there in time!

The only time in my life that I ever went mushroom hunting was with Mrs. Webster, Kenny and Mother. We searched in a large woods just east of Lake Cicott. Neither Mother nor I were able to find many, but Mrs. Webster, whom Mother thought must be part Indian, found many of them that we had walked over.

Million Bros. operated a sand pit about a quarter of a mile south of our house. The sand was loaded by a steam shovel or clam shell into cars which ran on a "dinky" railroad. They were pulled by a very small steam engine to the bins located across the street east of our house. The cars were then connected to a steel cable which pulled them to the top of the bins where they were unloaded one at a time over their sides. From the bins the sand was loaded into railroad cars for shipment to foundries in Northern Indiana as moulding sand.

Carl Million, who lived across the street, frequently played with Kenny and me. One day Carl took me to visit his grandmother who must have lived approximately five miles north of us. When we were ready to return home she gave us a watermelon, which we struggled to carry the even longer five miles, and we were nearly exhausted when we got as far as the depot. The agent said, "I'll give you a dime for it." We accepted, earning five cents each, which soon went for candy. It then occurred to me that we had worked pretty hard for a bar of candy!

It was customary for one of the farmers living along the road to invite the contractor and his employees for a celebration dinner upon completion of the job. This time was no exception, and a young farmer and his wife who lived near the far end of the road had everyone in for a huge feast. Many of the neighbor women helped prepare the meal, and mother had gone ahead of me to help that morning. I started walking from Lake Cicott and was beginning to get tired before I was even half way there when the lady at whose house the dinner was served came by and picked me up. She was driving an open car which was of the very early 1900 vintage. Other than the delicious meal and the old automobile I have no recollection.

So much happened during my fourth grade, which was the school year 1923-24, that it requires special attention.

Dad made arrangements to attend Teachers College, Columbia University in New York City, but he was not able to leave the road construction business until school had already begun.

Akron was composed of around a thousand people who were all white, all Protestant, and predominantly of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. The extent of my travels were only as far away as Rochester and Peru, Indiana. Everything that I was to see was new and different, and was to impress me for the rest of my life.

Dad and Mother took a step up by purchasing a new 1923 Buick touring car. It was luxury from the front bumper to the spare tire which hung on the back end. It was equipped

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with an electric starter, a motor-meter consisting of a thermometer that was built into the radiator cap, and a horn that said "aaogaa!" We carried with us everything that we were to need. On the left running board Dad had installed a rack to hold the luggage. How they got everything into that little space I just don't know. Perhaps some things were necessarily carried on the floor of the back seat.

There were no road maps, and directions had to be obtained frequently. Often they consisted of something like going to a school house and turning right. Most roads had no names or numbers, and they were nearly all gravel. Even many towns had no paved streets.

We traveled to Fort Wayne and on east until what seemed to be late at night when we reached the southern shore of Lake Erie. Dad drove the car upon the beach, and we slept in the car. I awoke and saw for the first time in my life one of the Great Lakes with two or three foot waves decorated with whitecaps rolling over themselves until they finally flattened upon the beach.

I really do not recall anything else about the trip until we reached the Hudson River. How big it was, and how big the skyscrapers of New York appeared from New Jersey. Nothing seemed to be real. "I must be having a dream!" I thought.

There was no tunnel and there was no bridge. We waited in line with many other cars, and finally our turn came to drive upon the ferry. There must have been twenty or thirty automobiles and a hundred or more people on foot that went aboard. The exciting ride was over much too soon.

Ed Sparks, the Erie Railroad station agent in Akron, had a sister, Helen Sparks, who was attending Columbia University for an advanced course in nurses training. During the summer we met her at the home of Edward C. and Kennie A. Sparks. At that time she offered to locate an apartment, which she had done by the time we arrived.

It was at 623 W. 136th Street, several blocks north of the University, which extended from around 116th street to 121st street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue.

After getting us settled into the apartment, Dad put the car in a large public garage for winter storage.

The landlady was a Mrs. Waterman. Her name was easy to remember because I had a fountain pen by the same name. Mother asked her, "Where is the nearest school?"

She replied by directing us to a school only two or three blocks east, where Mother enrolled me early the next morning.

That was one of the most frightening experiences of my life!

The teacher seemed old and cross, and obviously she expected perfection. If a student failed to spell a word correctly he had to walk forward, hold out his hand with palm up, while she hit a hard blow with a wooden ruler. It sounded as if every bone in the hand had been

broken. I was too frightened to have spelled anything had she called upon me. Fortunately, she must not have been all mean, for she overlooked me that morning.

At noon, Mother came to get me out of that school. She had learned that it was not a public school, but a Jewish orphanage! But the principal seemed reluctant to let me go, saying that many of the city people sent their children there instead of to the public school.

Finally he released me, whereupon Mother took me a few blocks north and east to the public school. When I was enrolled, the principal said that since I came from a small town with a shorter school term I would be set back into the third grade.

I didn't understand much of what was going on that day, for only a few of the children could speak English! There were children the likes of which I had never seen before. I remember some Italians, some Orientals, some perhaps from central Europe and some Jewish children. I do not recall there being any black children. Most of the students appeared to be poorly dressed, or at least unusually dressed, but played hard and screamed loudly during the noon break. I was not afraid of the teacher. She seemed to understand my situation, for at noon she told one boy to accompany me and show me something which I did not understand. It turned out to be a monkey in a store where candy was sold to the children. There were dozens of children crowded in front of the store window watching with delight.

Dad had given me a new pencil of which I was very proud. When we got back to class it was gone. That, along with all of the new surroundings, and my having been put back a grade, just about spoiled the day for me.

The next day Mother accompanied me for the purpose of taking me out of the school. The Principal said that it was impossible, for if I did not attend school while in New York the truant officer would prosecute my parents. Finally Mother told him that I would be tutored privately by her and that Dad held a valid teacher's license. Although his license was undoubtedly valid only in Indiana, the Principal let me go.

I was not a good pupil when in school, and learned less under her guidance. It was not her fault, for she certainly tried to get me to study. Years later they told me that she and Dad talked it over, realizing that Dad was getting his education, but that I was not.

Within only a few days we moved nearer the University to 540 West 122nd Street, Apartment 65, which was on the south-east corner of Broadway and 122nd Street, and Dad applied for my admission to Horace Mann Grade School, located between 120th and 121st on the east side of Broadway, just one block from our apartment. It was owned and operated by Columbia University as an experimental school, attracting children of the University students and some children from very wealthy parents.

Dad was getting his Masters Degree in Education, but my tuition cost more than his!

Before I was accepted I was given an I.Q. test. School started at the usual time in the morning and continued until about 11:00 a.m. We then went to the cafeteria where we purchased our choice of lunch, consisting of a sandwich, milk or cocoa and fruit. After lunch

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we returned to class until about 1:00 or 1:30 when school was dismissed. However, the school day was not supposed to end then.

Back in Indiana we had some study periods throughout the day, so not all of our studies were done at home. But at Horace Mann there were no study periods, just classes, so all of our preparation for the next day necessarily had to be done at home. Mother and Dad prescribed that immediately after school until around 4:00 p.m. I could play, but then I had to study. The system must have worked for me, for, although I had had a rocky and late start I passed fourth grade in the spring, leaving a week before classes ended.

I struggled through long division and French. The other subjects left little impression upon me. One assignment, however, does stand out in my mind. I'm sure that Mother did most of the work, for poetry was something that I never understood or appreciated. Anyway, after she pulled and prodded me, the poem, for which she should be given full credit, written on May 2, 1924, is as follows:

One day of each year is set aside,  
To honor each of our mothers,  
We go to church and wear a flower  
And celebrate with others.

The whole school met weekly in the auditorium for convocation, which was usually a speech by someone other than faculty. On one occasion the speaker told about witnessing the horrible living conditions in China. He said that people lived under porches and many were forced to eat dog meat! Why this struck me as funny, I'll never know, but I snickered aloud, while a classmate next to me started a conversation with me. In fact there were four of our class who caused some kind of disruption that day.

Our teacher, Miss Young, who generally had a countenance of all business and no nonsense, punctuated that appearance with a statement that we were required to tell our parents about it and return next morning to find out what was to be done.

I concluded that most of the troubles of my long life had been caused by opening my mouth!

The next morning we were lined up before our class. After a long lecture by Miss Young, she said that each of us must apologize to the class. Believe it or not, I didn't know what the word meant! I was horrified that she might call upon me first, but fortune smiled upon me when she told my friend and frequent playmate, John Shumaker, to talk first.

His speech was very short. "I'm sorry I did it, and I'll never do it again," he said with great emotion.

That's exactly what I said, but I'm sure that I put more feeling into the lines.

John Shumaker's father and mother had been missionaries. Mr. Shumaker was attending Columbia University. They were very clean, neat and religious. They had me for

dinner once at their apartment at 506 West 122nd Street, and I was very impressed by the dignity expected of John. He even had his own napkin ring and knew how to use it! It was the first that I had ever seen.

One day immediately after school John and I were together when we were met by a lady who had been hired to take him for a walk. She asked if I wished to go along, and I said that I did. "Are you sure it will be alright with your Mother?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, she won't care," I replied.

We walked south on Amsterdam Avenue for what seemed like several miles until we came to a large pond located in a grassy and wooded area. It was Central Park, and by the time we got home it was dusk and I could hardly drag one foot ahead of the other. It never took much to worry Mother, and this time I could tell that she really was worried about me. She was so glad that nothing had happened to me she hugged and kissed me, apparently forgetting to give me the stern lecture which I expected.

Of course my absence did not worry me, for she had made me recite to her my name, New York address, and Indiana address daily for a week or two, so I knew that if I became lost, all that was necessary was to find the nearest policeman.

I was never one to defend myself. In fact my procedure was to avoid confrontations at all costs. One of the boys with whom I played ball began what I thought an unwarranted attack upon me each day for a couple or three days. Each of these I would report to Dad. At last he got red in the face and said that it was time that I started defending myself, and that if I came home once more complaining about being picked upon I would get a thrashing.

Sure enough, the next day the same boy, James Gracy, started after me and succeeded to sock me in the eye. This infuriated me, and I started after him. What really infuriated me even more was the fact that he got away and I hadn't laid a hand on him.

When I got home I ran into the house carrying a swollen black eye and said that I was in a fight but that I chased the other boy away. This satisfied Dad, and apparently it satisfied James Gracy, for he never approached me thereafter.

Our living quarters consisted of one small room and we shared the kitchen with the people from whom we rented: Arthur D. and Hope Hollingshead. He was attending the University and had rented the apartment, subleasing one room to us and one to another student, Mr. Thomas, whom I believe was from Thomasville, Georgia, or Thomasville, Alabama.

Hope had spent some time in China, her parents having been missionaries. She was pert and vivacious, and I fell for her as much as Mother and Dad did. She got a job downtown as sales clerk and immediately Mother got a job during Christmas season selling ladies gloves at Arnold & Constable, one of the large downtown department stores.

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Their hours were about the same, and they traveled on the subway together, getting on and off at 116th and Broadway. That station was preferable to the one at 125th street because the neighborhood appeared to be much more safe.

Sometime after the sales job ended, Mother did research for a professor at the University. She read and briefed books which he selected. Pretty good for a girl with no college education! Her earnings paid for my lunches.

Grandpa Carvey believed that dancing and card playing were sins, and would not allow cards to be brought into their house. But Hope somehow convinced Mother that dancing and card playing were not necessarily evil. She taught Mother some basic dance step and with Holly and Dad they went to the Merry Garden Ballroom one Saturday evening. To my knowledge this was the only time that my parents ever attended a dance. Mother never liked jazz, but she must have enjoyed the music, for I could often hear her singing or humming "I Love You" and "Linger A While," a couple of the songs which they had heard that night.

Mother's early years seemed to have left the impression upon her that Catholics and Jews were "bad" people. I think it was because many Protestant preachers predicted Hell and brimstone for anyone not of the Protestant faith. She gained tolerance for others when she and Dad saw the hit play on Broadway, "Abie's Irish Rose." Apparently the play had more of a message than mere humor.

My most memorable New Year's Eve was December 31, 1923. The folks awakened me that I might hear the noise from Times Square twelve miles away. Horns were blown and bells were rung amid a swelling background of resounding noise. Suddenly the year was 1924.

A big attraction that spring was when the entire Atlantic Fleet anchored on the Hudson River, which was only about four blocks west of our apartment. A couple of those huge ships would cover Akron, Indiana from one end of town to the other!

I got my first view of dinosaur skeletons and mummys when we visited the museums, and saw huge snakes and sea horses at the Brooklyn Zoo. We walked half way across the Brooklyn Bridge and could see the Statue of Liberty in the distance. We saw "The Covered Wagon" at the Hippodrome Theatre, the largest theatre in the world. We saw the Woolworth Building, 792 feet high, then the tallest building in the world. We rode on the subway. And one nice Sunday afternoon Dad got the Buick out of storage and took Wilson Weisel and his parents, Mother and me to Long Island for a swim. It seemed to take hours to get there and hours to get home, for traffic, which was directed at intersections by policemen, was backed up at least a mile or two at all times. At the beach Dad found a starfish, which I still have. Another time Mother, Dad, Helen Sparks and I rode in the Buick past West Point and had a picnic lunch near Bear Mountain.

While playing one day on 120th Street I met William "Bill" Russell. He attended an exclusive private grade school a few blocks northeast of our apartment building. His father was Dean of Men at Columbia University, and they resided in an apartment located on the northwest corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 120th Street.

Of all friends that I ever had, he seemed to make more impression upon me than any. He was undoubtedly a brilliant student. He was the first Catholic that I ever knew. He believed that donations should be given to the Red Cross, not the Salvation Army. He was inquisitive, wanting to know what made a radio operate. He was level-headed, always exercising care while playing. He was aggressive, and I thought destined for leadership.

Mother had him and his brothers, Tom and Dick, to our apartment for dinner in celebration of my 9th birthday.

When we parted in the spring I promised to see him the next year, as Dad expected to return to get his Doctor's degree. But we did not return, and I failed to keep in touch with him. I've often wondered how life has treated him.

It occurred to me that Wendell was not a very good name. What I needed was a name like Bill or Tom or Dick, so I told my folks that thereafter I wanted to be called "Bill." When we got back home my cousins, Wayne, Gerald and Bob, went out of their way for a few years to comply with that wish.

Helen Sparks accompanied us back home to Indiana. We visited Washington, D.C., Mount Vernon, and Gettysburg, and then followed the old National Road as far as Richmond, Indiana. We didn't know until many years later when Jean was checking our family history that we passed literally within a stone's throw of the home which my great-grandfather, George Tombaugh, Jr., left when he came to Indiana around 1840.

We happened to be in Washington on Memorial Day, so we went to Arlington Cemetery, and heard President Calvin Coolidge deliver his Memorial Day Address. I remember the procession of dignitaries who emerged from the amphitheatre after his speech. They included Chief Justice William Howard Taft and the President, along with perhaps a dozen others, all of whom were dressed in top hats and swallow tail coats. The President paid tribute to the Unknown Soldier by placing a wreath on or beside his tomb. To a nine year old boy from Akron, Indiana it was pretty impressive!

As we began our descent down our first mountain, Dad said, "Here's where we'll cheat old John D." Putting the car in neutral we began coasting down the mile or more grade, while Dad put more and more pressure on the brake pedal. Soon a car got even with us and the driver yelled, "Your brakes are on fire!" Dad remained cool--you might say that he remained cool under (or over) fire-- while Mother kept yelling: "We're going to burn up!"

We lost about a half day getting new brake shoes, and Dad learned that the car should never be taken out of gear when going down any mountain or hill.

We were in some town in Indiana, perhaps Peru, when Dad called to tell Grandma and Grandpa that we would see them soon. It was then that he learned that Uncle George was ill and not expected to live.

What had been a perfect trip was almost destroyed for Dad.

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A few days after we got back to Akron I was with Dad in the Hosman drug store when he was telling Earl Arter, the pharmacist, about the trip. Earl appeared to be quite interested, and asked several questions which Dad eagerly answered. Only one answer remains in my memory: "We went 38 to 40 miles an hour all the way!" That was considered to be "cutting the wind" in 1924.

My fifth grade was back in Akron and was taught by Seth Carpenter. The fifth grade class was in the same room as the sixth grade. Sometimes it was difficult to study, because I was interested in what was going on in the other class. About all that I remember about that school year was a spelling bee which pitted our class against the sixth graders. It was great fun, even though we lost.

Radios were just getting started. Of course we could not afford one, but Barney Burrows, the Ford agent who lived next door east of us, got an Atwater Kent. He urged Dad to purchase a speaker shaped like a horn, and then Mr. Burrows ran a wire from his set to our speaker. His choice of programs was necessarily ours also. Only one program can I remember.

Harry Snodgrass, a prisoner in the Missouri State Prison, was an exceptionally talented piano player, and the prison authorities encouraged him by permitting him to broadcast over a Jefferson City, Missouri, radio station every Monday evening. Everyone that we knew in and around Akron who had access to a radio listened, and I was allowed to stay up a little later on that one night to hear the "king of the ivories." One song that he played may have been his theme song, for I'm sure he played it on each broadcast. It was "Three O'clock in the Morning."

He was released on January 16, 1925, and was to go on a vaudeville circuit at a salary of \$500 a week. Prior to entering prison he was a common laborer.<sup>47</sup> I never hear "Three O'clock in the Morning" without wondering how life treated him, and how he treated life, upon his release.

Entertainment in Akron was limited. Only a few people could afford radios. The theatre changed shows once or twice a week. And Gentry Bros. Dog and Pony Show came but once a year. Occasionally the school would present a play. Of course nearly everyone went to the high school basketball games.

By today's standards the game of basketball was slow, for after each score the opposing centers would jump at the center circle, and there was no time-line so it was common practice for the team leading by a few points to win by keeping the ball from their opponents.

The gym at Akron was so small that the baskets were hung on the walls. The player would dribble to the basket, placing one foot on the wall gaining altitude to dunk the ball in the basket. There were no electric scoreboards. Score was displayed to the crowd by means of large cards which were hung on hooks by a student who was perched upon a small platform on the wall opposite the bleachers. I believe it was Rex Bender who performed that awesome feat.

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*News-Sentinel*, Rochester, Ind., Thursday, Dec. 11, 1924 and Thursday, Jan. 15, 1925.

That seemed like an awfully important job to me. Although the team probably lost more games than it won, it had unflinching support of the yelling and screaming fans.

Once a man came in his private railroad car and was prepared to give an illustrated lecture, accompanied by motion pictures, at the Methodist Church about a trip he had taken to a foreign country. The picture had just begun when the film was suddenly consumed by fire. There was no other damage. I thought his lecture lacked something, for I had gone prepared to watch a movie.

That year two big news items were the talk of everyone. It was the year that Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold were given life sentences for the murder of 14 year old Robert Franks. It was also the year that Floyd Collins died after being pinned for several days in a cave in Kentucky. In a sense Collins had brought his misfortune upon himself by being where there was possible danger, and Loeb and Leopold definitely were responsible for their predicament, while Franks was a victim without fault. From these tragedies I learned that there are some things we can control, and some things we cannot.

Aunt Goldie purchased a Victrola, made by the Victor Talking Machine Co. whose trade mark was a dog listening before a large speaker entitled "His master's voice."

Besides recordings of vocal and instrumental music, there were monologues and skits. One that Bob Tombaugh and I played over and over was by a blackface pair named Moran and Mack called "Two Black Crows." The fact that we had heard it many times before never prevented us from laughing until our sides hurt.

About the same time Grandpa Carvey also got a Victrola, and I spent hours listening to someone sing "Down by the Winnegar Works," and Cal Stewart rendering a monologue about Uncle Josh.

One day a boy told me that if some hairs from the tail of a white horse were placed in a pan of water overnight they would turn into snakes. When I told Dad, he said, "Try it." I must have done something wrong, for the next morning all that I had were the horse hairs.

Dad was hired as Superintendent of the Culver Public Schools in the summer of 1925, so I attended my sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth grades there.

The nearby Culver Military Academy employed a few blacks who made their homes in the town of Culver, and some of their children attended Culver High School. These people were highly respected, and there seemed to be no feeling of tension between the races. A couple of the black boys played basketball on our team. When the team went to Plymouth to participate in the Sectional Tournament, the hotel would not allow the black boys to register, but their teammates got around that by entering them via the fire escape.

My long suit was avoiding trouble, but there have been times that I would forget. Once Dad announced before the assembly room that there was to be a meeting that evening, and that although the building would be open, no one was to play basketball in the gymnasium which was located directly under the assembly room. Another boy and I decided that we could play quietly anyhow. I've seen Dad really angry with me only a couple of times, and this was

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one of them. What hurt me much worse than a thrashing would have was his announcing before everyone in school that he was disappointed that his own son had disobeyed his order. I can still see Principal Frank McLane smiling at me in my disgrace.

Nearly every Saturday I spent shooting baskets with the basketball. I was too small and never athletically built or inclined to be on the team. However, one noon, my Freshman year, our class was pitted against the Sophomore class team. I sat on the bench a long time, but at last my time came when they put me in as guard. I had no idea where I was to play, but took my stand to the left of the center line when our team got the ball. It was immediately passed to me, whereupon at least three tall hulks came after me. I couldn't pass for I couldn't see anyone to pass to around those fellows. Since they were coming at me from the sides and from behind, all that I could do, I thought, was to shoot. Even though I was at the center of the gym, somehow I shot and it clipped the net. I was immediately removed before I could spoil my perfect record, and never again got an opportunity to play on our class team. It was years before I was able to shoot the ball from that great distance again! Fright or excitement really does give us added strength.

I never had a lot of friends at one time, but managed to have one close friend wherever we lived.

In Culver my friend was John Werner, whose father ran a jewelry shop in the front of the theatre. He was behind me one year in school, but we were both interested in scientific things. We read Popular Mechanics and Popular Science, and he was quite interested in what was being written about sending moving pictures by radio - something called Television. He explained how the feat had been accomplished mechanically with a photo-electric cell and scanning disc, and he was endeavoring to construct one. I doubt if he ever attained his goal, but he did understand the method.

John's brother, Bob Werner, who was about three years older than I, once decided to become a boxer. He practiced for at least a week or two, and was so ready for his first bout that he even purchased a robe with his ring name in bold letters: "One Round Weener." That name was prophetic, for he lasted but one round and never returned to the ring!

The Werner family lived in an apartment above the theatre which was owned by Pete Osborn, who was the father of the banker, William O. Osborn. A few times John and I went out their back door and into the projection room. The room was enclosed with fireproof material, and was really a dangerous place to be, for much of the film was not yet "safety" film. Talkies were just coming to small towns. The pictures were on the normal size movie film while the sound was on large phonograph records. The system worked fine as long as there were no parts of the picture missing, but occasionally film would have broken and been patched with a few frames missing, so the sound would become not synchronized with the picture.

One Saturday Pete Osborn hired a half dozen of us boys to distribute handbills in nearby towns. We must have covered five or six small towns. We got no money for the job, only a free ticket to the movies plus our lunch. It was mid or late afternoon before we could eat the weiners and sauerkraut that was served. Few meals have ever tasted better!

I began hanging around Rector's drug store after we had been in Culver about a year. Steffen Rector, the pharmacist son of Nathan Rector who owned the store, was a man of many talents all of which were of interest to me. He repaired small appliances, developed film and printed pictures for customers, and knew how to build radios.

George Stabenow, the Commerce teacher, knowing of my interest in radio, gave me almost enough parts for one. Not knowing the first thing about how to put them together, I took them to Steffen, who within a day or so built me a one-tube set. From him I purchased headphones, some dry batteries and the antenna along with insulators and lightning arrestor. The one hundred foot antenna would work best when strung in a north-south direction, he told me. Fortunately that is the only way it could be installed in our yard.

Everything was ready except for a storage battery.

Mr. Pura, an Orthodox Jew who had come from Russia many years prior, operated a junk yard near the center of town. I always enjoyed browsing, but never had bought anything there. His son, Abie Pura, who was about four years older than I was, showed me what appeared to be exactly the battery that I needed.

"How much?" I asked.

"Seventy-five cents," he replied.

"That's too much," I said.

"You - you - you, Jew!" he exclaimed in utter disgust.

I don't know if that was the most unkind thing he thought he could call me, but I took it as a real compliment.

When I told Steffen about it, he nicknamed me "Abie McIntosh, the Scotch-Jew." I was even more proud of that.

At that time radios were designed as "regenerative" sets. That is they not only received signals, but they had a tendency to emit broadcast signals too. So, as the dial was turned zeroing in on a station, screeching was heard until it was tuned directly on the station. That screeching could be heard by any neighbor who was tuned to the same station. By the early 1930's all new radios were made of a different design correcting this annoying feature.

Many radio stations "signed off" around midnight, causing remaining stations to be heard more clearly. This, along with the fact that signals were better after midnight, occasionally made it possible to hear a station from California. I never enjoyed the thrill, as that was long after my bedtime.

I got pleasure, and possibly some knowledge of geography as well as an appreciation for big band music, from that one-tube radio for a couple of years. Some of my favorite radio

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stations were KDKA in Pittsburg, KMOX in St. Louis, WLW in Cincinnati, WLS, WGN, and WBBM in Chicago. I particularly enjoyed hearing the Coon-Sanders band. It was later known as Red Sanders, "the old lefthander." Ted Lewis conducted another very popular band of the same era. It was during a time that many beautiful songs were being written for stage plays, phonograph records, radio, and dance bands and they filled a vacuum of need throughout the country.

Culver Military Academy operated a station, with call letters WCMA, which was pretty powerful. I made a crystal set, requiring no batteries, and by using the bed springs for my antenna and fastening the ground wire on a bathroom water pipe, I could enjoy their programs from the comfort of my bed without any further expense.

The folks thought that I was a perfect candidate to learn music, so they entered me in the high school band, complete with a new and expensive Conn slide trombone. But my interest in listening to music did not translate into a desire to practice. My music career lasted only a few months, my repertoire consisting only of one poorly played song: "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The country is better off that I quit!

As far as I was concerned Steffen Rector could hardly do any wrong. Even after he sent me to the hardware store for white lamp black I was able to laugh with him.

He finally hired me to be assistant soda jerk to Charles Reed. The second day I was there I noticed around thirty or forty cents on a wall ledge. It must have been there a couple of days, and I kept wondering whether I should ring it up or leave it. I finally told Mother about it, and she said that I should report it to Mr. Rector, which I did immediately. Later Mother said that undoubtedly it was a test of my honesty. I had not been tempted to take it, but shuddered to think what might have happened had I just rung it up.

I had been working there about a week when John Werner asked me to accompany him and his family to Chicago. I told Steffen that I wanted off for the trip, and was too excited to observe whether he approved. We boarded the train about four a.m. at Hibbard, Indiana. Included in our group were Mr. and Mrs. Werner, twins Bob and Ruth, twins Mary and Martha, John and me. After a long streetcar ride in Chicago, we arrived at the apartment of a relative where we had lunch and visited for an hour or more. We returned to downtown Chicago where we saw the first talking motion picture that I had ever seen. Along with the picture, we also saw a burlesque. On the way home Mr. Werner said that he did not realize such a program was on the bill, but he never made any effort to leave when it began!

I showed up at Rector's on Monday to learn that they had replaced me since I hadn't kept on the job.

It was during my loafing at Rector's drug store that Charles A. Lindbergh made his famous solo crossing of the Atlantic to Paris. It was the talk of the town, and of course everyone was hoping that he would have a safe and successful trip. Steffen said that he was only a couple of years older than Lindbergh.

Another topic of general conversation in Culver concerned the armed robbery of the State Exchange Bank, which was located across the street west of Rector's drug store. Steffen's older brother, Bert, was employed as district manager of Shell Oil Co., but often on Saturdays stopped to visit at the drug store. Steffen said that on the day of the robbery Bert was in the store and grabbed a gun, and was so nervous when he shot at the escaping robber that the bullet landed in the upper story of the bank.

The criminal was caught and spent several years at the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City. Mr. William O. Osborn, President of the State Exchange Bank, told me years later that when the criminal came up for parole, Mr. Osborn was asked by the Parole Board what he thought. He replied that he was in favor of it, and that if the prisoner needed some money to get himself on his feet, that the bank would make the loan. Upon release, the man did ask for and get the loan, which Mr. Osborn said, almost boastfully, was repaid before it was due. Several subsequent loans were made and repaid by the former convict, which, according to Mr. Osborn, were profitable for both the bank and the borrower.

Mr. Osborn told Dad that he learned a lot about prospective borrowers by taking drives through the countryside. He said that if a farm was well kept, the buildings in repair and painted and the fences in good shape, the farmer would be a good risk, but one whose farm was in poor condition probably would be slow pay.

A couple of years ago an employee of I.B.M., Mr. Joe Seliga, told me how Mr. Osborn became acquainted with one Tom Watson.

Mr. Watson was purchasing some real estate near Culver, and entered the bank to write a personal check for payment of the purchase price to the bank which was holding title to the property. Mr. Osborn said that he would accept the check, but would first have to call the New York bank on which it was written. Mr. Watson was somewhat upset, perhaps even insulted.

When Mr. Osborn called the bank, he was told, "Of course the check is good, and if he wants to buy your bank it would be good for that too!" He then learned that Mr. Tom Watson was the founder and president of I.B.M.

I had only three fights during my school years, but the third one was the best - or perhaps the worst.

Tom Wooldridge, a classmate, and I had adjoining work-benches in the manual training class. He kept bragging about his uncle, Dean E. Walker who had preceded Dad as Superintendent but was then Marshall County Superintendent of Schools.<sup>48</sup> I don't know what I said, but it was sufficient for him to give me warning that he would get me on Saturday while I was collecting on my paper route.

One thing I learned about Tom was that, unfortunately, he was punctual!

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We were about four or five blocks from home when he found me and said he was ready to whip me. I must have pleaded a pretty good case, for I convinced him that we should go to my house where I could leave the money. It was decided that we would stage the fight in the neighbor's yard across the street. It turned out to be almost like a boxing match, for if one of us fell to the ground the other waited until he was on his feet before beginning again. After about ten minutes, the town marshal, who lived only a half block away and who had witnessed the affair from its beginning, put a stop to it.

It's strange how a fight cements friendship. It had sort of a cleansing effect, and we remained the best of friends thereafter.

I often walked home from school with Charles Ferrier, whose home was a block farther down the street. His father, Clark Ferrier, had inherited the J. O. Ferrier Lumber Co., and his mother, Clista Ferrier, was a good friend of my mother.

It was at their house in 1928 that the folks and I listened on their radio to the election returns until it appeared that Herbert Hoover had been elected President of the United States, defeating Alfred E. Smith.

Another friend was Charles A. "Tony" Stuprich, whose father was a tailor. The Stuprich family lived diagonally across the street from us, and consisted of Mr. and Mr. Stuprich, Tony and his older sister, Ann. One day Tony wanted to drive their Ford touring car to the country on some kind of errand for his parents. They said that he could if I accompanied him to watch over his driving. I was highly complimented since he was two years my senior and was a good, careful driver.

My Freshman year, 1928-29, some of the boys were talking about having dates. The thought had crossed my mind too. I finally got enough courage to write a note to Margaret Zechiel asking if she would go to the show with me. She read it in my presence and burst out laughing. I never offered her another opportunity to go out with me!

About the same time I told Dad that I was old enough to have a date.  
"What! On my money?" he said.

That ended my efforts to socialize for a couple of years.

The road work was going extremely well for Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey. They were running at least three roads simultaneously, and their work was scattered in all directions. Dad decided that he could no longer afford to teach, since he made much more during the three summer months than he did in almost nine months teaching, so he and Mother started looking for a location about the center of the work. They decided it would be either Plymouth, Warsaw or Rochester. In all three towns, they found only one house that they liked, at 1204 Main Street in Rochester, where we lived during the school year 1929-1930.

It was an interesting house, constructed of brick, located on the southwest corner of 12th and Main. The front room in Spanish motif was two stories high and sported a balcony, the only one in town. It had been constructed by John A. and Grace I. (True) Barrett. Gossip

said that Mr. Barrett had lost the property to Buel Guyer while gambling in the gambling den in the basement. This story seemed to be common knowledge and we never heard anything to question its truth. And there was a room in the basement that could have been used very nicely for card playing.

Soon after we moved to Rochester Dad became ill with yellow jaundice. He could hardly keep anything on his stomach, and forced himself to work. Often I saw him stop the car to throw up, but he never gave up!

All towns had their population according to the last census on the city limits signs. Rochester's sign showed that there were 3,518 people here according to the 1920 census, and that probably was near the correct number in the summer of 1929 when we moved here.

Main street, running from the Erie tracks on the north to about what is 18th street on the south, and East 9th street from Main street to the Nickel Plate tracks, were paved with beautiful brick. From the Nickel Plate tracks east to the northeast corner of Lake Manitou the road had a narrow pavement of concrete. From there to Akron the road was gravel. Also 14th street, from Main street east and south to 18th street was an extra-narrow slab of concrete. This street connected with the Peru road, which had been paved with concrete only three or four years. Prior to that it was gravel.

The remaining streets and alleys were unpaved. The City of Rochester owned a gravel pit at the north edge of town, from which material was hauled regularly every spring to fill the chuck holes on the streets. Several years later they had become so crowned that it was necessary to remove much material before they could be paved. That gravel pit became the city dump that was used for many years. It was not uncommon for nearby neighbors to hear the crack of a gun as some sport shot at one of the dump's numerous rats.

It was possible to board an Erie train at Rochester and go to Chicago or New York and points between. The passenger trains included cars which hauled the mail for the Post Office. Mail employees were aboard sorting mail, picking it up and dropping it along the line. Sleeping on long trips was possible in the Pullman cars, and a special treat of railroad travel was eating the excellent food served on plates along with the best silverware and glassware, all bearing the Erie logo. The Nickel Plate passenger trains went from Indianapolis to Michigan City. They carried mail cars but no Pullmans. The Nickel Plate was or had been the Lake Erie & Western when we moved to Rochester in 1929, and was nicknamed the Leave Early & Walk.

Not everyone owned an automobile, and only rarely could a family afford more than one. It seemed as if more than half of the cars on the road were either Fords or Chevrolets. People who could afford to step up a notch were driving Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Hudsons, or one of many other medium priced cars. Mrs. Henry Barnhart drove an electric car that was shaped like a short hearse, while Guy Alspach had a Pierce-Arrow, distinguished by its headlights built into the front fenders. Hubbard Stoner, the banker at Akron, had the only Packard that I can recall. Otto McMahan always drove a new Cadillac.

Indiana auto license plates were numbered from number 1, which went to the Governor, and on into the thousands for the common people. Arthur Leroy "Roy" Deniston,

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because of his position on, I believe, the Parole Board, for several years had number 16 or 18, the lowest license number in Fulton County.

It was uncommon to travel to Indianapolis and back by automobile without some kind of trouble, usually a flat tire. Broken fan belts and leaky radiators or water pumps were not too infrequent. And, even though gasoline could be bought for as little as five or six gallons for a dollar, people would sometimes run out of gas.

The horse had not yet been entirely replaced by the automobile and the farm tractor. A hitching rack on the south side of West 7th street, running from Main Street to the alley, was nearly filled with horses and buggies on Saturdays, the traditional shopping day for all small towns. And, for the convenience of those with horses, there were two cast iron water troughs, one at the south-west corner of the Court House, and the other on the north-west corner of 5th or 6th and Main Streets.

Tim Baker, a stock dealer who owned a farm which later became Manitou Heights, had the contract for hauling water on the downtown streets during the heat of the summer. I guess that it was supposed to settle the dust, as it seemed to do little else. The freshly-painted yellow wooden tank running lengthwise was hauled on a farm wagon pulled by two large horses. The driver sat on a seat high and on the front end of the tank. From sprinklers on the back the water came forth. Besides horses and mules, an auto race track was at the east end of Mr. Baker's farm. My cousin, Gerald, and I once viewed an auto race from the roof of Mr. Baker's small barn.

The Baker field was once the scene of a parachute landing by a daredevil. We parked our car heading into the fence on East 9th Street, along with a line of perhaps fifty or seventy-five other cars. Grandma Carvey, who was with Mother and me, said: "I hope he lands right on top of our car." It wasn't but a few minutes that he landed about a car-length in front of us!

There were at least twelve groceries and meat markets, nearly all selling on credit, and Harvey Clary ran a delivery business for several of them. It was one of those services that customers had come to rely upon. He drove a van-type truck, from which a couple of teenagers would run as they delivered sacks to homes throughout the city. The dairies and bakeries made home deliveries with their own vehicles.

Snapp's grocery, however, employed Harold "Duke" Morrett, who was about a year older than I, to deliver their groceries on his bicycle. Duke was the first person whom I met after we moved to Rochester, and I would frequently accompany him on his rounds with my new bicycle.

Rochester was almost without industry. Armour's Creamery was making cheese that was shipped to branch houses for distribution throughout the country. It was an asset, not only to Rochester, but to the many surrounding farmers who had milk herds.

The Rochester Canning Company, owned by Reuben Scheid, who had Ben Vernon as his plant manager, canned peas and corn in season. Wagons of peas or corn would be waiting in line to be unloaded at all hours of the day and night during the canning season. Women

would clean and inspect the product before it was put into huge cookers. Freight cars filled with new cans were on the Erie siding behind the cannery. Cans were conveyed in chutes to the canning operation, where they were filled and, when cool, they were boxed unlabeled. Months later labels were applied, depending upon the purchaser's brand. Needless to say, the cannery gave quick money to many women and farmers.

The Rochester Bridge Company, which was so busy during World War 1 fabricating steel for the American merchant marine, was still operating but on a much smaller scale.<sup>49</sup> By 1934 the company was out of business, and the building and grounds had become the home of Cole Bros.-Clyde Beatty Circus.

The Chicago Nipple Manufacturing Company was the only other industry in town, manufacturing pipe nipples for the plumbing trade in a building that had originally been built to house the Rochester Shoe Company that had long since been gone. The building is now occupied by a foundry, The Rochester Metal Products.

The Coffee Shop, run by Oren I. Karn and his son Harold "Butch" Karn, was at 710 Main Street. It was the traditional meeting place and would be crowded, sometimes with standing room only, after the high school basketball games. It was the only business in town that remained open all night, and was a well-known regular stop for traffic between South Bend and Indianapolis. Dance bands which played at the Colonial or Fairview on Lake Manitou would frequent the Coffee Shop after their engagements around 1:00 or 2:00 a.m., attracting many of the last dancers with them.

Hoagy Carmichael with his Carmichael's Collegians from Indiana University were at the Fairview one summer in the mid-twenties. This band later became Bud Dant's Collegians which played all summer of 1932 at the Colonial, which was owned and operated by Arthur C. and Mary J. Bradley. Bud Dant wrote to me: "The great Duke Ellington played at Bradleys one weekend and heard the band and booked us 'on the road' that fall. I finally wound up selling my band to MCA (Music Corp. of America) and we toured the country with Herbie Kay and Dorothy Lamour."<sup>50</sup>

Dick Powell, featured with the Charlie Davis Band of Indianapolis, was at Fairview one summer around 1927. J. Murray McCarty, Rochester attorney, once told me that he often saw Dick perform that summer, and got to know him while they played golf together. He said that the Charlie Davis band was hired with the provision that a specified number of musicians would play instruments, but that Dick was only learning to play the banjo from someone in Warsaw, and would appear to be playing it to fulfill that provision of the band's contract. Murray and his friends, who had got onto the hoax, heckled Dick with requests for him to play a banjo solo!

There were two theatres in town: The Char-Bell, named after its first owners, Charles and Mattie-Belle Kriegbaum, and the Rex. The Kriegbaums sold the Char-Bell to his

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49 Harold VanTrump, *Fulton County In the World War*, p. 93.

50 Letter from Charles Bud Dant at Kailua-Kona, Hawaii, dated October 21, 1987, to Wendell Tombaugh.

## *School*

brother, Lisle, who later changed the name to the Times Theatre. Talkies were not yet everywhere, and even theatres equipped with sound, sometimes still showed a silent picture. Soon after we had moved to Rochester, I saw "Prep and Pep", a silent picture filmed at Culver Military Academy, which John Werner and I had watched being made. In one scene we were some of the crowd at a track meet, but we could only see John's hat being thrown into the air. The movies at the Char-Bell consisted of a full-length feature film, newsreel and comedy. The Tom Mix westerns and Charlie Chase, Edgar Kennedy, Robert Benchley and Irvin S. Cobb comedies were my favorites. There I saw Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "Half Shot at Sunrise", and Jimmie Durante in "The Passionate Plumber". Rochester youth boasted of their only home-town movie star, Otto Linkenhelt, known by his screen name, Elmo Lincoln, Hollywood's first Tarzan. Striving for attendance, each person was given a free piece of china with every ticket purchased at the Char-Bell, and once a month for only fifteen cents was Take-A-Chance Night, when an unadvertised picture would be shown. About every couple of months an outstanding picture came on Take-A-Chance Night, while the majority of the others were "B" movies. The Rex Theatre, managed by Ray Glass, was not as fancy as the Char-Bell, and never showed films as good. Occasionally a rat or mouse would cross the room between the feet of the patrons.

Radio was in the homes of most people by the time we got ours around 1932. It was a heavy piece of furniture bearing the name "Majestic" and having the slogan "Mighty monarch of the air". It had been manufactured by Grigsby-Grunow, I believe in California. It was equipped with a "dynamic" speaker, which stressed the bass tones and loudness. It was customary for those having radios to turn them up sufficiently that passersby would know that they owned one. It was a status symbol. The best known newscaster was Lowell Thomas. I remember walking from our house at 700 Fulton Avenue to Main Street in the early evenings when Amos & Andy were in their prime, and being able to follow their story all the way from house to house. Radios were important in all barber shops, especially during the World Series, when you could get a hair cut and hear Red Barber describe the game at the same time.

The Basement barber shop, under Black & Bailey hardware, 712-14 Main Street, was owned by A. Adams, who was in the front chair. Charles V. "Charlie" Ambler, Edward Floyd "Ed" Raymer and Francis M. "Frank" Stetson operated the other three chairs. There undertaker Val Zimmerman, whose professional slogan was "Sterling Funeral Service", got his daily shave and shoeshine. Bob Greek, who must have been around thirty years of age, had the two shoeshine chairs and used the very latest electric polisher. I never knew if it was his main line or sideline. When anyone needed a shine Mr. Adams would push a button calling Bob from his upholstery shop back of the restaurant south across the alley. Charlie Ambler had started cutting hair in a shop in Macy, and it was he who gave me my first hair cut there, and he gave our son, John, his first in the Basement barber shop. Besides baseball, gossip and general news, philosophical thoughts often were heard. Someone was describing his misfortunes, when Carl Quick, stockbuyer formerly from Macy, said, "Well, there's always tomorrow. It's the tomorrows that make the todays bearable."

Del Daggy delivered ice made in Rochester to homes as far as Macy, ten miles south, one being my Grandma Carvey's.

The stock market crash of October 29, 1929 was observed even by high school students. I first learned of it the next day from James Coplen who was telling everyone how devastating it was and would be. Undoubtedly he had heard much of what he was telling at the Dawson & Coplen drug store at 800 Main Street, which was operated by his father, Gene Coplen, and George Dawson.

