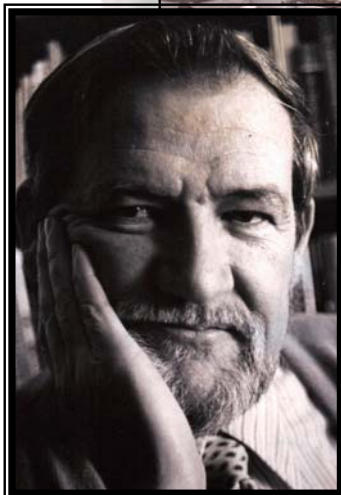
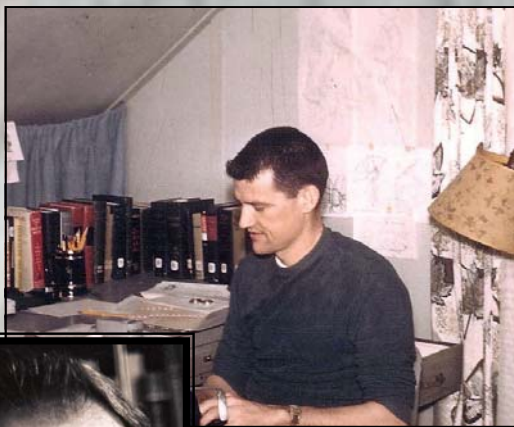


***THE MOSTLY TRUE ADVENTURES
OF A HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER:***

A Memoir

Ralph D. Gray



**The Mostly True Adventures of
A Hoosier Schoolmaster:
A Memoir**

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Bloomington, Indiana

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This book is dedicated, with love and appreciation,

to the KiDS

Karen, David, and Sarah

Preface

According to several people, mainly those, I suppose, who have already written their memoirs, everybody should write about their own lives, primarily for family members, but also for themselves and others. I started drafting these pages in 2009, thinking I would have a complete manuscript in a matter of months and perhaps a published book in 2010. Now it appears, having completed the first draft in the latter part of 2010, that a version of this work accessible probably on line to others might be available sometime in 2011 or a bit later.

In order to help readers, I want to offer here an introduction to the cast of characters and an overview of the major events in the life of this “Hoosier schoolmaster,” which is a euphemism for “teacher,” my profession from 1961 to 1997, when I retired as a professor of history at Indiana University Purdue University Indianapolis (IUPUI). By that time, in addition to having taught history at universities in Delaware, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana, I was the author of more than a dozen books, several dozen articles and book reviews, and had served on a large number of boards and committees of history-related organizations, most notably on the board of trustees of the Indiana Historical Society for nine years. By then, too, I was a widower, having lost my wife of 37 years to the ravages of multiple sclerosis in 1993, but we were the parents of three wonderful children and they, over the years, have produced four grandchildren.

My life began in Otwell, Pike County, Indiana, in 1933, when I became the second of four sons of Lee M. and Voris R. (Gray) Gray, living first in the home, and also the editorial office, of Mrs. Beulah B. Gray, the editor of *The Otwell Star*. My brothers, in birth order, are Eddie (1931), Robert (1939), and Charlie (1942). My education came initially from the public schools in Otwell, Seymour, Evansville, and then, finally, Petersburg, all in Indiana. I also attended an Indiana college, Hanover, beautifully situated high above the banks of the Ohio River near Madison. Having been awarded a Fulbright scholarship upon my graduation from Hanover, I next attended the University of Durham, England. While there, I received a fellowship from the Eleutherian Mills–Hagley Foundation in Delaware, which involved helping with the early development of the E. I. DuPont Company–sponsored Hagley Museum while attending the University of Delaware. I completed my formal education at the University of Illinois in Champaign–Urbana.

My first full-time teaching position was at Ohio State University; after three years there, I moved into the Indiana University (IU) system in 1964, teaching first at its Kokomo campus and then in Indianapolis at what became, soon after my arrival, IUPUI. Jan (Janice Rae Everett, from Crown Point, Indiana) and I, married in 1956, had three children, one at each of the Big Ten universities I was associated with. Karen was born in 1960, while I was a teaching assistant at the University of Illinois; David came along in 1962, and is an Ohio State Buckeye; and Sarah arrived in 1966, during my early years with Indiana University up in Kokomo.

We moved to Indianapolis in 1968, where I served into 1997 as a professor of history, and then stayed on in order to write the history of that remarkable institution, which has become a model of an urban university for the rest of the country. Sadly, Jan, who had battled multiple sclerosis for fully twenty years, died in 1993. I retired from teaching four years later, completed the IUPUI book in 2002, married Beth Van Vorst, who also retired from IUPUI in 1997, in 2003, and in 2009 we really both retired by moving into a large two-story house the Meadowood Retirement Center in Bloomington in 2009.

Ralph D. Gray

(Friday) May 13, 2011

Chapter 1

The Grays Come to Pike County

For a long time I have harbored the idea of a personal memoir, primarily for the family and close friends, but also for my own benefit. It will be fun as well as helpful to have an accurate (well, as close as I can make it) record of personal comings and goings, achievements and failures or disappointments, countless fortuitous and happenchance encounters. I have already written pieces that fill in some background material on the Gray family, such as the opening pages of a still incomplete biography of a distant relative, attorney Carl M. Gray of Petersburg, and the brief article on my maternal grandmother, *Otwell Star* editor Beulah B. Gray, that was published in *Traces of Indiana and Midwestern History* (1999), and I will incorporate some of that work here.

For example, at the beginning of the proposed Carl Gray book, I reviewed the history of Pike County, its role in the state's pioneer period, and when and why the first Grays came to that area, pointing out initially that southern Indiana was the first area of what became the state of Indiana to be settled. The earliest French colonists had made Vincennes, along the lower Wabash River, one of its major military and administrative centers during the eighteenth century. Subsequently lost to the British during the so-called French and Indian War (1754–1763), Vincennes was the scene of George Rogers Clark's dramatic capture of Fort Sackville from the British during the American Revolutionary War. Sporadic fighting and Indian forays in the Ohio Valley, coupled with unsettled conditions along the eastern seaboard of the new United States, prevented substantial western expansion during the latter quarter of the eighteenth century, but the westering desire of Americans led to significant movement into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois following 1800. In that year, Congress officially organized the Indiana Territory, President John Adams appointed William Henry Harrison as territorial governor, and a new phase of western history began.

Pioneer Indiana was in many ways a forbidding place. Heavily forested, its soil undisturbed except by wandering herds of buffalo and equally nomadic Native American peoples, southern Indiana was hilly, trackless except for the animal trails, pristine. Yet the land, in places, was fertile, inviting, and invigorating to the pioneer

spirits that were hardy enough to accept the challenge of survival and the prospects of independence, land ownership, and profits. Nearly 25,000 settlers, almost five times the number that lived in Indiana in 1800, occupied the territory in 1810, and that number increased six fold during the following decade. “They came across the mountains, down the rivers, and over the western trails,” according to Indiana historian James H. Madison, in basically three separate “streams of migration” (from New England, the Mid-Atlantic states, and the South).¹ By far the greatest number of early settlers came from the upland South—western Virginia and North Carolina, eastern Tennessee and Kentucky. Typically, these pioneers had ventured across the Appalachians into western Tennessee and eastern Kentucky at the end of the Revolutionary War. The advent of a new century witnessed a trickle, a larger flow, and then a flood of new settlers north of the Ohio River.

The first Grays, my pioneer ancestors, were a part of this typical migration pattern, arriving in Indiana before the state was organized. William and Keziah Ball Gray reached the Indiana Territory in 1811, settling first at White Oaks Springs (near where Petersburg was subsequently platted) and then at nearby Highbanks, along the southern reaches of the eastern fork of White River. The Grays raised a large and enterprising family of at least ten children in this locality.

According to family tradition, Keziah Ball (1790–1856) was, at the time of her birth in western Virginia, a distant relative of the sitting and first president of the United States. George Washington’s mother was Mary Ball Washington (1708–1789), a young woman from Lancaster County, Virginia, who had lived as a child in both Northumberland and Westmoreland counties. She married Augustine Washington of Westmoreland County in 1731, a widower with three children, and they subsequently had five more children. Their first child, a son, George, was born on February 22, 1732. Following Augustine’s death in 1743, Mary Ball Washington remained in eastern Virginia, the last twenty years in Fredericksburg. How this lady was related, if at all, to various Ball families in western Virginia is not known. What is known is that John Ball (1758–1809), Keziah’s father, was one of the pioneer settlers in Lee County, the westernmost county of the state. Like President Washington, a participant in the

¹ Madison, *The Indiana Way* (Bloomington and Indianapolis, 1984), 58.

American Revolutionary War, Ball (again, like Washington) was a surveyor and landowner in Virginia. But a blood relationship between John (and Keziah) Ball and Mary Ball cannot be verified and is, in fact, doubtful.²

Similarly, although a great deal can be learned about John Ball, whose gravesite is marked by a large roadside sign on the outskirts of Jonesville, the county seat of Lee County, very little is known about the background of William Gray (1794–1864). Again, according to family tradition, he was employed on the Ball estate, perhaps as a tenant if not simply a hired hand. His courtship of the accomplished and, especially for the times, well-educated Keziah was frowned upon by the Balls, causing the young couple to elope at some time during 1808. They were married at Cumberland Gap, at the border between Virginia and Kentucky while en route to a new home in the West.³

The first of their ten or eleven, perhaps even twelve, children, a son, James, was born in either 1809 or 1810, probably in Kentucky where the Grays resided briefly before continuing westward and northward into Indiana, and their eldest daughter, Betsy, was born in 1811. This foursome arrived at the blockhouse at White Oaks Springs in 1811, only a short time prior to the onset of fighting, first with the massed warriors of Tenskwatawa, better known as the Prophet, and Tecumseh at Tippecanoe and later with the British and their "Indian" allies. Indeed, it had been for defensive purposes that the White Oak Springs blockhouse, like many others across the southern tier of Indiana, had been erected. There, Keziah Ball Gray and her two children remained while her husband served in the militia under the command of William Henry Harrison, beginning with participation in the advance toward and then the battle of Tippecanoe, the latter of which occurred on November 7, 1811.

² Douglas Southall Freeman, *George Washington* (7 vols., New York, 1948-1957), I, xx; Frederick Bernays Wiener, "Washington and His Mother," *American History Illustrated* (1991), 44, 47. The curators of the Mary Ball Washington Museum and Library in Lancaster, Virginia, agree with this position: "To the best of our knowledge there is no proof that the Ball families of southwestern Virginia were related to Mary Ball Washington." Margaret L. Hill to author, Lancaster, Virginia, July 3, 1991. See also William Woodson Hodgkin, *John Ball of Lee County Virginia and His Descendants* (Rockford, 111., 1975), 27, 30-31. John Ball's wife was Polly Yeary; his father was George Ball, a native of Fairfax County, Virginia, born in 1720.

³ Some Gray family members believe that William Gray and Keziah Ball were married at Lookout Mountain, situated on the border between Georgia and Tennessee, rather than Cumberland Gap, but geography suggests otherwise. Lee County, a triangular-shaped region, is adjacent to the Cumberland Gap in Kentucky; John Ball's grave, west of Jonesville, is only a few miles from the Kentucky state line and Cumberland Gap.

Following his year of military service and while the War of 1812 still raged, generally at points far removed from southern Indiana, William and Keziah Gray purchased property adjacent to White River, in the extreme northeastern part of what is now Pike County. There, near a community known as Highbanks, the Gray family settled, farmed, and expanded even more. In time at least eight other children were born into the family, three of whom (Milton, Sansom [sic], and William) died between the ages of 9 and 20. The remaining children all reached adulthood and, with one possible exception, married and had children of their own.

Their lives must have been typical of those who lived on the Indiana frontier in the first years of statehood.⁴ Their formal education was limited, but at least they had the advantage of a literate and energetic mother. Keziah Gray not only taught her own children the rudimentary skills with letters and numbers, but she opened her doors to other children in the neighborhood.⁵ Beyond this, the Gray youngsters roamed the woods, hunted and fished (both for pleasure and purpose), and learned the skills of pioneer farming. Their father, like most of his generation, was unschooled (and unable to read or even to write his name) but he was a hardworking, enterprising man and a good role model for his children.⁵

Whether or not the Grays followed the practice common to many in their neighborhood of shipping their own farm produce downriver to market, perhaps as far away as New Orleans, is uncertain. In addition to their farming activities, however, on at least one occasion but probably others too, William Gray and some of his sons took up the art and craft of flatboat-building. Flatboating was a major activity on the rivers of mid-America, even long after the onset of the steamboat age, and countless farmers in southern Indiana

⁴ Historian Logan Esarey, who himself grew up on a farm in southern Indiana, has written eloquently and knowingly about pioneer life and culture in *The Indiana Home* (Bloomington, 1943). He describes the farming routine, season by season, the continuous work of the farm wife, and other aspects of pioneer life such as education, entertainment, and religion.

⁵ See Cecil Logan, "History of Highbanks," and Laura Gray Budd, "The Gray School," in "Pike County, Indiana: Articles from the Pike County Historical Society, 1988," typescripts and manuscripts, Local History Room, Barrett Memorial Library, Petersburg, Indiana. For evidence of William Gray's illiteracy, see "his mark" for Gray's signature in "William Gray v. Nathan Hathaway," December 1825, Box 6, File 5, Pike County Circuit Court Records [PCCC] (Pike County Courthouse, Petersburg, Indiana).

transported their own crops, particularly corn, fruits and vegetables, and livestock (mainly hogs), to market in New Orleans.⁶

In 1851, William Gray and one of his sons, Spencer, contracted to build a flatboat and supply it with a load of shelled corn for shipment to New Orleans by its new owner, Jonathan Wilson. The boat, 66 feet long and loaded with 2,891 bushels of corn, carefully bagged and tied in some one thousand gunny sacks, departed for market on April 1, 1851. "Properly man[n]ed and furnished with pilots," the boat descended the White and Wabash rivers into the Ohio, and thence headed southwest.. Warranted by its builders to be "good sound substantial well built & merchantable," the vessel did not, in fact, according to its aggrieved new owner, have "sufficient size & strength" to be "suitable for transporting to New Orleans" the produce in question. Instead, "on the Ohio it filled with water, became wrecked and sank" ⁷ Consequently, Wilson sued the boat builders in an effort to recoup his losses. Unfortunately, the outcome of this suit is unknown, but it seems likely that it did not succeed. Whatever its outcome, flatboating remained popular in the community and Spencer Gray (1821–1903) went on to become "one of Pike County's most prosperous and successful farmers in Jefferson Township."⁸

I am descended from two sons of William and Keziah Ball Gray—James (1810–1852) and McCrillus (1828–1904). Both of these brothers married women with the last name of Traylor (Lovenia, 1822–1852, and Emily, d. 1861), and my father, Lee Milton Gray was the grandson of James and Emily's son, Tilghman (1843–1922), whose son,

⁶ See Michael Allen, *Western Rivermen, 1763-1861: Ohio and Mississippi Boatmen and the Myth of the Alligator Horse* (Baton Rouge, 1990), for a detailed analysis of flatboating, including its persistence, even its heyday, after steamboats also came to the rivers.

⁷ "Jonathan Wilson v. William Gray [and] Spencer Gray," August 12, 1851, Box 39, File 5, PCCC. A clue to the local pronunciation of Pike's neighboring county, Dubois, appears in this case record, where the county name is spelled "Due Boy."

⁸ Spencer Gray obituary, *Pike County Democrat*, 1903. According to Dubois County historian George R. Wilson, "It was no small undertaking to pilot a boat successfully to southern markets. Occasionally one would sink, and with its cargo, be a total loss to its owner. A cargo was often worth \$3000." *History of Dubois County From Its Primitive Days to 1910* (n. p., 1910), 151.

Orland P. (1868–1937), was Dad’s father. McCrillus remarried following the loss of his first wife, and his second wife, Lucy Montgomery (1846–1932), bore four children, Mom’s father, Edward Montgomery Gray, and three daughters, Leila, Margaret, and Jessica (Mom’s Aunt Leil, Aunt Marge, and Aunt Jess, as the children also referred to their great aunts). Thus, Dad is four steps down from the pioneers, and Mom is three steps down, making them distant cousins. Still, according to Jeff Foxworthy’s famous routine, describing a subset of Americans, I suppose that I and my siblings are “rednecks” because our “family tree doesn’t fork.”⁹

Additional background information on the Gray family comes from the *Traces* article on “The ‘Star’ of the *Otwell Star*” (1999) that gives considerable detail on Mom’s Mom, her difficult life, and her extraordinary success as a small community newspaper editor. It began by pointing out that Pike County, in the southwestern pocket of Indiana, was one of the first counties to be organized after statehood. The state’s birthday is officially recognized as December 11, 1816, and Pike County was established less than two months later, on February 1, 1817. It was carved out of a portion of Knox County, and its off-center county seat, Petersburg, is still a small town of about 2,500 people. It is perhaps best remembered by travelers along State Highway 57 for its wide Main Street, which used to include parallel parking in the middle of the street in addition to angled parking along both curbs.

The article then referred to Otwell, a tiny village located just a mile west of the Pike–Dubois county line, or about ten miles west of Jasper and about thirteen miles east of Petersburg. Otwell, uniquely perhaps, derives its name from the middle name of its founder’s son, Robert Otwell Brown, and is one of only two Otwells in the country. (The other is located in northeastern Arkansas, and is also tiny, but it has a railroad.) The Indiana Otwell was laid out in 1855 and initially designated Pierceville in honor of the president, but the name had to be changed because a Pierceville already existed in Dearborn County. Otwell remained small and insignificant, its only industry a flour mill, which gave the Otwell High School a nickname for its athletic teams: the Millers. The community came, however, to have another distinction as the home of a remarkable weekly community news–

⁹ For more information about the extended family, see *Pike County History and Families, 1816-1987* (Petersburg, Ind.: Pike County Historical Society, 1987), 122, other histories of the county, and of course the family obituaries that appeared in *The Otwell Star* during Beulah B. Gray’s editorship, 1929-1944.

paper. *The Otwell Star* dates from 1903, but its climb to local fame started when a new editor was appointed in 1929.

That year my grandmother, Beulah B. Gray, became the newspaper's editor. Although plagued by ill health most of her adult life, she still managed to produce an outstanding community newspaper for the next fifteen years, finally retiring in 1944. She used the paper as an outlet for her own writings on the history of the area and the genealogy of countless families in Jefferson Township. Most often this particular interest and talent came to the forefront in the obituaries she prepared with extraordinary diligence for the newspaper. Not only did she write the obituary, but she often also delivered it herself in eloquent and appropriately dramatic fashion at the deceased's funeral service.

Beulah M. Brazelton was born in Petersburg on March 23, 1882, the daughter of Rosalvo Brown and Laura Capehart Brazelton. Rosalvo, known to his friends as Al, served in the Civil War as an officer with the Forty-second Indiana Volunteer Infantry Regiment. During the war, he became friends with another officer from nearby Posey County, Alvin P. Hovey, who was elected governor of Indiana in 1888. Of course young Beulah had no knowledge of these things, but she did remember all of her life an event that occurred in 1890. Governor Hovey called at the Brazelton home in Petersburg and held Al's little girl on his knee. In later life Beulah wrote about this experience in an essay intended for *Reader's Digest* that she called "We Entertain the Governor."

It was always Beulah's ambition to write a book. She first announced this goal at the age of four and finally accomplished it at the age of seventy-five. In the meantime, she carried out a secondary ambition: to work as a newspaper editor. This desire first manifested itself in the handwritten weekly newspaper she wrote (and personally copied) for seven of her young girlfriends; she kept this up for almost an entire year while in grade school. Beulah went on to graduate from Petersburg High School in the class of 1900 (which numbered only six members). Upon graduation, the diminutive young woman pursued a teaching career. After attending a brief township normal institute in preparation, she accepted a job teaching in a one-room, graded (primary through eighth grade) school in nearby Cato. She did well, even managing to control the older boys, some of whom towered over their slim but determined mentor. After only one year as a teacher, however, Beulah accepted a marriage proposal from Edward M. Gray, a popular young man from Petersburg, two years her senior, who had also

attended Petersburg High School. Married on New Year's Day in 1903, the couple, to the young bride's displeasure, moved to a farm in the Burr Oak Community near Otwell. A crisis of sorts was precipitated late in 1904 upon the birth of the couple's first child, a daughter (my mother). I doubt that Mom ever knew about the turmoil her arrival created or that the long-standing argument between her parents has been preserved in the Pike County Circuit Court records. I learned of it myself while looking for materials concerning Carl Gray, a famed Petersburg attorney whose career I was researching, and was astonished to find the case of *Edward Gray v. Beulah Gray*, a suit for divorce that had been filed in February 1905, about six weeks after my mother's birth.

My grandfather complained that his wife had left him "without his fault and without his consent" and that she was guilty of "cruel and inhuman treatment" of him because she objected to "living on [the] farm" and "continually scolded . . . and abused" him because he would not move back to Petersburg. But, the complaint continued, "I have no property there and no occupation either; I am a farmer." Grandfather went on to claim that his wife took no interest in his work and that she frequently stated that she "hopes my crops will fail and that my animals will die." Consequently, Ed Gray asked the court to dissolve the marriage.

In answering this complaint, Beulah pointed out, first, that her only property—some furniture and books from her parents—was in the plaintiff's possession at their home. She noted that she had no money at all for her defense or "to support herself and their infant child," and that the plaintiff's property, which she estimated to be worth about \$4,000 in land and personal effects, was "amply sufficient" to pay her attorney's fees and to support her and the child for the duration of the divorce proceedings. Moreover, she said that she had merely come to Petersburg soon after her daughter's birth in order to visit her parents. Beulah said she was willing to return home whenever her husband came for her, for she had no conveyance and no money to hire one for the fourteen-mile trip back to the farm, a mile north of Otwell. Finally, she noted, rather melodramatically, that the plaintiff, by this action, had "turned her and their child . . . out upon the world" without any resources whatsoever. She begged the court for an order requiring her husband to pay her fees and to support her and her baby.

A hearing on the divorce was set February 22, 1905, but nothing more is in the file; obviously the couple reconciled and resumed life as a farming family, even though this life remained unfulfilling for the young bride and mother. The family's

rural Indiana existence was interrupted again in 1910 when, for reasons not fully known, the Grays moved to the still-raw frontier town of Enid, Oklahoma. The move came shortly after the birth of second daughter, Marian (Mary Ann), and it was in Oklahoma that a third child, the couple's only son, was born. This little boy died five months later, and soon thereafter the Grays returned to Pike County, Indiana.

About five years later came another major change, one that improved the family's situation. In 1916 Ed Gray abandoned farming, moved the family into Otwell, and took a job as a rural-route mail carrier. Over the years he became enormously popular as he delivered the mail (and the latest gossip) via horse and buggy, or via horseback in bad weather. Eventually Beulah also had the opportunity to be something more than a housewife, mother, gardener, and reluctant helpmeet to her husband on the farm. In 1920 she signed on as a reporter for the local newspaper, *The Otwell Star*.

This job did not last long, but it rekindled a desire for authorship that had never died. Over the next few years from her home in Otwell, Beulah occasionally earned a few dollars as a stringer for newspapers in Evansville, Louisville, and Indianapolis. She also widened her circle of friends and correspondents to include fellow writers Bess Ehrmann of Rockport and the nationally known Ida Tarbell and Gene Stratton-Porter. In 1929 Beulah took over as editor of the *Otwell Star*, then owned by Albert T. Rumbach, who was also the owner, editor, and publisher of the *Jasper Herald*.

Beulah quickly transformed her tiny weekly newspaper, usually only four but occasionally six or eight pages long, into a trusted and treasured community asset. Virtually nothing appeared in the paper—apart from the “boilerplate” items that filled the inside pages—that did not come from the tiny, battered portable typewriter on which she had taught herself to type. A proficient two- or three-fingered typist, she had mastered the Christopher Columbus method of typing—find a quay (key) and land on it. Over the years she filled the newspaper countless articles of local, regional, and family history, along with news from Otwell and all of the communities surrounding the village, supplied by correspondents she had carefully identified and trained. She developed a fiercely loyal readership, and many people who left the community continued to subscribe to the *Star*. It became a weekly ritual within the Gray household each Thursday evening, when the unfolded papers were delivered from Jasper, for the family to prepare them for mailing. First the papers had to be folded by hand, then the hand-addressed wrappers had to be sealed

(using a homemade flour-based paste) around the single issues going out of town. The local singles had no wrappers, just the subscriber's name at the top of the paper. Finally, the whole batch had to be carried, again by hand, down to the post office. This last step usually occurred around midnight, and the papers were in the post office boxes or the rural mail carriers' pouches every Friday morning.

By 1930 the Gray household (a.k.a. the *Star* staff), which was located in downtown Otwell just across the street from the Methodist Church, included Edward and Beulah, daughter Voris Rosalva (named for her grandfather and usually called Rosie by everyone except her mother), and Rosie's husband, Lee M. Gray, an up-and-coming local businessman. Eventually four sons were born to Rosie and Lee, all of whom appeared on the scene during the time of Beulah's editorship. Sadly this household's number was reduced by one in April 1932 when my grandfather died in an automobile wreck in Evansville. News of the tragic accident spread immediately throughout the community, and dozens of people called at the *Star* office, which was also the family home, to express condolences. Even Indiana gubernatorial hopeful Paul V. McNutt, in Otwell that same weekend to give the high school commencement address, stopped by to offer his sympathy. (I suspect that his visit at that terrible moment in the family's life helps account for my mother's steadfast devotion to the Democratic party—that and McNutt's movie-star looks.)

It must have surprised the *Star* subscribers when they not only received their next paper on schedule, less than a week after the accident, but also saw that it carried an obituary of the deceased written by the bereaved widow. Beulah offered her readers a full and revealing assessment of her spouse's character and gregarious personality. She touched upon my grandfather's goodness, but she also said that Ed Gray was a man with "many faults," some of which were "serious." When I first read those lines about the grandfather I never met and remembered grandmother's puritanical views on drinking, I assumed that she was referring to the fact that her husband occasionally consumed alcohol, even though as a boy he had joined the Murphy Movement, a temperance group that called for complete abstention from spirituous liquors. With my knowledge today about the couple's problems early in their marriage, perhaps it was that memory that led to this curious comment. Still, she was a newspaperwoman, and accuracy and honesty were her lodestars.

In addition to her work as a reporter and editor, Beulah found time to maintain a voluminous correspondence. Her record-setting letter for length is probably the one she wrote to a friend on Christmas Day, 1927. This letter, fully twenty-

five pages long, reviews family and local developments during the year. First, she rather immodestly gives the details about her presentation to the Southwestern Indiana Historical Society of an essay on the "Early History of Pike County." This paper, a still-useful review of the county's history, was warmly received in spite of the fears and misgivings of its author that she was in over her head. Other pages in the letter discuss a remarkable new product of the 1920s, which by 1927 had reached even Otwell: radio. Beulah in particular valued the radio because she could listen to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoons. The rest of her family, however, preferred the midweek comedy shows. Finally in her letter, Beulah describes famed evangelist Billy Sunday's weeklong revival services in Petersburg. The Grays—husband and wife—both attended as often as possible. Beulah's remarks testify to, and support the general impression of, Sunday's powerful oratory, his vigorous and athletic platform activities, and the inspiring beauty of his expressions.

Perhaps the success of her initial foray into historical writing (not the letter but the county history) led Beulah not only into her focus on local history when she started editing the Otwell newspaper, but also into writing other essays that her boss, Rumbach, rushed into print in pamphlet form. The most important of Beulah's pamphlets were *Harbard DeBruler: Pioneer Farmer, Gard[e]ner, Botanist, Preacher and Poet*, published in 1930, and *The National Lincoln Memorial Highway over the Buffalo Trace*, released in 1931. In the first of these booklets, she described the life of DeBruler and the magnificent garden (and perhaps a greenhouse) he developed at his estate and the village he founded there, both of which he called Delectable Hill. The second booklet stemmed from the Hoosier State's attempt, on the centennial of the Lincoln family's removal from Indiana to Illinois in 1830, to ascertain and then mark the exact route taken by the party as it traveled from near Gentryville to Vincennes and beyond. The editor was absolutely convinced that the Lincolns had started off northward on the Yellow Banks Trail and then had moved westward along the Buffalo Trace. These two well-marked routes, comparatively high and dry, with settlers along both of them, crossed in Dubois County; then the Buffalo Trace entered Pike County, less than a mile north of Otwell, and proceeded through Highbanks, Algiers, and Petersburg (where it crossed the White River), and then carried on to Vincennes.

Beulah, as chairman (her word) of the fifteen-member Buffalo Trace Historical Association, presented the case for the Buffalo Trace route in a thoroughly researched seventy-nine-page publication. There were also two competing publications, both published in 1931. One booklet, *The Lincoln Highway through Daviess County*, claimed that the Lincolns had crossed the White River at Portersville before traversing Daviess County en route to Knox County (along roughly Old Highway 50 today). *The Brief of the Warrick County Lincoln Route Association* argued that the Lincolns had started off to the west, not north, and went first to Boonville, then to Petersburg and Vincennes. Both of these publications contained almost no narrative; instead, like a lawyer's brief, they consisted of a series of affidavits from people eighty-five years in age and older who recalled local lore about the Lincolns having passed their way. Beulah's reaction to the Daviess County booklet is not known, but she did make marginal comments and corrections and inserted a little typewritten note in the Warrick County booklet. The note read: "If you like fiction, read this."

There had been an earlier attempt, at the time of the state centennial, to establish the exact route of the Lincolns' trip. This effort had yielded a lengthy report by a three-member commission appointed by Governor Samuel Ralston. After eighteen months of study the commission had concluded that the aforementioned Buffalo Trace had been the route taken by the Lincoln family. The Indiana General Assembly, however, due to "sinister influences" according to Beulah, refused to accept the report. A similar fate awaited the efforts in the 1930s of those countless local boosters in Warrick, Dubois, and Pike counties. Subsequently, the Indiana Highway Department designated portions of various state highways through southern Indiana as parts of the Lincoln Heritage Trail.

Obviously disappointed but never one to cry over spilled milk, Beulah moved on to other activities and challenges. One of her specialties, local history, led to countless presentations before service clubs, historical associations, and various other groups. An eloquent speaker, poised and polished, she mesmerized her audiences and always left them wanting more. Her topics included the value of local newspapers, the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, the influence of Lincoln's mother upon him, pioneer women in general, Indiana authors, and a rather humorous but thoroughly researched history of Petersburg and Pike County. Her diligent writings about DeBruler and his circuit-rider neighbor, the Reverend Richard Hargrave, led to the formation of a Hargrave-DeBruler Association,

which held annual reunions and of which Beulah became an honorary member. She also wrote pageants, including one called "A Rider in the Wilderness" that was based on Hargrave's life. She always narrated herself and used "little folk," such as her grandchildren, to portray in pantomime the characters in the story. Probably the most important activity that consumed my grandmother's energies, and perhaps hastened her retirement from the newspaper, came when the United States entered World War II. As more and more Otwell and Pike County boys entered the service, Beulah decided to do something extra for them. She took upon herself the task of writing a letter to each one of "her boys" at least once a month. In return, knowing that the soldiers (and in some cases the nurses) did not have the time to answer her letters, all she asked for was an insignia or shoulder patch from their unit. Over the war years her collection grew and grew. She lovingly stored the insignias in King Edward cigar boxes and showed them to visitors at the slightest provocation, indicating who had sent the insignia, his or her service record, and probably the family's history as well.

The Hoosier soldiers loved to receive her chatty, newsy letters, and they eagerly responded to her request for unit patches. An example of her diligence in this activity is suggested by her apologetic note to one soldier about the brevity of her letter. On Thanksgiving Day in 1944 she wrote, "today I have been addressing Christmas greetings to all the boys [in service] on my mailing list . . . about 150." But, she admitted, "I can't do what I did at first— write personal greetings [on each card] . . . I am only writing to those I know best."

Another example of her epistolary vigor is the considerable correspondence she maintained with a young English woman, Elsie Whitehurst. Whitehurst's father ran the Traveller's Rest pub in Cheshire, where Elsie occasionally pulled pints for the boys. A soldier from Otwell suggested to Elsie that she write to Beulah; he guaranteed that she would receive an answer. This led to a remarkable series of letters between editor and barmaid, half of which (the letters *from* England) have been preserved. They provide an extraordinary and revealing portrait of life in Great Britain during the war.¹⁰

¹⁰ My wife, Beth Van Vorst Gray, recently published a fine article based upon this remarkable correspondence, after we, with the invaluable assistance of our English friend, D. H. B. Andrews, managed to locate Elsie's two children and a number of her friends in Northwich, Cheshire, in 2005. See "Life in England during World War II: The Letters of Elsie Whitehurst to an American Pen-Pal," *Indiana Authors 2007: Twelve Writers From the Heartland* (Indianapolis: New Century Publishing, 2007), 97-113.

Just before the war in Europe ended, Beulah gave up her position as editor. In a sense both the editorship and the paper itself were war casualties. Poor health forced Beulah to resign as editor at the end of 1944, and two years later the *Star* was absorbed into the *Petersburg Press*. Rather than retire to a bedroom or worse, Beulah accepted what appeared to be a more congenial, less demanding job as housemother in the nurses' home at the Welborn Memorial Baptist Hospital in Evansville. There she endeared herself to "her girls" as much as she had to "her boys" in service. During this time she also kept her typewriter handy, producing two remarkable writings.

The first of these, in the nature of a campaign biography, appeared in a special section of the *Washington Herald* in July 1950. It explored the family background and early life in Pike County of a distant cousin, Homer E. Capehart, senator from Indiana. This of course was in connection with the senator's bid for another term in office and proved to be a very powerful tool. The biography made the millionaire businessman out to be a self-made man. Indeed, the senator, a frequent visitor to the Gray home before and after his political career, credited this piece of journalism for his reelection. In thanks for "cousin Beulah's" help, Capehart brought her to his Washington, D.C., home for a week's visit. Also, the senator arranged for Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, whose namesake ancestor, John W. Foster, had come from Pike County, to visit the lady who had done the most to interpret and preserve the gravesite of Dulles's maternal ancestors at Delectable Hill. The secretary made his visit in June 1955 as he was en route to Bloomington to deliver the baccalaureate address at Indiana University. When it was learned that Beulah's health would not permit her to be present, and perhaps speak, at the Foster grave site, Dulles instead visited with the former editor at her (and my) home in Petersburg. But I wasn't there that day—I had a speaking engagement of my own that same weekend, at Hanover's commencement exercises.

Another major highlight in Beulah's life came in 1957 with the publication of her first hardcover book, *The Saga of Three Churches: A History of Presbyterianism in Petersburg, 1821-1953*. The book details the history of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Old School Presbyterian Church, and, upon their merger, the resultant Main Street Presbyterian Church, which is still going strong. The untold story behind this book is that sometime in the early 1950s, after retiring from the nurses' home in Evansville and returning to the town of her birth, Beulah was asked to speak at

the church about its history. Her half-hour talk proved to be spellbinding, and many in the audience wanted it to be published. My grandmother rather coyly consented, upon the condition that she be permitted to add a few things. Given this opening, and a hasty commitment to publication by the church officers, Beulah proceeded to produce a hefty four-hundred-page manuscript. Still incomplete in some footnote citations because of the author's inability to travel and conduct further research, and delayed still longer for financial reasons, the book finally appeared in the spring of 1957 after attorney and church elder Carl M. Gray provided the necessary funding.

Beulah, alert and gracious as always to the many visitors who called upon her while she lived at the home of her daughter, died in 1964. The first person to call at the funeral home and sign the visitors' book was former U. S. Senator Homer E. Capehart.

Chapter 2

The Otwell Kid

So much for the preliminaries. Let us begin the more personal aspects of this memoir by turning to the momentous events in and near Otwell on the morning of Friday, October 13, 1933. The town's only doctor, Daniel W. Bell, was awakened very early that morning as two of his patients went into labor and had near-simultaneous deliveries, first a girl, Freda, born to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Myers in nearby Algiers, and then a boy, me, born to Mr. and Mrs. Lee M. and Voris R. (Gray) Gray. The latter event occurred in the house (and newspaper office) of the young mother's mother, Beulah B. Gray, who reported on both births in a story titled "Double Hoodoo, Friday, 13th—But."¹¹ As time passed, the editor reported frequently on the activities of the three, eventually five, grandchildren who lived with her at the *Star* office/home, so a good deal of trivia about my childhood, that would not otherwise be known, has been preserved.

The other two children whose lives I undoubtedly complicated immediately upon arrival were my brother, Eddie (Edward Earle), born December 19, 1931, and our cousin, Bobbie (Barbara Jean Anderson), born September 12, 1931, who also lived with us. She was the only child of Mom's younger sister, Mary Ann Anderson, known to her friends but not her family as Annie, who had divorced shortly following Bobbie's birth. Mary Ann was an R.N., a registered nurse, the only close family member at that time with an advanced degree. Even high school diplomas were a rarity in the family and were unknown to both of my parents. But Mary Ann, an Otwell High School graduate, had gone on for nurses training at the Welborn Memorial Baptist Hospital in Evansville. After her "capping" at graduation, she began working full time, first I think in Rockville at the sanitarium there, and then later as a surgical nurse at the Daviess County Hospital in Washington, just a few miles distant from Otwell.¹² I still remember that her

¹¹ *The Otwell Star*, October 20, 1933, 1.

¹² At some point early in her career, Mary Ann worked for the outstanding physician, Dr. Goethe Link, at Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis, but I don't know if it was before or after her work in Rockville. Dr. Link also had Pike County connections, became well known for the goiter operation he developed and performed hundreds of times, but he was also famed as an astronomer and a horticulturist, to name only two of his sidelines. I am very proud, after having learned of Dr. Link's monumental reputation in Indiana's medical history, of my county's and my family's association with such a famous man. Although not a native of Pike, having been born just south of the county line in Selvin, Warrick County, Dr. Link was the son of a physician who once practiced in Otwell and Petersburg while also giving his precocious son some hands-on experience in treating patients before he entered medical school. There is a marvelous videotaped interview of Dr. Link in the archives of the Indiana University School of

stories about the operations, some concerning the gory details but more concerning the “shenanigans” by doctors and staff that went on during those operations, fascinated the entire family and made her frequent visits even more welcome.

Obviously Mary Ann, as a full-time employee with varying hours of work, was not able to look after her daughter alone, so Bobbie lived in Otwell the early years of her life. She was like a sister to Eddie and me, and was treated, so far as I know, exactly like one of their own children by my parents. The only difference in circumstances I was aware of was that Mary Ann sometimes, not always, brought small things to Bobbie but not to her cousins during her regular visits “home.” Nevertheless, we all got along well, as well, that is, as siblings generally do, even though the youngest child, me, often believed that he was “picked on” by the older kids.



Mom’s Three Little Angels (Bud, Bobbie, and Eddie)

Medicine in Indianapolis, titled “Because I Was Too Young.” This title came from a story Dr. Link told about an incident that had occurred in Pike County. Dr. Link returned to Otwell in 1939 “to visit some boyhood scenes.” *Ibid.*, October 13, 1939.

Of course, I grew up as a responsible child. According to Eddie and Bobbie, whenever anything went wrong, got broken, or torn, I was responsible! They also used me in various ways to blackmail Mom, such as daring me, something of a life-long daredevil (see the silo-building and motorcycle riding references below) who took all dares, to climb as high as possible in one of the many trees in our yard, and then telling Mom, who was always frightened to see her “baby” perched precariously on a small limb, that “Bud” (my early nickname) would come down only if Mom agreed to buy us all a bottle of pop or an ice cream cone. Strange to say, this ploy often worked (without me getting anything extra as hazard pay).

I was amazed in recent years to discover that Otwell’s dirt and sign-less streets, had street names, and that our house, a small, square, white cottage, with a tiny uninsulated room added on to the west side (this was the boys’ bedroom, known to us in winter time as the icebox), was located on Washington Street. Certainly it had no house number and the village and state name were the only address needed below a person’s name in order to receive mail—come to think of it, there was no house-to-house delivery anyway for us “city” folk, just the country folk rated such service via the RFD, and the grandfather I never knew was a long-time mail carrier on Route 1 out of Otwell (and maybe he brought the family’s mail home too at the end of his day). Nevertheless, our house was located on the main thoroughfare in town, near its center and just across the street from the Otwell Methodist Church. This was the church that we all attended, including our lifelong Presbyterian Grandmother, who never relinquished her membership in the Main Street Presbyterian Church of Petersburg, her home town. This was true even though she taught Sunday School at the Methodist church to a group of young women, known as the Quest Class, in Otwell for nearly 30 years (1916–1944), and the members of that class stayed in touch with their beloved teacher throughout her lifetime.¹³

Moreover, Grandmother often participated in other services at the church, either in funerals reading the fact-filled, invariably glowing obituaries she wrote and later published in her newspaper (I think it was from these obituaries that I learned not to believe everything you see in a newspaper, for I had some known some of the people she sometimes eulogized extravagantly), testifying at prayer meetings, or narrating

¹³ In 1960, on the occasion of Mrs. Gray’s 78th birthday, 31 members of the Quest Class came to Petersburg to share this special event with the lady who had started their class some 44 years earlier. Three of them were members of the original class of 6, and this group had increased in numbers to 78 when Mrs. Gray left Otwell in 1945. This gathering at her daughter’s home is pictured in a *Petersburg Press* story about the event, March 31, 1960.

historical pageants she had written. Sometimes she recruited family members, such as her grandchildren, to silently portray the characters in the pageants. I seem to remember that I was the Reverend Richard Hargrave, an early circuit rider in Pike County, in one of her best-liked and oft-performed pageants.¹⁴

The fact that our house was so near the church plays a large role in several childhood memories. One Christmas Eddie and I were rewarded—we must have been especially good that year—with the cap guns we had long coveted, and despite Christmas that year falling on a Sunday, we immediately tried out—incessantly—our new toys out in the front yard, as Black Bart or some other desperado (Eddie) fought it out with The Lone Ranger or Gene Autry (the good guy, me), until the minister of the church (whether in mid-sermon or not, of course, I don't know) came out, crossed the street, and asked us politely (?) either to stop the shooting or to play our games in the back yard.

Regardless of this encounter, the Methodist minister, whoever it happened to be (they changed often), lived in the manse also located just across the street, and frequently joined us for meals. One year the minister happened to be single, and Dad always suspected that the parson could smell Mom's fried chicken—her specialty—and he would show up just in time to be invited to join us for the meal. Another minister often came over in the evening and stayed late. Once, when he realized he had perhaps stayed too late, he asked, "What time do you folks usually go to bed?" My sleepy father's immediate response, "As soon as the preacher goes home," greatly embarrassed Mom at the time, but she later told the story often, which is why I have "remembered" it—I'm sure all the little kids had long since retired that evening.

In general, though, Dad was a quiet man who never seemed to have much to say. One of my theories is that was because at home, he rarely had the chance to say much because Mom and Grandmother talked to each other, or to the many visitors in our home, constantly. Still Dad was well liked in the community, and was not all that quiet when out with others.

Often Eddie and I went with Dad out to "the farm" in the Burr Oak area. Although at the time I never understood Dad's connection to those 80 or so acres about a mile and a quarter north of Otwell, other than the fact that he had grown up

¹⁴ There is even a critical review of this pageant in the *Otwell Star*, August 22, 1935, written by none other than its author, the paper's editor. But this was before I had joined the cast.

there and that his younger sister, Inez, still lived there, along with her farmer husband, Leonard Eck, and, in time, their four children, who were about the same in age as Dad's four. Peggy, the eldest Eck child, was Eddie's age; Danny was my age and of course later a classmate in the Otwell school. The other two, Orlan and Sue, were close in age to my two younger brothers, Robert and Charles, born in 1939 and 1942. I since learned that Dad and Inez had jointly inherited the family farm, and the Ecks lived there but Dad and his boys helped "farm" it, and I suppose shared in the (very small) income generated. Every summer that income was increased slightly by "peddling."

Uncle Leonard, who always had a Chevrolet pickup as the family car, would get a load of those wonderful melons from nearby Decker, and then he, Dad, and the three boys—Eddie, Danny, and me— would go door-to-door in Jasper and Huntingburg (and maybe elsewhere, but I especially remember those two Dubois County towns) and offer our wares to the housewives there. When asked if the melons were really good this year, I'd probably say, "Yes, I think so," but my uncle's standard reply to questions about the qualities of that year's watermelons and cantaloupes was, "Best you ever seen!" And it was common then to prove it by "plugging" a watermelon, deftly removing by pocket knife a small triangular "plug" from the melon to reveal the lush ripeness of Decker's justly famous product.

We had regular customers in those towns who waited for us to show up and were usually eager to buy the melons, at maybe 50 or 75 cents (for the best watermelons) and 20 or 25 cents, maybe 3 for 50 cents, for the cantaloupes. Often we sold out by early afternoon and headed back to Pike County a little richer but probably not wiser. Dad was less outgoing in these peddling safaris, leaving most of the interactions with the customers there to Uncle Leonard, who, like most Dubois County citizens, was of German ancestry, but each adult did his part in these little adventures.

Both men were good role models for their children—clean talking, scrupulously honest, and hard working. On other farm jobs, Dad preferred working with the little gray Ford tractor he and Leonard had somehow acquired, which was Danny's preference too, while Eddie and I opted instead to work with Leonard and the horses, a badly mismatched team visually but still a productive one. One of the horses, Bill, had been Dad's horse when he lived on the farm (as he did until he became 21, turning over, according to the family's and perhaps the neighborhood's custom, all of his earnings to his parents). So Bill was an older horse, big, rangy, strong, and reliable. He was "teamed" with Fanny, a young mare, short and fat, with at times a mean

temper. In fact, Uncle Leonard's name for Fanny when she acted up was "Hitler." Nevertheless, I considered Fanny my horse and rode her as often as I could, bareback of course. Once I put a gunny or feed sack on her back as a "saddle blanket" so that my overalls wouldn't get so wet from the horse's perspiration. But Fanny looked back soon after I climbed on, saw the white cloth, and became "spooked" by it. She only settled down after I quickly pulled the sack free and tossed it aside. I may have called her "Hitler" that day too.

In thinking back upon my relatively brief time in Otwell, I consider those years among the best and happiest of my life. I certainly agree with the sentiment of one of Grandmother's rare editorials in which she sang the praises of life in a small town, which, she wrote, "is a nice place to be." Rather than disparaging life there, she stated that "small town stuff" is really "good stuff," and she believed that small towns like Otwell were blessed with "warm friendships, and a spirit of helpfulness, generosity, and sharing." This is "a good place to live and rear children, and we like it."¹⁵

One of the advantages for me living in a small town and in the home of the editor of a small weekly newspaper is that often insignificant details and events in my life were recorded there. Among the things I learned recently upon reading for the first time the newspaper published during the first six years of my life is that, apparently, my first birthday passed by unnoticed editorially, but that my second one, reported on in a front-page story, was celebrated jointly with my paternal grandmother, who turned 65 on October 14, 1935, and that we enjoyed a fried chicken dinner that was topped off with angel food cake provided by the celebrants' aunt and daughter, Clara (Gray) Steen.¹⁶ My name next appeared in the paper under the grim headline, "Editor's Grandson Seriously Ill." Stricken suddenly on Tuesday evening, April 14, 1936, with "double pneumonia," the plucky little boy received special care from his aunt, Mary Ann (R.N.), who had been called home from Rockville to provide skilled nursing care and moral support to her family. The following week the paper reported that "Ralph Dale [Was] Recovering," after having gone "far down into the 'valley of the shadow.'"¹⁷

¹⁵ "Small Town Stuff," *Otwell Star*, May 17, 1940. Given the timing of this editorial, perhaps it was part of the editor's campaign to have her daughter and family move from Seymour back to Otwell.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, October 18, 1935.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, April 17, April 24, 1936.