The Eighteenth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution was in full force, supposedly making the country "dry". But every town had its bootleggers who seemed to thrive without much interference from the law. One such place was known as Walt's Chili Parlor, located on the north shore of Lake Manitou. One night Daniel E. "Runt" Hudkins, a former catcher on the Rochester Citizens ball team, former employee of the Erie R.R., and a very active member of the Eagles Lodge of which he became a trustee, parked his car with the front bumper against an outside privy. After spending a pleasant evening in Walt's Chili Parlor, he returned to his car. The front bumper stuck out in front far enough to allow him to get between it and the radiator while cranking. He cranked, and the motor started immediately. Unfortunately, he had left the car in gear, and when the motor started, the car pushed the outhouse off its foundation, and shoved Runt forward and into the pit. A crowd soon gathered as Runt was floundering in his efforts to extricate himself, but no one offered any help.

Finally, he pleaded, "Isn't there a good Eagle around here that would help another good Eagle out?"

"If you're such a Damned good Eagle," someone answered, "why don't you fly out?"

Newspaper publishing fascinated me. Perhaps with a little prodding I might have traveled in that direction. My first contact with it was at Culver, when Charles Ambridge, who roomed with us, showed me through the Culver (Ind.) *Citizen*, and let me watch as he ran the Line-o-type machine, which had a keyboard something like a typewriter but much larger. A few times I would peek into the Rochester (Ind.) *News-Sentinel* office to see them work. I particularly enjoyed watching Carl "Tony" VanTrump wearing a telephone headset while he typed the national and state news that was coming in from the news service. I marveled at how he was able to keep up with only his hunt-and-peck typing.

One day the folks went to Macy to visit Grandpa and Grandma Carvey. It began snowing soon after I got to school. By early afternoon we were dismissed. The snow came up to my knees. When I got home Mrs. O. P. Waite, who lived next door south of us, told me I was welcome to stay there all night as Mother had called reporting that they were snowbound at Macy. I thanked her, but said I wanted to stay at home. This was the first time I had ever been alone overnight.

It must have been on the morning of February 20, 1930, during my Sophomore year, while in geometry class taught by Mr. A. V. Purdue, that he said, "We have somewhat of a celebrity in our class." He explained that a man by the name of Tombaugh had discovered a new planet on February 18.<sup>51</sup> This was the first that I had heard of my distant cousin, Clyde W. Tombaugh. Until he came along the Tombaughs never did anything good enough or bad enough to be noticed. As are all other Tombaughs, I am very proud of him.

## *School*

In the summer of 1930 we moved to 700 Fulton Avenue in Rochester, where the folks had rented the north half of a large house.

The next two years, my junior and senior years in high school, I became socially conscious. As Dad described me to someone at the time, I was in the "I wish I had I wish I were" stage. I wanted to be popular. I was ambitious to become a person of note. I wanted instantaneous fame. I wanted to enter politics, so I became interested in dramatics and public speaking.

Although there were others much more talented, I was given a good part in our junior class play, "I'll Explain Everything". Miss Ollie Gardner, who taught public speaking and coached the debating team, directed our play. She must have seen in me a challenge. I was timid, had a poor voice, knew nothing about acting, so she had me go over and over each line, until by the time of play night I was confident enough to make a passable performance. It was a turning point in my life.

I was chosen to be on the debating team, which had only one meet. We went to Peru to vie with a team that we understood was very good. Russell Keith, the most outstanding member of their team, was only about 14 years of age and had the reputation of being a brilliant student. We did our best and the judges must have given us extra for our effort, for it was judged to be a tie.

The senior play, directed by Miss Mildred J. Fultz, was entitled "Oh, Professor." Again I was given a good part, but felt that my performance was not as good as I had hoped.

During my senior year I entered an oratorical contest sponsored by the Indiana State Bar Association. There were no others entered from Rochester, so I won the local contest by default. The district contest was held in the Pulaski County Court room in Winamac, and judged by Albert Chipman.<sup>52</sup> Although I did well on the speech, I fell completely flat on the extemporaneous speech that followed, tying for third place. I still shudder to think of how badly I did on that second speech! It was then that I learned that a person must have something to say before he tries to talk.

It was my senior year that I was in a civics class taught by Miss Fultz. The country was in the depths of the depression, and she saw an opportunity that she wanted to pass on to us. She said that corporate stocks were selling very cheap, and if a person could purchase some shares and hold them long enough real money could be made. Dad and Grandpa Carvey had also seen the opportunity and each had already bought 100 shares of Standard Oil of Indiana. Since I had some money in my name, I begged Dad to get me 50 shares, which I still have. He never would let me repay him. Grandpa, believing in taking a quick profit, sold his after a year or two, while Dad, believing in holding for a long term, kept his the rest of his life, passing it

to me upon his death. The 150 shares cost \$3,200. Today my Amoco stock (formerly Standard Oil) is worth over a quarter of a million dollars. Miss Fultz and Dad were both right.

Earl Osborn was a classmate and neighbor, and we became life-long friends.

Our whole world was right where we were, and we believed there would always be another tomorrow. Rochester was the center of everything and we were in the center of Rochester. We dreamed of fame and fortune, which we fully expected to acquire with little effort. We also thought of girls - we must have, for we talked of them often. And, back in our minds we expected to marry and have families of our own - perhaps after we had become wealthy and famous.

We lived a block apart, and we were together in work and play.

I like to recall our formative years together in Rochester, which was referred to by *Fortune Magazine* as a "Typical Midwestern Town," but called locally a "Sleepy Retired Farmers' Town." The town took on a carnival atmosphere on Saturdays, however, for Saturday was the shopping day of the week when stores opened early and served customers until late. Most of the customers were from the country, many of whom came in buggies and all brought their kids who paraded up and down Main street waving and yelling at their young friends.

It was customary for people to use their front porches in the summer evenings, exchanging cordial greetings with passersby. Rochester was a friendly place, and people were proud of their heritage, their homes and their town.

They were very proud of three young men who had become nationally known as The King's Jesters: George Howard, Francis Bastow and John Ravencroft. Their careers began in high school, but got off the ground when Paul Whiteman, known throughout America as "The King of Jazz," heard them when he was filling an engagement at one of the hotels at Lake Manitou. Mr. Whiteman replaced Bing Crosby with the King's Jesters. He coined their name, which they purchased when they went on their own after a year or two. They successfully performed on Station WBBM in Chicago until their retirement many years later.

Of course the town was boasting about Otto Linkenhelt, better known as Elmo Lincoln, the first Tarzan of the movies. And, many years before the King's Jesters and Elmo Lincoln, the county had the honor of being the residence of one who would become the "Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller.

Fame had come to few from Rochester. **We should have noticed how few!**

Perhaps Earl and I were too pre-occupied with our own private telephone to have realized that fame may not find us.

We each had a radio headset, and after scrounging through the whole neighborhood for pieces of wire which we strung from his bedroom to mine, we were able to converse in complete privacy and with no further cost, for by hooking them in "series" and taling into one ear piece, the vibrations of the diaphragm generated enough electricity to carry to the other's

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headset. There was only one problem which we never got solved: We would have to call the other on the regular telephone first, for we had no signal bell to ring.

Our attention was further diverted when we combined our resources and talents with Al Jennens, and constructed a paddle-wheel raft. It was a wooden platform on four empty oil barrels, propelled by my old bicycle gasoline engine that we had trouble making run. Although Earl was one of seven children, his father found time to help us repair the motor and design and make the paddle wheel.

The day of the launching arrived, and we decided it needed a name. We were preparing to launch it at Judge Albert Ward's cottage, the We-No-Pa, named after his three sons, Wesley, Noel and Palmer Ward. We decided we could name our craft after ourselves in the same manner, so we called it "Os-To-Je."

Within a block of our houses, there were probably as many children as any other like area in town. The Osborns consisted of Harold, Earl, Bob, Joe, Leo, Pauline and Ruth. Across the street from our house lived Al, Ruth and Betty Jennens. The Thrush family, Mary, Vivian, Betty and Shirley, were across the street from the Osborns. The Vernon family consisted of John, Mary, Dorothy and Betty Jo. The Rankins had only Suzanne. The Raymers had Francis and Vashti. Mary Whittenberger, Kathleen Cann, Tom Clark, and Madeline and Luther Herbster also lived in the area. These I can recall. There probably were several others who lived nearby. Kids attracted kids, and it was never a problem to get a game of touch football or basketball on the spur of the moment.

Our friend, Richard "Dick" Rogers, who lived about a mile east of Lake Manitou, once planted and cultivated a large watermelon patch. At Dick's suggestion and with his help, in the dark of one night Dick, Earl and I stole a watermelon from that patch.

One other incident which made a lasting impression on me was my one and only camping trip at the Tippecanoe river. Conde Holloway, Bob Brubaker, Earl Osborn, Bob Osborn, Clayton Nicholson, Bill Nicholson and I camped for a week with the permission of the owner, Claud Brubaker.

We grew up during the Big Band era, and the older folks thought the country was going to rack and ruin with jazz. Songs which bring pleasant memories include:

If I Could be With You One Hour Tonight  
Love Me or Leave Me  
All of Me  
If I Were You I'd Fall in Love With Me  
Sleepy Time Gal  
Three O'clock In The Morning  
Sing Something Simple  
Moonlight Savings Time  
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby  
I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store  
I Surrender Dear  
Pretty Baby

Vagabond Lover  
Mimi  
St. Louis Blues  
True Blue Lou  
Star Dust  
My Blue Heaven  
Tiger Rag  
You're Drivin' Me Crazy  
I've Got a Feelin' I'm Falling

When you think about those titles, it's no wonder that the older generation frowned upon popular music!

Whether I chose my friends, or destiny did it for me, I have been blessed with associates of good moral character who helped shape my formative years, and who have given me untold pleasant memories and encouragement throughout my life.

Grandpa Carvey, Dad and Uncle Lester Carvey were proud of their reputation as reputable road contractors. In their field and in their area of work, which was county road building in north-central Indiana, they ranked with the best. The competition watched them at work, and always wondered whether Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey would bid on a particular job, so they could bid accordingly. I was with them someplace west of Columbia City one day when they asked me to drive them toward Plymouth to enter a bid. I couldn't have been over fifteen years old. Dad and Uncle Lester were in the back seat, covered with blueprints and scratch papers, while Grandpa rode in the front seat with his hands clasped. While Dad and Uncle Lester with pencil and paper would compute the total cost of grubbing, moving the dirt, final grading, pit lease, gravel production, gravel hauling, spreading, machinery repairs and depreciation, Grandpa was doing it in his head--and with accuracy. The time for submitting the bid was fast approaching, so they had me drive 65 and 70 miles per hour. We got to the Marshall County Court House five or six minutes before time ended for submitting the bid, and they decided that since I was not known to the competition I would take the bid to the Auditor's Office at exactly one minute before the deadline, making it impossible for anyone to change their bids. After all their precautions another contractor was low bidder.

They had me as their chauffeur when they looked at what was to be US-6, from US-30 West a few miles. I would drive slowly a few hundred feet and stop while they would estimate the time and expense of a cut or fill, and then proceed slowly, repeating the process over the length of the proposed road. Again, Dad and Uncle Lester relied upon pencil and paper while Grandpa was able to compute and retain numerous figures in his head. This was another job that they did not get.

Grandpa acquired a reputation for predicting the weather, and always offered to bet a cigar when he thought it would rain. He lost very few cigars. In fact his predictions became so accurate that he began having trouble finding anyone to cover his bet, so he would let them choose, either rain or no rain, and he still would win!

Speaking of cigars, reminds me of the first time Dad and Uncle Lester met a man by the name of Ernie Miedema at Foster & Messick, agents for United States Fidelity & Guaranty

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Co., in Indianapolis. He told them that he knew he had an unusual name and they probably never could remember it, but if they called him by name the next time they met he would buy each of them a box of cigars. It was all the challenge that they needed, for as they left the office each of them was repeating the name over and over until they could get to their car where they wrote it down. They got their cigars on their next visit, and Mr. Miedema retained two faithful customers.

I never pass a diner on the south-west corner of Michigan and Garst Streets, a few blocks south of the center of South Bend, without recalling one time that Dad, Hovey W. Reed, Uncle Lester Carvey, my cousin Dee Carvey and I stopped there for lunch. The "Company", as we referred to Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey, was building a road near South Bend. Some machinery parts were purchased, and it was lunch time when we finished loading, so we went to that diner. I believe it was an old street car that had been modified for the purpose. I was the last one to leave, and just before I got out the door the waiter asked, "Where in the Hell are you guys from?"

When I got to the car I told the others. We looked at each other and everyone broke into a tearful laugh.

Hovey, the Company mechanic, had hit his foot with a sledge a few days prior, so he was on crutches. Because of his injury, I had been helping him remove the oil pan from a tractor, and was covered with dirt and grease. Uncle Lester had suffered a slight blow to the face recently, which necessitated a patch on his face as well as tape to hold his broken glasses together. Dee had a broken arm which he carried in a sling. Dad wore high-top shoes that came just below the knees, but because of the unusually hot day he had left them unlaced. The waiter certainly was justified in wondering where in the Hell we were from!

Dad had bought a maroon 1929 Studebaker Commander with six wire wheels, two of which were carried in recessed front fenders. It was a car with a look of distinction, but often needed some help to get it to run properly, so Hovey Reed would stop his other work to accommodate Dad. Once, when he was already covered up with Company work, Dad couldn't get the car to start. Almost under his breath, Hovey said in disgust, "Studebaker, builder of wagons for fifty years--and they're still building 'em!"

The summer of 1932, Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey obtained a dirt-moving and grading job on State Road 66 between Casson and Wadesville, Indiana. The road went from Evansville to New Harmony, but their work covered only the above portion of the distance. For several years they had obtained bond for their work from Foster & Messick, agents for United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., on North Meridian Street, in Indianapolis. That company had furnished bond for a Kentucky company, Louis DesCognets & Co., which had gone bankrupt, so U.S.F. & G. was charged with completion of the job.

"I think I told you that we have bought a new Sixty-Five Caterpillar to use in pulling the Elevating grader. We are very anxious that it get here so we may start on a greater production of earth moving. I am sure it will be interesting to you to see all the work that is going on this road at one time. However, if you are unable to

come for four weeks yet, it is probable that the bridge and culvert forces will have finished and moved out." 53

The equipment, except the 65 Caterpillar tractor, consisted of an elevating grader, a twelve-foot Adams grader, an eight foot Adams grader, two 60 Caterpillar tractors, and a five-ton Holt, and were shipped from Macy, Indiana by rail to Evansville. (The Holt and the Best tractor companies had merged to become Caterpillar Tractor Company.)

Ernest F. Norman, Hovey W. Reed, Edward Kiffmeyer, Bert Wingert, Andy Andrews and Shorty Price had worked for the company several years, and were hired. My eleven year old cousin, Dee Carvey, was the waterboy. The work was strung out over a long area, so it kept Dee busy making the rounds. One very hot, humid day he was slower than usual getting water to Mr. Keller, the hump-backed dragline operator.

"Just because I've got a hump on my back," he said, "doesn't mean I can go without water like a camel!"

I operated the eight-foot grader which was pulled by the Holt, but after only a couple of weeks I became quite ill with stomach upset. I never was sure if it was the extreme heat and humidity or tainted water. There were no driven wells at farmhouses along the road. Each farmer had a cistern filled with rainwater from the roof. Water was pumped by turning a crank while metal buckets fastened to an endless chain lifted the water that was spilled into a chute. It was very clever, but there was not much to keep bugs and snakes from getting into the cistern.

By the time I had recovered Dad had purchased a Keuffel & Esser transit, which he showed me how to use. I suddenly became Company Engineer for Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey! The Indiana State Highway Engineer furnished cut sheets, showing elevations above sea level for each station. The stations were one hundred feet apart on the straight portions, but only fifty feet apart on curves. Curves were super-elevated, meaning that the outside was raised while the inside was lowered. Fritz Grauel, a local fellow about my age, carried the rod and cut stakes from shrubs. The rod was an extendable ruler marked off in feet, tenths of a foot, and hundredths of a foot. He, like nearly everyone in the vicinity, was of German extraction. Many got their W's and V's mixed up, pronouncing Wadesville as "Vadeswille". He always called the super-elevated curves "superlated" curves. Our job was to check the work as it progressed at each station. We took readings from hub stakes and from bench marks to establish the elevation of the cross-hair in the transit, and reading the rod told us how high or low the grade was.

Mother, Dad, Grandpa and Grandma Carvey and I roomed in the old large brick home of a truly German woman in Wadesville. I asked her to teach me a German word, and she quickly complied with "schnapps". "Dat means peer," she said.

Uncle Lester and Aunt Madge Carvey, with their children, Dee and Aretha Pauline, lived in a small trailer the entire summer.

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Aunt Madge was well known for her wonderful cooking. I never refused an opportunity to stay for a meal at their home near Macy. It was there that they had a hired hand, "Red" Hesser. Red had worked for the "Company" a few years, and at times Uncle Lester would hire him as farm help and Aunt Madge furnished the meals.

She served a cake one meal, but because she had baked the same kind of cake a couple of times prior, Uncle Lester and Red did not eat any. So, she served it again the next meal, and again they took none. Finally, the next day she covered the cake with a sauce.

Red put his fork into it, laid the fork down, sat back and said, "Lester, it's that damned cake again!"

Dad and Mother did very little socializing, while Uncle Lester and Aunt Madge loved to be with people. When working on roads in Northern Indiana, Uncle Lester could hardly get started home quickly enough on Saturday afternoons, so he and Aunt Madge could attend dances and lodge functions.

Lester and Madge said Aretha wanted to ask the Blessing. She said, "Our Father, help us to stay at home!" We laughed at them, and said it was pretty thin when their child had to pray for them to stay at home. Aretha is cute. She was four years old this month. <sup>54</sup>

Wednesday Aretha had a birthday party. She was five years old. Had a bunch of kids there and Grandma Carvey too. Some of the kids got Grandma's cane and were stamping it on the floor. That made her mad and she jerked it away and went thru the rooms waving it back and forth in front of her. Madge started after her and she turned around to Madge and said, "Quit your following me around, I am mad." Madge said, "Yes, I know. That is why I was following you." <sup>55</sup>

The last three or four weeks we lived in a large rooming house at 620 Fulton Avenue, in Evansville in what had been an exclusive part of town, next door to the last of the "400".<sup>56</sup> Our landlord showed me their limousine, which was a Marmon sedan. I believe that they owned the Cook Brewery which advertised "Cook's Goldbloom Beer". He also showed me his own harvest of tobacco drying in the attic, which would serve his needs for the coming year.

The summer had been unusually hot and humid, and I was getting homesick. We were all glad when we could return home. (As of now, 1989, Ernie Norman, Dee and I are the only ones who worked on the job from this area who are still alive.)

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54 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, March 27, 1934, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

55 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, March 13, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

56 It is interesting to note that our residence in Rochester was at 700 Fulton Avenue!

Dad and Hovey Reed returned to Evansville for the purpose of shipping the machinery home.

After all, we didn't ship the machinery home. We investigated rates, transportation, storage, canvas or tarpaulin covers, loading & unloading and finally bought lumber and built a shed over the four tractors. It is fourteen feet by thirty-two feet, no windows or doors, hip roof sheeted and covered with tar paper; just large enough to run the tractors in side by side and put all the small tools. As soon as the sides were laid on the north side and two ends the tractors were run in and the building put up around them. Most of the grading seems to be in the South and loading, ship home, unload and cost at least one thousand dollars, so we thought it just as well to leave it there and make one moving answer. We built a box over the engine on the elevating grader and covered it with tar paper. So everything is in as good shape as it could have been had we moved it home.<sup>57</sup>

The next spring they were unable to get work in Southern Indiana, and it appeared as if none would materialize, so they brought the machinery home in the spring of 1933.

*School*

## CHAPTER IV

### COLLEGE

I had no idea what my life's goal might be. But I knew of many things that were of no interest to me.

Dad suggested that I attend Indiana University, and since I seemed to be interested in business, that I enter the School of Business Administration. It sounded good.

I thought it would be a good idea to meet someone who was already going to I.U. and find out something about what to expect. So, as soon as we returned from Evansville, I saw Harold Leroy Leininger at Akron. He had summer employment in the family store, Dan Leininger & Sons, where we met. He promised to get me rushed to the Sigma Nu house.

I got bids from five fraternities and decided upon Sigma Nu for the reason that some Fulton County boys were members. Stuart Gast and Harold Leininger were from Akron, and David Gast was from Warsaw, Kosciusko County. Rex Rader, who graduated a few years prior, was a member, and his brother, Eugene, came two years later. Also, Bill Leininger, Harold's cousin, became a member, as did Charles "Chic" Gast, brother of Stuart.

On my first day in the Sigma Nu house, I was introduced to Richard "Dick" Hardin, the house manager, who I learned was from Fortville, Indiana. After we had talked a few minutes, I saw a picture of a young man on his wall.

"That face looks familiar," I said. "I'm positive that I've seen him someplace."

"Mr. Tombaugh," he replied. "You certainly have a remarkable faculty for remembering faces. That happens to be a picture of me!"

I had been close to my parents, always leaning on them for encouragement, support, advice and especially their love, which they gave so freely. Perhaps I learned the most from their example of honesty, determination, hard work and thrift. They not only attended the Christian Church, but participated by eagerly helping prepare the weekly dinners, which were so necessary for paying interest on the church mortgage. Money was so scarce that the interest could not be paid in full for a few years.

They seldom saw the need to give me advice.

This piece of advice is superfluous in giving to you, but it goes without saying that good advice is always in place. You will find many temptations reaching out in many directions; Every kind and magnitude; but make a firm resolution to overcome those of evil tendencies and come out of a four, six or eight year college or university course with a mind, body and heart as pure as the day you entered. You are not far from church so make a start to Sunday School (and church); it may not be convenient or desirable to go every Sunday--your program and conditions will help decide that--but at any rate the ice will be broken when you do wish to go.

There will be a class of University students, and by expanding and working that faculty so characteristic of a politician, pushing yourself to make new acquaintances and friends, your profit and benefit will be twofold.<sup>58</sup>

Roosevelt had promised repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, commonly called the Volstead Act. The folks were definitely dry, and did all they could to stop him and his followers. But, the country's thirst was surpassed only by its hunger, and many honestly believed that much good would come from the repeal by the creation of new businesses and the additional use of farm products in the making of liquor. After the election Dad sent the following:

Well, Buddy, it's all over and we are no doubt due for beer or sumpin' before long. It puts this nation back where it was twenty-five years ago, but I guess there is nothing to do but strengthen our resistance and build up a fortification of personal preparedness that will make it just as possible for a person to come out one hundred percent whole as it was before being subjected to the temptations that are due to follow as a result of the enormous and unprecedented landslide in Tuesday's election. After all, the strength of your character and mine does not consist in our being completely closeted from temptations of every kind, because those temptations are not only knocking, but hammering and banging at our doors on every turn; and it is the manner in which we are able to give a definite and decisive NO that stamps us as a strong or weak character. The real strength of character is determined by the number of temptations, difficulties and stumbling blocks that we encounter and overcome without giving in to their enticing invitations. These temptations will be decidedly increased for you since leaving the loving and tender bosom of your Godly mother, and will show in multitudinous shapes and manners, and under a variety of conditions, but mother and I have the utmost confidence and belief in your type of ideals and morals, and fear nothing relative to the probability of your breaking under the strain of temptations that are bound to come your way.<sup>59</sup>

After the repeal of the Volstead Act, Dad continued in his efforts against liquor.

Friday evening Daddy was made temporary chairman for a meeting at the Evangelical church. It is a movement to start an organization of dries so that when the time comes to send representatives to the State they will have 500 names on the petition for each dry man. ...

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58 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, September 29, 1932, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

59 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, Armistice Day, 1932, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

Mr. Turpin and Mr. Jones wanted Daddy to head that movement permanently, but Daddy thought it would have more bearing if a good democrat was at the head of it, they voted for it and the republicans did not, that is a few of them did not. <sup>60</sup>

Mother managed somehow to include some social life along with her hours, days, weeks, months and years of cleaning my clothes, cleaning the house, cooking for Dad, and also cleaning house and cooking on many occasions for Grandma and Grandpa Carvey who were becoming more and more infirm, becoming President of the F.D.I. Club and the Womans' Club, and annually canvassing for the Red Cross plus weekly working at the Church.

I certainly had a nice time at Indianapolis. If I had plenty of money I would like to go next year. I heard so many good speeches and met so many lovely women. I did not have to give my speech after all my study. I had it good and was disappointed when they decided not to have the 13th District breakfast. They decided it would have to come so early in the morning and would cost .75 so if the 13th Dist. members came it would be just thru courtesy to the Dist. President.

Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. Otto McMahan, Mrs. Thomson and myself went in McMahan's big car and they were so nice to be with. We all stayed in one room. I was glad to get better acquainted with them. We had a lot of fun and got several jokes on each other. We teased Mrs. Barnhart because on one occasion we all got into a room where a luncheon was being held for the Republicans, we thought we were in the right place, sat down to the table, after we had tasted our fruit cocktails we discovered our mistake and we sneaked out of there. Now that did not affect Mrs. Thomson and me for we are Republicans, but we thought Mrs. McMahan and Mrs. Barnhart were in very bad company. <sup>61</sup>

Dad had a wonderful sense of humor.

Mother wanted me to help clean up the house this morning, but I told her I just couldn't because I had to write a letter to you. There are many many times when a man can get out of a lot of drudgery around the house if he only uses his bean a little and thinks up something real quickly that has to be done on the spur of the moment.

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<sup>60</sup> Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, March 20, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

<sup>61</sup> Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, November 7, 1932, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

Mrs. Barnhart, wife of former Congressman, Henry A. Barnhart; Mrs. McMahan, wife of Otto McMahan, wealthy farm owner and road contractor; Mrs. Thomson, a widow, the mother of long-time music teacher at Rochester High School, Miss Edith Thomson.

## *College*

All of this scrubbing and mopping and cleaning and washing and picking up after men is the work of a woman and she shouldn't even think of asking help from a busy, overworked and overtaxed member of the opposite sex.<sup>62</sup>

Someone who didn't know how much Dad helped Mother with the house work might mistakenly take the above seriously.

The Depression was beginning to hover over Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey. Lettings were become fewer, and bidders were getting more and more hungry, to the point that the "Company" could not get work.

No work yet, in fact no road work in sight. Don't know what I would or could do with it even if there were, because my days are too short. You can't accomplish much from ten-thirty in the morning until two-thirty in the afternoon. However, I suspect things will open up whereby you and I can find a proposition aside or outside of the road building work that will net us twelve to twenty thousand next year. Is that optimism or just a world of soap bubbles blown by a lazy dreamer?<sup>63</sup>

The "Company" furnished Dad and Uncle Lester a business car each, which they had to trade every two or three years, after at least 100,000 to 150,000 miles.

Lester and I shopped at Rochester, Argos and Plymouth to see what we could get on the old Chevys on a trade. They would allow us only five hundred to five thirty-five on trade, and the new coaches are six hundred five, while the sedans are fifty-one dollars higher. We are inclined to prefer the sedans with only that much difference.<sup>64</sup>

Within a couple of weeks my first semester had ended, and while home before beginning the second semester, Dad and I went with the Chevrolet salesman at Argos, Indiana to pick up the two new sedans at Flint, Michigan. It was in the dead of winter, snow must have been at least six inches thick, but we had no trouble. There must have been a hundred or more cars in the lot to be picked up by dealers.

At the end of my first semester, Mother and Dad accompanied Grandma and Grandpa Carvey to McAllen, Texas, for the first, and to my knowledge, only vacation trip that Dad and Mother were ever to have.

A couple of things I remember. Dad let me use his new Chevrolet, saying that it would just be broken in by the time they returned from Texas. This was his excuse. His reason, I know, was his generosity and desire that I get to use it. The other thing which is very vivid in

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62 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, December 9, 1932, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

63 Ibid.

64 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, January 17, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

my memory is known as the Bank Holiday, when all banks were ordered closed for a few days so those which needed to be liquidated could be put out of business, while the others could be stronger and safer when they reopened.

The Citizens Bank at Macy and the U. S. Bank & Trust Company at Rochester were not permitted to reopen.

I was one of the few in the fraternity who had any extra cash, since the folks had left enough to last me during their trip, so I loaned some to a couple of fraternity brothers, who repaid the loans as soon as the banks reopened.

While they were away, I was initiated into the fraternity. It was then that I learned that along with greater glory comes greater cost. My dues were raised \$4.00 per month, which was a considerably large percentage of an increase.

As for the unknown four dollar a month assessment, don't let that worry you, in the least, for I feel your privileges of social advantages and definitely outlined study, sleep and exercise programs are so far superior to the unorganized man that I am only too glad to contribute what I can in the securing of those advantages to you. Hope you have a rip roaring time of good clean fun and social contacts at your dance tomorrow night. You may see me sitting in one of the large comfy divans during the entire event, just bubbling over with pride and pleasure. I am quite sure that Mother and I get as much pleasure out of all your activities as you yourself are able to secure...I hope you get a nice ritzy little girl as a companion for the dance. There is nothing that makes a boy feel his oats quite as much as to have a girl just a little superior to all the rest when participating in a social function.

Now is a mighty good time for you to start a life's campaign of "Friendly Attitudes;" practice speaking with a friendly smile and greeting to all who show a desire or inclination to greet you; don't let anyone force the remark that 'that fellow belongs to a fraternity and feels himself too smart to speak.'

Just compel your fellow students to brand you as one of the friendliest and commonest boys on the campus. The fact that you don't care to become a close friend with some person doesn't hinder you from speaking and being friendly with him and demanding that he term you a 'real fellow' if he sees fit to make any reference to you. If you stop and name the men and women on the campus whom you like best, then ask yourself why you have mentioned those special names, the chances are ninety-nine to one that your answer will be because they are nice and kind and friendly. <sup>65</sup>

I always tried much harder in school than my grades would show. I've long since learned that I spent so much time worrying about school, that my learning process was definitely hampered. Dad and Mother knew my weakness, and showered me with encouragement in every letter.

## *College*

I am not, at all, fearful of the outcome of your work. If all boys and girls who go to college were as careful and as conscientious in their work as you are, there would be a far higher type of citizenry in our higher institutions of learning. Now that is not flattery, neither is it that oft noticed and many times the tiresome 'fond papa stuff;' It is rather a careful weighing of values from one who should, from experiences, observations and study, be able to pass at least a partially intelligent opinion in that line. <sup>66</sup>

Dad seldom lectured, but the few times that his letters could be classed as such, I read, understood and tried to apply his wisdom.

Hope you are getting results that are satisfactory in your attempt to get settled down to good effective study. Require of yourself the utmost in concentration, even if you find it impossible to put in so many minutes or hours in study at a time during the process of self-discipline. Ten minutes of study with ninety-nine or one hundred percent concentration is far better for the individual and produces more return in the way of comprehension of facts than one or two hours of supposed study with twenty-five or fifty percent concentration. You may find it difficult or impossible to put in more than a few minutes at a time with undivided attention; but it is better to get up and stir around, take some exercise, rest your eyes and get your mind completely off of work for a few minutes, then go back and demand the same oneness of thought for a few minutes again.

With this type of practice you will soon notice that your periods of study will be lengthened and you will soon find yourself going through satisfactory periods of study with satisfactory results obtained. ... when you sit down to study one subject or lesson declare a moratorium on worrying about the other subjects and if necessary call out your 'personal militia and standing army' to see that the order is enforced. <sup>67</sup>

Dad and Mother knew how hard it had been to save a few dollars over the years, and had become accustomed to accounting for every penny spent.

I have checked our gas and mileage record for the trip home and find that we used the same number of gallons of gas in returning that we used in going down-- 143 gallons each way--although we drove 1984 miles coming home as against 1782

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<sup>66</sup> Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, McAllen, Texas, February 25, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

<sup>67</sup> Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, March 14, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

miles headed south. The average cost was 14.42 cents per gallon coming and 11.44 cents going. However, our return trip showed 13.87 miles to the gallon, while we only got 12.46 miles to the gallon going down. Many more and larger hills were encountered on the return trip than in going, and these would tend to take more gas and cut the mileage record. It would seem that the common or standard gas would result in one-ninth to one-eighth more mileage than the cheap gas, and several times coming we used the cheap gas. Our entire trip shows that we drove 4526 miles, used 347 gallons of gas at an average cost of 13.88 cents per gallon, getting an average of 13.04 miles per gallon of gas. I am rather glad of the record, because when we started Grandpa said the car would get about ten miles on a gallon. <sup>68</sup>

The car was a blue Buick sedan, I believe 1927 model.

Nearly all of the boys in the fraternity came from good middle class homes and were credits to their families. There was something to be learned from each of them, and I was proud to be one of them. Five Sigma Nu fraternity brothers and I were to become Judges in the State of Indiana: Stuart K. Gast, Pulaski Circuit Court; Jack Duntun, LaGrange Circuit Court; Richard DeTar, Hamilton Circuit Court; Max C. Peterson, Blackford Circuit Court; Claude Lynn, Vanderburg Superior Court; Wendell C. Tombaugh, Fulton Circuit Court.

Every freshman was assigned to an upperclassman who was to look out for him, but it turned out that I was given the duty of looking out for my upperclassman, Robert "Bob" Marshall. At least it seemed that way to me, but upon reflection we probably looked out for each other.

I wanted everything in its place, and he couldn't have cared less about neatness and order. I liked to plan whatever I did, and he acted on impulse. He was studying journalism, writing for *The Indiana Daily Student*, the campus newspaper. Frequently he would get to his late-night assignment, and would call me about midnight to bring an article which he had written. I don't think that he ever had any laundry done. About once a week he would scramble through his closet only to find that he had no clean shirt. The call would go out for someone to loan him a shirt. At the end of the school year there were at least twenty-five shirts stuffed in a corner of his closet that were not his, so all of the brothers would come into the room and take what belonged to them. He was fair to me, and often arranged for me to get out of unpleasant tasks. Now that I think of it, we certainly were the original "odd couple", but by year's end I wouldn't have traded him for any other, and he had grown to understand my idiosyncrasies.

The only time I ever saw him study was the night before a final exam, when he would work nearly all night. It seemed to work, for he graduated with good grades. Bob later became editor of the Columbus, Indiana, Republican.

When I went to enroll as a freshman in the fall of 1932, I had insufficient foreign language credits. The problem arose when we moved from Culver to Rochester. Culver had about two weeks less school per year, and when I got to my advanced Latin class in Rochester, the class was so far ahead that it was obviously impossible for me to catch up, so I took biology instead.

## *College*

I, therefore, entered I.U. with an entrance condition, meaning that I had to pass one year of a foreign language, or be expelled at the end of the year. I worked harder on French that year than any other subject to assure removal of the condition.

Every afternoon I swam, taking a class under Robert Royer, the swimming coach who had attended Akron High School while Dad was Superintendent. I must have done fairly well, for the next year he introduced me to his beginning class, saying that I had learned to swim in his class the year before. He then had me demonstrate by swimming a length of the pool using the Australian crawl.

I continued to swim each day during my undergraduate years, and became Junior manager of the swimming team.

As soon as I entered R.O.T.C. class the instructor seemed to have found a future General in me, for he took particular pains to give me every benefit that he could. At once I was given the exalted duty of flag-bearer for Company A, leading all parades! It finally came to me why he was so nice, when he asked if I was related to Paul E. Tombaugh, Adjutant General of Indiana. Obviously, he was taking no chances while playing the old game of politics in the military. I met Earl Tombaugh only once when I was about ten years old. Paul had been known as Earl when growing up a half mile from Dad's home on the farm in Perry Township, but upon entering the military, he had taken his true first name instead of his middle name. He told Dad that when he entered Indiana University, he was asked if he was "as smart as Jesse," to which he replied, "Smarter." He was a brilliant student, for he became second in command at Camp Biloxi during World War 2.

Philip Dale "Phil" Bessire was my closest friend, and a couple or three years later his brother, William Sayre "Bill" Bessire became my roommate. Both were Sigma Nus. Their home was in Nashville, Brown County, Indiana, and their father, Dale P. Bessire, owned and operated an apple orchard near Nashville. But his main interest was that of an artist. He painted beautiful landscapes of Brown County, and became President of the Brown County Art Association. At one time he was included in Who's Who.

Every fall I accompanied Phil and Bill to Nashville where they helped operate the family roadside stand, selling apples and cider. Brown County had just acquired the State Park, and was beginning to be a real tourist attraction in Indiana. My first recollection of Nashville was that of an unspoiled, genuine backwoods small town with its Old Log Jail, the much used Liar's Benches and the quaint Brown County Courthouse. It was on those visits that I heard of T. C. Steele and Marie Goth, some of Indiana's most famous painters. Nashville was soon changed when promoters saw profits in commercializing the formerly sleepy town.

Dad and Mother always took me into their confidence, letting me know all about their own financial affairs, which made me feel as if I were a partner in everything. They authorized me to pay my bills by checks on their checking account, and knowing something about their financial condition helped me to spend with some care and discretion. They also let me know, in detail, the efforts to get work for the "Company."

Lester and I went to Indianapolis Monday to give Charley McAfee a price on grading the Logansport-Grass Creek stretch of the Logansport-Culver Road. Conditions have been so uncertain, and the price of labor was finally settled, making unskilled .50, semi-skilled .80, and skilled labor \$1.20 per hour with a maximum of thirty hours per week; we gave a price of .45 and .50 on the grading, and were somewhat reluctant to tie up even at those figures. The financing is getting to be a difficult proposition, even Mart Grace, the million dollar contractor from Fort Wayne, had to go into Chicago a day or two before the letting and make arrangements for financing his operations. He has three or four complete outfits working, nineteen miles to grade and pave, and wants at least that much more as soon as he can get it.

McAfee sat around in the lobby and talked until two-thirty, discovering the fact that he would be many thousands high, so he decided not to enter a bid. Low bid was two hundred sixty thousand, while his bid would have been near three hundred twenty thousand. It just seems to me that our days for road construction work ended a little over a year ago; and if I can find anything else, I sure won't hang around another year waiting for something to open up. <sup>69</sup>

Dad was a student. In his idle moments, which were much too few, he read and was interested in bettering himself as a speaker.

I have been doing quite a lot of work on my talk for Sunday morning, and while I will be compelled to use the manuscript, yet there will be very few sentences that will have to be read. I have made some changes, omissions and additions from the copy sent to you, and I may use the thought in the paper, make some necessary changes, and try to work up a lecture on Science and Religion. This should be followed by another on Evolution. If I could work up two good lectures on those subjects, and a third along another line that would contain statements of fact and advice interspersed with some wit, I might have a chance to give some and get the personal benefit of appearing before groups. It might even be possible to work up one or two on political issues. <sup>70</sup>

Times were tough and getting worse, but I never heard one word of complaint from either of my wonderful parents, although they spent their waking hours trying to make ends meet. I recall that Dad built an incubator for hatching chicks. It was near the furnace in the basement, and was additionally heated by electric lights. When the chickens were large enough, they were taken to the garage which Dad had fixed up as a hen house. I'm sure that present day zoning laws would prohibit such an enterprise, but many people within the city limits had chickens, cows and even outside toilets.

Dad and Mother cultivated a small garden, all by hand, and Mother did her part to help make the living.

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69 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, November 9, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

70 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, October 26, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

## College

She has canned twenty-nine quarts of beans, twenty quarts of tomatoes, and six quarts of beets out of our little garden. ... In addition to that she has canned sixteen quarts of peaches, twenty-four and 1/2 quarts of plums, nine quarts of pickles, 3 quarts of relish and three and 1/2 quarts of grapes, making one hundred and eleven quarts in all that Mother has canned this fall.<sup>71</sup>

Have been thinking of getting a location out some place and feed stock this winter; there is nothing to do, and we might be able to make our expenses in that way. If I could only find something to make our expenses it would help that much until we could get to earning again.<sup>72</sup>

Dad was leaving no stone unturned in his efforts to secure work.

Mr. Vogle, superintendent of schools at Shelbyville was selected for the job at Bloomington, and that leaves an opening in the Shelbyville system. Mother and I will go to Shelbyville Saturday morning and try to investigate the situation there to see if there is any possibility of getting in there.<sup>73</sup>

Someone else got the job, but I'm sure that Dad would have been a better choice!

Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, with their little daughter Carolyn, lived across the street at 630 Fulton Avenue in Rochester. He was an aggressive, likeable person, and Shelby (Mrs. Barnard) was an attractive, young housewife. "Barney" was salesman for the local Ford agency. Carolyn must have been about six years of age. The folks neighbored more and more frequently with them, and each family became quite attached to the other. Mr. Barnard had some kind of opportunity to accept in California, but they kept in touch with Dad and Mother for several years thereafter.

We received a letter from Mr. Barnard a few days ago which I am enclosing herein. [he describes a severe earthquake] You note that Barney would like for us to come out there and go with him in the building contracting game. If I knew one tenth as much of that game as I feel I know of road work I would take the next bus to the western coast.

There is no doubt but what there is going to be something good there for the contractor who is able to manage three or four jobs and keep them going near the limit at once.<sup>74</sup>

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- 71 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, September 21, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.
- 72 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, October 6, 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.
- 73 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, January 17, 1934, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.
- 74 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, "Spring First", 1933, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

Jack Heninger was in the Sigma Nu House the second semester of my freshman year, which was the school year 1932-33.

One Friday afternoon Mother and I dropped him off at his home in Indianapolis where we met his mother. She was about the age of my mother, and was very charming and gracious. In a few minutes his father came home from work. He was tall, had wavy-white hair, and was an aristocratic looking gentleman with a definite military carriage and bearing. He was much older than Jack's mother, having served in the Civil War, and at the time we met him he was State Commander of the G.A.R.

I was impressed by his title, but I was even more in awe of talking to a man who had been in that great conflict so many years before.

"Did you ever see General Grant?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "I once gave General Grant some advice."

Now he really had my attention!

"You see I was a courier, and when I delivered a message to him at his tent, he asked me what time I had---and I advised him!"

Dan Smith, who had been a classmate at Akron, and I occasionally saw each other while we were attending Indiana University. On one of our walks through the campus he introduced me to Ross Lockridge, Jr. After we parted Dan said that Ross had the reputation of being the smartest student ever to attend the school. That probably was true, for Ross became famous for his book, *Raintree County*, which was later made into an excellent motion picture. I was never a personal friend of Ross, but we would exchange greetings whenever we met on campus. He ran cross-country track, and we often met on my way to the gym as he was practicing, or preparing to practice.

His father, Ross Lockridge, Sr., was a professor of History at Indiana University for many years. I have heard my Grandma Tombaugh tell that he often attended the Tombaugh-Swihart family reunion, for his wife was some of our relation. He was always requested to give a talk about history on those occasions, and everyone looked forward to that part of the program.

I'm sure that Dan Smith was also recognized for his brain while he was at I.U., for he got merited recognition in later years. He taught school at LaPorte, Indiana, received his Ph.D. degree in Speech at Washington University, attained the position of Professor of Rhetoric at Syracuse University, from which he was promoted to Professor Emeritus. To put the icing upon his cake of achievements, he wrote a book, *The Early Career of Lord North*, The Prime Minister, for which he became a *Fellow of the Royal Historical Society!*<sup>75</sup>

## *College*

He stopped to visit me a couple of years before he died in 1984, and I said, "Dan, you were always ahead of the class. How did you do it?"