Better news about me came out in 1938 repeatedly, first when Grandmother reported that her youngest grandchild had traveled with neighbors Marie and “Pud” Scrapper to Terre Haute to visit Fay, their daughter and sister, then a student at Indiana State Teachers College who would become Ralph’s first grade and all-time favorite teacher. Later in the year when the young boy celebrated his 5th birthday (the major gift being a “fully equipped pencil box”), he was nevertheless bitterly disappointed to learn that he could not go immediately to school. “His face was a study,” reported the editor, “when he learned [almost] another year must pass before that coveted experience will be his.”¹⁸

Still later that year, the family celebrated Christmas early, in November, by going to Santa Claus, Indiana, for the opening of “Toy Land” there. The three children “had quite a thrill from seeing their favorite nursery rhyme characters come to life and of shaking hands with jolly old Santa Claus and the ‘Three Pigs,’ the ‘Big Bad Wolf,’ and ‘Old King Cole.’”¹⁹



The 3 Otwell kids—Bobbie, Eddie, and Ralph

¹⁸ Ibid., April 22, October 14, 1938.

¹⁹ Ibid., November 18, 1938.

Having survived infancy and early childhood, just barely it seems, I was eager to emulate my brother and live-in cousin by going to school. There was only one school in Otwell, which was housed in a large square building, with the elementary grades, one through eight, in the middle-level rooms, the high school, which I thought literally meant school in a higher elevation, was on the top floor. I don't recall what the ground level rooms were used for, probably storage or perhaps a furnace (or maybe stables for the teachers' horses were there when the building was erected in 1918). Certainly they were not used for recreation or physical education classes—all that took place outside. Even interscholastic basketball games were played on a nice court outside the building. This brings to mind the story, doubtlessly apocryphal, about an Indiana-Kentucky All-Star game. The Indiana spectators were amazed at the accuracy of the Kentucky players, but a Kentuckian explained it by saying "Here, in your gymnasium, there's no wind!"

Eventually, in 1941, Otwell finally got its own gymnasium. This addition to the school building still stands, although the school does not, and is now home to the county Raritan organization and also served for a time as the Otwell branch of the Petersburg Public Library. I'm pleased to note too that Dad, as a member of the Jefferson Township Advisory Board, has his name inscribed on the building's date stone and it remains clearly visible from the passing street.

The outdoor playground at school included swings, slides, and, best of all, a "giant stride" ride. Bobbie once fell victim to one on the dangers of the "Giant Stride" by losing her grip, falling to the ground and breaking her arm. My nemesis was the swings, which I loved, but once, while being pushed so high the only way for the "pusher" to keep me going higher and higher was to jump and grab my legs at the top of the back swing, and pull down hard. Once she, I think it was a strong girl doing the honors, pulled too hard and I lost contact with the seat, and went sailing out into the wild blue yonder before crashing to the ground, face first. I recall a bloody nose and mouth, and a terrific headache. Of course I was "excused" from any more schooling that day and walked home—alone, which irritated my mother who thought I should have been accompanied by someone. But home wasn't far away, about two blocks, so I arrived safely and soon recovered. And it was a while before I could swing very high again.

Another adornment of the schoolyard was the outhouse, just one large one, with separate sides for the boys and the girls. Also there was a well and a pump, complete with a water bucket and ladle for all to use. The better-to-do children, however, had

their own drinking cups, often a collapsible metal container that I craved but didn't have.

These accommodations were not unlike the one at home—we had a nice little privy out in the backyard, a three-holer, two large-sized ones, with a smaller-sized hole between them. I don't recall ever sharing this space with others, but perhaps that happened sometimes. We also had a cistern (for rainwater) and a well (for drinking water) near the house, and a water pail with ladle nearby that we kept inside on a low ledge of the kitchen cabinet.

The other memorable feature of our large yard was that the east side expanse extended, without fencing or markings, into the treeless yard around the mysterious, to us, I.O.O.F. (International Order of Odd Fellows) building. A staircase on the outside led to the upper rooms and we were warned never to go up those stairs, and certainly never to go inside those upper rooms, where the rituals and all sorts of mysterious goings-on occurred. And we never did, but our imaginations soared.

Upon reading that wonderful book, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, by Harper Lee, with its spooky character, Boo Radley, who lived in an equally dark, mysterious place, I was reminded of the Odd Fellows Hall adjacent to our house. The book's description about life in a small Alabama town might well have been written about Otwell in the 1930s. The main differences were that there were no lawyers in our town nor were there any African Americans.



The Big 3 in Otwell, in their sailor suits

Chapter 3

The Three R's

As indicated above, I knew I would be starting to school when I was five, but not as it seems I first expected the very next day after my fifth birthday. Instead, I had to await the beginning of the new school year, 1939–40, so I was nearly eleven months past that age before I could join my housemates and go to school!

Best of all, my first grade teacher was a neighbor also beginning a new life for herself—as a teacher. This was Evelyn Fay Scrapper, known to us as Miss Fay, and she was an excellent teacher. In looking over her reports in the local newspaper about her students and their daily activities and progress, it is clear that her news items were the most articulate and imaginative of all, and they make for interesting reading, even now, nearly seventy years later.



Obviously I have only limited memories of being in Miss Fay's class, in Room 1, but there are a couple of stories Mom and others repeated so many times in my presence that it seems that I do remember them personally too. Both relate to my so-called precociousness as a student that stemmed, I think, from the "studying" I did before enrolling in school. Often, when Eddie and Bobbie went off to school, and Dad was away at the D-X station he owned and operated in downtown Otwell, and Mom was either working downtown, too, or else was involved in her housework—Mondays were always washdays, using a large tub (which was also the kids' bathtub on Saturdays) and scrubbing board out back, and ironing always occupied a lot of her time on Tuesdays—I would settle down with Grandmother in her office, trying or pretending to read books and, more often, copying the page numbers from the largest books I could find—hence the highest numbers—into a scratch pad. In modern terms, one might say that I was partly "home-schooled" in my earliest years.

The story that Miss Fay, Mom, and then others often told is that once, during "arithmetic" class, Miss Fay assigned everyone the task of writing their numbers, 1 to 10, or if possible go even higher. She pointed to the large numbers on the wall calendar up front, and said that it could help people write their numbers up to 31. After a short time, the papers were called for, and everyone turned in their work, except for one kid at the back, head down and still scribbling furiously. Surprised that I, the late performer, seemed to be having trouble with my numbers, Miss Fay asked, "Ralph Dale, what is the matter?" My answer, as I've been told was, "Nothing. I'm up to 87 and trying to get to a hundred."

The other story, which I don't remember at all, is that at some point, my teacher decided to take me to her education professors at Indiana State Teachers College in order to have me "tested." I have no idea what kind of test I took, how long I was examined, or what the results were, but the family story is that my "I.Q." if that is what such tests yielded then, was "outstanding," and Miss Fay was assured that her young protégé was indeed an unusually bright boy. Whether or not this story is true, as I have quite immodestly repeated it, is of course uncertain, but I do know that I always did quite well in my school work, often won the "spelling bees" in grade school, received high grades, and this carried on through most of my formal classes in grammar and high school and in subsequent undergraduate and graduate classes. Looking ahead a bit, I can report now that I was the salutatorian in my graduation class at Petersburg High School in 1951, losing out to Ruth Weisheit, the valedictorian, by a narrow

margin, and that I was indeed the valedictorian of my graduating class at Hanover College in 1955, narrowly edging out Susie Berry who, like Ruth, was a person not heavily involved in nearly as many extra-curricular activities as I was.

Back to my early school days, Grandmother reported, when I celebrated my sixth birthday barely a month after first going to school, that I, rather than being superstitious about the day, which was another Friday the 13th, had lamented, inarticulately, that I had not been born a day earlier, on “Noctober 12, for that is when Sistoper Clumbus discovered America.” But the editor evidently preferred the later date, pointing out something I had never noticed until reading the *Otwell Stars* from this period not long ago, that my full name had 13 letters; moreover, she observed that her grandson then weighed exactly 4 times 13, or 52 pounds. Reverting then to more traditional comments about birthdays, the editor described my birthday cake that year, a “big, beautiful chocolate fudge cake . . . with thick rich smooth fudge frosting,” which for some reason had been baked by Miss Lucy Craig, another neighbor and a primary grade school teacher who eventually became my third grade teacher. The editor concluded her front-page birthday story by noting that Ralph Dale “received several greetings and cards, and a number of nice gifts, but he likes best of all the idea that is now six years old and a school boy.”²⁰

The school boy’s name next appeared in the paper early the following year, when Miss Fay gave her report on Room 1 activities; she first noted a high absentee rate, with only 18 (of about 29) present the previous Friday, because “nearly everyone has a cold. We cough so much that our room sounds like a factory with the machinery running full speed.” But, since so many of us often “forgot” to bring handkerchiefs to school, Miss Fay started holding “handkerchief parades every morning,” so that “those of us who have clean handkerchiefs . . . get to march about the room waving them.” My name wasn’t mentioned here, but it came up in her description of projects the children carried out in connection with some automobile stories the class was reading. “Ralph Dale” chaired the committee to make a garage, while three other boys made gas pumps “using wooden spools.” And my main rival for top grades in the class, also named Gray but not a relative, Freddie, the son of the high school principal (Pallas Gray), chaired the committee that made an automobile book.²¹

²⁰ *Otwell Star*, October 20, 1939.

²¹ *Otwell Star*, January 26, 1940.

Two years later, when I was a student in Miss Lucy's class, the teacher reported that nine of us, including the Gray boys and my cousin, Danny Eck, had "perfect spelling grades this month." Miss Lucy, also an excellent teacher and well liked by all of her pupils, used the device of a paper chain to make a visual record of one's prowess as a speller—a red link indicated all words had been spelled correctly, a blue link meant one mistake, a yellow link, two wrong, and so on through the primary colors. Six of the second graders for the period being reported on (two months) had all red chains. I was one of the six, as was Freddie, and the girl I considered my first "girl friend," Joyce Padgett. Since she lived out in the country, on Highway 56 near Cato, I never saw her except at school, but she was a cute little blond.

What I most remember about Miss Lucy's class are the wonderful stories she read to the class, and the marvelous way in which she made Caddie Woodlawn, Heidi, and Hans Brinker come to life in our hearts and imagination. Most of us never expected that we would ever have the chance to visit the scenes of those memorable stories—the Swiss Alps, the dikes of Holland, and the western prairies in our own United States. I managed to reach those first two sites in the 1950s, and have more than once visited a close friend from my graduate school days who retired in the 1990s to a home just outside the village—Menomonie, Wisconsin—where the real Caddie Woodlawn, a young, fun-loving, tomboyish dynamo, lived and had her seemingly magical encounters with the local populace.²²

Another particular highlight for me in grade school was the visit of the county agent, officially an agricultural extension officer, who would speak to an assembly of all the students and tell the best jokes I ever heard (up to that time). I still remember one of the jokes an agent named Pete something told us. He said that a guest teacher was trying to interest a bored group of students in arithmetic. So he asked them to call up some numbers he would use in a demonstration. The first one said "25," but the teacher wrote "52" on the board. Then another student said "19," and he wrote "91." When he asked for a third number, a little kid with a pronounced lisp cried out, "tebbeny teben, you big thucker—let's see you get that one wrong." Pete, or perhaps it was someone else, also had an "educated" pony he sometimes brought along, one that presumably could add and subtract, and do other tricks—inside, up on the stage, in

²² *Caddie Woodlawn*, the classic book about the title character's pioneer days in Wisconsin, was written by Caddie's granddaughter, Carol Ryrle Brink, and published in 1935. Still in print and the winner of several major awards for children's literature, it remains a staple for youngsters of all ages.

the auditorium. That horse must have been educated to be able to navigate the steps and reach the stage.

As part of her school news, Grandmother encouraged high school students, not their teachers, to write about class activities for the paper, and she even had one exceptional student serve as the “sports editor” for the newspaper during the school year. This was Bill Bell (William F. Bell, Jr.) who went on to become a professional journalist and newspaperman in North Adams, Massachusetts. He credits Mrs. Gray with getting him started on his career, as did others.

If each family has a “rich uncle,” our candidate for that distinction would be Mom’s Uncle Guy Norman of Jasper, who married Mom’s aunt, the diminutive Jessie Gray. Uncle Guy, as we all called him, was president of the Hoosier Desk Company in Jasper, a major furniture manufacturing center, and owned a lovely brick house near the center of town. The Normans, particularly Aunt Jess along with her two sisters, whenever they could manage it, were frequent guests at our house. I particularly remember the huge elegant automobile---a tan LaSalle---that Aunt Jess, propped up with several pillows, managed to pilot for the most part safely to and fro and I would jump at the chance to ride with her in that car.

Invariably, too, as a childless couple, the Normans usually spent their Christmases with us and it seemed to the children that they were always late and we had to delay most unhappily opening our presents until the Jasper folks arrived, but the wait then became bearable because the company added to the gifts under the tree.

On non-holiday visits, perhaps when the Normans were on a shopping trip to Washington, they would stop in and Uncle Guy always had a present for the three Gray children—a dime! That meant we each got 3 cents and one-third of a stick of penny bubble gum on which we spent the odd penny. Now we say it’s the thought that counts, but then we thought that a furniture company president driving a Cadillac-type automobile could find more than ten cents for three children. Of course, John D. Rockefeller was also known for handing out dimes as bonuses to his employees, but we were unaware of that at the time.

Our house in Otwell had electricity, but no running water, a telephone with a private, not a party, line (our phone number was 465), a fireplace in the front room and a “Warm Morning” heating stove in the bedroom, but no basement and no furnace. On the other hand, at times we did have a part-time housekeeper/babysitter. One of these people was high schooler Lola Woodall, a country girl we liked who looked after us and

was the one who taught me to tie my shoelaces. She also may have been the one who was driving one of Dad's cars, a Model A Ford, that I caused her to run into the ditch across from the Otwell flour mill. She was taking us kids for a drive, pulled into the mill to turn around, and, upon re-entering the street, needed to turn right to get us back home. But to get a longer ride, I wanted her to turn left. I reached up from the back seat and tugged left on the steering wheel while she pulled the other way. We were stalemated, but she foolishly started the car moving again anyway, the result being that we went straight ahead into the ditch. So one might say that I had my first auto accident at the age of about 6, and no others from which the car could not be driven until sixty years later.

It seems that baby-sitting help was needed when there were three young children to care for, but when Charlie was an infant, Robert a toddler, and the others were in school, Mom relied on Grandmother to handle these duties sometimes. Once, when she needed to go to Evansville, a long trip, she asked the editor to take care of Charlie, asleep in his crib in the next room. She readily agreed, but when Mom returned hours later and asked about Charlie, Grandmother looked up, startled, and said, "Oh, my God. The baby! I forgot all about him." When they rushed into the bedroom, Mom found her youngest safe and sound, awake and not crying, but of course practically afloat in the crib.

My generally happy and exciting life in Otwell was interrupted—temporarily, as it turned out—when Dad, for reasons unknown to me, decided to abandon his business career in Otwell and start a new one in Seymour, Indiana, some 75 miles eastward. He sold the D-X service station and garage he had built in 1937, where he and "Tater" Traylor repaired cars, and where he and Mom also owned and operated, briefly, a lunch counter and ice cream-soft drink shop. There was also an upper level pool room accessible by stairs along a wall inside the garage. This upper room, like the upper room of the Odd Fellows Hall was definitely off limits to the children too, although I seem to remember peeking in once or twice.

Perhaps it was Dad's brief experience at selling "pop" at this store that led to his next adventure as the Pepsi Cola distributor for three of Indiana's 'J' counties—Jackson (Seymour), Jennings (North Vernon), and, with assistant William Stewart, Jefferson (Madison). The catch was that the Pepsis came from the Shircliffe Bottling Company, located in Vincennes, some thirty miles west of Otwell and about a hundred miles from Seymour. This meant that Dad had to make regular trips in his new Chevrolet six-wheeled truck, fitted, of course, with a bed especially designed for carrying soft drink

cases, to the bottling company returning the empties and picking up new supplies. It was great fun for Eddie and me to tag along whenever possible, watch the well-designed machines do things I didn't know non-humans could do such as accept the cases filled with empty bottles, flip them over to remove the bottles, and then wash the bottles. The most intriguing thing was to watch the bottles being filled, capped, and visually inspected through a huge magnifying glass (to detect foreign objects such as cigarette butts the washing had failed to remove), then be placed back into the cases and loaded onto the waiting trucks. Dad was able to pick up about a week's supply at a time, drive back to a rented garage near our apartment, where he unloaded, leaving enough on board for his next day's route. I don't remember going along on his daily store-to-store runs, just riding, sometimes with the entire family headed for a visit to Otwell, along hilly, curvy, and scenic Highway 50 through places like Bedford, Shoals, and Loogootee as we replenished the supplies. It was also fun for Eddie and me having access to our own private stock of Pepsi-Colas and orange sodas in Dad's warehouse with, fortunately for us, an uncertain lock.

I suppose the Pepsi interval in Dad's life was his way of coping with life in the Depression. We kids were oblivious to the economic issues, and never heard our parents complain or mention financial worries, and we always seemed to have everything we needed. I recall the comment one of my older students (that is, someone about my own age) in a U.S. history class made about her own experiences during the Depression—"we were poor," she wrote, "but we didn't know it." And that was our situation, too. I thought that all children went barefoot in the summer time for fun, not necessity, and that expensive toys, such as pedal cars or new bicycles, were for others. We could manage with secondhand toys and games, or just improvise our own, such as playing hoops using a stick and a nail to push a discarded metal hoop, or playing with home-made stilts and marbles that we found around the house. No sand boxes, no shoe skates, no fancy costumes for Halloween or other "dress up" occasions, just an improvised costume to go along with a cheap paper mask.

I did have a treasured two-wheeled scooter, a green one, that may have been new when I got it, but my first bicycle was one passed on to me at the age of 8 when Uncle Paul died—it was a sorry excuse for a bicycle, old, an ugly brown color, and too big for me to ride safely, but I kept trying to do so. By climbing onto the raised base of our well, I managed to get my leg over the crossbar, and then pushed off to see how far I could go before crashing. Usually it was not far at all, as a string of bruises on my legs and scrapes and cuts elsewhere indicated. Soon, though, like taming a bucking

bronco, I had that two-wheeled monster under control. Eventually I was rewarded, after Dad took a job at the shipyard in Evansville, with a new bicycle, but there was a catch. Rather than a real bike, I had something known to us as a “Roosevelt bike,” which meant a cheap, poorly built imitation of the sturdy, decent bikes common earlier. For example, the pedals were painted black to look like standard rubber pedals but they were in fact made of wood, and the paint quickly wore off. Also the frame was insubstantial, the tires thin and narrow, and I was embarrassed by rather than proud of my “Roosevelt bike.” I don’t recall its fate and doubt that I took it with me when we moved to Evansville, where I did a lot walking in our neighborhood and to go downtown. I just remember that my first “real” bicycle, a “Western Flyer,” was the new one I got for use on my *Evansville Courier* paper route in Petersburg.

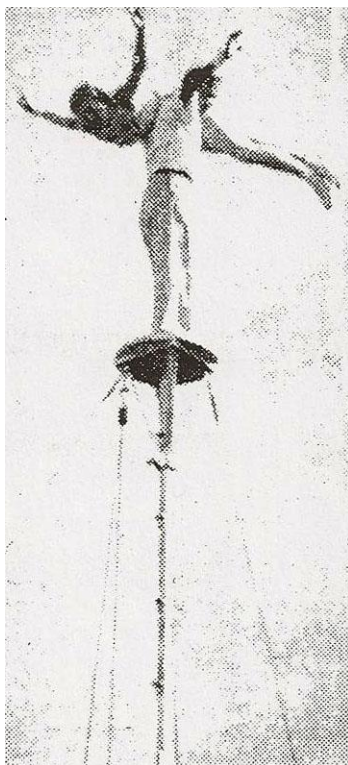
During the summer of 1940, as mentioned, Dad took on the job of being the Pepsi-Cola distributor for Jackson and Jennings counties—virgin territory for the company that he developed nicely. This meant that the family moved to the Jackson County seat, Seymour, at some point that summer, but early enough for Eddie and me to enroll in the neighborhood school—the Ralph Waldo Emerson Elementary—a long eight blocks from our new “home” in a second-floor apartment at 314 North Walnut Street (now a parking lot, like most of the other places I lived through my college days, excepting only the house in Evansville).

Why Mom and Dad decided to make the move to Seymour is uncertain, but it could relate to the fact that having another mouth to feed caused them to seek other business opportunities. Robert Lee was born on November 10, 1939, also at home (with Doc Bell again attending) which meant for reasons I didn’t understand at the time that the children spent that day with our neighbor, Marie Scaper, until we returned home to greet the new baby. About all I remember at first about having a little brother, besides relief at no longer being the “baby” of the family, is that our family trips to and from Otwell and Seymour, all in the front seat of the truck, were a bit crowded.

Despite living some distance from Otwell we, and especially me, managed to return “home” a number of times during the year and a half we lived elsewhere, and of course those “returns” were duly reported in the local newspaper in the “personal items” section if not always in front page stories. Once I returned for an extended visit with Marie and Posey Scaper at their cabin on White River, near a place called Tent City. Then the whole family, except for Dad, returned again for several days in January 1941 when Robert (never called Bob or Bobby by the family, because we already had a Bobbie—Barbara Jean—in our midst) became “critically ill” with a kidney infection and

was taken to the Daviess County Hospital in Washington for treatment. That time, in fact, Eddie and I were permitted to attend school in Otwell, where (to my embarrassment—remember, I was only seven years old) I was seated at one of the double-seated desks next to a girl! Rosemary Walters was her name. She was very nice about it, but still

Upon Robert's recovery, the family was reunited in Seymour, but we were back in Otwell in April to join the thousands who flocked to Jasper to see an awesome, death-defying performance atop a 100-foot pole (which had been erected atop the Tivoli Theatre on the courthouse square) by Betty and Benny Fox, which I still vividly remember. As reported in the *Star*, the Foxes had been "the feature



The Foxes at Work

attraction at the 1940 World's Fair [in New York City] and had electrified audiences of two continents with their amazing and breath-taking performances." The couple did their high-level "Dance of Death" while standing on a platform only 18 inches in diameter—and there were "no safety devices or nets to protect and save the performers" if needed.²³

During the summer of 1941, Eddie and I returned to Otwell for another extended, probably less thrilling, period in order to attend a two-week Bible School held across the street from our home. And in August the entire family, including Grandmother, visited both Spring Mill State Park, one of the best of Indiana's many excellent parks, and, with the William Russell Foster family, we visited the still-new Abraham Lincoln Memorial at Lincoln City, the lovely gravesite of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, a short distance away and, finally, Santa Claus Land which also was nearby.²⁴

What I remember most about the months we lived in Seymour are two events that pinpoint the time we were there. First, during the fall of 1940, when Hoosier Wendell Willkie was campaigning to prevent a third term for President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, his campaign train stopped in Seymour briefly and Mr. Willkie himself stepped into view on the train's caboose, but to my disappointment he didn't make a speech, not even a short one, because, as I later learned, of voice and throat problems. This was the first time I had ever seen a possible president or prominent national figure.²⁵ So I always had a special interest in Willkie and the fact that he was a fellow Hoosier, but I was not unhappy that he failed to unseat FDR. To me, in my youth, there were some eternal verities—FDR was the president, Joe Lewis was the heavyweight champion of the world (and I couldn't believe my father had cheered for Billy Conn in one of their big fights we listened to on the radio, until I learned in those pre-TV days that Lewis was an African American and Conn was not), and Jack Benny was the funniest man on radio.

²³ *Otwell Star*, April 4, 1941.

²⁴ I remember Foster's full name because of a tattoo on his arm. At first I knew him only as Bill Foster, as all his friends called him, so I knew the tattooed letters WRF could not be the initials of his name. And he confirmed this to me, explaining that WRF really stood for "World's Roughest Fighter."

²⁵ I later learned, too, that my father-in-law, Vernon R. Everett, who, unlike most everyone else I knew was a Republican, had been one of the many who had traveled to Elwood, Willkie's home base, to "notify" him of his nomination on perhaps the hottest day of the year, August 17, 1940.

The second memorable world event that occurred during our time in Seymour was the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on “a date that will live in infamy,” December 7, 1941. But I have a second sad reason to remember that day. Dad received a telephone call early that Sunday morning from someone in Connersville, Indiana (some 50 miles distant) saying that his brother Paul had had an “accident” and that he should come at once. So Dad bundled us all into the little car he now had and we drove to Connersville. Dad first went to the hospital looking for Paul but couldn’t find him there or any place else he thought to look. Finally, someone gently suggested, “I think you should try the morgue.” And that’s where Dad found his youngest brother, a teacher, dead from two, not one, rifle shots to the head. An apparent suicide despite the doubt-raising second shot, that remains the official ruling as to “cause of death.”

And it was during our mournful drive back to Seymour that we heard the news on the radio about Pearl Harbor. Whether the change from peacetime to wartime or the change in family dynamics prompted our supposedly permanent return to Pike County is not known, but by January 1942 the five Grays from Seymour again resided in Otwell, and I was enrolled in the third grade there with Miss Lucy as the teacher.

There are, however, one or two more events in Seymour that I should record. The first is that, as reported in the *Otwell Star* for October 10, 1941, I suffered a “fractured clavicle Monday at school,” and sported a “T-splint” on my back for the next several days. This resulted from a freakish accident during recess, as I and a number of others were parading around atop the counter of a unused hot-dog stand, and a mean little girl, annoyed perhaps by being passed too often and unable to see a ballgame being played, pushed me off the high level walkway. No harm done, except to my dignity, but the real damage occurred when she pushed a second boy off, too. He landed on top of me and fractured the collar bone. About all I remember of this incident, apart from being pushed by someone Mom called “the poorest child in Seymour” (hence, no financial help with doctor’s bills) is that the T-splint, or thin plywood “cross,” as I called it, taped to my shoulders, was a bit uncomfortable and that Mom was quite embarrassed by how dirty the white tape, visible from my open collar at the front, became. I’m quoted in the newspaper as telling Grandmother that wearing the splint and a sling was an “awful bother,” but full recovery came quickly and I suffered no more broken bones in my life until 1992, when oddly I again fractured the same clavicle in another freak accident (details later).

The final Seymour story involves my brother, me, and Johnny Miles, our landlord’s son. One fine day we found a purse, perhaps while on the way downtown to

see a movie, and discovered that it belonged to my teacher, Mrs. Goss, and that there was some money inside. Of course we made haste to find where the lady lived and returned the purse. She was very relieved and gratified to have the purse back intact, but when she wondered aloud how she could repay us, neither I nor my greedy friends, surely thinking of a large reward, said anything until finally I piped up "Oh, just a nickel would be enough." I think instead she gave us each a dime or a quarter, but I was teased unmercifully for days, as they derisively ridiculed my "just a nickel" comment.

It must have been with mixed feelings that we left Seymour and moved back to Otwell to stay, or so I thought. It had been fun and exciting to live in a house with indoor plumbing, in a town with paved streets and a railroad. Too, Seymour's high school had a gymnasium and teams that normally won more than half its games. We had made a number of new friends too, although now I only remember the feisty little girl next door, probably because her name, Rosie, was the same as Mom's, and an older boy, Johnny Miles, who lived downstairs in the landlord's apartment.

But it was also good to come back home, pick up again where we had left off, and settle in for what I expected to be a long time. I was looking forward to attending Otwell High School, perhaps playing on its basketball team in the new gymnasium, and preparing for a career either as a teacher (high school, maybe) or a farmer, if I could somehow manage to buy or rent a farm and the necessary equipment to get started. But all that soon changed; we became instead big city folks, lived in a fine, "four-square" house with, to Mom's delight, hardwood floors, French doors in the dining room, separate bedrooms for the older boys, and a basement with a furnace and a stoker!

This two-story house, located at 618 E. Chandler Street, was one house in from the corner of Morton and Chandler streets. It was conveniently located near a library, a nice little city park—Bayard Park, which was also the name of the street parallel to Chandler, and a little family grocery, Schentrup's, was located just a block away along Chandler towards city center. Also, we weren't far from our church, Washington Street Presbyterian, where the Reverend William Hawley served as minister and where his two boys, Chuck and John, close in age to Eddie and me, became friends. Moreover, a few blocks down from the church on Washington Street was the neighborhood theater which we sometimes attended on weekends, but I preferred the elegant, near-palatial movie house downtown, Loew's, and remember seeing "The Portrait of Dorian Gray" and other great movies there. Years later, while gathering material for an Indiana history reader, I found William E. Wilson's wonderful essay on "The Klan and a

Congressman.” The article, originally published in the *American Heritage* magazine in 1965, is still my favorite one in a two-volume collection, not only because of its contents about the courageous way the author’s father, an Indiana Congressman from Evansville in the 1920s, stood up to the Klan during its heyday, but also because I later learned that the Wilsons also lived in the corner house at Chandler and Morton streets.²⁶

²⁶ All that the article said was that the family lived on Chandler Street, and I assumed that they had lived in some of the elegant houses on that street near the point where it reaches the Ohio River. But when Jim Madison and I arranged to have lunch with Professor Wilson, one of I.U.’s most famous writers and a respected Indiana historian too, he told me where in fact the family home was situated, which happened to be just across the street and one door down from our house.

Chapter 4

The War Years in Otwell and Evansville

Our family spent most of the time in Otwell while World War II was raging overseas, even though at some point Dad found a good-paying job in Evansville, to which he commuted until late in 1944 when we all moved to Evansville. I don't know when Dad started to work at the shipyard or what he did between the time of coming back to Otwell and starting to help build LSTs (he was a painter on those ships, using an amazing array of brushes, some unlike any I had ever seen before).²⁷ Perhaps he returned to the farm or found some odd jobs around town—he was a good mechanic, having spent some time after his emancipation from agriculture in Detroit working for the Budd Wheel [railroad car wheels, that is] Company in Detroit and once set out to seek his fortune in the West before beginning his own service station and garage business in Otwell.²⁸

I do remember, though, that we always had an automobile of some description—usually an unsightly but reliable one that we used, given the strict gasoline and tire rationing, for rare trips to larger towns nearby with good clothing and hardware stores, such as Washington, Jasper, and Petersburg—we generally walked to and from the farm, Dad's normal pace being walking that mile and a quarter in 15 minutes. I also remember that we almost never made the longer, out-of-county trips without at least one flat tire, which required, not just putting on the spare (there was none), but demounting the tire, patching the inner tube on the spot, pumping it back

²⁷ For the incredible story of the LST vessels, hundreds of which were built in Evansville and played a crucial role in the war, visit the LST museum in Evansville and tour the only LST known to still be seaworthy (No. 325). My son David recently wrote a paper about the type of ships his grandfather had helped build titled "Bravo Zulu," navy talk meaning "Well Done!" It is available online at the website of the Indianapolis Literary Club.

²⁸ Dad and a buddy during the 1920s planned to go to the west coast in search of jobs. With no other way to travel, the two hopped on a freight train headed in the right direction, and got all the way to Nebraska, when a "dick," as the railroad police were known, spotted the men and gruffly ordered them off the company property. Rather than arresting these young men, obviously not seasoned, professional hobos, he let them go with a stern warning. He told them if they were caught "riding the rails" again, bad things would happen. He must have been convincing for the two would-be lumberjacks or potato farmers turned back. They never tempted fate again by sneaking onto a train but instead hitch-hiked home, half-way across the country via the highways. Dad told me about this when I happened to mention Nebraska and the Platte River. He said that he had been there once and then told me the full story.

up, and then remounting the tire. In addition to the rationing enforced by the use of mandatory stamps for purchases of all sorts, there was also a national speed limit of 35 miles per hour, designed to encourage fuel economy and less tire wear by all motorists.

For one of our vehicles, long before new versions of such conveyances became popular as vans, station wagons, or SUVs, we had an old, black, driver's-seat only, former bread truck as our "family car." Dad rigged up seats for his passengers using wooden crates that he had padded. This may have been the car I first learned, by teaching myself, to drive, long before reaching the legal driving age of 16. Indeed, I sometimes would offer to mow the back yard, where the bread truck was parked, just so I could back it up and mow the parking spot. Later, Dad sometimes let me drive on our country roads, not the paved highway (S. R. 256), to go to the farm and such places. Of course, our dirt and graveled roads were not patrolled by the police. So being able to drive long before I was a teenager was another advantage of living in a remote corner of the universe. I had to forego this pleasure while we lived in Evansville, but I did sneak around on some of Petersburg's side streets before becoming a licensed driver in 1949.

One major family change early in the war years was the birth of another child, a fourth boy, Charles David, who came along on May 15, 1942. But we kids got to stay home when he was born, because this time Mom went to the hospital in Washington for his delivery. So progress was coming, even to Otwell. Another example of it would be the street-paving project in "downtown Otwell" that same year, about which Grandmother had "waxed poetic" in her newspaper and which filled a long-standing need and ended drainage problems for businesses on the north side of the street that included the bank, the post office, the doctor's office, the barber shop and two adjacent garages (Dad's D-X station, built in 1937, and Elmer Buchta's still thriving trucking business).²⁹

The war years in Otwell involved only tiny sacrifices for our family, and were nothing compared to the ones made by the soldiers and sailors, nurses and others personally caught up in the war effort, either at home or abroad. But we were very much aware of the events overseas, in which dozens of Pike County men and women

²⁹ See "Otwell Gratiified by Highway Official's Interest in Village's Streets," *The Otwell Star*, January 22, 1942. The editor wrote that "our civic pride has been stirred to the depths time and time again by the unsightly condition of the undrained main street of our village."

participated. Grandmother at once began, as a regular feature in the paper, a column of "News about Our Men and Women in Service," which followed the local people as they enlisted or were drafted, took basic training, and then were deployed to places all over the United States and the world. A separate column was devoted to "Letters from the Men and Women in Service," which she filled with extracts from her voluminous "soldier mail."

As mentioned above, the indefatigable editor also took it upon herself to answer all those letters personally. Knowing that most of "her soldier boys" did not have the time or the materials at hand to write, she still decided to write each one a personal letter every month, whether or not they wrote her! In return, rather than a written reply, she asked for the shoulder patch, or insignia, that identified a soldier's service unit. This hobby of collecting such colorful and meaningful insignia had been suggested to her by another Otwell soldier, an artistic former neighbor, Joe Harris, who spent most of his time in the army at Camp Atterbury in Indiana, where he taught arts and crafts to the soldiers stationed there (and to some of the Italian prisoners of war detained there). Harris had begun his own insignia collection and recommended it to Grandmother, and this became a favorite hobby. She kept the patches she received in a King Edwards cigar box or two, and she often showed them to her countless visitors, frequently soldiers back home on furlough who never failed to call upon their favorite correspondent, and described the original owner of a patch and gave a brief history of his or her movements, insofar as they could be known.

Grandmother was also a Book-of-the-Month Club member, and acquired a number of outstanding books in this fashion, especially ones about the war. How she managed to edit the paper, handle her correspondence, teach Sunday school, read the books, and find time to chat, often at length, with her "company," is something quite remarkable. Of course, I read some of those books too, my three favorites being Ernie Pyle's *Brave Men* (1943), about the life of the common soldier in World War II, Captain Ted Lawson's *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* (1944), about the dramatic and spirit-raising retaliatory raid on Japan led by General Jimmy Doolittle not long after the attack on Pearl Harbor, and Etta Shiber's *Paris Underground* (1944), which described how Etta, an American, and Kitty, her intrepid French friend, lived in Paris and worked in a hospital there when the Germans captured and occupied the city. Then, inexplicably, these courageous ladies began to help a heroic priest smuggle captured and wounded American and English soldiers out of the occupied country. Perhaps Etta's story stuck with me because the first man they daringly rescued, after hiding him in their

apartment (even though Nazi officers lived in the same building) was an English flyer named Gray. I must have read each one of these favorites two or three times, later often mentioned them in my university classes that covered the war years, and used short bits from Ernie Pyle's book in my reader on Indiana history published in 1980. One of the selections from Pyle's book was his account of visiting and sailing on an LST ship, "a type of vessel [that was] . . . probably the outstanding ship of our amphibian forces."³⁰ Maybe the one he visited was one that Dad had helped build.

The personal things I best remember about the war years in Otwell are food and clothing rationing, the scrap paper drives, our stamp books (not for collecting postage stamps, but as part of a war bond-buying program), and "working" on the farm (doing more and more real work as I got older). We were not limited much, it seems to me, by the war-time rationing, but it was just a bother to have the required stamps for food and gas, clothing and shoes, anytime these items were needed. In particular, we always seemed to have extra shoe stamps (so sometimes these stamps might be traded for,



Mrs. Chambers's class at Otwell, RDG in Row 3, middle, in his stylish "bib" overalls

³⁰ See Ralph D. Gray, ed., *The Hoosier State: Readings in Indiana History* (Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1980), II, 201.

probably, food stamps), and Dad always seemed to have enough gas stamps for getting to work, but I don't remember many pleasure trips in those years at all. Of course, there were no new tires available for purchase, stamps or not, because all the rubber was used for the war and the synthetic tires supposed to be a good substitute for real rubber tires were anything but good.

My three teachers in those years—Lucy Craig, Gladys Pride, and Mabel Chambers—did a fine job in encouraging everyone to buy savings stamps (10 cents each), for their war-stamp books (and I think the teachers sold the stamps on Fridays). When a book was full, about 185 stamps, it could be converted into a \$25 Savings (War) Bond. I don't remember filling many, if any, stamp books, but we all tried our best and we kids cut back on frivolous things like candy, cookies, and soda pop. Probably some of the money that Eddie, Bobbie, and I earned as the deliverers in Otwell of the daily *Washington Herald* went for stamps. We also conducted regular community-wide scrap paper drives. I remember one in particular, because after working with a dump truck driver all morning, we had the truck full of bundled paper and cardboard, and then (without having permission from my father to do so) I rode with the driver all the way to Petersburg—my first such trip “alone,” or without a family member—to help unload. This may have been the paper drive Grandmother described in 1944, when we collected one and a half tons of “scrap” from our Jefferson Township neighbors. That same drive netted some twelve tons for the entire county.³¹

Dad's gardening may have picked up a bit during the war, for he always had a “green thumb” and could make things grow anywhere. In particular he raised cucumbers, picking them when fairly small, just the way Mom wanted them to be for her incomparable fourteen-day pickles; pole beans; corn; green peppers; red and white radishes; tomatoes; and potatoes. He even put in a crop of peanuts one year on some nearby property that Grandmother owned, so we always had a lot of home-grown food on our table—Mom didn't can much beyond the jars and jars of pickles she turned out each year, but Inez, out at the farm, did, and sometimes she shared her canned fruits and jellies with us. We also raised tomatoes on the farm commercially—one of the few cash crops that I recall. Most of the corn and hay was grown for local consumption, but Dad and Uncle Leonard planted, with help from the boys, acres of tomatoes that we picked, crated, and delivered to the cannery in Washington.

³¹ *The Otwell Star*, August 18, 1944.

We had the planting process streamlined—one person on the shovel, making a little trench with one plunge, a second person dropping in a plant, a third adding a cup of water, and then we all helped to put the plants upright and replace the dirt around them. Somehow it worked well, and we had bumper crops, but the real work came at picking time, in the hot late summer sun. But when we boys sometimes got distracted or bored, several tomatoes landed on each other's clothing or splattered against a fence post rather than in a crate. Uncle Leonard wisely separated his helpers whenever he could, but there were limited options with this crop and with corn picking. He once remarked, "When I have one boy helping me, I have one boy; when I have two helping me, I have half a boy; and when I have three or more, I have no boys at all."

The most unpleasant job on the farm for me—I never was involved with major stall cleaning and manure spreading—was putting up hay. The boys' job was to tromp down the hay as it was pitched onto the hay wagon by the men—Dad and Leonard—but the good part was that we also got to drive the horses as we moved up and down the field, a welcome respite, because the hay somehow always managed, despite shirts with the top collar button buttoned, to get inside on your sweaty back and stay there. It was also our job to tromp down the hay again after it was 'put up'—that is, stored in the barn, using horse-drawn hay forks mounted on a track on the barn ceiling but the lucky boy was the one who got to drive the horses at the back of the barn, back and forth as they repeatedly lifted the loaded hay forks into the barn.

As the youngest helper, that was often my job. And I sometimes got the more challenging task of driving the team with a full load of hay back to the barn. This was a bit tricky because sharp turns which would cause the front wheel to scrape the wagon bed and lift it up, perhaps tipping over the wagon, had to be avoided. When Eddie nearly tipped the wagon, he forfeited his driving rights and Danny and I were the "designated drivers" after that.

As one would expect, there was considerably less family news in Grandmother's newspaper during the war years. She continued her full coverage of school activities and major community events, but the stories about family matters like birthdays and day trips gave way to news about Pike County soldiers.³² Nor was there mention of

³² Grandmother did give a lot of space to covering a two-week revival meeting at the Methodist church in March 1943. A famous revivalist, the Billy Graham of his day, the Reverend Edward Lewis, conducted these services. While staying in Otwell, he lived in a large four-wheeled travel trailer that was parked on the church lawn in sight of our house. I remember this revival, the powerful and persuasive, yet friendly, manner in which Reverend Lewis preached, and I, unlike my brother and cousin, was one of those who answered his call one night and went forward and received both a Bible and a ribbon that said, "Jesus Saves," both of which I probably still have.

when Dad began his job in Evansville or even when all the members of her household pulled up stakes and moved away. The editor did note that, in November 1944, her other daughter, Mary Ann, had taken a job at the Welborn Memorial Baptist Hospital in Evansville (where she had received her nurse's training) and I think we moved to Evansville, too, soon after that, during the time the Otwell school was closed for the Christmas break.

All that is known for certain regarding this chronology is that Grandmother, reluctantly but because of declining health, resigned as editor of *The Otwell Star* in December 1944. She gave her notice to her boss and good friend, A. T. Rumbach, who also published the *Jasper Herald* and printed the Otwell paper, on December 9, her resignation to be effective with the last issue of the year, December 29.

The issue of the paper that carried an uncharacteristically blunt and brief farewell to her readers from Editor Gray also announced, in the same story, the paper's sale to Don Montgomery of Petersburg, the publisher of the *Petersburg Press*, who appointed Mrs. John Thomas Craig (formerly Irma June Capehart) as new editor. Under Mrs. Gray's editorial tenure of just over fifteen years, the paper had prospered, enjoyed a large and loyal readership that extended across the nation, as Pike Countians who moved away often continued to subscribe to the *Star*. The editor said her feelings toward the *Star* were like those of "a mother towards her favorite child," and that she wanted to stay on, but that the "work has grown too heavy, too exacting for our strength," and that, as we've known during the past year, some day "we would have to toss it over to a younger and steadier hand." That day has now come, and so, "with this issue of the *Star*, we are saying 'Goodbye.'"

The editor then joined the rest of her immediate family in Evansville, not in a well-deserved retirement but in a new, somewhat easier employment. She became the housemother at the nurses' home at Welborn Memorial Baptist Hospital. The young women lived there while working toward their RN degree. There she was just as successful as before, endearing herself to her "girls" as a warm friend and counselor. Best of all for me, the home, on Fourth Street, was located between our house on Chandler Street and the downtown area, so I could stop in for brief visits while en route to the palatial Loew's Theatre, my favorite, or to the YMCA, where I learned to swim.

My other memories of Evansville, where we remained for too brief a time, barely a year, are of the school, Stanley Hall, where I had the same teacher, Mr. Clyde Robinson, for the second half of sixth grade and the first half of seventh grade. He was

my first male teacher and was, I thought, quite good; in particular he made the study of science interesting. We also had a class of some sort, maybe music or art or public speaking, with a different teacher that met in the Auditorium. I was very happy about being able to leave that class, the last one of the day, early in order to don my uniform, just a white belt and a strap across the shoulders, grab my cap and flag, and take up my duties as a “safety patrol boy.” The duties consisted solely of standing guard at a street corner, alternately stopping the students and the street traffic to let the other pass safely. In my half-year as a patrol boy, I’m pleased to say no one was run down by a car at my corner, but in truth there was very little traffic on the street, which dead-ended at Bayard Park, just eastward of school.

In addition to learning to swim, I also learned how to play football in Evansville. My main teacher was a neighbor boy, Bill Knipe, who went on to be a sports star at Bosse High School. We usually played just pick-up games in a yard next to the library, located between the school and the park. The first day, though, when a runner on the other team, maybe Knipe himself, broke through the line and headed past me, I saved a touchdown as I “tackled” him with a trip. That’s when I learned, in no uncertain terms, that tripping was not permitted in “tackle football,” which we played without helmets or pads.

Other Evansville friends and neighbors included the Hawley family, particularly John, about my age, and Charles (Chuck), closer in age to Eddie. They were the sons of our minister, the handsome and debonair Reverend William Hawley, at the Washington Street Presbyterian Church located three or four blocks down the street. Happily, John and I were serendipitously reunited at Hanover College where we joined the same fraternity (Phi Gamma Delta or Fiji), ran on the track team, and even became roommates briefly at the Fiji house. We also wandered England and Western Europe together over a memorable Christmas and New Year’s holiday in 1955–56, while he was on army furlough and I was enjoying some free time between terms at the University of Durham.³³

As it happened, I was playing with some other boys in Bayard Park, one morning in August 1945 when a lady in a nearby house called to us, “Hey, boys, the war is over!” With that news about V-J Day having come, we all ran home and began

³³ We subsequently lost touch with each other, even though we both later earned doctorates from the same university, Illinois, in the same year, 1962. Eventually we made contact again out in Albuquerque, NM, John’s home base for decades. Moreover, through John, we also made contact with Chuck Hawley, whom we visited at his adopted home town, Anchorage, Alaska, in 2007.

celebrating. Dad came home soon after, the war plant having dismissed all its workers for the day as soon as the news arrived.

Then we all piled into the car—Dad, Mom, and the four boys—and participated in a horn-blowing, whistle-sounding, flag-waving impromptu parade through the streets of Evansville.

It seems a bit odd, now, that we were so overjoyed at the event that would again disrupt our family life—Dad, of course, was laid off permanently and we could no longer afford to remain in the best house we'd ever had, even though Dad tried very hard to find a way to do so. He first took a job as a traveling salesman, first hawking house wares for an upstart company I'd never heard of before or since and for which he was ill-suited, then he tried to use his painting skills and equipment in a brief house-painting endeavor (I think he may have gotten one job as a house painter). Later, returning to what he had done in Otwell, he also somehow managed, with a friend, to open a gas station on U. S. Highway 41. He thought the location was an excellent one, because his station was the first one a motorist would come to after crossing the Ohio River bridge into Indiana from Kentucky, or was the last one in Indiana travelers would encounter before crossing the state line dividing Indiana and Kentucky (really a line, not the river at that point, because its course had changed after the boundary had been fixed by treaty in the nineteenth century). But no one seemed to stop at this first or last opportunity to buy gas in Indiana and Dad was forced to keep looking for a job. He finally found a good one, at a rubber plant, but the plant was located in Noblesville, more than 200 miles north of Evansville! So Dad commuted, coming home on weekends, while trying to figure out his and the family's next move. One day, it must have been in December 1945, he stopped in Petersburg to see his sister, Clara, and she told him of a business opportunity there he should consider. There was a vacant gas station and house on a good corner property, just a block from the court house and Petersburg's only stop light, at 9th and Poplar streets. Dad was interested, as was Mom, for both were pleased at the chance to return to Pike County, where they were known and had lots of family.

Accordingly, January 1946 found the Gray family ensconced in Petersburg. The property, which as I recall cost about \$3,500, included a house that was badly deteriorated--the outside light was visible from the bathroom—but it had commercial potential and Dad was handy with tools and paint brushes. He sold his Ford car at a price slightly above the ceiling price, getting the extra cash “under the table” from a dealer who wanted the car, but still Dad had barely enough for a down payment on the

loan he obtained from the Citizens State Bank in Petersburg. We moved from a fine house in Evansville to little more than a shack in Petersburg, and Eddie and I enrolled in the Petersburg schools—he as a second semester freshman, transferring from Bosse High School, and me, as a second semester seventh grader. Another new phase in our life had begun.

Chapter 5

Living in Gray's Grocery

Almost as soon as we reached Petersburg and Dad renewed his long association with the D-X company, he and Mom also opened a tiny grocery in the house, in the space formerly used as the old gas station manager's office. This room, originally part of the front room of the house and about six feet by twelve feet in size, was so small, particularly after shelves were installed on both "long" sides, that there was barely room for people to pass one another. Whoever came in from the family side of the house to "wait on" customers would meet them midway to fill their order. If the customer also wanted to buy gas, the waiter would squeeze by, go outside, pump the usual "dollar's worth" of gas (about five gallons), then return and conclude the transaction.

I used to joke that the limited number of grocery items we had on hand at the beginning was barely more than the "3 Bs"—bread, beans and baloney, the latter being stored in the family "Kelvinator," which I thought was another word for refrigerator, not a brand name.

The original idea was that Dad would operate the service station, Mom the grocery. But of course the "services" our basic station had to offer were few—Dad had no garage and no lift, so no car repairs or even routine services like oil changes and chassis lubrication were available. Dad did sometimes repair flat tires, but basically we just sold three types of gasoline—regular, ethyl, and white (for cook stoves), bulk oil (usually 30W or 40W) from glass bottles we filled from barrels stored in the old "oil house" at the corner of the building, and some kerosene. But the gas station business barely paid for itself, if even that.

I must admit it was a great convenience (and savings) for Eddie and me, once we had driver's licenses, to be able to gas up the car at home and run around without any gas money worries. One of the few things that I remember Dad getting angry about was us not remembering or bothering to fill up again after we got home. I remember once, when Dad was returning from Washington, that he ran out of gas just as he reached the landmark water tower at the far edge of town. Of course, the tower had to be on high ground, and Dad then discovered that he could coast all the way home, nearly a mile away, but it also meant coasting through a stop sign or two and across a

busy highway. So he was not happy with the discovery, gave us a piece of his mind when he got home, and we were more careful after that about leaving gas in the car.

In contrast to the gas business, Mom's grocery clientele immediately began to climb and soon the grocery outgrew its cramped quarters. Just as soon as the back part of the house was made livable, the bathroom walls repaired, and we were reasonably settled in, the folks began on a major enlargement of the store. This meant converting the entire living room and its wide front porch into something that looked more like a real store. It had a large meat case, with an open and refrigerated area in the front for dairy products, a fancy (or so I thought then) R.C. Allen cash register, and long rows of shelving which it was the boys' job, usually, to "stock" with canned goods and various paper products. There were also special bins for the small array of fruits and vegetables we carried. Our big stock day was Tuesday, when our wholesaler, Winkler's, from Dale delivered the order its salesman, Vic Smith from Lincoln City, had taken the day before. Their boxes of goods nearly blocked the main aisles, so we had to "put up stock" as quickly as possible. First, however, each of the cans in the canned goods section had to be price marked, with a black wax pencil, and then shelved, and we were supposed to put the new supplies behind the ones still unsold, which were not, as I suspect grocers do now as a matter of course, re-priced at the usually slightly higher price of the new item, but they remained as originally marked.

Dad, who by then was almost as fully involved in the store as Mom, had a neat way of calculating his prices—if an item cost him \$2.50 a dozen, he would price it at 25 cents; \$3.00—a-dozen items would be 30 cents—simply by dropping the zero and moving the decimal, he had his unit price, which resulted in a mark-up of 20 percent. I don't know his system for mark-ups at the meat counter, which became his main bailiwick, and where he developed a large and loyal group of customers who loved the unique way he prepared the meat, particularly the chicken fryers and his tenderized "cube steaks." Another specialty, which Mom provided largely from meat scraps (the ends of large lunchmeat rolls) and her own pickles and dressing, was her popular ham salad. But the real specialty of the store, one that often led, on Saturdays, to long lines inside or even outside the store too, was its 10-cent ice cream cones that consisted of three, not the usual two, dips. We all took turns at the freezer's location dipping, from those huge vanilla, chocolate, or, a big favorite, "chocolate ripple" containers, countless ice cream cones. It is a fact that I often developed blisters on my right hand from too much contact with an ice cream scoop.

The ice cream we sold came to us from Holland, Indiana, home of the Ellsworth Ice Cream Company. We must have been their largest buyer of ice cream each summer, and Mom's rebate checks from the company, which may have been her only "pay" for her work, were sizeable, but I doubt that they made up for the extra cost of the ice cream the Grays so generously passed out. But this "loss leader" served its purpose well, and the grocery store business remained unusually good.

The downside of it, for me, was having, once again like in Otwell, to live in a public place, a place of business, not a private home. And the business was almost always open. Dad could never bring himself to close early, or even at regular times later on. As long as people were around, he would keep open. And some people, knowing we lived in the house behind the store, would come by after Dad had turned out the lights (red and blue neons that marked the roofline on two sides) and closed, knock at the front door of the house (originally its northeast side) and ask to buy something. But when the inside lights in the store came on, others would see them and more than just one late customer would ask to be served.

Dad even kept the store open on Sundays, a day, of course, with no stock deliveries (unless extra bread had to be ordered from the Shaws in Oakland City), so usually no "payouts" were made. Sometimes a Sunday was the only day of the week when receipts exceeded payouts, and Dad believed that is how the store finally turned a net profit (I might mention that NOTHING else in town was open on Sundays back then). Of course, Tuesdays were the worst, given Winkler's big wholesale delivery, and gas delivery days (which occurred as needed, coming from Washington) were also bad. So far as I know, Dad never paid himself or Mom a salary—they simply lived on the store earnings, and almost never indulged themselves in luxuries of any kind. Mom always said Dad's vice—he didn't smoke or drink or go anywhere at night—was the catalogues he pored over. He loved gadgets of all kinds, and frequently ordered a few items that he probably never used once they arrived. Another problem with the store was that both Mom and Dad readily extended credit to their customers, so many "sales" each day were simply recorded in the little sales books, with carbon copies given to the "buyer." Often these customers were welfare recipients of some type, had poor or no jobs, and eventual payment on these accounts was indeed problematic. I once discovered when Dad was totaling the unpaid balances on perhaps as many as 25 or 30 accounts that, as I put it then, he could have bought a new Cadillac if they were all paid up.

At the store, Dad always seemed to have a comment for any occasion. When a

customer would drop some change, he'd pipe up, "Don't bother looking for that, I'll sweep tonight." And oddly, because the store did not carry fish or any other seafood items, he'd sometimes tell customers checking prices at the meat box, where Dad held sway as an excellent but self-taught meat cutter, "If you can't make both ends meet (meat), try fish." He was also the first one I heard use the line, long before Jean Shepherd made it one of his book titles, "In God we trust, all others pay cash." But of course he didn't follow this maxim himself; instead he and Mom extended credit to just about anyone who requested a little more time to pay up. The "write-offs" on such loans were substantial. Finally, in addition to telling some neighborhood kids who were making a nuisance of themselves in the store to "Go home and tell your Mother she wants you," he might tell others as they were finally leaving to "Come back sometime when you can't stay so long."

Dad rarely told real jokes, but I remember two he told me. Both related to school events, perhaps because he knew I liked school and was destined to become an educator. One concerned a little boy, who was trying to compose a poem on his feet during a recitation:

"One day I went fishin',
 Went fishin' for bass,
 I waded in,
 And the water came up to my. . . knees."

When the other kids groaned and complained, "That doesn't rhyme," the would-be poet explained, "Well, the water wasn't deep enough."

His other school story was about another little boy one winter whose geography class met right after recess. He was asked by the teacher, "If people from America are called Americans, what are people from Europe called?" The little boy obviously didn't know, so while he stammered a bit, the little girl behind him whispered the answer, "European." "No, I ain't," he replied. "That's a snowball in my pocket."

One luxury, if it can be so considered, was the habit the family developed of taking Wednesdays off, leaving the store not closed but operated either by Aunt Clara, who often helped out then and other times, too, or "Little Bill" Chamberlain, who

became a full-time employee after the enlarged store was opened.³⁴ These partial days off—Dad still had the book work to do, going through the cash register roll of paper that recorded all sales and payouts, in order to compute the state’s gross income tax—usually involved a picnic at one of Indiana’s many state parks within our reach—Lincoln, Spring Mill, McCormick’s Creek, or, my favorite then because of its swimming and diving facilities, Shakamak. The lake there featured a platform that extended into deep water and had, in addition to diving boards of 2, 4, and 8 feet, a tower that kept on doubling possible diving heights with platforms that were 16 feet and 32 feet high. I often dove off the lower platform, sometimes doing awkward flips, but not the other one, although I jumped from it many times entering the water feet first. I think I was the only family member to do that, and was tempted to try a dive, but every time for a change my better judgment prevailed.

This was the same park where I had attended a week-long church camp, and where, I think, I had first discovered the high diving tower there. I also discovered something else—a girl friend, my first real one, who was from Evansville. Carol Van Horn had attracted my attention when she came up to me one day and said, “You look like Hitler!” It must have been my haircut, certainly not a mustache for I had none, but we began talking more and more. When the camp was over, we remained in touch by letters—she had exquisite handwriting and her delicately perfumed letters got the attention of the whole family—and by the infrequent trips that I made, via bus, back to Evansville. Eventually, those visits stopped, but ironically, our paths crossed again at Hanover College, where, by the time I arrived a year after she had enrolled, she was going steady with a good friend (later) and fraternity brother with the unlikely name of “Swami” (Richard) Haupt. Carol and Swami eventually married, and Swami, too, like me, had a career in history, but his interests covered historic preservation as well as museums and involved bringing history to life through his folk songs.

I suppose my career as a writer, though, had already been determined. In 1948, at the tender age of 14, I earned some money for the first time for something I had written. It came for an essay I entered in a contest sponsored, I think, by the county agricultural extension service. They wanted essays on the general theme of soil conservation. My essay, as I recall, was on the advantages of “contour plowing,”

³⁴ Bill lived out northwest of town near the river with “Big Bill” Miley, so he became known as “Little Bill.” These men had done some of the remodeling work on the store enlargement, especially in digging a greatly expanded, but unfinished (dirt walls), basement, and perhaps that’s how the new form of employment for Little Bill as a good, dependable store clerk got started.

something I remember trying (unsuccessfully) to persuade Uncle Leonard to undertake on his hilly back forty corn field when I was just a kid. Now at least my support for this idea paid off handsomely (for a high school freshman)—the second place finish yielded \$5.00.³⁵ Perhaps it was my badgering of this uncle on points like this that led him to remark, which he said to me more than once, “You’re more trouble than all my money.” This made no sense to me at the time—how could money, a rare commodity to us all then, be troublesome, but now I understand this bit of wisdom a little better. Another of Leonard’s witticisms was his remark, when confronted with a bill to pay, telling the creditor to “charge it to the dust and let the rain settle it.”

After Eddie and I went our separate ways in the early ‘50s—he to the Air Force during the Korean War and me to college—these Wednesday afternoon trips continued. Robert and Charlie often had some friends go with them to enjoy Mom’s fried chicken, potato salad, and bread-and-butter sandwiches (which I didn’t particularly like unless she added peanut butter).

The cars Dad drove on these occasions changed frequently, as he rather steadily upgraded the family transportation until, I suppose, I went to college. At first, after having to sell his nice-looking Ford sedan—I think it was a 1939 or ‘40 model, maroon in color—in order to buy the abandoned house/gas station in Petersburg in 1946—he found a bargain, I’m sure, in a ‘32 Oldsmobile. This car, his first that was not a Ford or a Chevrolet, was not a step up, either. The front doors (called suicide doors) opened from the front, and both front fenders sported spare tires mounted there for all to see. It was rather run-down, the narrow tires were worn (all six of them), the mechanical, not hydraulic, brakes were unreliable, but the car was fast. Dad once beat everyone else home from a school basketball game in Jasper—as we excited passengers in the car urged him on—passing all the other westbound (homeward) traffic with, as I learned later from a friend who had been passed, a stream of sparks flying out from the exhaust.

This was the car Eddie (I was not yet approved for inter-city highway driving) often drove. One of his ploys was to go “baseball playing” out in the country on Saturdays. I stayed home, probably helping out in the store or goofing off some way,

³⁵ I found a reference to this in the “Fifty Years Ago” column of the *Petersburg Press-Dispatch*, referencing an item in an earlier paper dated March 6, 1948.

but once he asked me to go along and, curiously, suggested that I should bring some money along too. So I emptied my fruit jar of the coins I had collected, grabbed my baseball mitt, and tagged along. Then, after we picked up two or three other “players,” Eddie drove past the turn for the ball park and headed down Highway 57. The next thing I knew we were in Kentucky at a fireworks store, and everyone bought as many firecrackers, cherry bombs, and rockets as we could afford. Then we hid these items, illegal in Indiana, in the trunk and went back home, telling Mom or Dad, if they asked, about our exciting baseball game. The next Monday, *mirable dictu*, Petersburg High School students were awash in contraband fireworks, and the middle man profits—for Eddie and his pals—probably paid for the supplies on the next trip.

So the '32 Olds was a good long-distance vehicle (except for the poor tires—those two spares often had to be used), and Dad later made us a two-car family when he bought another Oldsmobile—this was a disreputable 1935 model—bulky in design and marginal in performance, and it was the one I sometimes used to deliver groceries on weekends to some homebound customers. The car lacked a decent battery, so often we parked it on the slope out front, far enough away from the tree so that one person could push it and get it rolling down Poplar Street, then jump in and start the engine by “popping the clutch.” The car had to be left running at the other end of the journey unless we had people aboard who could provide the necessary pushes to start up again.

Later, and I think this is when the Wednesday trips began, Dad replaced both Oldsmobiles with another, newer Ford. This was a model that few people in America had or probably even knew had been manufactured—a 1942 Ford. Of course, automobile production ceased when the war began, so only a few cars, actually built in 1941, carried the 1942 designation. But ours did, and it was a good, reliable car for the infrequent family excursions. In design, of course, it was very much like the 1941s, and then the '46s, '47s, and '48s. Totally new designs for most post-war American cars were not ready until 1949, and Dad got one of those new designs in 1951. This time, unlike all his other cars which, except for one, were black, the '51 was a very pretty powder blue. More about this car later.

In the meantime, schoolwork. My junior high school³⁶ experiences in Petersburg were, it seems to me now, unremarkable. No teachers stand out in my memory, and

³⁶ Actually, as I just discovered upon seeing my school records, Petersburg then operated what they called a “six-year high school,” so I was not in junior high school in Petersburg at all.

there were no events that stand out either. It was, I suppose, a little unsettling at first to enter the school that we in Otwell did not like at all. Their sports teams, the Petersburg Indians, regularly beat up on ours, the Otwell Millers, and I was entering seventh grade there at mid-year, so it was a bit more of an adjustment. But the grades did not suffer, and I continued to do well. When Eddie was chided by one of his teachers for just mediocre work when she thought he could do better, he shrugged it off and said, "Don't worry. There's one in the family coming after me and he'll make the grades." So Eddie eased his way through high school without playing any sports or taking part in any extracurricular activities that I recall. He and his buddies, not the cream of the crop, made up their own extracurricular activities. They avoided any major troubles, but were probably considered the wrong crowd by some families in Petersburg.

Academically, Eddie missed taking a required health education hygiene class in his freshman year because of having started high school elsewhere, and somehow he was unable to schedule this class until his second semester as a senior, which had, then, to be taken with a girls-only sophomore class—my classmates. His bad attitude in that class, compounded when he was excused by Miss "Bessie" Helmbach, somewhat of a battle-axe as a teacher, when "feminine hygiene" matters were discussed, meant that his grades were marginal and Mom was fearful that Eddie would not be able to graduate with his class of '49 unless he passed that disliked Health and Hygiene class. She could get no clue, either from Eddie or Bessie, as to whether his scores were high enough, or if Bessie would be lenient (for a change) and pass him anyway. Not until Mom saw Eddie's name on the list of Petersburg High School graduates late in the term did she relax and congratulate Eddie on being the first in the family, except for grandmother, to graduate from high school. In fact, Beulah Brazelton (Gray) had been one of only six members of the Petersburg High School Class of 1900, and she dearly hoped that Eddie or I would be a member of the Class of 1950. Maybe he was trying to accommodate her, who would soon be living with us, but neither of us did. He graduated in 1949, I in 1951.

Similarly, my high school years passed quickly and without great moment. I had, I think, some very good teachers as well as some mediocre ones. The better ones included Helen Wilson, our Latin teacher, and Heber Gladish, from whom I learned a bit of algebra and geometry. An interesting story about that is that several of us, as sophomores, had started an algebra class with Richard "Whoopy" Houchins as our teacher. He was nice enough as a person (and a good Audio-Visual Department

director), but he had trouble getting the concepts of algebra across to his students. We were transferred *en masse* to Mr. (Heber) Gladish, a big man, farmerish rather than pedagogical in appearance, and he frightened many students with his stern demeanor and high standards, but he was an effective teacher. When we entered his class, he decided to give us a 10-question test in order to see how much algebra we already knew—I think my score of 50, a failing grade, was the highest, and poor Jimmy Naylor's score was only 10. We were given the same test at the end of the term, and most of us had pulled our grades up significantly. But Naylor should have stayed with Mr. Houchins—his score the second time was “0.”



PHS Class, ca. 1950

RDG, row 3, 3rd from left—Mr. Gladish at right

I once remarked, in thinking about high school, that the only thing I learned there was how to type. Which of course was a huge exaggeration and unfair to the school and its teachers, but that was one of the most valuable skills I had picked up for use in subsequent academic work. The typing teacher was another single woman, Miss Betty Brunker (later Mrs. Wyatt), and she inspired most of us to do our best in her class. Priscilla Vance, who was also a pianist, usually ended up as the fastest, most accurate person on our timed tests (scoring about 60 wpm), but I managed to test into the 40s. We also had homework, extra-credit assignments, which I did on the little portable green typewriter (without a case) that Grandmother had used in all her writings for the *Otwell Star*.³⁷ Our task was to copy, error-free and without erasures, brief passages from the class manual on half-sheets of standard-sized paper—that is, on 8 ½ by 5 ½-inch sheets and I turned in stacks of them. This was done by touch-typing, which Grandmother had never learned, and I became so adept at it that when I bought a typewriter to take to college— at Buchenberger’s in Washington on my first “time payment” purchase—I bought a used office-type Remington with a blank keyboard. That, in part, was pure selfishness—I could only loan it to people who knew how to type.

As a late bloomer physically and younger than most of my classmates, I was not able to make the basketball team and did not even try at first to make the football team, which was playing under an unusual format when we moved to town—six-man teams, with rules that were slightly different too. There were only three linemen and three backs on a team, and on offense every team member, including the center, was eligible to receive passes. This, of course, made for a more wide-open game than the eleven-man variety, and first downs required gaining fifteen yards, not ten, and the common way to score a point after a touchdown was by drop-kicking the ball, a real art in itself. Field goals sometimes came this way too. Drop-kicking continued after Petersburg and the Pocket Athletic Conference shifted to eight-man football by adding two linemen and limiting the eligible receivers to the backfield men and the two ends. This move to eight-man teams occurred by the time I entered high school, so I only witnessed one season of the six-man games (Fall 1947).

But because I wanted to be involved in the sports program, my sophomore year, perhaps on a dare, I became one of PHS’s three cheerleaders. Charlene Steer and Betty

³⁷This Remington typewriter, both as an antique and because of its association with the well-known editor, is now in the Indiana State Museum.

Amos were the other two. I have to admit this because there are pictures out there of the three of us, dressed in white sweaters and red skirts (them) or red cords (me). I think we only “performed” at home basketball games, not the football games or away games. I wasn’t very good, definitely not a tumbler although cartwheels were “in” at that time, but the team was decent, and we had large crowds and a strong cheering section nevertheless.



Let’s hear it for the Petersburg Indians! Charlene, Ralph, and Betty (Fall, 1948)

Earlier, as a freshman, I had been one of the student managers for the football and the basketball teams. This, of course, got me very close to the game, the players, the coaches, and the referees. My favorite basketball referee was Arad McCutchan, later coach of the Evansville College Purple Aces and an outstanding referee, calm, cool, and fair and very much in control of the game. And we managers, in helping the referees get ready for the games, got to know them too.

The football coach then, and for a long time, was Bill Weathers (later he acquired an Ed. D. degree from Indiana University and was known as Dr. Weathers), so I saw a side of him other than as a coach. Then my junior and senior years, I joined the football team so I experienced knowing Mr. Weathers as a tough, demanding coach from a player’s viewpoint. I didn’t play in the games very often because, as I explained to others and rationalized to myself, we had very good teams in those days. In my four



The High School Football team, 1949
RDG, front row right, next to Bob Harris and Bill Shafer (36)

years as a football team member, two in high school and two in college, I was on four championship teams, so the competition for playing time was strong. We twice won both the Pocket Athletic Conference (PAC) and, at Hanover, the Hoosier College Conference (HCC). I was also on the track teams in both high school and college, running the half-mile (still a run then, not the dash it has become) in high school and the high hurdles in college (I was the fourth man on our high-hurdle relay team, and still carry the marks of cinders under the skin on my right knee as proof of my hurdling claims and that runners sometimes fall; the cinders I picked up came from the track at Rose Polytechnic Institute, now known as Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology, in a large invitational meet that included the high-hurdle relays). The track at Petersburg was a good one, host of several large meets, one of which (the Petersburg Relays) always occurred on Kentucky Derby Day, but our oval was of unusual length. The half-mile run required going around the track two and three-quarters times, the mile was five and a half laps, not the customary four on a quarter-mile track. Even the 100-yard dash required opening a gate at the end of the short straightaway to avoid having the runners impale themselves against the fence.

In high school, I also had a small part in our senior class play, "Cheaper by the Dozen." I was Joe Scales, the cocky brat who dated one of the Galbraith girls, much to

the displeasure of her father. It was a pleasant surprise and an honor when my one big scene was selected by the play director, Mr. Barcus, to be the one “previewed” at the school assembly on the morning of the play’s opening night.

So I spent a lot of time trying to fit in with the others, but I was also a leader academically and regretted it when I somehow annoyed the teacher in a health class who was also the varsity basketball coach, Ralph Kifer (not the one, Everett Fisher, I worked for as student manager) and got a lower grade than I had earned. This dropped me from the top spot in the class overall, so at graduation I was the class salutatorian.

I was also the author of the “Class Prophecy” that appeared in our poor excuse for a “yearbook”—just mimeographed pages without pictures—and the “Prophecy” had an unusual format. I set it up in the form of a report on our class reunion years later, and discussed each person’s fate up to that point while also telling a series of, I thought, funny jokes. The lines I used about a popular, good-looking classmate who became a movie star was that this was the fourth reunion he had attended, each time with his wife, and someone remarked that he had “never seen four more beautiful women.” The other prophecies were just as bad or worse. For myself, I had predicted a job as garbage collector, but, as I said, the pay was good and included “all I could eat.”

I enjoyed sports mainly because I got to know the other players very well that way, and friendships made in the gym, on the fields, and on the track have lasted. Probably my closest friend in high school was Bill Shafer (who sadly was the first member of the class of ’51 to die). Bill was a roly-poly lad, a late developer physically like me, and we were fellow student managers and he too later played on the football team. Two other close friends were Bill Minehart, who played the bass drum well but unsmilingly rather than football or basketball and was a distance runner on the track team, and Richard “Prunes” Pearson, the big football end and star center on the basketball team and the one who was always available as a companion whenever I managed to get the car. On one of our jaunts, we discovered an abandoned strip mining pit that was suitable, minimally I suppose, for swimming and we named it the Gray-Pearson Pool. I got precedence in the name because I had the car that got us there.



High School buddies, “Prunes” Pearson and Bill Shafer (R)

I was close to the other star athletes on our teams—Byron Brenton, an all-sports standout, Danny Coleman, football team quarterback and one of the “first five” on the basketball team, Ted Black, a basketball player, Dick Carter, outstanding in all sports as well as the state’s top pole vaulter twice (at 12’ 8” as a sophomore, and “only” 12’ 5” after lacerating his arm in a car wreck as a junior), and Terry Hudson, who played football, basketball and, on the track and field team, put the shot and “shot the bull” equally well.³⁸ Later Terry and I were both members of the Hanover College football and track teams. I also ran around with another group of guys, the ones who did not play organized ball, but who were more artistic, musical, and diverse than the “jocks.” This group included Paul Steward, Bob Meadors, and Charles Burns (band members all), and Luther Hale, a quiet, studious type who has become quite a good professional art teacher and artist (we have one of his later oils in our living room now). And my main bike-riding companion, who was also a lightning-fast dash man on the track team, was (Ralph) Neil Deffendall. We were known to ride the narrow two-lane highway all the way to Washington just to go swimming. Its pool was infinitely better than the local strip pits, but afterwards, of course, we had to ride home again, which made it at least a thirty-mile round-trip. And once or twice, we rode even farther to get to the

³⁸ Oddly, to me, Terry, not a studious type, became a high school history teacher, snagged a good job at North Central High School in Indianapolis, which all three of my children attended, and one, Sarah, had “Mr. Hudson” as her history teacher.

unusual swimming pool at Vincennes (circular, not rectangular). At least the Vincennes road (Highway 61) was less heavily traveled by motor vehicles than Highway 57 to Washington and the scenery through the orchards of Knox County was better.

In a sense, my life as a paperboy helped prepare me for those long cycling trips. For a number of years, I was the one of the carriers of the *Evansville Courier* in Petersburg. There were, as I recall, five carriers, four with a route in one quadrant of the town. The fifth, unfairly it seemed to me, was mainly Main Street and out Pike Avenue where that lucky carrier happened to live. He could pick up the papers, as we all did, in front of a shop on Main Street, ride up to the far end of Main, and then basically coast and zigzag down the street and head home, finishing of course much earlier than the rest of us. My route covered the northwest corner of town, the Goose Hill area, and then led out Seventh Street all the way past Walnut Hill Cemetery, and I returned to our home at the corner of 9th and Poplar after having traveled exactly 4.8 miles. I rode this long loop on my new Western Flyer bicycle, with fancy mounts on the handlebars to hold the paper bag, eight times a week, the last time being, of course, in order to collect (one of the most irksome chores of all, for some customers were quite adept at not being at home or not having any money when I arrived). Again consider the Main Street carrier—his collection from businesses there was a snap compared to what we others encountered.

One customer never gave me any collection problems—this was General Sanders, my science teacher, who used to call me “Evansville Courier” in class and also would report to the class every time I failed to throw the paper onto his front porch (which did happen once or twice), and he particularly chortled to my classmates when once the paper ended up on his roof! In my defense, I pointed out that his house on Seventh Street was low-lying and sat back quite a ways from the sidewalk.

During my senior year, like most seniors, it seemed, I began to date an attractive sophomore, the sister of classmate Carol Haury. Nancy Haury, my girl friend, worked as the popcorn girl at the local movie house and often, just as we were both ending our jobs in the grocery and the movie lobby, I would drop by and either walk or drive Nancy home. I don’t remember many big dates, dinners, or dances, just get-togethers at the soda fountain on Main Street and at Pete’s Drive-in farther out (owned and operated by Pete Shafer, Bill’s father, whose slogan for the gas station he also owned on Main Street was “Buy Your Gas Here, for Pete’s Sake”). The drive-in was a wonderful new addition to things to do in Petersburg, which unfortunately at that time had no swimming pool, no golf course, and no tennis court, but we did in time have a

bowling alley, where Eddie, not me, liked to hang out and became in fact a good bowler, and a skating rink, near the drive-in and owned by Lorel Coleman, the high school principal and classmate Danny's father. I spent hours and hours there when it first opened, even bought a pair of white shoe skates (with rubber pads at the toes for sudden stops while skating backwards), and learned the basic maneuvers of roller-skating aficionados. Nancy liked to skate too, so that would be a frequent date activity. I had a nice photograph of her that I took with me to college for display in my room and she was my girl during that first year there, although she never came to campus for a visit.

Two more things about the first couple of years I lived in Petersburg—Grandmother (Beulah Brazelton Gray) came to live with us in about 1950, her health having worsened even more. I remember that she spent most of her time dressed but lying on her bed in what had been the younger boys' bedroom. She perked up occasionally to receive her many visitors—from Evansville, Otwell, and Jasper mainly. One of her visitors, unfortunately on a day I was not home, was the star baseball player for the Brooklyn Dodgers, Gil Hodges, which thrilled the lady.³⁹ She also managed, with generous help from others who did the leg work in doing last-minute research, to compile a lengthy manuscript on the history of her church, the Main Street Presbyterian, which the church, with help from attorney Carl M. Gray, a distant relative, published in 1953 as *The Saga of Three Churches: A History of Presbyterianism in Petersburg, 1821-1953*.

Finally, I want to mention the family's trip to Texas in 1951 to see Airman Edward E. Gray. Eddie, along with three other buddies, after the Korean War had started in June 1950, did not want to be drafted into the army, so the four of them, assured by an air force enlistment officer that they would be kept together, decided in January 1951 to enlist in the air force for four years, and avoid near-certain draft into the army for two. All sorts of things went wrong—first, Eddie, rarely saw fellow enlistees George Sullivan, Bob Cardinal, or Dave Myers again while in service. Secondly, due in part to the huge number of young men who, like Eddie and his Pike County cohorts, had opted for the Air Force at this time (there was a LIFE magazine article about this phenomenon),⁴⁰ the reception center could not keep up with such a great

³⁹ The same thing happened in 1955, when Senator Capehart brought Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to our house to visit Grandmother. I was unavoidably detained at Hanover, the visit coming during my graduation weekend.

⁴⁰ This story, "Recruit Stampede," *Life Magazine*, January 29, 1951, 26-29, carried the subtitle, "Thousands of young volunteers jam Lackland Air Force Base to escape being drafted into the infantry," and pointed out that all

influx and somehow it was weeks before Eddie and his squadron were “processed” and given uniforms. This happened at the Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, where Eddie (like all Air Force inductees) eventually received his basic training. But before his group was tended to, the men simply remained in their quarters, baking in their civilian clothes. In fact, the only clothing Eddie had taken with him was a nice new gray wool suit—the one I was planning to wear for my high school graduation soon after he enlisted—but after living in that suit in the south Texas heat for so long, instead of sending it back home, he burned it!



Eddie and my suit at Lackland AFB

After Eddie made it through basic training, he was first stationed (for schooling, 130 days of it as a mechanic) at Sheppard Air Force Base, Wichita Falls, still in Texas, but much farther north.⁴¹ It was there that we visited him, and I got to see a huge still-secret B-52 plane sitting on the runway.

Dad had ordered a new car in order to make such a long trip, but it—a nice looking blue '51 Ford, with “overdrive”!—was late coming in. It finally arrived, just two

Air Force recruits received their “indoctrination” at this one base and that the unexpected thousands who “swarmed in on Lackland” at that time had transformed its usual “orderly routine into a confusion of crowded tents and barracks” and “endless lines of [bewildered] young men.”

⁴¹ Ironically, Eddie’s next posting was at Great Falls, Montana, quite a contrast from his beginning bases, and then he was shipped overseas to Pusan, South Korea. As an airplane mechanic (something I couldn’t understand, for he couldn’t even repair bicycles), he saw no combat but remained there doing what he called “R and R” work—remove and replace—when working on defective parts on his planes. Another sad fact for me regarding Eddie’s Air Force career, he was never on hand to visit me at Hanover those same four years. Once he was home on leave and did start a trip to Hanover, but he took a wrong turn near West Baden, and ended up back in Jasper, not the college, so he gave up and went on home.

days before our scheduled departure, and I was given the “job”—a dream come true—of breaking the car in, driving it at least 300 miles, at break-in speeds only, the next day, so that we could replace the break-in oil with regular oil, and be able to start off on time. That time was about 5 a.m., with all six of us—Dad and Mom, the three boys and Grandmother—on board. And, once we got started, Dad never wanted to stop! Mom kept dropping hints about finding a motel long before we reached southern Missouri, but Dad kept going on. As I recall, we traveled nearly 700 pre-interstate highway miles (693 sticks in my mind) that first day, finally stopping at a “tourist court” somewhere in Oklahoma. I was thrilled at adding this state to the few that I had already visited—just Indiana’s neighboring states plus Tennessee and the states I crossed en route to a visit via Greyhound bus with Aunt Marge and Uncle Ray Oliphant in western Massachusetts (Pittsfield)—and thought that was true for Mom and Grandmother, too. I was flabbergasted not long ago when I looked into some family history and learned that these two women had once lived in Enid, Oklahoma, and that Mom had a baby brother buried there. This was not mentioned by either Mom or Grandmother when we reached the Sooner State, nor when we returned there with Eddie for a picnic at Turner Falls, an Oklahoma state park. Years later, when Beth and I were driving back from New Mexico, I routed us through Enid hoping but not expecting to find information about my little uncle, and perhaps his final resting place. We first tried the old newspapers at the public library, and found no mention of the Grays there in 1910, but the librarian did direct us to an old cemetery, one that would have been in operation in 1910. And the office clerk, a young Oklahoma State University student, upon searching the cemetery records, found what we were looking for—the burial site of “infant Gray” about ninety years ago. Of course, there is no longer a grave marker, if there had ever been one, but we did visit the place where little McCrillus Gray was laid to rest.

Chapter 6

Hanover Daze

I always knew I wanted to go to college and to see if I could handle “higher education.” I had no predetermined career goal, just a general desire to learn more about the world we lived in. Based upon my limited knowledge of others and their careers, I suppose my highest aspirations were to be a teacher—I knew I did not want a business career, and I knew nothing about the law or even lawyers, except for Hugh Dillin and Carl Gray through the church and as occasional customers at the store. So I thought I would enroll in a variety of college classes and see which ones proved to be most interesting (as a subject to teach).

Never having been in a college classroom or even on a college campus, except for the time my science teacher, General (which I thought was his first name) Sanders, took a group of boys to Indiana University in Bloomington on “High School Band Day” to see a football game (with eleven men on a team, an oddity to me then in our pre-TV life). I remember that George Taliaferro was one of the star players at I.U. then, but don’t remember who the opponent was.

But I never wanted to go to I.U. or Purdue, or even Indiana State, where several of my classmates went, because I thought them too large for me at first. So I only considered two other Indiana schools—Wabash and Hanover—and wrote to a third, an out-of-state (and out-of-reality) Ivy League school—Harvard. Upon receiving the application form from Harvard, however, I decided I really didn’t want to go there after all. The application implied, or perhaps insisted, that incoming freshmen needed to know, in addition to English, at least one other modern language, preferably French or German. But Petersburg only offered language instruction in English and one “dead” language—Latin. Miss Wilson’s Latin courses were excellent, difficult but challenging, and the lessons (and the root words) learned there proved to be enormously valuable. Consequently, without even a smattering of either French or German, I focused on the two in-state schools. I remember going to Crawfordsville once, with classmate Leland Barley, a bright and friendly chap from the country who was especially strong in the sciences. We went to Wabash to take an examination and look around the campus one Saturday morning. I don’t remember the outcome of the tests for either of us, but it was the rather unimpressive appearance of the school and its males-only policy that steered me away from the “Little Giants” school.

Soon after that Wabash trip, Mom and Dad took me to Hanover to look around that campus. It must have been during spring break, because no students or faculty were around, but Hanover's appearance was most attractive, and my initial casual interest in going there was encouraged by a chance encounter that day. After we mustered the courage to go inside of one of the buildings, Classic Hall, the then rather new combination classrooms and administration building, we were greeted by a little man in a sweater who I thought was the janitor. He reminded me, in fact, of a character in the "funny pages," the mustachioed Andy Gump. "Andy" asked if we had any questions about the college, and, upon getting one or two, led us into the open office of the Dean. In time, it dawned on me that our new acquaintance was in fact Dean E. Mowbray Tate, and he made it seem even more logical that Hanover was exactly the place for me. And I was impressed, too, by one of the college's young field agents, Guy Andres, a recent graduate, who called on us at home and further encouraged me to enroll in Hanover.

There was no doubt, apparently, about my application being accepted, and I have no memory of any anguish about that. Instead, the anxiety was about being ready for college work. That, and being able to pay the bills. There were no academic scholarships at that time, just opportunities for a favored few, usually the star athletes, to get jobs at the college, most of the time in the dining halls or with the physical plant staff. If I could land one of those jobs (to cover room and board expenses), Dad believed that he could manage the tuition, which amounted to about \$100 a month, if he could pay it by the month, not all at once. I remember my first one-on-one conversation with Dr. Albert G. Parker, the college president, when I asked for this special arrangement of monthly payments. Dr. Parker, an unusual man and really quite shy, never looked at me during the conversation. Instead, he pulled open a desk drawer, picked up his pocket knife, and started whittling on, I assume, a block of wood in the drawer, not on the drawer itself. Then, at the end, he simply said, "Yes, I think we can do that."

As a football player and later a member of the track team but definitely not a star athlete, I was fortunate in being able to get one of the dining hall jobs—as a bus boy in Men's Residence Hall. This meant getting up earlier than the diners themselves, running across the quad from my dorm and being on hand to serve breakfast. Of course we also worked at lunch and dinner time too. Not a bad job, just boring, and the choice assignment was at the dining hall of the girls' dormitory—Donner Hall, which in fact I did manage one year.

I also took advantage of a special “scholarship” Hanover offered—a one hundred dollar discount for incoming freshmen who could answer, to the satisfaction of the Professor of Religion, Alvin K. Bailey, all the questions in the shorter catechism, some 130 questions (and answers!) long. I spent considerable time before enrolling in Hanover in committing to memory those 130 questions and answers, which included *inter alia* at least 20 to 30 questions about the Ten Commandments—what each one stated and what was required, or prohibited, by each. I still remember, to this day, the first question and answer—“What is the chief end of Man?” “Man’s chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever”—although I have forgotten most of the other 129. At least I satisfied Dr. Bailey, who eventually, realizing that I knew both the questions and the answers thoroughly, didn’t bother to read the questions and just said “next,” and I would give the answer.

So financing my way through college was not a major problem, either for the family or me particularly after I found a good summer job in ‘53 and ‘54. I also remember that, in preparing for my sophomore year as “Joe College,” I made my first “time purchase.” I went to Washington to the Buchenberger Book Company and picked out a big black used typewriter, with a blank keyboard, that cost sixty dollars. The payments were \$5 per month, interest free as I recall it, so by the time I started my junior year, I owned the typewriter free and clear.⁴²

For various strange reasons, including, and probably mainly, Hanover’s no-cut policy, I decided to “go out” for the football team. This worked out well for the most part (except for the dislocated shoulder suffered early in my sophomore year), and made me feel an integral part of the college scene from the beginning. Indeed, the football players reported to campus early each school year (at least a week if not more) before the other students arrived, and we began our grueling “two-a-day” practices and got to know each other and the college grounds and dorms without any distractions, such as classes, girls, or faculty members being around.

The team leader was quarterback Gary Fox from Indianapolis (years later, I discovered, after he had moved on, that Gary was once a colleague of mine at IUPUI but we never met there). Gary was a tough little guy, friendly and gregarious off the field but all business on, and many of the other returning players were also tough and

⁴² The blank keyboard machine had been used in the typing classes at the Washington schools, and I wanted it so that only those who knew how to type would use it. A couple of times people who asked to borrow my typewriter changed their minds when they removed the cover.

talented athletes. For someone who had only rarely seen eleven-man football games and never played in one, I was a bit slow in catching on to the system, but it was a good learning experience, a great way to meet and get to know types of people I had never before known—ethnics, Roman Catholics, and big-city guys (e.g., guys from Indianapolis, Gary, Chicago, and upstate New York) and we had good coaches too. The legendary “Dutch” (Raymond F.) Struck was our head coach. He was a good motivator, a tough taskmaster, and an exemplar of right living. I still remember his remarks at an opening event—a cookout on the “point” of the campus for the team members—when he began by saying, “Men, I want you to know we’re not here to win games, our goal is to have fun.” While that bit of philosophy, unusual, I thought, in a coach with a strong winning record, was sinking in, he added, “Of course, unless we win, it’s no fun!”

The assistant coach and the one I worked with most, was Charles Henry, quiet, debonair, something of a Dana Andrews look-alike, and also a good teacher and role model. He had, I believe, previously coached at the high school in Washington, Indiana, so there was a slight local connection with him.

I don’t know what possessed me to go out for football at Hanover. Maybe I thought a small college team would have small players, but I soon learned that was far from true. In some scrimmages, as an offensive end, I lined up against a huge defensive tackle, nicknamed “Chonky,” who happened to weigh 300 pounds (almost twice my weight). Luckily, though, he was on the lazy side and would let me make my block without him inflicting pain or injury on the “gnat” at his legs. Our center, Joe Springer, was a 300-pounder too, and Jack “Hippo” Haines, at 260 or so pounds, was one of our NFL-size and type linebackers. We also had some normal-sized players and a good crop of running backs, one of whom, Dick Deardurff from LaPorte, was in my pledge class at the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. Dick later, as an upperclassman, became captain of the team, which was, as I said earlier, of conference championship caliber. The conference school members I can recall were Indiana Central College (now the University of Indianapolis and our games with them were played on the Manual High School field), Manchester, Earlham, Franklin, and Taylor, in Upland, Indiana, where only a few bleacher seats were available in its “stadium,” but fans could park along the sidelines and watch the game from their cars.

We also played strong non-conference teams. I particularly remember the Wabash game, where beforehand, we could watch their fullback, the incredibly muscular and speedy Stan Huntsman, the coach’s son, work out in a track uniform, maybe just to impress (and depress) the comparably puny kids from Hanover. And we

were punted in the game that day, by a score as I recall of about 55–0 (they must have missed one of their kicks after a touchdown). Some may know that Stan Huntsman went on to be an outstanding track and field coach at universities in Ohio, Tennessee, and Texas, and served as the head coach of the USA Olympics track team in 1988. As stated before, I only stayed on the football team two years (shoulder problems), so, given alternating home and away games, I visited these other college campuses as a football player only one time, but I returned to some of them as a track team member.

In the meantime, I became a full-time college student, living not in the rather plush Men's Residence Hall (MRH) but in College Point House, the oldest building on campus and quite decrepit. Now gone (like most of the places I had lived in up to this point), it was directly across the campus green from MRH, where I worked as a busboy and dishwasher for a couple of years. My choice of Point House may have been because the dorm fees were less there than at MRH, where I was first assigned, but I also didn't like my roommate assignment at MRH—another kid from Petersburg High School—because I wanted to meet new people. As it worked out, my first roommate was Warren Barnett, an upperclassman with whom I had little in common and didn't hang out with much at all. But the Point House camaraderie was unique—all the men living there were special and we developed, I suppose, a mystique about it because we were not part of the more effete (we assumed) fellows at MRH. Point House buddies included Dale McNeely from Lexington, who created a negative stir on campus initially by wearing his high school "L" letter sweater, a big no-no at college, and he was teased about it for weeks. Dale went on eventually, as a track man, to win an "H" letter and even became conference champion in the low hurdles one year. Others there were the avuncular Bob Sanders from Chicago, who taught me to play chess during final exam week (!), George Gray from Livonia, who brought his accordion and could play it well too, though all I remember hearing repeatedly is "Lady of Spain," and Skip Klingensmith, a classy football player from Pittsburgh.

Two things stand out in my memory about Point House, my home on campus twice. As a junior and a member of the Fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta (a Fiji), I moved into the Fiji house, but during my senior year, when the house was condemned and had to be razed, the entire fraternity was moved into Point House and we stayed there watching the new Fiji House being built but never getting to live in it. My first experience in Point House life included a constant battle with the ants—on Sunday evenings, no meals were served at the dorms, so we had to bring food from MRH after lunch that day to have in the evening. If you left, say, a sandwich on your desk or

bureau, by evening it would have thousands of visitors, so we learned some survival tricks. Hanging one's food by a string from a lamp or a window rod didn't work—the ants could easily use the string as their roadway. What did work was to put a glass inside a bowl of water, and put the food on top of the glass—the ants couldn't swim or long-jump, so we prevailed and enjoyed insect-free peanut butter and jelly or bologna and cheese sandwiches on Sunday evenings, unless of course, we occasionally joined the more affluent people who would go to the Cabin or the Soda Bowl for cheeseburgers that evening.

The other Point House memory is that its other wing (the building had two parallel wings, connected by hallways on both the first and second floor) “temporarily” but for all the time I was there provided housing for girls. The connecting hallways had been blocked off by barricades, which in fact were poorly constructed and could be and sometimes would be pushed over. I never made my way to the other side—it was those second-level rowdies who discovered the flimsiness of the barrier on that floor. Moreover, I was told by the same second-level habitués of their discovery that the girls' bathroom and shower could be seen from some point on the men's side—whether this is true or not, I don't know, but rumors were afloat after that discovery about which Point House girls wore “falsies.”

My academic adviser was “Herr” Paul Keach, the German professor, so you can imagine which foreign language classes I enrolled in. In fact, I had two years of German courses, and even signed up my junior year for an advanced class in German literature. On the first day of that class, I arrived and saw that no one else was there, so I decided I did not want to be in a class all by myself, but as I was walking out of the room, Herr Keach was walking in, and he “persuaded” me to stay. It turned out to be a good course, although I had some trouble reading and understanding the excerpt from Kafka's “Metamorphosis.”

In other ways, Keach was a good adviser and in my first two years, I took care of the required courses in science (physics) and math (more algebra and geometry, not quite getting to calculus), with marvelous professors, including “Doc” Martin, a diminutive man from Pennsylvania, also known as “Knee-High from Lehigh,” in physics and John Yarnelle (also the clarinetist in a local band) in math. Eventually, though, I decided to become a history major and took all the courses I could from the inimitable Dr. Bowers and Mr. Eisan (who later achieved a doctorate, too), the two men who made up the history department.

My most memorable experience my first semester came at its end, when I had an English final on a Friday morning, after which I planned to get home ASAP. But the only bus of the day headed west out of Hanover towards Petersburg departed at 11:30 that morning, the exact time our three-hour final was scheduled to end. I thought I could finish early, grab my bags, and make it to the bus “station” (a sidewalk stop) on time.

But English had proven to be my “worst” class—I had A’s in all the others going into the finals (which were three hours long, and spread out over five days, if one were lucky with the scheduling—once I had all five “back-to-back” in two and one-half days), but my grade going into Miss Margo Davis’s English final was at best a high B. The final turned out to be a long essay-type examination, open-ended, so instead of finishing early, I must have been the last one to leave the room after having written for probably three and a half hours. Of course, I missed the bus and had to hitchhike home, something I often did before getting a car my junior year, but perhaps, it was worth it. I received an A+ on the final, squeezed out an A- for the course grade, so I started off at Hanover with a 3.0 GPA (that doesn’t sound so good to students on a 4.0 or 5.0 point system but Hanover had a 3.0 system, and a 1.0 (C) average was required for graduation. The interesting part is that some unfortunates could end up with a negative GPA! D’s were 0.0, but F’s were a negative 1.0.

I think having achieved one of the few 3.0 averages at Hanover my first semester marked me, not only to my fellow students but also to the professors, and perhaps made it a bit easier for me to get As in all my other classes, except for the one taught by the great, in his mind, Dr. Leland Miles. Miles was, indeed, one of Hanover’s most distinguished (and eccentric) professors, and he went on to a brilliant career as a university professor and administrator, serving at least twice as a university president, and becoming one of the few Hanover professors to write a book!

But he had his curmudgeonly side, and delighted in offering, by his own definition, extremely difficult courses. I finally experienced two of Miles’s classes in English literature, in both of which, as he announced well ahead of time, part of the final exam was the requirement that each student write out from memory at least thirty lines of poetry. Without taking seriously (at first) his strictures that two, to him, “so-called poets”—James Whitcomb Riley (!) and Edgar A. Guest— should never be mentioned in his class, I offered lines from one of Guest’s most popular verses, “It Takes a Heap o’ Livin’ to Make a House a Home,” as my required poem for the fall semester final exam. After receiving a grade of B+ for the class, my first and only B

grade at Hanover, I stayed with Miles for the second semester, gave him some lines from a deep Robinson Jeffers poem that opened “I am not dead, just sleeping” on the final exam, and earned an A for the course.

All the while I most enjoyed the history classes, particularly the American history courses taught by Bowers. I wrote my first term paper for him—“Colonial Crime and Punishment”—while doing the research in the Hendricks Library. As I learned later (when I did a chapter on Thomas A. Hendricks for a book that I edited celebrating the national bicentennial, *Gentlemen from Indiana: National Party Candidates, 1936–1940* [1977]), the Hendricks for whom the library was named was a Hanover graduate from Shelbyville who became an attorney and went on to be, successively, governor of Indiana, United States Senator, and finally Grover Cleveland’s vice president.