His answer was that he always enjoyed reading. As he said in his memoirs, "Back in Akron it was frequently said, 'There goes old Dan with his nose in a book.'"<sup>76</sup>

My Dad encouraged me to be involved in any public speaking class or activity that might present itself.

Practice the art--whatever it is--of interesting and having people become interested in you. I can't tell you how to do it because I have always given my time, thought and energy to other lines. However, now that work is scarce, and I am out of a job, I feel sorely the lack of that type of training that would compel an organization to insist that I enter their group, even if they had no need or opening for even one more individual. I can see so many things in my life, now, that have been left to chance or drift for themselves, that could have been brought to a high degree of consciousness and developed to function to a great advantage if I had had someone advise me that future life was not all dependent on keeping a youthful nose in a book, with head always turned to the front. Important as this may seem, and is, it is only half the story; and you have a superior chance and opportunity to cash in on the second part of this life requirement by making use of the boys and social privileges. ... If you need clothing of any kind, go and get it. Supply yourself so that you compare favorably with those with whom you associate, and you will not feel odd or out-of-place while in their presence.<sup>77</sup>

The next day, April 16, 1934, Dad wrote:

See where the Supt. of schools at Paoli got a job at Mooresville, and I may go down there to see about a school. If I can land something and a better job comes along, I can give it up. This continued and forced idleness is beginning to tell on my nerves, and I just about have to find something before long. I am sending out four or five letters today trying to make leads and get a line on something.<sup>78</sup>

In April, 1934, Uncle Lester was employed by a contractor who had bid off some street work in Plymouth and Rochester. Part of the job in Rochester was to widen the road between the Erie Railroad and the bridge over Mill Creek at the north edge of Rochester on US-31. He hired Dad to oversee the fill, and, according to a postcard of April 23, 1934 from

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76      *ibid*, p. 124.

77      Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 15, 1934, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

78      Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 16, 1934, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

Mother to the author at the Sigma Nu House, he started the work that day, and expected to complete it within only a few days. In her letter of the next day, April 24, 1934, she said: "He will get \$25.00. Not much, but most anything looks good now."

Worked for Lester last week on fill between Erie tracks and cement bridge (200') north of town on US-31. He said it would take 800 yards. We have 559 yds in on west side, will take 300 more, and the East side will take 1200 or 1500 yards; so you see the guess was just fair. We are hauling sand from half mile west of town on Sixth Street. We brought the 65 [Caterpillar tractor] up to pack it with, and after this job we will put it on the airport with three manys. The two 60's are both at work again, one north of Mexico on #31, and Bert [Wingert] south of Peru where he was last winter.<sup>79</sup>

Work on the fill north of the Erie tracks is hardly progressing in such a manner as to deserve the characterization FAIR. I am learning that there is a vast difference in the present 'labor', and what it was in the past when we went out to work with a determination and expectation of getting something accomplished. Men, in general, who are working for 50 cents an hour, rather than even the most remote notion or desire of making something for the contractor to whom they are responsible for the privilege of earning a livelihood, are saturated and filled with the characteristic fire to accomplish great things that is and has been noticeable in all the workers who took training in the "Roosevelt C.W.A. Roadside Camps."

The common laborer has been ruined for productive services by the tribe that sought to feed them on a dole in a supposed, camouflaged, regenerative industrial scheme.<sup>80</sup>

For a month or six weeks my extra time was filled with memorizing a speech for a contest that was to occur in May, 1934. Every afternoon I practiced in the quiet of our chapter hall, which was in the basement. Often I would have Otto P. "Pete" Frick, my freshman, heckle me while I was practicing, so that I could learn to keep my mind on the subject.

Each contestant spoke on "The Place of Public Opinion in a Representative Form of Government."<sup>81</sup> One of the contestants was Russell Keith of Peru, Indiana, against whom I had debated in high school.<sup>82</sup>

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79 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 30, 1934, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

The airport referred to was the Rochester Airport. Unfortunately the city had failed to properly conduct the letting of the contract, and no money was every paid Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey for the use of their machinery on the airport construction.

80 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, May 5, 1934, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

## College

Friday afternoon I gave my speech & feel that I hit it right on the nose, but won't be too sure until about the 27th when the winner will be announced at the annual speech banquet. There were 3 of us contestants, 3 judges, & one person as an audience. <sup>83</sup>

The prize of five dollars was awarded by Gov. Paul V. McNutt at a banquet in the Union Building.

The U. S. Bank & Trust Company in Rochester had been a victim of the Great Depression, and was being liquidated and depositors were soon to receive 40% of their principal. Dad and Mother would receive a hundred dollars more or less, and I would get around twenty dollars. It was not much, but we could have lost it all as did many people in the United States.

Because I had an entrance condition to work off, I needed a few extra hours to graduate with my class, so I entered summer school in the summer of 1934, taking only two or three courses. I remember the name of only one, Investments taught by a Mr. Chew. It was the most interesting and informative course of my college, and I can account for some investments over the years that were made profitable by my having taken the course. It is so seldom that we can measure so precisely the value of a class in school.

I was eating at a small hamburger stand, called The Griddle, that summer, and the owner, Winifred "Winnie" Thrasher, offered to sell me a half interest in the business. It was located at 421 East Kirkwood, only a half block east of the Sigma Nu house, and featured a twenty cent plate lunch consisting of meat and two vegetables. Drinks were a nickle extra. Also, equally inexpensive were breakfasts, and the five cent hamburger trade was good in the evenings.

We received your letter yesterday in which you outlined very much in detail the information on the little Hamburger Stand that the owner wants you to go in on, on a 50-50 basis.

Your diagnosis and checking seemed to have been very carefully done, and it appeals to me that it might be a chance for you to make a little money, and yet not be out any more time from your studies than you would normally be by just loafing a while before getting down to work. If you could make two or three dollars a day out of that next school year, it would go a long way toward paying expenses.

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81 *Bloomington Daily Telephone*, Monday, November 22, 1934.

82 Russell Keith became a well-known attorney with offices in Peru, Indiana.

83 Postcard from author at Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana, May 6, 1934, to Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Tombaugh, 700 Fulton Avenue, Rochester, Indiana.

There are a number of possibilities, both good and bad, in connection with the proposition, but the investment is reasonably small to start, and it looks as if you could surely make something in the deal. <sup>84</sup>

Although Dad and Mother had to take the money from their savings to pay for my \$225 investment, they did so most willingly. My cousin, Gerald Tombaugh, managed my interest in the business.

One day a man was observed counting our traffic. We did not have long to wonder why, for only a few weeks later a new business was started a half block west of ours. It was called "Wimpy's" after the hamburger eating character in the Popeye cartoons. It was an innovation in hamburger stands, being constructed of white porcelain, and featuring hamburgers fried in onions. It was the first of a chain of similar Wimpy's which was being started by people from Kentucky, and we saw a distinct decrease in our business.

Considering that I ate all of my meals there without cost, by the time I sold my half of the business at a loss on January 11, 1935, to our cook, Mrs. Lorene Hart, I thought that I had broken even almost to the penny. But, several weeks later an agent from the Indiana Department of Revenue reminded me that I had forgotten to pay my share of the Indiana Gross Income Tax, which amounted to about twenty dollars. The experience was well worth what I lost on the venture.

Business seemed to be going from bad to worse for all contractors in 1934.

Lester is having a lot of trouble with the street work at Plymouth. Seems that everything goes wrong. The stone is wet now, and it will not coat with tar. Today he and the asphalt man are in Chicago buying a drier for the stone so the tar will stick to it. He moved the elevator to our screening plant up to Plymouth yesterday, and is trying to get rigged up so he can accomplish something. I am truly glad that we did not get any of that work, because this man Alphs-the contractor-not only will never see daylight on that work, but instead, will not get much past midnight. ... Certainly his losses will be something terrific unless they can get started on a productive basis soon. <sup>85</sup>

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84 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, July 8, 1934, to the author at 418 North Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana.

85 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, June 20, 1934, to the author in Bloomington, Indiana.

## College

Gerald, Gene Rader and I had been home for a week-end, and stopped at a restaurant in Indianapolis for supper. Upon returning to the car we found all of our luggage missing, including term papers, notes and books belonging to Gene and me. Also, Gene had borrowed luggage from Charles G. "Chuck" Runyan, another Sigma Nu.<sup>86</sup>

The Jennens family, consisting of the father, T. A., mother, Lottie, and their children, Albert, Ruth and Betty, had moved across the street into the house formerly occupied by the Barnards at 630 Fulton Avenue. Albert "Al" was in high school and we had become the best of friends. Mother and Dad had also neighbored with his parents and had come to like them a lot.

Mr. Jennens sold Pratts Feeds and Remedies for poultry and livestock to dealers throughout Indiana. The company operated a mill in Guelph, Ontario, Canada, and was transferring Mr. Jennens temporarily to manage that plant. Through his efforts, Dad was hired as his replacement for a few weeks. It was a new experience, and perhaps one of the most difficult tasks which he ever tackled, for, like me, he was naturally shy, but it was a god-send, and couldn't have come at a more needed time.

Sold over a ton of feed at Kokomo. Booked almost sixty tons at Sullivan, and sold a ton at Vincennes; so you can see it is going some better than any week I have been out before.<sup>87</sup>

Got 22-1/2 cents per dozen (\$6.68) for the case of eggs sent a week ago. Sent another case yesterday. Even at 18 cents per dozen (clear), we can pay more than half our rent if we can get 3-1/2 dozen per day. Those numbers could be multiplied several times, and I think they would go on the profit side of the ledger in amount that would be interesting.<sup>88</sup>

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86 *Bloomington Daily Telephone*, Monday, November 22, 1934.

87 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Princeton, Indiana, November 21, 1934 (Anniversary of George's birth), to "Darling Garnet" at Rochester, Indiana.  
"George's birth" refers to the birth date of his deceased brother, George E. Tombaugh.

88 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, March 16, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

My grandfather, Hezekiah Tombaugh, died on February 8, 1935. I saw him only a few days prior, when he said: "Wendell, I'm proud of you. You're getting an education." I returned home for the funeral.

I want to tell you how happy I have been that you came home for Grandpa's funeral. It was a great sacrifice for you, coming as it did at a time when you needed every minute of your time to get started on the new semester, and the long drive both ways, getting you back there too late on Sunday evening to study, made it bad; but I want you to know that it has been a source of much satisfaction and consolation to me, and I shall never forget it. I realize you had an interest, but it would have been so easy for you to have passed it by. I hope you, too, will always feel a satisfaction in the fact that you came to pay a final respect to Grandpa. <sup>89</sup>

Dad and Mother had been active members of the Christian Church since coming to Rochester in 1929, and I had been baptized while I was in high school. Every week the women prepared a home-cooked meal, the profits from which went toward paying the mortgage. Unfortunately, the debt had been incurred in good times a few years prior to the 1929 Depression, and it had become impossible at times even to meet the interest payments. But, the good women were doing all that they could under the circumstances. Mother had done more than her share of the work, and I know of a couple of times that Dad had anonymously put \$500 into the collection plate instead of their regular generous contribution. Translated into today's dollars, that would be many thousands of dollars!

Dad was serving on the Church Board in March, 1935, when Rev. John Wallenburg presented a proposition whereby members would loan money to the church for paying off the mortgage, and in return the members would receive a 35 year endowment on the donor of 1/2 more than the loan, the church agreeing to pay the premiums for the 35 years or during the life of the insured. In the first place, the folks could not afford to part with any of their small "nest egg" which they had, with so much difficulty, accumulated over the years. In the second place, they did not believe that any of the church members could afford to risk losing anything. And, finally, what would happen if the Church were to fail in making the premium payments as they became due? Consequently Dad voted against the proposal.

Rev. Wallenburg, undoubtedly expecting Dad and Mother to invest several thousand dollars, was so surprised and infuriated that the following Sunday he devoted the entire sermon to the subject, publicly humiliating Dad before the entire congregation.

I've heard it said that you've never seen politics until you've seen Church politics, and that more blood has been shed in the guise of religion than for any other cause. Our family has no quarrel now with either of those statements, and, needless to say, our interest in that church ended that Sunday.

Dad never lost his sense of humor, as evidenced by the following undated note, but which he wrote sometime in 1934:

## College

Your card received lately, and contents were noted,  
Especially request for the cash that you quoted;  
We are all glad to learn that you've bought,  
A nice new suit for a mere five spot.

Now I'd merely suggest that you go to the store,  
Have your measure taken by a brand new score;  
Then your suit may be altered exactly your fit,  
And there is no question of your future hit.

A clean and a press would also be nice,  
But we're not expecting the throwing of rice;  
For your life's work requires good preparation,  
And there is still time for your scamperation.

We've bought you a tie to go with your suit,  
It's color is gray, so don't say "Oh, Shoot;"  
We did our best in picking one proper,  
So you wouldn't feel that you looked like a chopper.

The broker you asked about has not yet been checked,  
But the stock he sells seems to be quite correct;  
In talking with Harrison, you know at South Bend,  
He assures me that General American Tank is no spend.

Dear son,  
Here's mon'  
Have fun,  
I'm dun.

In the spring of 1934, the folks began looking for a farm where they could live and make expenses. They searched in Fulton, Pulaski and Marshall Counties.

We have looked at several farms, mostly the property of Insurance companies, and we find that the ratio of price to value ranges from 2 to 1 to 4 to 1. In general they are a sorry mess, having been skinned and run down almost to the zero point.

Lester, Grandpa and I go to Plymouth tomorrow to look at the shoulder widening job on US-30 going from Plymouth to Bourbon in one section and from Bourbon to Etna Green in the other section. Will bid Tuesday, April 16th. It really looks more favorable to our getting work this Summer than it has for three years. <sup>90</sup>

Lester and I each figured the job independently of the other, and when we got to Indpls and began a comparison, we found that I was \$7.16 above his estimate on the 12.76 miles. <sup>91</sup>

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90 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 7, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

91 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 22, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu

Unfortunately, their bid was thrown out since they had inadvertently failed to include a bid on sodding, which they had left open awaiting prices from a sub-contractor.

Lester and I went to Plymouth Thursday and arranged with [Roy] Treesh for us to grade 20,000 yards on his job west of Plymouth on US-30. We get 20-1/2 cents per yard, and he does the grubbing, blowing stumps and rolling. He takes care of the payroll, thus relieving us of Gross Income tax on the labor, and pays the compensation. That makes about the same as 24 or 24-1/2 cents per yard without the responsibility. ... We start work in the morning getting our machinery ready: 65, 2-60's, 12 ft blade, elevating grader and 6 maneyes. We get Ed [Kiffmeyer], Bert [Wingert], Ernest [Norman] and maybe Charley [Powell] and Ray Myers to take along on the job.<sup>92</sup>

Yes they will have Ed and Bert and Ernie Norman and Ray Myers and Leonard Lowe. They want Charley Powell if they can get his name okayed. Ed & Bert are \$.90 per hour, men-skilled, not sure about Ernie, whether he is 70 or 90. Ray & Leonard are \$.70 men. Ed was working for Gast [Gast Construction Co., Warsaw, Indiana], but quit to come and help our men. ... It certainly seemed good to get the machinery out and started. Everything was rusted and hard to start.

They think they will make a little something on this job, possibly \$800. That isn't much, but a start.<sup>93</sup>

This was the beginning of some much needed more encouraging times for Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey.

My summer was almost entirely spent working as company engineer, checking grade and setting stakes. We stayed at home, and ate our lunch in downtown Plymouth on the west side of Main Street, at a restaurant known as Scotty's Cafe.

The road which was a two-lane pavement, was kept open to traffic while we proceeded to widen the shoulders and shape the side ditches. Lots of cars and trucks used that road, and we could observe a pretty good cross-section of American humanity. Once Ernie

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House, Bloomington, Indiana.

92 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, May 19, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

93 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, May 24, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

Norman, who could not be said to be handsome, stopped his tractor, turned around to Ed Kiffmeyer and said: "There sure are a lot of homely people in this world!"

Before any cutting was permitted all utility companies who had cables, pipes or lines had to be notified so they could make necessary arrangements. The telephone company was supposed to have records showing exactly how deep their cables were buried, and, relying on those records, which proved to be incorrect, they made no effort to move the cables. A short distance west of Plymouth the elevating grader cut into the main telephone cable running between Chicago and New York. Within only a few minutes three men were there preparing to splice the hundred wires contained in the cable. One man went to a box some distance east, another went to another box west, while the third man, by trial and error, matched and marked the wires which were to be spliced. After two days service was resumed. In the meantime calls had been routed over several other circuitous routes.

One area called for a fill of sand several feet deep. Then pipes were driven every few feet through the sand deep into the muck. Into each pipe a small amount of dynamite was dropped. I think it was called a pocket charge. Anyway, it was only enough to create a pocket at the bottom of each pipe into which a large amount of dynamite was placed. They were all equipped with electric caps, and when discharged simultaneously, the entire land raised about five feet and then sank about ten feet. This blew the muck from under the sand, and gave a solid foundation for the road. It must have worked, for I was over it this year, 55 years later, and it was holding.

The work on US-30 was still going on in the middle of September.

Daddy is working so hard every day. He is setting stakes, Ray is helping him. Lester is overseeing the men, so yesterday [Lester and the men] got to the sink hole and they put their shovels over their shoulders and walked across the sink hole. Daddy saw them coming and he said, "Look, Ray, they are charging.: Ray said, "Yes sir, Carvey's Army is crossing the Delaware!"<sup>94</sup>

It was that same sense of humor which finally got America through the dim days of the Depression.

Business prospects were brighter for Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey, so they traded their old Chevrolets with Dee Fultz, Rochester Dodge dealer, for Dodge sedans.

By the end of the summer, things were looking better for Mother and Dad, and they traded their maroon colored Studebaker Commander sedan with Joe Wilhoit, Rochester Oldsmobile dealer, for a 1936 green Oldsmobile coupe, complete with radio, heater and

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Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, September 17, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.  
Ray Myers several years later became Mayor of Rochester, Indiana.

rumble seat, for \$675. It was put in my name as an early graduation present. This on top of financial stress of the previous couple of years I cannot understand, unless their love for me outweighed their good judgment. Anyway, it became my prized possession, for I knew it was a real sacrifice for them.

Well, we have almost purchased the Kindig place. Daddy will be at home about 3:30 today and we will go uptown and sign up. We are paying \$6,800 for it, or \$5,300 and assume the \$1,500 mortgage. ... We will sell the Standard Oil & I don't know where we will get the rest, but we will find it.<sup>95</sup>

I do not know how they financed their purchase, but they held onto the Standard Oil stock. They were tempted several times to part with it, but, fortunately for me, they were able to keep it.

In January, 1936, Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey were successful bidders on a road near Fremont, and by March the machinery had been moved and was ready for the summer's work.

We came up here yesterday to start some work. Have been helping Engineer set stakes - Ed, Bert, Lester and I. Still have some snow drifts on the road, so you see we cannot do much yet.<sup>96</sup>

We are getting a start on the road now. Clearing this week; have ten or twelve men. If it gets warmer so the ground can dry out some, we will start moving dirt next week.<sup>97</sup>

Times were definitely improving for Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey.

I forget how or where, but I met a Mrs. Bessie Gilstrap who lived in Bloomington and had inquired about my parents, and upon reporting this to the folks, received the following from Mother:

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- 95 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, September 11, 1935, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.
- 96 Postcard from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Fremont, Indiana, March 24, 1936, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.
- 97 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Fremont, Indiana, March 31, 1936, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

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Yes we know Bessie Gilstrap. We lived in their home when you were born. She was a girl about 20 or more. Her name was Bessie Fish. She was going with Gilstrap then and we never heard whether she married him or not. She is the girl who painted that postal card about you. On it is - A baby is born in our home, name Wendell Carvey Tombaugh, born Jan. 15, 1915, weight 7-1/2 pounds. ... She got the card (a woman holding a child) and painted it in colors.<sup>98</sup>

As soon as she had received it, Mother had it framed, and it hung on her wall the rest of her life.

I have traded for a Dodge Pickup truck, that is if Dee Fultz can get it next week. Give him \$450 cash, and he allows us \$125 on the old truck that has been torn apart and stored in the garage at Lester's place. Barney Burrous offered \$115 on a Ford trade, and the most we could get anyplace else was \$100. Think we will like the Dodge truck better than a Ford or Chevy, anyhow.

They moved some dirt Thurs. P.M. up on the road, some Fri. and worked until noon Sat. Lester said Engineer estimated 2,000 yards. We get 35 cents a yard for that excavation. The clearing is practically completed, and most of the sewer are in, or on the ground ready to go in.<sup>99</sup>

Some additional good news for Mother and Dad came in a letter dated April 20, 1936, whereby the Home Savings and Loan Association in Peru was being reorganized into a Federal Savings and Loan Association. They had several thousand dollars, and I had six or eight hundred dollars there, which had been tied up since the beginning of the Depression, but which would become liquid within a reasonable time.

Good news as well as bad news does come in bunches!

Grandpa Carvey was unable to participate in the Company business because of illness, which Dr. M. O. King, of Rochester, diagnosed as Bright's disease, high blood pressure and heart leakage. Mother was spending more and more of her time helping care for him and Grandma, and his condition was becoming a matter of concern for Carvey, Tombaugh & Carvey since the Company, a partnership, owned all of the equipment, a garage and house in Macy.

[Lester] and I are attempting, seriously, to make a deal with grandpa to take over his share in the road work. Drew up some deeds Wed. and he took them home last evening to have signed. We want the garage & machinery, and they the house & lot. We will assume the debts and give them a note (in addition to the \$3,000 they hold) of \$700. We need to get it fixed up before grandpa gets too bad. However, he seemed much better Wed. morning when I took two young fries down to him.<sup>100</sup>

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98 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, Sunday, April 19, 1936, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

99 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, Sunday, April 19, 1936, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

100 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Fremont, Indiana, May 8, 1936, to the author at the Sigma Nu House, Bloomington, Indiana.

The transaction was completed, and the firm became known as Carvey & Tombaugh, with Dad and Uncle Lester each owing a half interest.

When school ended in the spring of 1936, I made tentative arrangements to enroll as a freshman in Law School, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, when the fall term would begin.

Glad you got everything squared away for your next year's work. Just one little thing for you to do, and that is to establish a proper amount of self confidence in Wendell and let him know that he can do anything he wants to do if he is willing to pay the price. After all, everything we get that is worthwhile, whether of a mental or physical nature, comes with a definite price, and it is only the individual who is not willing to pay who fails to get what he wants. 101

John H. "Pat" Patterson and Eugene "Gene" Rader, both brothers in Sigma Nu, were preparing to leave on a trip to New Mexico and Arizona for a couple of weeks prior to the beginning of the next school term. The folks agreed that I could go with them.

Gene was to visit his brother, Rex Rader, who was employed by Standard Oil in New Mexico, while I was to accompany Pat to visit his parents at Fort Defiance, Arizona. Pat's father held a government job, being in charge of all Indian schools on the Navajo reservation. It was a memorable trip.

Once Mr. Patterson took me to see the Petrified Forest after we had taken an Indian girl to her home, which was a hogan about thirty miles from Fort Defiance. The Indian children attended schools where they would live during the week, returning home on weekends.

Another time Pat and I went with Mr. and Mrs. Patterson to witness a Hopi snake dance. We drove over pastures, occasionally opening and closing gates, for nearly one hundred miles, when we came to a huge towering rock a hundred or more feet high. We climbed to the top where there was a flat area where the Indians were to perform. There were around seventy-five visitors, and about that many Indian performers. Among the visitors was the author of "Laughing Boy," Oliver LaFarge. Humorist Irvin S. Cobb was expected, as he seldom missed the program, but he did not arrive.

The first thing that we noticed upon reaching the top of the hill was a hole, four or five feet in diameter, which nature had formed over the ages, into which a bunch of snakes had been placed. A brave Indian reached in and placed them into a basket with a lid. This was then taken to the area where the program was to be given, and the Indians, who were chanting and dancing in a circle two abreast, would open the basket and take one snake for each two dancers. One of the dancers held the snake in one hand and his mouth letting the snake's head

## *College*

stick from the other side of his mouth about six or eight inches. His partner then proceeded to tickle the snake's face with a feather.

Occasionally a snake would get loose, and come toward the crowd of spectators, most of whom were sitting within a few feet of the dancers. Since I had inherited my Grandpa Carvey's fear of snakes, both alive and dead, I welcomed the end of the performance.

But I did not welcome the end of a wonderful summer vacation, for I was wondering what was ahead of me.

"It was the worst of times and it was the best of times."

The depression was still alive and well. My future was as unsettled as it was four years prior when I entered the University. I didn't really like school. On the other hand I didn't feel ready to get a job, even if I could get one, which seemed highly unlikely. School seemed the lesser of the two evils, and Dad had urged me to further my education while the opportunity was there. I have thanked him many times in my heart that he wanted me to go ahead.

I had taken a class in business law which awakened a realization that some law would certainly help me no matter in what business I might enter. The thought of practicing law never entered my mind.

So, the school year 1936-37 I became a freshman in Indiana University School of Law at Bloomington.

I would get my hair cut in the Basement barber shop, located under Black & Bailey hardware, at 712-1/2 Main Street, nearly every time I got home. Charlie Ambler and Frank Stetson were my favorites.

Just got thru reading your letter, and did read about Mr. Stetson's death yesterday. He was a mighty fine man.

You know, the last time I was in the barber shop, Mr. Stetson was talking about his little grandson about 5 or 6 years old who had asked him how long he was going to live yet, and he said that it made him stop and think about the probability of life of a man his age, and he said that he just came to realize that he didn't have very long to live in years.<sup>102</sup>

Occasionally my barber was Keith Tyler, a law student who was working his way through school in the barber shop located in the Union Building.<sup>103</sup>

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102 Letter from the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana, to Jesse L. and Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh at Rochester, Indiana.

103 Keith Tyler practiced law in Indianapolis and maintained a cottage at Lake Manitou for many years. After his retirement, he and his wife, Vivian, traveled in their Airstream trailer, and he attained the distinction of International President of Wally Byam Caravan Club in 1977-78. The author appointed him as Court Commissioner for a year to assist in handling small claims and misdemeanors which the

Along with many other students I would rush to the Gables for lunch. About every noon Christine Carlson, who was from Rochester, and her friend, Margaret, and I would share a booth. This went on for about a whole semester. One day "Pat" Patterson said, "Introduce me to the taller girl."

"I don't know her last name. I only know her as Margaret," I replied.

"You don't know her last name!" he exclaimed. "That's the Lieutenant Governor's daughter!"<sup>104</sup>

I was too bashful ever again to eat with Christine Carlson and Margaret Schricker.

Mr. Marriott, manager of the Standard Oil service station at the south end of town, died the last of March or first of April, 1937. Dad and Uncle Lester applied for the job, but did not get it, as they expected to hire all help, whereas Standard Oil wanted a manager-operator.

We will go to Indianapolis tomorrow morning to bid on the Mooresville grading job Tuesday. Don't expect to even be close because there are so many hungry contractors who want to get their equipment moving, and I look for prices to be slashed even in the face of union labor and increased prices on materials and supplies resulting from the many sit-down strikes, which seem to be all-the-rage at this time. Any man who professes to labor is soon going to be ostracized ... if he even so much as fails to think seriously about sitting down in or on somebody's private property until he agrees to raise wages. A Washington, Lincoln or Teddy would be a god-send to this country now any time. <sup>105</sup>

He was right - they didn't get the job.

For at least sixteen years Dad and Uncle Lester had been opening and operating leased gravel pits and furnishing processed gravel for the many county roads which the "Company" built. They knew the gravel business, and it was only natural that they might wish to own their own pit.

In the spring of 1937 they bought a 40 acre farm in Liberty Township, Fulton County, Indiana, from the Joe Koch estate. They had heard that a nearby farmer was interested in

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Legislature had given the Fulton Circuit Court when it discontinued the Justice of Peace Courts.

Henry F. Schricker of Knox, Ind., later became Indiana's first two-term governor.

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Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 4, 1937, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

## *College*

buying the farm, and concluded that he probably would offer \$800, so they tendered their written bid of \$850 for the entire farm. They had guessed to the penny what the competition would bid! The attorney for the estate was George Deamer, of Deamer & Deamer, in Rochester, and it was into his office that I accompanied Dad for opening of the bids. I experienced an excitement perhaps something like I would during the last few seconds of a tied basketball game.

The farm was about one mile south of the Macy-Nyona Lake road on the west side of US-31. In the middle 1920's a pit had been opened on the farm and washed gravel was produced which was used for the paving of US-31 from Rochester to Peru. The machinery was then removed, and the pit had not since been used. Test cores showed that there was much gravel yet to be obtained.

Lester and I went to Ft. Wayne last Wednesday and bought a second hand slack line dipping outfit of Irving [Bros.]. The hoist is pulled by a Master 6 Buick motor mounted on the same frame, and develops two speeds by using low and second on the motor. The bucket is a 3/4 yard Pioneer that has been factory rebuilt, and is capable of doing a lot of work yet. He furnishes also the carrying cable, guy cables and a complete set of blocks for \$600. The hoist is setting on an old truck chassis he had fixed to use as a trailer, and he is throwing that in too. This is not a first class job, but there is some difference between \$600 and four or six thousand dollars, and if future business demands a larger outfit, we can build up with the demand.

That will be much better and much wiser than to spend a lot of money starting in possibly to find that there might be no demand for the product.<sup>106</sup>

We have not started setting up any machinery yet, but would like to find someone who has had experience, get a couple of carpenters [and with] Bert [Wingert] and Ernest [Norman] hustle the thing along. We can furnish some blacktop material to Fulton County if we can get the plant in operation soon enough.<sup>107</sup>

Fred Thomas, who had engineered the construction of several similar gravel washing plants, was in charge. Others included Bert Wingert, Ernest Norman, Jack Cartwright, Clark "Toots" Miller, Wallace "Wally" Vice, Ben Halterman, Wayne M. Blackburn and Arthur F. "Art" Killion.

Ernest Norman, who had been employed by the "Company" several years, inherited the job of company mechanic, and worked at whatever needed to be done until the plant was running, when he became the dragline operator. Also, Art Killion, a Macy carpenter, was primarily responsible for building the bins. Bert Wingert, a native of Delphi, Indiana, had worked for them as tractor driver and elevating grader operator several years and participated in the construction. Once he had me take some rods to Speck Smith for threading and installing large nuts, saying, "You tell Speck to turn that just as tight as he can get it, and then give it three more turns." Clark "Toots" Miller and Jack Cartwright were there all summer.

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106 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, May 16, 1937, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

107 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, May 22, 1937, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

Jack maintained that he was able to smell snakes, and sure enough, one day a blue racer was seen and killed after he had predicted its presence.

The first and most important necessity was to get a very tall pole. For this they searched over several counties, finally locating a suitable tree in Kosciusko County. They cut it down, cleared all branches and bark, and hauled it to the pit after getting special permission of the Indiana State Police. The heavy end was placed on the back of a truck and a two-wheel trailer was under the other end. It was a most unusual load traveling on Main Street in Rochester, and catching the curious eyes of everyone. Six smaller hardwood trees were obtained for constructing the tipple frame on which was placed a large GMC truck motor. The truck had been War Surplus from World War 1, and was to power a rotary screen and rock crusher that were also on the tipple frame. A chute fed the gravel into a shaker screen in a shed on top of the bins. That screen was powered by a used Whippet auto motor. Another motor powered a large pump, which furnished water for the washing process. The previously mentioned Buick motor operated the drag line that hauled gravel out of the pit and dumped it into a bin at the very top of the tipple frame.

I spent the summer vacation at the pit, and when the washing plant was finally running, my cousin Dee Carvey and I were hired to stockpile gravel when the bins got full. The plant was running two shifts, Dee being on the early shift while I was on the late one. We operated an old Model A Ford dump truck that was almost on its last mile. The motor ran pretty good, but there was something wrong with the gears, so that it would slip out of gear, and the only way we could get it back in gear was to insert a rod into a hole in the gear box and push and turn. Sometimes it took several pushes and turns to get results. It was almost the same as picking a lock.

I believe Robert M. "Bob" Walters was Fulton County Highway Supt., and he began purchasing washed gravel as soon as the plant was operating. I can recall only two who were driving gravel trucks for Fulton County: Clifford McGee and Raymond Kruger. As a matter of fact there probably were only four or five all together.

As soon as Fulton County finished the Grass Creek road they started on the Circus Road. They first put on 94-1/2 yds #7; then 95 yds stone; the next day (Fri) they hauled 197 yds #7; Sat. 212-1/2 yds #7 and yesterday 155-1/2 yds #7. That makes 95 yds stone and 659-1/2 yds #7, or 754-1/2 yds total. They are oiling now, and then will want 150 or 200 yds Birdseye to seal the road. When that is done they will seal the Nyona Lake road, then the two roads at Akron. We didn't have enough #7 out, so they have taken almost all of the piles we called "road gravel" north of the bin. That helps out because we had counted that 50 cent gravel instead of \$1.15. We will run a trough out north of the bin and start making road gravel as soon as we get the two bins full of #7.

It seems now as if this summer and fall will furnish us more gravel business than we had counted on at first. If we can pay our interest, a little on principal, and have some good stock piles out to start on next spring, we will be doing fairly good, I think.

We have a real good bill against Fulton Co. this month, but Bob Walters wants to hold some of it back for next month. Says it may jar somebody's hat off if it were all put in at once. We should have a little less than \$1,100 from Miami Co. <sup>108</sup>

This month we received \$1,052.25 from Miami Co. and \$1,222.40 from Fulton Co. that will help to straighten up some past-due bills, and leave some to put out stock piles for next Spring. We hope to sell a good bunch of common road gravel this fall and next Spring at 50 cents. We take out the oversize and about 1/3 of the refuse sand and muddy water. That seems to make a good mixture for road gravel. <sup>109</sup>

Dee and I were reminiscing yesterday (September 6, 1990) about that wonderful summer. Of those who worked then, only Ernie Norman, Toots Miller, Wally Vice, Dee and I are now living.

Grandpa's condition required someone to care for him as if he were a baby, for his mind and body were slipping day by day. It had become an unbearable burden for Mother and Dad to make daily trips to Macy, so they arranged for Grandma and Grandpa to be moved in with the folks. The only condition which Dad and Mother made on the arrangement was that Mother and Dad would furnish everything and would receive no pay in return. After a reasonable time, Grandma and Grandpa were returned to their home in Macy, where someone had been secured to help take care of them.

This unselfish devotion did not go unnoticed by me.

Uncle Lester isn't very well. He had a facial stroke last week. His face looks crooked and is so red. The Doctors said it may be his tonsils. <sup>110</sup>

He recovered sufficiently to resume his work, but it definitely slowed him down.

I suspect, ere this time you have heard of [Robert Tombaugh's] accident. My account may be a little tedious, but I will tell all in detail so you may have a clear picture, and know just how it happened.

Last Thursday he, for some reason, was in a hurry to leave Winamac after supplying the three trucks there with bread taken over on his regular route, and left without getting his daily report. He started back in the evening, or p.m. (in his own car) to get the report, then was going back to see Betty. He was going South on SR-25 just East of Rochester (about 4:30 p.m.) and coming to the intersection of 25 with the old Ft. Wayne road - the road going East from Earl Quick's filling station [on Main and 4th] - he saw another car approaching SR-25 from the East. This happened to be Mr. & Mrs. Lou Holtz who used to live on the first farm South of the County Farm, which we looked at one time with a view to buying. Robert thought the car

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108 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, "Gravel Pit, Indiana", September 21, 1937, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

109 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, October 8, 1937, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

110 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, November 9, 1937, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

was slowing down and continued his speed of about 60 miles per. Mr. Holtz said he saw the car but thought he had time to get across. When Robt. saw him continuing, he thought he could turn to the right, and by increasing his speed, swerve to the left and make his back end slide so he would not get hit. But he didn't get to turn left, the other car struck the left side of his car and he was able to manipulate his car from where it was hit-about 15 ft. west of the west edge of the pavement, over a guard rail post and a header and bring it to a stop in the shallow side ditch some 80 or 100 feet from where he was struck, without turning over, and with only one tire on and all wheels bent.

A man from Illinois driving behind said he certainly did a fine piece of work in driving the car so it did not turn over.

He got up and walked to the other car and asked if anybody was hurt, then started back to his own car, which is a complete wreck, but passed out of the picture about half way, and didn't come to until he was in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

We didn't hear it until about 6:00 in the evening, went over and stayed until after 10:00 so we could get the report of the X-Ray. No bone fractures at all, but his back was badly sprained and wrenched, and his stomach seems awfully sore. He may have struck the steering wheel. Has two small scalp wounds, but they were not enough to take stitches. He is feeling much better now, and his back is getting better. Looks real good today.

Mrs. Holtz got three fractured ribs, a very black eye, some head wounds and some leg wounds. She was not expected to live yesterday-pneumonia set in, closing one lung completely and the other was filling-but today she was much better...

Bob had full coverage on his car, and Burns [his employer, Burns the Baker at Mentone, Indiana] said he was still in his employ, and his insurance would take care of all bills-ambulance, Doctor's charges and hospital. <sup>111</sup>

As usual I was worrying about semester examinations, and as usual Dad gave me encouragement.

I sure hope you are able to hit those exams squarely on the knot and do yourself the type and kind of justice of which I know full well you are so deserving. However, I always have contended that exams are not always a fair and just criterion on which to base final judgment, but should be used merely as an aid to the instructor, and that, only in case he cares to rely on it. So, if your exams do not register as you might desire, it is not a last and final indication to me that you may not have done a full gospel measure of the work as outlined. For a number of years educators have agreed that exams were not a just basis for determining a passing or failing grade, but until something was found that would serve in a just manner, there was nothing else to do but use them.

Bob [Tombaugh] seems to be getting along ok. He left the hospital several days ago. He took a cash settlement of \$316 on his car. <sup>112</sup>

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111 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, January 9, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

112 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, January 24, 1938, to the author at 504

## *College*

I was not doing well in school, and failed Contracts III.

I am glad you are not taking the failure in Contracts III so seriously. I know, full well, how it feels to fail in a subject when one is trying so hard to make credits, but there are some conditions under which no stigma attaches to a failure, and I am quite confident yours is one. So don't worry about it and all will come out right in the end.<sup>113</sup>

It had become apparent that it would be most helpful if I knew touch typing. I had become pretty adept at hunt-and-peck, but that was difficult to use when copying. So, I hired a student to do my copying for three weeks, during which time I began the Gregg exercises which I practiced diligently for two hours each day. By the end of three weeks, I was able to do a passable job of keeping up my typing. That was one of the most fortunate decisions that I was ever to make, for I have loved to type ever since. Why hadn't I taken typing in high school?

Dad and Uncle Lester seemed to have found some business in which they were uniquely qualified. They were operating the plant and also two other pits.

Have been doing considerable running around lately. Have the Bunnell pit (S.E. Peru) ready to take gravel out. Miami Co. is taking the pile of road gravel we ran out at our plant, and I am going to Plymouth soon to see about getting that pit stripped and ready for work.<sup>114</sup>

Mother was still in the egg business, along with her continual housecleaning, cooking and helping at Grandma and Grandpa Carvey's. But she always found time to write letters filled with local news and generous portions of love for me.

Marguerite Scheid and James Coplen are to be married this week-end. Mrs. [Ben] Vernon called me and asked if I had eggs, said she was going to bake the wedding cake.<sup>115</sup>

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Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

113 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, February 2, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

114 Ibid.

115 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, February 16, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

Marguerite Scheid was daughter of Reuben Scheid, owner of the Rochester Canning Company, while Ben Vernon was associated with him in the business, I believe, as plant manager. James Coplen was son of Eugene "Gene" Coplen, pharmacist in Rochester.

Today the Neighborly Club entertained the McKinley Club at the Jail parlors, Mrs. King, the Sheriff's wife, as hostess. I gave a short talk - "The Origin of St. Patrick's Day." Had several compliments-just trying to cheer me up.

Mrs. Dr. [M. O.] King gave a book review-"Madam Currie," the scientist, and it was wonderful. Mrs. Henry Sherrard gave a reading which was very good. The orchestra teacher brought four girls from H.S. and they played several numbers on their clarinets. We had a very enjoyable afternoon. 116

Today Daddy took Slim Bowers and went to Grandma's [Grandma Tombaugh's] farm to fix up a new water tank and clean out a pipe. I went down to Macy to clean up Grandma Carvey's house. We both worked hard and are so sleepy and tired.

I am doing some house cleaning. Monday afternoon I cleaned yard and yesterday got a start on the basement. There is (are) heaps of work here now. We want to plow for garden tomorrow if possible.

Old Dorothy had her calf last Tuesday morning. It is a male. It is a nice looking calf. We think we will keep it for our meat next winter.

Monday night I was alone. Daddy and Lester went to Indianapolis. They haven't the money (cash) to qualify, so they were figuring on grading for John Dehner from Ft. Wayne. Dehner is wealthy and was doing the bidding and our men were going to grade. All the checks would have had to go thru his (Dehner's) office, but they had made arrangements to a division. Well, he did not get anything, but the boys are hoping to get enough cash to qualify and bid themselves. If we would sell the Akron property and put that money in the bank it would rate them 7 times the amount in bidding, that is, if we get \$4,200 for the property that would mean \$29,400 in bidding. It seems that cash means so much more than anything else. 117

Grandpa and Grandma Tombaugh had lived on the farm in Perry Township, Miami County, Indiana, all of their married life. In fact, Grandpa had been born and raised there. The house was unhandy, drafty, had no inside plumbing, no central heating plant and no electric lights, and the farm and house work were more than they could handle, so Mother and Dad purchased a house on February 27, 1932, for \$3,800 where my paternal grandparents could spend their remaining years. The property was located on the north side of East Rochester Street only a block from the business section of Akron. The property, according to Deed Record 79, page 132, in the Fulton County Recorder's office, was in the name of Jesse L. and Garnet Tombaugh, as tenants by the entireties.

It had become apparent that the house needed to be converted into cash if Carvey & Tombaugh were to be able to bid on anything within the near future. Aunt Goldie and Grandma wanted to purchase the property so they could make some repairs and additions as they might wish, thus by Deed Record 85, page 265, Fulton County Recorder's office, on May 14, 1938, Hannah Tombaugh and Goldie Tombaugh, as tenants in common, became the owners of the property.

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116 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, March 17, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

117 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, March 24, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

We want to run over to Akron this evening to see Lamoine Hand and Mr. [Milo] Cutshall. Lamoine called up and asked about their gravel. They are going to bid on a building to be constructed here in Rochester. The Telephone Co. are putting it up, I think, just west of Dawson's Drug Store. 118

The plant worked all last week, with two trucks hauling Birdseye to Rochester for sealing roads that were oiled last year, and three trucks hauling #7 to Grass Creek to build 1-1/2 miles of new road. The County Supervisor wanted about 500 yds to start with. Hope he will continue to haul so we can keep moving.

The "big rush" in Miami Co. seemingly has not materialized. They wanted gravel immediately when the cost of stripping pit was ten times what it should have been, and now seem to have cooled off to the extent that a very few yards have been taken from the Bunnell pit, hence the truck and Barber-Greene [bucket loader] are tied up there waiting where they do no one any good. 119

Last Monday afternoon Boyd Coppock was here, he is working for a cement co. They mix their own cement for bridges etc. They would want to get gravel of us if they can sell the cement to the contractor who bids off the bridge job at Nyona Lake. Boyd said he has a baby boy six months old.