Bowers was a brilliant, somewhat eccentric, professor and historian. He had wonderfully ambitious plans for each of his courses that usually never quite materialized completely, but he exposed his students to the best writing and most recent interpretations in historical thought. Along the way he produced a number of historians who went on to earn Ph.D.’s in the field and to make outstanding contributions to the profession. I think his most successful product was Walt LaFeber, who went on from Hanover to graduate work at Stanford, Oxford (one summer), and Wisconsin (Bowers’s university, too) and to a remarkable life-long career at Cornell University, where he became a leading American foreign policy historian.

I am proud to say that Walt was my classmate for four years at Hanover, and that somehow I topped him in overall GPA, probably because of Walt’s leadership roles in other school activities (e.g., he was the president Beta Theta Pi’s local chapter for two years, while I served only one year as president of Tau Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta, and we both served for a time as a sports columnist for the campus newspaper, the *Triangle*, but Walt had countless other activities too).⁴³ Particularly memorable was the senior seminar for Hanover’s five graduating history majors. Our “textbook” for the class was the fairly new *Harvard Guide to American History* (1953), an incredible resource to me then and ever since. Although this book is primarily a bibliographical guide to all periods and topics in American history, I found most useful its brief essays

⁴³ The one thing I remember about that job is that I was doing the column at the time when Milan High School won the basketball championship and provided the inspiration for the classic film, “Hoosiers” (1986). I particularly remember listening to the game that historic night in 1954 on my little car radio while parked somewhere near the Point on campus, and writing a column that began, “My land [Aunt Inez’s favorite expression], Milan did it!”

on other aspects of a historian's life, such things as reviewing books and supporting local historical societies, both of which I have done over the years, perhaps to excess. I also liked Professor Samuel E. Morison's essay on "History as a Literary Art." Dr. Bowers's "wagon wheels" course (The American Frontier) was also an unforgettable experience, where I first encountered the "Turner Thesis" and learned that there were such things as new interpretive ways to examine old evidence.

Frederick Jackson Turner was a Wisconsin (later Harvard) professor and he developed a controversial thesis about the westward movement that revolutionized the way western history has been studied and understood. One feature of Bowers's frontier course I didn't like at the time was the brief written report due every Monday of the course. These essays were to be based upon readings in a workbook containing numerous essays on different topics, so the work was considerable and often destroyed my equilibrium on Sunday evenings, when all too often I would begin to write that required essay. One particular cross to bear was that a nerdish fraternity brother in the same class, a "brain" but one who had no social life at all, always had his essay, neatly typed and in a folder, completed early. Often, just as I was beginning my readings for the essay, he would be on his way up to the attic sleeping quarters at the Fiji house.

Another reason I remember my history classes with Bowers is that in the introductory European history class (which Bowers unusually taught because Eisan was on leave that semester), I met a cute little red-headed girl from Crown Point, Jan Everett by name. She also attracted my attention because she seemed to know a lot about ancient history⁴⁴ (something I had never studied and knew very little about). I thought it might be useful to have someone like that available to help me get through that European history course, so I asked her, probably after walking her back to her dorm in Donner-Ide Hall after one of the classes, to come with me on a Fiji hayride to Clifty Falls State Park. This was my second year—her first—at Hanover, so our first date came soon after the school year started, in September 1952.

According to a photograph I found in my "stuff," Carolyn Wade was my date at the "Fiji Island Luau"—the fraternity's big event each spring—in 1952, and Jan was my date at the next one, in 1953. I don't remember when we started going steady—I had

⁴⁴ Jan later explained this by saying, in order to ward off complete boredom during a daily study hall period in high school, she had started reading the *Encyclopedia Britannica* cover to cover! So she knew quite a lot about many topics, especially those that started with the letters A through M or N, which included a number of things brought up in our one class together.

dropped “all” my girlfriends back home (and nearby) by the time of my sophomore year—and I don’t remember dating anyone else after my first dates with Jan, on the hayride, “coke dates” at the Cabin (her usual was the cheeseburger on toast, a Cabin specialty), and perhaps a bowling date at the Soda Bowl—she was a good bowler, I wasn’t, so I didn’t punish myself that way very often. It must have been during my junior year, maybe in September on another Clifty Falls State Park date, that we began going steady (i.e., we got pinned and she began wearing my Fiji pin linked to her A O Pi pin). I do remember that our “formal” engagement occurred there (at Clifty Falls State Park)—in September 1954—and that the “September Song” became “our song.”

In thinking about it, I realize that Jan and I had a lot in common, including stubborn streaks and skepticism towards some fraternity and sorority silliness that made no sense to us. Accordingly, as we realized later on, we both had led our pledge classes in “misbehaving”—in her case she probably missed song practices, or refused to butter up an active properly, and this led to some required make-up chores; in my case, failure to wear the freshman beanie a time or two led to getting paddled. Those decorative paddles gracing dorm rooms actually had a sordid use each week as pledges with demerits were paddled—hard— by their “big brothers” in front of all the actives. There was a five-whack limit per week, and I amassed 8 demerits the first week, so I got five swats at the first meeting, and since I “earned” three more black marks the next week, I also had a full measure of strokes the next week too. I can’t remember exactly how many more I received, but it was quite a few, and since I had perhaps foolishly accepted the offer from Don Bonsett, a big, burly football player, to be my big brother, the blows I received, something of a test of one’s manliness for the whacker as well as the whackee, were not “love pats.”

I don’t recall the source of all my demerits but they included the freshman green beanie infraction and failure to answer to the satisfaction of sadistic upper classmen questions about fraternity history (rare for me) or personal details concerning other actives (common for me, because I didn’t hang around the house that much). The penalty I most resented, however, was the one imposed by Ray Green, our star athlete—a 12-letter man at Hanover, in football, basketball, and track, as well as the father of the later famous basketball playing twins, J.T. and Steve, the latter of whom starred on some of Bobby Knight’s championship basketball teams at Indiana University. Early one morning, as I was performing one of my regular fraternity chores, running (literally) to the post office in downtown Hanover to collect the mail for the house, I had neglected to don my beanie. En route to the post office, I spotted Green,

married and thus living off campus, driving in to school. He won't report me, I thought, given the circumstances of no one else (at that hour) being around to see me and considering the excellent mail service I was providing to the brothers, but he did!

Somehow, though, I survived pledge class, and was initiated into full membership of the fraternity in an impressive ceremony on May 25, 1952 (a date I remember because of its shorthand numbers—5/25/52). I made it through the second year of college, too, after which I became an experienced farm silo builder. Through a friend and fraternity brother, Bob Goodwin, of Bloomfield, Indiana, I learned of a summer job opportunity with the Bloomfield [Concrete] Silo Company. Actually, my first job with the company (Bob and Larry Smith of South Bend, my little brother at the fraternity, were also employed there) was during Spring break in 1953, when we worked at the plant in Bloomfield, while living at Bob's home. Our job was to attach the hardware to the wooden silo doors—one door was placed on the silos every 30 inches—by drilling holes, then inserting the hardware bolts into the holes, and tightening the nuts on the bolts (not too tight—for that would pull the bolt heads too deep into the wood). We also were called upon once or twice to unload coal from a large semi-trailer truck bed, by scoop shovel. This was indeed hard labor, especially as the shoveling turned into a contest to see who could throw the most coal up overhead into the bins.

This job served as a semi-introduction into silo-building. At least we learned what materials made up a silo, and we saw (but did not participate in their manufacture) the reinforced concrete staves being made. Most of these tongue and groove staves or blocks were 30 inches high and weighed eighty pounds each, although our silos needed a few 10-inch and 20-inch blocks too—these were placed in the bottom row getting started and then again in top row to finish out evenly.

Come summer 1953, I had my long-desired construction job—one that I thought would pay well until I learned my pay would be sixty-five cents an hour. Still, since our days were made up of twelve hours at work, including ten hours on Saturday (travel time included), our normal 70-hour work week yielded a decent pay check for college kids in the 1950s.

At least it was enough to enable me to buy my first so-called car—a 1937 Ford two-door sedan. Aunt Mary Ann knew of an old lady in Washington with this car on hand, and she agreed to sell it to me for \$50. When I went out to her garage to get the car, it had a flat tire and the good lady reduced the price to \$45, "as is." This turned

out to be a great bargain for me, for the car ran well (despite clutch and battery problems when others drove it), and never once did I fail to get to my destination in my reliable old '37 (although others did). Once, though, while driving around Hanover, the muffler and tail pipe fell off, so I stopped, put them into the back seat, and drove on back to campus rather noisily. Also, at one point, the door on the driver's side could not be opened from the inside, but it was a simple matter to slide over and exit from the other side.



My \$45 "limousine"

Others often drove this car, too. While at Hanover, as my friends knew, I left the keys in the car and they were free to take it on errands to town. John Hawley, one of my roommates at the Fiji House (there were four of us with study desks in the one room—the beds were upstairs in a large common dormitory) and the house steward, agreed to have a new clutch put in the car at his expense if he could use it regularly to drive into Madison to buy groceries for the house, one of the steward's duties. This was done and was working out well, until Dick Deardurff once accompanied John on his grocery run. While returning from the store, Dick sat in the back seat eating some of the newly purchased grapes, and he was unable to resist putting the seeds in John's ear! This caused the distracted driver to run into a truck stopped in front of him, causing damage to the grill, so John had a second expense in repairing my car. I never

had any, and eventually gave the car to Dad to sell⁴⁵ when I traded up for a neat, but flawed, 1947 Chevy coupe in the fall of 1954. This car lasted me less than a week, threw a rod on my first (attempted) trip north to Crown Point, and was traded back (with Dad's loud-voiced help, unusual for him) to the dealer for a 1950 Chevy sedan that was a great little car.



**Both Dad and I had new cars, his '51 Ford was the good one.
Robert and Charlie are checking them out**

⁴⁵ Dad found a buyer who agreed to buy the car for \$100, but the only cash received was a \$5.00 down payment.



RDG's car No. 3—in Madison at flood time

Back to silo building, the first assignment for Larry Smith and me when we started the summer job was to work as the second and third members of Russell Graber's three-man crew. Graber, an old hand at the business, directed and taught us well, although early on I suspect he felt a little intimidated in the presence of college men. Nevertheless, our first job was to build a small silo at Royal Center, Indiana, and all we did was to follow Russell's lead, first of all in digging the circular trench for the foundation of a 10' by 30' silo—no forms were needed, the dirt walls were the forms—into which we poured the concrete we made ourselves in the mixer we carried on our pickup truck. Then we helped as he laid out the first row of blocks—beginning with a door frame and a full-sized stave, then a ten-inch, a twenty-inch, and a thirty-inch block and then the same order again until the circle was complete. After that it was all thirty-inch staves, which of course had to be made plumb, straight up and down and in and out, as determined by a simple two- or three-foot long level. If a stave was slightly off vertically, Russell would simply pull it up slightly and place a small pebble under the lower side, then lower it again. This always worked, and the form of a silo gradually began to appear. As it rose higher, we had to build a platform inside that hung from the top edges of the staves via short chains and a clamp with a handle on top. The

hard part (as I was to learn later, when I became the crew chief) was lifting the platform by hand from a low block to an adjacent higher one, while teetering astride the silo wall.



On top of my job, while Larry tightens rods

Job complete, truck loaded

While stacking (erecting) the silo, the staves were lifted to the waiting hands of the crew chief by a gasoline engine-powered pulley system. The cable, inside the silo where the engine was placed, ran up to the A-frame atop the blocks already in place and then dropped down the outside of the silo to the ground where a local person, either the farmer who had purchased the silo or a helper he hired, would attach a new stave to the cable by means of an ice-carrier type device that clamped onto the block. When ready the crew chief would signal the cable-operator inside, who couldn't see what was happening outside, to start the lift. The signal was simply holding out the left hand—when the block was at the right height, the chief would use that hand to help catch the block, thereby signaling the man inside to stop the lift and apply the brake, so the block could not go crashing back down. In this way, over the course of a day or

two, complete silos could be stacked. One other stacking job, an essential one, I should mention was that of installing the rods (in three sections, bolted together) around each row of staves. Given the tongue and groove design of the staves, once stacked up, they could not fall to the inside, and the rods prevented them from falling outwardly, but these rods could not be tightened very snugly at first because then the next row of staves could not be put in place. So the entire structure, once the stacking was complete and before the rods were tightened, was quite wobbly and could be made to wiggle by shaking it. We sometimes scared each other by doing just that, shaking the staves at the top and watching them all jiggle.

But this looseness disappeared once the rod tightening, from our “bosun seats” outside, was completed. More fun followed as we needed to paint (“white-wash”) the exterior with a special cement-based paint that acted as a caulking at all the joints—a silo is essentially a fruit jar that needs to be airtight to avoid spoiling the ensilage, so the thing had to be painted from the bosun seats. These were little swing seats attached with a hook over the top edge and had pulley rings at both top and bottom, so we could easily raise and lower ourselves once seated. Of course, it was impossible to keep the paint at a distance from yourself, so we didn’t worry about that, just splashed in on (the recommended way) to right and left from the three buckets attached to the seat (one to the right, the left, and behind you)—the white paint dried quickly and could easily be dusted off your clothing, at least in part.

So that was the job—trenching, stacking and rodding, painting (both inside and outside), and, perhaps (the part I most hated), installing a roof if one had been ordered—usually they weren’t. The toughest paint job was not the white coating outside, but the foul-smelling alcohol-based sealant that had to be applied to the lower ten feet or so of the inside so that the acidic juices created in a full silo would not eat through the sides. The problem was that, in those pre-OSHA days, this was a potentially hazardous undertaking, and the fumes tended to make us giddy by the time the inside painting had been completed, and we sometimes rolled on the ground in perhaps drunken laughter after completing this job, which fortunately also marked the completion of the entire job.

Perhaps the most surprising thing was that after we had helped build five or six silos, the company superintendent decided to create a new crew out of his college-boy material, and he named me the crew chief, with Larry and Bob Goodwin as my crew. As crew chief, I received a “bonus” of five cents for every stave we put in place. Since a

few hundred staves were used in each silo, which were usually either 8 or 10 feet in diameter and from 30 to 45 feet high, the bonus was a welcome bit of added income.

In this way we built dozens of “monuments,” as I called them, across the state of Indiana, most of which went up straight and were as well built as those erected by men who knew what they were doing, and they are still standing tall. I should also mention that part of the price of a silo, in addition to the initial cash outlay and the requirement of providing at least one helper, was to board and bed the crew. Since many of our customers were members of the Amish and Mennonite communities located in both southern and northern Indiana (around Montgomery in the south and Goshen or Shipshewana up north). I had unusual but welcome and eye-opening cultural as well as construction experiences in my two summers as a silo builder. Of course, we kept farmers’ hours, working from near sun-up to sundown, and we ate their food too. Much of it was good, well prepared, and ample (especially when we had pie for breakfast), but at least one family, obviously, could barely afford the silo and did not provision us well. One meal that I remember consisted of only one slice of bread per person that accompanied a main course of blood pudding. That evening, as I recall, we took a short drive into town to find a store and some real food.

Mom also, when our job happened to be located not far from Petersburg, perhaps in either Daviess or Dubois County, would bring us “care packages” in the form of peanut butter sandwiches and candy bars, so overall we managed well those two long hot summers. But it seemed to me at the time that all that manual labor deadened the mind a bit, and it took a while for me to get back into the swing of things academically each fall.

As stated, I don’t recall having a summer job at all following my freshman year; maybe I just helped out in the store at home. I worked on the silos following my sophomore and junior years, and, luckily, following my engagement, graduation, and the award of a Fulbright Fellowship for study in the United Kingdom in 1955–56, Jan’s family (chiefly her Uncle Paul, a long-time United States Steel Company employee) arranged for me to work the summer before beginning my post-graduate studies abroad at the Gary Sheet and Tin Mill, a division of US Steel.

An interesting aspect of that job, in the annealing department where we heat-treated huge coils of steel, giving them their final tempering before being shipped to steel-using manufacturers, was my work with an overhead crane operator. After the coils were placed in flat, gas-fired ovens, our job was to place and then, following the

heat treatment, remove the huge oven covers that were draped over dozens of ovens (each one capable of holding, I suppose, three or four dozen coils).

Since my work consisted mainly of hooking (and unhooking) the crane's cable hooks to the oven covers, my job title was simply "hooker." I also had to "sand up" the covers, that is, move the sand on the oven floor up to the edges of the covers so that the heat could be better contained inside. I also managed, occasionally, to drive a tractor to move railroad cars loaded with the coils from one spot to another. A cable with a rigid clamp at the end was used to attach to the load, and it was a risky business sometimes, since it involved getting the loaded cars moving toward a point where the rails headed into a dead end lane, then slowing the tractor enough at just the right time so that the slackened cable could be released manually, and then speeding up so that the tractor could roll free and avoid the turn. Usually it worked and no damages resulted, even when I misjudged the speeds once or twice.

I worked with a big, tall, friendly black kid who was also the first White Sox baseball fan I had ever met. Until then everyone I knew, especially Jan's father and her family, were Cub fans. But my new partner, whose name I have forgotten, made life interesting for me in the mill. His goal at work was to become an overhead crane operator, and he climbed up into a vacant crane whenever possible and ran it up and down the tracks. This was permitted (for him, not me), but he never progressed to the point of actually lifting the coils and oven covers while I was there. Maybe he never did get to do so, because in the adjacent building to our old-fashioned annealing department, a new type of annealing system was being assembled that tempered the steel more quickly by moving it at high speed through a heat treatment, uncoiling and recoiling the rolls in the process.

Other interesting aspects of my steel mill days were that I had to join the Steelworkers of America Union, which I did, wear a hard hat and steel-toed work shoes, and follow the rule of "Spit before you sit" (if you saw a potential resting place, because it could be hot!). Moreover, just before my short-term employment was scheduled to end, we had a strike. The union demand was for a five-cent an hour pay increase. I remember thinking at the time that it would take years of work at the higher wage to make up for the income lost during the strike. But it didn't matter that much to me—I got off a week early, and was soon to be rich, comparably, as a foreign student in the United Kingdom at the University of Durham.

Two other highlights of my Hanover years were trips I somehow managed to take to Florida and California. The Florida adventure came during our spring break (probably the one in my sophomore year). Three fraternity brothers and I—all without “wheels” of our own—approached an unpopular, unorganized (i.e., not a fraternity member) guy from Southport who had his own car, and we convinced him to take his vacation down in Florida and we offered to come along, share the driving and the expense, and show him around although none of us had ever been close to Florida before then.

So it was that Gordon Derby picked up the other guys from La Porte and Michigan City, or maybe they met him in Indianapolis, and started off for Florida via Petersburg, where I joined the entourage and supplied a starting cache of snack foods from the store.

We drove straight through until we hit our first destination, Daytona Beach. We had a great day there swimming and sunning, not realizing the dangers involved in the latter activity until, late in the day, extreme sunburns forced us to seek shade (and medication). My main problem was the tops of my feet, which actually blistered, but we persevered, and slept in sleeping bags on the beach that night. The next morning I thought my shoes had been stolen, but I soon found them buried in the wind-blown sand right where I had left them. We only stayed in a motel one night of the trip—someone rented a room for two, and then we all sneaked in, slept crosswise on the bed or on the floor, and enjoyed the comforts of a shower and indoor plumbing for a change. Then we headed down to Fort Lauderdale, a most attractive city and beach, and made Miami our turn-around point.

Miami, though, was a big disappointment. Unlike the other cities we stopped in, we could not find a public beach anywhere in Miami or even get near the ocean. So we headed back, but it was late and we needed a place to sleep. Unable to “camp out” on a beach as before, we found a secluded road somewhere on the north edge of the city, so we drove in and bedded down on the ground there. The next day, just as we were packing up, a large covered truck drove up. The driver yelled out, “Hey, you guys can’t come in here—this is the city dump.”

“We’re just leaving”, we said, and so we did. One final point—when I see the mass migration of college students to ocean and gulf shores now, I think that maybe we started that tradition. Certainly, the “rules” were more relaxed or non-existent then, and we could sleep on the beaches (when we could find them), and the motel operators

were less vigilant about unpaid guests. But we had a great time, and Gordon was more popular with our crowd after his generosity to some indigent and car-less Fijis.

I also benefited from the generosity of another friend—this one a fraternity brother—who offered me a ride all the way to California to attend the Ecclesia, or national convention, of our fraternity in September 1954. At the time I was the president of Tau chapter at Hanover, and the offer came from Ferdie Avril, the immediate past-president.

Five of us made the trip in the Avril station wagon—in addition to me, Ferdie, and his older brother, the main driver, there was fellow silo builder Larry Smith and football player Ron Brown. Don Kastner, a younger fraternity brother from Evansville, also attended the Ecclesia, but he traveled there by other means. This was my first trip to the Great Southwest, and I was suitably impressed by the broad vistas, the grandeur of the scenery, and my inability to judge distances out there.

Jan joked about the trip later, saying she doubted we actually reached Los Angeles because the two postcards I sent her en route were postmarked Las Vegas and Reno. But we really did reach our destination in Los Angeles. The Ecclesia was held at the stately Ambassador Hotel, on Wilshire Boulevard, the scene later, as most people know, of Bobby Kennedy's assassination. But it was a gala spot for us. We had good accommodations, an interesting and helpful program (for new chapter officers), and memorable after-hours entertainment.

The one such event I best remember was a little party around the pool at the hotel, at which an up-and-coming Fiji from the world of radio and television appeared. This was Johnny Carson, a brother from Nebraska, who had just days before, by a fluke, appeared as guest host on a top-rated national television show. Red Skelton, who always did his skits "live," had injured himself (crashing through a brick wall) in dress rehearsal just before the show was to air, and his last-minute replacement was Carson, who was a big hit. So our "entertainment" that night was from a man at the beginning of his remarkable career as a game- and talk-show host. He, along with golfer John Nicklaus and Olympian Bob Mathias, finally gave us Fijis some people, in addition to Calvin Coolidge, to brag about as being "brothers."

Our trip back to Hanover was as unremarkable as the trek westward, except that we may have helped set a long-distance hitch-hiking record. Somewhere in Colorado we picked up a young man, thinking he needed a ride into Denver, but it turned out he was headed for Detroit. And he rode with us all the way to Michigan, if not Detroit. The

Avrils dropped me off first, as I recall, and then headed to Indianapolis to get Ron back home, and then drove to Niles, Michigan (just north of South Bend), where Larry lived. So our rider friend ended up with nearly a thousand-mile ride. By comparison, I thought ruefully, I usually had to get four or five rides in hitching my way along the 120 miles from Hanover to Petersburg.

Chapter 7

Going Abroad

The cold war was still raging when I completed my four years at Hanover. Unlike my brother, Eddie, who participated in the hot portion of that war through service as a four-year member of the United States Air Force, including a year in Korea,⁴⁶ I spent those same four years, 1951–1955, in college. I had escaped military service with a student deferment. One part of me wanted to experience life in the military—being a paratrooper seemed like something right up my alley—but other parts pulled me in the direction of more schooling and preparation for a career in teaching. Having now seen it done, college teaching appealed to me most, but if that was beyond my abilities, I suppose a high school job was my target (I knew I didn’t have the patience or the personality to be an elementary grade teacher),

I must have applied for both a Rhodes scholarship and a Fulbright fellowship at the behest of Dr. Bowers, who had nominated me as one of Hanover’s two or three candidates for a Rhodes. Another nominee was fraternity brother, Dick Casten, a good but not a superior student whose main forte was his athleticism (he was, in fact, at that time Hanover’s best football player, a fullback, who had been called the “Mack Truck” of the Hoosier College Conference by an Indianapolis sports writer, probably Bob Collins), and I don’t remember if there was a third Hanover candidate or not. Of course I was eager for an opportunity to go abroad, visit the one foreign county that I and my grandmother were most interested in, and study at what I then considered to be the most prestigious university in the world—Oxford, but I had no expectation of success in the Rhodes competition, or in the Fulbright either.

But I thought it would be a good experience just to go through the application process, and it was. The Rhodes competition for one of the two spots awarded to

⁴⁶ I recently learned that almost all of Eddie’s letters home, about a hundred, to the family during those years, have been preserved by our youngest brother, Charlie, and I read them all. They provide fascinating detail about the life of an airman in the 1950s, but of course one wishes there were more. In 2008 Charlie and I agreed to place them in the Indiana Historical Society Library for others to read too.

people from Indiana was especially strong, since it included not only student leaders in all the universities in the state but also men from Indiana who had, for example, obtained degrees from Harvard or Yale. Rather than compete for selection in Massachusetts or Connecticut, these Ivy League men could return to their home state for consideration there.

At least I made it through the initial weeding process, and was invited, along with Casten and perhaps fifteen or twenty others, to meet the prestigious Rhodes selection committee in the Union Building at Indiana University in Bloomington. The committee consisted of three university presidents—Herman B Wells of Indiana University, Frederick Hovde of Purdue University, and Byron K. Trippett of Wabash College—the latter two of whom had themselves been Rhodes scholars. We first met the committee at breakfast, which I think was part of the review process, made small talk, tried to eat our uncut grapefruit without squirting juice in a committee member's eye, and then went on to interviews, one by one, with the committee.

The day went well. I thought I avoided major slip-ups in my conversation with the presidents, but on the way back to Hanover, Casten and I agreed that we'd probably not be the ones to enroll in Oxford next fall. (I later learned we were bested by a blind fellow whose degree may have come from Minnesota, and someone else whom I don't remember at all.) It had, though, been great fun to meet the committee, and to see such distinguished men up close. I had no idea that in the years ahead I would serve on the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Historical Society with President Wells or that, later, I would be writing a book in which both he and President Hovde would be main characters. I was shocked, though, to see that the roly-poly Wells outlived the trim, athletic Hovde (a Big Ten quarterback at Minnesota and a rugby player at Oxford) by a number of years.

By contrast, the Fulbright application was by written form (and referee recommendations) only, and I never gave much thought to it after I sent it in—I had applied for study in the United Kingdom on the Fulbright form, though the competition for places there was probably heaviest. My real plans for 1955–56 were to begin graduate work in history and perhaps, if all went well, earn a master's degree while Jan was completing her undergraduate degree at Hanover.

I chose my graduate school in part upon the recommendation of another one of my roommates, Ted Palmer, from Riverside, Illinois (a posh Chicago suburb although Ted was not that way himself—his moniker was "The Junkman" and his car was a beat-

up Plymouth or Dodge that had been rolled in a crash and not repaired cosmetically, just mechanically). Ted had transferred to Hanover from the University of Illinois in Champaign–Urbana, and he had me convinced (until I saw it myself) that Illinois was the most beautiful campus in the Big Ten. To me, the Bloomington campus holds that distinction. But I had already applied to the school in the Prairie State and stuck with it because it had the best library in the Big Ten, was accepted, and shortly before graduation Ted accompanied me on a trip to Urbana where I rented a room in a house on California Street for next year’s enrollment. I think I made a ten dollar deposit on the room, and planned to go there in September.

It was upon our arrival back on campus, after most students had already left for the summer and just the graduating seniors were still around, that I learned I had in fact been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship for a year’s study at the University of Durham. I had never even heard of Durham, I suppose, before that time, and had expected, if the Fulbright should come, that I would be located in either Cambridge or Oxford, or possibly London. Instead, as I soon learned, Durham was in the far north of England quite near Newcastle, and the university there, clustered around a medieval castle and cathedral, was one of the old “provincial” universities in England (although its founding date of 1830 made it younger than Hanover!). It was, however, a wonderful place, full of history and enchantment, and the university campus itself was dominated by the country’s most outstanding example of a Norman Cathedral and a remarkably strong and impregnable castle, both of which were located on a high plateau above the river Weir (rhymes with near).



Map of Durham (with Beth), showing the River Wear

Indeed, the castle was the home base for one of the colleges—University College—at Durham, and its members dined in its magnificent “Great Hall.” By contrast, I was assigned to a place housed in very ordinary buildings known as St. Cuthbert’s Society, really another college of the university, and it was located at the foot of the peninsula created by the river as it made a hairpin turn passing through the city. My address was No. 13 South Bailey, the “Bailey” being the street that bisected the U-shaped plateau and ran from the heart of the city past the castle and cathedral (both on the green off to the right) and on to Saint Cuthbert’s and then Prebend’s Bridge. There were marvelous views of the castle, the tall towers and central spire of the cathedral, and the river itself from this bridge, on which a stone carried some lines by Sir Walter Scott about the cathedral, construction on which had been started in the eleventh century:

“Grey Towers of Durham,
 Yet well I loved thy mixed and massive piles,
 Half church of God, Half castle ‘gainst the Scots,
 And long to roam those venerable aisles
 With records stored of deeds long since forgot.”

But before reaching the hallowed city whose focal point is one of the few spots on the globe now listed as a World Heritage site, I had a valedictory to give, a summer’s employment at the steel mill to undergo, and then a little packing (for nearly a year away from home) to do.

The valedictory, of course, was special,⁴⁷ but had I not been a participant in the graduation proceedings that June weekend in 1955, I’m sure I would have been at home. Because that same weekend, on the day of our baccalaureate program and the day before graduation, another commencement weekend speaker (the one at Indiana

⁴⁷ At the request of some fellow students, mainly Paul Diller, who had retrieved a copy of those remarks from the college archives, I reprised this address on the “Fifty Years To the Day” celebration of our graduation in 2005 (that year happened to coincide with 1955 concerning the days of the week, so we met on a Sunday in 2005, too). I was a little surprised at the cogency, relevance, and cautious optimism of my words then, given its Cold War and McCarthyism setting. Copies of this brief talk can now be found in the Hanover College Library and the Indiana Historical Society Library.

University in Bloomington) was going to visit our home so that the speaker could meet my grandmother. That speaker was Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, a descendant of John Foster of Pike County, whose gravesite is at a farm outside of Otwell (near Algiers). In honor of the efforts Mrs. Gray had made to have the site marked and preserved, Senator Capehart, also a Pike Countian by birth and grandmother's cousin, made the arrangement for Dulles to visit both the gravesite of his famous ancestor, who also had been an American Secretary of State (for President Benjamin Harrison), and the lady responsible for the preservation of Delectable Hill (where Foster's grave was located). Her uncertain health at the time prevented her from returning to the gravesite at that time, so Mr. Dulles graciously consented to go to her at her (and my) home at Gray's Grocery. It was a memorable experience, indeed, for her and the entire community.

Fortunately, my family was able the next day to come to Hanover in time to have good up-front seats (immediately behind the graduating class) in the auditorium (now Parker Auditorium)—in fact, they are all pictured in the college yearbook for 1955, the picture evidently having been taken, judging by Dad's expression, at some boring point during the graduation services.⁴⁸ I was not in that picture because I was up on the stage, saying things I've long since forgotten, but I'll never forget the words of my youngest brother when I met the folks upon their arrival. Charlie walked over, stuck out his right hand, and said, "Shake the hand that shook the hand of John Foster Dulles."

I've already discussed my summer's activity, working at U.S. Steel's Sheet and Tin Mill in Gary while living in a rented room around the corner from the Everetts in Crown Point. Two other points about that experience—I worked, as did most of the other tin mill employees, on a swing shift, with the change in hours coming every week. I didn't mind the regular day shift, or even the midnight to morning shift, but didn't care for the late evening to midnight hours, which seemed to destroy the whole evening, and the next day, too. And I also remember the daily commute to work, about fifteen minutes straight north practically to the water's edge of Lake Michigan. What most concerned me was not the distance or safety issues, but the wear and tear on the car from crossing fifteen sets of railroad tracks each way. This was quite different from

⁴⁸ See the *Hanover College Revonah* for 1955, 38-39.

my days in Pike County, where Otwell had no trains or railroad tracks at all, and Petersburg had only one, but it curved around the city so it had to be crossed once in trips either to Vincennes or Evansville.

I've found some letters replying to my queries to the Fulbright folks (actually, the grant was administered by the Institute for International Education [IIE], so my letters were from the people there) about the clothes I needed to bring along and the weather conditions I could expect in Durham. Most of their advice about bringing "extra suits" and (expensive) outerwear, however, was ignored, for I realized the things I already had would be adequate.

The old-fashioned way for getting most of my things to England was used—we bought a large shiny black "steamer" trunk, packed it full, and delivered it to Railway Express in Washington, who shipped it to the Cunard Line's pier in New York City where it was loaded on board the *Queen Elizabeth*. I think I next saw the thing in my room on the South Bailey in Durham. At any rate, I had only a single suitcase to carry, along with a prized army field jacket (with great large pockets everywhere) that Coach Bill Weathers gave to me on departure's eve. This was the famous jacket he always wore during the football games he coached. Now retired as a coach he presented the jacket to me, although oddly, the cleaners had recently returned two such jackets to him—not one, and as he had long planned, he gave one of the jackets to his star player, Byron Brenton, the other one to me. But I think Byron got the "other" one and that I had the coach's trademark coat with me all through England and Western Europe, and for years afterwards.

My own trip to New York City was by automobile, courtesy of Mrs. Everett, who drove me, her daughter and my fiancée, and my mother to the Big Apple via Mt. Vernon, Virginia, and Washington, D. C. So it was a very nice send-off, topped off with a big dinner at the restaurant/night club, the famous Latin Quarter, owned by Barbara Walters's father, Lou, and we bought a glossy print of the four of us at our table from the in-house photographer, so we have a record of our dinner there. Traffic and parking, and security measures too, were so relaxed the next day that Mom and the Everetts were allowed to drive me to the pier—No. 90, as I recall—and they were permitted to come on board for a short time just before the tugs appeared and pushed our great ship out to sea on September 14, 1955.



The cover folder for the photograph below, courtesy of Mr. Walters



A jolly-looking crew (?) on sailing day eve, Mom, me, Jan, and Mom E.

Cunard's motto claimed that "Getting there is half the fun!"—and they were right. It was a wonderful crossing that September 1955, requiring only about five days. My quarters (in third class) were on the fifth level below the water line, so we had no portholes to look out of en route. Indeed, the only place we "steerage" folk could see the ocean was from a tiny top deck amidships. But our accommodations still seemed

luxurious to me—we (I shared my cabin with another Fulbrighter, an older man who was a professor of psychology from, I believe, the University of Oregon) had a bath steward, who drew the water for our baths upon request, and who instructed us about the system—the warm bath was taken in salt water, and the more limited supply of fresh water was to be used in rinsing off the soap and salt; a cabin steward, who kept our quarters tidy; and, in the dining room, we had a dining steward who served us endless, it seemed, courses of food at the “formal” dinners each evening. I had never seen so much cutlery around my spot at the table, and just tried to follow the lead of others as we moved from the first course—always a clear consommé (that I grew to like)—to a salad, a delicious entrée, and then a dessert, followed by some cheese delicacies. We had assigned tables, so my dinner companions were always the same, mostly other Fulbrighters none of whom was headed for Durham, and we got along very well. (It was a more heterogeneous group on the return trip, since the Fulbright scholars scattered in all directions following the school year, and I remember that one person seated at my table was the son of a famous man, the magician Blackstone. I didn’t particularly like the fellow, who bragged about the black market items he had smuggled aboard—what they were I don’t remember, but they were nothing I wanted anyway.

On my way over, I decided to use my free time by reading a United States diplomatic history book and better acquaint myself with the full range of American political history and an overview of its foreign policy. The book I took for that purpose was Thomas A. Bailey’s *Diplomatic History of the United States*. This work, crammed full of trivia and amusing incidents (great for use in lectures in the years to come) as well as a comprehensive treatment of the main subject, proved to be a good “companion” on the voyage and useful long afterwards.

Although we third class travelers were told not to cross the line (literally, a chain at the end of a stairway) and enter the second class accommodations, I did so a time or two in order to wander the larger decks there and get a better view of the ship’s wake (and the elegant first class appointments and passengers still farther down). Once, while standing at the railing in second class, I thought I saw a familiar face—that of actor Lloyd Nolan. Of course I couldn’t be sure, but I did notice that the London stage, shortly after our arrival, featured Mr. Nolan as the lead character, Captain Queeg, in “The Caine Mutiny,” so he might well have been aboard ship with us.⁴⁹ (I didn’t see that

⁴⁹ Incidentally, it seems that Maurice Micklewhite (also born in 1933), a budding young actor seeking a stage name, saw that same marquee in London, and he thereafter has become famous as Michael Caine.

production in London, but later I did see the movie with Humphrey Bogart in the role of the unbalanced captain.)

But the best memory I have of my first ocean crossing was the tour of the engine room and other hidden parts of the ship, conducted by one of the engineers. It was quite amazing to see the gleaming stainless steel propeller shafts that passed overhead through the enormous space we visited, and to hear our guide explain the performance of the huge, airplane wing-like stabilizers, one on each side of the ship, that operated in rough seas to reduce the ship's "pitch" and "roll" at that time. He also mentioned the strangest question he'd received on an earlier tour—a lady asked in all sincerity, "Are we below the water line now?" He said he was tempted to reply, "No, those propellers at the end of these shafts fly us through the air like a Pan-Am plane!"

Our first sight of land, after departing New York City and the good old U. S. A., was the famed Normandy coast of France, where we briefly stopped at Cherbourg, near Le Havre, before continuing across the English Channel and our debarkation point at Southampton. There we boarded the boat train and soon were approaching Waterloo (or Victoria) Station in London—the scenery those last few miles was not the best that London had to offer, for it consisted of industrial buildings, shabby lines of row houses, and rail yards where dozens of funny-looking (to Americans) freight and passenger cars—with long cylindrical "bumpers" extended from either end—were stored.

Upon arrival in the big city, soon to become my favorite one anywhere, the Fulbrighters were taken to dorm-like housing at Bedford College, not far from Tottenham Court Road, Hyde Park, and the Marble Arch. We were treated well these first few days—several welcoming and introductory addresses, including a reception at the American Embassy at Grosvenor Square, adorned already with an impressive statue of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (and now of General [and President] Dwight D. Eisenhower), as the guests of Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich, a rotund, stuffy, seemingly humorless, bureaucrat who could pass as a Hollywood caricature of an American diplomat, with whom we each shook hands. The highlight of the first meetings, though, was the one at which Prince Phillip, the Queen's consort, appeared and spoke, briefly and informally, to our rather small group. He recalled his first visit to "the States," which he greatly enjoyed but regretted not being able to do away with all the formalities and mix with the ordinary people. He said he envied us our opportunity to do just that while in England.

I also recall two other speakers, by position but not by name. First, the editor of *The Economist*, then and now an excellent publication on world affairs, made some (I'm sure) wise comments about current issues and events in Britain; secondly, an Oxford University professor spoke to us about the British educational system. I still remember his little opening joke about how things had changed in recent years, and about how serious the current generation of students was. It used to be, he said, when he came to class each morning, he'd say, "Good morning, class," and the students would reply, "Good morning, sir!" Now he comes to class, says "Good Morning," and they write it down!

The orientation included one other group activity enjoyed by the students going on to the "provincial" universities, not the ones staying in London or going to Oxford and Cambridge. This was a stay, for a few days, at a delightful place, Grantley Hall, up in Yorkshire. I don't recall much about the group meetings, just the tours we took to nearby sites, including one to the ruins of Fountains Abbey, one of the monasteries closed by Henry VIII, and another to the open countryside with its heather-covered hills making an indelible impression on us all.

While at Grantley Hall, we had a chance to get to know each other better, to go punting, and to visit the local pub. I think I had my first drink, a light (and warm) ale, at that time—I had been a teetotaler during my earlier days, even during my undergraduate years. I also met Bill Maehl then. He too was headed to the University of Durham, but at its campus in Newcastle, so we did not see each other much after that. Bill, whose academic career was spent at the University of Oklahoma, did once rent a car, drive over from Newcastle, and the two of us toured the Lake Country, one of the most scenic and delightful spots in all of England. It was a quick trip, but I remember we visited Wordsworth's Dove Cottage in Grasmere, saw Derwentwater and the Yew Tree Tarn (lake), and had a great time. Perhaps it was Bill's example that led me, later on, to rent a car myself—for some local touring, and a daring (after closing hours) trip with some fellow Cuthbert men, to Whitley Bay on the North Sea. I had rented the car for a full day, so I wanted to get my money's worth and drive round for most of those twenty-four hours, and we did. I also met Laura Wilson, a mousy little girl from the University of Maine, Orono, who was the other Fulbright Scholar headed to Durham. Oddly, I suppose, we rarely saw each other again, not having any classes together and preferring, of course, to socialize with the Brits instead of other Americans. Although I enjoyed the Yorkshire portion of the orientation, I complained (in my formal report on the year to the IIE) about it causing our late arrival on campus

for the beginning of classes, and that it did not include the non-provincial Fulbrighters. My recommendation was that, in the future, the Fulbright students should arrive earlier, participate in all the preliminaries, and still arrive on their respective campuses on time.

When I finally did reach Durham and St. Cuthbert's, I met the society's administrator, Principal Whitehouse, and his assistant whose name I have forgotten, but I do remember his lengthy prayers—in Latin—at mealtimes, and my roommate, a local rustic with a thick, nearly Scottish accent named Tom Hall. Tom was a science major, with classes and laboratory work in a different location from mine and the library, so we didn't see much of each other during the week, nor did we socialize with each other on weekends. He was friendly enough, a bit gruff as was his nature, and perhaps he felt a bit intimidated or unhappy at having to put up with a foreigner.

Oddly, on my first return to Durham—in 1977, just after Jan had been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, and was using a wheelchair for the first time—we (really she) struck up a conversation with another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Woods, in the hotel breakfast shop. They were locals, obviously well-to-do, and became interested in my background. My flippant response to their question, "Do you come here often?" of "Every 21 years!" nevertheless made them realize a possible connection. Back then they had subsidized a local Durham County boy and enabled him to attend the university, and they asked, knowing how unlikely it would be, "Did you happen to know Tom Hall those twenty-one years ago?" Of course, I had known him well.

When we both realized my roommate Tom was their Tom too, the Woodses brought me up to date on his later life—married and with a family, a career in the military—and promised to give him my greetings when next they saw him. While still trying to get over the pleasant surprise and remarkable coincidence of having met by accident someone who knew Tom, as we drove on that morning we saw a building that explained how our breakfast companions could have managed to support a local indigent—the building carried a name in large letters: "The Alan Woods Company."

Overall, the year in Durham passed by quickly. There were many long, late night bull sessions with the others in No. 13 after the outside doors were locked. In particular, Trevor Williams, and his roommate, Michael Turner, just across the hall from me, hosted many of these talks. Trevor, a real "motor mouth" who had spent some time in the states, was an informative host, as was Peter Coffey, a Bede College man (up the Bailey from us), a political scientist and future college professor at

Loughbrough College of Technology, who often joined us at Cuthbert's for conversation before closing time. (In fact, Peter, ever gregarious, once visited us in Delaware while touring the eastern United States.)

I also got involved, in a minor way, in some sporting activities, most memorably joining a rowing crew in a 4-man "novice" shell, not the sleek 8-man shells used in varsity competitions. This was great fun for our clearly international crew. The coxswain was the only Brit on board, the "stroke" position was filled by a lad named Peter J. Wilkinson, a young sophisticate from New Zealand, our "bow" man was Dieter Mehl from München (Munich, Germany), and the two middle spots were taken by an Irishman and an American (me). The season extended into the winter months, so sometimes we trudged through snow to the boat house, put our heavy shell into the river, stripped down to shorts and sweaters (the exertion aboard kept us warm enough), and then attempted to master the rather complex procedures involved in synchronizing our strokes, learning how to avoid "catching a crab" (failing to lift the oar out of the water smoothly following a pull), and mastering the way to "feather" the blade on its return to the forward position.

The rowing course was from near the "playing fields" on the north edge of the city, down the U-shaped river under two narrow-arched bridges, and on to a point near Prebend's Bridge (which carried South Bailey across the river) and the weir (a dam) in the Wear, when we turned around and headed back. Because the passages under the bridges were so narrow, we had to pull the oars in all the way in order to coast through. This was a bit tricky, because the oars in place on either side of the shell were what gave it some stability (since there were oarlocks through which the oars had to pass), but without them in place the boat was quite tippy. We learned this to be true when once, as the oars were "shipped" (brought into the boat), someone (not me) leaned out and over we went, into the river. Fortunately, all of us were able to swim, and we all reached the river bank with boat and oars in tow safely. But we did get our picture taken by a local press photographer, so one bedraggled rowing crew had its embarrassment shared with the local populace.

Another unusual aspect of my Durham experience was the practice of all students wearing their black academic robes to all classes and to dinner each evening. Some of those robes, sleeveless for the undergraduates, became quite tattered during the year and didn't really create the desired respectable and dignified appearance for its wearer, but my robe perhaps did, for it had long sleeves that indicated I already had a B. A., was new, heavier than the usual variety, and it was cast aside without remorse

when I departed. In addition to an academic tutor or advisor, fittingly a quaint, rather eccentric, but gifted teacher, Kenneth Ellis, officially a “reader” in history rather than a professor, because each discipline had only one professor, who usually also headed the department as was the case here with Professor Hughes in history, with whom I had no courses and rarely saw. I also had a “morals” tutor. Uncertain as to what this meant, I had “tea” with Dr. John Harris, this tutor, early in the first term. We simply exchanged pleasantries, I accepted his offer of help if any problems arose, and soon realized that was it. In all, I had tea with Dr. Harris, a philosopher and a real gentle man, each term and thankfully we never had occasion to meet again on official or “morals” business.

It was in one of Dr. Ellis’s classes, a seminar in English history, that I met the man I most liked and have stayed in touch with over the years. This was D. H. B. (aka Donald) Andrews, also a Cuthbert man but a non-resident in the dorm. We hit it off well from the start, and I came to know him and his fiancée, Brenda McManus, quite well, too. The Andrewses, as they became, marrying soon after their university years, were musicians, sailors, mountain climbers, and delightful people. Our lives since then have some interesting parallels—both men became university professors, Donald teaching teachers in schools of education (and interpreting for me the intricacies of Britain’s arcane school system), me teaching history (but unfortunately not English or British history except for one year as a teaching assistant at the University of Illinois, and as part of the World Civilization course I taught at The Ohio State University); both having two daughters along with, in my case, also a son; and both traveling a lot, he once around the world (!) following duties as a judge at a sailing match in Australia, with a last stop in Indianapolis; me, frequently heading off to England more often than the twenty-one years it took me to get back the first time.

I particularly remember seeing Donald and Brenda play, respectively, the flute (or the piccolo) and the violin (or the cello) in a Gilbert and Sullivan show at Durham. This was “H.M.S. Pinafore,” still one of my all-time favorites, in which a tall, awkwardly moving real son of England playing sailor Ralph Rackstraw literally stopped the show with his great rendition of “For I Am an Englishman,” which he was called upon immediately to reprise before the show could continue.

Speaking of theatrics, I somehow was inspired to try out for a minor role in “A Streetcar Named Desire,” which the Durham students staged during my time there. Some of the Cuthbert men were “in the theatre,” and they probably encouraged me, to add a bit of realism to a play set in New Orleans, to play the role of a sailor.

Surprisingly, in the positive review published in the campus newspaper, my contribution was mentioned. Everything, opined the reviewer, from the sailor in the opening scene (me) to the stunning performance by the girl playing Blanche Du Bois, lent an air of authenticity to the production.

My chief memories of my classes abroad were of the brutally cold temperatures in the classroom for Dr. Ellis's lecture course—it was so cold I literally could not flex my fingers sufficiently to write legible notes (for proof of this, see the class notes I still have!) and of Dr. Ellis's reply when I, in a rare comment during one of his lectures, questioned his omission, entirely, of the United States in dealing with the conclusion of Britain's war with France in 1815, which also ended what we Americans call the War of 1812. His answer: "Harrumph! That was totally unimportant! Whenever the British get involved on the continent, America runs up into Canada and tries to steal it from us." I also remember his put-down of Don Andrews in a seminar when Ellis questioned why the students' sentences were so long. Donald's tentative explanation, "Perhaps it's the influence of Thomas Macaulay," brought forth a snorted "Nonsense! Let's move on." Ellis was of course correct in my case, for I was then entirely innocent of works by that great English historian.

I also remember being introduced to the delights of warm custard sauce on almost all the desserts, pie or cake, served at Cuthbert's. The problem, though, was that the custard was served in tiny cream pitchers, only two, I think, for each large dining hall table. So it was rare indeed that anyone got all the custard he would like. The English universities also had sherry available for before-dinner drinks for those with a few bob to spare and a taste for that drink which I never developed. I could have afforded it, of course, because my monthly stipend from the IIE was quite generous, embarrassingly so, when compared to the council grants usually received by the Brits. My monthly allowance sometimes exceeded the annual awards to some of the locals.