Bill Deniston has set up a law office in Rochester, in with [Martin W.] Ivey. Bill is running for prosecuting attorney. Rochester is filling up with young lawyers: James Smith, Van Brown, Bill Deniston. 120

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118 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 3, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

119 Letter from Jesse L. Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 17, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

120 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, April 24, 1938, to the author at 504 Kirkwood Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana.

Boyd Coppock and his brother Fred were from Logansport, Indiana, and belonged to Sigma Nu in Bloomington. Fred was killed in WW2.

The Indiana Road Paving Company, Rochester, Indiana, owned by Guy R. Barr and Arthur Leroy "Roy" Deniston, had fallen victim of the Great Depression.

In the spring of 1938 Mr. Barr bid off the job of grading and surfacing SR-16 between Monon and Buffalo, Indiana. In May, Carvey & Tombaugh contracted with him to do the grading, since he no longer had any machinery.

The men moved some of their road machinery yesterday and expect to commence next Monday. They want to just rush that job with all of their might, for they think that is where the money lies. They bought a new piece of machinery of Cockrell Tractor Co. It, when new, is \$10,000. They got one that has been used one season for \$6,000. It does so many things to help to advantage that they say they can pay for it and have \$3,000 or \$3,500 left after this job is done. That is, if they all hustle.

That new piece of machinery is a LeTourneau scraper and RD-7 [diesel] Caterpillar tractor used by Rosenberry and Gunsollos at Akron road. 121

School ended, and I immediately started working for Carvey & Tombaugh setting grade stakes on the Monon job. Dad and I had a rented room there, and only came home on Saturday evenings until Monday mornings.

It was fortunate that the "Company" had purchased the new machinery, for there was a mile, near Monon, that was loaded with huge boulders that had to be buried. The LeTourneau dug large pits in the road right-of-way where the stones were buried. Many of the stones were three and four feet in diameter.

I never saw Ed Kiffmeyer, who was in charge of the grading, angry but once, and it was at me. My job was to set stakes showing him how much to cut or fill. I made the unforgivable mistake of indicating one foot too much to be cut in a side ditch. Ed had faithfully followed my mark to the horror of Mr. Stevenson, the State Engineer, who had to completely reshape the entire drainage system at the point, and it was an expensive mistake for the "Company."

Other than the huge stones and my blunder, the work was uneventful, except that a Mr. Chenowith had some fingers severed while he was operating the LeTourneau. He was pulling on a cable when his hand was drug into the cable reel. Although he should never have

## *College*

had his hand there in the first place, it certainly was a case of unsafe design. The "Company's" safety record over the years was probably much, much better than average.

Mother raised some tomatoes, and Dad and I took a bushel to the road one Monday. He drove from one portion of the work to another, and by noon he had distributed all of them to the thirsty men. We often mentioned that those were probably the best tasting tomatoes that we ever had.

The fall of 1938 I returned to Bloomington to re-enter law school, but was told by Dean Bernard C. Gavit that he did not believe that I should pursue law, for he did not think I was lawyer material, as I had failed the Contracts III plus a class in Taxation, and he therefore was suspending me "for deficiency in scholarship."

He was right. I knew that I was not lawyer material, and the thought of practicing law had never entered my mind. I still wanted some knowledge of the law, hoping that it might help me in a business career. I had half enough credits for a degree, and no hope of getting a job. I was sorely tempted to go home and get whatever was available. Although it had been nine years since the Crash of 1929, jobs were still very scarce.

Several of my classmates were transferring to the Indiana Law School, which was a private school in Indianapolis. Porter B. Williamson had already urged me to make the change, pointing out that where the Law School at I.U. taught all theory, the Indiana Law School in Indianapolis taught law from a practical way, all teachers being practicing attorneys. It occurred to me that there I might be able to get a job and attend school at the same time, and perhaps turn my defeat into some kind of victory.

After enrolling and making only a half-hearted attempt to get work, I soon changed my mind when I realized that I was not having any luck getting a job, so I put all of my efforts into my studies at the new school.

Again, at the end of the semester I became dispirited. I still had another year to finish, and I decided to just quit. School had already started when I received a telegram from Porter B. Williamson, whose home was at Burket, Indiana.<sup>122</sup> He said that I had better reconsider, for I had received the only "A" in Constitutional Law that L. Roy Zapf had given in two years!

Nothing had ever fired my determination like his telegram.

I could hardly wait to get back to finish law school.

**Do we choose our destiny, or does destiny choose us?**

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Porter B. Williamson, of Burket, Ind., became Kosciusko County, Ind., Prosecuting Attorney, served as General Patton's Judge Advocate, taught law at the University of Tuscon, wrote law books, and is the author of *Patton's Principles*.

The folks had paid all of my college and law school expenses, permitting me to hold onto several hundred dollars, which I kept at interest in the bank. We learned that more could be made by bidding off property at an annual delinquent tax sale, so in the spring of 1939, I had obtained the list of properties which were to be sold, and personally checked them. I bid off five properties throughout the county, investing \$693.16.

The delinquent tax sale was held Monday morning in accordance with the state law at the west entrance to the court house. The sale was in charge of Harry Overmyer, county treasurer, and Robert Shafer, county auditor. Over 300 pieces of land were offered for sale and many of them were purchased. Some of the purchases were made by men from other cities who make a specialty of buying such distressed property because of the high interest return. <sup>123</sup>

Apparently the reporter did not recognize me, as I was the only person "from other cities."

By law the owner had a couple of years in which to redeem his property, but then only after paying all delinquent taxes which went to the county, plus a very high interest, which I would receive.

This was the third year that I bought at delinquent tax sale, and all of my purchases were eventually redeemed by the owners.

Grandpa Carvey was becoming more and more of a burden, so he and Grandma had been moved to our home in Rochester, where Mother took care of them. It was there that he died on September 4, 1939.

In the fall of 1939 Dad and Uncle Lester bid off the job of constructing the 180 mile rural electric line at Wanatah, Indiana. They purchased second-hand tools and equipment, and assembled an able crew. I only remember the foreman, Horace Larrew, who had been employed several years by the Akron Telephone Company, Akron, Indiana. All necessary poles, wire and supplies, were timely received at the job site except for one small metal item which went on each pole. The War was raging in Europe, and, although we were not directly involved yet, shipment of the needed part was delayed a couple of months because of the War.

## *College*

Expecting arrival of the part almost daily, they kept the crew on hand. Delay of the part spelled the difference between making a profit and losing \$5,000 on the job.

The last semester I began a systematic review of my law school subjects so that I could take the Indiana State Bar Exam soon after school ended in January, 1940. It meant double study, but the encouragement that I had received from Williamson's telegram had given me the confidence and incentive to get the job done--even though I still had no ambition to practice law!

As soon as school ended I returned home where I studied at night and slept during the days until time for the Bar Exam, which was taken by 55 people in the Lincoln Hotel, Indianapolis, in March, 1940. After seemingly endless days the good news came that I was one of 19 who passed, and was admitted before the Indiana Supreme Court on Monday, April 8, 1940.

I really had turned defeat into victory!



CHAPTER V

**BLIND DATE**

It was the latter part of the summer of 1939 when I was at home that Bill Bessire and Weldon Lynch stopped on their way to Gary where they proposed to stay a few days.

Bill and his brother, Phil, were managing the family orchards at Nashville, Indiana, while Weldon was finishing his dental schooling at Indiana University in Indianapolis. Weldon's home was Anderson, Indiana, where his uncle owned and operated the Lynch Corporation which made glass blowing machinery. Weldon had said that his uncle had patented the process which put Weldon's father out of the business of hand blowing glass. Weldon and his brother, Gene, were being sent through school by his uncle.

I had just accepted the invitation to accompany Bill and Weldon to Gary when the phone rang. It was Martha Walters who said that a Mrs. Burn had asked her to get a blind date with a girl from Chicago, and she thought that since I was not going steady with anyone I might accept. I quickly weighed the situation. If I went to Gary I would have to spend a lot of money to keep up with the other fellows, but if I had a blind date it would be much cheaper.

Little did I know!

The date was arranged for Saturday evening, September 2, 1939, and Jean Cragun and I met at the home of Julia Lou "Judy" Sutherland at 813 Pontiac Street in Rochester. John Vernon and Martha Walters were also in the group, but I cannot recall any others.

Jean and I left them--or they left us--as soon as we got to the Colonial Hotel.

The Colonial was on the north shore, while its competitor, Fairview Hotel, was on the east shore of Lake Manitou. In the summer months these open air dance halls, with their college bands during the week and big name bands on weekends, attracted young people from all over Indiana. I seldom attended, and never felt comfortable dancing.

But this night was different.

Jean literally swept me onto my feet, and I thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Gladys Gordon Burn, who lived on a farm five or six miles northwest of Rochester, had traveled with her husband a few years before his death. He sold supplies to dairies and creameries, and periodically called on accounts in Chicago. Many times they had rented a room from a next door neighbor of Jean's mother, but visitors to the Century of Progress had filled the rooms there. The neighbor said that Mrs. Iva Cragun kept some regular roomers, and perhaps she might be willing to put them up. Mr. and Mrs. Burn stayed with Iva and returned on each subsequent trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Burn kept inviting Iva and Jean to visit her at Rochester, long after Mr. Burn died, but it was not until this time that they were able to accept.

When I took Jean to the home of Mrs. Burn, I asked for a second date the next night, Sunday. Although Jean was to drive back to Chicago early enough on Monday to get her mother to work, she accepted, and we attended a motion picture at a theatre in Logansport.

I had gained an appreciation for art from my visits to the home of Dale Bessire in Nashville, Indiana, and was impressed by Jean's having attended the Art Institute of Chicago. Incidentally, I fell in love immediately. I liked her mother and was further impressed when they told me of the accomplishments of Jean's father, J. Beach Cragun. He had studied music at Oberlin College where he led a dance band, and later furthered his studies in Germany. He directed the marching band at the University of Chicago, and was operating the Cragun School of Music at the time of his death in 1927. He wrote music, and also wrote an instruction book on the saxophone which Rudy Vallee studied. He contributed to Etude Magazine, and was listed therein as one of the nation's leading musicians.

I regret never having been able to meet him. But had he lived it is improbable that Jean and I would have met, for he was planning to move from their apartment building at 6120 University Avenue, to an outlying suburb of Chicago.

Jean's paternal grandmother, Rosa B. Cragun, lived in Kingman, Kansas, where she had watched the town grow from about 20 to 3,000 people. She was self-educated, had been a school teacher, music teacher, art teacher and was well known for her china painting and quilt making. During her life she made over 100 quilts. She was never idle. She enjoyed reading, and she fully enjoyed telling about what she read. I've known few people whom I would call "genius," but she certainly was one.

Our son, John Tombaugh, reminded me of something which he insists should be included herein:

Rosa B. Cragun told about one time when word spread around Kingman of a probable Indian uprising. People for miles came to town panic-stricken. One man and his wife had hurriedly departed their adobe hut. The wife had told the husband to get the baby. He ran back into the house, got the precious bundle from its bed, and they proceeded to Kingman. It wasn't until they got to town that they discovered they had no baby with them. The wife had put the bread dough in the baby's warm bed to let it rise. The baby was safe when they returned home after the false Indian scare.

Another man, not wanting the Indians to profit from him, killed all of his livestock before going to Kingman.

Dear Friend; Thanks for your nice letter. This big District meeting is over now and I can settle down to normal living. I have had so much preparation on my mind that I could neither eat nor sleep normally. Glad it is over. I wanted to send you the special program for the reception where I gave the address of welcome, & of course had to have a nice new rose colored formal dress for the occasion. Like Mozart when he played before the King & Queen when he was 8 years old, and was

## *Blind Date*

asked by his mother "what they liked the best" said "I think it was my collar." We had on for the first time a wide white collar.

Any way my home club women said they were proud of my address & my new dress.

I designed & painted 350 programs like the enclosed for the banquet the 19th. ... The yellow represents the "Womans Golden Jubilee" 100 years. The girl with a scholarship check in her hand & suitcases at her side is going off to college on the scholarship loan. <sup>124</sup>

Much later I met Jean's maternal grandmother, Virginia Franklin (Chitwood) Mayfield, whom Jean justifiably adored. She had been afflicted with an arthritic condition since 1916, and it had grown worse, until she was compelled to remain in a sitting position for the remainder of her life. "She never complained. In spite of her affliction she slowly and painfully mastered the art of knitting and embroidery work which helped her to pass the time."<sup>125</sup>

Jean's sister, Virginia Rosalind Cragun "was a graduate of John Fiske Elementary School, in Chicago, 1927; of Hyde Park High School, Chicago, June 1931; Bachelor of Music Education degree, Kansas University, 1934; Master of Science MS degree, Purdue University, 1962; taught at Cheney High School, Cheney, Kans., 1934-1935; Elementary and Junior High Schools, Kokomo, Ind., 1945-1959; Fowler, Ind., 1959-1964, at which time she resigned to accept the position of teacher of French in the Krueger and Barker Junior High Schools of Michigan City, Ind. ... married Ralph C. Ehrman, a widower of Kokomo, Ind, 9 Jan 1939. ... He graduated from Kokomo High School, and then from DePauw University in 1926. For 32 years he was employed by the Haynes Stellite Co, in Kokomo, and for 15 years was chief chemist there." <sup>126</sup> He was the first Rector scholar from Kokomo. <sup>127</sup>

Mother knew a good girl when she saw her.

Just a little tip, may not be necessary. If you stay at Jean's house for dinner or night, and want to make a good impression with or on her mother, be sure to ask her to accompany you two when you go and be sure to offer to help with the dishes or work of any kind. Now, I am sure it was unnecessary to write that to you. <sup>128</sup>

Mother also liked Jean's mother, Iva Cragun, and the feeling seemed to be mutual.

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- 124 Letter from Rosa B. Cragun, Woman's Home Missionary Society, Southwest Kansas Conference, Kingman, Kansas, October 23, 1939, to the author at 1505 N. Delaware, Indianapolis, Indiana.
- 125 Jean (Cragun) Tombaugh, *Chitwood Family*, 1965, p. 151.
- 126 Jean C. Tombaugh, *Cragun Family*, 1990, p. 275.
- 127 *Kokomo Tribune*, January 20, 1956.
- 128 Letter from Garnet (Carvey) Tombaugh, Rochester, Indiana, September 13, 1939, to the author at 2335 Central Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

On one occasion when Iva was visiting Rochester, she accompanied Mother to Fulton, Indiana, where they visited a beauty shop operated by Rachel D. (Mrs. Virgil) Baker. They talked the whole nine miles to Fulton, and it wasn't until they were ready to begin the return trip that Mother realized she had left her glasses at home.

"Then, I could hardly see to drive!" she said.

We were engaged to be married before we had known each other three months.

My Dear Old Pal: It is just impossible to express to you how perfectly delighted Mother and I were (and are) to have had you and Jean with us last weekend. I want to compliment you, and assure you of our deepest blessing in the very admirable selection of your "Life's Co-Pilot." You could have spent the rest of your life looking and searching, and not have been able to do half so well as you have so admirably done in a brief quarter century.

We certainly get a big kick out of Jean, and more so because you never know what is coming next. Jean was very kind to say that she wanted to make me happy, but she wasn't kidding me too much, for back, back of everything I knew full well it was another piece of male flesh she was interested in making happy; however, I didn't let on but what I thought she was thinking only of me.<sup>129</sup>

As I write this, our fiftieth wedding anniversary is only 19 days away. No man has ever been more blessed by a perfect marriage than have I. Jean has been my inspiration since that night we met in 1939 when I fell completely in love with her. She has been my friend and constant companion. She has worked with me and guided me through many difficult times. I've often told her that she and Dad had the best judgment of anyone I ever met. Although she never had any formal training on financial matters, she seems to know instinctively if an investment will prove to be good or bad. We have profited by her willingness to do without, and by her love and her trust and confidence in me. She never nags, letting me travel at my own slow pace. Her Irish ancestry shows, for she always sees the funny side. She even laughs if she gets hurt! She gets up at her best every morning, and gets better as the day goes on.

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but ours has also been lived in Heaven.

Do we choose our destiny, or does destiny choose us?

CHAPTER VI

**ARMOUR & CO.**

After I was admitted to practice law in Indiana, which was April 8, 1940, I began searching for a job. My goal was to work for a large company in Chicago where I could be near Jean.

Applications were made at Hydrox Corporation, Johnson & Johnson, Sherwin-Williams Co., Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, Quaker Oats and Walgreen Drug Co. Jobs were difficult to find at best, and for a bashful small-town boy of average ability and no experience, they were almost non-existent.

On Wednesday, May 22, 1940, I was interviewed by Mr. Wells and Mr. Gorman of the Personnel Department and by Mr. W. C. Montague, head of the Claim Department of Armour & Co. Mr. Gorman, upon hiring me as a journal clerk in the Claim Department, said that Mr. Armour's advice to new employees had been to pay all personal bills and to pay no more than 25% of their earnings for lodging.

From his office I went to see Mr. Montague who said, "I know that you're going to make mistakes. Just don't make the mistake of making the same mistake twice."

I immediately liked Mr. Montague and felt comfortable working for him. My first impression was correct, for I frequently had to ask him to show me how something had to be done, and he was always willing to help. My job was really a catch-all job, covering many different things that the others in the department had no time to do. Every day seemed to be different and challenging, and I enjoyed the work.

One thing in the office really bothered me. As the clerks in the Claim Department would remove paper clips, they would give them a toss upon the floor, never saving even one! By day's end there were literally hundreds that would be swept up and thrown out. I mentioned it to one of the clerks, and his answer was that the company could not afford their taking any time to save the clips. The annual cost of paper clips must have been staggering!

I had been taught by my parents that the first 10% of whatever I earned was to be "saved for a rainy day." But, I was making only \$20 per week, and it was becoming more and more difficult to save \$2 each week, although I really did. On my first day at work my breakfast cost 10 cents, carfare 20 cents and lunch was 32 cents. My notes do not include the cost of dinner, but my main meal was always lunch which I ate at the employees' dining room. The very best cuts of meat were obtained, and, try as I may, I could not resist my daily portion of standing rib roast beef at the Company dining room.

Jean's mother, Iva Cragun, owned the three-flat apartment building at 6120 University Avenue. I got a room on the third floor from a Mr. and Mrs. Wollesen, so Jean and I were able

to see each other nearly every evening. On Saturdays we went to a triple feature picture show at 63rd Street that cost 15 cents plus a 10 cent popcorn.

I did not like the elevated ride to and from work each day. I can still hear the conductor calling, "Indiana Avenue. Change for Kenwood and Stockyards!" It seemed that an awful lot of time was wasted waiting on the train, and many times the car was so crowded there were not enough seats.

Jean and I wanted to get married, but I could not see how I would ever earn enough in Chicago to support us. My desk was a very large double desk, and I sat across from a man by name of P. H. Smith. He was appropriately nicknamed "Packing House" Smith. Here he was still working after 50 years with the company. I needed no magic mirror to see myself fifty years hence at the same desk.

## CHAPTER VII

### MARRIAGE

Jean and I each had a few hundred dollars. She suggested that we move to Rochester and live with my parents if they didn't object for about a year or so while we would get a law office going. They were apparently delighted, and Dad remodeled what had been an outside kitchen while we were given an upstairs bedroom in the main part of the house. The house was a half mile north of Rochester on US 31.

An unexpected expense suddenly appeared.

Jean insisted upon an engagement and wedding ring! How silly, I thought, for it meant spending money that we couldn't afford. But she convinced me somehow that rings were a prerequisite to a lifetime of bliss, so I got the money from Dad and Mother, and Jean and I bought her rings at a jewelry store on 63rd Street. Together they cost \$117.00. Like many other "loans" from the folks, this was never repaid in kind, but I'm sure they felt that getting Jean for a daughter-in-law was well worth it, for they loved her as if she were their own daughter.

We were married at the Thorndike Hilton Chapel at the University of Chicago on Sunday, September 29, 1940. Jean's sister, Virginia Rosalind (Cragun) Ehrman was bridesmaid, while Albert Willis Jennens was best man. The reception, attended by immediate members of our families and our best friends, was held at the Hotel Del Prado.

Bob Tombaugh painted "Just Married" on our Oldsmobile coupe in spite of our extra efforts to keep its whereabouts unknown.

Jean and I stopped in Valparaiso for supper, and to our surprise Al Jennens, Kate Morris, Bob Tombaugh and Betty Morris, were already there! Our honeymoon trip was to the Smokey Mountains. We couldn't have chosen a more perfect time of year, for the trees showed their prettiest fall colors, and leaf-raking time was upon us when we got home to Rochester.

It's a family joke that we dare not mention leaves falling, for immediately Jean will sing:

Leaves come tumbling down 'round my head,  
Some of them are brown some are red.  
Beautiful to see, but reminding me  
Of a faded Summer's love.

The first person whom Jean met after we moved to Rochester was Jeannette "Jenny" (Bryant) Stoner, wife of Robert S. Stoner.<sup>130</sup> It was at a card party at Jenny's that Jean met Ruth Wigg.<sup>131</sup>

Ruth and her husband, Stuart, were recently from Chicago, and Jean and Ruth immediately became close friends. Soon thereafter Stuart and I were introduced. That was the beginning of friendships that have lasted and grown more important to us over the years.

Jean had belonged to the Methodist church in Chicago, while I had been baptized in the Christian Church in Rochester. We had agreed that we would attend whatever church that we both liked.

Ruth and Stuart had just started attending the Presbyterian church in Rochester, and they invited us to their Young Marrieds' Sunday School class, which we attended until long after they moved from Rochester.

An article which I wrote may explain our attachment to them and for several years to the Presbyterian church.<sup>132</sup>

It was the evening of Tuesday, January 16, 1942, that John was born in Woodlawn Hospital at the north-west corner of 7th and Pontiac Streets. Dr. Charles L. Richardson, our family physician, asked me if I wanted to be present during the birth.

"I think every father should be present during the birth of his baby," he said.

I hesitatingly agreed, and he had me administer the ether. I soon understood why he wanted the father there. In no other way could I have begun to understand the risk, the pain and the suffering that Jean endured for me and our baby--a beautiful boy, even though his resemblance to a drowned rat was great for a few minutes.

Jean was still "high" from the ether as she was taken from the delivery room when she said "I want five more!"

The next day Ruth was visiting her while Stuart and I went to the Coke machine in the basement hall.

"How does it feel to be a father?" he asked.

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130 Robert S. and Jennie (Bryant) Stoner started the first drive-in business in Rochester which they called "The Streamliner." They sold it many years ago, but it is still operating now in two locations in Rochester.

131 See Appendix, Wendell C. and Jean C. Tombaugh, *Ruth and Stuart*.

132 See Appendix, Wendell C. Tombaugh, *There's "Friendship in a Cup"*

## *Marriage*

I have no recollection of my answer, but he could hardly wait to tell me that Ruth was expecting also. Within a few months Marsha, their pretty little red-head, was born in Rochester.

John must have been no more than five or six years old when Dad and Mother took us for a ride. We were passing a silo when John said: "Look, grampa, see the cyclone!"

"That is a .....", Dad began.

"I said silo," interrupted John. "You thought I said cyclone."

A few years later, John and Jean agreed that it was going to rain, but I said, "No, it won't rain. The clouds are too high."

Within five minutes we received a downpour that has dampened my reputation as a weather prognosticator to this day!

Although John never knew his great-grandmother Carvey and great-grandmother Tombaugh, each was thrilled to hold him. Hannah Catharine (Speck) Tombaugh, who was born December 14, 1854, died on February 27, 1942. Harriet Luella (McGinnis) Carvey, was born February 21, 1861 and died June 16, 1942.

I'm so sorry that they, and John's other great-grandparents and grandparents, cannot see him now.



CHAPTER VIII

**LAW PRACTICE**

We rented office space at 724-1/2 Main Street on the second floor over Dyche's drug store,<sup>133</sup> from Mrs. Edith B. (Williams) Ruh. Our office was across the hall from the office of William H. Deniston, who had been practicing law for a couple of years.

Jean became a Notary Public, and I began trying to study the Indiana laws in my new books. It was discouraging. During the first three months we took in exactly 25 cents, and that was a notary fee!

At least we could understand the story making the rounds of law offices at the time about the new lawyer who was asked by a former classmate how business was. He replied, "Well, nobody comes in every morning, and business falls off in the afternoon!"

We did have two people who each came at least once a week, staying for an hour or more each visit. They were Harold Tombaugh, a distant cousin who lived in Peru, Indiana, and Edgar G. Keebler of Rochester. Harold represented Mutual of Omaha while Ed was the agent for Mutual Life Insurance Company of N.Y. No matter how hard we tried to direct the conversation to a new topic, they were always reminded of insurance! They were persistent, but it was not until much later that we had any money to put into insurance.

One day in the spring of 1941 a large, sandy-haired Irish looking man came in and introduced himself as Floyd Mattice.

He said that he had once practiced law in that very room. He told that he had learned morse code and was hired by Western Union to send and receive messages from that room. He said that the former manager of the Rochester office had absconded with company money and an operator was needed at once, so he handled telegrams along with his law practice for several months.

Across the street Dale Poenix had his law office, and his wife, Betty (Kistler) Poenix, was his secretary. Dale was Republican candidate for Judge of the Fulton Circuit Court. After he was defeated, he and Betty wanted to close their office and leave town. But they still had about a dozen unfinished cases, and Dale asked Selden J. Brown what to do with them. Mr. Brown offered to contact William H. Deniston and me, the two newest attorneys, to see if we would buy out what was left of his practice. "You won't make any money on them," he said. "But it will be good experience." Mr. Brown stated what he thought would be a fair price, and we all agreed. Some of the cases went to Bill Deniston and others went to me, while we handled one as partners.

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After Mr. Dyche's death in 1941, Ernest Baxter purchased the drug store which originally had been operated by Alex Ruh.

It was a damage suit by our client for property damage to his automobile caused by a collision at a crossroad in Aubbeenaubbee Township, Fulton County. The case was tried before Judge Thompson, Judge of the Pulaski Circuit Court at Winamac, Indiana.

Just prior to the trial Mr. Reed, a well-known attorney from Knox, Indiana, introduced us to his client.

"So you're from Rochester?" his client began. "I don't recall having run into you before."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Reed, "but they contend that you ran into their client!"

A year or two prior Mr. Reed had represented someone in a case heard at Warsaw, Indiana, with the famous Clarence Darrow representing the other side.

Our case had been taken on a contingency basis. If we won we would get a fee. If we lost we would get nothing. We lost.

My first case in the Fulton Circuit Court was a divorce case where I represented the wife who was the plaintiff. James Smith was the opposing attorney. A few days after I had filed the case he called me to his office and said, "You have the upper hand in this case. Now you must get my client ordered to pay your client some support." To the layman it would appear as if he was forsaking his client, but I learned the unwritten rule that well-established lawyers will try to help the new ones from falling flat on their faces.

James Smith had graduated from Indiana Law School a year or more before I did. When I entered the Evidence class of Mr. Forney he told me about Jim. He said that Jim would sit near the back of the room with his eyes closed apparently paying no attention to what was going on. But when he was called upon he would respond with a thorough explanation of the question posed by the instructor. I gathered that he was definitely an outstanding student, although he presented a slovenly, unkempt and disinterested appearance.

A few months after I opened my office I learned that the job of County Attorney was going to be open. It would pay about enough for us to live on, if our standard of living were kept at almost zero. After contacting the Fulton County Commissioners, Jack Morris, Fred Campbell and Ralph Swank, they appointed me, on January 5, 1942, for a year to replace J. Van Brown, effective January 1, 1942.

Fortunately the job required very little legal knowledge that year. But the Commissioners were suddenly confronted with one knotty problem.

The Rochester Electric Light, Heat & Power Company, located on the south-east corner of Madison and 6th Street, became the sole property of John Edward Beyer, the man who built the house in 1896 which Jean and I own. That company produced electricity by generators powered by steam produced from coal heat. As a by-product of the operation, steam

was then piped underground to many homes, businesses, churches, the City Hall, Court House and Jail.<sup>134</sup>

The company became the property of the Northern Indiana Power Company, later named Public Service of Indiana, now called PSI-Energy.

The Public Service Commission, in an effort to conserve fuel during the war years, gave permission to Northern Indiana Power Company to discontinue furnishing steam. Still being heated by the steam were four or five churches, forty or more homes, the City Hall and the Court House and Jail.

The Court House had a coal boiler that had been abandoned near the turn of the century when the steam heat was substituted. The Commissioners wished to convert that boiler to oil, and provide heat for the Jail as well as the Court House. But permission from the War Production Board was a prerequisite. The same problem was faced by the City Council in obtaining necessary permission to convert the heating plant of the City Hall.

Hiram G. "Hi" Miller, the City Attorney, appeared before the Board of Commissioners, offering to represent them personally before the War Production Board in Washington, D.C., as he was already chosen to do so by the City and by several churches.<sup>135</sup> I suggested that since I was the County Attorney, that it was really my job to represent the County. The Commissioners agreed, providing me with transportation money.

I don't remember how we got to Indianapolis, but I distinctly remember boarding a C&O train at Union Station in Indianapolis. Hi said that the C&O was a very strong railroad financially because so much of its revenue came from hauling coal from West Virginia. It was beautiful and exciting to ride while eating our meal in the diner as we saw the passing hills of West Virginia through picture windows.

We had made our arrangements to meet with the War Production Board through the office of Charles A. "Charlie" Halleck, who represented the Second Congressional District of Indiana, of which Fulton County was a part. Our first port of call was at his office in the House Office Building, across the street south of the Capitol Building. The office had two rooms and a private bath. The office furniture appeared to be new. The carpets were thick and obviously very expensive. A beautiful black leather couch was in the back room. The bathroom fixtures were new. Everything was clean, neat and orderly.

His secretary was Mr. Jess D. Nolph, who was described by Charlie as a professional secretary. He said that it was customary for secretaries to be hired by first one Congressman and then another, always striving to work for a more influential member each time.

Our appointment was confirmed by Mr. Nolph, and Hi and I proceeded to the War Production Board. I recall very little of what transpired there, but it seemed to me that we got a probable yes along with a possible no.

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134 Shirley Willard, *Fulton County Folks*, Vol. 1, 1974, p. 161.

135 Hiram G. Miller served as Judge of the Fulton Circuit Court for a while several years prior.

This was near the week-end, and Charlie invited us to his cottage on Chesapeake Bay for a crab dinner. It must have been at least twenty or thirty miles out there, and I could not help but remember the millions of people limited in their driving by gasoline rationing! There we met his wife, Blanche, and the cook whom he praised as the best, and who looked very much like Aunt Jemima. Then he took us in his boat on the bay to show us how to catch crabs. He said that we were fortunate in that it was the height of the crab fishing season. He explained that the crabs come to the surface during mating season, flipping their claws to attract the opposite sex. If they see danger they immediately submerge. To catch the crabs Charlie was equipped with a net on the end of a pole and a five gallon lard can. We would row near a crab that had come to the surface flipping his claws, and Charlie would put the net directly below the crab, whereupon the crab would dive right into it. Within fifteen or twenty minutes he had the lard can full.

I never was a fish eater, and watching the horribly ugly live crabs being dipped into scalding water was a bit more than I could take. The cook, seeing and understanding my problem, offered some crab meat that was included in a cold salad. After a fashion some of it went down.

But to have supped with the man who had delivered the nomination speech for Wendell Willkie before the Republican National Convention in 1940 was pretty heady stuff for a young small town lawyer.<sup>136</sup> The trip would be a success, I thought, even if we should fail!

Within a few days after we got home, we got the good news that our request had been granted, and the Commissioners immediately prepared to let the contract. Although the architect stressed that the conversion should be considered only temporary, it was used for 32 years, finally being replaced upon my request as Judge of the Fulton Circuit Court in 1975.

In 1942 I entered the primary to become the Republican candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, but Jesse A. Brown became the candidate, defeating me by 180 votes.

Hugh Holman was County Chairman and his wife, Anna Faye "Faye" (Stetson) Holman, was Vice Chairman of the Republican Central Committee. They thought that although I had not won, the party should bestow something upon me for my good effort, so they appointed me Fulton County Chairman of the Young Republican Club. The club was practically non-existent since the county had been drained of its youth by the war. Hugh and Faye seemed to take an interest in me, and arranged for me to become Second District Chairman of Young Republican Clubs. This, too, proved to be more of an honor than a task.

By this time I had acquired the bug to get into politics, and through Hugh and Faye, obtained an appointment by Alpha Hoesel, our State Representative, as a Journal Clerk in the 1943 session of the Indiana General Assembly. Jean had long ago voiced her opposition to my having anything to do with politics, but she consented to let me "get it out of my system."

It was an experience unlike anything I had seen or imagined. It appeared to require long, tedious hours of talking, back-slapping, wheeling and dealing and wheel-spinning to get

anything done. But, enough bills were passed to fill a large book of Acts. Hobart Creighton, Representative from Kosciusko County, was Speaker. He was well-liked, and enjoyed the position. My desk was directly in front of the Speaker's bench, so I can verify that he shed some real tears when closing the session.

I knew Claude Billings, editor of *The Akron (Ind.) News*.<sup>137</sup> He arranged for me to have plenty of things to do in the evenings: free tickets to hockey games and wrestling matches, along with a few dinner meetings. One dinner I recall was hosted by Ralph E. Gates, the Republican State Chairman.<sup>138</sup> My presence was supposedly justified by my being Second District Chairman of Young Republican Clubs. Others included Claude Billings, "Doc" Sherwood,<sup>139</sup> Bill Murray,<sup>140</sup> and Ivan Morgan, who owned the Scott County Canning Company. There were three or four others whom I cannot recall. The purpose of the meeting was for Mr. Gates to remind everyone to get home and help "get out the vote!"

Since men were fighting and dying, voting didn't seem too important, until it occurred to me that they were giving their lives to preserve our rights, including the precious right to vote.

We knew that it was time that we get a home of our own, so I called the real estate agent, who told me of a house that had not been advertised yet. It was owned by a widow, Mrs. Ron Anderson, and was at 212 West 9th Street. We saw it and bought it at once, which was fortunate, for within a few days Claude Studebaker offered us \$500 over our cost if we would sell. We refused the offer, for the house was what we wanted to call "home".

We now had additional expenses, but no additional income. But destiny always steps in at the right time.

Dad and Uncle Lester were operating three gravel pits in the fall and winter of 1942-43. Uncle Lester was managing two, while Dad was in charge of a pit around three miles south of Peru which they had only recently purchased. It was conveniently located near the Naval Air Base being constructed at Bunker Hill.<sup>141</sup> And the pit was the only one that contained the exact combination of gravel, sand and clay that could be used in constructing the large runways.

The job of furnishing the material had been let to James Burke, a coal dealer and contractor in Peru, while J. L. McCartney got the contract for hauling. Carvey & Tombaugh

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137 Claude Billings was serving as President of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association.

138 Ralph E. Gates, of Columbia City, Ind., later served a term during World War 2 as Governor of Indiana.

139 "Doc" Sherwood served in World War 1, and had just published *Rainbow Battalion*, which I had read that afternoon.

140 William Murray was editor of a Southern Indiana small town newspaper, and wrote speeches for Ralph E. Gates.

141 Now Grissom Air Force Base.

had only the duty of making tickets for every load that left the pit. Time was of the essence since the base was to be used for training fighter pilots. Pressure was exerted by the Navy to produce more and faster, so a second part of the pit was opened and loading was then done from both places simultaneously. To make Dad's job even more difficult a second shift was begun.

It was then that he offered me two cents per cubic yard to write all of the tickets. He bought a used shed which had doors on each side. Through these doors I could hand tickets to drivers leaving from either pit. We would leave Rochester around 4:00 a.m., getting home late each night. This continued long enough for us to pay for our house plus a new basement and furnace!

CHAPTER IX

**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**

After December 7, 1941, the War was uppermost in the minds of everyone. Soon, nearly every family had at least one close relative in the military service. Sugar, coffee, meat, canned goods, clothing, tires, gasoline and fuel oil were all to be rationed. Automobiles were no longer manufactured. Rubber tires were a thing of the past, being replaced by artificial rubber tires called S-2.

Through it all, Americans maintained a surprising amount of good humor. Shortages were taken in stride. People made over, made do or did without, hoping in some small way to shorten the War. That is not to say that people never got on edge, for they often answered a complaining customer with the most used sentence of that era: "Don't you know there's a War going on?" Another was said in good humor: "Let's hurry and buy it before the hoarders get it!" No matter where servicemen would land, they would find "Kilroy was here" written someplace. It appeared on crates, railroad cars, signs and walls, to name a few places. And if something didn't work properly the malfunction was blamed on "the gremlins." Servicemen laughingly said they were "nervous in the Service."

Men between designated ages were required to register with the Draft Board, and received their classification depending upon their family status and type of work. As the war progressed more and more who had been deferred were being re-classified 1-A, subjecting them to call within a short time.

Although I had a deferred classification because of our marriage and baby, Jean and I expected that to change very soon. Many people were working in defense plants, for which they got deferred. Something had to be done, either enlist and become an officer, or get some kind of war work.

A newspaper article proved to be a guide post in my search for destiny. It described the duties of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and of the Indianapolis office in particular. I hadn't seen it until Jean showed it to me.<sup>142</sup>

She said, "Why don't you become an Agent?"

I was so startled that I immediately found a number of excuses not to, not the least of which was that I wasn't qualified. How she did it, I'll never know, but somehow she convinced me that I should apply.

An appointment was made through the office of Congressman Charles A. Halleck, for me to have an interview and take a written examination before Charles B. Schildecker at the Department of Justice Building, 9th & Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, D.C.

The next day after my interview and test at the F.B.I. headquarters in the Department of Justice Building, Congressman Halleck invited me to lunch in the Congressional dining room located in a lower floor of the Capitol Building. As we were walking along the hall, Mr. Halleck pointed to a man some distance away, and said, "There goes Joe Martin." He was a well known Republican leader in the House, I believe Minority Leader. Although nothing more was said, I could sense a feeling of awe and respect, even jealousy, by Charlie.

I must have received the right vibrations, for in 1959 Charlie defeated him in a contest for Minority Leader of the House.<sup>143</sup>

We took an elevator to the basement where we followed a tunnel that took us from the House Office Building to the dining room in the basement of the Capitol building. After lunch we were returning through the tunnel when two gentlemen approached us. One said, "Charlie, I want you to meet ....." I didn't hear the name, and walked a few paces ahead, while they talked for about five minutes. As they were parting, the one who was introduced to Mr. Halleck nodded to me and I returned the greeting likewise.

"That was Louis B. Mayer!" Charlie said. He was the Mayer of Metro Goldwyn Mayer, and, if not the highest, one of the highest paid executives in the United States at that time. Couldn't it be said that I had a nodding acquaintance with Mr. Mayer?

Although my plans were to return home immediately, I remained a couple of days extra in order to attend the annual Indiana Society dance where everyone who was anyone from Indiana could be seen. The first person whom I met was Dan Kidney, a writer for The Indianapolis Times. Hi Miller and I had been introduced to him by Charlie Halleck on our previous trip to Washington. Mr. Kidney represented a Democrat paper, but Charlie had been quick to say that his reporting was always fair.

The next one to come along was General Lewis B. Hershey, who was in charge of the Draft. All I could see, though, was the poster of Uncle Sam saying, "I want you!"

Another was Bernard C. Gavit, former Dean of the Law School at Indiana University, and who had taught a course in Common Law Pleading to our class.

Finally, a couple danced over to me, and I immediately recognized the girl, Kathleen Cann, daughter of Lowell E. and Dorothy W. Cann of Rochester. She was three or four years younger than I, and we had known each other only by sight. After we had talked a while, she said, "Don't you know this fellow?"

It was Norman "Doc" Wilson, a former roommate in the Sigma Nu house at Bloomington. It had been seven years since Doc and I had last met.

*Federal Bureau of Investigation*

These were the only ones I remember, but many others of National or State eminence were there. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience!

A telegram was received April 16, 1943 that told of my acceptance as a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.<sup>144</sup>

One of my most proud moments came on April 26, 1943, when I took the oath of office as a Special Agent of the F. B. I.

The ceremony, though very short, was impressive, and took place in the Justice Building where the F.B.I. maintained its home office. We were in the room where German saboteurs had been tried and sentenced to die only a few months prior.

When I raised my hand to be sworn, I suddenly realized that I was standing on the very spot where one of those unfortunates had been when he learned his fate!

I don't remember anything else about the ceremony, for I was too busy thanking God for letting me be a free American.

There were 22 members of our class from all over the United States. We were the 13th class of 1943. Twenty of us successfully passed the course.

My closest friend was Dale Wilson, an attorney from Newton, Illinois. At the time of his death in 1957 he was Circuit Court Judge at Newton. Ben J. Weaver, an attorney from Indianapolis, was another classmate. He later became President of the Indiana State Bar Association. Ralph D. Semerad, an attorney of Troy, N. Y., became a Professor of Law at the Albany Law School, Albany, N. Y. John A. Ridley was an attorney from Stony Creek, Virginia, where he returned after the War. Leigh B. Hanes, Jr., later returned to his home at Roanoke, Virginia, where he became United States District Attorney. Edward R. Neaher, an attorney from New York City, was to become a Federal Judge in New York. Charles Batters had been a radio announcer in Washington, D. C., where he returned after the War until his death a few years later. Gerhard P. Hundt had been an interpreter in the trial of the German saboteurs, and remained to retire from the Bureau.

We were transported by a gray colored bus, similar in construction to school buses of that time, to the U. S. Marine Base at Quantico, Virginia. There the F.B.I. maintained its Training School where we were to eat, sleep, attend classes and study for the next sixteen weeks. Our time was completely filled until around 8:00 p.m. We were told that we could study as late as we wished, but I made it a practice to retire at 10:00, as did the other seven of my roommates.

People back home were held to rationed food, but we were given large helpings of the best that America produced. There were two, possibly three, classes running at the same time, and we all ate together, being served by waiters. At our first meal I learned that I was not the

first one from Fulton County to enter the Bureau, for there was Donald "Jake" Pontius, a 1930 graduate of Rochester High School in Class Number 12, one week ahead of us.<sup>145</sup>

We had daily rigorous exercise periods. We dressed casually for our classes, but of course had to change to our exercise clothes, then back to casual dress for class, and another change for dinner.

One day we were issued our revolvers, but no cartridges. For two weeks we practiced aiming and pulling the trigger until we were able to keep a dime balanced on top of the barrel. Safety was constantly drilled into us, and we were told of the unfortunate Agent who accidentally shot his own foot. "He is no longer with the Bureau," the firearms instructor said in a meaningful, low voice.

Clarence M. Kelley taught firearms. It was he who permitted each of us to fire the actual machine gun that was found on the lap of "Ma" Barker after she was killed by F.B.I. agents when they attempted to arrest her and her notorious gang. Mr. Kelley was soon nicknamed "Machine Gun" Kelley after another notorious hoodlum of the early thirties. He had come to the Bureau with lots of experience, having been Chief of Police in Kansas City, Missouri. He was easy going and extremely well liked by us, and must have made a very favorable impression on others when, years later, he was appointed Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Before we could leave the firing range we were required to "police" the area. While half of the class was practicing on the range, the other half picked up spent cartridges. Once our group even had to sweep a recessed passage leading to the targets. Ben Weaver said, "I'll bet we're the Government's highest paid janitors!"

Firearms and physical training were only a small, but very important part, of our training.

The Bureau had the duty of investigating cases involving well over one hundred Federal crimes, and every agent had to know the elements of each. Two Bureau Manuals, each several hundred pages long, were assigned to every agent. They outlined the elements of every crime, and explained in detail Bureau procedures, all of which was considered highly confidential. When we received ours, the instructor, Mr. James A. Robey, stressed the importance of never losing or misplacing them. He told of one unfortunate agent who had lost his, concluding by lowering his head and voice while saying, "He is no longer with the Bureau."

We soon learned that all infractions requiring dismissal were thus described. But if the offense merited only a reprimand, Mr. Robey would say, "The Bureau frowns on that." Agents who were dismissed or reprimanded were dubbed "The horrible examples" by Ben Weaver, one of my roommates.

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Donald B. Pontius was the son of Rollin and Nona (Beck) Pontius. Rollin was in partnership for 20 years in the cement contracting firm of McCall & Pontius. *News-Sentinel*, Rochester, Ind., Monday, February 10, 1958.

*Federal Bureau of Investigation*

Most of our training was at Quantico, Virginia, but some was in the National Guard Armory in Washington, D. C., where we attended classes, ate and slept. It was in the middle of summer, and there was no air conditioning! We couldn't think of going to bed before 11:00 p.m., and then the beds felt as hot as if they had just been brought in from the sun.

The F.B.I. had taken over the Armory during the War, not only for our school but also to house the Fingerprint Division and all of the files. Our classes and dormitory were in the front part of the building, while the Fingerprint Division used the drill hall. Our meals were served at the back of the building, from where we could see the small brick building within a block where the six German saboteurs had been executed a few months before.<sup>146</sup>

We were shown the operations of the Fingerprint Division. Fingerprints which had been taken by police departments throughout the United States were sent there, where employees would classify them. The classifications would then be entered on punch cards. If a questioned fingerprint was received, it also would be classified, and all cards of similar classification, perhaps a thousand or more, would be sent through the computer. It would kick out 25 or 50 "possibles." The original cards would then be pulled and physically compared with the one in question. By today's standards it was mighty slow and tedious.

One day the instructor advised us to disregard classes being held in one of the rooms which we would pass on our way to the dining hall. He said that what was going on there must be completely forgotten. Of course I haven't been able to do that! We could hear them learning a foreign language, which I believe was Spanish. We concluded that it was an ultra-secret division of the F.B.I. created to obtain information abroad.

The last two weeks of school we spent on actual cases in Washington, D. C., of which I recall only two.

I was assigned the name of one person who was on the Bureau's wanted list, and within only a few minutes I had him located! He had been executed a few weeks or months prior for a crime in Maryland. It was not due to my super-sleuthing, but merely because I was following an undeveloped lead--looking where an agent in another office wanted our office to look.

Another time I was sent to interview someone who had been given as a reference by an applicant for some strategic position in the Government. The man occupied a small office consisting of a reception room and his private office. The receptionist quickly ushered me into his office, whereupon the man arose, greeted me warmly and shook my hand as if he was really glad to see me. I had entered quite frightened, not knowing what to say, but he immediately put me at ease. I was about to get down to business when he asked, "Where are you from?"

"Indiana. Rochester, Indiana," I replied.

"Well, we're almost neighbors," he said with a smile. "I'm from Libertyville, Illinois."

During the interview, while I was taking notes, it became necessary to confirm the spelling of both his first and last name, which meant nothing to me then. A few years later I recalled the meeting when he, Adlai Stevenson, was running for President against Dwight D. Eisenhower!

In addition to our numerous courses of instruction, the last thing required was passing the Lifesaving course given by the American Red Cross.

We were permitted to have our wives and families with us during our last two weeks of training in Washington, D. C.

From a list of names we had a limited time to obtain an apartment. Jean and John, who was a year and a half old, met me at ours. It was at 1514 Trinidad Avenue N.E., on the second floor of a house at the top of a long steep hill, so steep that Jean could hardly maneuver John and groceries up the hill in his stroller.

I was in the bathroom soon after we met, when I got a glimpse of a hand moving outside the window! I was sure that someone must be on a ladder ready to do me in. We had been hearing so much about crime, spies and saboteurs that my spring was wound too tight, for I leaped from the room in utter fright, only to see Jean almost in stitches laughing at what she has since called me--her "brave G-Man!" I hadn't known that the window only led to our bedroom, and not outside. I tried to make her think that I had been rushing for my gun, but she never believed that.

After 47 years I'm beginning to think maybe it was funny.

Washington was jammed with impatient, harried people. Many, like us, would not have been there had it not been for the War. Numerous servicemen on furlough or enroute with orders to their next base could be seen on the downtown streets. Taxis had to be shared. Diesel-powered buses, always overloaded, belched black smoke into the hot, humid air. Restaurants served what they were able to obtain, and if a customer complained the waiter always responded with, "Don't you know there's a war going on?" Hotel space was almost non-existent. So it was when Jean and I saw the movie, "The More the Merrier," downtown one evening. It has become "our" movie, for its setting was Wartime Washington as we remember it.

Around the middle of August we packed our luggage and, with John, went to Union Station. After what seemed like hours, and drenched in sweat, we boarded the air conditioned train. That was our first relief from the intense heat in weeks. The next day we awoke to an entirely different climate in Charlotte, N. C, my first office. Our first glimpse of the downtown area made us think of it as a slightly overgrown small town, and it won our hearts at once.

Apartments seemed to be almost as scarce there as they had been in Washington. I began to wonder if we were ever going to get one, when a chance meeting led me to an unusually nice place upstairs at 118 N. Laurel Avenue, Apt. 3, which we rented immediately. It was one of four apartments in the building.

## *Federal Bureau of Investigation*

The Bureau was always stressing the need to have good public relations with local police departments, and our office arranged that I accompany the other newly assigned agent, Hugh A. Page, to the Sheriff's office in Charlotte, so that we might get acquainted. The Sheriff insisted that we have lunch. Although I hesitated, Mr. Page reminded me that it might offend the Sheriff were we to refuse. I was told that it was the same meal that was furnished to the prisoners. I'm sure it was better than they could get at home, for it was excellent.

The Special Agent in Charge of the Charlotte office was Edward Scheidt. He was very likable, slow and easy to talk to. The most personable agent there was Chester S. Davis. His father held an appointive position under President Roosevelt. I believe he was head of the Federal Reserve Board, but it may have been too long ago for my memory to be accurate. Years later I read where one Chester Davis, a former F.B.I. agent, was a key employee of the wealthy Howard Hughes.

I was on the road most of the time except for week-ends. I spent a pleasant week in High Point, North Carolina, where I met and worked with Maurice J. Aylward. The Government was concerned about the great concentration of vital information being in Washington, so records of all demobilized military personnel for all wars had been taken to High Point. There, the Furniture Mart, a six or eight story building, was rented and completely filled with those records. My job consisted of furnishing other agents throughout the country the information which they requested from those files.

After that week I was sent over a large area of North Carolina, from Charlotte to Gastonia, High Point, Raleigh, Wilson, Fayetteville and many other small towns. I was furnished with a Plymouth automobile, equipped with S-2 tires which had been developed from synthetic materials because of the lack of rubber. The National speed limit was 35 miles per hour to conserve the precious tires and fuel, and it seemed to take endless hours to get anywhere.

Once my search for information took me to a small cabin occupied by an elderly negro. I got out of the car and had gone about half way to the door of the house, when suddenly three German Police dogs came at me from different directions, barking, growling, showing their fangs and with their hair standing erect on their backs. I wasn't barking and growling, but the hair stood erect on my back too! I tried edging my way toward the car, but they saw through that, and headed me off. Each move I made, they got a little closer to me. I expected to be torn to shreds within the next ten seconds when their owner emerged from a small tobacco shed about a hundred feet away and called them off. He said they would have killed me if he hadn't been there. I had already figured that out!

By letter from the Washington office, dated November 18, 1943, I was advised that my headquarters were changed from Charlotte to Miami, Florida. The Charlotte office replied that I would depart for Miami December 5, 1943, and we arrived December 6. Letter dated December 9 informed me that my headquarters were again changed to Jacksonville, Florida.

Well, we're still stranded in a hotel room. This has just about got all three of us down. On the face of it, it would seem that we get a lot of money in this work, but when you have to live at hotels - from \$5 to \$8 per day, plus expensive food, plus tips which we must give - it doesn't take long to go in the hole. I don't believe that New York would even be as bad as this town. If we ever get located, we will already be so bitter against Jacksonville, we'll probably detest the place. On the other hand, we might be so tickled at finding a place, that we will quickly like it here.

I said in my card that this is a "sort of promotion." I am what is termed a "Resident Agent" which means nothing more than my headquarters city is a town other than the town in which the Field Office is located - i.e. my headquarters city is Jacksonville rather than Miami.

Down here I am 350 miles from Miami, and will have to go to Miami every two or three weeks. The agents use airplanes practically exclusively for those trips here, and get to Miami in 2 hr and 10 min as compared to 6 hr and 42 min by railroad. Jean says that my first plane trip is all I can talk about. I haven't had it yet, but hope to in a couple of weeks.

I have gone to practically every real estate agency in town. It just reminds me of the time I went to Chicago to look for a job - only worse, believe it or not! People back home will have no idea how very critical the housing shortage can be. I'm enclosing a part of today's classified ads. I'm running an ad for 3 days beginning tomorrow. I also went to the War Housing Administration. They referred me to someone else, who suggested living at a tourist camp. We went there - no vacancies - none at any tourist camps! Then a real estate agent suggested a swanky apartment hotel for War Workers. We were all set until War Housing checked their rules and found we are not eligible for some reason or other. Then the real estate agency suggested a nice house at \$55.00 unfurnished, but we are not eligible for a War House since we do not have two children or one child over eight years old. Then another real estate agent phoned us that she had exactly what we wanted; but when we went to look at it, the owner had rented it herself. Today I went to look at another place, and found out it was a mile past the city limits, the woman wanted to live in one room and charge us \$100 and we assume all utilities. It was a beautiful place but too expensive. Another "bite" took me out by the shipyards in a slum section. Didn't even stop there.

It begins to look as if Jean and Johnny will have to go home unless something develops in a day or two - or we'll be flat broke. Jean and I are ashamed to take Johnny in a restaurant any more, because he is so tired of this life that he "shows off" every time we eat out.

This has turned out to be a pretty "encouraging" letter, hasn't it?

We did get to see downtown Miami (from two hotel rooms!). By the way, we hadn't been there an hour before I saw Jimmy Brackett on the street. <sup>147</sup>

## *Federal Bureau of Investigation*

Vacancies were seemingly more scarce in Jacksonville than any place we had been. We were in the hotel room for a week before we finally got a place to stay. By that time Jean and John, who was then less than two years old, were both nearly exhausted. We rented a cottage at 1010 Ocean Front, Neptune Beach, about twenty or more miles from downtown Jacksonville, and got moved on Saturday. The place had an oil heater - but no oil, and we had no ration stamps and there was no place open until Monday to get the fuel even if we had them.

We looked out at the ocean waves tipped with whitecaps, and saw to our surprise what appeared to be chunks of ice being carried onto the beach. If we weren't cold, we certainly were then. Upon closer scrutiny we saw that what appeared to be ice was white foam. Our only heat was from the oven in the electric stove. We were still cold until Monday!

Soon we were greeted by cockroaches several inches long - and many of them. At night they could be heard scurrying over papers in the dresser drawers. We always looked before we stepped out of bed and never put on our shoes without checking them for cockroaches.

You may put your minds at ease, for Jean left all of them there when we moved out!

On December 16, 1943 I notified the Miami office of my new residence address. It was only a couple of miles north of where the four German saboteurs had landed the year before. People were very nervous, and frequently reported seeing flashing lights or other strange things that aroused their suspicions. Since I was the only agent living anywhere near the beach, I was the one who was occasionally called in the middle of the night.

As I was the newest agent in Jacksonville, in addition to the regular case-load, I inherited the least desirable of all details: every morning checking at the jail to screen inmates for possible Federal violations. It was necessary that I be there before the prisoners were either released or sent to the City Farm. Occasionally, my bus from home would be a few minutes too late, and I would interview them at the City Farm. I never knew what they were fed, but never have I smelled food such as they were served. That odor, along with the stench of sweat, liquor and just plain filth nearly turned my stomach.

One black man, perhaps around thirty years of age, had very distinctive old scars on his chest. They appeared to be the result of a knifing. A couple of weeks after I had interviewed him, the police called me to come to the morgue with them. They wanted me to identify his body for their records. The body had been fished out of the St. John's River where crabs had eaten away most of his face.

My favorite case concerned a black man, around 25 years of age, who was wanted by the F.B.I. for draft evasion, but was also wanted by the Duval County Sheriff's Department on a murder charge. The case had been in our files a year or more with no results. Somehow I learned that he had a relative who worked in a dairy near Jacksonville. There I interviewed the owner, a white man, asking if he could get the fugitive's address. It took three or four visits to get his cooperation, for he was concerned about his own safety. Finally, he said that the man was employed at a particular place around Tampa. I immediately wired the Miami office to

have him arrested by the resident agent at Tampa, specifically saying "dangerous, arrest with caution." That was the signal that the arrest should be made by two agents.

That part of the message never reached the resident agent, John S. Ammarell, Jr., who proceeded to make the arrest without assistance. Fortunately, the man gave himself up without a struggle.

But, when he was taken to the Federal Court for arraignment, someone forgot to lock the holding pen, and he escaped.<sup>148</sup> Mr. Ammarell told me a few weeks later when we were in Miami that other agents of the F.B.I., the Sheriff's Department, State Police and Coast Guard all worked unsuccessfully to capture him.

I was in the Navy about five or six months later and visited the Miami F.B.I. office. There I was told that the case had become the Number One case in the Miami Field Office, and that the subject had been caught, only to be released because the Duval County authorities had insufficient evidence by that time to proceed with the murder charge.

Two German Prisoners of War escaped from confinement at Camp Blanding, and were recaptured near Lake City, Florida, weak from hunger and exposure. "When interviewed by intelligence officers, the prisoners said they had been hiding in the swamps and woods near where they fled to freedom and said they staved off hunger by eating field mice and watermelons, which they found near their hideaway."<sup>149</sup>

On my last visit to the Miami Office, I roomed with John S. Ammarell, Jr., who confirmed the capture of the Nazi prisoners. He said that he knew a little German, and was the one who interviewed them.

He said that he learned later that their little English and his little German had made some mis-information. He understood them to say that they ate field mice, whereas they actually said feld maiz, meaning field corn! The correction never appeared in the press to my knowledge.

On February 5, 1944 we received the following telegram sent from Logansport: "Arrive at Jacksonville Sunday evening on Flamingo from Cincinnati. J. L. Tombaugh."

Mother and Dad were with us a couple of days, and I was able to show Dad the office and be with them a few moments in off hours.

A few days after they left for home, we received a telegram from Gainesville, Florida, dated February 10, 1944: "Am able to obtain overnight pass will arrive sometime Saturday night, Bill." It was from my cousin, Bill Foor, who was in training in the Air Corps. He got there in the evening, but had to catch the bus back to Jacksonville within only an hour or two.

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148 *Tampa Daily Times*, Friday, April 7, 1944.

149 *The Jacksonville Journal*, Jacksonville, Florida, Wednesday, July 12, 1944.

*Federal Bureau of Investigation*

One Sunday, four or five Jacksonville agents and their wives visited us, but only for the purpose of using our house to get into and out of their swimming suits.

That was the extent of our social life in Jacksonville, although we did attempt to attend the Policemans Ball. We were on our way there when Jean became extremely ill. We learned a few months later that she had a spontaneous abortion. Termites were eating the house in which we lived, and the landlord had it treated one day. The chemicals undoubtedly were the cause of the abortion.

On February 18, 1944 I needed to interview a prisoner. He was a black man on a chain gang at State Road Camp 47. There were a dozen or more lost souls with ankle clamps attached to chains, placing each prisoner a few feet from the next one. They were grubbing along an out-of-the-way highway. Nearby was a small shack where the warden ate and lived, and where food for the prisoners was prepared. The warden insisted upon my staying for lunch, and, remembering my instructions to foster goodwill with local authorities, I consented. I could not tell from the looks or taste what kind of meat was served, but I wouldn't have been surprised if it was horse or alligator. The warden introduced his black cook to me with great pride, saying that he was a convicted murderer on a life term.

He didn't look too clean, the food had a peculiar odor and I didn't know what I was eating.

Before I was even half way through, the warden insisted that I take seconds, which I was honestly able to refuse because I definitely had had enough!

Occasionally I would have a request to verify or ascertain a birth date, only to learn that records were not kept at that early date. It occurred to me that a letter to the Director was in order, so I suggested that a Bureau Bulletin be prepared informing when those records first became available.<sup>150</sup>

Mr. Hoover replied by letter dated April 22, 1944, saying "It is being supplied to the field in Bulletin form along with the dates upon which death records were also maintained...."<sup>151</sup>

By Memo to the SAC (Special Agent in Charge) at Miami, I requested twelve days annual leave "beginning at 8:30 a.m. May 15 and ending at 5:30 p.m. May 27, 1944.... for the following reasons: Agent Tombaugh's wife is to have a baby sometime this summer, and wishes to be at her home at that time. It has been ascertained from her physician that at the time requested her condition would be more able to stand the trip than either before or after that time. Inasmuch as Mrs. Tombaugh will be at their home for a period of several months, it is necessary that Agent Tombaugh move from his present apartment, and obtain a room for his

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150 See Appendix.

151 My suggestion was used and reported in Bureau Bulletin No. 26 Series 1944 from information obtained from the Bureau of the Census of the Department of Commerce.

return to duty, and the month of renting will end on May 15, the day leave is requested to begin."

In preparation for the trip, we had purchased a two-wheel trailer from a neighbor at Neptune Beach. We also got a new tarpaulin at a so-called "Military Surplus" store. Dad got a used tire which he sent by Railway Express. It arrived a few days before we were to leave. Fortunately we had no need for it.

It was a difficult trip for Jean. The back seat was loaded, so John had to sit or stand on her lap or between us. We arrived in Rochester a couple of days later. Home never looked better.

On May 28, 1944, the folks, Jean and John saw me off at the Indianapolis air port on an Eastern Air Lines DC-3. The passenger building was not very large, cheaply constructed and was the only building to my recollection. I almost got to sleep when we landed in Louisville. We stopped another time or two before we reached Jacksonville at 6:15 a.m., and I got to the office just in time to start work.

Every two weeks it was necessary for me to travel to Miami where I would dictate in the forenoon to one stenographer and part of the afternoon to another. One night I boarded the plane at Miami for the 350 mile return trip to Jacksonville. The lights of Miami twinkled in a clear atmosphere as we gained altitude. The trip was uneventful until we were over Jacksonville, when the pilot announced that fog was coming in from the ocean at the airport which was a few miles north of the city. By the time we got to the airport it was fogged in. The pilot attempted one landing. Suddenly a red light zipped past the right wing near me, and we zoomed upward and began circling the airport. After about twenty minutes I fell asleep. The next thing that I knew we were told to fasten our seatbelts for a landing. Nothing looked familiar. We were landing in Charleston, South Carolina, which wasn't much nearer Jacksonville than Miami. The remainder of the night was spent by rail. Most of the time there was standing room only. I arrived just in time to get to work.

I roomed at 3409 St. Johns with Paul F. Schlicher who was from St. Louis, Missouri. It was hot and humid every day all summer. We hoped for rain to cool things off in the morning. It would rain, and then the sun would pour down steaming the atmosphere worse than it was before the rain. It was a very uncomfortable time. Air conditioning was not to come into common use until long after World War 2.

One of the Bureau's most wanted fugitives was thought to be in the Jacksonville area. Fellow agent, Frank Watson, received a tip that he might be at a tourist cabin a few miles from town. The informant thought he might be about ready to leave, so time was of the essence. Frank and I hurriedly read the short description of the man that we had on file and raced out to make the arrest.

Frank went to the front door while I covered the back. The suspect came out and freely answered our questions. He seemed to fit the most general description of the man we wanted, but Frank wanted to be sure, so he drove about a mile to the nearest phone where he obtained detailed description of the man. Although we had made no arrest, I was left to guard him.

*Federal Bureau of Investigation*

The fugitive was an unusual criminal type: he was a con man who was known to carry a gun in a shoulder holster. While we were waiting on Frank, the man wanted to make small talk.

While running his hands up and down his coat lapel, he said: "I understand you fellows are pretty good shots."

I was sure then that he was our fugitive, and that he was getting ready to draw his gun. Had he made any quick move I was ready to shoot.

"You bet we are. We're the best!" I replied with as much bravado as my fright permitted.

Frank returned in a few seconds with a complete list of scars and marks. Although the man had more than half of them, we were satisfied that he was not the one we wanted.

One of the most difficult things that I have ever done was resign as Special Agent of the F.B.I.

But I was having trouble with my eyes. A Doctor concluded that I was physically exhausted and needed a few weeks rest. Having taken my annual leave only a few weeks prior for the purpose of returning Jean to Rochester, we thought for child-birth within a few months, the Special Agent in Charge reminded me that the men in uniform got no special leave in similar circumstances, and that it was not within his power to grant this to me.

To further prompt my decision to retire, Jean had called saying that the Doctor thought she was not pregnant but possibly had a tumor or cancer. Her father having died of cancer, we both expected the worst. (She learned later that she had had a spontaneous abortion.)

In my letter of resignation I said:

For these reasons it is earnestly believed by me that for the best interests of all concerned I should hereby tender my resignation to become effective at 5:30 p.m., July 22, 1944.

I want to be placed on record as being exceptionally proud to have had the opportunity of serving my Country with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I feel that it is a distinct honor to have had my name on the rolls of Special Agents of this Bureau, and I can assure you that nothing but unlimited praise for the Bureau and its work will emanate from my lips.

If at any time my services as an individual citizen or my services by reason of my position become needed by the FBI, I urge that I be called upon at once.

Inasmuch as my personal difficulties may become arranged sooner than expected, I would appreciate your furnishing me with a release from my present position in order that I might quickly get into another line of endeavor associated with the War effort.

I shall never forget my last day as a Special Agent.

A negro (we didn't know then that they wished to be called "blacks"), who was a nationally known card-carrying communist, came to Jacksonville, Florida, where I was stationed as a Resident Agent.

Three other agents and I were assigned to trail him during his visit. One of us would trail him at relatively close range while the other two kept out of his sight. One of our three used a Bureau automobile, and a fourth remained at our office so that we could report our whereabouts periodically.

My turn to follow him at close range came at a very difficult time. Can you imagine trying to look inconspicuous in a 100% black neighborhood? Needless to say, I lost him. Fortunately one of the other agents soon relocated him.

That was July 22, 1944, my last day on active duty, although my resignation was "accepted effective at the close of business August 10, 1944."

CHAPTER X.

U. S. NAVY

About the first place that I stopped after reaching Rochester was the Fulton County Draft Board, 727-1/2 Main Street. Marjorie Braman, the secretary, said that I would be called for military service in November.

By that time Jean had learned that her physical trouble was not cancer, as we had so feared, but that she had had a spontaneous abortion. We knew exactly when it had occurred, and why. Our residence at Neptune Beach, Florida, being infested with termites, was treated while we were there. Jean's breathing the fumes caused her to lose the baby one evening as we were about to attend a Policeman's Ball in Jacksonville. We were now relieved that she would be well, and I was ready to further serve my Country along with millions of others.

On October 21, 1944 I was ordered by the local draft board to report for induction at their office on November 8, 1944, having passed the physical in Indianapolis on October 11. It was a cold, rainy, dismal day. As we boarded a chartered bus on Main Street at the draft board two wonderful ladies were there to hand us some candy and cigarettes with their best wishes. One of them was Florence M. (Mrs. Merle M.) Craig, our neighbor. At Indianapolis we were processed in a long line. Servicemen soon very aptly described the military as "hurry up and wait." Most of the men were put into the army, but a few went to the Navy. The man processing me said that I should "go to the Navy where you don't march, have a bed and better food." After we were sworn into the Service, we had a couple of hours to kill before we reported to Union Station where we boarded a train for Great Lakes.

My spirits were low. I had seen many better days. But, I reasoned, the sooner that the War would end the sooner that Jean, John and I could have more of those better days. Millions of men were fighting for the same thing, so we had plenty of help. The question was, "How long will it take?" No one seemed to know, but everyone expected that it would be several years.

There must have been around one hundred men in our company at Great Lakes, most of whom were from the families of Pennsylvania miners. They were a good, rough and ready bunch, but didn't adapt quickly to military rules.

Jean was in Chicago with John for the purpose of helping her mother, Iva Cragun, prepare to move, as she had sold the apartment building. Jean arranged to see me the first Sunday that we were permitted visitors. The visitors area was at least a mile from our barracks, and we were required to march the entire distance in formation through a foot or more of snow that had fallen early that morning.

I waited there an hour, but no Jean. As soon as I entered the barracks someone told me to call Iva, who gave me the unwanted news that Jean was in the contagious ward of

Billings Hospital with high fever and chill. Iva saw on her card "possible spinal meningitis" and was terribly concerned.

Iva was working, so Dad and Mother picked up John, and my worries were lightened when someone told me that Jean had a strep throat and was out of danger.

I was appointed Company Clerk, working with Ed Burke, the Assistant Company Clerk. We assigned work details to all of the men, trying to divide the work as equally and fairly as possible. We had no trouble until we got snow upon snow, and the men began to complain about lack of sleep. Finally, the snow stopped, as did their complaining.

While nearly everyone used profanity and vulgarity to express even the most simple of their thoughts, I never heard Ed say one thing that would offend even the most particular person. I began calling him, "The Preacher," which he took good naturedly. Just as we were parting on our last day of training, he said, "I've had a private chuckle out of your calling me 'The Preacher'."

He explained that he had been in some kind of Catholic Order, being trained to become, not a priest, but a teacher. Just before he was to take his final vows, he decided that he was not as committed as he thought he should be, so got released upon application to the Pope. I think that he would have been a wonderful teacher.

Since the War he has been employed by State Farm Insurance Companies, first in Pennsylvania, and recently at their home office in Bloomington, Illinois.

Christmas was not Christmas that year in spite of the turkey, dressing and all of the trimmings. We went to a movie in the large drill hall, and before the picture began the recording of Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas" was piped over the speakers. I soon had a large lump in my throat. As I looked around I saw nearly every other young man wiping tears. I felt better after I, too, shed a few. If it hadn't occurred to us why we were fighting, it did then.

One day of each week, all companies would be inspected, and the winning company got to keep a cut-out rooster in front of the barracks. Our company was always the worst of the bunch. I finally got the bright idea that we needed a slogan. "We're reaching for the rooster" had alliteration, product identification, and was short, simple and easy to understand and remember. It seemed like a winner to me, so I printed it on a paper which I posted upon the bulletin board.

Within an hour, an officer was in our office demanding to know who had done it. When I confessed, he quickly escorted me to another room where I fully explained my actions to him and two other officers, all of whom appeared to be horrified and downright mad! I began to think that the offense warranted at least a week or two in the brig.

After they explained to me that no signs except official ones were permitted to be posted, they let me return to my company. I never again let the Navy use any of my talents in Advertising & Publicity which I had learned at Indiana University!

## *U. S. Navy*

The record of my misdeed must not have been included in my personnel file, for Jean received a letter dated February 9, 1945 from U. S. Naval Training Center at Great Lakes, Illinois, informing her that I had been chosen by my fellow Bluejackets as the honor man of my company.

On January 22, 1945, while home for boot leave, I saw Aunt Goldie who was very ill in Woodlawn Hospital. She had expressed a desire to see me before she died. She died the next day.

A few days thereafter I was back at Great Lakes and boarding a train for an unknown destination someplace in the South. Our car was made on the chassis of a freight car. In fact it looked very much like a modified freight car, equipped with bunks and toilet. Toilets on passenger trains were different from those on the present Amtrak which flush into holding tanks. Then they flushed directly onto the ground between the rails, and restrooms always had a sign reading: "Passengers will please refrain from flushing toilet while the train is standing in the station." One of our fellow passengers began singing that to the tune of "Humoresque", and adding "I love you." We all joined for many choruses.

We arrived at the depot in Cincinnati in the middle of the night, where we had a couple of hours delay waiting for tracks to clear down the line. We traveled over a very circuitous route, zigging and zagging from one short railroad to another until we arrived in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

While the folks back home were struggling with heating their houses and shoveling snow, we were in Fort Lauderdale in the height of the best season of sunshine and cool constant sea breeze.

The Navy had rented two exclusive hotels on the beach. In ours we were taught search radar operation, while in the other gunnery radar was being taught. We all ate at one dining room in the other hotel. Believe it or not there was Woodrow Rynearson and his wife, Olive. He was ship's company (permanently stationed in the gunnery radar school), and she was working as a waitress. Woodrow was in my graduating class in high school.

The most impressive thing about that place was I must have caught cold in my kidneys. Never have I passed water like I did there. After a couple of days, I went to sick bay and got immediate relief with some pills.

After a month in school, we were sent to a Receiving Station at Miami for two weeks, where I met Bob Folk from North Liberty, Indiana. He got up an hour before anyone else and typed the muster list from which work details were made. He was being transferred in a couple of days, and arranged for me to take over his job, which I eagerly accepted. My duties were ended by breakfast, and I had the rest of the day to myself.

The day before that job, however, I was on a work detail at a Navy brig. It was located in a sparsely settled part of Miami on the edge of a canal. It housed homosexuals, and we were given strict orders not to talk or even look at the prisoners as we swept the place down. After a little yard work we had some time to ourselves, and I used mine to walk about a

half block where I could watch a movie being filmed another block away. Nothing was happening while I watched, but we were told that They Were Expendable, with John Wayne, was being filmed there.

One day we all were taken to a beach on Miami Beach, where we were given instruction on abandoning ship. Part of the training there included our jumping off the pier, which was around ten feet above water, into what appeared to be very shallow water. When my natural fright of height was added to a fish at least eight or ten feet long that was swimming almost within inches of where we were to enter the water, I delayed my jump as long as possible. The instructor assured everyone that it definitely was not a shark, but as I recall, he remained on the pier while we all jumped in!

Our next move was to St. Simons Island, Georgia, where we were stationed at an air base for two or three weeks of additional radar training.

One Sunday I hitched a ride in a plane that was participating in simulated maneuvers. We had been urged to do so, for it was thought this would help us to better understand the whole operation. What better way to spend a leisurely Sunday afternoon!

The day before a plane had crashed into a fence when it overreached the runway. The only damage was a bent propeller.

I boarded the twin engine Beachcraft, and after about fifteen minutes a pilot entered the cockpit.

"I'm just the co-pilot," he said. "The pilot is the one that crashed the plane yesterday."

In another ten minutes the pilot took his seat, and started fumbling at controls and searching dials.

"This is different from anything I ever flew," he said.

I hoped that they were just giving me the treatment.

We took off and climbed - and climbed - and climbed! Then we suddenly went into a dive, and we went down - and down - and down, and all the while an alarm was sounding. I really began to think that something might be wrong, but they were calmly sitting up front. Then several times we would climb, and suddenly dive. Their next tactic was to bank left and then bank right. I was so dizzy that I had to keep my eyes shut most of the time. If I looked out I would see either the moon or the lights of Brunswick, Georgia!

I made a special effort to find other things to do the next Sunday.

Finally, we were taken to our ship, U.S.S. Perkins (DD877), at either Portsmouth or Norfolk, Virginia. The ship immediately began moving, and we were sure that our next destination would be Tokyo. Instead, however, we moved only a short distance to the other place, Norfolk or Portsmouth, and we were then told that the ship would be there for a few weeks for repairs. This seemed strange, since it was a new ship and had just completed its

## *U. S. Navy*

shakedown cruise, but we understood clearly when we were told that all anti-submarine gear was to be removed and anti-aircraft gear would be installed for the purpose of attacking the kamikazi planes which had become such a terrible threat to our cruisers, battleships and carriers.

We slept in our hammocks which we hung in the mess hall that night. During the day I was sent to the refrigerated hold to assist in bringing up some food. There didn't seem to be one cubic inch of unused space in the whole ship, especially since it carried more men than were needed to run it - like a spare tire in case of a blow-out!

Everywhere I was stationed the food was excellent. People at home were doing without, but we got all we wanted of the best there was. Now and then some would complain, and I concluded that they undoubtedly were getting fed better than they ever had been at home. My observation of the kitchen reassured me that food was served as clean and appetizing as at the better restaurants. It amazed me that so many meals could emerge from such a small room.

The only thing that I ate in the Navy which was not up to my taste standards was ice cream which was made on the ship from dried milk.

After being on the ship one night and part of the next day, we were moved to Little Creek, Virginia, where we got a taste of the sea. We bunked on land, but for one day we were aboard a ship that was once the Presidential yacht. We were taken a mile or two from land by a small personnel boat, from which we had to jump to a platform attached to the ship. The waves were at least four feet high, so we had to jump at precisely the right instant.

The most pleasant part of the day was watching some porpoises playing tag with each other.

We thought that certainly we would now get to our ship, but the Navy had other plans. We were marched to a pier in Chesapeake Bay where we boarded a commercial ferry. It hauled automobiles, railroad cars and passengers, and the trip took around an hour to reach the other shore where we boarded a train that carried us to Atlantic City, New Jersey.

We were destined for Brigantine, a man-made island. The bridge connecting Atlantic City and Brigantine had been destroyed by a hurricane a year or two before, so we were carried by a small navy personnel boat.

There were not over a couple dozen houses on the island, a golf course in a bad state of repair and a hotel about six stories high. The hotel was the property of Father Divine, a noted black preacher, and had been leased by the Navy to use as a radar training school. It was there that we enlisted men were to get our first team training with the officers of our ship.

We were only a few miles from the Naval Air Station, and we got experience tracking simulated raids. We learned to operate the sea search radar gear, and to interpret from it the location, speed and direction of bogeys (enemy planes) and friendlys, and finally to plot them on a large plexiglas from which the officers would direct the friendly planes by radio.

One week-end I hitched a ride from the Naval Air Station to a base in Kentucky, at which it was thought a connection could be made to someplace in Indiana. The plane was basically a DC-3, converted with metal seats running on each side lengthwise of the plane, and equipped with the standard restroom facilities consisting of a tube only! We flew directly over Washington, D.C., and I considered the trip worthwhile for that alone.

We landed in Louisville where I was informed that the last plane going North had left an hour before. After much delay, I obtained transportation to the railroad station, where I called home and asked the folks to meet me in Indianapolis.

It was late at night when we got to Rochester, and they got me to the railroad station in Plymouth next day to catch the eastbound train. I was to change trains at Philadelphia, but upon reaching there I learned that the train schedule had been changed effective that day, and that my train had been discontinued. This would make me late getting back to Brigantine. I notified the office, and took both the old and new train schedules - which saved me from some kind of disciplinary action!

Every day the newspapers reported sinking of our destroyers by kamikazi planes. It was the low point of my morale.

Less than a week before we were to leave and board ship, the ship's personnel officer called me aside, and said, "We have some new air search radar on the ship, and here at the school is a young instructor who knows how to operate it. We would like to make a trade with the school. They want you since you are older, and we want him since he can teach the others."

His tone was almost apologetic. I was ecstatic!

"You don't have to sell me," I assured him. I could hardly wait until the deal had been finalized so I could telephone Jean.

We instructed radar operation to classes going through the school. Our hours varied. I was on duty from midnight until 4:00 one night. Students rotated from one job to another every fifteen minutes, and I was watching them as they were using the search radar. To keep awake, I tried to make some small talk with each of them.

"Where are you from?" I asked one young man as he sat down.

"From Indiana," he replied.

"Where?" I inquired.

"Just a small town in Northern Indiana," he said.

"I'm from Indiana," I continued. "What town are you from?"

"Rochester," he answered.

Although I had never met him and never knew his name, I recalled seeing Paul Zartman as a child.<sup>152</sup>

Two things stand out in my memory of Brigantine: The Atomic bomb was dropped and Japan surrendered.

The night of V.J. (Victory over Japan) was something to remember. All of us went to Atlantic City to walk on the Board Walk. Thousands were there from New York City and Philadelphia. It was so crowded you could not walk two feet without bumping into someone. Exhilaration covered the Board Walk from end to end and side to side. And, to my surprise, no one was drinking. It was the best-behaved crowd imaginable.

My ambition had been to enter the Navy as an enlisted man and leave as an officer. Because of Navy rules I could not apply to become an officer until I became "ship's company" - permanently stationed someplace, and it was not until I was kept at Brigantine that my status was that of ship's company.

Armed with letters of recommendation from Charles A. Halleck, Congressman, Second Indiana District; Herman B. Wells, President, Indiana University; Ralph F. Gates, Governor, State of Indiana; Leo M. Mack, Chief Deputy, U. S. Marshal, Southern District of Florida; and L. Roy Zapf, Lawyer and Instructor of Constitutional Law and Conflict of Laws, Indiana Law School, Indianapolis, Indiana, I submitted my application to become an officer.

This is in reference to your letter of 14 November 1945 in the interest of Wendell Carvey Tombaugh, Seaman Second Class, U.S. Naval Reserve, who has applied for appointment to commissioned rank.

The procurement of officer personnel for the Naval Reserve has been closed for the present due to the victory over Japan. For this reason, no action was taken on Tombaugh's application when it was received. However, his name has been retained in the active files for consideration should the need for additional officers develop. The Naval Service has been notified to this effect by the Bureau's Circular Letter No. 304-45, copy of which is enclosed.

Your interest in Tombaugh's case has been noted and your letter of commendation will be added to his file.

By direction of the Chief of Naval Personnel. <sup>153</sup>

Although I was willing to spend additional time in the Navy as an officer, I was more than ready to get home. But to get discharged, a serviceman had to accumulate a prescribed number of points which was calculated based upon length of time, with extra points for overseas duty. My points would not accumulate until January, 1946.

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152 Paul Zartman served for a few years as Chief of Police of Rochester, Indiana, since which time he has been teaching in the Rochester Schools for many years.

153 Letter to Hon. Charles A. Halleck, House of Representatives, 20 November 1945, signed D. M. Swift, Comdr., U.S.N., Officer Procurement Div.

The school at Brigantine was closed, and for two months I was on Great Diamond Island, a few miles out of Portland, Maine. It was around twenty degrees below zero during my entire stay there, but our barracks were quite comfortable.

Every morning we were required to "sweep down the deck," after which time was our own. However, although I was not a Yeoman, they kept me busy figuring discharge points for others.

I was transferred back to Great Lakes where, on February 19, 1946, Wendell Carvey Tombaugh, S1c (RDM) SV6 USNR, Ser. #982-08-60, File #246-441-3 (10) was honorably discharged from the United States Navy. From there I traveled via the North Shore electric railroad to Chicago, where I boarded an Erie Railroad train bound for Rochester.

The discharge papers showed my record: USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill.; NTSch, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. (4 weeks); USNAS, St. Simons Island, Ga.; CIC Group Tra. Cen., Little Creek, Va.; USS Perkins (DD877); CIC GTC, Brigantine, N.J.; and Fleet Training Group, Casco Bay, Me.

When I left home after being drafted, I told Jean, "I hope they put me on an island and forget about me." My wishes almost came true, for I had been on St. Simons Island, Georgia, Brigantine Island, New Jersey and Great Diamond Island, Maine.

I could not have been more fortunate.

Again, I was asking myself if I had chosen my destiny, or if destiny had chosen me.

## CHAPTER XI

### **BUSINESS**

As soon as the War ended, but before my discharge, I began wondering what I might do to make a living.

It seemed as if everyone else at Brigantine had definite plans for their futures. One expected to return to his job with a company that rated radio programs. Another was to return to selling hearing aids. Two of my roommates were planning to enter the electronic retail business. Another looked forward to delivering a soft drink in his home town in Kentucky. Still another was anxious to resume building small fishing boats. One of the officers was an acoustics engineer, while another was returning to law practice in New York City.

Business was always interesting to me. I had tried working for a large corporation at Armour & Co., only to realize that my potential there was minimal. It seemed as if a small retail business would be most attractive. The country was about ready to emerge from shortages and people had money to spend.

So Jean and I purchased the inventory of a small gift shop at 616 Main Street from Jane Murphy. It was located in the Times Theatre Building, owned by H. Lisle Kriegbaum, from whom we rented year to year.

I loved the record keeping while Jean, with her artistic talents, was perfect as buyer and sales person.

Besides gifts we also had needlework and notions, and we were always looking for anything that would help pay the bills.

Beginning August 14, 1946, we acquired the agency for the Western Union Telegraph Company in Rochester, which we operated in our store. We were paid a small commission for all outgoing paid and incoming collect wires.

I shall never forget observing a few weeks prior to that date a man walking up to the front window, looking in and appearing to be "casing" the place. He was well-dressed, clean-cut, business-like, so I concluded that he was another salesman. Immediately after World War 2 everyone it seemed was unsettled: new businesses were starting, most of which seemed to be getting along. And salesmen, because of the pent-up demand for merchandise which was either scarce or completely not available during the war, were visiting us almost every day.

So, it was a pleasant surprise when Mr. Paul Shields, District Manager of Western Union, walked in, identified himself, and asked if we would be interested in becoming the

agency for Western Union, at no cost to us, no inventory, no advertising, no supplies - just all profit!

Of course we accepted, and it was not until we closed the store in 1963, so I could go back to the practice of law, that we gave it up.

For nine years the Rochester Telephone Company had been the agency, but they were wanting to get rid of it so they could concentrate on their own business. Prior to their agency, Western Union operated their own office at 717 Main Street, sending and receiving all messages by morse code. Harvey Waymire, who first started working for the company as a messenger boy, was the last manager of the company office. All messages were handled by teletype while the Telephone Company had the agency.

The company sent Mr. Burrell Brown to train us for one week. Mr. Brown was Manager of the Western Union Office at LaPorte, Indiana.

After a couple of days we hired Virginia Cleland, who had just graduated from high school in Rochester, to operate the teletype and assist in the store.

The teletype machine was time-consuming and nerve-wracking to operate. It was on a party line to Chicago shared by the office in Plymouth. Whenever that office sent or received, the Rochester machine could not send or receive, and Plymouth had an unusual amount of business for a city of its size because of one industry. John Meck Industries, a manufacturer of radios, which was growing by leaps and bounds, used Western Union in preference to long distance or mail.

Our volume was large too because of a few small industries such as Topps Garment Co., Indiana Metal Products, Safway Steel and Sealed Power Corp. And many people were unable to obtain telephone service because of a shortage of wires and cables, so Western Union was a household word with them also.

To make handling even more difficult, the wire which ran from Rochester to Chicago following the right of way of the Nickel Plate Railroad was not too good. Any rain storm, and especially any thunderstorm, would throw jumbled words in the typing. Sometimes transmission got so bad that, even by adjusting the machine to its maximum it was impossible to read a message. Many times it was necessary to run tests for an hour or two until the trouble would clear.

For a couple of years after we got the agency all messages were sent on the Western Union wire along the Nickle Plate to the central switching point in Chicago which had originally been entirely a morse code operation. Messages would come into that point, either by morse code or teletype, and be picked up periodically by people on roller skates who would rush them to a sorting department where they would be routed to an outgoing line. All handling was, therefore, manual, and when volume would increase, delays would occur.