I used this money wisely, I think. Instead of buying sherry or something similar, I treated myself to a fine Harris tweed jacket and a nice Philips radio (in the U.S., that would be a Magnavox) on which I would occasionally tune in the "Gong Show," long before some of its performers, like Peter Sellers, hit the big time.

I also had my eye on a great-looking green English (of course) bicycle prominently displayed in the window of a shop in mid-town Durham on Silver Street (part of the Great North Road from London to Edinburgh). But I refrained from spending the twenty-one guineas listed as its price (a guinea amounted to £1.1s, or

twenty-one shillings; listing prices that way perhaps made them seem a bit less expensive, but still it amounted to about \$105 in U.S. money then). Instead, I banked my money (in a Barclay Bank, which sold the blank checks to me, embossed with a revenue stamp, so that I in effect cancelled the stamp when I filled it out, thus paying what the revolutionary Americans were so incensed about—a Stamp Tax!) and used it for long trips on the continent during the extended breaks between terms.

My first such trip, after Micheltmas term, was taken with John Hawley, one of my Hanover College roommates who happened to be in the Army and stationed in Germany. John came to Durham to see the place and then together we headed off for parts unknown. We first looked around London and stayed out of trouble there, although I think we did visit the famous Windmill,⁵⁰ London's answer to the Moulin Rouge in Paris, which we also visited when we got there. After Paris our plan was to travel towards Italy by train, stopping off whenever possible at an American army base for overnight lodging. John of course had army identification and a pass, while I had only an American-style crew cut. We figured, correctly, if John walked on the side on which the sentry was posted and showed his pass, the guard would admit both of us without actually seeing two I.D.s. It worked, and I especially remember spending New Year's Eve, or was it Christmas Eve, at the base in Frankfort, where another Hanover College graduate and fraternity brother, Chuck Norris, was stationed. He was quite pleased to see us, and took us to a party on the base that evening. That's the one where Captain Kramer, Chuck's commanding officer, and the brother of a famous Green Bay Packer football player, Jerry Kramer (the one whose block at the goal line opened the way for quarterback Roger Staubach's game-winning touchdown in an NFL championship game), to my mind disgraced himself by getting drunk and then kept trying to remove his pants. But no harm was done, and we soon moved on. I next remember being in Munich and its famous Hofbrau Haus, where the German waitresses could hoist about eight or ten heavy one-liter steins at once. Their biceps would have made a Packer player jealous.

John and I continued southward, getting a good look at the Jungfrau in the Swiss Alps, and then moved into Italy. We stopped briefly in Milan and for a longer time in Florence, where we saw both Michelangelo's famous David statue and Giotto's Bell

⁵⁰ See the Judi Dench movie, "Mrs. Henderson Presents," (2005) for information about The Windmill.

Tower, which of course I climbed, as I did most other such structures—such as the Eiffel tower in Paris, the bell tower at San Marco's Place in Venice, the dome of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, and the tower of almost every other cathedral I could find.

In Florence I indulged myself a bit and bought a piece of Florentine leather—a briefcase with a lifetime guarantee (it lasted for twenty years of hard use) that I used, first of all, to carry back to England the souvenirs just acquired, including a Hofbrau Haus stein (that I still have), a bottle of French wine, and various pieces of bric-a-brac. Then we moved on to Rome, a visit to St. Peter's, the Coliseum, and the ruins of the Forum, before going on south to our turn-around point, Naples. Our visit there included a trip up Mt. Vesuvius by chairlift during which we could still see the lava from an eruption that had occurred not long before (1944, perhaps). The view of the bay from this obviously still active and smoking volcano was spectacular, with no visible signs (to the uninitiated) of the slaughter that had occurred there in World War II.

We headed back north, going by way of Genoa, where John and I parted company for, as it turned out, nearly fifty years, even though we both received doctorates from the University of Illinois in the same year, 1962, without even knowing the other was enrolled there, too. John's degree in geology and mine in history led us to "field work" in different places—he in the laboratory or actually out in the field somewhere, and me in the university library.

After our goodbyes in early 1956, I headed back to Durham via Frankfort (where a couple of ugly prostitutes tried to pick me up—at 5 a.m.!), but I made it back to Durham safely and alone, even though I met a girl, Marguerite Ballantine by name, from York on board ship crossing the channel, and we looked around London a bit before traveling together that same afternoon from London to York, where she detained. She even wrote to me a time or two, but my status as an engaged man unresponsive to her allures must have cooled her feelings for this "Yank."

Back at Durham things continued on as before, interesting and challenging and busy. The most important development that spring was a letter from Dr. Bowers telling me of a unique graduate scholarship opportunity, leading to a master's degree in history, at the University of Delaware. This fellowship, sponsored by a group with the unlikely name of the Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation, involved half-time work at the Foundation's new industrial history museum, expected to open the following year, and half-time work at the university studying for the degree. A two-year program

because of the divided time, it offered training in museum work at a lovely site on the banks of the Brandywine River, the spot where a French émigré, E.I. DuPont, had started his gunpowder manufacturing business in the first decade of the nineteenth century.

Of course I was interested and immediately wrote to Delaware for an application blank. Knowing that the finalists in the competition for Hagley fellowships were brought to the university and the museum site for final interviews, I thought I might even work in a visit home (or to Hanover), if I should be one of the finalists.

As it turned out, two University of Delaware officials were in London at that time (one was a history professor, Walter Woodfill, the other was Dean Squires, a close friend, as I later learned, of John A. Munroe, the history department chair, who was deeply saddened by the unexpected death of the dean before he returned home), and the powers that be thought it would be best (and less expensive) if these two men interviewed me in London and then passed on their impressions and recommendations to the selection committee on campus.

That is what happened, and I met the two Delawareans—fine, impressive-looking men who were most cordial and easy to talk to—in Senate House at the University of London. I suppose my presence abroad as a Fulbright Scholar gave me a built-in advantage, and I was indeed offered one of the two Hagley Fellowships awarded in 1956. So I had a lot to look forward to as I headed back on July 5, 1956,⁵¹ all too soon in some sense, to the U.S.A.—marriage, graduate study in an American university, and new challenges and opportunities in history.

There were some other interesting travels during my first year abroad. I don't have the sequence clearly in mind, nor have I found letters or other records to help fix the travel times, but I do know that I traveled back to the continent, alone this time, during the long break between the second and third terms at Durham. This trip took me through the Low Countries—Belgium and Holland—and then on to Denmark (the only Scandinavian country I managed to reach). And later, it must have been on the same long trip to the continent, I visited both Spain and Portugal en route to Gibraltar.

⁵¹ This date sticks with me because I remember spending the previous day, our Independence Day holiday, listening to the debates in the House of Commons. At first I was surprised to find Parliament in session that day, but it soon occurred to me that the British did not celebrate the Fourth of July like we did.

My travel agent for this adventure was an excitable gentleman on Ludgate Hill (near St. Paul's Cathedral) in London. He was knowledgeable, though, about the planned itinerary and kept repeating "Algeciras, Algeciras" when I asked for routing to Gibraltar. The point was that no public land transport (train, bus, or cab) could carry passengers into tiny Gibraltar, that historic and most British (since 1704) place at the southern edge of Spain and near the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea. I had to go by train to Algeciras, take a bus to the border, and then walk across the border to get into Gibraltar.

This worked out well, but there were two big surprises when I finally reached this storied destination—I had to walk across the landing strip of Gibraltar's airport to enter the country, being careful of course to look both ways before crossing! I don't suppose the air traffic was heavy there, but I could see at my feet the black skid marks made by the huge airplanes upon landing. The other surprise was that the rock of Gibraltar was reversed from the way I expected it to be. The familiar face of the rock, instead of rising up abruptly from the Mediterranean, actually jutted up from the airport runway, the rock then sloping down towards the sea. All the pictures I had seen of Gibraltar never seemed oriented this way, I suppose I had been careless in assuming that. Nevertheless, no matter which way the rock faces, Gibraltar is a most interesting place to visit, its people and shops more British in many ways than Britain itself. I was able once again to enjoy high tea with tasty scones, and see "Bobbies" directing traffic and feel at home again. Unfortunately, most of Gibraltar was then still off limits to tourists, the storied caves and tunnels which honeycombed the land, still one of the most heavily fortified, secretive, and militarily secure places that I have ever seen. But the African monkeys, legendary proof that at one time the two continents, so near to each other at that point, had once been joined, were there in large numbers.

Other highlights on this European tour were seeing the museums in Rotterdam, particularly the Rembrandt, and its outstanding special exhibit of Van Gogh's late-in-life paintings, the thick paint spattered on his canvases suggesting the torment of their creator. I also saw an exhibit there of "The Family of Man," a striking collection of photographs from all over the world, and still have the book of the same name that carries most of those photographs. The sculpture in the center of the city, a huge figure with a large hole in its missing center reminiscent of the destruction wreaked upon Rotterdam in the recent war was also particularly moving.

From there I moved on to The Hague, headquarters of the World Court, and stood at the podium in the courtroom where the prosecutor had stood when various

Nazi leaders were tried for their war crimes. I also visited a Dutch dairy farm, saw Edam cheese being made, and marveled at the closeness of the farm animals and the farm family—they actually lived in the same building.

The quick trip up to Copenhagen featured, for me, seeing our train drive onto a ferry boat as we crossed the waters from Germany into Denmark, where I admired the Tivoli Gardens, in the heart of the city, and the poignant “Little Mermaid” statue on the waterfront that recalled Hans Christian Anderson’s famous story. I also marveled the next morning at some Danish ladies, grandmotherly types out, like me, late for breakfast, but then, unlike me, they ended their meal smoking big black cigars. I tried to capture this scene on film without being too obvious about it, and later more openly took some photographs of the fish market vendors preparing the day’s catch, which included some slippery eels, for their eager customers.

Another short trip took me up to just north of Edinburgh, where I visited a friend of Bill Harris’s. Bill, a Petersburg friend and minister, had met this young Scottish woman on her travels, and he urged me to give her a call, knowing that she and her family would welcome a visit from another American. I don’t recall my hostess’s name, but I had a great time up there. Her home sat high above the street that that faced the Firth of Forth, so I had a spectacular view of the water from the house where, because it was chilly when I visited, I had my first experience with the hot water bottle they supplied to warm up the bed (in the non-central heated house). Then, the next day, my hosts insisted on a trip to the legendary St. Andrews Golf Course, so they fired up their Bentley⁵² car and we drove to St. Andrews. I was not yet a golfer myself but I was eager to see the place, its famous “road hole,” and its spectacular sand traps, more like bomb craters, which we did.

Upon our return we then visited their carpet factory (which I suppose helps explain the fine home and the Bentley), and they explained to me the intricacies of weaving patterns into carpets. Bill’s friend also told me of a recent misfortune—their office had been burglarized, in the course of which the intruder spotted their new electric typewriter on a desk. Electrics were of course just then coming into use, so the intruder decided to try it out. He didn’t steal it, but just used it briefly and typed out a few words—including his name! So less than brilliant police work was required to bring that thief to justice.

⁵² I was unaware of how special a Bentley was but I realized at once, of course, that it was an elegant automobile.

Edinburgh was just the first stop on my quick trip to both Scotland and Northern Ireland. Upon taking my leave from the capital city, I decided to try to hitchhike to Glasgow. This worked out, for the driver of an “articulated lorry,” the British term for what we call semi-tractor trailers, stopped and carried me all the way to Glasgow. I didn’t see much there, just the Clyde River and some ships, before booking a passage to Belfast. The Irish Sea, notoriously rough, lived up to its reputation for me. The little boat never stopped bobbing up and down, up and down, all the way to Ireland. I rather enjoyed this little ‘extra’ to the ride, and reached the ‘Old Sod’ in good shape. About all I remember of the Belfast sojourn is the day trip I took by train to a historic site nearby. This was a Sunday, and the folklore about Ireland was that on Sundays, *everyone* has a drink of whiskey. But this wouldn’t happen to me, I knew, because I was alone, had never imbibed before, and didn’t plan on going to a pub that day. Our compartment on the train accommodated about half-dozen people, one of whom was a little old lady, a Grandma Moses look-alike as I remember her now, who, when we were about midway through our trip inland, removed the cloth on the basket she was carrying, took out a bottle, and generously offered all her fellow passengers a drink! So it did happen to me, and I felt compelled to accept the totally unexpected libation. Perhaps my Scotch-Irish background required this.

This trip to Ireland was remarkable to me, however, for another reason, too. Having never flown before, I decided to see if I could book passage back to England by air. Yes! There was a plane leaving soon for Manchester, so my first flight was from Belfast to Manchester—a bargain which cost £10. Best of all, it flew directly over the Isle of Man, where one of the Durham students lived, and I wanted to see it too, albeit if from on high.

Perhaps this final little story belongs in this section about travels, too. But this was a very short trip, to a point within County Durham to the house of a fellow student who claimed that the ancestral family of President George Washington had come from his village, and that the Washington coat of arms still graced the stained glass windows of a little chapel there. He wanted me to see it, and I’m glad I did. I was astounded to see on one window the Washington family emblem, which consisted of three horizontal pieces of glass—red, white, and blue! For some reason, the image of Betsy Ross came to my mind.

Chapter 8

How to Make Gunpowder—The Delaware Interlude

The return trip home—again on board the *Queen Elizabeth*—stands out less vividly in my mind than the voyage over. Our sailing date was July 5, 1956, which I remember without checking because my last day in England was the 4th of July, which I observed by visiting the House of Commons. At first, until I thought about it, I was surprised to find that Parliament was in session on our national holiday, but it was a good capstone to a wonderful year abroad.

Other last minute activities included the purchase of a nice wedding gift for Jan (and me)—an elegant 8-piece setting of Wedgwood china, complete with large covered serving bowls, a gravy boat, and more, all of which still graces our dining room sideboard. The silver leaf “wheat sheaf” pattern I selected was the one on display in the London store window—not Harrods, but probably Selfridges or Marks and Spencer. Conveniently, the vendor arranged to have my purchase delivered to the ship and then forwarded on to Indiana, so I never saw the dinnerware until I was back home. I also bought a few small items as gifts to add to those already acquired—some lace in Italy, some glassware in Ireland.

The passage home—a five-day trip—went quickly, and we all were on deck to catch an early glimpse of the Statue of Liberty and the New York City skyline. Happily, I was welcomed home by Jan and Mrs. Everett, again our chauffeur for the trip—nonstop, as I recall—back to Indiana.

Regrettably, though, my return home was marred by a couple of minor misadventures, major ones to me at the time. First, after traveling to and through at least a dozen European countries without losing anything, I was relieved of my trusty and outstandingly good Argus C-3 camera as soon as I landed. It happened when I put down my suitcase, draped the army field jacket, with camera in a side pocket, over the case, and exchanged greetings with my future wife and mother-in-law. In that brief, unguarded moment, an obviously quick-moving thief made off with the camera, not the jacket. Fortunately, I had already exposed all my film and had it stored away for development later, so no pictures were lost, but I missed the great user-friendly

(“color-coded”) camera long afterwards, and never much cared for the replacement one I purchased with the insurance money—an Agfa.⁵³

Secondly, soon after we all reached Crown Point—the Everetts’ home town—I picked up my car, the ’50 Chevrolet Jan had driven while I was away, and headed home. The car was not running well, having had a year of hard service at Hanover—Jan had generously hauled her sorority sisters to and fro, just for the gas money, and it was a quirk of the car that the gas gauge pointed to empty long before it was really empty, so she could demonstrate the need for gas almost all the time!—and now badly needed a tune-up, but I was nevertheless stopped for speeding in Parke County, near Rockville. This “arrest” was obviously the result of a speed trap scam set up by the local police there, who conducted two of us (the other driver probably really had been speeding) to a nearby justice of the peace who just happened, on a Sunday afternoon, to be open for business. The other fellow paid his fine and left, but when I tried to argue my case, I was given the option of doing just that—next week—or of simply paying the fine then. It was a large sum, I thought, about \$10 or \$15, but I used the money I had set aside for buying a gift for Dad ((somehow I had neglected to bring him anything from abroad) to pay the fine and then sputtered on home, thereby avoiding a long return trip to Rockville my first week back in the states. It is good to know that a few years ago the “j. p.” courts—which frequently abused their legitimacy in this manner—were abolished by the state legislature.

When I finally reached Petersburg, I had only a few things to keep me occupied, but the summer (just the rest of July and August) went quickly. I already had Jan’s wedding ring—it came with the engagement ring I had ordered from one of Dad’s ubiquitous catalogs the previous summer—and the only big thing needed was a new, that is, a different and better, car. I found a nice ’53 Ford sedan, tan in color but the previous owner had painted its top a pale green, so I had a unique vehicle (in appearance) to take east. This was, I thought, important when the car was stolen from its parking place in front of our apartment in Newark, Delaware, but neither its uniqueness nor its Indiana license plates enabled the Newark police to find the car, which was located by us after about two weeks when a bus driver told our landlord about an abandoned car that was parked on a street in another part of town. It turned out to be mine, which I thought after so long a time was probably somewhere in Mexico. It had been abandoned, necessarily, because its joy-riding thieves, in my

⁵³ As it happened, the insurance claim paid me almost exactly the cost of the coverage, so that was a wash, but of course ‘I was covered if my losses had been much greater.

surmise, had hit a curb or something and broken a motor mount, which jammed the fan into the radiator. Not otherwise damaged except for muddy footprints all over the interior, including the dashboard (I tried not to surmise how that happened), the car was repaired and continued to give us good service the rest of my days as a graduate student.

Back to the summer of '56, about all I remember of those pre-wedding days is an interview by an *Evansville Courier* reporter, whose story featured the point that a former carrier of that newspaper had spent a year abroad as a Fulbright Scholar. The picture that accompanied the story was a view of me unpacking my steamer trunk, which had served its purpose well and which was later put to use as a cloth-covered coffee table and still later as a toy box for the kids. I also worked in about a week or ten-day visit to Crown Point, when Jan and I met with her not well-liked minister, the Reverend L. Humphrey Walz, for the customary pre-marital counseling, and to handle any other necessities. Somehow, probably through the Everetts' political connections, both Jan and I got jobs at the week-long county fair held in Crown Point. I was assigned to be a gatekeeper, and Jan worked at a nearby booth selling something. The worst part, in addition to the long, boring hours standing around, was having to hear the booming voice on the "p.a." system of the supposed celebrity Tommy Bartlett every day hours before and during his "Famous Tommy Bartlett Water Ski and Boat Show," which was staged on the lake in the center of the race track at the Lake County Fair Grounds.

The only tangible rewards for our "sufferings" that week was the extra cash we earned and the bingo game prize we won one afternoon while on a break. We did our bingo-playing at a time when few others were present, thereby increasing our chances of winning, and it paid off. The big item we walked off with was a flip-top wicker clothes hamper that we used for years—both as a perfect place in which to pack glassware and other fragile items during our frequent moves early on and, of course, as a clothes hamper.

The main drama that summer involved Mom's worry about whether Dad would come to the wedding too. He almost never closed the store and Sundays were the biggest net-profit days of the year, so Mom was worried, and Dad, showing his stubborn streak, never let her know his plans. Of course, if he didn't go, Eddie, now out of the military and again living in Petersburg, had agreed to be my best man and he could drive Mom, Grandmother, and the younger boys up to Crown Point. But Mom's worries were pointless. Dad finally did agree to close the store—a rare event—

and join the others on the nearly 200-mile trip north. I don't recall if Bill Harris (the Reverend William O.), whom we had asked to perform the wedding ceremony, came up with the folks or not, but I imagine that he traveled separately—in fact, this widely traveled man was not then living in Petersburg and instead was serving as a U.S. Navy chaplain, stationed I think in Philadelphia. As it happened, however, to our disappointment, Reverend Walz refused to allow Bill to preside, just serve as his assistant, in the ceremonies. It was to be in Walz's church, the Crown Point Presbyterian Church, and he insisted on precedence, but in our view our wedding was actually conducted by an old friend of the family.

I had gone up a day or two early to take care of any last minute arrangements that could be entrusted to the groom. My early arrival also gave Jan's brother, Jim, and his partners-in-crime (chiefly, I think, Jan's uncles, George and Paul) a chance to sabotage the car. Not much was done besides messages in soap on the windshield or rear windows, and the cans that were tied to the back bumper immediately came off, and the main "joke," pebbles put inside the right front wheel cover, intended to create an alarming and unknown rattle in the car, didn't work either because, apparently, too many had been stuffed in. But the next day, when we hit our first railroad track crossing, the wheel cover flew off into the void along U.S 30, never to be seen again by us.

Another early arrival event was the wedding rehearsal, which "Papa" Everett (as his grandchildren came to call Jan's father) made most memorable as he frequently "practiced" reciting his one line in the wedding. In response to the question, "Who gives this woman in marriage?" Papa's line, "Her mother and I do," was susceptible to many different renditions. For example, he might say, contemptuously, "Her? Mother and I do," or "Her mother (softly) and I DO" (loudly).

The wedding itself, on the afternoon of Sunday, September 2, 1956, went off smoothly, with Jan and I apparently impressing the attendees by having memorized our vows and then repeating them on cue without a hitch. Fortunately for me, Jan spoke first and I was able to follow, repeating virtually the same words, as we exchanged rings and vows—my ring was a very nice gold band, engraved with the date—Jan's subtle way, maybe, of being sure I wouldn't forget it in the years to come.



Just marred, er, married, 9/2/56

Although I may have a biased opinion, the bride looked lovely in her white dress, described in the press as “a gown of white antique silk with a long torso bodice and full gathered skirt. Seed pearls outlined the low neckline and she wore a strand of pearls brought to her from Japan by her brother, who returned from military service in time for the wedding. Matching pearl earrings were a gift from the bridegroom. Her fingertip veil was caught to a lace bridal cap with seed pearl trim.”⁵⁴

Jan’s “attendants” were her college roommate, Dottie Pickins of New Castle, another sorority sister, Marty Lokotzke of Gary, and her cousin, George’s daughter, Barbara Everett. My “attendants,” in addition to best man Eddie, were my brother Robert, and Jan’s brother, Jim, who were the ushers. The guests at the ceremony included the large Everett clan—Jan’s aunts, uncles, and cousins, most of whom lived in the Crown Point area, as well as friends of her parents. This group included the local political establishment, of which “Papa” was the long-time city clerk-treasurer. So the mayor, Marv Erlenbacher, and the police chief, George Knight, also the soloist, were there too.

⁵⁴ *The Gary Post Tribune*, September 10, 1956.

Not having had a “bachelor’s” party prior to the wedding, we did have (following a brief reception at the Everett home, at 340 W. Goldsborough Street) a fairly large post-wedding dinner for the entire wedding party and a few close friends and family, at a restaurant up on Route 30. All the Grays and Everetts were on hand to toast the newly-weds and speculate on the honeymoon destination, a well-kept secret. I think we left first, after thanking all for coming and for the nice batch of gifts received, as if we had a long distance to travel yet that evening. I think we had everyone fooled about that, for our destination was a motel, also on U.S. 30, less than a mile from the restaurant. We also had only a moderate distance to travel the next day too—no Niagara Falls or Hawaii honeymoon for this seemingly perpetual student—in order to reach our target location, the Wisconsin Dells. Of course, that meant passing through Chicago, and somehow, on the return to Indiana, I managed to work out a route that took us up to a place near the intersection of Clark and Addison streets, where Wrigley Field is located. As it happened, the Cubs had a home game that day, not night of course, so our honeymoon trip included a Cubs game, fittingly a victory, as I recall, over the Milwaukee Braves, which I seem to remember more vividly than the Dells, although I do recall that we rode the “Ducks” up there.

After only a few days we were back in Crown Point packing up, renting a 4 x 6-foot U-Haul trailer (the smallest one available), and then taking off for remarkable experiences as a Hagley Fellow and as a graduate student at the University of Delaware.

As soon as we arrived, having traveled along the Pennsylvania Turnpike to the Downingtown exit, and then on into northern Delaware, we found a tiny apartment in the (poorly) converted attic of a house at 44 Center Street. Located just a block from Main Street and the post office and a laundromat, both of which were at the corner of Center and Main, and also within walking distance of the university campus, the apartment could only be entered via a fire-escape type metal staircase—two flights—attached to the house at the back. I later learned (and Bill Harris told this story at Jan’s funeral in 1993) that Jan was deathly afraid of these steps and heights in general, but, as she told Bill, she managed to navigate them by “not looking down.” I, on the other hand, caused the Rumers, our landlords, to complain that my runs and jumps up and down the stairs to our “private entrance” jarred the whole house. They pleaded for moderation on my part upon entering and departing the apartment.

Not long after dropping off the trailer, Jan and I headed out to the Brandywine Valley and our first look at the Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation property—the

place where E. I. du Pont and family, émigrés from France just after the French Revolution, had settled in 1801. In fact, du Pont had arrived in America on January 1, 1800, and after investigating several places where he might settle, he chose the Brandywine Valley outside of Wilmington, Delaware, largely, it seems, because a sizeable French-speaking population, émigrés from Haiti, had already settled there.

We also got our first look at the future home of the Hagley Museum, a most attractive Brandywine granite building dating from about 1813. This structure, originally a flour mill known as the Henry Clay mill because its builder admired Clay and his advocacy of protective tariffs for American-produced goods, then served multiple purposes. The Eleutherian Mills–Hagley Foundation had offices there on the upper (third) floor, where the library and a large number of Du Pont family and company papers and archives were housed. The lower two floors were under development as the home of a state-of-the-art industrial history museum intended to tell the story not only of E. I. du Pont’s gunpowder company (which subsequently expanded into a major U. S. chemical company) but also the industrial history of the entire Brandywine Valley (the focal period was about 1800 to 1840), one of the pre-eminent flour milling sites in America. “Brandywine Super-fine Flour” was known the world over, as ships carried the product from Wilmington and other nearby ports to the Caribbean, Europe, and the rest of the world.

As it happened, I was privileged, during my two years at Delaware as an Eleutherian Mills–Hagley Foundation Fellow, to assist in (and observe) the final development of the museum’s first phase, and then, during my second year, to participate in its first year of operation as visitors poured in to see this wonderful museum, its highly imaginative dioramas and displays, and the surrounding park-like grounds which featured not only about a dozen of the original, uniquely designed gunpowder “incorporation” mills that dotted the grounds along the beautiful mill race that paralleled the Brandywine River, but also the classical garden, complete with an actual Greek temple that Mrs. Crowninshield, E. I. du Pont’s direct descendant and still in residence in the family home at the upper end of the grounds (and off-limits to most visitors) that was called Eleutherian Mills. (In case you haven’t figured it out already, E. I. du Pont’s first name was Eleuthère, hence the name of the house, the property, and the foundation.)

Jan and I were cordially received by the courtly and debonair director of the foundation, Dr. Walter J. Heacock, and the others on his staff—director of research Norman B. Wilkinson, his assistant Roy Boatman, and Don Anthony, the librarian. Then

we also met Peter C. Welsh, the man I would work most closely with, for he was, following his own selection as the first Hagley fellow in the early 1950s, the director of the Hagley fellowship program. Peter was a delightful man, having eclectic interests in sports (including horse racing), flour milling (the topic of his Hagley-sponsored research), and various objects in the decorative arts field. Peter later moved to the Smithsonian Institution, where these latter interests blossomed.

At some point, but quite soon after our arrival in Delaware, we also met Arlan K. Gilbert, the second Hagley fellow who was then in the second year of his program, and then my counterpart, Carroll W. Pursell, Jr., fresh out of the University of California, Berkeley, and his wife Joan. The Pursells were the first real “hippies” we ever met and came to know and like. Certainly they had a different lifestyle and background, and it took all of us a little time to know and appreciate each other’s qualities and abilities, but Joan and Jan, both of whom found jobs with the university—Joan in the library, Jan in the admissions office—became very close friends, took their breaks together, and frequently, of course, the four of us visited each other on the weekends and sometimes took short trips around Delaware, eastern Pennsylvania, and northern Maryland together. Such trips, given the convergence of all three states at a point just a mile or so from Newark, could be only ten miles long.⁵⁵ In fact, we had professors in Newark who lived in all three states.

We also became close friends with Arlan, a single man during his Delaware years, but when he met Carolyn, his wife-to-be in Madison, Wisconsin, where he had gone in pursuit of a higher graduate degree, they soon married and I was the best man at his wedding. The rest of the story is that, almost immediately—well, nine months later—Carolyn presented Arlan with twin daughters named, unforgettably to me, Angelina Emma and Teresa Viola. These new family responsibilities prompted Arlan to look for a job before continuing his graduate student life. He found one at a small college in southern Michigan, Hillsdale, and he’s been there—without obtaining a Ph. D. degree—ever since. Incredibly bright and energetic, Arlan became a popular classroom instructor, particularly in his Civil War classes; the semi-official photographer for the sports program of Hillsdale College; and its official historian, producing not one but, at latest count, four books on the college’s history.

⁵⁵ An interesting historical note is that the famous Mason-Dixon Line, originally surveyed to mark the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland, begins here.

While in Delaware, Arlan roomed with Wendell D. Garrett, a Winterthur fellow, whom we also got to know well. The Winterthur program, which focused on the decorative arts, was older, larger, and better established than the Hagley program but fellows in both had many of their required graduate courses together, so I knew Wendell and other Winterthur fellows through those courses. I'd like to add here that some of these Winterthur fellows went on to outstanding positions and careers in their chosen fields. Wendell, for example, entered the doctoral program at Harvard (after having married a fellow "fellow," a brilliant young woman, Jane Nuchols (whose father was known as the "Pickle King" of Delaware). They both did very well, Wendell as a junior staff member of the Adams Papers project—his big coup being the discovery of young John Adams's boyhood diary which had no title page but he recognized it based on the handwriting and then later, of course, on the internal evidence. This diary became volume one of the Adams Papers. In the meantime, Jane became the book review editor of the *American Quarterly*, the leading American Studies journal in America.⁵⁶ Other Winterthur fellows who went on to make their marks on the world were Joe Butler, Mary Means, and Lorraine Waxman, who became Jackie Kennedy's chief advisor on the White House restoration.

Arlan and Wendell were something like Neil Simon's "odd couple," except both tended to be neatness freaks. But Wendell, owlish-looking with his horn-rimmed glasses and prominent nose, and who had contracted polio as a child and walked with a cane, was most affable and gregarious. Arlan was, too, but he had some quirks in his make-up. The son of a college professor at Susquehanna College in Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, Arlan evidently inherited the proverbial absent-mindedness of professors—the best example that I remember being the time that he was so engrossed in his work in a library carrel one evening that he failed to hear the closing bells and when the lights went out in the library stacks, he was locked in for the night. He laughingly recalls the startled look on the librarian's face when he stumbled out the next morning. On some occasions, too, Arlan couldn't remember where he had parked

⁵⁶ As such, Jane gave me my first book review opportunities. A book on canals had come out, and, when a second canal book appeared, she asked me to do a double review—the hardest kind of book reviews to write. To see how I did, check out *The New England Quarterly*, 36 (March, 1963), 108-113.

Meet Delaware's First Lady in the White House

LORRAINE WAXMAN PEARCE '58M is undoubtedly Delaware's most publicized alumna. Ever since her appointment as first curator of the White House by Mrs. John Kennedy, she has been the subject of articles in LIFE, TIME and other national magazines, as well as *The University News*.

Mrs. Pearce is assisting Mrs. Kennedy in her plans to refurnish the White House with antique furniture, chiefly of the first quarter of the 19th century, in keeping with its character as an historic American home. She works with the public by screening the hundreds of letters which come to the White House offering furniture or art objects for loan, sale or gift. She conducts tours, registers and catalogs White House objects and continually carries on research in connection with both existing and newly acquired pieces.

Frequently called upon for speaking engagements, Mrs. Pearce graciously appeared at the University on February 7 under the sponsorship of the Committee to Further the Professional Purpose of Women Students.



PAGE ONE

Lorraine and I had some classes together

his car or if he had walked or driven to campus that particular day, so we sometimes helped him locate his car either in the parking lot or back at his apartment.

Arlan also had the frightening habit of looking directly into the face of the person to whom he was talking. I say frightening habit because he also did this when it was his turn to drive the three Hagley fellows to the museum. Eventually Carroll and I worked up a system whereby we did the majority of the driving and tried not to engage Arlan in conversation on his rare days of being the chauffeur.

At the same time, Arlan was an exceedingly bright person, puppy-dog friendly and eager to help, who was armed to the teeth with historical information and arcane tidbits, as well a generous number of Latin phrases (Latin having been one of his college majors). He also was the first graduate student I knew who was also a published author, some of his early research papers for the Hagley program having become articles in the state historical magazines of Delaware and Maryland. Indeed, as I later learned, Arlan had been recruited by Pete Welsh for Hagley. Together, they went over my first report for the program, not with a fine tooth comb but with a bright red pencil (or pen), marking all my grammatical, punctuation, and citation mistakes, which

to my surprise were quite numerous, but I think that was the rude awakening that helped me enormously, especially in learning the proper and accepted ways to cite books and articles, newspapers, and of course, manuscripts, something I had rarely, if ever, cited before. That initial paper Peter returned to me with some apologies, not because there seemed to be a bloody mess spilled across every page, but because he or Arlan, probably the latter, had spilled beer on it during the long hours the two had spent on their corrections.

As I think I mentioned earlier, Hagley (and Winterthur) fellows divided their time between traditional graduate course work and museum training and duties, so the standard one-year M. A. degree in history (Hagley) or fine arts (Winterthur) required two years, including the summer in between. Some of the classes, particularly in U. S. history and literature we took together but there were no Winterthur fellows in our history of science and technology course offered by Bruce Williams, new to Delaware after taking his degree at Cornell and teaching at Yale briefly. In addition to Williams's stimulating and challenging course, I particularly remember Dr. John A. Munroe's course on the early national period of America. Munroe, the department chairman and progenitor of the special fellowship programs there, was an expert on Delaware history and a master teacher who refused to let his hip problem, which created a deep limp even with the cane he always carried, slow him at all. He followed a rigorous publication regime—his book on *Federalist Delaware* was then his best and best known, but he was deep into a long biography of Delawarean Louis McLean, an Andrew Jackson cabinet member and much more, at the time I was in Delaware. Dr. Munroe is no longer with us, but the university has perpetuated his memory by naming a classroom building for him.⁵⁷

We also had a class in colonial Delaware history from H. Clay Reed (whose wife, Marian, worked at the Historical Society of Delaware, where the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company papers are stored, and whom I came to know perhaps even better than Clay himself) and Ernest J. Moyné, a literary scholar with a translated and

⁵⁷ John A. Munroe (1914-2006), called by university president, David P. Roselle, the “perfect embodiment of the gentleman scholar,” taught at his own alma mater, the University of Delaware, for sixty years, and was the state's pre-eminent historian. His numerous books included several on the state and on the university, but perhaps his best book, which I read in manuscript while living in the Munroe house in the summer of 1960, was *Louis McLane: Federalist and Jacksonian* (1974). At one point, while living in Indianapolis, I helped John clarify a point about one of McLane's business associates from Indiana and he acknowledged this in the Introduction to the McLane biography, perhaps the first time I had earned that bit of recognition.

edited volume on the travels of Finnish Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, offered a course on American history in the nineteenth century.

So university courses made up half the program—oddly, there were no foreign language requirements imposed either by the university or the Hagley program, where French would have been a natural—and the other, larger half (certainly it required more time) were the hours spent at the museum.⁵⁸

Given its focus on the early national period in U. S. history, which my classes at the university reinforced, we were soon immersed in the study of America from about 1800 when du Pont arrived in America to about 1840, by which time the gunpowder company was well established as the major gunpowder manufacturer in the nation, and the country itself was well along in its quest for independence, national self-sufficiency, and world leadership.

It is no coincidence that my master's thesis, a study of the beginnings of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which grew out of an early research report on gunpowder and transportation methods⁵⁹, also focused on this same period, actually from 1769, the date of the first survey for a canal between the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, or their headwaters, and 1830, the first year of operation for the truly significant waterway that, in a greatly expanded version, is still in use today.

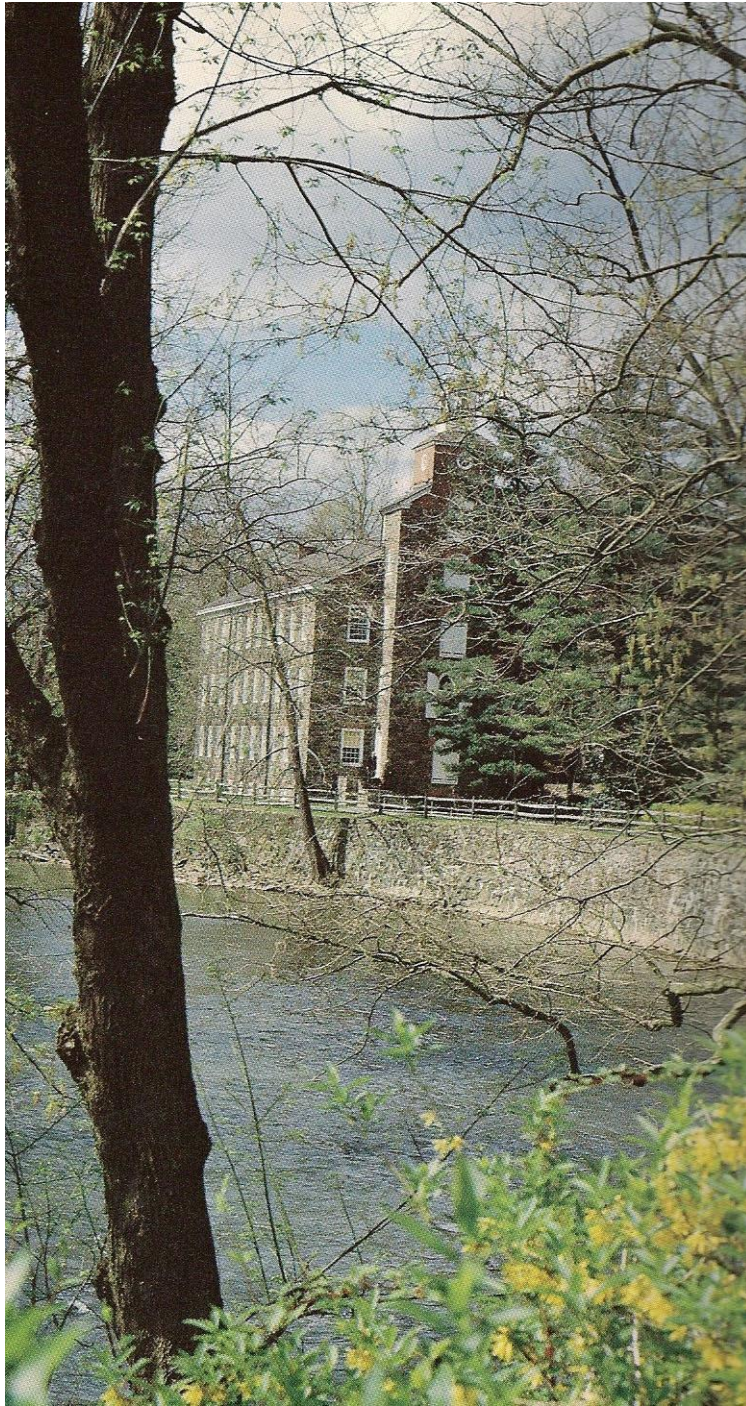
The man in charge of the artists and craftsmen employed at the museum to build its exhibits was Dan Hadley, a Hoosier from Mooresville. Although I was unaware at the time of other artistic Hadleys from that part of Indiana, I'm now quite sure that Dan was related to Paul Hadley, an artist best remembered as the designer of Indiana's wonderful state flag. Dan, though, was a character, a free spirit, who didn't look anything like one would expect an artist to look, and whose personal automobile was a small open-topped roadster on which he had mounted a large wooden key atop the spare tire at the back, giving it, of course, the appearance of a child's wind-up toy car. Dan, in his serious moments, which I rarely saw, was truly a gifted artist and a skillful

⁵⁸ See "The Mills on the Brandywine," *The University* [of Delaware] *News*, Spring, 1957, for a story about the Hagley program. The illustrated article contains pictures of all four of the first Hagley Fellows (two of Pursell and me engaged in various tasks about the museum). Administrative assistant Joseph P. Monigle and artist/sculptor Adolph Fleisch are included in two of the views as are models of the pair of powder mills and the completely automatic flour mill designed by inventor Oliver Evans.

⁵⁹ See "Transportation and Brandywine Industries, 1800-1840," *Delaware History*, 9 (Oct. 1961), 303-324.

networker who was able to get extraordinarily good work from his talented, sometimes temperamental, artists. We fellows were able to lend a hand in making some of the items displayed, for example, in the Oliver Evans automatic flour mill, of which an eye-catching working model was constructed. I remember making and then painting some plaster casts of flour barrels, the artist having already made the original from which a rubber mold had been created. We also helped prepare an exhibit by giving a cobblestone appearance to the street in front of the Du Pont print shop in Paris that was one of the small dioramas used to tell the story of the du Pont family of Paris and why they came to America (in part, because, during the French Revolution, a mob had destroyed the print shop).

But our chief work was in the library, not the model-building workshop downstream from the museum-office building. Each exhibit had to be supported by a massive research effort in order to ensure absolute accuracy in the story told by the exhibits. In addition to the transportation study already mentioned and one that Carroll did on paper and woolen mills in the Brandywine and White Clay Creek areas, we did biographical studies on various people associated with the du Ponts. One of Carroll's people was Pierre Bauduy (Bode-wee), a businessman who happened to bring to America a large sheep dog and Carroll's eventual article in *Delaware History* on "Pierre Bauduy's Sheep Dog" gave him a lot of ribbing from his colleagues. One person I studied was Antoine Bidermann, a Frenchman whose Swiss parents were from Winterthur, Switzerland, and who came to America, settled in the Wilmington area, and married one of the du Pont girls. Of course, the ancestral home of this man who became a prized business associate of E. I. and Henry du Pont gave the name Winterthur to the Henry Francis du Pont estate and the outstanding museum program that was developed there.



The Hagley Museum along the Brandywine, originally the Henry Clay Mill, my home base for two years

Another job of the fellows, in our second year after the museum was open to the public, was to give tours of the grounds (driving the new open-sided “jitney” that could

carry about eighteen to twenty passengers) and explain the gunpowder-making process. The tour featured a stop at the only one of the granite powder mills with the rolling wheels and bedplates still in place. (The tons of metal from the other mills had been donated to the government's scrap metal drive during World War I.) These mills had a unique design—three sides were of thick, solidly grounded stones but the fourth side as well as the clabbered roof sloping toward the Brandywine, were built of lightly constructed wood so that, if an explosion occurred during the “incorporation,” or grinding, process (as sometimes happened), the force of the blast would be diverted harmlessly toward the water and away from the other structures and employees on the property. The two huge rolling wheels, weighing about five tons each, did not actually touch the bed plate (sparks might be generated) but were suspended only inches above as ingenious gearing caused them to turn or roll, thoroughly mixing the three ingredients of black powder—sulphur, saltpeter (potassium nitrate), and charcoal. We were not allowed to specify how much of each ingredient was used in order to discourage private experimentation by our auditors later, nor did we point out that almost any combination of these ingredients would be explosive. The charcoal, made from locally grown willow trees, comprising about 10 per cent of the total mix is, of course, what made black powder black, together with the other ingredients, usually about 60 per cent saltpeter and 30 per cent sulphur, yielded a product valued throughout the nation as the Du Pont Company's fame grew.

We also drove our visitors through the upper grounds—the Eleutherian Mills area where no powder mills remained, but where the family house (still occupied and not yet open to the public, but now the foundation library) was located and where the classical garden could be admired. Other discussion topics included an explanation of water power technology, the role of the dam across the Brandywine and of the mill race which carried the backed-up water from just behind the dam to the mills, how the gates to control admitting water to their waterwheels (later turbines) were installed far away from the mills themselves for safety purposes, and, finally, perhaps some comments on the flora of the property, including my favorite, some Ginkgo trees.

The museum had its grand opening on May 25, 1957. It was quite a spectacle, with many du Pont family members I had never seen before in attendance, having arrived in some of the fanciest automobiles imaginable. The museum, a marvelous addition to cultural life in Delaware, was popular with the general public too, and it happened that I was the guide on duty when the 10,000th visitor arrived, less than two months later, on July 7th. This event was newsworthy, and was duly reported in the

Wilmington Morning News, along with a picture of the special guest(s), actually a family of four from Riverside, California, and me, as we were preparing for a ride through the property in the jitney, also visible in the background.

Time passed quickly for us during our hiatus from the Midwest. Most of the second semester of the second year, apart from ongoing research for the museum and guide service on weekends, was spent in writing my thesis. Oddly, it seemed to me, no local person had ever gone through the substantial cache of canal company records housed in the Historical Society of Delaware in Old Town Hall in downtown Wilmington, or even written very much at all about one of Delaware's major features. People even said the weather in Delaware was different above and below the canal.

I had discovered these records while doing a research paper for the museum on how the company's gunpowder was shipped to its customers and, to my surprise, but joy, the Hagley people agreed to let the canal study become my thesis even though its history was not central to the museum's mission nor was it heavily supported by the records in its library. Nevertheless, as I suspected, the canal's unique history—the first waterway in America to be surveyed, in a study sponsored by the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia and, also, the first to be supported by the federal government (through purchase of some of its stock)—proved to be enormously interesting and significant not only to me but to a larger community. I was very pleased to have my thesis published in *Delaware History* in 1959–60, the state's leading historical journal, in three installments. The magazine also published one of my research papers and the much more prestigious and ancient *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* accepted my article about Philadelphia's role in sponsoring the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.⁶⁰

Both Pursell and I completed our theses on time and we both donned caps and gowns to participate in the graduation ceremonies in May 1958, held outside Hullihan Hall, a classroom-office building, and the university library. Then Carroll was off, back to Berkeley where he enrolled in the doctoral program, worked with Professor A. Hunter Dupree, and eventually became one of the leading historians of American technology. In fact, just after leaving Case Western Reserve, he and colleague Melvin Kranzberg co-edited and published, with Oxford University Press, a pioneering

⁶⁰ See "Philadelphia and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, 1769-1823," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, 84 (Oct. 1969), 401-423.

collection of essays dealing with this topic.⁶¹ By that time, 1967, Carroll had returned home to teach at the University of California, Santa Barbara, where, sadly, Joan died in the 1980s. Years later, Carroll married a younger colleague from Australia and both of them obtained teaching positions down under, where they are still living.

I, too, was headed for graduate degree work at the University of Illinois, but Jan and I lingered in Delaware for another summer while I was employed doing some more research for the museum. Then, when it was time to leave so I could enroll in my classes in Urbana, the museum decided it would like to have all my research notes. I was happy to pass them on but doubted they would be useful to them because, then as now, my handwriting is barely legible to me, much less to others. Indeed, a few weeks after arriving at Illinois, we received an inquiry from the museum, asking if Jan, known by them to be a good typist and presumably able to decipher my hieroglyphics, could type my research notes for them! These notes, by the way, had been taken on half-sheets of ordinary typing paper—8½ by 5½ inches in size. According to standard museum practices, which I had learned and used thereafter until xerography forced a switch to full-size sheets of paper, the half-sheets were headed at the top right with the source, and top left designated the contents. The museum offered Jan an attractive pay rate, so she agreed to a rather daunting task which she tackled promptly and steadily, and soon turned in a copy of my notes. When the large check arrived in payment for the typing, she used it to buy an expensive dog. That's how we acquired our AKC-registered Yorkshire puppy officially named Gray Dust of Durham, but known to us as Dusty.

I've described elsewhere how I finalized my decision to do my graduate work at Illinois. A major step in that process came in New York City where I attended my first professional historical convention. The American Historical Association (AHA) traditionally held its annual meetings during the Christmas holiday season, rotating the location between New York, Washington, D.C., and Chicago. Luckily, in 1957-58, it happened to be in New York, only a short train ride from Wilmington. While sitting in a session about railroad history, I spotted a professor of history from the University of Illinois. I approached him, introduced myself, and inquired about the possibility, if I were accepted for enrollment, of doing a thesis out there on an eastern transportation topic, a complete history of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Robert M. Sutton, a

⁶¹ See their *Technology in Western Civilization* (2 vols., New York: Oxford University Press, 1967).

railroad historian himself (it was one of his students, Gene Lewis, who gave a paper at the session we were attending), was most cordial and receptive, assured me that the canal study could be done at Illinois, particularly in view of its outstanding library and its complete collection of U. S. government documents, and he offered to be my dissertation director, too.