After a few years we were connected with the Western Union in South Bend, and the last couple of years connections were made by underground telephone cable to the Peru office.

## *Business*

About this same time the switching point was changed from Chicago to Detroit, which was one of about sixteen main centers in the United States. Any message going through that switching center would be routed automatically to its next relay office. Savings in time and cost of operation are quite apparent.

We became personally acquainted with John Haskett, manager of the office at Plymouth, and Roy Schlagater, manager at Peru. Perhaps we got best acquainted with Merrill Davis, the operator in South Bend with whom we had daily teletype contact for a number of years.

At the end of our sixth year at 616 Main Street, Mr. Kriegbaum raised the rent, for he had an opportunity to rent the room to a well established insurance agency, Miller & Mitchell. It was a logical move for them from an upstairs room. This room was ideal in size and location for their business.

Art Fansler, who with his wife Dorothy (Aughinbaugh) Fansler, owned and operated Fansler Lumber Company, had purchased the Tim Baker farm adjoining Rochester to the east, and were developing a new sub-division which they named "Manitou Heights." New houses and a small business area were going up.

Our closest friends, Lowell and Jane Long, were either the first or second family to move there. Several houses were being constructed within a year after they moved, and they suggested that we should buy the lot at 1025 Jackson Blvd. for future building of a home where we could be only a block from them. <sup>154</sup>

We purchased the lot, on which we built a ranch style house, and soon sold our house at 212 West 9th Street to C. R. "Jack" and Fran Mummert. We were short of cash, and Mother loaned us \$10,000 which was her inheritance from her parents. I'm ashamed to say that this was another loan which we never repaid in cash, but, we hope, we did return it in other ways.

The house was not completed when we got the word that our store rent was being increased. A quick decision had to be made: Either go out of business or find a new location. We thought that we had done reasonably well in six years, and started looking for another building to rent. Business in general was good, and there was nothing available except a new building, first door east of Berkway Super Market, at 913 East 9th Street, which we bought from Art and Dorothy Fansler on contract.

There, we changed from strictly gifts and needlework to everyday traffic items, including work clothes and toys. The business had become almost a department store, so after a year we changed the name from "Jean's Gift Shop" to "Tombaugh's Department Store." We made do with many home-made display counters in addition to those which we had brought with us.

Western Union was glad to move with us, for we had done much better than their average agency office in Northern Indiana. Perhaps it was a mistake for us to keep it, for more

people were getting telephones, and most of the industries were beginning to use telephone and mail instead of telegraph.

The income was still a help, but after seventeen years we were more than glad to give it up.

We never took a vacation, but considered the buying trips to Chicago and Richmond, Indiana all we could afford. Twice a year we purchased gifts at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. Several times we stayed with Ruth and Stuart Wigg. They had the first television set that we had seen. Television arrived in Chicago long before it did in Rochester. Their set measured about twenty inches long, twenty inches wide and about six inches high, with a black and white picture tube about three by five inches built into it. Any museum would love to have it today.

Most of our trips, however, were up and back the same day.

The everyday merchandise we purchased from Adam H. Bartel & Co., Richmond, Indiana. The three or four story brick building appeared to have been built shortly after the Civil War, and business methods were quaint compared to other firms with whom we dealt. The first person whom we met on each trip was Mr. Bartel himself, who was then around 90 years of age. Our salesman, Theodore "Ted" Hartman, who would call at our store two to four times a year, escorted us through the warehouse, which had a clean odor coming from the soft goods. He told us that Mr. Bartel would tolerate no scandalous behavior of his employees, and checked to see that they attended church regularly.

It would require all forenoon, and about half of the afternoon to make our purchases. The highlight of the trip was the free dinner to which Bartel's treated us at Elizabeth Parker's, a well-known and extra-nice restaurant in Richmond.

"Don't you want to take this home and save the freight?" Ted asked on our first trip.

Of course we wanted to save in every possible way. We even paid our bills within ten days to get the 2% discount.

Our Packard sedan was loaded, and I said: "Don't I sign something?"

"No," Ted answered, "We operate on a system of trust." He further explained that the trust would stop the moment we would abuse it. You can be sure that we went out of our way never to do so.

We bought toys from Kipp Bros. in Indianapolis. Through them we purchased toy flyers called "Billy & Ruth" which John distributed by hand in Rochester.

He had just obtained his driver's license, so we permitted him to drive the Dodge pickup truck that the "Company" had purchased in April, 1936, but which had become the sole property of Dad. It was a beautiful October day, and while he was to deliver the flyers, I took Mother down to Macy and across to the Tombaugh farm, which she and Dad had purchased

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from Grandma Tombaugh's estate. The day stands out as one of my happiest visits with Mother.

Upon reaching Rochester we learned that John had been injured and was in Woodlawn Hospital. There we were told that another boy, whom he had asked to assist, was driving while John was riding the front fender. John fell backward striking his head on the pavement, and was in a coma. He was rushed to Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis where we learned that sometimes the best that can be done for that type of injury is to do nothing, and that this was one of those times. We were told that nothing could be done until the doctor knew whether his coma was the result of the accident or an aneurysm: If the former, nothing should be done, but if the latter, an immediate operation was necessary. Fortunately, no operation was needed.

We rented an apartment in Indianapolis for a week to be near him. Dad and Mother managed the store and Western Union, and their neighbor, Jean (McDougle) Garber, helped wait on trade.

The most difficult thing that I was called upon to do was to hold John very still while the doctor took a spinal tap. It not only drained me physically, but for a long time thereafter John seemed to resent my presence. Fortunately that passed after many months, as did the effects of his injury.

He seemed to be progressing well after a week, so Jean and I returned home to wait a few more days when we were to pick him up. After that weekend we received a phone call from the doctor who said that it appeared as if John needed an emergency appendectomy, and that he could not perform it without our written approval. We exceeded the speed limit all the way, only to learn that he had eaten a whole box of chocolate candy which my Aunt Pauline Carvey had left on her visit the day before, and for which he had already received treatment by the time we arrived.

When we first started our business we enjoyed waiting on customers, but we began noticing that parents were becoming more and more lax about disciplining their children. Many of the mothers would enter the store saying, "Now, don't touch anything!" Having issued her statement, the mother said and did nothing while the child or children roamed the store at will. Consequently, it became necessary for one of us to follow the offspring while the other waited on the mother.

One child, in particular, was unusually active, handling everything in sight and opening all boxes. One day she picked up a 25 cent item that was sealed in plastic. As she started to tear it open, I said, "Don't open that." She went ahead tearing the package, and I continued, "You've just bought that!"

Her mother was definitely upset, slammed down the quarter, and marched out of the store without buying anything else. I was sure that we had lost a customer, but the next week the two came in, the mother quietly did her shopping, while the child stood perfectly still the entire time. The mother remained a good customer, and we were always glad thereafter to see the child come with her.

But, watching children began to wear thin on our nerves, and we started thinking about making some kind of change. We kept long hours, and had gone for years with no semblance of a real vacation.

I had maintained membership in the Society of Former Special Agents of the F.B.I., and through that association had begun doing personnel investigations, primarily in northern Indiana, although one special case took me as far as Evansville.

Some of the reports were entirely sent by mail, but urgent ones were handled by telephone. After a few months, I purchased a reel tape recorder with telephone pickup. If I were away, Jean could record the information which I would transcribe upon my return.

I was spending about one or two days a week away from the store, operating under the name Fidelifacts of Northern Indiana. It was wonderful to get away, but not so wonderful for Jean. She was already carrying more than her half of the work, and she needed a change of occupation even more than I.

I was seriously considering devoting my entire time to investigations, and made a trip to the 1961 annual meeting in New York City of Fidelifacts with whom I had become associated for a year or more. I knew several of the fellows by telephone conversations, but this was the first I had seen Vincent W. Gilen, Fidelifacts Inc., 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.; William H. Pokorny, Fidelifacts of Chicago, 120 E. Burlington Avenue, LaGrange, Illinois; Harry E. Manicas, 40 Girdle Road, East Aurora, New York; Clement V. Rousseau, Fidelifacts S.W., Inc., 700 West Campbell, Phoenix, Arizona.

The round trip, which cost \$59.88 coach fare, was via Erie Railroad. I left Rochester at 12:19 p.m., arriving in downtown New York at 9:05 a.m., and returned leaving downtown New York at 7:25 p.m., arriving in Rochester at 2:52 p.m.

After our meeting I took the subway to Broadway and 116th street, a trip that I remembered having made with Dad and Mother 37 years previously around New Year's 1924. To my east was Columbia University, and my walk took me to the building where I had attended Horace Mann grade school, on Broadway, between 120 and 121st streets. The front door was unlocked, so I entered. No one was around as I climbed the familiar flight of stairs to the second floor, where I turned south to room 203. Through the glass in the door, I could see what were undoubtedly the very same blackboards, windows and even light globes that I had left in the spring of 1924. It gave me a very queer feeling. What had life done to and for my classmates, and, even more importantly, what had they done to and for their lives?

My next destination was 540 West 122nd Street, which was an apartment building on the southeast corner of Broadway and 122nd Street. The front door was locked, but I could see the front hall that was very much like it had been when we lived there. The front steps, made of limestone, were still there. I still carry a scar on my shin caused by my leg striking one of those steps!

## *Business*

I walked to 125th Street, where the subway is elevated for a few blocks, and recalled being with Dad when we were having a sandwich in a small quick-food restaurant on the east side of Broadway, a little south of 125th Street. There we saw an intoxicated street car conductor or motorman, and Dad said to me after we left: "That is a shame. He probably has a wife and children. He's drinking, and they won't have anything to eat."

From 125th Street, I walked one block east to Amsterdam Avenue. There were the same cobblestones that appeared ancient in 1924! The little store where I bought Tootsie Rolls was no longer there.

My trip would not have been complete without a visit to Grant's Tomb, only about three blocks west of Broadway on 122nd Street. It was there that I spent many hours watching the ships plying the Hudson River. Pollution is not really a new thing for that river, for one of my clear recollections is that there was garbage floating near the bank.

It was pleasant associating with the key members of Fidelifacts, an association of former Special Agents of the F.B.I., but one thing bothered me. They were showing concern about the possibility of being sued, reporting that insurance coverage had been checked, but premium costs appeared almost prohibitive.

Only a few weeks later Ralph Nader sued Vincent W. Gillen and General Motors Corp. for an investigation Gillen had done concerning Nader on behalf of General Motors. I lost no time ending my association with Fidelifacts the very next day!



## CHAPTER XII

### POLITICS

For a couple of years I had been reviewing my law school notes and lightly reading some law books. It was only for the purpose of diversion, and definitely not to prepare myself for a return to law practice. Then, the day after the primary election in the spring of 1960, while driving to Fort Wayne, I suddenly had a compelling urge to be named to fill the vacancy on the Republican ticket for the office of Judge of the Fulton Circuit Court. I've often heard of others having "callings", but never believed them to be true. I rationalized that it was merely my desire for a change of occupation that was calling me. On the entire trip, I could think of nothing but the pros and cons of running, and by the time I returned home, the pros had won in a landslide. Convincing Jean was another matter.

She thoroughly disliked politics and politicians, but somehow she agreed to help me campaign if I were named on the ticket.

That day I contacted Dr. Dean K. Stinson, Fulton County Republican Chairman. It seemed to me that the party was not functioning to its potential were it to permit the office to go by default, and, although I had not been active in law practice or politics for several years, it appeared as if that might be to my advantage. He agreed, and said that if the precinct committeemen and vice committeewomen were favorable he would do all he could to support me. After contacting each of them, they met and my name was officially placed on the Republican ticket as candidate against the incumbent, Frederick E. Rakestraw, who was just completing his first six-year term.

Fellow Republicans:

Thank you for this great honor. To be chosen by you Republican leaders as your candidate for Judge is flattering beyond words. I shall conduct a campaign which will evidence my high regard for this most important office.

We know a campaign is won at the precinct level. For every Republican elected there has been sweat and toil by the truly great Americans who are the precinct workers, as well as by the candidate. It is a team effort.

There is a lot more about politics that I don't know than what I do know, so any guidance and help from you will not only be appreciated by me, but will be necessary for us to recapture this office for the Republican Party.

Thank you sincerely.<sup>155</sup>

I had some basic principles which guided me: I would see as many people as possible, campaign for myself and not against my opponent, and promise that if elected I would decide each case fairly to the best of my ability.

I'm not so sure that my speeches did more than put voters to sleep. The following are examples in point!

Fellow Republicans:

I am very proud to be a Republican. I am especially glad when I look about me and see such fine people who are also Republicans.

But we are more than Republicans. We are Americans - Americans dedicated to preserving our precious liberties - those great freedoms which are the foundation of what we like to call the American way of life, but which were bought and paid for quite dearly by the very lives of our forefathers, and today are being protected by our boys throughout the world.

We must remain strong to stay free, and we must be free to be strong.

The Republican Party is the only party with a proven record of preserving our freedom by maintaining national strength.

We know that we can have a strong America and a free America if we have a Republican Administration. But to elect that Administration requires that we have a strong Republican Party. Our Party is only as strong as the sum of its parts. And that means that we - right here - must rededicate ourselves to the solemn duty of preserving our priceless heritage of a free democracy, and elect every Republican on the ticket - nationally and locally!

I am a Republican by birth and by choice.

My family and my wife's family have been Republicans for generations because they believed in the principles of the Republican Party.

A government by a Democrat Administration that promises everything to everybody is a government by socialism - a cradle to the grave regimentation - a government to which we would sell our freedom of opportunity for a security that is not secure.

Government should have sufficient power to protect individual rights; it should not have sufficient power to destroy those rights.

In this Centennial observance of the election of Abraham Lincoln, no greater tribute could be paid his memory and the principles of freedom, equality and justice which he so nobly expressed in deeds and words, than our electing every Republican on our ticket - nationally and locally! 156

Fellow Republicans:

I am honored to be your candidate for Judge.

I am very glad to be here, and to have the opportunity of talking to you.

I think the word opportunity is most descriptive of America. Our forefathers gave up their countries - and many gave up their lives - that we might have this heritage of a free country with the opportunity to live our lives as we will.

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1960 election.

But freedom is never free. Each generation must prove itself worthy of being free. Each generation must face problems it considers to be the greatest of all time.

Today we hear a lot about the juvenile problem. The problem of youth is actually as old as time itself, but the picture varies with each generation. Our youth of today is faced with decisions that would have been insolvable even by adults a few years ago: More education is necessary for survival; more competition for a multitude of jobs; more distractions; and certainly more temptations.

The place to solve the youth problem of today is the same place as it was yesterday and the day before - not in some office in Washington or Indianapolis, but at the very grass roots - right here in Fulton County.

But our problem really is not a youth problem at all, but an adult problem of helping youth meet the challenges of the Atomic and Space Age. It means guidance, and above all understanding, at home, in the church, in the school, and especially in the administration of justice.

We love our youth. We work and save all our lives that our children might inherit some material things that would give them even more opportunity than we have had. But let us not confuse opportunity with security. A welfare state, such as that offered by the Democrats, does promise a kind of security. But it does not offer any kind of opportunity - only the duty of serving the welfare of the welfare state.

The nibbling away of our freedom of opportunity in the guise of making life more secure is a greater threat to our freedom than any dictator who ever lived.

And believe me, the Republican Party is well aware of both of those dangers.

Republicans believe that America must remain strong to be free, but above all Republicans believe that Americans must be free to be strong.

The Republican Party is the only party with a proven record of preserving our freedom by maintaining national strength.

We know that we can have a strong America, and a free America, if we have a Republican Administration. But to elect that Administration requires that we have a strong Republican Party. Our party is only as strong as the sum of its parts. And that means that we - right here - must rededicate ourselves to the most solemn duty of preserving our priceless heritage of a free democracy, with freedom of opportunity, and elect every Republican on the ticket, locally as well as nationally.

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Fortunately, for all concerned, my speeches were few!

Democrat Frederick Rakestraw won a second six-year term as judge of the Fulton circuit court at Tuesday's election, but to do it he needed a late surge of votes to overcome the spirited opposition of Republican Wendell Tombaugh.

Rakestraw, 37, won out by 235 votes over Tombaugh, 45, attorney and local businessman who was making his first bid for office. Rakestraw won the post in 1954 by 1,106 tallies.

The incumbent's winning ballot total was 4,699. Tombaugh piled up 4,464.

The Judge's race held most of the local interest during the long night of counting because of its close nature. Tombaugh went into an early, although close, lead and held it until about midnight. Then Rakestraw overtook him and managed to keep piling votes onto his margin.

At one time, Tombaugh was in front by 50 votes. In the end, Rakestraw won 12 of the 19 precincts. Tombaugh scored victories in six and another - Rochester six - ended in a 212-212 tie.

Judge Rakestraw lost in Henry two, Liberty one, Richland, Rochester four and seven and Wayne. He ran well elsewhere in Rochester, Liberty and Newcastle however, and held his own in the rest of Henry township and in Union.

In 1954, Rakestraw became the first Democratic judge of the Fulton circuit court in 18 years. 158

This was not the outcome for which I had hoped, but I was mentally prepared to win or lose.

Now was the time to do some real review in preparation for reopening a law office, so every day I devoted at least an hour of "prime time" to concentrated study.

Dad and Mother sold their home in 1954 to Dean Foods, who built a milk processing plant there. The folks purchased a small house only a block from ours. It was between our house and our store, so we were able to see them daily.

Although I had not won, Mother was as proud of me as if I had. She suffered from heart trouble for three or four years, quietly passing away on October 14, 1962.

Immediately after the election, Jean and I started reducing inventory in the store, purchasing only "bread and butter" items, that is quick turnover basic merchandise. Our close-out sale occurred about the last part of October, 1963, and we took a well-earned two weeks vacation.

Our destination was Corbin, Kentucky and Roanoke, Virginia, where we wanted to visit some of Jean's distant relatives. After a very early start, we stopped in Martinsville, Indiana, where we ordered some furniture for our reception room in our new law office. I thought we were on our way, when she said she wanted to see a Miss Eulie Davis, retired school teacher, at Salem, Indiana. To my surprise that took a half day. The next day she informed me that we would stop in Clarksville, Indiana. After an hour in their library, I thought we were ready to go, but Jean had other plans! I waited in the car at the Filson Club in Louisville while she researched her family tree.

Late in the afternoon we decided to stop at a motel near Lexington, only to learn that the horse racing season had filled all motels for at least fifty miles in all directions. It must have been nearly ten p.m. before we got settled for the night.

The next day we wanted to stop "only an hour or two" and visit Bill and Carrie Wallen in Corbin, Kentucky. Carrie was a distant cousin of Jean. Their southern hospitality

overwhelmed us, and we were destined to stay with them over night. Bill insisted that we meet his brother, who operated a tire shop in downtown Corbin, that afternoon. That evening, which was Saturday, we were introduced to a real for sure Southern Baptist revival, where a young man by name of Charles Lake, not over twenty years of age, exhorted the sinners to come forward and be saved. At one time or another nearly everyone in the audience went to the front and knelt before him. Although he exerted all his energy in our direction, we remained seated. I'm sure that he blamed himself for his failure.

The next morning Bill turned on the local radio program which was hosted by the brother we had met the day before. It was a combination gossip-news and religious music program. He said, "Up on the hill, visiting my brother, Bill, are Wendell and Jean Tombaugh from Rochester, Indiana. This next song is dedicated to them."

Our primary purpose in stopping was, not only to meet them, but to have them escort us to the graves of Jean's ancestors. But, first, we must attend church. Then, it was so near lunch that we must eat before we visit the cemetery. At last, we were on our way toward Roanoke.

It was in High Point, North Carolina that I had spent a pleasant week while assigned to the Charlotte office of the F.B.I., so for sentimental reasons, and because we could purchase at wholesale, we stopped at a factory and ordered our desks and office chairs.

Walter P. and Fannie (Chitwood) Holland met us at their home in Roanoke, Virginia on Monday. To our surprise, somehow they thought we were to arrive the day before and had prepared a large meal.

While Jean was visiting with these distant cousins, I called my friend, Leigh B. Hanes, Jr., classmate in F.B.I. training school. He was now District Clerk, U. S. District Court, Western District of Virginia, in Roanoke.<sup>159</sup> He insisted that we meet at his home for dinner, assuring us that his wife was used to him bringing unexpected guests. She was a charming hostess, and had prepared a tasty meal on very short notice. Leigh showed me a book about the F.B.I. which contained photographs of us taken while we were in training. Unfortunately, I have never been able to purchase a copy.

During the conversation we related that we planned to visit Washington, D.C.

"Why don't you get admitted to practice before the Supreme Court?" he asked. This had not occurred to me. He explained that we would be there the one day of the month that lawyers could be admitted, and urged me to exert every effort to do so.

It was Saturday morning when we got to the Supreme Court offices. There I was told that my application must be signed by two attorneys and that I needed a sponsor. Although Congressman Charles A. Halleck was in Indiana, it was through his office that I met Mr. Roger Robb and Mr. J. Bruce Kellison who signed my application. They were preparing for an important trial starting on Monday, and had papers scattered and piled all over chairs and on

the floor to such an extent I had difficulty walking into their office. And, Hon. Archibald Cox, Solicitor General, Department of Justice, consented to sponsor me, personally introducing me before the Supreme Court.

Your kindness in alerting your staff to assist me in becoming admitted to practice before the Supreme Court is appreciated.

On a Saturday afternoon and with you in Indiana I think your office accomplished the impossible. But even with their efforts, I would not yet be admitted were it not for your personal backing.<sup>160</sup>

I've always thought my staff people were pretty agreeable and competent characters. But it's good to have an outsider's opinion now and then, and I'm glad to know that you think they did a good job for you and that they're on the ball even when I'm not here to crack the whip in person.

Seriously, I'm pleased that we could be of help to you in obtaining your admittance to practice before the Supreme Court. If you get back to Washington some time I do hope you will stop by the office again.<sup>161</sup>

When we left Rochester, the weather was clear, clean and warm.

"You'd better take a sweater," Jean cautioned.

"I won't need it," I answered. "I just don't want to bother with it."

I still cannot admit that she was right, even though the snow was falling when we got to Pennsylvania and I was pretty uncomfortable from the cold.

When we arrived home around November 20, Pete Terpstra was remodeling our store building into our new law office.

Within a couple of weeks we were open, and had clients beginning the very first day. Such a contrast to the first time we had a law office. This time we did exceptionally well. In fact, we were doing so well that we were netting more than the Judge's salary when it came time to run again in 1966.

Running for public office and participating in party politics were effective methods of gaining publicity, since lawyers were then prohibited by their Code of Ethics from advertising. So, in 1964 I was elected to the Rochester Township Advisory Board, and successfully ran for delegate to two Republican State Conventions, being named Alternate Presidential Elector in 1964.

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160 Letter from the author, Rochester, Indiana, November 7, 1963, to Hon. Charles A. Halleck, Minority Leader, House of Representatives.

161 Letter from Hon. Charles A. Halleck, Minority Leader, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., November 14, 1963, to the author.

Having come so close to winning the 1960 election, and now becoming better known throughout the county, the Republican party had begun to think that there was little question but that I could win on a second try.

But, a new situation now faced us. With almost a year left of his second term, Frederick Rakestraw was named by Governor Roger Branigan to the Supreme Court of Indiana. The Governor immediately appointed local attorney, John J. Delworth, Jr., to fill the vacancy here. He was a popular young attorney, active in the Catholic church and Elks lodge, and with eleven months experience on the bench, I could not take winning for granted.

Anyone who has run for any public office knows that it is work. With Jean in the office, I was able to spend about 90 percent of my time campaigning, stopping at every house in every city and town and attending Republican meetings. Part of the experience could not really be classed as "work": Eating at every church or lodge dinner, for meals were prepared by some of the best cooks in the county.

Of course, every candidate wanted to look his best, and it was in that spirit that I overloaded my paper plate, causing it to break and spill the contents on the floor at the Grange hall one evening. After the kind ladies had cleaned up my mess, I didn't have the heart to scoop up quite as much onto a new plate which they wisely reinforced with a second one!

The following item gives some idea of my background which I hoped would be made known to the voters.

WENDELL CARVEY TOMBAUGH '36 is a practicing attorney in his own firm in Rochester, Ind. Wendell served in the U. S. Navy from 1944-45, has been the County Attorney, and on the Advisory Board of his home county. He has also been a special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He is a member of the Fulton County Bar Assn. (secretary in 1965), Indiana State Bar Assn. (alternate delegate to the House of Delegates 1965), American Trial Lawyers Assn., Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI, Inc., Mental Health Assn. of Fulton County (director 1964-65, vice-president 1966), Fulton County Toastmasters Club (charter member), American Legion Post No. 36 (Adjutant 1945; Commander 1946), and the Rochester Chamber of Commerce.

Wendell has also been quite active in politics. He has been a delegate to several State Republican Conventions, is a past president of the Fulton County Young Republican Club, and the 2nd District Young Republican Club, and in 1964, was the alternate Presidential Elector. He and his wife, the former Jean Cragun from Chicago, have one son, John, and list their address as 1025 Jackson Blvd. in Rochester. 162

I recall one Republican meeting in Akron.

I thought that it was imperative that I look my best, and tried to dress for the occasion. After all, Akron had been my home town and I needed to do well there.

All of the candidates were seated on the stage in the High School Gym behind Philip Willkie, the guest speaker. His father, Wendell Willkie, had been the unsuccessful candidate on the Republican ticket for President of the United States a few years prior.

I was suddenly horrified when I realized that I was wearing one green and one blue sock. I tried crossing my legs, but knew that there was no way to cover my mistake. After a while I felt better, for it occurred to me that if the voters noticed my problem, they would conclude that I might be just eccentric enough to make a good judge.

## REPUBLICANS GIVE IDEAS OF PLATFORM

Twenty-five persons Thursday night attended a district Republican meeting in Lincoln junior high school to present their ideas about the planks which should make up the Republican party's 1962 platform.

Fulton County GOP Chairman, Dr. Dean K. Stinson and Giles Hoffer, Kosciusko county Republican chief, conducted the subcommittee hearing of the Indiana Republican Platform Advisory Committee. Ideas from this meeting, and ones similar to it in Indiana, will be given to the Platform Committee for consideration in drawing up the 1962 party platform.

Wendell C. Tombaugh, speaking for himself, stated the next Republican platform should, "Show the party's aim to protect individual rights, the right to negotiate, and should stress that the party is never in a race to out-promise, but rather, racing to outperform the Democrat party in living up to the promises it does make."

He went on to say that platform should contain promises which Republicans could keep and that the platform should be based entirely upon truth.

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[Remarks in full not reported in the newspaper]:-

The following basic precepts might be employed as guides in the formation of a Republican Platform.

It should be emphasized that Republicans are always Americans first, and that the Republican Party is our means and hope of implementing the American ideals of freedom and justice for all Americans.

The primary aim of the Republican Party should be to protect individual rights: To protect them not only from aggression but from usurpation of power.

The right to negotiate, whether it be for wages or for prices, should be guaranteed, and the system of free enterprise, which rewards the industrious and which has made America grow to greatness and strength, should forever be encouraged.

Local government must be recognized as that which generally best serves the interests of the people -- and only when local government cannot function to the best of those interests should State and/or Federal control begin.

It should be stressed that the Republican Party is never in a race to out-promise, but, rather, is racing to out-perform the Democrat Party in living up to the promises it does make. The platform should promise only those things which the Republicans, if elected, could produce. No promises should be made favoring one group over another group.

The platform should be based entirely upon truth. Half truths are just as untrue as falsehoods.

A platform written from truth with sincerity and conviction, evidencing true love of country, offering positive programs for action, pledging to preserve individual rights, and promising only the possible within the realm of freedom and justice, will be believed.

And, being believed, the Party can elect.

In spite of my speeches, I was elected.

It must have stunned the local press, for The Rochester Sentinel, Wednesday Evening, November 9, 1966, proclaimed in bold headlines:

## **GOP RETAKES JUDGE, SHERIFF HERE.**

Wendell C. Tombaugh, Rochester attorney, returned the judge's chair to Republican hands for the first time in 12 years when he beat incumbent John J. Delworth, Jr. 4,339 to 2,475.

Tombaugh, who lost by only 235 votes to Judge Frederick E. Rakestraw in the 1960 contest for judge, posted a victory margin of 864 votes over Delworth, who is the present judge.

Delworth was appointed to the post last January to fill out the term of Rakestraw, who was named an Indiana Supreme Court judge. That term ends next Dec. 31. Rakestraw lost his election bid for the office Tuesday.

Rakestraw had occupied the circuit court bench for 11 years before relinquishing it to advance to the state court.

Tombaugh won 16 of the 19 county precincts, losing only Aubbeenaubee, Rochester 2 (Delworth's precinct) and Rochester 5.

A former Fulton county attorney, Tombaugh is completing a term as member of the Rochester township advisory board. He resumed the practice of law here in 1963 after a 20-year period during which he was with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, served in the Navy during World War II and was in retail business in Rochester. He was admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court.

An interesting sidelight: Texaco was advertising: "You can trust your car to the man who wears the star." Attorney William L. Morris suggested that Homer's slogan should be: "You can trust your star to the man named Homer Carr." Although it was not officially adopted by Homer, it made the rounds of the county, and certainly did him no harm.

James O. Wells, Jr., entered law school at Valparaiso University after being away from school several years. It took a lot of ambition and effort, and he often stopped at my law

office to discuss his progress. Because of our friendship I was especially pleased that he was elected Prosecuting Attorney.

I have been interested in your progress and have enjoyed the times you have come in to talk.

Having learned to know both you and Mrs. Wells, I have had much more than the normal interest in your finishing law school and passing the bar exam.

Only those who have had that experience can ever fully appreciate the effort expended. But that is of secondary importance if one is doing what he really wants to do. Then the effort becomes more interesting. I'll not say that it becomes "play", but at least it does not seem as much in the line of work.

I was reading recently where someone wished he had lived many years ago for the reason that whenever he thought of something which he considered to be profound, he learned that someone else had already said it.

I now think of something, which undoubtedly has already been said - and said better - but which carries out my thought above. I have concluded that a contented and happy person is one whose ambitions and abilities coincide with his accomplishments.

Your decision to enter law school - after prolonged absence from school - indicates your ambition; your having obtained your degree and passed the bar clearly reflect your ability. Your accomplishments remain to be attained, but they will be because you like what you are doing. 164

## CHAPTER XIII

### JUDICIARY

After the election, my time was spent cleaning up all of my work in progress, and visiting other courts.

Judge, Gene B. Lee, Kosciusko circuit court, graciously answered numerous administrative questions. I visited his court three times, spending a half day there each time, during which I would listen from a seat in the audience, then, during a break, he would explain what and why he had handled the cases as he had.

His best advice was never to take a case under advisement, but to decide it immediately. He said that the facts are fresh in the judge's mind, and generally first impressions are best. Also, he said, lawyers do not like to have decisions delayed, for, until a case is decided, no appeal to a higher court is possible without a disciplinary action against the lazy judge, and that such action is always distasteful to all concerned.

Judge Frank V. Dice, Miami circuit court, was equally helpful to get me off on the right foot. His advice was to read and re-read periodically the rules of evidence, which all judges and attorneys know can be quite confusing.

Judge Norman Kopec, St. Joseph superior court, answered many questions, attempting to put me at ease in my forthcoming work. It was on that visit that I entered another court room just in time to witness the judge sworn into office for his next term by Judge John W. Pfaff of the Appellate Court of Indiana. After the ceremony Judge Pfaff offered to swear me into office, which I quickly and gratefully accepted.

The time came for the swearing-in ceremony.

I wanted it to be something to be remembered, and if possible to let it be known that I was ready to handle my new job. It seemed appropriate that it should be conducted with dignity and cordiality. James O. Wells, Jr., the newly-elected Prosecuting Attorney, and Homer L. Carr, the newly-elected Sheriff, were included in the ceremony.

The Fulton County Bar was invited, and, much to my surprise, every member was there. The master of ceremonies was James W. Heyde, the Fulton County Republican Chairman who had worked so diligently to get all of us elected. John W. Pfaff, Judge of the Appellate Court of Indiana, swore us into our offices, the terms of which began on January 1, 1967.

Dad was becoming hard of hearing, so he sat in the jury box along with all members of the Fulton County Bar Association near the judge's bench, saying that he didn't want to miss anything. Our son, John, made us very proud of him as he came in his new clothes which he

had bought especially for the occasion. The audience, which included many of my friends and relatives, nearly filled the Court Room.

My talk was impromptu and very short.

The program was followed by light refreshments served by Jean C. Tombaugh, Jeanne Wells and Marianne S. Carr, wives of the new officials.

On my first day as Judge I entered my private office, and as I sat down at my desk it suddenly hit me that the campaign was over and that now I had to become a Judge, for being elected didn't magically make me one.

I was humbled and scared, and, as I sat there I asked myself aloud: "Wendell, what in the Hell are you doing here?" Several thousand good citizens of Fulton County were asking the same question!

A few weeks prior I had attended my first meeting of all judges in Indiana. At the dinner I was seated across from Judge Rogers of the Monroe Circuit Court in Bloomington, Indiana. He was one of the older judges there in years of service having assumed the bench while I was in college.

I said, "Judge, I don't feel like a judge. When will I really feel that I am a judge?"

"You'll feel like a judge when the work begins to pile up," he answered.

I didn't have to wait long.

That first day was something. At least twenty cases were set, which even I knew were too many. Since many of the lawyers had not supported my candidacy, I had a sneaking suspicion that this was their way of running me through the paces as sort of an initiation fee.

They couldn't have done me more of a favor, for I immediately had to make quick decisions, and to my surprise, and perhaps theirs, all cases were handled that day.

It was soon after I became Judge that I really learned to swear - and to pray. I never have figured out which did the most good.

Courts originally had so little to do that they were in session only a few months each year, that is, during term time. When not in session they were in vacation time. Judicial work could only be conducted during term time, and term time was designated by the General Assembly depending upon the needs of an individual court.

One day I wanted to set a case for trial, and learned to my chagrin that I was prevented from doing so because that date would be in vacation time. Why should we waste taxpayers' good money? Why shouldn't the law be changed?

## *Retirement*

I immediately prepared a Bill for an Act, which Senator Robert E. Peterson introduced for me into the General Assembly in 1967 for the purpose of ending vacation terms in the Fulton Circuit Court. <sup>165</sup>

The Legislature saw the same need for all courts throughout Indiana, and, although my Bill was not passed, another one was which applied uniformly to all courts.

Since I had been away from the law for so many years, I sensed the need for me to study longer and harder on everything pertaining to my job. In 1967 the Indiana Supreme Court began an annual Judicial Conference for all Circuit and Superior Court Judges. I attended that first meeting, which was held at the University of Notre Dame. Nearly everyone there was a stranger, and, although I had many questions, I was afraid to ask any lest I show my utter ignorance. But, soon I noticed some other judges, many of whom had been on the bench for several years, were asking precisely the same questions that were bothering me. I also noticed that they were accorded respectful, understanding answers. My confidence in myself, if not running, was at least crawling!

That first day I was standing alone in the hall watching other judges in little groups, discussing important or not so important topics, when I saw a black man standing alone opposite me. I walked over and said, "My name is Wendell Tombaugh."

Each judge had been issued a name badge, and as I leaned forward to read his, he said: "My name is Rufus Kuykendall. That's Dutch, but my ancestors got sunburned on the way over here."

I learned that he was Superior Court Judge in Marion County, and I also learned that he was intelligent, easy to know and very likable.

He told me that he was once a Deputy Prosecuting Attorney in Marion County, and that it frequently became his job to prosecute black men for murder.

"I always asked for the death penalty for those black boys," he said, "but the jury had never recommended it. But this one time, the jury did, and I really didn't think it was proper, even though I had asked for it. And neither did the judge or the defendant! The Indianapolis paper wrote that when the verdict was read the judge turned green and the defendant turned white!"

The Judge then said that he contacted the defense attorney and the judge, and the three of them petitioned Governor Ralph E. Gates to commute the sentence, which he did. The Warden of the Indiana State Prison suggested to the prisoner that he write a letter of gratitude to the Governor. His letter went something like: "Thank you, Governor, and maybe someday I can do the same for you."

We attended two or three meetings of the Indiana Judges' Association at the Columbia Club on the Circle in downtown Indianapolis, and I intentionally found a chair

beside Judge Kuykendall each time. He said that he had waited table there while working his way through law school. Service was lavished upon him by the black waiters as if he were more than a mere mortal. Of course his large tip was remembered from one time to the next.

At that first Judicial Conference the Supreme Court assigned judges to committees. I was made a member of the Committee on Post Conviction Relief. Other members were Jack G. Ford, Judge of the LaPorte Superior Court; Robert D. Ellison, Judge of the Shelby Circuit Court; LeRoy C. Hanby, Judge of the Fayette Circuit Court; Charles E. Hughes, Judge of the Elkhart Superior Court; Norman L. Kiesling, Judge of the Cass Circuit Court; Saul I. Rabb, Judge of the Marion County Criminal Court; Carl T. Smith, Judge of the Madison Circuit Court; and David E. Hayes, Judge of the Henry Circuit Court.

Jack G. Ford was appointed Chairman of the committee, and he thought that Rochester would be an appropriate meeting place, so I became the host judge when we had our initial committee meeting on November 16 and 17 in the Fulton Circuit Court. I became quite interested in the work, studying laws of several other states, from which I compiled what seemed to me to be an understandable, fair and legal procedure. There were three other possible procedures presented, and the final rules adopted generally followed my outline and most of my procedures.

This was presented by Judge Jack G. Ford to a committee of the General Assembly, which in turn modified our recommendations considerably before it was made into law. Our work being completed, I was then assigned to the Committee on Juvenile Procedure, which soon met at Petersburg, Indiana, and later at a couple of meetings at Indianapolis.

One thing that Judge Gene B. Lee had said to me a few weeks prior my assuming the office, came up like a red flag on my first day as Judge. "Make your decisions immediately and stick by them," he said.

"The attorneys will like it, whether you are right or wrong. They don't like to have a Judge take a case under advisement, for they cannot appeal the decision until it has been made."

Judge Frank V. Dice of the Miami Circuit Court told me about a divorce case of which he was most proud. The couple had agreed upon custody, visitation, and support for their child, and a division of all property. But there was one thing that they could not agree upon. The father had helped their child build a soap box racer, and each parent wanted possession of it. The decision was left up to the Court, and Solomon-like, Judge Dice gave the wheels to the wife and the rest of the racer to the father.

Marital break-ups are always unfortunate, unpleasant and often bitterly fought. One which I recall concerned the husband who was ordered to move from their home. He complied, taking his personal belongings. He also took the hinges from the refrigerator. He was soon brought into Court, and it only took a threat of Contempt of Court to get the hinges returned.

## *Retirement*

I've had a life-long habit of whistling. Mother said that she took me to a meeting of ladies when I was still an infant, and that I entertained them with my whistling. I whistle especially when I am under stress. You've heard of a person whistling as he passes a grave yard at night. My whistling is not limited to times of stress. I whistle when I'm happy and when I'm sad. I whistle most of the time. Jean says that she doesn't recognize any tunes, but she doesn't mind, because it's so easy to keep track of me. If cows could whistle there would be no need for cow bells.

One of the hardest things I had to give up when I became a Judge was whistling. Had I not caught myself just in time during one trial there would have been some very surprised lawyers and clients, and a very embarrassed judge!

Not all decisions were judicial. Many administrative decisions had to be made before assuming the bench.

The first appointment that needed to be made was that of Court Reporter, but not even one person approached me for the job. Mrs. Elizabeth (Keebler) Felix, who was nearly seventy years of age, had been the reporter for many years. She was a Democrat, and had worked diligently against my candidacy.

Jack Overmyer, Editor of the *Rochester Sentinel*, when asked for his opinion, answered by saying that Judge Frederick E. Rakestraw had desired to replace her, but found that the longer she was there the more difficult it became to do so.

But Judge Lee said that a Court Reporter was the most difficult person of any to replace, and that I should rehire her if I could.

A few days before the swearing-in ceremony, I talked to Elizabeth, telling her that I knew her politics, but that the election was over and now was the time to put that behind us and do the job that the people had elected me to do. She said that she was hoping to be asked, but had no idea that she would be. We both were in tears, and we hugged as I left. No one proved to be more helpful during the next five and one-half years that she was able to work. She was forced to quit a few months before the end of my first term because of the terminal illness of her brother, Edgar G. Keebler. She had told me sometime prior, however, that she wanted to stay on the job long enough to help me get re-elected.

Two other jobs had to be filled: Probation Officer and Bailiff, and it was imperative that they go to Republicans. But, again there were no applicants!

Mrs. Mary Jane (Hood) VanDuyne, wife of Fulton County Commissioner, Robert VanDuyne, had long been active in the party, and Jean and I were often with them. Our friendship had begun during the 1960 campaign when we frequently saw them, and sometimes accompanied them to church dinners throughout the county. We soon learned that one of the best ways to campaign for public office was to show how much we liked the food at those dinners. That was not hard to do for the meals were prepared by some of the best cooks in the county!

I asked Mary Jane, who had been a full time school teacher, but was then only doing substitute teaching, if she would take the job. She seemed to be surprised, and only after I repeatedly reminded her how important it was that the party get a qualified person in the job, did she finally accept. However, she could not begin until a month after my term of office had started. Mrs. Cecile (Kelley) Carruthers, a strong Democrat who was my predecessor's Probation Officer, agreed to stay on an extra month. "I owe you one," I said. A few years later I was glad to write a letter of recommendation when she applied for a job in the Peace Corps.

One more appointment was necessary, and by this time Norman Clair "Clair" Moore had applied, and he was hired, replacing John L. Cessna. Clair had been a cashier in the Akron Exchange State Bank until moving with his wife, Louise, to Lafayette, Indiana. There he worked for a while for the Indiana Department of Revenue, making personal calls upon residents in a designated area of Lafayette. The area included the "red light district". He said, "Those girls were not very good bookkeepers."

He lent an air of dignity to the Court Room, dressing well and treating everyone with utmost respect.

One cold blustery day we were having a jury trial when a known alcoholic entered and sat on the front row in the area provided for the audience. He must have been well winterized, for within a few minutes he was asleep. Suddenly he began snoring very loudly, so I ordered the Bailiff to eject him from the court room. When Clair touched his shoulder to awaken him, he came rushing from his seat ready to fight, whereupon both attorneys assisted in dragging him through the door.

At the end of my first year, Mary Jane VanDuyne decided that she wanted to quit, but would remain until I found a suitable replacement. She had done an excellent job, but I was back where I had been a year prior.

I tried to think of someone who could do the job, but try as I may no name came to mind. When I got home that evening, I told Jean of my problem. She said, "Let's go over all of the names that we can think of." Almost simultaneously we thought of one whom I had completely overlooked: George S. Jones. George and his wife, Hazel, and their family had been our neighbors on West 9th Street for several years, and they were good, close friends. Why hadn't I thought of him earlier? He was a college graduate, a retired military officer, a leader in Boy Scouts, a man who had operated a wholesale candy and tobacco business for a number of years and was still on the road selling the same type of products in this and adjoining counties for a firm in Warsaw. He knew practically everyone in the community, and they all knew and respected him.