Hoping to return to the Midwest, I had already applied to three Big Ten universities—Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. All three accepted me and all three offered different types and levels of financial support—Indiana University offered me its prestigious (as I learned later) Edwards Fellowship, but its stipend seemed a bit low; Wisconsin offered me a teaching assistantship, the compensation being larger, but of course, substantial time would have to be devoted to teaching duties; the Illinois package, somewhere in between the other two financially, was actually the best offer because it was a university fellowship free and clear of any teaching responsibilities.

Soon, Jan and I were packing a necessarily much larger (to haul our additional “stuff,” chiefly books) U-Haul trailer and we pulled it to Illinois, the tail-end of the car practically dragging along the roadway. Our destination was 1010 South First Street, Champaign, Illinois, a fairly new apartment house just west of the campus, so we lived in Champaign even though the university address then was Urbana. A new life as an unemployed graduate student was about to begin.

Chapter 9

“Hail to the Orange, Hail to the Blue”

At first glance, it seems pointless to have a chapter in these memoirs devoted to the years spent as an incredibly busy graduate student, neophyte teacher, and, in time, a parent. But upon some reflection it is clear that a number of noteworthy events outside of the classroom and the library carrels were also taking place. These “outside” events included season tickets for the Illini football games. At first, Jan and I, both Big Ten fans but with different favorite teams—she Purdue, where brother Jim had attended, played in the marching band, and planned to study architecture before ill health forced his withdrawal; me, Indiana University, where I had seen a couple of games, courtesy of Petersburg High School faculty members who drove some students to Bloomington on High School Band days—had decided not to get football tickets (we thought we had better ways to use our limited funds), but as it happened, Illinois’s first game of the season was with Army, and it also happened that the cadet band, then permitted to attend and perform at one away game, had selected the Illinois game for its trip. As Jan and I stood on the sidewalk and watched the band march on its way to the stadium (which happened to be just a couple of blocks south, down First Street, of our apartment) she and I decided we had to see more, so we also marched straight to a ticket booth and bought season tickets! So we saw the Army game, and I think all of the home games Illinois played during our three years there. Those were exciting times—the Illini stars included Bill Burrell, an outstanding linebacker whose place was taken, just before we left Champaign, by a lad named Dick Butkus, and the Brown boys, runners Jim and Bill. I don’t know if our Jim Brown (not the one who played for Cleveland) made it to the NFL or not, but certainly his brother Bill did, and played many years with the Minnesota Vikings. Little Johnny Easterbrook was the gutsy quarterback, and his teams were always competitive if not always victorious. We also enjoyed the spectacular performances of “Chief Illiniwik,” whose wild Indian dance always ended with his arms outstretched towards the sky, and learned to appreciate the other Illinois school song, beginning with “Hail to the Orange, Hail to the Blue.” Our high school song was based on the older Illinois song—“We’re loyal to you, Illinois (P.H.S.)”

Our other “recreations” included driving around the countryside, just as we had done in Delaware where the varied scenery was fascinating. In Illinois, however, no matter which way one traveled, the scenery always included corn fields, their appearance changing only according to the growing season. One of the more

interesting side trips, however, was to the park at Lake of the Woods (also known as, to jaded locals, Lake of the Weeds). Too, we were close enough to Indiana for occasional trips “home,” either to Crown Point or Petersburg, and we enjoyed a few visits in return from the folks there. Mom and Dad very rarely made the trip, although once, when they visited, we picnicked at Lake of the Woods, and there Dad literally bumped into his nephew, James, from Emington, Illinois.

The Everetts made more occasional visits, with Violette, who sometimes came alone, being the most frequent caller. This was true, especially after she had a granddaughter there to visit, and after she had developed a genealogical research interest, not in her own family, the Goldings of Ottawa, Illinois, but in the Everett lineage, which she tried to indulge at the university library. In time, she did uncover some fascinating information, tracing the family from Massachusetts and Edward Everett, the man who was the featured orator at Gettysburg in 1863, the day that, according to a press report, the president “also spoke.” From there the Everetts had settled in Everett Valley, Pennsylvania, and Jan’s grandfather, who attended our wedding in 1956, was the one who settled in Indiana, coming to Winamac as a railroad worker. His son, Vernon, was proud of his home town, and frequently took his grandchildren to the nice city park there, at the place our son David at first called “Macaroni.”

My brother Eddie, who had never managed to find me at Hanover or us in Delaware, did make at least one trip to Champaign. He was interested in bowling then, belonging to one or two teams in Petersburg, so Jan and I took him out bowling one evening. As expected, I finished third, for Jan, too, had once been on a bowling team, as were both her father and brother. But the surprising thing, something quite embarrassing for Eddie, was that Jan won the match! Eddie blamed a bad lane at our local bowling alley, saying that it would not take “the spin” he put on his balls, but the scores do not lie—Jan used the same alleys, and came in first.

As for the school work, my initial focus was on taking (and passing) the required courses. These included French and German language courses, a reading knowledge of two foreign languages being one of the requirements for the doctorate. Given my three college courses in German, I decided to study German first. I had an easy-going interesting professor, an older man whose main interest was in philology, the science of words and how meanings have developed and changed, rather than in prepping the graduate students in the class for their Ph.D. qualifying examinations. Such exams often happened to be the “weeding out” hurdle for many graduate students, and some

were forced to submit to the exam more than once—three times, I think, was the limit without having to make formal application to take it again, for a fourth and final time, one way or the other.

I signed up for a German class my first semester, took the qualifying exam immediately upon finishing the class. The test proved to be very difficult—for starters, the text was in hard-to-decipher Old English script, and then the first character in the passage I was supposed to translate was “S.” This, I knew, was the abbreviation for “seite,” or “page,” like “p.” in English, but the letter was not followed by a number or anything else that made sense to me.

I finally figured out, though, that this “S.” stood for the last name of the author whose book was being reviewed in the passage to be translated—a photocopy of a page from *Historische Zeitschrift* (the leading academic German historical journal), which included articles and a number of book reviews. The page to be translated was the second page of a long review of a book by author “S.” about the “Robber Barons” in America, including John D. Rockefeller and Cornelius Vanderbilt. At least I could read those names. Also, since our “reading test” was to be mastered, just as in “real life,” while using a dictionary, I managed quickly to “translate” enough words and was able to fit them into sentences that seemed logical enough. Actually, I was quite uncertain as to the true meaning of the paragraphs I “translated,” and think I passed only because at the last minute, I went back over it all, smoothed out the rough passages into passable English prose and made it all flow together. It so happened that only two graduate students in history passed that particular exam, the other fellow being a man who had lived for a time in Germany. So I was “marked” at the time by my fellow toilers in the historical gardens, a mark that grew brighter, I suppose, when I also passed the (much easier) French qualifying exam the first time!

Thus I missed out on some of the “bonding” that went on among the graduate students as they battled their language requirements repeatedly. I also missed out on the often excruciating course all graduate students in history were required to take—a hated “Historical Methods” class offered by Arthur E. Bestor, who used, and required his students to master, documents from the Robert Owens experiment in socialism at New Harmony, Indiana, as the raw materials for the course.⁶² Fortunately, I had been

⁶²Bestor had already written his prize-winning study of the Owenite communitarian societies in early nineteenth-century Indiana, *Backwoods Utopias* (1946), in the process of which he had obtained copies of countless abstruse documents, and these materials were used in his methods course.

excused from this methods class because of my special training at the Hagley Museum. Still, I wanted to have distinguished Professor Bestor as an instructor, so I later enrolled in his constitutional history class. It started off well, and I enjoyed “watching” the great man think. He often had trouble making any kind of a general statement, because, since he knew so much, he could always think of exceptions to the “rule, or general statement,” he was attempting to formulate.

Unhappily, though, Professor Bestor became seriously ill that semester, and one of his graduate students, Peter King, was appointed to teach the class for him. I liked Peter, a bright Englishman, as a fellow graduate student, but not as an instructor in that class, so I dropped it. In fact, that class became and remains, I think, the only one in history I ever started and failed to complete (under different circumstances, I had also dropped out of the French class that continued past the time of the French qualifying examination. In fact, when I notified the professor I was withdrawing from his class and would take the French exam the next day, he commented that it was a bit arrogant on my part to quit before taking the exam but it turned out well, as I had expected, and our part-of-one-summer vacation went on as planned. We were determined, no matter the test’s outcome this time, to have our first real vacation since getting married. It was to be a week at a relative’s cabin up on Lake Michigan where we also had access to a boat.

The second year at Illinois involved a great deal of heavy course work in various history classes, as I tried to prepare myself for the dreaded “prelims”—the qualifying tests (both written and oral) for the Ph. D. degree in history. Illinois then required a certain breadth of learning for its doctoral students—one had to pass exams in five fields—only one of which could be in your major area of concentration (for me, U. S. history) and one of which had to come from “outside,” that is, from a department other than history. By contrast, at that time Indiana University and perhaps others too, accepted two fields in one’s major area of concentration, such as, for example, early American and then recent American history. The fields I chose for my concentrations were American, English, European, and Latin American history, with the outside area to be economics (really economic history, which embraced as one topic of its coverage various aspects of transportation history).

The unfortunate aspect of this system, it seemed to me then, was that it required me to spend almost all my time learning about esoteric things I would probably never (and didn’t) have to teach. Instead, I wanted to read some of the basic and classic works in United States history I had not yet had the chance to read, but that

had to be postponed. Still, I had interesting and provocative professors in all of my fields—Charles E. Nowell presented the facts, the people, and, yes, some trivia about Latin America in a most interesting way, as did Don Kemmerer and D. Philip Locklin in their economic history courses. Both were the authors of texts on their respective areas of expertise, and Locklin, in particular, was most impressive regarding his mastery of the intricacies of Supreme Court decisions regarding transportation issues—especially railroad law. His book and course on the *Economics of Transportation* were real eye-openers and proved enormously useful in my future teaching and writing.

My main European history professor (and examiner in the nearly week-long preliminary examinations) was Raymond F. Stearns, a good scholar and teacher and the man whose book, *The Pageant of Europe*, a pioneering documentary history, earned him, as I was told by others, fabulous royalty checks. But he also had his crotchety side—he lived outside of Champaign or Urbana, in the little town of Philo, and he decided that his Monday afternoon seminar should meet in his home on Monday evenings! During these meetings, each student was to present an in-depth research paper and then have it discussed by Stearns and the class members.

No one else in the class, especially ones like me with a German class to attend early Tuesday morning, wanted to meet then (or there, a long drive), and if a vote had been taken on the question of having class in Philo, I think it would have come out with 12 nays, and one aye, the one aye coming from Dr. Stearns. But as Lincoln famously said regarding a similar situation with his cabinet, “the ayes have it.” At these seminars, the best feature of which was the tea and cookies Mrs. Stearns served during our mid-point break, the discussions were open-ended and often went late into the night, probably a major reason Stearns wanted them held away from campus and free of the two-hour time in force there, because others needed the classroom too. The varied length of discussions also meant one never knew for certain when or if he would be called upon to present his paper. So when your turn neared, you had to be ready, even though the time of your presentation might not occur until one or two weeks later. Still, this was a memorable class and one in which we all learned a lot.

The English historian who was on my doctoral committee was the inimitable Edgar A. Erickson, with whom I never had any classes, although later, as an official doctoral degree candidate, I did serve as one of his teaching assistants. (It was through this “t. a.” assignment that I met Jacquelin (Jack) Collins, a fascinating fellow from Canada, then Texas, and now Wisconsin, and with whom I have stayed in touch ever since). The reason I was able to avoid taking any English history classes at Illinois was

that I had received credit for my work in English history at Durham. This was a bit complicated because the University of Durham did not provide the customary transcripts about course work taken there, just reports on the final degree earned. Instead, as I learned later from my major professor, Bob Sutton, who also served as a dean in the graduate school, Illinois, in lieu of a transcript, had received a letter from Dr. Ellis, my English history professor at Durham, who reported simply that “Mr. Gray did very well indeed” in his classes at Durham. On the basis of this statement from Dr. Ellis, I was excused from taking additional courses in the same subject at Illinois, and I also satisfied Dr. Erickson during the preliminary examination. I was worried about this, though, for one of his questions on the written part of the exam asked for the best three or four biographies on each of about thirty or forty major figures in England—including various monarchs, prime ministers, military officers, intellectuals, and radicals. I thought I had done poorly on this question, and spent most of the short time (a weekend) available between the written and the oral portions of the preliminary examination combing through the library’s vast card catalog, looking up the titles of additional biographies on each of these people. Imagine my surprise, then, upon meeting Dr. Erickson right before the questioning began, to have him compliment me on my performance regarding his famous bibliographic question, calling mine one of the best responses he had ever received to that question.

Ironically, too, I never had the opportunity to enroll in any classes with Dr. Sutton, the chair of my dissertation committee and of the examining process, both because his administrative duties limited his teaching schedule and because of my greater interest (and need to learn) in courses offered by others. My favorite U. S. history course was the one taught by Robert Johannsen, a close friend (as I learned later) of one of my Delaware professors, Don Kinzer, who eventually became a colleague and history department chair at IUPUI. Johannsen, a Civil War era specialist, was then in the midst of the research and writing on his definitive biography of Stephen A. Douglas, the Little Giant whose debates with Abraham Lincoln in the Senate race in Illinois in 1858, helped make the loser of that contest both famous and a future president. Johannsen offered a wonderful course on the Jacksonian Era that was spiced with the professor’s insights into Douglas at the time under consideration. I was able, in a term paper for that course, to cite one or two of my own articles in the footnotes, which Johannsen never noticed or decided not to comment on, but I’ve wondered how many others, apart from other Hagley and Winterthur fellows, were able to do that.

Some of my other American history professors and non-dissertation committee members, were Norman A. Graebner, a distinguished scholar and an enormously popular teacher (his introductory U. S. survey course was broadcast on WILL, the university radio station, and he soon moved on to teach at the University of Virginia); J. Leonard Bates, a Progressive Era specialist (best known for his great biography of *Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana* [1999]); and, finally, the most famous historian then teaching at the university, since James G. Randall had recently died,⁶³ Fred A. Shannon. He was best known for his Pulitzer Prize-winning study of *The Organization and Administration of the Union Army, 1861–1865* (2 vols., 1928), but he was also well known for other works in agricultural and western history, and as a polemicist whose book reviews could be devastating—his review of Walter P. Webb’s *The Great Plains* was itself a full-length book criticizing Webb for, mainly, I think, imprecision in defining the great plains. Shannon also had a formidable reputation as a terror to graduate student he didn’t like, but I mustered the courage to enroll in his seminar, hoping some day to have the prestige of his name among the “referees” in my credentials. This I did receive, although by the time of this seminar, Shannon had mellowed considerably and was in, if not his dotage, certainly his “anecdote,” and I well remember several of his great stories that occupied a lot of class time. Incidentally, the paper I did for his seminar (one that received almost no help or criticism, positive or negative, from the great man) was on the canal system in Indiana, mainly the Wabash and Erie Canal. My tentative plans were to make this great, but troubled, waterway the subject of my second book, but fate intervened. I found that another man was at work on this topic, when I was finally ready, in 1968, to get started on it, so I contented myself with simply a brief article on this topic.⁶⁴

As already suggested, the biggest hurdle along the road to a doctorate is the preliminary examination, following which, if passed, one is officially admitted to candidacy for the Ph. D. degree. This also means one’s course work is over and “only” an acceptable dissertation is required in order for the degree to be conferred, thus in

⁶³ Randall was best known as a Lincoln scholar, and did a magisterial biography of him, as well as a few shorter books and articles on the Great Emancipator. His wife, however, a Lincoln scholar herself and the author of a fine book on Mary Todd Lincoln, but not on the teaching faculty, was still around and we saw her often in the library continuing her researches.

⁶⁴See “The Canal Era in Indiana,” a paper based on the talk I gave at a transportation history conference in Fort Wayne in 1980. Interestingly, resulting from this conference and, as I like to think, from my paper, the Canal Society of Indiana was organized in 1981, and in 2009 it is still going strong. Incidentally, the Memphis State University professor (from Logansport, Indiana) who was at work on the canal history in 1968, has not yet completed his book on the Wabash and Erie, although the last time we spoke he said he was still working on it.

the familiar phrase one enters “ABD” (all but dissertation) status where, unfortunately, several people remain. I made good progress along the road to the “prelims,” which I scheduled for April 20, 1960, which also happened to be the date Jan’s obstetrician had predicted as the birth date of our first child!

Of course we both wanted children, but I thought we should wait until after I had my degree and a job. Jan, too, wanted to delay her first pregnancy for a while, although not necessarily that long. We compromised and decided/hoped to wait until after I had passed the prelims, and we missed it by just one day—Karen arrived on April 19, 1960. I always “blamed” the one-day-off mistake to the fact that 1960 was a leap year, but of course one never knows when conception has in fact occurred, and precise planning is (or was) impossible. Jan and I decided not to tell our parents—the prospective grandparents—our “news” until we were absolutely sure of her pregnancy. Indeed, we withheld the news until shortly before Jan began “to show.” But in few ways did our routines at that point change. Jan continued to work in the admission offices at Illinois and became, as I still believe, a major factor in the success of a new Illinois business venture, the Steak ‘n Shake Company, which conveniently had opened one of its first restaurants on Green Street, between our apartment and the university buildings we frequented. Buoyed by her steady diet of “steakburgers” and baked beans, Jan worked on until very late in her pregnancy, as she wanted and was able to do, despite the concerns of her fellow employees and me. In her spare moments, she made her own maternity outfits (at least one of which was very nicely done and looked good on her).

When her time came and regular contractions started, we hastened to the hospital on Lincoln Avenue on the morning of April nineteenth. Although I didn’t know it at the time, having no experience in such matters, Jan had quite a difficult delivery, a long and painful labor period, and my hand hurt for days following the hard squeezes from her during that time. Only nurses were in attendance, the doctor not wanting to be called until the baby started moving down, or perhaps even later. But, late that afternoon, he was finally called, and soon I got the word that we had a beautiful baby girl. I don’t remember the name that we had picked out for a boy then, but the girl’s name we had picked—a distinctive one, we thought, but not a family name—was Karen Lynn. Both grandmothers, with good reason, had insisted we not name any daughters we might have after them, and so Violette Ruby and Voris Rosalva were not among the possibilities we considered.

So it happened, that while I was wracked with concern about my upcoming—tomorrow!—orals portion of the prelims, I was also in the hospital celebrating with Jan her marvelous production. In fact, though, just as she had done during her labor, instead of me consoling her, she had tried to bolster my confidence and cheer me up about my prospects the next day.

I now think that, rather than Karen's arrival being somewhat untimely, it was a blessing in disguise, and that the dissertation committee took pity on me and passed me, however clumsy or inarticulate I may have been. They believed, rightly of course, that I had a good reason not to be at my best.

But that afternoon I was feeling good and was not overly concerned about flunking it. Dr. Sutton, after meeting me in the department office a few minutes early before taking me to the committee room, very kindly shared the letter he had already written to the administration, stating that I had done very well in my orals and that I had passed. This was a wonderful thing for him to have done, and it cheered me up considerably, but later—upon thinking back about that episode—I remembered that he had not yet mailed the letter!

I don't recall much about the rest of that second year at Illinois, just that we were into a new learning experience as parents. And that at first didn't go well. With Mom Everett's help, we thought we had everything ready for Jan's return home and also to welcome Karen into her new home. There was a crib, some nice, new bed linens, and lots of baby clothes, but there was no food (milk) for the baby. That was the one thing we both forgot, and had to scurry around to find something while little Karen let us know she was mightily hungry. For some reason, as was common then, Jan had decided not to nurse the baby, so we planned to use regular formula instead. But Karen turned out to be either allergic or clearly hostile and unreceptive to formula milk—we finally hit upon Similac as the only liquid food she could tolerate. Although this was a rather pricey substitute, we soon began buying Similac by the case. We should have expected something like this, perhaps, for our temperamental dog, Dusty, could (or would) not eat inexpensive dog food, and we had to work up special concoctions for him. Jan finally hit upon a combination of chicken gizzards (bought in bulk at the grocery) and rice that he liked. She would make a large batch, divide it up into small portions, put it in aluminum foil and freeze.

Somehow, Karen made it through those early days, and soon endeared herself to us and especially to her maternal grandparents, whom she often visited. One of her

first expressions, when she began talking and thinking on her own, was an answer to a question about where she lived: “I live a little bit at home, and a whole lot in Crown Point.”

Probably her nominal roots in Crown Point gave some stability to her early life, for we did move around quite a bit during her pre-school years. Her first home—at 1010 South First Street in Champaign—was succeeded by a second home at 148 S. College St. in Newark, Delaware, during the summer of 1960, when she also lived for a couple of weeks in “Boothurst,” an isolated house surrounded by woods near New Castle, Delaware, then a fourth one at 307 Van Doren Street in Champaign before she moved to 1455 North Star Road in Columbus, Ohio, where she (and we) lived for three years.

What happened that first summer is that Dr. Munroe, in need of a teacher substitute for himself for the summer of 1960 and aware of my recent advancement to “ABD” status, offered me the job. He sweetened the deal substantially by offering us his house, just across the street from the classroom building where I would begin my teaching career, as a place to stay. In addition to accepting both of John’s offers (after some reflection because the proposed rental fee made up a large portion of my university income), I also accepted an offer from the Hagley Museum people to return there on my free days to do additional research for them. This was probably a mistake, in that I had almost no free time either to enjoy our return to a delightful place and state or to prepare as fully as I wanted for my classes, so this entire summer is still just a blur in my mind. I do remember a minor crisis regarding Karen (and a distraught Jan), when one day the baby stiffened suddenly while being fed in her bed/seat atop the kitchen table and fell to the floor. But the tough little girl wasn’t seriously hurt, both she and her mother soon calmed down, and the meal went on. I also recall, enviously no doubt, Dr. Munroe’s large collection of books and magazines, such as his elegant hard-bound copies of *American Heritage* resting on a shelf above the doorway from the hall into the library, and seeing the typescript of a few early chapters of his Louis McLane biography. But mostly I was busy reading the textbook, trying to stay ahead of the students in that regard, writing lectures, rereading the outside novel, Karl Rolvaag’s *Giants in the Earth*, that I foolishly had also assigned, and then running out to the Museum in my “free” time in order to do my work there.

The third and final year at Illinois is also a blur—for similar reasons. My university fellowship had expired, and now I was required to work in order to earn enough to provide for myself and my larger family. But a normal half-time

assistantship didn't seem to offer enough, so I managed to get a three-quarters time position, while also beginning in earnest to write the dissertation. I suppose I thought I could do this because I had a head start on my dissertation—it was to be a continuation of my master's thesis, and bring the story of the canal, transformed in the 1920s into a lock-free waterway of immense importance, all the way to the present time. But there were too many hours of required classroom attendance—we had to attend the lecture portion of the classes which we assisted, as well as, of course, the discussion sections we handled ourselves, so I got little writing done that year. Some of my colleagues, according to the grapevine, also lectured during their “discussion” periods, but I wanted to play the game according to the rules and tried, often with limited success, to have real discussions with the students about the lecture(s) we all had heard earlier in the week.

As mentioned, one of my teaching assignments was in English history with Professor Erickson. There I came to know quite well the other two assistants, one of whom was Jack Collins, and it was one of our jobs to draw up proposed essays and short answer questions for all the examinations to be taken by the students—it was also our job then to grade the exams.

Erickson was an interesting person, learned and dignified, a good lecturer who dressed up his lectures with a then new technique, using photographic slides, which often gave us views of portraits from the National Gallery in London. He also met regularly with his teaching assistants, selected the best of the questions in each of three or five categories we had drawn up (a friendly competition developed as we all tried to frame good questions to be considered), and gave us some practical advice about teaching. The students, he said (in between the limericks he seemingly had an endless supply of), can be “sneaky little bastards,” so during the examinations, stay in front of them, and watch their eyes! He also admonished us to do good work and “teach like hell.”

In addition to this class, I was also a teaching assistant for Bob McColley, a newly minted Ph. D. from Berkeley, who startled me and, I'm sure, the entire class, when he began his first lecture in a “Modern America” (post-Civil War) course, by saying “The North won the war in 1865, and the South has won it ever since.” It took some time for me and the students to appreciate the wisdom behind that remark.

That may have been my only two classes to assist—the extra quarter-time duties must have been meeting additional quiz sections and grading more papers. At

any rate, there was distressingly little progress made on writing “A History of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, 1769–1965,” a work that Jan thought I should call “Digging through Delaware.” Accordingly, I decided before the end of the year, when I attended the American History Association convention, meeting again in New York City, that I would start looking for a job. One of my first, maybe the only, contacts there, after signing up for the job register, was with Professor Mary E. Young, a young professor from Ohio State University who was in charge of its nearly unique instructor’s program, one that primarily brought ABD’s like me to Columbus and let them teach their own courses—handle the lectures, the quiz section discussions, the examinations and grading, everything.

The only catch was that the appointment, in an unfortunate choice of words, was “terminal.” That is, it lasted—at the instructor’s or, in rare cases, the university’s option—for from one to four years only. There was absolutely no chance, even for the most promising instructors, of a full-time appointment to a position in the history department at Ohio State. The good aspect of this program, however, was that it gave the instructors a great beginning, a chance at teaching their own courses, and the advantage in job hunting of presenting yourself as an experienced teacher, not just as a teaching assistant.

Thus, not long after my “interview” with Mary Young, whom I came to know very well later as an active member of SHEAR (Society for Historians of the Early American Republic), whose journal I started and edited for 14 years, I received a letter from Dr. Harold J. Grimm, chair of the Department of History at Ohio State, offering me a position beginning on September 9, 1958. The course load involved teaching (on the quarter system) 2, 2, and 3 classes a quarter each year. Each of these classes met for 5 hours a week (daily one-hour sessions), so this meant a 10- or 15-hour load a quarter. Although heavy—I learned enviously that my friend, Walt LaFeber, moved into his first job at Cornell University, where he remained for his entire career, with a 5-hour teaching load—this position would still require fewer hours a week in the classroom than did my supposed three-quarter-time job at Illinois. Moreover, the pay was better, so I was pleased to accept the offer and move to Columbus, Ohio, taking with me one wife, one child, one dog, a new car (that is, a different, one-year newer vehicle), but only five chapters of a dissertation.

Chapter 10

On Becoming a Buckeye

To get ready for the move to Columbus, Ohio, a big step involved replacing our aging and tired '53 Ford V-8 with a slightly newer, smaller, and more economical six-cylinder '54 Ford. We found the car, a shiny, black two-door sedan, at the local Edsel dealer (yes, there were a few of them around then), had its engine checked and strongly approved by another mechanic, and even outfitted it with new battery and tires (purchased on credit, of course, at Montgomery Ward). The prospect of a nearly doubled income (the enhanced assistantship had paid \$2,850, and my Ohio State University starting salary was \$5,100⁶⁵) helped persuade us to make this investment, for we expected to have the '54 for quite a while.

Soon we had another U-Haul trailer attached to the car and we were on our way. We had already found a place to live, in one-half of a nice, clean two-story house at 1455 North Star Road, a street that also served as the boundary line between Columbus and the separate village of Grandview. I mention all this because shortly after we had settled into our Columbus duplex, a drunk driver came speeding down North Star and crashed into our car, literally knocking it from Columbus to Grandview, that is, into the chain link fence that enclosed the Grandview High School football field. So both the Columbus and the Grandview police departments had to respond to our calls for help.

We had heard the crash, about 11:00 p.m., from our upstairs bedroom. Not believing that my car had been struck again (this had happened twice in Hanover and once in Champaign, each time while the car was parked, and of course one car had been stolen and wrecked), I looked out the window expecting to see the results of a head-on collision between two other cars, but no, there was my black Ford, heavily damaged, both front and rear by the drunkard's car and then the fence, resting some distance from where I had parked it. (Does anyone doubt my Friday the 13th jinx now?)

There was a long sequel to all this—complicated by the fact that my first paycheck from Ohio State, expected at the end of the month (September), was delayed until the end of October (!), as Ohio law then required all state employees to work a full month before any pay could be received. “I hope this will not be inconvenient for you,”

⁶⁵ According to an AHA pamphlet that year regarding faculty salaries, the average compensation for new Ph.D.s was \$5,095, so my pay was ever so slightly above the national average.

cooed the chairman, Dr. Grimm, when he quite belatedly relayed this bad news to us. In fact, Jan and I had financed, with the timely help of scholarships and fellowships, not family—all of my education without ever resorting to loans, but Ohio's tardiness in paying its professors whose school year began early in September, but not September 1, forced me to seek financial help. I was able to attain a small NDEA loan through the University of Illinois, and even though it amounted to less than \$1,000, it took me several years to pay it back, given all my other expenses. The insurance payment for the totaled '54 was small—its book value was not even close to its actual cost, especially given the new equipment and accessories I had purchased, and on which I still had to make several more payments to Montgomery Ward.

Moreover, by then, we knew that Jan was pregnant again, the IUD, as her doctor had pointed out, didn't work while sitting on a shelf. Thus, given this new expense and being without health insurance for this "previously existing condition" at the time of changing jobs, we were in no position to assume car payments, too. Fortunately, though, there was a used car lot down the block, just where North Star Road meets Fifth Avenue, and I found what I thought was a great bargain. Sitting on the lot was a beautiful 1955 Chevrolet coupe—a classic car, pale blue and white in color—and the price was quite reasonable. I jumped at this deal (in part, too, because I was temporarily without any transportation, except for an old Raleigh (English) bicycle I had purchased, and had no way to run around the city looking for cars elsewhere). And I thought nothing of it when the salesman scribbled "As Is"—a term I had not seen before—on the bill of sale, and I proudly drove the car home to show Jan her new wheels.

I don't remember how long it was before the "As Is" comment reared its head, but it was quite soon. First, while driving north on Fifth Avenue, I tried to turn left onto our street, but the car would not turn left, only right! So I made three right-hand turns, finally got home, but we never trusted that blue "lemon" again. We got the steering tie-rod problem fixed, but by then the engine had developed a miss. It turned out that a hole in the engine somehow "fouled" a spark plug after only a few dozen miles, but once a new plug was installed, it ran perfectly.

All this meant that Jan and I never drove our "new" car outside of the city, and of course, never trusted it to make a drive all the way home to Indiana. Not until we traded it in (after installing, of course, a fresh spark plug) on a new Volkswagen "bug" ("golf blau" in color) in 1962, just after David's birth, did we have reliable

transportation.⁶⁶ Outfitted with a luggage rack on top (even though ours was the sunroof model), we could haul unbelievable amounts of toys, clothing, food, and miscellaneous junk in the car while leaving the space behind the back seat available as a baby bed for David. This worked perfectly, because the hum of the engine over which his “bed” was located served to lull him to sleep quickly. In fact, we once packed up the stroller, a baby bed and buggy, the potty chair, large amounts of baby and toddler clothes, toys, books, and more into and onto the car, and made a family trip all the way to Disney World in Florida in our little Volkswagen bug, pausing of course at various Civil War battlefields in Tennessee and Georgia, where we once splurged and stayed in the Valdosta Holiday Inn, a new motel chain just getting started.

Back to the real reason we came to Columbus, I began teaching my two (or three) sections a quarter of the required introductory history course for all Ohio State freshmen—an introduction to “The Western World” from approximately 1580 to the present. This was unlike any course I have ever seen, before or since, because it covered not only English and European history, but also American and even a smattering of Latin American history. Thus I was able, for the first and only time, to use almost all of my background training courses at Illinois as resources for the OSU course. Obviously, at a 30,000–student campus (absurdly large by 1960 standards), all the classes were large, with numbers limited only by the room size, and the work involved was heavy, especially grading the papers generated. So one had to be realistic regarding outside writing assignments—book reviews and term papers, both of which I strongly believed in, for classes at all levels—and the type of examinations set. Intellectually, I favored questions that required writing both long and short identification–type essays to determine, I thought, what the students knew (not what they didn’t know), but sometimes I felt compelled to use short–answer tests—usually multiple choice (multiple guess) tests. The work here comes in drawing up the tests, because the grading is fast, easy, and mindless.

To some extent, though, our paper–grading work was eased through the help available to each instructor of “graders,” taken from Ohio State’s cadre of doctoral

⁶⁶ For months, since my back roads (bicycle) route to campus led past a large VW dealership, I had my eye on the new Beetles often parked there. These cars were especially “hot” then, and there was a long waiting time between placing an order and getting delivery. But I waited until I knew that Jan and the new baby were going to be in good shape before placing my order for a new car, my first one, of course. To speed things up, I told the dealer we would take a car of any color except white, so he wrote “but white” on the order form. When I finally inquired after waiting some time for my car to be delivered, having seen several come in on my way to work, I was told they were still waiting for that white car to come in! When I politely (?) explained our real preferences, we soon thereafter got what was really my first choice in colors—a blue car, one of about four blue cars I’ve had since then.

students in history. This worked well IF one had a good assistant, but was a disaster with unreliable ones. I had both types—and of course the one who immediately comes to mind was the most unreliable one ever—a fellow named Vic Sapio, who was partial to putting insulting remarks as well as low grades on papers, and whom I had to have replaced. Sapio later earned for himself even greater notoriety within the historical profession after he was dismissed from his first position in Colorado and somehow found a second one in Maryland, to which he carried not only his own bad reputation but a lot of university property, including an electric typewriter, from the Rocky Mountains to the East Coast.

Another problem teaching several sections of the same course is that you sometimes get the lectures out of “sync,” never quite covering all the essential points in one class, but not always knowing which classes missed them, or which class had heard which joke. But I managed to get through them all, got good responses from most of the students (who included at least one of Woody Hayes’s football players and Governor Rhodes’s daughter) in their papers and examinations, and got favorable reviews from Mary Young, whose job included having to “visit” each new instructor’s class at least once a year. Her chief recommendations to me, as I recall, was to put “more decibels” into my presentations, but she liked the lectures she heard and said she learned a few things.

In other ways Columbus proved to be a delightful place to live. Laid out very much like Indianapolis, and with a number of nice residential areas as well as a lively downtown area, Columbus also boasted of having one of the leading department stores in the nation, Lazarus. This was the second place Jan and I went into debt, for we often carried a balance on our Lazarus credit card. Of course, Columbus was also home to a great university with an outstanding history program. That was the chief difference between the Ohio capital city and Indianapolis at the time, in 1968, when we moved to the Hoosier capital. Indianapolis then had no great public institution of higher learning, although the ingredients for one were there, ready to be picked up and put together, as happened when IUPUI was created in 1969.

Jan and I again splurged (before the car’s demolition) and purchased football season tickets. This meant we were able to watch Woody Hayes and his team (including future National Football League [NFL] stars Matt Snell, Paul Warfield, and many others up close), although we never truly became OSU fans. Instead we remained loyal to the Hoosier and Illinois teams in the Big Ten, and became the object of some snide remarks as we sat in the OSU faculty section and cheered for the other team! I

particularly remember a rugged game with Illinois, a close loss for the Illini, and that linebacker Dick Butkus's white uniform was streaked in red at game's end from having hit and been hit repeatedly by the red-clad Buckeye players. But even without our support, OSU did very well, and won the Big Ten championship at least once during our three years there. But this was a bittersweet victory for Coach Hayes. The faculty, temporarily vocal and annoyed at the disruption to academics caused by the sports program, voted not to accept the customary invitation to the Big Ten champions to play in the Rose Bowl game. This denial created quite a hullabaloo on campus and elsewhere, but it stood (I think runner-up Michigan went to Pasadena that year), and Coach Hayes's Christmas card, which I saw but didn't receive personally, featured a bowl of wilted roses and a message that simply said, "Merry Christmas, anyway."

We also followed the basketball team and saw a few games in the huge St. Johns Arena, and this team we supported. The star players for Coach Fred Taylor included center Jerry Lucas, forward John Havlicek, and guard Mel Nowell. The team also included an eager sixth man, whose minutes were limited on this championship caliber squad, named Bobby Knight, later to be known as Coach Robert Knight after he, like me, joined Indiana University; unlike me, he led the Hoosiers to three NCAA championships.⁶⁷

Other things besides automobiles, sports, and, yes, even some teaching dominated our first year in Columbus. Obviously Jan's pregnancy, while also with an infant to care for, occupied most of her time, and I needed to press on with writing the dissertation. This time, because we were experienced in such matters, the pregnancy went well. Jan retrieved her maternity outfits, added one or two more, and took good care of Karen and me as well as herself, and we even hosted occasional parties for some of our colleagues—other instructors from all across the country, but not any members of the full-time faculty. They tended to live in another world, and had their own teaching and research commitments as well as their own graduate students to look after. So I rarely saw any of the full-time history professors outside of the offices in University Hall, like always, it seems, the oldest building on campus and the home of

⁶⁷ While beginning the research for a biography, at his request, of Petersburg attorney and distant cousin Carl M. Gray, who also served for a time as a trustee for Indiana University and, in that role, had helped lure Knight to Indiana, I requested an interview with Coach Knight to talk about Carl. I teased the coach a bit, saying nothing about his own achievements, but telling him I wanted to meet one of John Havlicek's teammates. He readily agreed to see me, and was most courteous and informative in our hour-long chat (he had scheduled it for 30 minutes initially). Unfortunately, given lack of cooperation from Carl's family after his death, this project has not yet been completed, although perhaps a scaled down account might yet appear.

the history department. At least it was on the campus oval and near the university library.

Fortunately, Jan had a good obstetrician, Dr. William Hall, this time, and got on well with him. He promised to show up in person when the time came for delivery. That time happened to be on the morning of April 5, 1962, so I called the doctor and drove Jan (Karen was then staying with her grandparents in Crown Point) to the Riverside Memorial Hospital. This happened, as I hoped it would, a little before class time, thereby giving me the perfect excuse for missing my classes that day. Soon after reaching the hospital and assuring them, while Jan, in labor, sat with me in an administrator's office, of our ability to pay, in cash (we had no insurance) for the procedure, she was admitted and the doctor arrived soon after. The birth, as Jan recorded her views about it in David's baby book, was "short and easy," and shortly afterwards, Dr. Hall came out and told me that we had a strong little boy. The name we had selected for a boy was David Derek, using both a name in the family (my youngest brother's middle name is David) and one I liked that was common in England—it also had the alliteration in President Dwight David Eisenhower's given names.

As mentioned, en route home from the hospital, given the good outcomes there, I stopped in at the VW dealership and placed an order for a new car. So now Karen had a playmate, and in time a chief tormentor. One of the first things David did, as soon as he became mobile with a little chair on wheels that he could scoot across the floor, was to place himself between his sister and the television. Her reaction, of course, was immediate and vocal.

Back to things academic, understandably enough it was difficult to make headway in writing the dissertation. Since our house also had a large, dry basement, I set up a comfortable and serviceable study down there, still using the great old desk, painted battleship gray that we had found at an Army/Navy surplus store in Delaware,⁶⁸ and some wooden crates that served as book cases. We also bought a cheap electric typewriter, not the IBM model I wanted, and soon I began, slowly and steadily, to turn out the chapters. Actually, my best progress came during the two or three times I "shipped" the family off to Crown Point, so I could have interrupted time

⁶⁸ I later learned from a new instructor, who not only replaced me but took over the duplex too and to whom we donated the desk, that when he stripped the old paint off, he discovered a beautiful mahogany desk underneath. This person, Melvin Urofsky, went on to a fine academic career at the Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond.

to myself for organizing, writing, and rewriting the pages. At some point, certainly after David's birth in April and before the end of August, I was able to, in newspaper terms, write "30" on it, meaning it was complete (in rough draft form). By that time, perhaps significantly, Jan had taught little Karen, my living calendar whose birth marked the date of me beginning to write the dissertation(!), a new long word and sentence, "Daddy is a procrastinator." That was it! I had to develop an end-game plan soon. As mentioned, that plan included sending Jan and the little ones back to Indiana, but as soon as the writing was finished, there was the matter of typing up the final, clean (no messy erasures), copies on good quality bond paper. Five copies of the dissertation had to be submitted—four for the university and one for me. Of course, in those pre-xerography days, an original (for the library) and three carbon copies were acceptable to the university, but they had to have proper margins, left and right, top and bottom (for binding purposes and perhaps sheer bureaucratic rule-making). The tricky part was that the true footnotes, placed at the bottom of a page, had to be allowed for in deciding where to end the typing on each page that had a footnote (now the computers do that for you). So we bought special carbon paper with a tab along the right side of the page indicating line number, thus showing at a glance the number of lines remaining and whether, when a footnote was encountered, there would be space for it. This sometimes required some creative footnote rearranging in order to avoid retyping the whole page and still meet the margin requirements. It was also tricky having to erase five copies of text when, if you can believe it, I or even Jan hit a wrong key.

A major incentive for me, besides stopping Karen's innocent accusations, was to complete typing the dissertation, deliver it to the Graduate School in Urbana, and have its completion certified in writing *before* beginning my second year of teaching at Ohio State. Doing so would mean a double jump in salary, \$600 rather than \$300. The deadline for getting the dissertation to Illinois in time to qualify for the larger raise was on a Friday afternoon late in August. Accordingly, with only twelve days to go and some 440 pages of clean typing to do, we calculated that if Nana Everett collected the children, and if Jan and I typed in relay, around the clock if necessary, we could turn out the necessary 40 pages a day over the eleven days, use the twelfth day for driving to Urbana, and submit all five copies on time. And so it happened—our rented typewriter, this time an IBM, held up perfectly, Jan and I met our daily quota, and then, early Friday morning, armed with five copies of "the book," we headed off for Champaign-Urbana. The office we needed to visit closed at 5 p.m., so that was our target, and we arrived about 4 p.m.—an hour early! I well remember, when I placed the

dissertation on the clerk's desk, that she immediately whipped out her ruler and measured a number of margins at random, okayed what she found, and accepted the work as done in full and properly. The certification to OSU followed in due course (as did a bound copy of the dissertation to me), and I received \$5700 for the second year of teaching, not the \$5400 that most other second-year instructors received. As I later joked, I knew exactly what my dissertation was worth--\$300! But of course that is \$300 compounded over a great many years, so its true value is really indeterminable.

Moreover, it had other values too. In 1967, the University of Illinois Press published *The National Waterway: A History of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, 1769-1965* after it had received the Department of History's Dickerson Prize, which amounted to a subvention or underwriting fund for publishing the book. This also meant royalties were paid on every copy sold, not, as usual on unsubsidized books, just on those sold after the press had recovered its printing costs. And the book has lived on. Just before it was about to go out of print in 1985, the US Army Corps of Engineers decided it would like to have a revised, expanded, and updated version of *The National Waterway* available, primarily for use at the Canal Museum in Chesapeake City, Maryland, the western terminus of the canal. Their procedures required competitive bidding for the contract to do the revision, and a top value for the project was set at \$10,000. Assuming that I had a good chance to win the contract, I submitted a bid for just under the amount specified, received the contract, and then worked closely with Corps of Engineers historian Marty Reuss, a fine scholar who put the resources of his office behind my research efforts on the new project.

At first I thought there would be little to add about ships going back and forth through the canal during the twenty years that had elapsed since the book first appeared, but I was pleased to discover that there two main themes to examine, one for each of the two new chapters added to the book for the revised edition. These were the environmental impact of the waterway upon both of the bays it connected, something that had to be studied following passage of the Environmental Protection Act under President Nixon, not long after my book had appeared, and the installation of a new, modernized communications and navigation control system that followed a fatal collision in 1973, when a ship struck the railroad bridge still in its normal, lowered position. The forward lookout sailor died in the crash, which led to a full-scale investigation and report on the incident, thereby providing a good record for historians like me to use. So, contrary to my impression when the book first appeared in 1967 that no one in the Corps of Engineers, which had operated the canal since its

acquisition by the federal government in 1919, had noticed my work, it turns out that they were very much aware of it. I must say, that the near \$10,000 I received for two new chapters in the book represents the most per word compensation I've ever received for any writing I've done.

Having completed the dissertation and all my formal training, and while trying to get used to the strange-sounding "Dr. Gray," it was still necessary to do extra things to keep body and soul together. Obviously, with two young children and still earning her own "P. H. T." degree (putting hubby through), Jan could not yet consider outside employment, but she did land at least two jobs typing theses or dissertations for others. One was a fascinating study of corals, including the one at the Great Barrier Reef off the Australian coast, the author pointing out how fragile and susceptible to damage (or death) these organisms were. Another was a longer study, a dissertation by Bill Gillette, also an instructor in history at OSU who was completing his work under a distinguished historian at Princeton University. He not only hired Jan to type his work on the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment (the right-to-vote amendment added to the Constitution in 1870 as one of three so-called Civil War amendments), but he also, wisely, I think, retained me to read, edit, improve, and then proofread the final copy. His study was a difficult, complex, state-by-state analysis of a most controversial issue, and, upon its publication, *The Right to Vote: Politics and the Passage of the Fifteenth Amendment* (Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1965), became a basic book in American Reconstruction history. But when that so-called final copy was given to us for "processing," I couldn't believe a Princeton professor had found it acceptable—I wouldn't have, but we did clean it up, and Jan produced a fine looking final copy that quickly made its way into print. Certainly we both earned the pittance we charged for pulling Gillette's chestnuts from the fire.

Another way in which I earned extra money was by teaching a few evening classes. The catch was that Ohio State did not offer evening classes at its main campus, just at its branch campuses, so I and a few other needy colleagues taught classes, in my case, at both Marion, to the north, and Newark, to the east. The times I taught up in Marion, Warren G. Harding's hometown, I would drive past the large, somewhat controversial monument erected in honor of the man, who prior to the recently retired George W. Bush, was generally considered to be America's worst president. Indeed, when the Harding monument was completed and ready for unveiling and dedication, no public figure of national stature could be found to participate in the program. Finally, four years after its completion and eight years after

Harding's death, President Hoover did the honors in 1931.⁶⁹ I also taught one time at the less distant site of Newark, famous not for a presidential monument but for its large, serpentine Indian mound, sometimes traveling there with other instructors, either Al Crosby or John Aufderheide, but most often I drove myself in my new little VW.

Besides teaching and money-grubbing in other ways, we both, but Jan in particular, made friends with our neighbors and some other non-university acquaintances. This included the young couple, also new parents whose names I have forgotten, that shared our duplex, and the Cale family (Leo, Carolyn, and [as faithful Roman Catholics] their several children). Leo, once an OSU student who didn't complete his degree—his question to me, "What does the University Library look like inside?" may help explain why—but became instead a successful insurance agent, remained our friends for a long time and we even joined them once or twice on camping trips. I don't know how Jan met Carolyn, obviously not at church, but maybe at the grocery or a neighborhood park. Nevertheless, they got along famously from the start, as did Leo and I. I've since pestered him with copies of some of my books, and he actually told me—maybe his gift of gab was the key to his success in his business—that I and James Mitchener were his two favorite authors! That's good company.

We also entertained my colleagues occasionally, most embarrassingly (but amusingly, later, for Jan) a Jewish fellow instructor, Lester Rifkin (the one who, later, was the person who told me that President Kennedy had been shot). Not knowing Lester's religious background until just before he arrived, Jan was reluctant to serve what turned out to be a fantastic tenderloin roast, cooked to perfection. When Lester pressed Jan about what kind of meat he was eating, saying it was something he had never had before and that it was superb, she demurred and pretended not to know what it was. She didn't want to tell Lester he was eating pork.

Other activities we supported, but without the time to get deeply involved, surrounded the growing and sometimes, of course, potentially violent Civil Rights movement. We attended a few meetings and rallies, in particular a big one downtown in the Lincoln–LeVeque Tower Building, where the eloquent Bayard Rustin and Jackie

⁶⁹ This white Georgian marble monument, considered the finest presidential memorial outside of Washington, D.C., is huge and quite lovely. Over 50 feet high, it is circular in shape, has 46 columns around the circumference, the diameter of which is 103 feet long. It certainly makes a great landmark for the city of Marion.

Robinson spoke. When, shortly after, the March on Washington was being planned, I strongly supported the cause and very much wanted to do so in person. I even had the offer of a ride to Washington with some graduate students friends still in Urbana who were driving through Columbus on their way eastward. But family and financial considerations caused me regretfully to turn that offer down, so I failed to hear, up close and personal, Martin Luther King's justly famous and acclaimed "I Have a Dream" speech.

I also may have been one of the last ones in Columbus to learn about the Kennedy assassination later that year. I had a noon class that fateful day, November 22, 1963, and as usual had some last minute preparations to make. So I was totally unaware of events in Dallas that morning as I entered University Hall. Then Rifkin told me, "Kennedy has been shot." At first, of course, I didn't believe him, but soon we both learned that it was true and that the shot had been fatal. I did meet my class—many had shown up—at the scheduled time, but I confirmed the sad news and added, "I don't feel like lecturing now, and I'm sure you don't feel like hearing one, so class dismissed." That whole weekend was a nightmare as we remained glued to our little portable TV set and followed the tragic story in Dallas, the second murder, the events in Washington, and the funeral ceremony very, very closely.

We had never seen this charismatic president in person, although we had tried to do so once during the campaign in 1962. Kennedy visited Columbus that year, and his motorcade was scheduled to drive up a nearby street, so we camped out along that street in order to at least catch a glimpse of the man. To our great surprise and disappointment, though, just one block before the presidential limousine reached us, the entire motorcade turned onto another street. We did see, in the next year, and from a distance, President Johnson as he passed hurriedly through the Columbus airport (where he deplaned and boarded a helicopter) just before announcing, that same day, his "War on Poverty" program. Actually, all we saw amidst the huge crowd, largely of reporters, was LBJ's ten-gallon hat moving slowly among scores of people there, also on the tarmac.

By this time, 1964, it had become clear that we needed to move on quickly, in order to get a better foothold on the slippery slopes upward of the historical profession. Ten and fifteen hour teaching loads, as well as additional evening classes, had become a drag, so at the AHA convention in 1963-64, held that year in Philadelphia, I signed up for the job register. I also notified the University of Illinois placement office that I was once again on the market, but as it seemed to me, once I

had found, on my own, the OSU position, helping me in my search for a new position never became a high priority for them. So, while acting basically as my own placement officer, I came home from Philadelphia with two attractive offers for the 1964–65 school year. One was from Long Beach State College, in Long Beach, California, where I would have taught economic history primarily, and one was from Indiana University, at one of its regional campuses. Neither of course was at the main campuses of the huge University of California system or of Indiana’s multi-campus university, with six sites in addition to the large one in Bloomington, but either one might be a good place from which to find a suitable permanent position.

I was more attracted to the glamour of a California position than Jan, and her disinclination to Long Beach was intensified when we talked to John Burnham, a new tenure-track member of the history department, who had come there from Long Beach. His first words, in response to our first question about life in Long Beach, were exactly these: “The danger from earthquakes is minimal.” I doubt that Jan heard any of John’s other comments, for she completely erased Long Beach from her list of future homes. So that meant, in effect, that “Indiana, here we come.”

Chapter 11

“Back Home Again in Indiana”

After choosing Indiana over California, the next steps were to learn more about Indiana University and the Kokomo Campus, the exact details of the offer, and then to decide whether or not to stay on stay one more year in Columbus and job hunt again during that year. As soon as possible, Jan and I traveled to Kokomo, looked around the town and the small, very small campus—four buildings—and then drove down to Petersburg tell the folks what we were considering.

Just after we reached Mom and Dad's new home, no longer the back part of the grocery business, but a large, once fashionable place out on Pike Avenue (Highway 56), leading out to Hornaday Park and then on to Bowman, Mount Olympus, and eventually Princeton, we learned that Grandmother, who was living there too, had suffered a severe relapse and was very ill. She was still able to communicate with us, and I think she understood that I was looking at the opportunity of becoming a professor at Indiana University. Having made plans to return to Indiana the following weekend, in order to work out the details of that opportunity, Jan decided to stay in Petersburg with the children and help Mom care for her mother. I had classes to meet in Columbus, so I returned there alone, did my duties, and then drove back to Indianapolis. There Dr. Victor Bogle met me, drove me first to Bloomington to meet various administrators, including Dean Ralph Collins of the central administration, Department of History chairman Robert F. Byrnes, a distinguished Russian historian with a bulldog personality, and the officers of the Regional Campus Division, Dean Smith Higgins (originally from Kokomo) and his assistant, Rufus Reiberg. It was with Rufus, as I came to know him, that the final negotiations took place. He took pains first, to explain in what I then considered boring, unimportant detail, the university's retirement plan for its faculty, especially the generous "18-20 rule," which provided for faculty with at least 20 years of service with Indiana University, and at least 18 years of participation in the TIAA-CREF program, to retire at age 65 but still receive, for the next five years, their average salary for the previous five years. I have sure come to appreciate and certainly benefited from the plan (so generous of late that it had to be modified), but at the time I wasn't very much interested. My concerns were the teaching load, research support opportunities, and salary.

I think I suggested to Rufus that my California option was still open, that its offer was in the neighborhood of \$8,000 per year, and that we thought we'd like the

California climate. So he hemmed and hawed a bit, sweated rather profusely, I thought, for the February weather, and finally came up with an offer of \$8,500 per year, payable in ten monthly checks, and if I were to teach summer school, there would be two more monthly checks—a twenty percent increment. The teaching load was usually nine hours—three courses—a semester, with a reduced load occasionally possible when doing "approved" research. There were also many competitive (university-wide) research grants available to all faculty, and the sabbatical leave program became effective after six years of teaching, and every six years after that again. One could, if the sabbatical application were successful, either take off a half-year (one semester) at full pay, or be on leave for a full year (two semesters) at half-pay. Over the years I noticed that faculty members with children tended to take the half-year leaves, at least until their children completed their educations. That was indeed my own experience, and I only enjoyed one year-long sabbatical leave out of the four I managed to obtain.

All this seemed most attractive to me, and, although I did not yet sign on the dotted line, I was inclined to do so as soon as Jan agreed. Then Dr. Bogle took me back to Kokomo and gave me more information about what I could expect in the future. Wisely, before showing me the current campus, its four buildings being two once-elegant late nineteenth century mansions—the Kingston Mansion (the library and office building) and the Seiberling Mansion (the classroom building), and the small carriage house for each mansion out back—he showed me the steel on the ground at the site of the new campus, where we would be moving as soon as actual construction began and was completed (which was scheduled to happen, and did, within a year). Then he showed me what would be my tiny attic-level office in the Kingston Mansion, were I to join them. He also introduced me to as many full-time faculty members as he could find—there would be ten of us the next year—as well as to his full-time assistant, Harvey Poling, and the new librarian, Sally (Sarah) Martini.

Having most recently come from two large Big-Ten campuses, I knew it would be a major adjustment getting used to the diminutive Kokomo Campus, but it had its positive aspects, too. I was able to focus on those and saw, not just the reality, but also the future potential of the campus. So it really was an easy decision, once Jan and I had time alone to consider it.

But when I reached Petersburg that weekend, I found Grandmother *in extremis*. Later, while the others were having a meal out in the kitchen, I sat alone in the bedroom with Grandmother and watched her slowly and peacefully take her last

breaths. She died, just short of the age of 82, having achieved so much on her own, and having inspired countless others in their lives, too.

Mom took the news reasonably well, knowing of course all along that the end was near. And I was glad that cousin Bobbie (Barbara Anderson, now Mrs. Ned Clark) soon drove over from Olney, Illinois, to help with the final planning. Mortician Lee Harris of the Harris Funeral Home (with which Grandmother had worked so long and so often in doing the funeral for others) showed up just after Bobbie arrived to discuss details, but when he tried to "sell" us an overpriced service, Bobbie and I were able to resist his strong sales pitch. We still managed to obtain a very nice casket and all the rest, for a price that almost exactly equaled Grandmother's total assets, including all her insurance money. I'm sure Lee had access to that information, knew what our bottom line was, and he eventually came down to it.

As Jan and I, not long after reaching Columbus, made the decision to accept the offer from Kokomo, it may seem curious that someone so fearful of earthquakes would opt for a place in "Tornado Alley" without ever voicing any concerns about it. This was probably because we were familiar with the Hoosier State, had never had violent wind problems before, and perhaps we trusted the early warning signals then in place. This is all the more ironic since, shortly after our move to Kokomo, the "Palm Sunday" tornadoes in April 1965 devastated much of Howard County south of Kokomo, the southern part of Kokomo itself, and many other places nearby. Our house to the north was not damaged, just a front porch roof support pillar being loosened by the high winds that had accompanied the tornadoes, but one house that I liked and that we had considered buying—it was nearer the new campus—was completely destroyed that day. As we discovered later in the week, only a bare concrete slab marked the spot where that beautiful brick house had stood. And countless other buildings in the city and county were lost—I called the winds that day the Anti-clerical Tornado, because so many churches between Russiaville to the west of and Greentown to the east of Kokomo were either destroyed or heavily damaged. Moreover, in the years to come, both Hanover College (1974) and Petersburg (1990) were heavily impacted by tornadoes. In fact, the old family home out on Pike Avenue was destroyed, but the folks were then living miles away on South 9th Street, and that house was also hit and "totaled" by the wind, while the folks and Charlie were inside. They decided, perhaps unwisely, to use the insurance money to rebuild that house rather than move again.

When it was time for Jan and me and the family to make the move from Columbus to Kokomo, trailers were no longer large enough to hold our "stuff." Nor was

our little Volkswagen able to handle one anyway, so we rented a U-Haul box truck, which, to my surprise, was filled to the brim, and we even had to tie a couple of things onto the big back bumper. These were things people probably don't generally move—a large, about 4 by 4-foot sandbox that I had made, and a sizable tree we had planted in the backyard (to shade the sandbox, probably). The large “playpen” survived the trip intact, but the wind-lashed tree did not. During the trip west and north, David and I drove the truck, and Jan, Karen, and Dusty followed in the little VW.

Our precise destination was a new National Home-type house, a split-level, three-bedroom model that was situated in the northwest sector of Kokomo, at 805 Twyckingham Lane, just north and west of the campus and near the Presbyterian Church, an elementary grade school—Karen was now 4 and soon we would enroll her there, and a grocery. Given the heady, to us then, prospect of a nearly doubled salary, counting summer school, we thought we could afford this nice place, priced at just under twice our annual income, but at the moment of decision (and down payment), we were, to say the least, a little short on cash. Our main asset, the Ohio public employee retirement fund to which I had made small monthly contributions the previous three years, would not be available to us until we were outside the state for, as I recall, six months. The builder, though, agreed to wait for his full down payment, but when he asked for at least a token payment, I gave him the largest bill in my billfold—\$10—and he accepted it. In closing the deal, he agreed that if we decided later on that we didn't like the house or found something else, we could convert the first few monthly mortgage payments into rent. So in effect we bought a house with an option to rent it—contrary to the more customary practice of renting with an option to buy.

It may be that we had asked for this unusual arrangement because “Papa,” a veteran land title company officer in Lake County, had made his daughter fearful of home ownership because of possible “Barrett Law” or other financial assessments on the property. I had never seen Jan so nervous as the moment she (and I) actually signed, despite her father's warnings, the purchase agreement. But it all worked out well—we loved the house, the Ohio retirement money came in due course, and we were able to make all of our mortgage payments on time.

Our next-door neighbors to the south were the Dale Updegraff family, which included two children, Joyce and June, who became the near-constant playmates of our two. I've forgotten Mrs. Updegraff's name because I saw very little of her, but Dale was a very nice man and a good neighbor who worked for General Motors at the Delco

radio plant in Kokomo. He also drove a small car, a rear engine automobile, the Corvair, one that he loved despite its having been demonized by Ralph Nader in his book, *Unsafe at Any Speed* (1955). To the north, our neighbor was a single, older man, Curt (whose last name I've forgotten), who worked at the Haynes Stellite Company plant. I suppose it was from him that I first heard the word "Stellite" and had no idea what it was, and of course had no plans one day to write a history of that company. Curt was very friendly, tried to be helpful to the new home owners as they occasionally ran into maintenance and repair problems, and even, after I once innocently remarked I'd like to learn how to play golf but had no clubs, obtained a very nice set of clubs—endorsed by pro player Julius Boros—from one of his golf friends for me. Curt also gave me my first golfing lessons at the American Legion course located not far from the new Indiana University–Kokomo campus. I never played enough to become very good at it, but I enjoyed the experience of playing with him and later with my Indianapolis Life Insurance Company agent, Joe Davis. I also played a few rounds with my younger sibling, Robert, but soon after moving to Indianapolis I gave it up—understanding Mark Twain's comment that playing golf was a good walk ruined!

Back to Curt, we finally realized he had a drinking problem, and we tried to maintain cordial but not really close relations with him, and didn't permit the children to accept Curt's repeated invitations to visit him. I had noticed on his kitchen wall an odd-looking clock--all the numerals were 5's. He explained it by saying he never drank before 5 o'clock!

Later, a colleague in the English department moved into the house just across the street from us. This was Jim Hurt from Kentucky, and he and his wife, Phyllis, a wonderful musician, and their two or three children made excellent neighbors too. Jim was a man of the theater, writer, producer, and actor, and both he and Phyllis had had roles in the spectacular show, "Stephen Foster: The Musical," featuring his beloved song, "My Old Kentucky Home," presented annually in an outdoor theater near Bardstown, Ky., mainly by University of Kentucky students. I've seen this show, now in its 51st season, at least twice, of course long after the Hurts were in the cast, and it is great entertainment highlighting the life and of course the music of Stephen Collins Foster. In Kokomo, Jim wrote, produced, and even starred in a historical play about William Henry Harrison, who was Indiana's first territorial governor and the hero in the Battle of Tippecanoe before going on to become the president of the United States in 1841. Jim's comic character was a near-sighted sot, supposedly Harrison's scout and lookout during camp.

In 1994, when the folks at the Kokomo Campus were planning to celebrate the first fifty years of an I.U. "campus" in Kokomo, and the thirtieth anniversary of its move to the South Washington Street location, I was asked to provide a reminiscence about my experiences at Kokomo during the 1960s. This was for a book they were planning, but I don't believe it ever appeared.⁷⁰ Still it was useful for me to have written about the campus and my fellow faculty members when the memories of them were a little fresher. Here is some of what I reported back to the anniversary committee:

The first thing that comes to mind when I think of IU-K is Victor Bogle, whom I met for the first time, strange to say, in Philadelphia in December 1963. I had responded to a notice about a job vacancy at IU-Bloomington, but in a brief hallway conversation at the AHA convention with two or three university officials, including a slight, nattily dressed young man with "Victor M. Bogle" on his name tag, I learned that the IU-B position had been filled (by Irving Katz, who is still there) but that there was an opening in Kokomo.

We promptly arranged an on-site two-campus visit [as described above]. . . .

[I]t was something of a shock to see what would be my upstairs (attic) office and the small makeshift classrooms But the opportunity looked good so in September 1964 the Gray family arrived in Kokomo for an eventful four-year sojourn. Happily, the administrative personnel and services were fine, and the small (indeed, very small) full-time faculty was remarkably diverse and talented. My colleagues proved to be an interesting and congenial group, and of course, with Vic Bogle and I constituting the entire history department (although soon another historian from the University of Illinois arrived to teach the European half of the curriculum), I got to know my fellow professors from other disciplines quite well.

At the risk of leaving out some who should be mentioned, I most readily recall (without checking any records) the following *sui generis* members of the faculty: the forthright Bill Taylor, then an "A. B. D." in sociology from Purdue; the cheerful, curmudgeonly former judge, B. R. Davidson, who taught political science; the somewhat shy and diffident academic counselor, Bob Hennon, who seemed an unlikely person to teach theater; the irrepressible David Orr and the courtly Kentuckian, Jim Hurt, who made up the English department; the subdued

⁷⁰Actually, a book did come out, and it carried my comments to the editors, but I didn't get word of its publication until "Batman" (Dick Ardrey) very kindly sent me a copy of it in 2000. See Linda Herman Ferris et al., eds., *Coming of Age: 50 Years of Higher Education in Kokomo—Indiana University Kokomo in photos and memories* (Kokomo, 1997), esp. 30-32.

and redundant philosopher, Allan Allen; the outgoing Bill Kalberer, a psychologist (and bongo drum player) from Purdue; and, finally, the friendly, gregarious Herb Miller, who taught, so it *seemed*, all of the European languages in the curriculum. From the administrative staff, in addition to the inimitable Vic Bogle, I remember primarily Vic's main assistant, the dapper Harvey Poling, whose unusual gait as he handled his many tasks was eventually explained to me. Harvey had lost a leg in a bicycle accident many years before, but his handicap was neither obvious to others nor considered as such by himself. Probably the best dressed person at IU-K, he was an outdoorsman and once treated the entire faculty to a cook-out in Highland Park, the main course featuring venison Harvey had recently bagged.

I remember best, and missed the most after leaving the friendly confines of IU-K (then in its new facilities), the faculty get-togethers—usually at the Boggles' home, where far-ranging discussions, on a variety of topics often lasted well into the early hours of the next morning. I also recall the gradually increasing number of bright and diverse people who made up the cast of characters, aka the faculty, Vic Bogle hired in order to make IU-K resemble, perhaps, a true university—ethnics, minorities, even a Hoosier redneck—me. I'm sure Vic remembers my frequent comment that he should write a book about his experiences as the CEO of the campus—every faculty member would make a chapter!

There is not space for most of my fond memories of Kokomo, both the campus and the town, *where* my third (and last) child was born, where I was living when my first book was published, and where I discovered (through a remark from one of my students, who had been hired to catalog the recently rescued Haynes Papers) the primary materials—the papers of Elwood Haynes and his automobile and alloy companies—that provided the basis for two more books. Instead, I will share a family joke that relates to a couple of members of the IU-K family. My two older children were approximately 6 and 4 at the time that Dick Ardrey and Ekkehard-Teja Wilke arrived in Kokomo to run the library and the European history phase of the history program. For a brief time, the diminutive "Ek" shared an apartment with Dick, whose automobile in strong contrast to our little VW "Bug") was a huge, dark-colored, elongated Oldsmobile of some type. The first time this "odd couple" came to visit us on Twyckingham Lane, someone (probably their mother) told the kids that Batman and Robin were here. Of course the visitors were in their Bruce Wayne-Dick Grayson clothing rather than their crime-fighting gear, but the car helped carry the point! This charade went on for much longer than Dick and Ek ever imagined, and no doubt they will regret seeing it revived here.

With the help of the *Kokomo Tribune* series on that first faculty in the new facility, I see that I had remembered them all although I had not mentioned librarian Martini, whom I did not know well and who was soon replaced by Dick Ardrey, whom I

did know well and liked very much. He was also a native Hoosier, from Scottsburg, and I remember well the trip we took in the aforementioned "Batmobile" to New York City along with a number of IU-K students as we caravanned to the Big Apple, a trip arranged primarily by B.R. Davidson so that his political science students could visit the United Nations (where we all met and heard Abba Eban discuss the current Middle Eastern problems--sadly, there always are some) and we all had accommodations at the city's YMCA and YWCA hostels. At first, things went extremely well, as did our visit one evening to Greenwich Village which certainly lived up to its reputation, but the weekend we had chosen for our visit was also the weekend of three tragic events, the first of which literally closed New York City down for a time. That was the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., whose memory we honored that evening by attending a noteworthy and moving service at the Center for Ethical Culture. As I recall Bishop Paul Moore (formerly of Indianapolis and the bishop of Christ Church Cathedral on the Circle but whose liberal politics limited his effectiveness in conservative Indianapolis, so he had moved on) was the primary speaker. The next day, of course, with nothing more to do in the city, we headed back to Indianapolis and learned, en route, of the other two tragedies that weekend. The one that most affected one of the girls, who had idolized the driver, was the death during a race in Germany of former 500-Mile race winner, Jimmy Clark. Then, upon reaching Richmond, Indiana, around which we were forced to detour, we learned that its downtown area, through which highway 40 passed, had been obliterated by a horrendous gas explosion.

Back to the Kokomo Campus story, 118 students were enrolled there in 1945 when IU took over the struggling Kokomo Junior College, which had been founded in 1932. As reported in the *Indianapolis Star*, when the new Washington Street Campus (on November 12 and 13, 1965) officially opened, an event highlighted by the presentation of two operas by the Bloomington University Theatre, "Don Pasquale" on the 12th and "The Glass Menagerie" on the 13th, the revived institution had a tenfold increase in students and the teaching faculty, including various part-time instructors, amounted to more than 60 people.

During our years there, the *Kokomo Tribune* gave the new campus and the faculty there good coverage. On June 19, 1965, to introduce its readers to the still-under-construction new campus, a full page story, with lots of photographs featuring freshman Janet White, described her visit, following her around as she looked things over. She was impressed, first of all, by the sheer size of the main building, which consisted of 22 classrooms, 7 laboratories, a library with 40,000 volumes on its

shelves, a bookstore, student and faculty commons, and a number of administrative and faculty offices. Also attached to the building was a 920-seat auditorium. Her visit included a meeting with her faculty adviser, me, in my large already somewhat cluttered office, one of the sixteen available for the full-time faculty. So obviously, I did teach during my first summer in Kokomo an eight-week session, "the same as on the main campus in Bloomington," as the extension center dean, Smith Higgins, had pointed out.

The paper had already published a series of articles, with photographs, profiling all ten members of the full-time faculty (so technically, with a resident faculty, the campus was no longer an "extension" center) that included information, too, about Harvey Poling, Dr. Bogle's assistant, and Sally Martini, the librarian. The series began on February 19, 1965, discussed the campus's variety of courses, and in time carried my picture, supposedly lecturing, chalk in hand, at the blackboard, about the early national period of American history (the picture was posed, for no students were around and I had the chalk in my *left* hand). This was the third article of a four-part series, each one focusing on three faculty members or administrators.⁷¹

I was also involved, through my association with the local chapter of the NAACP, in one of the first programs (even before the operas) to be presented in the marvelous new Havens Auditorium. We presented a program, via a panel discussion, about the contributions of American Negroes in various aspects of life in the United States. My role was to provide the historical perspective and my remarks, to which I gave the title, "Myths of the Negro Past," were published in the newspaper a week or so later. The gist of those remarks, after noting that both the African background of the Negro and the history of slavery in America were being reevaluated, was that the "African way of life was not primitive" but consisted of advanced social and political systems, "a high degree of aesthetic expression in the arts," and that slavery existed there, too, but it was free of "racial overtones." Indeed, when the first Africans were carried to Virginia in 1619, prior to the Pilgrims arriving in New England, they were servants, not slaves. In fact, they were in the same position as countless white "indentured servants, and lifelong bondage developed gradually during the seventeenth century in response to economic needs."⁷²

⁷¹ *Kokomo Tribune*, February 27, 1965.

⁷² *Ibid.*, November 5, 1965.

Jan also had her picture in the other then still-new newspaper, the *Kokomo Morning Times*, when she and four other ladies on the Welcome Wagon decorating committee were pictured with some of the art work for a "Reno's Night" at the "Columbian Club," not the ancient Republican club in Indianapolis but the name of a room above a shop in the Forest Park Shopping Center. And my picture appeared again when I had the honor of meeting and introducing the eminent historian, Thomas D. Clark, when he spoke before a large audience in Havens Auditorium. Clark, an outstanding scholar recognized as Kentucky's and, perhaps, the entire South's most productive scholar, had accepted a temporary position in the Department of History at IU-Bloomington in order to write the history of Indiana University and also to help celebrate the sesquicentennial of Indiana's statehood, which dates from December 11, 1816.

Later, following IU's remarkable football season in the fall of 1967, which resulted, improbably, in the Big Ten championship and a trip to the Rose Bowl, the football coach, John Pont, became an instant celebrity. Even though IU narrowly lost the game in Pasadena to the University of Southern California, whose star player was O.J. Simpson, Pont had speaking invitations from all over the state, including Kokomo. I don't know why I was selected to introduce him to another large, enthusiastic crowd at Havens Auditorium, but I'm glad I was and I enjoyed meeting the coach. Maybe I was picked because, despite living nearly 100 miles north of Bloomington, I had purchased season tickets and had seen all of IU's home games and even one "away" game, another upset victory over Michigan State.

Overall, things went very well for the Grays in Kokomo. After using most of 1965 to get acclimated and then move into the new campus on South Washington Street, the next year started off most auspiciously with the birth of our third child and second daughter, Sarah Jane, the name being one common to both the Gray and Everett families. She arrived on time, but during the early morning hours of February 24, 1966, which did not translate to a day off from teaching, just a sleepy one later that day. My experience at Kokomo's St. Joseph Hospital was much like that of the stereotypical worried father as I and a couple of other "expectant fathers" cooled our heels in the waiting room anxiously awaiting the good news from the obstetrician.

Jan's pregnancy this time had been more difficult than previously. Dr. Schwartz seemed to be fine and we got along with him well, but Jan began having certain problems, the most obvious being a long bout with Bell's Palsy which led to a droopy eyelid and face. This in turn led to frequent shock treatments designed to keep the

facial muscles in shape but it all turned out well, Jan recovered quickly and soon she and Sarah came home, which was never again quite the same. Sarah, from the beginning, was a dynamo, the nearest thing to a human perpetual motion machine I've encountered, and her siblings accepted her well. Our second dog, Peanuts,, though, Jan thought, eyed her suspiciously when she brought a new "bundle of joy" home with her, the dog's expression saying, "Oh, no. You've done it again!" But he, too, quickly warmed to his new competitor for the family's attention. I was always partial to Dad's words of wisdom about child-raising. "Two children," he opined, "don't take any more time than one, because one takes all your time." But then he added, everything changes with a third child—at that point, the parents are "outnumbered." And so it was.

Despite all her energy and inquisitiveness, a trait she evidently passed on to her son, Caleb, Sarah survived her early years basically unscathed—we had baby-proofed the house (a potential drop from the living room floor to a landing at the doorway was prevented by barriers we added to the railing at the drop-off and at the head of the stairway, and in her bedroom we kept the side of the crib away from the wall at its low level setting to avoid possible high-level falls as Sarah climbed out of bed, something she did often! Indeed, after she began to walk, she sometimes ventured out long after her siblings were in bed, but when Jan or I saw her, she would run full speed back to bed never slowing down, but just hit the railing and flip into the bed. Then she'd innocently look up at us as if nothing was amiss.

Other things of note, at least to me and the family, is that in 1966 we became a two-car family, almost inadvertently. One fine weekend the four of us traveled downstate to visit the folks in Petersburg. While there, a most attractive white station wagon—a new Nash Rambler—caught my eye, as did its bargain basement price, so on the spur of the moment, we made a deal and Jan drove herself and the kids back home in the VW while I stayed behind to take care of the paperwork, and headed out as soon as possible to join the others in Kokomo. The new vehicle was plain—a six-cylinder, stick shift with cranks at all the windows and no air conditioning—but it ran well and proved to be most economical to drive. En route home, however, on the north edge of Martinsville (about halfway between Petersburg and Kokomo), while stopped at a stop sign and waiting to merge into the traffic on highway 37, our new car was rammed from behind by, ironically, an IU student at the Indianapolis campus. The adage is that a new car stays new until the first scratch or ding on the fender occurs—so, in this instance, the newness wore off even before I got the car home. And again, for at least

the fourth time, one of my cars was hit while stopped! Whether than is good or bad luck, I can't say, but I do chalk it up to my "triskaidekaphobic" life. The good news was that neither I nor the car was injured--just a bent back bumper, a broken tail light, with some small dents around it--and that the student was insured.

Given the comparatively large space now available to us in an automobile, we decided to use it for camping trips, most often going to state parks. Jan found an old tent especially designed for use with a station wagon--one side of the tent opened up so it could be attached to the rear of the wagon, thereby giving access from inside the tent to additional storage space or beds in the back of the vehicle. No one much liked the big, heavy, smelly tent which was often quite difficult to set up, but we made do with it and the family was able to get away frequently on weekends and holidays. Jan's parents and brother were also enthusiastic campers, so her family would often meet at the Shades State Park (my particular favorite), Turkey Run State Park, or elsewhere. The best part of all was sitting around the campfire telling jokes or ghost stories and just relaxing.

In other activities, besides fairly regular attendance at the nearby First Presbyterian Church, which was also Elwood Haynes's church and had his portrait on display in the foyer, I became involved with the local NAACP as well as a Christian Concerns Committee, directed by the Reverend Alvin Klotz, one of its projects being the AMOS program designed to help new immigrant families in Howard County, and, more closely connected with academic matters, I served a two-year term as a member of the IU Department of History's Executive Committee. These regular meetings, always held in Bloomington, took almost a full day of my time, counting the time for a 200-mile turn-around trip and attendance at an hour or perhaps two-hour meeting. The time demands greatly increased the second year when I was appointed by Chairman Leo Solt to be the secretary of the committee. This required nearly a second day of my time, as I labored over the minutes, which I wanted to be full, accurate, and occasionally witty. I felt at a disadvantage, though, because of my location I was not privy to many of the issues the Executive Committee had to deal with. But the chairman, a delightful man to work with and very much unlike his gruff predecessor, "Bobby" Byrnes, served as my backup and would provide useful details when my reports needed them. Altogether, it was a great experience and provided a way for me to know well most members of the department in Bloomington and, of course, several members from the other regional campuses.

Accordingly, I came to know well Bob Ferrell, perhaps the department's most prolific publisher, Maurice Baxter, the man who taught the early national period courses in Bloomington, and John Wilz, a recent United States history specialist from Washington, Indiana. A fellow southern Indiana product, he always kidded me about being from the wrong side of the White River. But my most important contact while serving on the Executive Committee was with Bernie Friedman, a committee member from Indianapolis. Often on meeting days, Bernie would ride down to Bloomington and back with me. It was on one of those trips sometime in the spring of 1968 that Bernie suggested that I transfer campuses and join him and others in Indianapolis. Such moves were officially discouraged, but exceptions could be made and, in my case, it was. Bernie tried to make the change attractive to me by pointing to the very real possibility of a new campus there very soon, and by mentioning all the research opportunities in Indianapolis for historians, and he pointed out that a graduate program in history was very much in the works. No other regional campus had such programs because it was the practice to have only the first two years of undergraduate education offered at the "regionals"; the final two years had to be spent "in residence" in Bloomington in order for a student to earn an IU baccalaureate. But this was changing and Bernie thought that an "established scholar" like me (his view, not mine) would help make the case for Indianapolis to offer its own undergraduate degree and more and more graduate courses.

Another memorable event in 1966 for me, the others staying home that day, was attendance at my first Indianapolis 500 Race. I had mentioned wanting to see a race "someday" to my colleagues, and soon after that B.R. Davidson told me he had access to five good seats--at the start/finish line just across from the pits--and he offered me one. We found three other guys to go with us--a photograph at the track shows B. R., Dick Ardrey, neighbor Dale Updegraff, and me standing by my car, but I don't know who the fifth person (the picture-taker) was, and we all had a good time.

Of course, that 1966 race was the one marred by a massive pile-up on the first lap, which started right in front of us but the wrecked cars, about a dozen of them, ended up far down the track before they slid to a stop. We couldn't see much, just the dust and smoke created, but we did see one of the drivers jump out of his car, somehow climb over the fence (a feat impossible without adrenalin-fueled muscles); he then walked around to an opening and back onto the track near the start/finish line. A. J. Foyt was that irate driver/fence jumper. When the race restarted, the drivers, led by pole-sitter Mario Andretti, made their first few laps under the caution light and in

single file, so I missed what I had so long anticipated—seeing 33 cars head into the first turn on the first lap, one of the most thrilling moments in all sports. And the race turned out to be one of attrition, as driver after driver was forced, usually by mechanical problems, to drop out. But my all-time favorite driver, a Brit named Graham Hill, drove a cautious and careful race and when all of the faster cars ahead of him dropped out, Hill won the race. Later when I took each one of my children (by motorcycle) singly to the race, it was my bad fortune to see drivers I didn't particularly like take the checkered flag, usually one of the Unser boys.

Nineteen sixty-six was a good year for other reasons, too. That was the year my research interest began, slowly, to turn towards Indiana. And it happened serendipitously. According to my "faculty annual report" for 1965-66, I was more serious about doing a Gilpin biography than I now remember. It seemed that I had definite plans to begin that project in the summer (after completing my summer school teaching), and that I had prepared to go to Philadelphia to look into the voluminous Gilpin Papers at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. But fate intervened.

My contemporaneous report gives some of the details:

When I received notice that my application for the summer research grant had been denied, I made plans to teach here again in the summer, and at the same time to begin an investigation of the newly available Elwood Haynes Papers. (When I was later notified that my grant application had been, or could be approved, I decided to continue my local research project.) Subsequent to this, however, a third research opportunity presented itself, and I am now engaged in it. Rather than teach during the summer I have accepted a research assignment from the Monon Railroad; Dr. Victor M. Bogle, the director of the Kokomo Campus, is also participating in this project. It involves making an investigation into the nature and extent of the property rights originally acquired by the Monon Railroad, a company that operates a line located primarily in Indiana and that stems from the original New Albany and Salem Railroad, chartered in 1847. In view of my personal research interests (19th century transportation) and the opportunity to work closely with Dr. Bogle, whose research interests also center on Indiana railroads, I was eager to undertake this work. Possibly, once the immediate problem is solved, our work will lead to a full-scale history of the Monon Railroad. The company officials have indicated at least a slight interest such an undertaking.

Although I had doubts at first about accepting the Monon challenge, which involved a lot more work over a longer period but at the same pay (twenty percent of my full-time salary), I'm glad that I did it. The assignment, as indicated, was to see if historians could do what lawyers could not do—prove that the railroad owned its right-of-way through fee-simple title. Since the company records the lawyers looked at did not prove that case one way or the other, the legal department decided to give historians a shot. Perhaps the land titles books kept on hand in all the county courthouses would have the land transfers recorded therein. Of course, this required going to the Recorder's office in each of the many counties through which the railroad passed as it meandered (for a reason we discovered) northward from New Albany on the Ohio River all the way to Michigan City on Lake Michigan. There was also a branch line, later the main line, that ran into Chicago. The little town where the road forked was called Monon and since all the traffic on the railroad, regardless of which terminus was used, went "via Monon," in time the railroad itself was unofficially called the Monon, and later this became its legal name.

Regardless of the many names, my job (Dr. Bogle had other priorities) was to do the heavy lifting, literally, in searching through the large, weighty tomes in which land transfers were recorded. I worked with, and reported to, a young attorney originally from Indiana named Hawk—I've forgotten his first name--and together we visited the old railroad shop in Lafayette where many old company records, dusty and moldy but still in surprisingly good shape, were stored. Hawk did let me, alone, visit the courthouses. But together we made a trip to Washington, D. C., to look for material in the library of the Bureau of Railroad Economics--our flights in and out of Washington were my first (and still only) trips in first-class accommodations. But the D. C. trip didn't lead to any important finds; it was in Lafayette that we found the long-lost (and believed missing) first letter-book of the New Albany and Salem Railroad Company which contained useful and important letters not only for our purposes, but in general, those of the company's first president, James A. Brooks (*inter alia* the town of Brookston up in White County is named for him; ironically he also platted the town [New Bradford] that later became known as Monon).

Our researches, however, did not result in the findings the company wanted. Instead, after repeated failures in the first, about a half-dozen, northern county courthouses visited to find any land transfer records for the company at all except for a few acquisitions, mainly in Tippecanoe County, for land used for train stations and other ancillary purposes, not for the right-of-way. So we called off the courthouse

visits, and then I wrote a long report with the conclusion that the company had acquired its right-of-way land mainly through gifts, and thus owned its right-of-way through what the law calls "adverse possession," but this also meant that if the company ceased to use this land for the purposes it was acquired, that is, railroad use, ownership would revert to the original owners or their assignees. This also accounts for the indirect route the New Albany and Salem Railroad took en route to Michigan City--its receipt of land donations dictated which towns the railroad would pass through. Moreover, land titles acquired through adverse possession meant that the railroad could not sell the land or, without new legislation, transfer it to others for new purposes such as bicycle or hiking trails.

Another irony in this matter is that I remembered late in the project that the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company had had a similar question arise concerning its right-of-way, and the canal company lawyers came up with the same answer we did. In fact, I quoted the relevant canal company's documents to buttress our conclusion, which obviously disappointed the Monon Railroad leadership. But it was a good learning experience, and a new experience for me to see my research findings having an immediate impact upon its intended audience. Moreover, as was then customary for all railroad employees, I received my railroad pass, which entitled me to free travel on the Monon! The fact that it no longer operated any passenger trains was immaterial.

So, if 1966 was a good year--a third child, a second car, new research activities, so was the next year--my first book, lots of camping trips, and season tickets to IU football games. Harvey Poling, who had grown up in Bloomington and was a long-time holder of season tickets for the IU games had decided in 1967 that he had had enough disappointments seeing IU's many losing seasons, so he did not buy tickets that year, but for some reason, we did, and here my Friday the Thirteenth jinx didn't work, except on IU's opponents. Remarkably, despite having a new coach, John Pont, and a freshman-heavy lineup, quarterback Harry Gonzo, running back John Isenbarger, and receiver Jade Butcher led the Hoosiers to a Big Ten championship and their only trip to the Rose Bowl. We didn't make it to the Bowl game but we saw all the "upset" victories at home and I even went with some Kokomo buddies to East Lansing, Michigan, to see IU take on, and defeat, a very strong Michigan State team. We had exceptional seats, right behind the visiting team bench and could even hear very clearly the sounds of a particularly violent game that day.

In general, the teaching load at Kokomo was moderately heavy, with most of the students in the introductory United States History courses (H103 and H104), and only a few showed up for the advanced courses we were permitted to offer. My advanced courses covered the early national period of the United States, 1789–1865. One, A303, covered from approximately 1789 to 1829 (or, from Washington to Jackson), and A304 carried on to and through the Civil War (from Jackson to Lincoln).

But my favorite teaching experience while at Kokomo was the unique opportunity to offer a graduate course for teachers who had received Lilly fellowships for advanced training in American history. Usually, these courses were taught by Bloomington faculty, but I was given the chance to teach it one year. In fact, this was a correspondence course, and involved the “fellows” reading and writing book reports on major works in the field that I had selected. The group also met at least twice a semester in Kokomo and there I met and interacted with an outstanding group of people. I even forged some lasting friendships with those primarily involved in Indiana history. One of the teachers was so good that I, and others who had this man in our classes, encouraged him to become a full-time student and enroll in the doctoral program. Don Zimmer did just that, wrote a fine dissertation on the history of Madison, Indiana, and became a long-tenured professor at Tri-State (now Trine) University in Angola, Indiana.

I also offered an upper-level course in economic history that included transportation history, so my students—the few that enrolled—got a heavy dose of this aspect of America's past. I was already aware of Kokomo having played a special role in this story since one of the first—perhaps, in fact, the very first—successful gasoline-powered automobile had been developed there. But when I looked for further information about this invention and its inventor, Elwood Haynes, I was surprised to see that almost nothing in the way a serious scholarly account of the man existed.

There was, of course, considerable folklore about the man and his home, and various evidences of his achievements (his image and his factory buildings were encountered frequently), but there was no reliable book about him. It may have been because of my intention to learn more about the mysterious “Mr. Haynes” as he was most usually referred to locally, that I accepted the invitation to join the Board of Directors of the Howard County Historical Society. This group, then led by an interesting, rather austere, lady, Eos Petty Richardson, had a special interest in Kokomo's (and the county's) most famous citizen, and its current mission was to get Haynes admitted into New York University's Hall of Fame. The requirements were strict,

and only two people from each state could be admitted, but Mrs. Richardson was adamant in her belief that Haynes should be one of Indiana's two. In fact, the booklet that she wrote, while obviously narrow in its perspective and biased in its conclusion, was the best thing then available on the life of the man.

The possibility of our move to Indianapolis at this time was complicated by the fact that I had just become more deeply involved in a new Elwood Haynes project which, first of all, meant that I was on the committee that helped convert the Haynes family home, built in 1915, into a museum. My Hagley experience must have been partly responsible for this assignment. Understandably, I suppose, the Kokomo people originally planned to develop the house as primarily a family museum, a place to showcase the furniture and clothing of Kokomo's leading family, but it was my suggestion, instead, that much like the Hagley Museum had done, the Elwood Haynes Museum should tell a story, that story being the life and extraordinary accomplishments of Haynes in both fields of alloy development and automobile invention while also having one room, the dining room, showcase some of Bertha Haynes's gowns and the family's fancy tableware. Others had the idea, a good one, of using the upstairs rooms to develop the theme of Kokomo as the "City of Firsts," and different companies still active in the community sponsored exhibits about their products in those rooms.

It was a lengthy process, converting the house, which the Haynes-Hillis families had donated to the city, into a museum but it went on smoothly and the grand opening was staged May 1968. Unfortunately, rain also showed up that day but the keynote speaker, a top executive from the Haynes Stellite Company, then a division of Cabot Corporation, made appropriate remarks and unveiled a great Stellite plaque describing Haynes's life and work. It was at this time that I met a deeply tanned fellow from California who introduced himself to me, saying "Hello, I'm Elwood Haynes." This was the grandson of the inventor who proudly bore the name of his famous progenitor.

Another purpose of the Elwood Haynes Museum was to house the Haynes papers so it was there that I spent so many hours going through them all, as discussed later. The catch to all this is that, once it was possible for me to have easy access to these papers, we moved away! I think the primary motivations in making the transfer from IU Kokomo to IU Indianapolis were both pedagogical and academic. I wanted a chance to have more advanced-level students in my classes and to have access to more research materials--the Indiana Historical Society, the Indianapolis Marion County Public Library, the Indiana State Library, and the Indiana State Archives were

only a few of the many repositories of historical materials awaiting a researcher. So, with considerable emotion and mixed feelings, we moved from 805 Twyckingham Lane to 1724 West 73rd Place, Indianapolis. This time, reflecting both better resources and mountains of material to move, we hired a moving van company to do the honors, and our "stuff" filled a large semi-trailer. The van's load, however, did not include my books. Generously, Dr. Bogle permitted me to use the IU-Kokomo station wagon, whose shocks and springs I really tested, to move them.

Chapter 12

To the Capital City

The move to Indianapolis during the summer of 1968 was more complicated than our earlier ones. First of all, instead of just notifying a landlord that we planned to relocate, this time we had to sell our house in order to be able to buy another one. At first I thought we could do this without the services of a realtor, and indeed we did find a buyer, actually a neighbor who liked our house a lot, but we could not come to terms. I had a firm bottom price that he wouldn't meet (at first), so we finally sought some marketing help. I'm glad we did, because the realtor discovered that we had some money in escrow that, otherwise, I doubt we ever would have received. Mr. Butcher was also a better negotiator than I was, because he talked the buyer we had found and who still wanted the house, badly, into the price I had set, *plus* the amount of his commission, so I got my bottom line as well as the additional escrow money, although the buyer ended up paying more when his "bluff" with me failed.

Of course there was also the matter of finding a place to live in Indianapolis, one that was located in a good school district. We had heard some good reports about school No. 84 in the Butler University area so that was on one of the first places we looked. We found an attractive little cottage on the corner of 52nd and Boulevard Place, just across the street from the famed Butler Hill that was one of the best sites for sledding in winter time, and near the old Central Canal, which especially appealed to me. But once we looked into it, we discovered that the previous owner was also a dog owner and that her dogs were not house-trained, so our nose, and our pocketbooks that were not up to the additional cost of new carpets throughout the house, caused us to keep looking.

The second area we explored was a bit farther north, somewhere in the Washington Township School District, about which we also had received good reports. We came close to buying a house on Harcourt Street, very near (too close, I thought) to the Harcourt Elementary School that all three children eventually attended. Then we had found another house two or three blocks away that had the same general design we liked—a ranch-style single-level (but without a basement), three-bedroom house located at 1724 West 73rd Place. I was particularly attracted to a "home office" that the

first owner had built into the attached garage, which I thought would make a perfect study for me, and by the basketball goal in back (that is still standing and that was used frequently, by me and occasional visitors). The yard was also nicely landscaped, adorned with bits of rail fences in three spots and large bushes to the west and north that defined the backyard boundaries. Although it was a bit farther away from the downtown Indianapolis campus than I wanted, the nine-mile drive to work was doable and offered different routes to follow, and, despite increasingly heavy traffic, remained accident free for all concerned during 30 years of commuting. Finally, for any strangers reading this, I will add that, although there have been many changes and additions to this house, I was into my fifth decade of living in the house on W. 73rd Place when, in 2009, we moved to Bloomington.

Selling and then buying a house were only two of the problems with the move in 1968. Finally, as I was reluctant to admit, when the time for the actual move approached, I was no longer able, even with the help of family and friends, to handle the move myself. So we had to rely on professional help. I had always liked the sleek look of the Bekin Company's gleaming white moving vans, so that was the company we called and we made all our arrangements with them. Since the total cost was predicated upon the gross weight of our goods as well as the distances involved, I decided to move some of the heavier items, like dozens of boxes of books, myself, but Bekins handled the rest of it. I was disappointed when the moving van arrived. Instead of a fancy white truck, they sent the most beat-up, nondescript excuse for a semi-trailer truck-type moving van that I had ever seen, and I was embarrassed for it to be seen by anyone I knew. It did the job, however, and no friends, so far as I knew, ever saw our old van, so that worked out.

Evidently, according to Jan's family calendar, the exact date of the move was July 26, 1968, which of course was early enough in the fall for all three school kids in the family (me, Karen, now a third grader, and David, a first grader) to get ready for our new educational experiences, and for Jan, Sarah, and the dog to get settled into our nice, new accommodations. Jan's tasks included finding a new family pediatrician and a family dentist. In both cases, she had good recommendations regarding excellent ones on the north side and soon the Grays were "enrolled" with Dr. James Belt, a pediatrician, and Dr. William Peet, one of the best dentists in the city. Together we canvassed a possible new church affiliation—either Presbyterian or Methodist. Both Jan and I were Presbyterians, had attended a Presbyterian college, and had joined Presbyterian congregations in both Columbus and Kokomo, but at first glance the

nearby Second Presbyterian Church, on North Meridian Street, seemed perhaps too elegant and austere for our tastes so we also considered an affiliation with St. Luke's Methodist Church, up on 86th Street, almost as close geographically as Second Presbyterian. We liked the chief minister in both denominations, Dr. McGriff (Methodist) and Dr. William H. Hudnut (Presbyterian), but the atmosphere at "Second Prez" was not stuffy, as we had feared, and the staff included some very interesting, socially active people, such as associate pastor Vern Sindlinger, who was on the liberal side of the political spectrum. I don't think at that time we met or got to know Don Boebinger, who was another one of the pastors on the church's large staff. But that came soon afterwards. Don and his wife, Carol, had a large (in both numbers and size) family, and three of their four boys were close in age to our three children, attended the same schools, and interacted socially often. Actually it was through a pre-scouting program known as Webelos (an acronym for "We'll be loyal Scouts") that I met and got to know Don Boebinger. David and Doug Boebinger were close in age, were classmates at Harcourt, and both were in Webelos, a group that met in the homes of the boys. Since Don and I had signed on as adult leaders for this group, we met often with the boys in homes all around the neighborhood. My first memory of Boebinger son number 2 (Doug was number 3), Greg, whom Karen married in 1981, was at a church picnic when a "frisbee" he had tossed, hard, accidentally hit Karen in the face. His apologies and concern for the wounded hit all the right notes, and that may have been the beginning of their now long-term relationship. More on this later, of course, but the point now is that we quickly decided to remain Presbyterians, and become part of the large family at "Second Prez." I also came to appreciate its special history, the way in which the "Second" Presbyterians had split from the First Presbyterian Church over the latter's conservative policy issues, including support for slavery, and the fact that the soon-to-be celebrated preacher, young Henry Ward Beecher, was the first minister at the Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis. His father, Lyman, was also a man of the cloth and his sister, Harriet, who married yet another minister, Calvin Stowe, became the renowned author of *Uncle Tom Cabin* (1857).

It is unfortunate that these memoirs don't have the benefit of Jan's memories, in addition to my own, because of course our roles in our family were so different. Frankly I was absorbed, perhaps too much so, in the process of getting established in my profession, trying to be a good father as well as a provider. And, quite frankly too, I left most of the child-rearing duties to her, and am embarrassed now at how little I remember about some of the normal, day-two-day activities of the children, their playmates, their bumps and bruises, and the like. Of course, as much as possible, we

did things together as a family but mostly, sad to say, this was limited to weekends and holidays and my vacation periods, which were fewer than I would have liked because of the necessity of summer school teaching on my part, and the even more time-consuming number of research and writing prospects I pursued with a vengeance. Unhappily, then, these memoirs have to be more self-centered than I would like, and unfortunately will probably skip many family events that Jan supervised and managed.