We invited them over for the evening. He was not very receptive, for he enjoyed his work, and would be taking a cut in pay, but Hazel said that she would twist his arm and thought it would be good for him. I didn't remind him that I had settled his mother's estate with no charge, but am sure that it crossed his mind.

He accepted, and no one could have done a better job even though he was hired only part time, since he wanted to continue with his selling job also. Few people knew how many

## *Retirement*

hours over those for which he was paid that he worked. Very frequently he would spend two or three hours after work at the jail working with juveniles and their parents.

Soon after the news of his appointment became public, he called upon Howard Felts who operated a cigar store, first door north of Baxter's drug store, where only men frequented. Howard sold tobaccos, beer, and sandwiches, and provided card tables for customers, most of whom were old. His place was dubbed "The Old Men's YMCA". When George entered, Howard said, "Now I understand why you wanted everyone to vote for Wendell. You wanted to get that political plum!"

George and Hazel were the parents of four boys and a girl: Harry, Dewey, Dick, John and Janet. I tried to kid him about having such a large family, but he said, "The World is overpopulated, but there aren't enough Joneses!"

I readily agree that there aren't enough George Joneses. He went above and beyond the expected effort. He put in at least a forty hour week, but was only paid for a couple of days. His greatest asset was his ability to listen. He was never too busy to listen to anyone's problem, and he had extraordinarily good common sense. He was a career military officer until his retirement, and for many years operated a wholesale candy and tobacco business in Rochester under the firm name of George S. Jones & Company, calling on merchants over Fulton and adjoining counties. He knew practically everyone, and they knew and respected him.

He often went to the jail to interview juveniles, and became well acquainted with Sheriff Homer Carr. Homer was a very quiet, soft-spoken person, who also was well known for his ability to listen. George told of being at the jail one evening when a farmer, red-faced with anger, came in to complain about a neighbor with whom he was having a line fence dispute. He talked while Homer listened. Occasionally Homer would say, "Uh-huh, Uh-huh," and the man would continue. Finally, the man's ire began to subside, and he said, "Thank you, Homer, for your help," although Homer had only said "Uh-huh, Uh-huh" several times!

Some kind of matching Federal grant became available around 1975, and Pete Shafer asked if the Court would apply and appoint him Assistant Probation Officer. The idea met with George's approval. Pete got along extremely well with the teen-agers, being a parent of high school students and taking an active part in school activities. He liked his work and expressed confidence many times in the methods which I had developed to handle Juvenile Court. But, after a year he told me that he could no longer afford the job, and recommended that he be replaced by Barbara Jean (Mahoney) Baker, wife of Bradley Jay Baker. She was then working at the City Police Department under Chief Roy Calvert.

Chief Calvert was honest, sincere, capable and well-liked. I had the utmost respect for him, and told Pete that under no circumstances would I steal Roy's help. But Pete assured me that Barbara had already informed her boss that she wanted to go to another job. The matter was cleared with George before she was offered the appointment, and she remained there until the end of my second term.

Clair Moore, who was not well from the moment he began as Bailiff, became unable to continue, and was replaced by Paul Walter, who stayed until his wife made him quit when

she saw that the job was more than he could physically stand. For a short time, Lester Crabbs, was Bailiff, but he said from the beginning that he was doing it primarily as a favor to the Republican party.

Traditionally the Bailiff had been considered a political pay-off for elderly men who had worked long and hard for their party. It was time that this be changed. A very few courts were beginning to hire women in that capacity. It occurred to me that we needed a back-up Court Reporter more than a Bailiff. So, although the title remained Bailiff, Mrs. Mary Marie "Marie" (Baumgartner) Swartz, became Bailiff and Assistant Court Reporter, serving also as receptionist.

It was on Mother's Day, 1968 that we purchased our house at 700 Pontiac Street in Rochester from Betty A. (Meader) Robertson and Louise (Meader) Carithers, wife of Edwin C. Carithers, heirs of their mother, Mae L. Meader, who had died October 19, 1967. We thought that Iva Cragun, Jean's mother, and Jesse Tombaugh, my dad, were getting to the age that they would need our help in looking after them.

The house was built by John E. Beyer in 1896.

Messrs Ed Beyer and Henry Pfeiffer have purchased the half square on Pontiac street just South of Judge Keith's and will build elegant new residences therein. <sup>166</sup>

Ground was broken, Tuesday, for Ed Beyer's fine brick residence one square south of the central school building. Joe T. Hutton will have charge of the construction and it will be one of the richest homes in the city. <sup>167</sup>

The slaters are here from North Manchester at work on Ed Beyer's new residence; and those who will put the roof on the new court house are here ready to commence work. <sup>168</sup>

J. E. Beyer's elegant new house has been inclosed and will be allowed to stand until spring before it is finished on the inside. <sup>169</sup>

The house possessed style and dignity, and deserved to be repaired and restored as nearly as possible to its original plans, subject of course to modern conveniences.

Dad and Jean worked daily refinishing the woodwork, while I helped some after hours and on weekends. Pete Terpstra contracted the installation of a new heating plant, plumbing, storm windows and insulation. Adolph Mitchell, of Akron, painted the upstairs woodwork and papered the entire first and second floor rooms and halls. Wesley Dyer contracted and personally re-wired the entire house and installed new light fixtures. Emerson Burns, of Akron, worked for Terpstra installing the heating and plumbing systems. Lyle F. Bailey, carpenter, Chester Fish and John Phebus were also employees of Terpstra.

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166 *The Rochester Sentinel*, Friday, February 10, 1893.

167 Ibid, Friday, September 6, 1895.

168 Ibid, Friday, November 22, 1895.

169 Ibid, Friday, December 13, 1895.

## *Retirement*

Work was sufficiently completed to permit our moving shortly before Christmas, 1968.

While Dad and Jean were working on the house in extremely hot, humid weather, I attended the National College of State Trial Judges at the University of North Carolina from July 29 to August 23, 1968. Ninety-six trial judges were there from all over the United States, although most were from the East and Midwest. It proved to be one of the most valuable and interesting school sessions that I ever attended. The courses were timely and expertly presented by very capable instructors.

Among others, I became acquainted with John A. MacPhail, Court of Common Pleas, Adams County, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; Tom T. Okino, 1st Circuit Court, Judiciary Building, Honolulu, Hawaii; Robert J. Parins, Circuit Court, 14th Judicial Circuit Branch 2, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Alban M. Smith, LaPorte Circuit Court, LaPorte, Indiana; George R. Triplett, (newly elected) 205 Davis Street, Elkins, West Virginia; and John S. Wahlquist, Ogden, Utah.

We had one lecture by the editor of the Trial Judges' Journal that particularly got my interest when he asked us to submit articles. I had an idea and immediately began outlining it in my mind, but never got it completed until shortly before its publication in the above-named Journal in January, 1971. <sup>170</sup>

It became my duty to pass sentence upon a policeman who had violated his trust by stealing merchandise from a store. I needed to say something, not only for his benefit, but to reassure the public of its safety for such violations were rare. Efforts to find anything already written on the subject proved fruitless, so I wrote it from scratch. Realizing that another judge might be faced with the same problem, I submitted it for publication, and it appeared in the Judges' Journal in April, 1972. <sup>171</sup>

When Elizabeth Felix told me that she would no longer be able to serve as Court Reporter because she couldn't afford to work while hiring a nurse for her brother, Edgar Keebler, I had mixed emotions.

She had been unexpectedly faithful to me and surprisingly helpful, but times were changing, and I wanted the Court Reporter also to be the Court Administrator, which was a non-existent job in our Court. For years and years the traditional method of checking cases was to "Call the docket". Once each year all docket sheets for pending cases, numbering in the hundreds, would be pulled, and after notice was given to all local attorneys who were required to be present, the Judge would take one at a time, asking what action was expected to be taken on the case. After about an hour, some attorneys would lose interest in the project for one reason or another. For a couple of attorneys, the rest of us knew their reason was to mingle

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170 See Appendix, *My Kind of Judge*.

171 See Appendix, *Sentencing a Policeman*, April, 1972.

with their pals at the bar across the street which had become nicknamed "The Long Branch". Calling the docket was time-consuming and very ineffective.

It was then that I devised a case control system which I personally operated, since Elizabeth refused to add that to her duties.

For that reason I had not requested a raise in her salary, and was ready to hire a new Court Reporter-Court Administrator.

I immediately contacted my cousin's wife, Mrs. Donna Belle (Richter) Carvey, who had taught school a short time, but who was not then teaching. Her husband, Dee, and she lived in Miami County, but she had been raised in Fulton County. And she was an excellent typist. The pay was not much, but I promised that at the end of a year it would be raised.

After Donna had been there much more than a year, I included in my budget a raise in the salaries of the Court Reporter and the Bailiff. The largest raise was for the Court Reporter, bringing the salary only to the average of that being paid to Court Reporters in all of the adjoining counties.

The Fulton County Council refused to appropriate money for the raise, their reason being that it was more than other offices in the Court House were raised. They overlooked the fact that salaries of all other county employees had periodically been raised, but that the salary of the Court Reporter had not been raised for at least five years!

The Council was unbending.

The government is divided into three separate but equal divisions, each of which becomes a check upon the other. No division of our government may be prevented from performing its duties by another division.

A Court, therefore, cannot be deprived of funds needed for its operation. The funds must be needed, they must be reasonable, and there must be money available before the Council can make the appropriation.

We met those requirements, and it would be a violation of my oath of office not to obtain the raise.

There was only one legal procedure available to the Court. It was something rarely used, and then only as a last resort. I had thoroughly researched the law, and requested the Indiana Judicial Center to do likewise. Their work confirmed that I was treading on solid legal ground.

The time had come when I had to perform the most distasteful duty of my career as Judge: Mandate! Around the middle of August, 1975, I began a suit mandating the Council to appropriate the funds.

## *Retirement*

Having disqualified myself, the case was tried before Judge Addison Beavers, Judge of the Warrick County Circuit Court. The Prosecuting Attorney, Steven A. Stinson, was designated by law to represent the Court. Although Jesse A. Brown was County Attorney, the Council was represented by William H. Deniston. The verdict, which was almost a foregone conclusion, was in my favor, but the Council and many other laymen never understood what the case really was all about. So, although I won the legal battle, the political victory, in the opinion of the politicians, went to the Council.

The case control system, which I created and dubbed "The Pauper Computer," was of sufficient interest to the Indiana Judicial Center that they made a motion picture of the process in the Fulton Circuit Court, and called it The Pauper Computer. It was shown at subsequent Judicial Conferences throughout Indiana and Kentucky.

Most of my judicial decisions were made on the bench, and none were delayed more than one week-end.

The ladies rest room was down a small hall which led to my office, while the mens rest room was at the far end of the main hall. This seemed wrong, so at my request the Commissioners re-named them and the mens was then where the ladies had been.

Some of the lawyers who had opposed my campaign for the office thought that this was the best decision of my career!

I made another decision of which I am very proud. I was about fifteen or twenty years ahead of my time, but my foresight was not really appreciated by everyone.

I had Clair Moore, the bailiff, remove all ash trays from the court offices. I'll never forget the surprised look of Lawrence Brown.

"Where are the ash trays?" he asked.

"They're in the hall," I said.

Although it was an unexpected inconvenience for him, I've had the feeling that down deep I gained some respect from him.

That was a bold step for me to have taken, for it was only a few years prior that the old brass spittoons had been removed from the court room itself!

Lawrence once told me that he flunked the first semester of first grade because, according to his teacher, Mrs. Kepler, he just hadn't applied himself. Mrs. Artie Miller, a neighbor, asked him how he felt when he learned that he had flunked.

"At first I got hot," Lawrence replied. "Then I got cold, and then I got mad as Hell!"<sup>172</sup>

Lawrence and his brother, Jesse, also a Rochester attorney, wore half glasses for reading. My next pair became half glasses also. We were in open court when Lawrence saw them for the first. I hastily said, "I thought this court needed a half-glassed judge to match the half glassed attorneys appearing before it!"

One of my first difficult decisions concerned a man who had been in court many times. He had inherited considerable property, but, being a poor manager, he had lost most of it. He was before the court charged with contempt of court for failure to make payment of some kind which had been ordered by the previous Judge, and he was still refusing to comply with the order.

Here my compassion ran headlong into my duty. I didn't want to send him to jail, for he had enough troubles. I needed some time to think, so I called a recess and sat at my desk for about fifteen minutes. When I returned, he had had a complete change of heart and was almost anxious to comply with the order.

Afterwards, Elizabeth Felix, the Court Reporter, told me that in my absence he had asked her if I would really send him to jail, to which she said: "Yes, he will, unless you comply with the order, and he won't let you out until you do. Remember, he has almost six years to be Judge, and there is no telling what the next Judge will do!"

J. Murray McCarty, the senior member of the Fulton County Bar, had supported my candidacy from the start, and seemed to take a genuine interest in my attending public functions for political reasons. He had an extra season ticket to the basketball games at Rochester, and often I would accompany him. Gerald Knauff, who was the Fulton County Clerk, assisted at the games by taking tickets at the gate and called us the "Odd Couple" after the then popular TV program.

Murray and I also drove to out of town basketball and football games, and it was after a basketball game that we were headed north on US-31 that we decided to get a sandwich and a bottle of beer.

"I don't want to go where we will be known," I said, for I thought some people might consider it inappropriate behavior of their judge.

"I know a quiet little place," he replied. "The Denver Tavern has good sandwiches, and no one will know us.

We entered, and to say that the place was jumping is putting it mildly. The walls were literally shaking! A Rochester factory was celebrating some kind of annual picnic, and Murray and I knew nearly everyone. No harm resulted, and we reasoned that those in attendance could not honestly criticize us for attending also.

This reminds me of the campaign. People had no idea how I would stand on liquor and beer: The wets spread the rumor that I was a dry, while the dries spread their version that I was a wet.

## *Retirement*

All public officials are expected to participate in local affairs, of course only to the extent that there is no violation of judicial ethics. I always bought a hog at the 4-H Fair and patronized all of the church dinners. George Jones who was in charge of the Veterans' Day program, had me give the address one year.<sup>173</sup>

In 1972 I was unopposed, but the lawyers wanted to keep me in suspense to the last day of filing. I remember Robert E. "Bob" Peterson kidding me by claiming that every lawyer was going to run against me. Perhaps he was getting even for something I had said to him. He was our Indiana State Senator when he purchased the "Poor Farm" from Fulton County.

"I never saw anyone so anxious to get to the poor farm," I said, "that he would buy it!"

At times it becomes necessary to have what is called a change of venue, either from the judge or from the county.

On one occasion I was acting as a Special Judge in the Wabash Circuit Court in a divorce case between Jimmy and Sandra Lynn. Their lawyers knew that the farther they could be kept apart the better for each of them. The parties finally agreed that the husband be allowed to visit his child at the home of a sister (I forget whether it was his or her sister), and only after the lapse of one-half hour after Sandra left the child. She was not to pick up the child until one-half hour after Jimmy had returned the child.

Every precaution for everyone's safety seemed to have been taken, so I readily signed the order as agreed upon. This was on a Tuesday.

On Saturday Jimmy purchased a revolver, and shot her several times on Sunday. She died instantly.

Much to my surprise the murder trial was venued to the Fulton Circuit Court. The attorneys asked me if I felt comfortable trying the case since I had been involved in their divorce case. I saw nothing to cause me to be prejudiced, so they kept me as the trial judge.

The defendant was represented by R. Douglas Reading, an attorney from Wabash, and William L. Morris, a local attorney. The Prosecuting Attorney, William Tallman, from Wabash handled the prosecution with the assistance of James O. Wells, Jr., the Fulton County Prosecuting Attorney.

I had been on the bench for only two years, and I've always thought that the defense attorneys expected me to make reversible error because of my inexperience.

It required four weeks to choose the jury and two weeks to try the case, and the jury having returned its verdict, the defendant was sentenced to life in the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City.

Jimmy's sister-in-law, Loretta Lynn, the nationally known country and western singer, had furnished the money for his defense, and her husband, Mooney, had attended much of the trial. After the trial Mooney came to my office and said, "Judge, I want you to know that Jimmy had a very fair trial."

I thought the trial was fair, and so did the Indiana Supreme Court when the case was appealed, and the Appellate Court of Indiana on petition for Post Conviction Relief, for I was affirmed on both.

James Lynn came up for parole in 1985, and in answer to a letter from the State of Indiana Department of Correction dated March 14, 1985, I replied:

In the trial for murder he was represented by two competent attorneys, Doug Reading of Wabash and William Morris (now deceased) of Rochester. He behaved well in court.

He had great support from his brother, Mooney, both by his presence in court and by his financial aid. Mooney expressed a desire that Mr. Lynn could some day be under his and his wife, Loretta Lynn's supervision and care at their large ranch near Nashville, Tennessee.

Having retired from the bench I cannot make any recommendations as judge. Those who have had recent contact with him would be more qualified to evaluate and recommend now.

Personally I would have no objections if your judgment as a Parole Agent dictated that he should be released on parole.

A few months later he was released on parole.

I had become well acquainted with Floyd J. "Jack" Mattice, who was perhaps the most famous of all Fulton county attorneys. We frequently lunched together at Felts' Cigar Store, a place serving sandwiches and beer to men only. As we sat at the counter, he related many of his experiences, and once I urged him to come to my office where we could make a tape recording, but he brushed that off as if it were something very distasteful to him.

He came from Lima, Ohio, to Rochester in 1901, after graduating from high school. His maternal grandfather, Julius Rowley, was a well known Rochester attorney, in whose office Jack read law. Within a year he passed the oral bar examination for admission before the Fulton Circuit Court, and in 1902 entered law school at the University of Michigan, graduating in 1905.

He returned to Rochester to practice law, serving two terms as county prosecutor, and from 1910-1917 was one of the founders and general manager of the Rochester canning company.

## *Retirement*

In 1918 he became an agent in Indianapolis of the U.S. Bureau of Investigation, which later became known as the Federal Bureau of Investigation.<sup>174</sup> Within a year he became the first assistant to the U.S. district attorney in Indianapolis.

I often thought that his personal interest in me was because we had both been agents under the Department of Justice, as well as the fact that my first law office was located in the same room in which he began his legal career.

While he was in Indianapolis, he was instructor in criminal law for the Indiana law school, chief deputy prosecutor for Marion county, city attorney under Mayor John Kern and corporation counsel under Mayor Walter Boetcher.

In 1942, he was named counsel to the U.S. Senate judiciary committee, later serving in the same capacity for the Senate liquor investigating committee. While in that position, he worked for the War Department, going to Japan as defense counsel in the war crimes trials which followed World War II.<sup>175</sup> There he defended Gen. Seishero Itagaki and Gen. Iwane Matsui.<sup>176</sup>

He was perhaps most proud of that assignment, although his clients suffered the death penalty, for they thanked him for his labor on their behalf. He always appeared to be anything but soft-hearted, but he became visibly shaken as he told of their appreciation.

He mentioned several times his running the telegraph office in Rochester from his law office, and how he had sent play-by-play messages over Western Union lines. He also performed the first play-by-play broadcast of a football game on October 31, 1903 while he was a student at the University of Michigan Law School. He broadcast over a telephone hookup back to Ann Arbor a game in which Michigan played the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis.

Memorial services were generally held in the court room when a member of the bar died. It was customary for attorneys to volunteer oral eulogies, and on January 5, 1971, I presided over his memorial.

At this time, as is customary in memorial services in this court room, we will have informal statements by the members of the bar who knew him.

I would like to open by saying that I knew Jack. I learned that he liked history; he loved his country; and he loved this county's history. He took a particular delight in recalling that he had the opportunity of personally knowing one of the first three or four Fulton county settlers, a Mr. Shields.

We all know of the great things that he has done, the many outstanding achievements that he has had. I think there is one thing that explains why he has had these outstanding achievements: We recall that about three years ago we had a bar party and Jack attended that for the first time. At the table where we were sitting, he

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174 *The Sentinel*, Rochester, Indiana, Wednesday, December 30, 1970; Monday, January 4, 1971.

175 *Ibid.*

176 *The Indianapolis Star*, Thursday, December 31, 1970.

matter of factly told me that next week or so he was going to have to have a leg amputated. It didn't seem to worry him. And, then about a year ago, his long-time friend, Art Copeland, told me that he had just talked to Jack, and Jack had told him that he hoped when he had his next leg amputated, which was to be in another day or two, that they would only give him a local, so he could watch the operation. He had great determination. He was afraid of nothing.

I considered Jack my friend, and I believe that I was his friend, because when I took office up here, he brought his notes to me that he had carried throughout the United States. He said he wanted me, personally, to have those notes. Although they are probably not of any research value at this time, they certainly have a sentimental value, and I'd never part with them.

We've lost a link with the past, but he certainly set an example for the future.

Two terms, a total of twelve years, was enough. I would not trade my time on the bench, for it was overall one of the most satisfying and enjoyable periods of my life. Of course, like all jobs, some things were difficult, but accomplishing anything which is not easy returns the most satisfaction.

The Court House, built in 1895, was badly in need of repair. The roof leaked, wind whistled around the windows, the heating system was inadequate and there was no air conditioning. The county furnished the court no custodial help, leaving it all to the judge and bailiff! After every rain, water poured upon the judge's desk. Finally, on November 27, 1972, I invited the commissioners, councilmen and all other interested people to hear me in the court room.<sup>177</sup>

Although a few people proposed letting the building further deteriorate, and then rebuild, the vast majority of taxpayers responded favorably to my request, and the commissioners and council granted all but three of my requests: security cell for prisoners, storage vault and elevator. We still don't have a security cell or storage vault, but a couple of years ago, and at much more than twice the cost it would have been then, an elevator was installed.

The Indiana General Assembly abolished the justice of the peace courts that had operated from the beginning of statehood. They had handled misdemeanors and traffic cases. The Legislature created county courts in most Indiana counties, but, believing that the potential case load did not warrant it, failed to create a county court for Fulton county.

Victor A. Kiplinger and Carl H. Taul, staff members of the Judicial Study Committee of the State of Indiana, heard about one hour of testimony here Tuesday night from proponents for the establishment of a joint county court for Fulton and Pulaski counties. ...

When the General Assembly set up the county court system to replace justices of the peace effective last Jan. 1, Fulton county was one of 23 counties that was told to set up a small claims division of circuit court instead of being given a county court.

## *Retirement*

It was left to these counties to find a referee for the small claims division; the referee must be an attorney admitted to the Indiana bar and not a resident of the county he serves.

Tuesday's meeting was called at the request of Fulton County Bar association and Fulton Circuit Court Judge Wendell Tombaugh. Tombaugh also invited Judge Harold Staffeldt of Pulaski circuit court at Winamac and Pulaski County Prosecutor Dale J. Starkes.

Attorney Fred Rakestraw ... gave a brief background of the problem in Fulton county. He said that one man is responsible for all judicial functions in the county, even if that man delegates some of his authority. "It is not fair to expect him to be on call 24 hours-a-day or even 16 hours," Rakestraw said.

Rakestraw said that while Fulton county is small, he feels that where there are two counties willing to share the expenses of a county court it could be paid for.

"If we don't get someone to handle the small claims court, the circuit court will suffer. All we want is the same consideration given to other counties," Rakestraw concluded.

William H. Deniston, Judge of Rochester city court which is scheduled to go out of existence in 1979, submitted a report of the court's activities which he said would show that expense is no problem in setting up a county court. Deniston said the record would show that revenue in the courts would exceed the cost of a county court.

Judge Tombaugh outlined the case load of the small claims and traffic court for this year. He noted that this year he has been fortunate in having Keith Tyler to help with the load, but that Tyler has resigned effective Dec. 31.

"Whatever they (the judicial committee) do, I'll still do the best I can, but I assure you I always work with the same speed. I'm not starting night court for traffic cases," Tombaugh said. "I'll have to determine priorities," he continued. He said that traffic cases obviously will have less priority.

During a break in the meeting, Judge Staffeldt said, "My regular docket is suffering now. This isn't fair to the police or the people." ... [He] said he had to discourage people from filing small claims cases because after judgment is made he no longer has the time to help collect on the judgment.

Rochester City Attorney Richard Kehoe told the meeting that many of his clients have expressed appreciation for the small claims court, and he said "it would be a shame" to bring it to an end because of a logistics problem. He said that the case load for small claims undoubtedly will increase when people learn how to use it. <sup>178</sup>

The Legislature answered our request, creating a joint county court shared by Fulton and Pulaski counties.

Attorney Kehoe's prediction was accurate, for the case load of the county court has increased several-fold.

The twelve years of my two terms had spanned the riots of the sixties to Watergate. There was a growing distrust of government with increased demand for recognition of

individual rights. Court case loads had grown appreciably throughout the country, in part because people were less and less inclined to try to settle differences themselves. And, many judges were being sued, making the job a financial as well as an already existing personal risk.

It had also been a time of grief for Jean, John and me. Iva Cragun, Jean's mother, was quite ill in January, 1969. As soon as she was able to travel, which was in March, Jean brought her so she could make her home with us. Her condition degenerated, and she passed away on July 18, 1969.

Since we had moved into our home at 700 Pontiac Street, Dad had known that he was invited to reside with us, but hated to part with his independence until it would become necessary. Iva's death seemed to remind him that he should make the move, and when we returned from Iva's funeral, he was making arrangements to close his house at 926 Jackson Blvd.

We were blessed with his company until his death December 22, 1977.

My second term would end on December 31, 1978 when I would be only a couple of weeks from 64 years of age, so I notified the members of the bar several months prior of my intention not to seek reelection.

## *Retirement*

### CHAPTER XIV

#### **RETIREMENT**

For years I paid the Government when I worked. Now that I'm retired the Government pays me not to work. Have I deteriorated that much?

Although my term of office would not officially end until midnight, December 31, 1978, Douglas B. Morton, the incoming Judge, consented to act as my Judge Pro-Tem from December 24, giving us a chance to accompany our neighbors to Texas.

We had purchased a new Airstream trailer which we pulled with our Oldsmobile Toronado. We were ready to start the day before Christmas, but Fred and Gertrude Hermann wanted to spend Christmas day with their family.

The day of our departure finally arrived. Our next door neighbor, Orpha Herendeen, and Judy Burton bid us goodbye as we pulled out, and they quickly drove to 11th and Main and gave us another farewell wave.

The first day everything went smoothly, that is until we were ready to stop for the night. Somehow, Fred failed to make a turn, and we found ourselves on the wrong road. We stopped while he was endeavoring to turn his trailer around by pulling into a T-road and backing. Unfortunately, daylight had long since journeyed westward, and, not being able to see where he was going, he backed his trailer about three feet too far. Although he was able to pull out, the sewer pipe was broken, and they were unable to use their toilet the rest of the trip.

The next evening we ran into a terrible downpour which lasted for about a hundred miles, and we were exhausted when we got to Beaumont, Texas, where we camped for the night. We were ready to relax.

When we stepped into the trailer, our feet sank into a water-saturated carpet. Water covered the entire floor! Airstream had the reputation of being the "Cadillac" of the trailer industry, but in this instance, someone had goofed. We later learned that the wheel wells had never been sealed. It was covered by warranty, but the inconvenience was not. We began to wonder about that trailer.

The next night, tired and weary, we pulled into the Alamo Trailer Court at Alamo, Texas. We were ready to hook up, make some popcorn, and R-E-L-A-X! But, they weren't ready for us, and we had to park in a temporary spot with no hookups. By connecting our extra long extension cord, we did get electricity, but the voltage was so low that our corn popper didn't work.

We wanted all the conveniences of home, so we had packed the television, an extra freezer, the IBM typewriter and the sewing machine. Needless to say, it was too much effort to use any of them.

Our picture of Happy Motoring had somehow begun to get out of focus.

We soon tired of inactivity, and could hardly wait to get back home where we have remained, except for a few overnight trips and three or four visits with Jean's life-long friend, Dorothy (Coffin) Radcliffe at Glendale, California.

It was on one of our return trips that we went to Las Cruces, New Mexico, in an effort to meet for the first time my famous cousin, Clyde W. Tombaugh, the discoverer of the planet Pluto, the ninth known planet in our solar system.

It was the afternoon of Wednesday, October 27, 1982, that we found the modest residence of Clyde W. and Patricia Irene (Edson) "Patsy" Tombaugh. A kind neighbor called to notify - or perhaps warn - them of our presence, and in a short time both warmly greeted us, apparently happy that we had stopped to meet them.

In their back yard he had two telescopes, one of which he made at the age of 22 years. I recognized the base as having been from a hand operated cream separator, and I believe some of the gears were from farm machinery. The other telescope was of his making, but quite large and mounted upon a large platform. Again, the machinery had been hand crafted from used parts. He was most proud of his having ground the lenses and mirrors for both of them.

We fully intended to stop only a few minutes, but they insisted that we accompany them to their favorite restaurant for dinner.

As we entered their car, Clyde said, almost apologetically, "Our son is a banker and he thinks we should put on the dog a little. He insisted that we get this car." It was a used Mercedes.

At the restaurant we were more than impressed by the respect shown by the many people, young and old, who stopped to say, "Good evening, Dr. Tombaugh. It's so nice to see you." He explained that they were either friends, students or former students. Obviously he was idolized by all of the townspeople, and the New Mexico State University named an observatory after him, while astronomers named an asteroid in his honor!

He was troubled with his back, always sitting in a forward and leaning position, but it did not deter his interest in astronomy, about which he talked all evening while we listened entranced.

I mentioned that I had taken a class in astronomy at Indiana University under Prof. Wilbur A. Cogshall.

"Patty!" Clyde exclaimed. "He knows Mr. Cogshall!"

## *Retirement*

He explained the reason for his exuberance, as he had discovered Pluto while using a camera designed by Prof. Cogshall, appropriately called the Cogshall camera.

After I gave him an autographed copy of Tombaugh History 1728-1930, which Jean and I had reprinted and indexed, he autographed my copy of his book, *Out of the Darkness, The Planet Pluto*: "To Wendell C. Tombaugh, my esteemed relative and thanks for your visit. With best wishes, Clyde W. Tombaugh, 27 Oct 1982."

The highlight of the evening came when he posed with me for a picture taken by Jean, but when we got home we found that the entire roll of film had been destroyed by our camera leaking light!

Chief Justice Richard M. Givan of the Indiana Supreme Court, appointed me to serve as a member of the "Senior Judges Committee" for the years 1983-85. Other members were: (1983-1984) Steve C. Bach, Felix A Kaul, Alban M. Smith and William T. Sharp, Chairman; (1983-85) Addison M. Beavers, John R. Smock and E. Spencer Walton; (1983-1986) Walter M. Bell, John W. Goddard, Norman L. Kiesling, Carl T. Smith; Wesley W. Ratliff, Jr., Court of Appeals, Liaison Member.

I felt distinctly honored, as the other members of the committee were some of the best in the State, and it was a pleasure to serve with them.

Jean became a member of Daughters of the American Revolution in October, 1962. For many years she had shown an interest in her heritage, but belonging to the DAR spurred her to compile more family records. In the summer of 1964, we attended the Chitwood family reunion at Conway Springs, Kansas, where she displayed her notes. Several in attendance expressed a desire to obtain copies, so we promised to have them ready for distribution at the next reunion to be held in 1965. Although she had never written any book, Jean systematically compiled her notes and did much research in the Fort Wayne Public Library. Then she wrote, and re-wrote the book three times on a portable manual typewriter. But we were faced with the problem of how to print it. We soon learned that we could only afford to mimeograph it, so we bought a used Mimeograph that had been made shortly after 1900. She typed the stencils on the portable typewriter. Although we had correction fluid, we found that it really didn't work, for if she made a mistake the entire page had to be retyped!

We had the printed copies bound by Heckman Bindery at North Manchester, Indiana.

Libraries and family members have purchased several hundred copies, and it has gone through the following printings: First printing (by mimeograph), 1965; Second printing (by offset press), 1976; Third printing (by copier), 1981; and Fourth printing (by computer), 1989.

Over the years, perhaps by osmosis, I have absorbed some of her interest in compiling information, and we have published practically all of the genealogy reference books covering Fulton County. They include: Births, Wills, Court Records, Poor Farm, Marriages (2 vol), Cemetery Inscriptions (4 vol), Census (4 vol), School Enumeration (26 vol), Newspaper Excerpts (7 vol); Wayne Township Justice of Peace Docket (3 vol). Also, Miami County Cemeteries (2 vol); Marshall County Cemeteries (2 vol); Kosciusko County Cemeteries (2

vol); Rules of Thumb; Chitwood Family; Cragun Family. In addition to the above, we have reprinted seven other books, making a total of 66 volumes. Our books have found their way into libraries, genealogical and historical societies and individuals throughout the United States, with some having been purchased in Canada.

We had an offset press for about five years, then got an IBM copier which we used another five or six years. Two years ago we purchased computers with which we do all of our printing.

Book binding interested me from the time I had my college notes bound at a bindery in Bloomington, Indiana, so I studied and experimented from 1975 for a couple of years, since which time I have bound all of our work product, and for a while did some custom binding for libraries for the experience. No records have been kept, but I must have bound or re-bound well over two thousand books in our little basement bindery, which consists almost entirely of hand-made equipment.

We are early risers, anxious to get at our hobbies, working diligently at least until noon. The afternoons I spend studying business conditions, watching the stock market reports and managing our investments, while Jean continues with her research and typing.

Our son, John, checks on us two or three times a week, and is always on hand when we need any kind of assistance. We were so engrossed in our efforts to make a living when he was growing up, that we never really got acquainted with him until I retired. We've learned that he is a real nice guy, and almost as smart as he thought he was when he was a teen-ager. No parents can be more proud than we are of John.

Jean and I quietly celebrated our golden wedding anniversary with a TV dinner a few days ago. In honor of the occasion I penned the following couplet:

Fifty years - quite a feat!  
Fifty more - let's repeat!!

Dr. R. J. Holloway removed my prostate five years ago, and instructed me to see him once a year thereafter. Last week, on my annual visit to his office, he reminded me that insurance statistics indicate my life expectancy to be about ten years. Yesterday, while discussing the purchase of a new refrigerator, Jean said: "With just ten years, a lifetime guarantee for us doesn't amount to much any more!"

We have not attended church in years, but we have a wonderfully workable understanding with God: We let Him make the rules, and He lets us pay when we break them!

The first day of my retirement I decided to learn the fine art of procrastination, so I shined one shoe. Every day is truly an adventure. Perhaps tomorrow's will include shining the other one.

*We live a lifetime preparing an obituary which we never get to read.*<sup>179</sup>

## APPENDIX

### Welcome to the World

August 11, 1990  
Mr. J. T. Poyner  
c/o Mr. Tim Poyner  
Computerland  
109 N. Lake Street  
Warsaw IN 46580

Dear Mr. Poyner:

Welcome to the World!

You'll find it to be a very strange place. Of course, it's the people who make it so, especially your parents - perfect strangers to you until a couple of weeks ago!

The woman who feeds you and tends to your most personal needs, usually without your consent, is called your Mother. You'll notice that she is the pretty one in the family. Keep an eye on her, and you will see that she spends a lot of valuable time combing her hair and painting her face. How disgusting. She seems to be in charge of the kitchen and bathroom, and all you need to do is open your mouth and yell for service. The other one, the odd looking one who is gone every day, is called your Father. Some people call him the bread-winner, so he must be a gambler. But what an unusual thing to gamble for. Others say he brings home the bacon. The beast! Hasn't he heard of cholesterol? Even others describe him as having his nose to the grindstone. How stupid can you get!

It will come to you very soon that there is no boss in the family, so you will learn to fill that void.

You must know by now that neither of them has been trained for duties as parents. Actually they are getting on-the-job training - at your expense.

To further surprise you, they aren't doing this with no expectation of being repaid. How mercenary. The thought has crossed both their minds that you will become President of the United States, and they will bask in your glory. Even if you decide on some other vocation, guess who they expect to care for them in their old age.

But do not despair. Things have a habit of changing, and we predict that by the time you are six years old both of them will give up trying to educate you.

Sincerely,

Wendell C. Tombaugh and Jean C. Tombaugh

## **There's "Friendship in a Cup" 180**

By Wendell C. Tombaugh

**In this instance it is a cup of coffee. A group of young married people in the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, Indiana, found that the breakfast hour was a "natural" for a meeting. The idea took hold with the results told here. The author, an attorney, is a member of the class. Glenn C. McGee, minister of this church and teacher of this class, is largely responsible for the origin of the movement.**

We are taught by history and biography that during the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson the favorite pastime of Englishmen was to spend numerous hours in the famous old coffee houses, where important topics of the day could be thrashed out to the satisfaction of those assembled there; that really great men frequented these places; that, in fact, great thoughts were inspired, moulded and cast amid the tantalizing aroma of the friendly cup. We even conclude that there is certainly more in a cup of coffee than water, sugar, cream and coffee bean.

A group of older young people in the Presbyterian Church, Rochester, Indiana (population 3800; church membership 270), re-discovered the value of "friendship in a cup" when they organized a new youth fellowship nearly two years ago.

Like thousands of young people throughout the United States, they felt a need for religious guidance and instruction. The traditional approach presented by the Sunday school did not appeal to them. There were never more than four or five present. One Easter Sunday morning they invited their friends to a breakfast in the church kitchen. That started something.

Now every other Sunday morning they meet in the church kitchen (which, incidentally, is the "last word" in church kitchens, and a gift by one of the older members of the church) where coffee and rolls, donuts, etc. are served. The remaining Sunday mornings are devoted to the traditional Bible lesson and singing.

The Youth Forum, the name appropriately given this group, elects its own officers annually. One of the first duties of its new president is to make out his breakfast schedule for the coming year, consisting principally of the names of

members upon whose shoulders will fall the responsibility of preparing the breakfast, and exact Sundays that those breakfasts will occur. There are usually two or three persons each meeting who are thus appointed or volunteer, and who come down a little earlier than the rest on their Sunday morning to entertain, that they can put up the table and chairs, make the coffee, set the table, etc. It happens that every person is on one of these breakfast committees about once or twice each year, and the expenses are taken out of the offering.

The appeal of this type of class directs itself principally toward the young married couples who prefer to be together, rather than be separated according to sex. Consequently, the thoughts are directed principally toward the difficulties of young married couples.

One member, a salesman from a large city making his home in Rochester, told the congregational meeting that he and his wife lacked associations, that they craved friendship, but that they knew no one in town. Then they attended the breakfast, acquired a few friends, and as the Youth Forum grew, their friends became many and permanent. Now, he said, practically all of their intimate friends have directly or indirectly resulted from the Sunday morning cup of friendship. Substantially this same story has been repeated many times.

#### **Nursery Established**

It was early noted that couples with very small children were unable to attend because of the children. The Youth Forum got busy and soon had an idea. With the aid of other members of the church, a nursery was equipped, and now mothers are able to bring their children, no matter how small, and remain for Sunday school and church.

Very little time is devoted to eating the breakfast, for everyone is too anxious to get the discussion started. In fact, that usually begins before the breakfast is over. Some questions and thoughts are put before the group by the minister, who being their own age, is more familiar with their religious and social problems. This is followed by volunteer discussion by, not only a few, but everyone present. After all aspects are seemingly presented, the minister clinches the thoughts in their minds by a short summation of the conclusions that can be drawn from the discussion.

The success of this venture is evidenced by the increase in members. As compared to the former five, the Youth Forum during the last year had well over 100 different older young people present at some time or other, with the average attendance at a third that number.

In place of the mediocre interest in general church activities, the Youth Forum members are always ready to step forward and help "put over" what is needed. Six of them were recently elected deacons, while two were elected elders in the church. The combined pledges of its members totalled over \$500 for the support of the church this year.

## *There's Friendship in a Cup*

### **Activities Widespread**

But members do not stop their activities outside the church walls. There is a unity, a spirit of fellowship, a sincere friendship that carries on into their many social activities. You will see them together at the theater, bowling alley, basketball game, and in each other's homes, attempting to practice in everyday life what they learn at the breakfast table every other Sunday. They formed a Youth Forum softball club last summer, and although they were not winners, they certainly had a lot of fun. Frequently the Youth Forum has a party. No other organization in town gets into the spirit of the party like this group. The appropriate committees are appointed. They begin their task with one thought in mind: to present the best party yet, and the surprising thing is that they always succeed. On one occasion they had a treasure hunt. They have had several basket suppers, sometimes in the church, sometimes at the city park, although the church is always available. Every calendar event is celebrated with an appropriate party. Once an entire playlet was written and presented by part of the group for the entertainment of the rest, as a result of having been the losing side in a contest.

Here they have discovered great talents from these many friends. New interests and outlook of life have been developed as these young people from all walks of life mingle together in a spirit of Christian fellowship.

Within their midst are teachers, artists, lawyers, store clerks, managers and owners, factory workers, bank clerk, stenographer, beauticians, auto sales manager and owner, newspaper editor, interior decorator, salesmen, state policeman, filling station attendant, photographer, pharmacist, petroleum engineer, electrician, jeweler, undertaker, nurse, public utilities auditor, mail carrier, students, farmers and the minister and his wife.

Perhaps the original idea was not suggested by English history, but by someone recognizing that normal young people like to sleep a bit later on Sunday mornings. Perhaps it was even suggested by one who concluded that there is more in a cup of coffee than its physical ingredients.

But regardless of its conception, these young people now recognize and profit by their "friendship in a cup."



## RUTH and STUART 181

It was late 1940 or early 1941 when we first met Ruth and Stuart Wigg.

Rochester - that's where this story takes place - was a small rural Northern Indiana county seat town. There were hitching racks and horse troughs, and they were still used by a few farmers. Rochester was known as a Saturday night shopping town. Stores were crowded and most of the town's business happened on that one day of the week.

Main Street and East 9th Street were paved with brick, while US-31, extending north and south through South Bend and Indianapolis, was a single-lane paved highway. County roads were gravel, if they were improved at all.

The town could boast of three industries and a resort. There was the Rochester Canning Co., which canned peas and corn, a small foundry and Armour Creameries. The Colonial Hotel and Terrace Gardens was a well-known and popular dance hall of the big band era, attracting name bands from all parts of the United States and young people from all over Indiana.

The town was not really alive, nor was it really dead, but it was made to order for good memories.

I met Jean Cragun in 1939 while I was still in law school. Upon graduating and passing the bar, I got my first job in the Claim Department of Armour & Co., in Chicago, primarily to be near Jean. I quit after four months and we got married. We came to Rochester in October, 1940 where we opened a law office. We didn't make much money, and probably would have had trouble sticking it out had it not been for our friendship with Ruth and Stuart. Jean Met Ruth at a bridge party, and it was friendship at first sight. They had a lot in common, both being transplants from Chicago. Soon the four of us were together at least a couple of nights each week.

They got us to go to the Presbyterian Church, although Jean had been raised a Methodist while I was a Christian. Stuart was the spark that ignited, not only our interest, but the interest of other young married couples in attending Sunday School. A new idea (for this community) was being tried at the Presbyterian Church: Sunday morning breakfast with the lesson. Perhaps it was the food as well as Stuart's magnetism that attracted me, but I don't think so, for after they left the fun of attending went with them.

The Young Married Class at church once had some kind of a contest. The class was divided into two sections, and the losers were required to entertain the winners.

Jean and I were in the same group as Ruth and Stuart. With him on our side, I still cannot see how we lost, but we did.

He and I were elected to write a playlet, so we went to their apartment. It is interesting to note that this was the same apartment which Clyde Beatty, the famous animal trainer, and his wife had occupied a few years before when he was with the Cole Bros. Circus, which had winter quarters in Rochester at the time. Mr. Beatty kept lion cubs in the apartment, and there were still scratches in the woodwork which were attributed to them.

Ruth and Jean kept us awake with coffee and a lot of encouragement, and about 4:00 or 5:00 a.m. the playlet was ready to produce. It was almost entirely the work product of Stuart. I think that I was only there for the purpose of testing audience reaction to his many humorous lines. "The Curse of the Schnickledorff Fortune, or What Goes on Behind the Coat Rack," was the final title. It was a real for sure melodrama. I was well cast as the Villain, and Fred Hodel is still remembered as "Fearless Fred". The original script is lost to posterity, and my memory will not retrieve any more details.

Jean and I often recall a trip that the four of us took to Chicago. Stuart and Ruth had a ping-pong table there which they wanted to bring to Rochester. We borrowed a two-wheel utility trailer from my dad and I drove.

It was a beautiful winter day, clear and cool, and just ideal for our trip. After loading the table we had a nice visit with Ruth's mother. It began to snow, so we left at once, but before we had gone two miles we were in a blizzard. The snow was wet enough and it was cold enough to freeze, so very soon the road was a sheet of ice making driving something more than hazardous. By the time we realized just how bad it was we were at the point of no return.

We must have seen at least twelve or fifteen cars and trucks in the ditch - the very place we expected to be at any moment. It was luck, certainly not my driving skill, that got us all the way to their house in Rochester. I might add, it was also not because of their helping me to drive, for they were all too frightened to say a word for mile after mile!

The supper that Ruth fixed was something which all four of us have recalled many times. She had bought some Kosher corned beef, rye bread and dill pickles before leaving Chicago. We still couldn't talk but we enjoyed a memorable meal.

For some reason I never liked to go to the grocery store. One time Jean called me at the office, asking that I bring home a loaf of bread, which I said that I didn't want to do.

When I got home she served Bisquick biscuits. They were delicious, but I noticed that she ate none. Since they were too good to waste, I ate them all.

## *Ruth and Stuart*

A week or two later Stuart said, "I understand that you like biscuits, ha! ha! ha!" I didn't see anything that funny, but laughed with him. Ruth said, "Stuart! You're not supposed to say anything!" I soon learned that since I had refused to bring home the bread, Jean had substituted the biscuits. She told Ruth in strictest confidence that after she had it mixed she saw some little black bugs which she carefully removed. It was just too good for Stuart to keep.

Speaking of cooking, Ruth was famous for her Chocolate Brownies. That could be one of the many reasons why we miss the Wiggs.

Stuart was a Car Route Salesman for Armour & Co., covering Fulton and some adjoining counties. He would leave early and get back around supper time (we don't call it dinner in Rochester), but before he could call his work done he had to write all of his day's orders and get them on the Erie train around 6:00 or 7:00 p.m. Many times Jean and I would be at their house while he was writing the orders and I would accompany him to the railroad station. Although he never missed a train, there were times that the train was in motion while he was handing his mail to someone in the mail car. I hope that he didn't worry as much about getting there on time as I did.

His job was selling fresh meat and canned goods to groceries, meat markets, hotels, etc. Every day he would get home with at least two or three new jokes. I can imagine that those buyers would look forward to his coming so that they could trade jokes with him. He not only told good jokes, but he told them well. One in particular concerned one Abner Baker, and we would have him tell it again and again, and each time we would laugh until the tears were flowing. He surely liked to see us cry!

Jean was in Woodlawn Hospital in Rochester, having given birth to our son John on January 16, 1942, and Ruth and Stuart came to visit. Stuart said, "Let's go get a Coke." The machine was in the basement away from traffic. As I look back it seems as if he could hardly wait to tell me something, which he did. It was then and there that I learned that Ruth was expecting.

Very soon after their little red-headed daughter was born they left Rochester to return to Chicago. Rochester lost some good citizens, and we lost close contact with very good friends.

Rochester has changed. It no longer has the canning factory, Armour Creameries, the Colonial Hotel or the Erie Railroad. The hitching racks and horse troughs are not even a memory of most residents today. There are new streets, new homes, new industries and new faces.

We miss the old days, but most of all we miss Ruth and Stuart. How could we be so lucky to have friends like them?

They always will be the best part of the best part of our lives!

August 28, 1988

Wendell C. Tombaugh  
Jean C. Tombaugh



## WESTERN UNION

C11 GOVT LG=WASHINGTON DC APR 16 953P

WENDELL C. TOMBAUGH  
212 WEST NINTH ST  
ROCHESTER, IND

YOU ARE OFFERED APPOINTMENT SPECIAL AGENT THIS BUREAU SALARY THIRTY TWO HUNDRED PER ANNUM LESS FIVE PERCENT DEDUCTION FOR RETIREMENT PURPOSES PLUS OVERTIME COMPENSATION RECENTLY APPROVED BY CONGRESS. ALLOWED EXPENSES OF TRAVEL AND OPERATION UNDER EXISTING REGULATIONS AND SIX DOLLARS DAY LIEU OF SUBSISTENCE WHEN ABSENT HEADQUARTERS WHICH WILL BE FIXED AT WASHINGTON DC EFFECTIVE WITH ENTRY ON DUTY AND THEREAFTER CHANGED IN ACCORDANCE WITH FIELD ASSIGNMENTS. NOTIFY THIS OFFICE BY WIRE IF THIS APPOINTMENT ACCEPTED. IF YOU ACCEPT PROCEED TO WASHINGTON AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE REPORT TO ROOM FIVE TWO FIVE IN UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH STREETS NORTHWEST AT

NINE AM ON APRIL TWENTY SIXTH TO ENTER ON DUTY. RIGID PHYSICAL EXAMINATION MUST BE TAKEN AT WASHINGTON AND IF SAME REFLECTS YOU ARE NOT CAPABLE PERFORMING STRENUOUS DUTIES OR THAT YOUR COLOR VISION OR VISION NOT NORMAL OR THAT YOU HAVE ANY DEFECT WHICH MIGHT INTERFERE WITH YOUR USE OF FIREARMS APPOINTMENT WILL BE CANCELLED. FBI STANDARDS REQUIRE UNCORRECTED VISION NO LESS THAN TWENTY FORTY IN ONE EYE AND TWENTY FIFTY IN THE OTHER EYE CORRECTED WITH GLASSES TO NORMAL VISION OF TWENTY TWENTY. ARRANGE PERSONAL MATTERS THAT YOU MAY ACCEPT ASSIGNMENT WHERE SERVICES NEEDED. CONSIDER THIS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL AND PRESENT WIRE UPON REPORTING. FBI RESERVES RIGHT TO REFUSE ACCEPTANCE OF ANY RESIGNATION OF A SPECIAL AGENT UNLESS AT LEAST THIRTY DAYS NOTICE OF INTENTION TO RESIGN GIVEN. ASSIGNMENT DURING TRAINING WILL BE EITHER WASHINGTON DC OR QUANTICO VIRGINIA. PER DIEM NOT ALLOWED AT WASHINGTON DC IF TRAINING GIVEN AT QUANTICO PER DIEM OF THREE DOLLARS AND TWENTY FIVE CENTS WILL BE ALLOWED. NOT POSSIBLE FOR WIVES OR FAMILIES OF APPOINTEES TO BE DOMICILED

AT QUANTICO DURING TRAINING PERIOD. SPECIAL AGENTS WHILE IN TRAINING REQUIRE FOLLOWING GYMNASIUM EQUIPMENT TWO PAIR WHITE WOOL SOCKS, TWO PAIR GRAY ATHLETIC TRUNKS ELASTIC WAIST, TWO ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS, ONE GRAY SWEAT SHIRT, ONE PAIR OF WHITE GYMNASIUM SHOES EITHER HIGH OR LOW AND ONE PAIR SHOWER ROOM CLOGS. SHOULD YOU HAVE THIS EQUIPMENT IN YOUR POSSESSION AT PRESENT TIME SUGGEST YOU BRING IT TO WASHINGTON WITH YOU OTHERWISE NECESSARY TO SECURE SAME SUBSEQUENT TO ENTRY ON DUTY. BEFORE REPORTING FOR DUTY YOU SHOULD PROVE YOURSELF WITH SUFFICIENT FUNDS TO ENABLE YOU TO LIVE FOR AT LEAST ONE MONTH BEFORE RECEIVING YOUR FIRST SALARY CHECK. IN EVENT YOU ACCEPT APPOINTMENT NECESSARY YOU SEVER ALL BUSINESS CONNECTIONS PRIOR TO YOUR ENTRY ON DUTY WITH THIS BUREAU.

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER DIRECTOR  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

855A APR 17 182



1300 Biscayne Building  
Miami 32, Florida  
February 25, 1944

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director  
Federal Bureau of Investigation  
Department of Justice  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Numerous times I have noticed that a lead will be set out for another field office in order that a person's birth date may be ascertained or verified, and the auxiliary office will report that inasmuch as the birth records for that particular state were not kept until a certain date, which date was after the supposed birth date of the subject, the case was being referred upon completion to the office of origin.

It seems apparent to me that a great deal of time and effort is being consumed by this method, when a more simple, more expeditious, and by far more economical method could accomplish the same result. The suggestion which I wish to make is as follows:

If every agent were furnished a Bureau Bulletin showing the date upon which each state first started keeping birth records, he could consult that list before setting forth a lead to an auxiliary office for a check to be made of the birth records. If the date of birth is known to be prior to the time that records were first kept by the state, appropriate remarks in the report could thereupon be made, without requiring the auxiliary office to furnish the negative information.

Very truly yours,

WENDELL C. TOMBAUGH  
Special Agent

WCT:ma  
67-3667



John Edgar Hoover  
Director

Federal Bureau of Investigation  
United States Department of Justice  
Washington, D. C.  
April 22, 1944

Mr. Wendell C. Tombaugh  
Federal Bureau of Investigation  
1300 Biscayne Building  
Miami 32, Florida

Dear Mr. Tombaugh:

Reference is made to your suggestion that a Bureau Bulletin be prepared showing the date upon which each state first started keeping birth records. This information has been obtained from the Bureau of Census of the U. S. Department of Commerce. It is being supplied to the field in Bulletin form along with the dates upon which death records were also maintained.

Your suggestion will undoubtedly prove of benefit to the field and eliminate certain unnecessary leads. I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your interest as evidenced by your suggestion.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover<sup>183</sup>



## MY KIND OF JUDGE <sup>184</sup>

### A Self Appraisal

The following article was published in January, 1971, *Trial Judges Journal*, quarterly publication of the National Conference of State Trial Judges. *Res Gestae* is pleased to reprint this inspiring article by permission of the author and original publisher.

Judge Tombaugh has served the Fulton Circuit Court since January 1967. He was born in 1915, obtained his preparatory education from Indiana University, B.S., and his LL.B from Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1940. Prior to election to the Circuit Court he practiced at Rochester. He was a member of the Class of 1968, National College of State Trial Judges.

By Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh  
Fulton Circuit Court  
Rochester, Indiana

"In the long run there is no guarantee of justice," said Judge Cardozo, "except the personality of the judge."

It has been said that the trial judge is the key man in our system of adjudication: that the law can be no better than the judge who administers it.

For most people of his jurisdiction, his word is final. For them, his is the highest court--the court of last resort. Only a few of the cases he decides are ever appealed, and then the Supreme Court seldom reverses him.

To the people of his jurisdiction, the state trial judge is the Court. For many he is their only contact with one of the three equal branches of our government--the judicial branch. What he says and does--both on and off the bench--reflects upon the government in general and the judicial branch in particular.

How he handles each case is scrutinized. Any impropriety is magnified.

He needs to know people and peoples' problems, and must convey this image to all who come before him, so he must be adept at public relations. Lord Herschell said: "Important as it is that people should get justice, it is even more important that they be made to feel and see that they are getting it."

Judges are judged by all, and above all judges should judge themselves and attempt to live up to their highest ideals.

After three years on the trial bench I have compiled the following qualities and ideals which I believe a good state trial judge should have:

### **A Trial Judge's Creed**

(1) He believes that under our system of ordered liberty there can be no rights without duties; that for the invasion of any right there must be an enforceable remedy; and that a determination of rights and remedies can be accomplished only in an atmosphere of dignity and decorum.

(2) He considers each case important; that there is no such thing as an unimportant one, for in the eyes of each party his case is of the utmost importance.

(3) He expedites each case with deliberate speed, recognizing that it is a denial of justice to unnecessarily delay justice, but he does not believe that speedy injustice is better than tardy justice.

(4) He is prompt, requiring as much of himself as he does of others, and considers that it is a financial and perhaps personal sacrifice for many to serve as jurors or witnesses, besides being expensive for attorneys and their clients.

(5) He hears each case dispassionately, but not disinterestedly, deciding it through neither fear nor favor.

(6) In criminal cases he scrupulously avoids denial of defendants' rights, while equally preserving rights of the law-abiding citizens.

(7) He uses probation with discretion, but will not condone a violation of probation.

(8) In all decisions he is fair but firm. His decisions are consistent, but not necessarily predictable.

## *My Kind of Judge*

(9) Without depriving the court of its necessary tools, he is frugal with public money.

(10) His skills are not only legal, but also administrative. A deficiency of either would make him an inadequate, if not incompetent, judge.

(11) He believes that the people of his jurisdiction are entitled to no less than his best. He is even-tempered, always good-natured; serious, with a sense of humor used sparingly and never at the expense of another; open-minded, patient, tolerant, punctual, alert, friendly, human, approachable, and humble.

(12) He treats all--attorneys, parties, witnesses, jurors, court employees and visitors--with dignity and respect, putting them at ease with his understanding, kindly and friendly demeanor.

(13) He lives by the canons of judicial ethics, not merely because he should, but especially because he wants to.

(14) He will improve upon the judicial system and its image, but he does not believe that improvement means destruction of that system.

(15) He has pride in his country, unashamedly sheds a tear for Old Glory, and loves America as much for what she was as for what she is and will be.

The judicial system cannot but improve if every state trial judge measures himself with this yardstick. If he "measures up," he is my kind of judge.



**A BILL FOR AN ACT**  
Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh

An Act fixing the terms of the circuit court in the forty-first judicial circuit of the State of Indiana, repealing all laws in conflict herewith and declaring an emergency.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana:

SECTION 1. The terms of the circuit court in the forty-first judicial circuit of the State of Indiana shall begin on the second Monday in January, the second Monday in April and the second Monday in September in each year. The terms of said court shall be known as the January term, April term and September term respectively, and said terms shall continue as long as the business of the court shall require.

SECTION 2. If the said circuit court shall be in session when this act takes effect, it may continue until the time fixed for the next term fixed by section 1 of this act.

SECTION 3. All laws and parts of laws in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 4. Whereas an emergency exists for the immediate taking effect of this act, the same shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage.<sup>185</sup>



## **SPEECH OF NOVEMBER 27, 1972**

Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh

FULTON COUNTY COMMISSIONERS;  
COMMISSIONERS-ELECT;  
COUNCILMEN;  
INTERESTED CITIZENS:

Welcome to the Fulton Circuit Court.

This seems to be a most appropriate time to thank you Commissioners and Councilmen for your past cooperation with this Court, and to assure you and the Commissioners-elect of this Court's intention to exert every effort to continue this fine relationship at least for the next six years.

Not all counties could boast of this inter-office harmony. In fact it is the exception rather than the rule.

But, it is only by our working together that we can best serve those who have entrusted the functions of local government to us.

Each of us performs services quite apart from those performed by the others -- yet none of us can operate without the others. We, here, represent the three separate, but equal, divisions of our local government. That government could be likened to a three-legged stool. Without all three legs it could not stand.

It is my understanding that one of the many duties of the Board of Commissioners is to build, maintain and repair the courthouse - including the courtroom and all other court facilities; and, that it is the responsibility of the County Council to authorize the money for same.

Therefore, the Board of Commissioners and the County Council must know of the needs of the Court in order to properly fulfill those needs. It is for the purpose of informing each of you and the taxpayers of this county of the urgent current and prospective needs of this Court that I have invited you here today.

As you know, my requests over the last six years have been minimal. I can recall only four: (1) Repairs in the deputy clerk's office, (2) Repairs in the conference room, (3) Intercom telephones and (4) Tile roof on the courthouse.

Your cooperation with this Court and your responses to these requests are matters of public knowledge and respect.

My requests having been so few, you could conclude -- and rightly -- that my policy has been and will continue to be, to make only requests for those things which I firmly believe are needed by the Court.

On September 19, 1895 the cornerstone was laid for this magnificent building, which was ready for occupancy August 1, 1896. That was 76 years ago.

This building replaced the second courthouse which had been erected in 1846, which in turn had replaced Fulton County's first courthouse which had been built in 1837. Already this courthouse has outlived the combined lives of the other two previous ones. It is even more than half as old as the county itself!

Today, we should pay tribute to those visionary planners and doers of the 1890's. This building which they furnished us has served the needs of Fulton County over 3/4 of a century, and there is no reason why it should not continue to serve our needs for many more years -- provided that it always receives proper maintenance and repair.

There were 526 cases filed in this Court in 1967, my first year as Judge.

Since 1967 the volume of cases has risen steadily to the point that there will be an estimated 770 cases filed for the year 1972. We are faced with the heaviest case loads in our history. Types of cases unheard of when the building was built now are being pressed upon this Court and cases traditionally brought into Court are coming at an ever-increasing rate.

In 1896, and for many years thereafter, the Court had Term times and Vacation times. The Vacation times were just what they sound like -- vacation. It was much too hot in summer months to hear hotly contested lawsuits, so for about three months of the year none were set. For the past several years, this Court has been operating the full twelve months, but with no jury cases set during the summer months. With our increased volume of cases to be handled we can no longer enjoy the luxury of no jury setting in hot weather. The Fulton Circuit Court must be a year-round court in every respect.

My first request, as you may have guessed, is for centralized air conditioning.

The present heating plant was installed during World War II. I happened to have been Fulton County Attorney at the time, and it became necessary for me to go to the War Production Board for permission to obtain the scarce materials. It was a real emergency, for the courthouse was without any kind of heat.

Please forgive my lack of memory, if it is incorrect, but that was thirty years ago. My recollection is that the engineers wanted to replace the entire distribution system, which I believe had been installed in 1896, but they suggested that this be deferred until materials could be obtained without hurting the war effort. We are still using the same distribution system which was installed in 1896 - and, needless to say, it has not improved with age.

The entire courthouse is heated with one pump. If one area needs heat, the pump is made to run and everyone gets heat. It is not uncommon for us to open windows in January to make it bearable in the courtroom.

My second request is for an entirely new heating system, including modern efficient boilers and new area distribution with separate controls for each room.

*Speech of November 27, 1972*

The windows do not fit, and the storm windows and screens are of little value. Vast amounts of heat are lost around these windows and frames. In the last six years the windows have been washed once -- last winter -- but they are still dirty. To get the most out of air conditioning and heat, the windows and frames should be replaced with double glass which can be removed from the inside and washed periodically.

So, my third request is for new, modern window frames and thermopane glass.

Last spring we had a 90 year old man and his wife in court as plaintiffs. It was almost impossible for them to climb the stairs in the mornings, and in the evenings it was even more difficult for them to descend the stairs. We have had other parties to suits carried up the stairs. These are only a few examples. But this occurs often.

Many prospective jurors, who are otherwise qualified to sit as jurors and who would make excellent jurors, are unable to climb the stairs.

And, there have been times when some lawyers were physically unable to get up the stairs.

Our duty of furnishing court facilities is unfulfilled if those facilities are inaccessible to anyone.

So, my fourth request is for an elevator.

Offices throughout the courthouse are running out of storage space for records which must be kept and made available. A storage vault, properly air conditioned and fire safe for protection of these important records, should be planned, and, possibly placed in the sub-basement.

Hence, my fifth request is for additional vault storage.

The tools of the court are law books. Without them we could not function. It is necessary that we not only have them, but have them in a convenient location so they are readily available to the Judge. We have no library room, but must keep the books wherever possible. Consequently, they are scattered through several rooms.

So my sixth request is for a library room.

Frequently depositions need to be taken, and special judges need to hear arguments or testimony while the court room is in use. Also, we have no juvenile courtroom. In addition to these present needs, may I call your attention to a possible future need. There will be introduced into this session of the Legislature a bill providing for what is known as a "county court" system for Indiana. The county court would take the place of all justice of the peace and city courts and would also be a small claims court.

Its jurisdiction also would include some of the cases now handled by the circuit court. I understand that it would fall upon the shoulders of the county to furnish the courtroom and related facilities. Provision should be made to accommodate a six-member jury for that courtroom. It should include, also, adequate office space for the county court judge and his staff.

My seventh request is for an auxilliary courtroom which could be shared with the county court, if and when it may be created.

I have mentioned previously the conference room which you furnished a couple of years ago. Our need for conference rooms is now only half fulfilled. The conference room is used by attorneys and clients and witnesses in settlement efforts and in last minute preparation for trial. Each party should be able to conduct these transactions in confidence and outside the sight and hearing of others.

My eighth request, therefore, is for a second conference room.

My ninth request is for new modern public rest rooms.

In the interest of time and security the judge should be provided with a private rest room. This is my tenth request.

Often prisoners are brought before the court for the purpose of arraignment or trial. While prisoners are waiting their turn before the court and during recesses there is no place to keep them;

My eleventh request is for a security cell.

To accomplish all of these basis needs would require the use of at least the entire third floor of the courthouse. This is my twelfth request.

What is now the reception room needs to be re-built with room dividers providing for a hall for the judge to get from his office to the courtroom. This is my thirteenth request.

Fulton County is the only county, to my knowledge, which does not furnish custodial service to the court. This is not part of the contractual duties of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. Other counties provide this service by hiring two custodians. In the past years, we have tried to pick up after ourselves. But this is a far cry from daily cleaning and yearly spring-cleaning. Our carpets need shampooing and our other floors need mopping and waxing periodically. Everything is filthy to the point of being unsanitary. We desparately need custodial service, and this is my fourteenth request.

Repairs to damage caused by water and age, together with tasteful decorations in conformity with the architecture of the building comprise my fifteenth request.

*Speech of November 27, 1972*

These fifteen requests are of equal importance. They are all needed, and needed now. Economy would dictate that they be provided simultaneously, not piecemeal.

I have arrived at these conclusions after six years on the bench, after extensive study of courtroom standards recommended by the American Bar Association and by the American Judicature Society, and after numerous consultations with members of the local bar and the Center for Judicial Education at Indianapolis.

These are my conclusions. I think they are correct. But they may be in error. It is possible that I cannot approach the subject with complete objectivity. I do not ask that you accept my suggestions and requests without proper research.

Court needs are so unique that no judge or architect could possibly advise you unless he has had specialized training in this field. To my knowledge there are only two people in the entire United States who are qualified to advise you. They are: Dr. Michael Wong, 30 Park Avenue, Suite 15N, New York City. He is described in a letter to me by the Institute for Court Management located at the University of Denver, Denver, Colorado, as "undoubtedly the most outstanding expert in courthouse design and renovation. You should by all means avail your self of his services if you are considering a project of any magnitude." The other, referred to me by the American Bar Association, is Walter H. Sobel, F.A.I.A. and Associates, 2 North Riverside Plaze, Chicago, Illinois.

Your research should include, also, physical inspection of other court facilities which have been constructed or remodeled recently. I have discussed this with members of the local bar, and, on behalf of all local attorneys, I invite you to be our guests on a trip or trips to visit a few other courthouses in Indiana, times to be arranged at your convenience.

I anticipate and welcome numerous meetings with the Commissioners and Council in which you may seek further help of this Court concerning our mutual problems.

In conclusion, may I remind all of us, that we represent grass roots America. Too often we hear of power of the people going to Indianapolis or Washington. Yet, too often it has gone to Indianapolis or Washington because local government has not fulfilled its duties as local government.

For many people, this Court is the only contact they have with one of the three equal branches of government -- the judiciary. For them it is truly the court of last resort. How people grade justice is determined not only by what justice they receive, but under what conditions and with what facilities that justice has been dispensed.

Let us proceed together to meet our respective challenges, remembering always that this historic structure is not only the seat of local government. It is the very symbol of all government.



**SENTENCING A POLICEMAN** 186  
Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh

It is now my duty to pronounce sentence, but before I do there are some comments I wish to make.

The most difficult duty and awesome responsibility of a judge is the pronouncement of sentence in a criminal case.

It demands of the judge his best as a jurist and a human being, not acting as if by Divine Right, but hopefully with Divine Guidance.

He must use the scales of justice to balance the future of the defendant with the future of society.

For the crime committed in this case, the legislature has given the court a choice of only two alternatives: either an indeterminate sentence of not less than two nor more than five years, or suspension of sentence with probation.

The question is: What is best for you, and what is best for society?

In answering that question I have considered all phases of your background: The presentence report is well prepared and fully informs the court of your educational, social, criminal, moral and employment history.

You were a policeman. As such you were the agent of society with the duty to maintain law and order that everyone may enjoy his rights.

No greater trust is placed in any other servant, public or private. No other servant in the performance of his duties needs so much confidence of those whom he serves. Liberty cannot survive without confidence in those who protect and defend that liberty.

The policeman is law enforcement's representative on the street. His very presence there can reduce crime and let those whom he serves sleep well, comfortable in the belief that their interests are being protected.

He risks his life daily that others may enjoy the safety of their persons and their property. His work is difficult. It is hazardous. Sometimes it is impossible. Generally, it is frustrating. More often than not it is thankless. Yet, his integrity is taken for granted, not only because it is the one most necessary requisite of a policeman, but also because a breach of trust by a policeman is so infrequent.

You served your community as a law enforcement officer with distinction for many years. You were considered to be a good, dedicated, respected and trusted policeman.

And then you committed and have been convicted of a crime.

Something went wrong. Perhaps no one will ever know exactly what prompted you to break the great trust which this community had placed in you. Whatever the reason, you broke that trust. And I must conclude that you broke it willfully, knowing of and assuming the risks.

I do not feel I can grant probation, for it would only compound the harm already done to society.

Is there any legal reason why sentence should not now be pronounced?

## VETERANS' DAY ADDRESS<sup>187</sup>

Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh

Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, ended World War I.

For many years each anniversary was a day of prayerful tribute to the dead of that war.

We are met today in sacred memory of the men and women of all wars who died for us.

Without their sacrifice, we could not be as we are today: I could not be here to speak as I wish. You could not listen as you wish. The press could not print as it wishes. Churches long ago would have been destroyed. Schools would teach only what the government would dictate that they could teach. Neither your persons nor your property would be safe from unwarranted search or seizure.

These rights and many others are guaranteed by our Constitution.

They are priceless. Yet, they have been handed to us free of all liens, except one: Our duty as trustees to preserve them for the next generation at the cost of our property and our lives, if necessary.

Every generation must defend them. Any generation could lose them.

Though they are too precious to lose, we could lose them. But, only if we lack the spiritual will to defend them.

Those whom we honor today had that will, and something more: A belief in the Almighty and a faith in us. And, they fulfilled their burdens of citizenship with distinction.

May we have the will. May we deserve that faith. May we fulfill our burdens.

As we honor those brave ones who gave so much of themselves, let us give thanks to them, through God, and reaffirm our faith in God and America.

Let us remember them as those who gave their lives that America might live; let us be remembered as those who gave of ourselves that America might live - better!



# TOMBAUGH FAMILY TRUST

Wendell C. Tombaugh   Jean C. Tombaugh   John B. Tombaugh

July 24, 1998

TO:

1. The Fulton County Public Library
2. City of Rochester, Indiana
3. Fulton County, Indiana
4. State of Indiana
5. United States of America

Writing this letter is the most awesome task which we ever tackled, for it concerns something which undoubtedly will be of great historical and economic importance to our Local, State and National governments.

It is addressed to you - people whom we never will meet, many who will not be born for hundreds of years.

May we shake your hands across the table of time. We are Wendell C. Tombaugh, husband; Jean C. Tombaugh, wife; and John B. Tombaugh, son.

Each of us now owns a revocable trust, all three of which are handled by our Trustee, Norwest Bank Indiana, N.A., (soon to be renamed Wells Fargo), Mr. H. Phil Tomson, Vice President and Trust Officer. Upon the death of the last of us, the assets from our three trusts will merge into another trust, called TOMBAUGH FAMILY TRUST, and the three present trusts will no longer exist.

Without quoting the details of the trust, basically it provides that distribution be made as follows:

1. Fulton County Public Library, first 50 years of the Trust, 90% of the net earnings per year.
  2. City of Rochester, Indiana, next 50 years of the Trust, 90% of the net earnings per year.
  3. Fulton County, Indiana, next 100 years of the Trust, 90% of the net earnings per year.
  4. State of Indiana, next 200 years of the Trust, 90% of the net earnings per year.
  5. United States of America, thereafter, 100% of the net earnings per year.
- Unallocated net earnings are retained in the Trust corpus for growth.

It is our desire that income from the Tombaugh Family Trust go to benefit the most people over the longest possible period of time, and that it be used wisely.

It is our further desire that the purpose of the money which you receive, should be to reduce taxes - *permanently*.

The money is of little value, and may be harmful, if it is not used wisely. We may be unintentionally feeding the government's Gargantuan appetite, encouraging its further growth and intrusiveness on freedom. Our intentions are good. How the money is used is your responsibility. It is also your opportunity.

It will be so tempting to spend the money as it comes. Easy come, easy go. To spend the money as it arrives would only get the community living a life style which it cannot afford when the money stops.

We suggest that you create a fund into which you deposit all which you receive from the Tombaugh Family Trust, and at the end of the first year you may spend 90 percent of the net earnings of your fund, leaving ten per cent for further growth, and repeating this yearly thereafter. The projected estimate of your fund's growth can be demonstrated by glancing at the projected growth of trust corpus and net income of the Tombaugh Family Trust, prepared July 22, 1998 by H. Phil Tomson, Vice President and Trust Officer, Norwest Bank, Indiana, N.A.:

Page 2  
July 24, 1998

We hope to leave 2.5 million dollars net, after our deaths.

Estimated growth of the trust corpus over the first fifty years is from 2.5 million to 61.8 million with estimated net annual income from \$49,500 to 1.15 million.

Estimated growth of the trust corpus over the next fifty years is from 61.8 million to 1.5 billion with estimated net annual income from 1.15 million to 28.4 million.

Estimated growth of the trust corpus over the next one hundred years is from 1.5 billion to 880 billion, with estimated net annual income from 28.4 million to 16.3 billion.

These estimates cover only the first two hundred years of the trust, after which the rate of growth is higher.

It is our wish that the Trustee furnish an annual news release, showing the name, TOMBAUGH FAMILY TRUST, the name of the current recipient, total amount of payment made for the year, total payments to date, the number of years payments have been made, and the number of years remaining to be paid to the current recipient, together with such other information as the Trustee deems advisable.

This community and our Government have been good to us. We now wish to pay some rent.

We honestly believe that this is the reason why we were put on this Earth.

Our job is done.

May God Bless America!

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Wendell C. Tombaugh

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Jean C. Tombaugh

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John B. Tombaugh

# Tombaugh family dedicates fortune to future permanent tax reduction

By Jack K. Overmyer

Because they wish “to pay some rent” for the good fortune they have received from their community and their governments, retired Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh, his wife Jean C. and son John B. have created a financial trust that is unprecedented in purpose and in length. When implemented some years hence, it will provide enormous public fundings and reductions in taxes, for centuries to come.

Each of the Tombaughs presently owns a revocable trust that, upon the death of the last of them, will merge into another named the Tombaugh Family Trust. At the time of the last death, the Family Trust is expected to be worth a net \$2.5 million.

Beneficiaries of 90 percent of the annual net income from the Trust will be in order:

- \* The Fulton County, Indiana, Public Library, for the first 50 years.

- \* The City of Rochester, Indiana, for the next 50 years.

- \* Fulton County, Indiana, for the next 100 years.

- \* The State of Indiana, for the next 200 years.

- \* The United States of America, thereafter, will retain 100 percent of the annual net earnings of the Trust, all unallocated earnings having been retained heretofore for Trust growth.

Amounts of money staggering in their size will be developed over the years for the governmental units. This is revealed by the following projections provided by the Trustee of the Tombaugh Family Trust, Norwest Bank of Indiana, represented by H. Philip Tomson of Peru, vice president and trust officer:

- \* For the first 50 years the Fulton County Library’s estimated annual net income from the Trust will grow during the period from \$49,500 to \$1.15 million. The Trust itself will grow from \$2.5 million to \$61.8 million.

- \* For the next 50 years the City of Rochester’s estimated annual net income from the Trust will grow during the period from \$1.16 million to \$28.4 million. The Trust itself will grow from \$61.8 million to \$1.5 billion.

- \* For the next 100 years Fulton County’s estimated annual net income from the Trust will grow during the period from \$28.4 million to \$16.3 billion. The trust itself will grow from \$1.5 billion to \$880 billion.

Through the following centuries, The Trust grows even more rapidly for the benefit of the State of Indiana, for 200 years, thereafter for the United States of America. Trust income and balance amounts reach the trillions by year 300.

Judge Tombaugh, in a letter that each governmental beneficiary will receive when the Family Trust is created by the last family death, expresses his family’s desire that income from the Trust “benefit the most people over the longest period of time” and that its purpose “should be to reduce taxes - permanently.”

The Trust will be of little value and may be harmful if not used wisely, he warns. “We may unintentionally be feeding the government’s Gargantuan appetite, encouraging its further growth and intrusiveness on freedom. Our intentions are good. How the money is used is your responsibility. It also is your opportunity.”

Judge Tombaugh also suggests in his letter that each governmental agency create a separate fund for money it receives from the Tombaugh Family Trust and, as the Trust itself does, retain 10 percent yearly for growth. If begun, this could set a pattern for succeeding agencies to follow.

By retaining 10 percent of each year's earnings for growth, the judge writes, each agency will eliminate the temptation to spend all the money as it comes.

To do so "would only get the community living a lifestyle which it cannot afford when the money stops."

The Trustee, Norwest Bank, should issue an annual statement to the media, states Judge Tombaugh, detailing how much money has been paid from the Tombaugh Family Trust the preceding year, total payments to date, number of years payments have been made and the number of years remaining to be paid to the current recipient.

Addressing the reason for creating the Trust, Judge Tombaugh writes: "This community and our government have been good to us. We now wish to pay some rent. We honestly believe this is the reason why we were put on this Earth. Our job is done. May God Bless America!"

Judge Tombaugh, 83, was judge of the Fulton Circuit Court from 1967-78. He has resided in Fulton County almost 70 years, is a graduate of Rochester High School and Indiana University School of Law. He was an FBI agent, is a U.S. Navy veteran and was a retailer before assuming the bench. His wife, Jean, 82, was involved for 30 years in local genealogical research, joined by her husband after his retirement. They continue to research local genealogical and historical material which they issue from their own publishing house. Son John, 56, is compiling books that will describe the origins and daily history of World War II; he also is associated with his parents in their genealogical endeavors.

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## Tombaugh gifts many at library

By Christina M. Seiler  
Staff Writer, The Sentinel

The Indiana Room at the Fulton County Public Library has almost too many Tombaugh-family published books to count.

"We're very, very grateful," library business manager Grace Miller said of the hardbound gifts given by Wendell and Jean Tombaugh and their family genealogical publishing business.

She could not comment, she said, on the monetary gift the Tombaugh Family has given to the library.

"They have a great love for keeping the Fulton County history," Miller said. "He's always had a great love for the library."

Among the books at the county library that the Tombaughs have researched, written and published; "School Enumerations, starting at 1896; the index to Fulton County; an Index to Fulton County Folks; Marshall County Cemetery inscriptions; Briefs of Indiana Wills 1836 to 1974; Indiana Court Records for the October term 1836 through an unknown date; Fulton County Cemetery Inscriptions (with included genealogical notes); The Fulton County, 1880 Census; Fulton County Births, 1882-1920; Indiana marriages 1836-1983; Miami County Allen

and Perry Township Cemetery Inscriptions; Fulton County Obituaries from The Rochester Sentinel; Fulton County Death Records, 1882-1920.

"They are certainly friends of the library," former library board member and banker Don Groenleer said today.

The Tombaugh gift will mean a lot to the library, he said. Groenleer is a member of the board of directors of the Northern Indiana Community Foundation. "Many other libraries have endowments," he said. "We have a small one, but nothing of this size."

"Of course, the library board is thrilled to death with this, said Lalla Heyde, a member. "We have been made aware that trust is coming, but we have not discussed it yet."

The Tombaugh Family's hope is that the governmental entities which receive their money use it to lower taxes.

The library's current budget - including the Fulton and Leiters Ford branches is \$779,360, Miller said. The current tax rate is 35 cents per each \$100 of assessed valuation.

Fulton County Library director Dave Ewick was out of town today with a sick child and could not be reached for comment.

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## 'I think we'd have a new fire station

By Dave Blower, Jr.  
Staff Writer, The Sentinel

Rochester Mayor Phil Thompson and Clerk-Treasurer Freda Miller see a city in proper working order if income from a trust is used wisely.

The city is one of five governmental beneficiaries of the Tombaugh Family Trust, established by former Fulton Circuit Court Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh, his wife Jean C. and son John B. The trust is expected to be worth \$2.5 million at the last one's death.

For the City of Rochester, the estimated annual net income from the trust will grow during its 50 years from \$1.15 million to \$28.4 million. The Trust itself will grow from \$61.8 million to \$1.5 billion.

Miller said that money could go a long way towards many ongoing city projects.

"I think we could have a new storm sewer system; I think we'd have a new fire station; I think we'd have curbs on every street," Miller said. "Can't you just see all of that?"

Thompson said he was impressed with Tombaugh's generosity.

"It's just a very generous gift," Thompson said. "I'm glad to see a citizen give back to a community that has really supported him all of his life."

Tombaugh said that the interest income from the trust should be used for permanent tax reduction. Thompson and Miller agreed that the Trust should accomplish that if it is used wisely.

"I'd hope that whoever is in the administration of the city at that time would adhere to Tombaugh's wishes," Thompson said.

This year, Miller said the city's total budget is approximately \$3 million. Thompson said it is difficult to estimate the Trust's impact many years down the road.

"Things change so rapidly," Thompson said. "Things have changed since my first term in office."

## County officials: Gift remarkable

By Dave Blower, Jr.  
Staff Writer, The Sentinel

Fulton County government officials are praising a "remarkable" gift from the Tombaugh Family Trust this morning.

Retired Fulton Circuit Court Judge Wendell C. Tombaugh, his wife Jean C. and son John B. have created a financial trust to generate hundreds of thousands of dollars for the Fulton County Public Library, the City of Rochester, Fulton County, the State of Indiana, and the U.S.A.

It is estimated that Trust income and balance amounts reach the trillions by the end of 300 years.

For the county, the estimated annual net income from the Trust will grow over 100 years from \$28.4 million to \$16.3 billion. The Trust itself will grow from \$1.5 billion to \$880 billion.

"It's a remarkable gift," said Fulton County Council President, Gary Sriver. "It just goes to show what happens when you compound your interest."

Tombaugh said the money should be used for permanent tax reduction. Fulton County Commissioner President Steve Hartzler said future generations must spend the money wisely.

"No matter the size of the gift, it's not beneficial if it's not spent wisely," Hartzler said. "I'm not going to be around to see it, but the future generations of Fulton County have an opportunity to reduce taxes and spend the money wisely. I guess (Tombaugh is) offering a challenge to future generations."

Sriver agreed that the Trust could be a tremendous asset in the centuries to come.

"I think it's a long-range plan," Sriver said. "This is something, really, that the people of Fulton County should be grateful for."

In 1998, the county's general budget is \$3,662,860. Hartzler said it is difficult to estimate future expenses, but that the Trust should have a significant impact.

"It sounds like an awful lot of money," Hartzler said. "It's going to generate a lot of money over a long period of time. Until I have it all explained to me, I'm not sure how much of an impact it will have."

Sriver said it is uncommon for anyone to leave money to government.

"I think (Judge Tombaugh) is truly a man who has a considerable amount of respect for government," Sriver said. "It's amazing that a couple would choose to make this gift to government. It shows a lot of faith in government."

[Rochester Sentinel, Tuesday, July 28, 1998.]

# EDITORIAL

## Sharing the wealth

The Indianapolis Star  
Monday, November 29, 1999

This Thanksgiving the residents of Osgood, Ind (pop. 1,800) had something special to be thankful for - a big something, a \$23 million inheritance.

The gift is more than three times the town's annual budget and more than twice the assessed value of every home, business, school and street located inside town limits.

Directors of a foundation established by the late Gilmore and Golda Reynolds have informed townsfolk that the couple's entire estate will be dedicated to improving Osgood and immediate surroundings.

A grant of more than \$1 million will be dispersed annually, enabling such projects as a new sewer system to be constructed at no cost to taxpayers.

Folks suspected the couple were comfortably fixed. They had operated several businesses, traveled widely and had a winter home in Florida. But they always returned to their modest home in Ripley County.

The Reynolds foundation, created in 1990 after Gilmore's death, had previously awarded small grants to various community organizations. But, at Golda's request, they were made without fanfare. That was typical of the lifelong reserve and privacy demonstrated by the couple.

A book published some years ago claimed to reveal "The surprising secrets about America's millionaires." Titled *The Millionaire Next Door*, its subjects were overwhelmingly ordinary, everyday people who lived quietly and prudently, never flaunted their wealth and liked a bargain as well as the rest of us. Gilmore and Golda Reynolds certainly fit that pattern.

So does Wendell C. Tombaugh, a Rochester resident, who has established a trust fund designed to distribute millions to local, state and federal governments.

The 84 year retired judge and self taught bookbinder says his hometown and the government have been good to him and he wants to return the favor. He hopes the bequest will reduce taxes and allow good works. The document outlining the trust concluded, "May God bless America."

The trust is now worth \$3.3 million and growing rapidly. The trustee, a local bank, estimates it will reach \$71 million in 50 years. It will begin distributions after the deaths of Tombaugh, his wife and their disabled son.

The cornerstone of Tombaugh's prosperity is 50 shares of Standard Oil of Indiana stock, which he bought in 1931 for \$850 and are worth millions today. That and his lifelong habit of saving and investing 10 percent of every dollar he earned.

The Reynoldses and Tombaugh, like *The Millionaire Next Door*, may be ordinary people, but unlike the Donald Trumps of the world, they have an extraordinary instinct for true value.

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# EVERY DAY AN ADVENTURE

(An Autobiography)

Wendell C. Tombaugh

TOMBAUGH HOUSE  
700 Pontiac Street  
Rochester, Indiana 46975

1990

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Wendell C. Tombaugh

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To

JEAN (CRAGUN) TOMBAUGH

and

JOHN BEACH TOMBAUGH

who have made my life  
both a luxury and a luxurious necessity



## Preface

Over the years I have often been asked, "What have you been doing?"

My stock answer is, "Oh, nothing much."

This book will prove it!

It was written in my 74th and 75th years to enlighten and possibly entertain my two very best friends: our son, John Beach Tombaugh, who has recently become interested in his heritage, and my wife Jean (Cragun) Tombaugh, who has been working on our family trees since our marriage.

May it please them and perhaps others.



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