Accordingly, the one thing that I remember regarding our somewhat premature move to Indianapolis is that I had not yet completed my summer school classes in Kokomo, and that I had to commute back up north, approximately a 95-mile round-trip, in order to finish my work up there. Another one of my trips back to Kokomo was to pick up a purchase Jan had made while I was, I think, moving the books into my new office at 222 E. Delaware St. in Indianapolis. Her purchase, in which she had finessed the trade of our smelly old tent, was a nice, slightly used Starcraft camping trailer. This trailer, a crank-up model, was equipped with an LP-gas refrigerator, sink, and enough beds, in the camping-out mode, to sleep six comfortably. There were large double-bed-size mattresses (pads) on the pull-out wings, front and back, once we had raised the top, and the tabletop when lowered onto the benches and covered with the seat pads, became the basis for another nice double bed.

I don't recall discussing a trailer purchase with Jan before she made the deal, but we were already avid campers and this made our frequent camping trips very much more convenient and pleasant for everyone. In time, I became fairly proficient at backing the long trailer into our driveway and into sometimes very tight spaces at campgrounds too. Indeed, driving this long rig sometimes made me feel that my boyhood dream of becoming a truck driver, complete with detachable trailer, had been realized as we towed our beautiful, tan-colored Starcraft to most of the states of the Union, and into Canada and Mexico too.

I was satisfied with the combination of Rambler station wagon/Starcraft trailer, which admittedly had certain limitations. The wagon was underpowered for heavy loads, and its lack of air-conditioning made some long-distance trips more unpleasant and odiferous than they would be in a more luxurious vehicle, but we were still making loan payments on the Rambler, so I had no plans to "move up" in the motoring world for a while longer. I came to realize, however, that Jan's camper deal was just step one in her plan for the Grays' camping adventures. Step two came as we were planning our first really long distance vacation-camping trip for the summer of 1969, as soon as my

summer school teaching ended. I was sure the little Rambler was up to the task—a trip to California, but Jan believed a new, larger, air-conditioned station wagon, with automatic transmission and power steering, was required. I don't think she had yet found what she was looking for, but she was prepared to counter my point that we were still paying for our first station wagon by noting, after checking this out with the credit union, that we could have that balance paid off by them and have it added to the cost of the new car. So this is what was happened and we found a great, fully loaded, Ford station wagon, the Country Squire model, at Hatfield Ford in downtown Indianapolis. This vehicle, a dealer's demonstration model, had a few thousand miles on it already, thus lowering the price just a bit, so we made the deal.

I'm not sure how we got all that done, the trip planned, and everything packed up while I was still teaching, but we did, and at about 5 a.m. the day after I turned the grades in for my two summer classes we started on our 7,000-mile long safari.

I'll say more about this trip later, for there is still the matter of my first year at "IU-I," or what was still called the Extension Center or just the Downtown Campus in Indianapolis to consider. Evidently the members of the department of history in Indianapolis thought the chairmanship of the department (officially the *assistant* chairmanship, because there was just one chairman of the department of history at Indiana University, that being the one serving in Bloomington) make the position more attractive to me. This was not true, for I had no administrative ambitions, but I accepted the appointment anyway and thereby inherited a boatload of problems. Some of them were merely the problems of all chairs—scheduling classes (and keeping all the full-time professors reasonably happy with their assignments), finding temporary people, usually "ABD's" in Bloomington, or other qualified people in the community to handle the remaining introductory level courses, and taking care of other routine departmental matters, which involved, in addition to lots of memorandum-writing, the attendance at seemingly endless (in duration and number) committee meetings. But the problems for me that year were intensified by our growth (which meant recruiting new full-time faculty members), the need to implement some new, unpopular to some, departmental policies, such as requiring the chair to visit at least once a semester one or more of the classes being taught by our temporary faculty members,⁷³ and by an

⁷³ One of the temporary instructors, a good one who had taught with us before, refused to have his class monitored in this way, charging discrimination because the full-timers were not also visited, so he resigned—another problem. Another interesting fact regarding my visits to all history classes being taught by non-full-time faculty members of the department, is that when I visited Mrs. Sylvia Peacock's class which she regularly offered for the Herron Art School students in the Herron building up on 16th Street, is that her classroom was next door to a

unanticipated and frequent turnover in our limited secretarial staff. My comments, really complaints, at the end of the year in my faculty annual report for 1968–69, provide some details about these points, and perhaps helps explain why I gave up the chairmanship as soon as possible, and served for two years only. To further clarify the following screed about recruiting, I should point out that we had identified five positions to fill, had commitments from the administration for only three, but we mistakenly, I now believe, advertised all five, planning to take the three best people available regardless of their field.

In the section of the annual report regarding “Service, Administrative,” I commented as follows:

My job as assistant chairman of the department proved most demanding and time-consuming, primarily because of the ambitious recruiting program we embarked upon early in the fall. Having a commitment from the administration for three additional faculty, we advertised our needs and I was overwhelmed by the correspondence which resulted. This happened because I had no exclusive access to a secretary, either full or part time, and because the building secretary was transferred mid-semester. (This same process of musical secretarial chairs is occurring this year; we now have our second secretary, but her tenure is limited by her pregnancy, and a third building secretary will have to be assigned here before the semester is out.) Consequently I handled even the most routine matters and did the filing. Easily more than 100 inquiries were received about our positions, and we built files on about one third of the applicants; this involved a minimum of five letters each.

At the December meeting of the AHA in New York City, I devoted almost all of my time to interviewing candidates for our supposed three positions, and we (two other department members assisted me in the interviewing) came back with outstanding prospects. Then, unfortunately, because of the budget situation, our administration was unable to make offers to our top three choices. The offers were extended seriatim, but by the time our first man eventually declined, our top choice in a second field had taken another position. We did appoint our first choice in Latin American history, but that was the total result of our laborious efforts during the first semester.

I approached the administration at that time, asking if the budget situation justified continuing, or rather renewing, our search for two additional

life art class, which meant the artists were painting nude models, The doors were open that warm day so I saw some things I had never, at least in that context, seen before.

people. Told to go ahead, we reinstated procedures to get new candidates and lined up several more good prospects; additionally we had a resignation from the only "ABD" in the department, so we began to seek a replacement. In other words, during the second semester we were still attempting to hire three people. I was very much shocked to learn later that our first semester appointment had been moved into the budget slots vacated by the resignation, and that there were no new positions available to us at all. Only because one of our candidates looked extremely attractive and was in a field most desirable to the University as a whole as well as to the department were we able to appoint a man in Negro-Urban history. This gave us, after three-quarters of a year of effort, a net gain of one new person in our department.

I have gone into this rather long-winded account for two reasons: one is to give more substance to my request for a departmental secretary. This, rather than mere typing services, should be provided for the larger departments; I feel that I was the department secretary last year, circulating forms, notices, memos, etc., and I believe the university could hire this work done more cheaply. The second reason is to reinforce the plea I'm sure all administrators echo for early budget decisions. I have described, I think, a glaring example of wasted effort and inefficiency in the foregoing paragraphs. To recruit candidates for non-existent positions is inexcusably wasteful. One of my reasons for transferring to Indianapolis last year was the opportunity to do research in the State Library; because of my administrative duties, futile and menial for many of them were, I did not get to the State Library until this school year (1969-70).

To expand briefly on this experience, I would say that I am "1 for 2" in the hiring game, having appointed one soon-to-become outstanding faculty member, Peter Sehlinger, in Latin American history, from the University of Kentucky, and one "dud," to be polite about it, in the person of Keith Winsell, in African-American and urban history, from University of California at Los Angeles. Partly this was not my or the department's fault. We had a great prospect from Pace University in New York City for the black-urban history spot, but delays by the administration in extending an offer let him slip away to another university, so Keith was our second choice. He had good potential but never delivered on it, and our relationship ended up, when we finally decided not to re-appoint him, in a lawsuit. Keith charged, and an ill-informed group of African-American professors in Bloomington as well as a local, incompetent faculty review committee, supported the charge that Keith's dismissal was improperly made. Much to my surprise but delight at having the chance to help make our case in open court, the case did go to trial and I was one of the witnesses. The judge, who clearly

understood faculty governance and the crucial difference between non-reappointment and dismissal, which Keith and his attorneys did not, rendered a decision that exonerated the department and the university completely, not even giving us a light slap on the wrist. Keith, for his part, continued to hang around academia, had some odd jobs doing research for others (many of which also ended up in a lawsuit filed by Keith against his employers). My last information about him is that he was employed by a famous archival collection in New Orleans (the Amistad Research Collection), housed first down there at Dillard, and now at Tulane University. One choice point about all this is that Keith's former dean at IUPUI, Dr. Joseph T. Taylor, a prominent African-American sociologist and administrator, also served on the board of the Amistad Research Collection, and he could offer valuable perspective and background information regarding Winsell, when predictably a lawsuit there was pending.

As far as the perhaps cryptic remark at the end of the quoted passage above about my attempts to get back to doing some research, I would add that, when I finally did make my way to the state library and to the state archives housed there, I planned to look into their holdings regarding the state's major internal improvement effort in the nineteenth century. This, of course, was the Wabash and Erie Canal, which, at 458 miles in length, is the world's longest man-made waterway. Finally completed in 1853, it stretched all the way from Lake Erie at Toledo, Ohio, through Fort Wayne, Logansport, Terre Haute, and Petersburg, all the way to the Ohio River at Evansville, Indiana. Imagine my surprise and disappointment to find some of the records I wanted to examine already spread out on a large table and being pored over by someone else. That person was a young Memphis State University professor (and a Purdue graduate), Jim Fickle. When I learned that he was from Logansport and had grown up along it, as had I, I better understood his interest in the project. Moreover, no book had yet appeared about this stupendous project, which had an enormous and continuing impact upon the state, and Jim was, and I think still is, determined to fill that gap so I deferred to him, knowing that another major project was waiting for me up in Kokomo.⁷⁴

⁷⁴ Paul Fatout's book on *Indiana Canals* (1972), a large part of which deals with the Wabash and Erie Canal, has not filled that gap. It is by a professor of English and quite well written, but the need persists for a fully documented study of this single, mammoth waterway. See my review of Fatout's book in *The Historian* (1974), 351. This is the journal published by Phi Alpha Theta, the national honorary society for graduate students in history.

In the meantime I contented myself with another assignment, writing brief biographical sketches on some eighteen individuals for McGraw–Hill's multi–volume *Encyclopedia of World Biography*. I'm not sure how editor Elaine Edelman got my name— it may have been through the Hagley Museum because my first batch of people were primarily inventors and scientists, or it may have been Carroll Pursell's doing—he and I had back–to–back entries in the publication on the engineers who built the Brooklyn Bridge. I wrote on John A. Roebling, Carroll on his son, Washington.

Whatever the source of the invitation to work for an encyclopedia (at five cents a word!), I was a bit mystified when I looked at the names assigned to me. I had never even heard of some of them and didn't know if I could find any information about them. But the combined resources of the Indianapolis Public Library and Indiana University's libraries provided me enough material to get the essays written. Usually, this required reading at least one book by or about such people as Roy Chapman Andrews, Michael Pupin, Frank J. Sprague, and Nikola Tesla. Some of the names on my list I had heard of—Hiram P. Maxim, Ottmar Mergenthaler, George Westinghouse, and the aforementioned Roebling, but I still had to read at length about each one of them. And when I submitted my sketches, editor Elaine seemed delighted with the results, particularly since they had been turned in on time. So she asked me to do a second group of people. This time the category was polar explorers, people I certainly had no prior knowledge of except for some slight name recognition of men like Richard Byrd and Robert Peary, but who were Lincoln Ellsworth, Adolphus Greely, or Vilhalmur Stefansson? Now I know, and you can too, by consulting the *Encyclopedia of World Biography*, which seems to be in all the major libraries in the country. I have entries in every volume of the 12–volume set except for volumes 5 and 12, but 4 of my entries are in volume 7. All of these essays were submitted by the end of 1971; they were published in 1973. I don't recall how we used the windfall profit from that endeavor, which amounted to about \$25 to \$30 an essay, but probably it just beefed up our household budget.

All this was happening while major steps were being taken that led to the creation of IUPUI in 1969, and the merger of the regional campus operations of both Purdue and Indiana universities in Indianapolis. We knew that something was underway and that a move to a new campus, to be located near the IU Medical Center, was imminent. This could not be evaded because the Administration Building for the downtown campus on North Delaware Street had been acquired by the federal government as the site for a new federal office building, the monstrosity now known as

the Capehart–Minton Building on North Pennsylvania Street. It was not clear what else would be involved or that the Purdue folks would be joining us at the new location.

It was my good fortune, at the time, although I later regretted not being more closely involved when I had to write the history of IUPUI, to be away from campus on my first sabbatical in the fall of 1970. This was when the actual move along Michigan Street took place. I left my old Carpenter's Hall office in the summer of 1970 and returned in January 1971 to a new office up on the fifth floor of Cavanaugh Hall, one of IUPUI's three new buildings erected near the intersection of Michigan and Agnes streets (now University Boulevard) and the impressive new University Hospital at the Medical Center. One of the advantages of moving from Kokomo to Indianapolis rather than starting out anew at a different university was that I was able to carry to Indianapolis credit for my four years of service with Indiana University. Thus, after six years of total service with IU, from 1964 to 1970, I was eligible for a sabbatical leave only two years after relocating in the capital city and my application for a leave to begin full-time work on the career of Elwood Haynes was approved.

Chapter 13

On Becoming an Indiana Historian

Although I had no intention of becoming an Indiana historian when we returned to our home state in 1964, on looking back, it seems that many tiny little tugs in that direction occurred almost immediately, but I must credit, or blame, Elwood Haynes for giving me the biggest shove that transformed me and my career. Those little tugs included my joining the Indiana Historical Society as soon as I had an Indiana address to which my membership materials could be sent. In part I did this because, as Samuel Eliot Morison had suggested in the *Harvard Guide to American History*, all professional historians should support their state and local historical associations, and partly because I just wanted to know more about Indiana and how its history fit into the larger picture of United States history. One result of having joined the Indiana Historical Society so soon is that I have a complete run of the major state historical journal, the *Indiana Magazine of History*, from 1964 into 2009 and still counting. Recently, however, the editor of this wonderful resource for state history arranged to have its complete run, from 1913 on, made available to everyone, free and searchable on-line (except for the most recent two-year period). This development, I suppose, has wiped out the exceptional value of my hard-copy version for nearly half of all the IMH issues, which I had planned to donate to a library in need of such materials. Now, neither I nor probably any small library will have the shelf space for several linear feet of books that are now available to it electronically.

Another result of Morison's recommendations was that I also joined the Howard County Historical Society, and then, upon relocation, the Marion County-Indianapolis Historical Society, and in both cases soon found myself serving on the Board of Directors of these organizations. Moreover, as early as 1968 I was invited to join the editorial board of the *Indiana Magazine of History*, Donald F. Carmony then serving as editor, and many years later (in 1990) I was elected to the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Historical Society. But this latter step came after I had published a number of books on state history.

The first one to be written (but not my first Indiana history book to be published, because of many strange delays) and the transformative one was my study of Elwood Haynes, the inventor of America's first automobile in 1893-94 who was also a remarkable metallurgist whose researches in this field not only produced Stellite, an incredibly hard and stainless (and exceedingly valuable) alloy used first in the machine tool industry, but also stainless steel, another extremely valuable alloy. In addition,

Haynes was involved in almost every important economic and intellectual development or movement within his home state, Indiana, during his lifetime, which extended from just before the Civil War to just after to just after the end of World War I. These aspects of Haynes's multiple careers in education, as a school teacher and a college professor, in business, as a natural gas developer and inventor (building, for example, the world's first long-distance gas pipeline), as a lifelong Prohibitionist, during whose lifetime national prohibition was adopted, and as a concerned citizen and philanthropist, meant that I had to learn a great deal about state history in order to understand and then interpret for others what Haynes had accomplished.

As already indicated, I first learned of the existence of a large body of hitherto unexamined Haynes Papers from one of my students in Kokomo. This was Pat (Mrs. Garry) Springer, who had been hired by the Howard County Historical Society (before I joined the board) to arrange and catalog these papers. Knowing of my interest in transportation history, Pat told me about her new job and wondered if I might be interested in looking at them as the possible basis of a new research project. The papers themselves, their rescue being a remarkable story in its own right, had been literally snatched from the jaws of destruction by Wallace Spencer Huffman, a Kokomo man interested in his city's special place in automobile history whom I later came to know well as a fellow member of the HCHS board. One morning in the mid-1960s, Spence happened to drive by the old Haynes Automobile Company factory, long since closed as a manufacturing plant, and he noticed a large stack of boxes, papers, and miscellaneous junk—the company office files—sitting on the curb waiting to be hauled off to the city dump. This incredulous man, a collector of all sorts of items—Greentown glass, automobile parts, toys, and antiques of any description—realized at once the potential historical value of this stack of material, and arranged to have it all taken to his garage—not the city dump. Soon these auto company papers, which included much valuable personal correspondence and Haynes's business files for activities other than manufacturing automobiles, were transferred to the care of the HCHS, and eventually to the Elwood Haynes House on South Webster Street, which was then in the process of being converted into a museum.

I began an examination of these materials in 1967 and of course realized immediately that here was a story that needed to be told and that I should be the one to tell it, but I was not able to get to it right away. At that time, I was hard at work on some last minute revisions to my dissertation, which had been accepted by the University of Illinois Press and scheduled for publication in 1967, but the year was slipping away. When the page proofs finally arrived late in the fall, it was then my task to prepare the index, something I had never done before and something, of course,

that could not be done until the page proofs, with page numbers, were at hand. Then I hurriedly made up index slips, the same size as index cards (3x5 inches) but less bulky and much less expensive, listing each and every proper name, place, event, and concept on separate slips with the page number. I did this at the office, then carried the stack, almost as long as my arm, home where we (Jan helped me on this task) alphabetized them, combined the page numbers for identical entries, and then typed up the results. It was hard work, but exhilarating too, because that meant the book was getting closer and closer to becoming reality. Sometime in November, I think, we returned the proofs and the typed index to the Press, just meeting its deadline for receiving copy for publications in 1967. I now think it might have been better to have had *The National Waterway* come out in early '68 rather than late '67, because come New Year's Day, the '67 book, which I did receive copies of in time to consider them as a Christmas present, was a year old. But that didn't bother me at the time--I was elated at reaching that rarified status of a published book author, and thought the Illinois Press people had done a very good job in designing the book and placing on the cover a view of a white ship passing under a high-level bridge over the canal as the vessel transited the "national waterway."

Nor did the following year, 1968, give me much free time for my new Haynes project. I was heavily involved in teaching, summer school too, lots of committee work, and the details associated with our move to Indianapolis as well as a brief foray into electoral politics. We were quite upset with the Johnson Administration, particularly its escalation of the war in Vietnam, so both Jan and I became converts to Senator Eugene McCarthy's candidacy. Our support of this eloquent and courageous anti-war candidate led to several things. For one, we opened our house to a group of students (from Michigan) who came to Kokomo to work for the senator from Minnesota. These kids "camped out" in sleeping bags and other make-shift bedding in our family room, a large, ground level space adjacent to the garage, for a couple of days while canvassing the city for McCarthy votes. On other occasions, various celebrities came to Kokomo to speak in McCarthy's behalf. These included actress Myrna Loy (whom Jan met) and television personality Garry Moore, with whom I found myself alone in the Democratic headquarters for a few minutes before he spoke at a rally in Highland Park. All I could think to say, after thanking him for helping out, was to tell him he was my mother's favorite TV personality (as the moderator of the hit show "What's My Line?"). This was true, but I don't think it thrilled him to be reminded about the aging demographic group he appealed to, but he smiled, shook hands, and went on his way to the park. Another visitor was Senator McCarthy himself, whom I did not get to see up close, but I was on hand on Main Street, across the street (with railroad tracks) from

the Court House where McCarthy stood as he tried to speak. I have to say tried, because a train, either badly timed or dispatched as the result of a cleverly timed Republican trick, noisily passed through town, rumbling between the senator and most of his intended audience, at just the wrong moment. Finally, regarding politics, I had decided to run for an office myself, seeking election as a delegate to the Democratic State Convention where I could continue my anti-administration work. I knew my chances of success were minimal. Almost no one apart from people at the campus knew me, and my "campaign" was virtually non-existent. I did have a little flyer printed up, which included my campaign slogan "Let Us Begin Anew," and which I circulated throughout the neighborhood. The ballot was set up in such a way that three of the five "nominees" for delegate in our area were to be elected, and I, on May 7, 1968, with 535 votes, was one of the three! I don't know the number of votes received by the others, but I do know one of the candidates I defeated was the Howard County sheriff. My theory is that having a last name beginning with a letter early in the alphabet was the key factor--the first three names (which were listed alphabetically) were chosen and the sheriff, whose name came later in the alphabet, was free on state convention day (June 21, when I first met Senator Birch Bayh), to do his other job. Nevertheless, I am one-for-one in my short political career.

The "family calendar" for 1968, which Jan maintained, indicates that we were in Indianapolis house-hunting in April, shortly after my return from the trip, with a colleague and 14 IUPUI students, to New York City. Our search began with houses located near Butler, and we gradually moved farther and farther north, until we found just the right one up on West 73rd Place, and, acting quickly, we closed on the house on June 12. That day or soon after, when we first saw the house empty, we discovered a wet spot on the carpet that had been hidden, no doubt purposefully, by some living room furniture, which indicated that the shower on the other side of the wall was leaking badly. So we immediately arranged (through the mortified realtor, who shared some of the expenses incurred) to have the necessary plumbing repairs made, and we also hastily painted the entire house (its interior walls, that is) ourselves on July 21-23, before any furniture was delivered and before some necessarily new carpet was installed. (Fortunately, Jan's brother, Jim, was in the carpet business, so he got us a new shag rug carpet at cost and "let" me help him install it.) Our move to Indianapolis evidently occurred on July 25, the day I moved most of the books in my office to my new office, using the IU-K station wagon, and on July 26, when the Bekin Company movers did the honors. More evidence of this chronology is that we were given a nice going-away dinner at the Bogles' home on the 26th, and then a "welcome to Indianapolis" dinner by the Friedmans on the 27th.

Obviously, there was no time for work on the Haynes project that summer, so my new plan was to at least begin on the Wabash and Erie Canal project once I got settled in Indianapolis and wait for the hoped-for sabbatical leave in 1970-71 to get back to Haynes project up in Kokomo. But, as mentioned earlier, heavy administrative duties and being pre-empted by Jim Finkle on the Indiana canal project kept me at bay during most of the year. The same was true for 1969-70, but I did manage to do several encyclopedia articles and some articles and book reviews, but no new book research at that time could be worked in.

My sabbatical application, submitted November 30, 1969, requested a leave of absence, with pay, for the fall semester of the 1970-70 school year. The application had to be accompanied by a statement from the chairman (me) "concerning schedule adjustments, additional staff and other expenditures" that my absence would necessitate. I began this statement by saying that I was reluctant "to go on record" and admit that "anyone in this department, particularly me, is expendable," but I did certify that "no irreparable damage to the curricular offerings or to the departmental budget would result" from my being on leave in the fall of the next year. "Indeed," I added, "in view of the merger next fall of the two history departments now functioning at IU-PU-I [sic], perhaps at no other time could the loss of one person temporarily be more easily accommodated" This application also had the support of our local dean, Dr. Joseph T. Taylor, and Professor Donald F. Carmony in Bloomington, then the preeminent Indiana historian in the state.

His support was important, because my project dealt with an Indiana subject, one that Carmony, a master at understatement, finally concluded was "worthy of a full volume study." And I had, naively as it turned out, expected and even virtually promised, a "complete" manuscript on the life of Elwood Haynes by February 1971 if a leave of absence were granted. I then believed that "most of my primary source research" already had been completed, as I had already worked my way through the mass of Haynes Papers at the Elwood Haynes Museum, leaving "only" some newspaper and secondary source research to complete.⁷⁵

I then summarized what I already knew about Haynes and his significance as a scientist and inventor, and deplored his "undeserved relative obscurity" in the scholarly

⁷⁵ This research in the Haynes Papers had involved going through page by page, folder by folder, the contents of five fully stuffed filing cabinets located in the new Haynes Museum. Regrettably, when Pat Springer had "organized these papers, she did not preserve their provenance, but instead put all of them in chronological order, so that in order to piece together the story of, for example, the development of the American Stainless Steel Company, I had to discover the pages relevant to that topic scattered throughout the other files. Nor were photocopying services available to me then, so I had to transcribe as much as I could by hand.

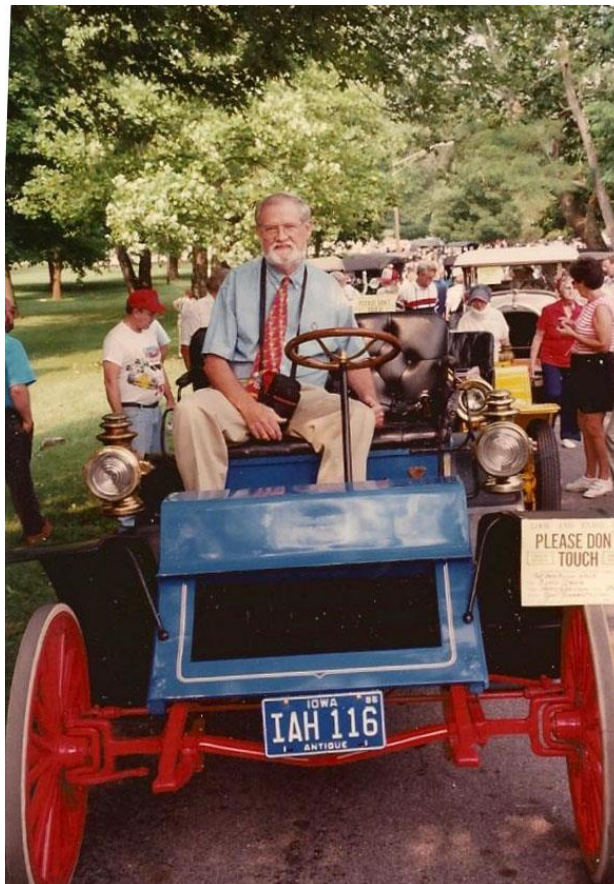
world. Surprisingly, to me now, this overview of Haynes' life in my pre-sabbatical statement was rather complete and needs only minor tweaking to bring it into conformity with what I later learned. Here is that statement:

Haynes was born in Portland, Indiana, in 1857, but lived most of his adult life in Kokomo, Indiana, where he died in 1925. A graduate of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Haynes did some post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins before his employment with the Indiana Natural Gas Company. This job took him to Kokomo, where he designed and built in 1893-94, what should be recognized as the first commercially successful automobile in America. His rival claimants are the Duryea Brothers of Massachusetts, whose 1892 automobile was basically an engine mounted on a buggy and which was not successfully manufactured. Haynes began the commercial production of his complete automobile almost at once, and established a successful business which lasted until 1925. He soon left the management of the business to others, however, and increasingly turned his attention to meeting the demands for improved alloys. He developed a number of cobalt-based super-alloys, particularly Stellite (the basis of his fortune), which were uniquely heat-resistant and non-corrosive; his tool-metal retained its hardness or cutting edge at extreme temperatures and proved particularly useful during the First World War. Later Haynes developed Stainless Steel; his patent-holding company, the American Stainless Steel Company, controlled the licensing of all stainless steel produced during the life of the patent.



Bob (“Cheese”) Kraft, a teammate on the Hanover football team, bought the Haynes book at the Class of ‘55’s 55th reunion (2010)

The major correction needed here is that 1892 was not when the first Duryea was built, as Charles Duryea had falsely claimed, after learning that Elwood Haynes's had begun his work in 1893. Actually, the first imperfect Duryea dates from the fall of 1893, when J. Frank Duryea completed a model that moved for only a few feet before breaking down. An improved version of this machine was successful in 1894, but it was still, in my opinion, mainly a motorized buggy. (When an antique car parade was held in Kokomo on the centennial of Haynes's remarkably successful first car run, July 4, 1994, an early Duryea car was in the parade but, to the delight of some onlookers, including me, it broke down and had to be towed in.) Congressman Elwood Haynes (Bud) Hillis, Haynes's grandson, and I had shared the podium during a brief ceremony at the exact spot where, on July 4, 1894, the first Haynes car had been tested.



Seated in the 1895 Haynes (car no. 2) on July 4, 1994

Happily, my sabbatical application was approved and I began work anew on this big project, which turned out to be much bigger than I expected. The folks of the

Indiana Historical Bureau, with offices on the top floor of the Indiana State Library, provided me with free office space (in an office officially assigned to "Wee Willie" [William E.] Wilson, who was, fortunately for me, rarely there). This former Superintendent of Public Instruction, an extravagantly tall fellow, was then working in an outreach program for teachers of Indiana history.

Office space in the State Library helped me quite a bit as I undertook to read, on microfilm, what I referred to in my report as "an incredible number of newspaper references" in the newspaper division of the library. These references, dozens more than I had expected, came from the folks up in Kokomo who had indexed the local Howard County newspapers for the period that Haynes had lived there. It was great to have this resource, but, of course, it multiplied the hours needed to check out (and copy by hand) all the Haynes items they had found.

Another unanticipated time-consumer was the number of interviews I conducted—I had expected only two, one with Haynes's daughter, Bernice Haynes Hillis, a fellow member on the Howard County Historical Society Board of Directors, and another one with Mr. C.V. Haworth, a nonagenarian educator who had known Haynes and actually, as a boy, was given a "ride" in the first car,⁷⁶ but he, and especially Spencer Huffman, helped me find a few others who also had known Haynes and were well informed about the companies he had established. There were at least ten or twelve of these interviews, one of which, from Mr. Haynes's paperboy, was virtually worthless—he had volunteered and wanted to be interviewed, but all he could tell me was that he remembered seeing Haynes come out of his house to pick up his paper.

There also were countless—my notes indicate more than a hundred—letters to write (and answer), without secretarial help, and I had a small amount of travel to do, chiefly about a dozen trips back to Kokomo, less frequent visits to other places in Indiana where Haynes had lived (Portland and Greentown),⁷⁷ and two to Detroit. On one trip to the Motor City I visited the unique and invaluable Automotive History Collection maintained by the Detroit Public Library, whose files I looked into during a six-day visit. On a one-day return trip I went to the Federal District Court House in Detroit

⁷⁶ This ride occurred while the car's back wheels were jacked up, so the boy just sat in the car while Haynes started the engine; the resulting vibration must have made it feel like a real ride to young Haworth.

⁷⁷ I also wanted to go to Worcester, Massachusetts, Haynes's undergraduate college town, but I didn't get there until later, in 1988, when SHEAR held its annual convention at his school, now known as the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

where Haynes's famous stainless steel trial had taken place in 1925, the year of his death. There we found the large case record, including its numerous "exhibits"—such as samples of various Haynes alloys including Stellite, and pages from his laboratory notebook—which helped make real the enormous achievements he had made metallurgically. Haynes won this case although he never knew it because the judge's decision came a few days following his death.

It was the Detroit Public Library visit that had an interesting aftermath leading to two of my favorite publications. While waiting for a book I had requested to be delivered, I browsed among the books on the open shelves in the reception area and happened to see a novel titled *Gas Buggy*. As I explained when I discussed this novel at length in an *Indiana Magazine of History* article some time later, this was a book by an unknown author based on the career of Elwood Haynes!

At first I thought I had discovered a great but unusual resource for my book, but further study convinced me that the novel's revelations, some of which were uncannily accurate, could not be relied upon, nor could I identify the author who had used a fictitious name. So I laid it aside. Eventually, though, after my IMH article, "*Gas Buggy Revisited: A Lost Novel of Kokomo, Indiana,*" had appeared in March 1974, a reader, Judge Curtis Shake of Vincennes, provided me with the real identity of the author, a loveable "con man" whom he had known as the founder of the social fraternity Shake had joined while attending Vincennes University. I became the first person to put together the two halves of George Robert Patterson (aka Robert Paterson), in an article about his life in my "Tangled Web" article for *Traces*, the popular history magazine of the IHS.⁷⁸

As for progress on the book during my sabbatical leave, I was finally able late during this leave period to begin the writing. But, as indicated in my report to the sabbatical committee, submitted September 1971, I was able to complete only the introduction and four chapters. I rationalized to myself (and the committee) that the "resulting manuscript will be immeasurably improved by the additional resources of information uncovered during the sabbatical." In this report I also spelled out my plans for a number of articles and talks about Haynes and different aspects of his life and made reference to "an interesting side development"—contact with various people in Kokomo at the Stellite Division of Cabot Corporation. This company, based in Boston,

⁷⁸ The full citation for this piece is "A Tangled Web: Unraveling the Strange Weavings of a Midwestern Adventurer," *Traces of Indiana and Midwestern History*, 1 (Spring 1989), 28-37. While on the IHS board, I was involved in getting this great magazine started and in hiring its editor and hoped to place an article in the first issue. This one went in soon enough for the Winter 1989 issue (Vol. 1, No. 1), but it was placed instead in Vol. 1, No. 2.

had recently (1970) acquired the Stellite plant from the Union Carbide Company which had purchased it from Haynes in 1920. At this time, the Cabot leaders were launching a project to compile the history of the company (which they believed had been founded in 1915), and by the time of my report they had already "retained" me to "assist the committee working on the project." I already suspected, as indeed proved to be the case, that the engineers and "PR" people on the history committee would ask me to write the company history. So that took care of another summer's activity, during which, among other things, I interviewed most of the "old-timers" still working at Stellite and as many former employees as we could find, while also scouring the company files for historical information. Interestingly, all the others on the committee (all non-historians, of course) believed that the interviews were all that was needed for a good company history, but clearly that was not possible. Memories are inexact (as doing this memoir has made even more clear to me), and so is a person's chronology. Thus, much more in the way of concrete evidence and facts and information available from newspapers, newsletters, minute books, and correspondence was needed to have a reliable base for a sound, scholarly history. Fortunately, a lot of this hard factual information was available, even if some sources had to be retrieved from a cave somewhere in eastern Massachusetts where the Cabot Corporation had stored its archival material. Some of these records were dug out for me, so that enriched the narrative and solidified the timeline.

I collected the information on Stellite's history during the summer of 1971. By counting the relevant acknowledgments in the front matter of the book that resulted, it turns out that I interviewed twenty-eight company employees, and I also relied upon information garnered from a questionnaire I drew up and circulated to dozens more associated with the company during its sixty-year history (I had pointed out to the committee early in our discussions that the Stellite Company had been founded by Haynes in 1912, not 1915, so we had a full six decades of information to deal with by the time I reached the writing stages). I also consulted as many written records as I could find in the Haynes Papers, the files of the United States Patent Office, and miscellaneous company records. Since I wrote and dated the preface to the Stellite book on October 13, 1973 (my fortieth birthday), it appears that I compiled the history committee's report in 1972-73, and that its publication occurred early 1974. So this book, *Stellite: A History of the Haynes Stellite Company, 1912-1972*, issued long before the Haynes biography was published, became my second book to be published and its imminent appearance gave me the "push" I needed to apply for and then receive promotion to full professor, effective on July 1, 1972. My promotion to Associate Professor had come in 1967, upon publication of *The National Waterway* in

that year, and tenure had been conferred in 1970 upon the obligatory completion of six years and appointment to a seventh year with the university. Obviously I was now well established within Indiana University and my profession, but I was still unhappy with the base pay of regional campus faculty, and with the absence of substantial salary increases upon being promoted. As I groused in my Annual Report of 1973–74, I believed that "insufficient merit recognition (and the reverse when appropriate)" had been given to the productive members of the School of Liberal Arts faculty. "I did not think," I continued, "that when I reached the rank of full professor, as I did two years ago, that I would remain one of the Credit Union's best customers or that I could no longer maintain my membership in a modicum of professional associations—I have reluctantly withdrawn from the AAUP and from the Economic History Association, been unable to join the Southern Historical Association, and other cutbacks may be required."

I'm pleased to add here that apparently my appeals and, of course, those of countless others were eventually addressed. In 1975–76, after a sophisticated analysis by one of IUPUI's economists, Bob Sandy, comparing the salaries of IU–B faculty with those faculty similarly situated (their "shadows," to use Bob's terminology) in terms of educational background, years of service, and scholarly production at the regional campuses, a shocking discrepancy was shown to have developed. Starting salaries at all the IU campuses were basically equal, but as time passed and promotions occurred, a greater and greater disparity emerged. This was particularly true for the full professors, of which there were only a few at the regional campuses. Because of this, as Sandy's study revealed, only a modest increase in the overall budget at the regional campuses would permit salaries for the full professors in Indianapolis that would be roughly equivalent to those in Bloomington. When the administration decided to deal with Sandy's findings, I was one of the fortunate few to receive a substantial increase in salary beginning with the 1976–77 school year. My salary, and that of the three other full professors of history at IUPUI, had been shown to be somewhere between \$4,000 to \$5,700 below that of someone in an equivalent situation in Bloomington, and the "adjustment" in 1976 nearly wiped out the deficiency.

Getting back to the comment that my having met Elwood Haynes in such a deep and continuing fashion converted me into an Indiana historian, perhaps the best argument for this point is that I began, in 1971–72, to offer an advanced level course—two three-credit-hour semester-long courses in Indiana History. I had had to learn so much Indiana history to write the Haynes book that I decided to share some of that knowledge with the students. When I filled out the forms for adding new courses to the curriculum, quite an involved process, I needed to have course numbers for my

proposals. Since United States history courses carry the prefix A, and since 300–level numbers and above indicate advanced level programs, I suggested A371 and A372 for my two courses, thus incorporating the date of their origin in the course numbers, something I don't think anyone, until now, has noted or commented upon. Moreover, since the Indiana history courses in Bloomington carried only two credit hours, it turned out that I, someone who had never formally studied the subject, was in line to teach the most intense courses on Indiana in the state. At other campuses where Indiana history was offered, such as Ball State, the courses were for one quarter only, not the full year.⁷⁹

Another step on the way to becoming an Indiana historian came along at the time of the national bicentennial. In searching for a way to leave a permanent mark in recognition of that milestone, I hit upon the idea of a collaborative book—one that would fill a gap in the state's memory but one that was ideally suited for multiple authors. The plan was to produce a book written by members of the IUPUI Department of History about a major but neglected aspect of Indiana's role in national politics. Long known as the "mother of vice presidents" but home also to a number of presidents and presidential hopefuls, I compiled a list of twelve such "national party candidates" from the Hoosier state and began soliciting members of the department, none of whom were Indiana history specialists and even some of whom taught European and Latin American history. Eight of my colleagues accepted the challenge of producing an essay on their assigned individual quickly. I also brought in perhaps some "ringers," a couple of our part-time instructors and two colleagues from other IU campuses, namely the now eminent Indiana historian Jim Madison from Bloomington and Pat Furlong from South Bend. Counting myself this added up to thirteen authors for twelve essays, because two men collaborated on the piece about Vice President Schuyler Colfax. Happily, the assignments all turned out to be compatible with the research interests and talents of everyone, and when it came down to the last two assignments—John W. Kern (William Jennings Bryan's running mate in 1908) and Thomas A. Hendricks, in turn a United States Senator, governor, and vice president (with Grover Cleveland)—I gave Latin Americanist Peter Sehlinger his choice, planning

⁷⁹ My son, David, who enrolled at Ball State University in 1980, took the Indiana history course up there shortly after the "Reader" on Indiana history that I compiled had been published. This reader, of course, I used in my own courses and so did most other professors around the state who taught Indiana history courses. On David's first day in that class up in Muncie, the professor asked the students to identify themselves, and say one thing about themselves so they would be remembered. David's comment was that "my Dad wrote the textbook for this class." To which the disbelieving professor said, "Sure he did. Next." Later, he realized that David was, indeed, the author's son and apologized both to David and to me (at a state history meeting).

to take the other one myself. Fortunately, Peter (who did teach some U.S. History survey courses and was interested in the Progressive movement) chose Kern, whom he labeled a "Hoosier Progressive," so I got my first choice after all. Hendricks was a fellow graduate of Hanover College, about 110 years earlier than me, and I had begun to study history in the building named in his honor, Hendricks Library. But I knew very few details about the man and was eager to investigate his remarkable career.

Having an understanding with Pam Bennett of the Indiana Historical Bureau that this book would be published in the Bureau's monograph series, I set a deadline for receiving the essays in September 1975. This would give me time to edit them and get them to Pam in time for publication in 1976. Some of the essays were done early, and some were delayed, but the last one arrived in September! The year, however, was 1976, not 1975, so our bicentennial book appeared in 1977. Still, *Gentlemen from Indiana: National Party Candidates, 1836–1940* turned out well, had a good reception statewide, and even was reprised, in a sense, in the 1980s when the Indiana Historical Society developed a "traveling exhibit," a set of movable posters mounted with information and portraits or photographs of the twelve Hoosier candidates for high public office. The exhibit sponsors also asked me to write a companion booklet for the displays and the handsomely produced volume, *Indiana's Favorite Sons*, which appeared in 1988, got me back on the publishing track at that time. It had been seven years since my most recent Indiana history book had appeared. This was *The Hoosier State: Readings in Indiana History*, a two-volume work that, surprisingly, I had been invited to compile by Reinder Van Til, an agent of the Wm. D. Eerdmans Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan. I have no idea how Mr. Van Til got my name, but at the time I assumed it was from Dr. Sutton, my dissertation adviser, because Robert Sutton was the author/editor of two similar volumes on Illinois history in the documentary history series that the Eerdmans Company was publishing. After accepting this extraordinary challenge but possibly a big money maker for me, I learned the Illinois volumes were produced by another Robert Sutton, a professor at Western Illinois University. Nevertheless, I was committed and the Indiana reader became one of three projects I had underway and worked on during my second sabbatical leave, again a one-semester leave, in the fall of 1977. Ironically, both of the other projects related to my Haynes book, still not published years after having been accepted by the Indiana University Press. That acceptance had been conditional, because a few minor changes were desired and because the Press needed special funding for a new series on Indiana history it was contemplating that my book would fit into. After a long delay that funding was obtained, but then I learned, only after I had withdrawn my manuscript from the folks in Bloomington and had taken it to the Indiana Historical Society, that

the IU Press or the university administration or someone wanted the first volume in that new series to come from a professor in Bloomington, not Indianapolis! I'm glad it worked out as it did, because not only did the IHS do a superb job on the book's layout and design, with extra-wide margins used for the page numbers, running chapter titles, and a few small illustrations. And the cover carried, in color, that portion of a wonderful historical painting depicting Haynes seated in his first automobile. In fact, the book was issued only in soft cover so that the cover illustration would appear on all copies. Moreover, the delay in publishing permitted me to do some additional research on a key issue--had Haynes been the first one to discover stainless steel, or was his work anticipated by Harry Brearley of Sheffield, England, who called his new alloy "rustless iron"? During my sabbatical leave in the fall of 1977, I first of all completed revisions to the manuscript and also worked in a trip to England, the British Library (a part of the famous British Museum), and the Sheffield Public Library, where I found enough new material to clinch the case for Haynes as spelled out in the book's chapter 11. Then, finally, in 1979 *Alloys and Automobiles: The Life of Elwood Haynes* was published (twice). The IHS had nearly exhausted its first press run by distributing a free copy to all of its members, so when the Cabot Corporation ordered several hundred copies to pass along to its large family of dealers, employees, and customers, a second press run had to be made. Since IHS publications were then royalty-free, thus keeping the sale price low, and since the IHS then seemed to consider publishing a book to be a courtesy to its author, not an income producer, the president of the Cabot Corporation generously decided to make a token "royalty" payment to me--a check for \$1,000. It was certainly appreciated (and needed). Moreover, Cabot's purchase of the book and its circulation in other ways let me make a point to John Gallman, the editor of the IU Press, who had tried to explain his Press's delay in publishing the book by saying he didn't think, as a "local history" item, that the book would sell. When I met him at an IU Press booth at a historical association meeting soon thereafter, his jaw literally dropped when I mentioned the book's sales to him. (In fact, we republished the book in 2002, so its life goes on.)

There are a great many more things to record in my, and the family's life, during the 1970s. First of all, as mentioned, we had acquired a new, good trailer-pulling car (a Ford Country Squire wagon), and a top-of-the-line camping trailer, and we became, as it were, "camping fools." We began our frequent "over the road and to the park" jaunts with our first truly long-distance camping trip in 1969, the aforementioned adventure out to California on which we traveled 7,000 miles door-to-door, visiting as many friends and relatives along the way as we could. Our first non-campground stop was in Lubbock, Texas, where we called upon the Collinses. When we left, en route to

Carlsbad Cavern in New Mexico, Jack and Lyn decided to come along with us to that first destination as they headed out on a long trip of their own--up to Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, Jack's home area, not home town, for he was a "country boy." We all had a great time at the caverns descending miles, it seemed, into the depths (but taking an elevator back!), after which we watched the daily dusk-time flight of thousands of bats as they headed out for "dinner." We then parted, as we headed first up to White Sands, then Santé Fe, going in a northeasterly, not westerly, direction. After five days in the "land of enchantment," as New Mexico calls itself, I said we've got to go west if we want to make California on this trip. So off we went (via the Grand Canyon and Las Vegas) to Pasadena, our first destination on the west coast. That's where Dad's older sister, Aunt Clara, lived with her new husband, Harold Moser, formerly an Iowa farmer. The entire family enjoyed the unintended "Clara and Harold Show" as the old couple bickered about trivial matters and frightened us a little bit as they drove us around the city and down to the Rose Bowl. But I drove the next day, with lots of help from the back seat, where Aunt Clara sat, and she insisted that we first visit Forest Lawn, not high on our, or the kids', list of places to see. To Aunt Clara's disappointment, there were no celebrity funerals that day, but she did get to show us the world's largest tapestry inside the cemetery's main building. Then it was off to Disneyland, Aunt Clara's treat, which had induced the kids to bear up during the preliminary stop, and we had a wonderful time at Disney's great, new playground, especially enjoying the Tiki Room show and the ride through the "It's a Small World" exhibit. Either that day or later, we also made it to Knott's Berry Farm, my favorite stop in southern California, or to the spectacular grounds of the Huntington Library (a place I visited again in the 1990s to do some literary research).

Then it was off to Santa Barbara, where we visited with our former "hippie" friends, the Pursells, and admired their flower-laden garden and yard. Our turn-around, or turn-east point, was San Francisco where we did the traditional touristy things--went to Ghirardelli Square, ate at Fisherman's Wharf, rode the cable cars, drove down the twisty Lombardy Street, and then, reluctantly, started home. Either en route or outward bound, we were not able to find a campground in the daytime as we approached Winnemucca, Nevada, so we just pulled over near an all-night diner and "camped" there. It was fine until dawn when we heard, and smelled, thousands of nearby cattle. We had stopped alongside the stockyards there but we beat a hasty retreat with no harm done. The only other "incident" on this trip that I recall happened on Labor Day near Des Moines, Iowa, when one of the trailer tires blew out. For some reason, we had no spare tire and needed to buy a new one, but it was Labor Day and stores were closed. Fortunately, the manager of a gas station on the interstate which

we managed to reach came to our rescue and found us tires somewhere in town and soon had us rolling again before too much time was lost. We, the kids and I, were pushing a deadline for starting back to school.

Our first stop, and resting point after reaching Indiana, was Crown Point. Nana Everett came out to greet us and ask about the trip. David, the first to answer, exclaimed, "We had a flat tire!" (No mention of the sites and sights visited out West, just our most recent problem.) We joked about what we would do next year for our vacation--just start out somewhere and have another flat tire. That would be less expensive and less time-consuming.

But we reneged--instead, after many weekend camping trips here and there, our major trip in 1970 started off to the north and east as we headed for an extended trip to Canada. We regretted having had to miss the opening of Expo '69 up in Quebec, but many of its displays were still in place, particularly Buckminster Fuller's Geodesic Dome, so that was our main destination. En route we discovered the virtues of Canada's many provincial parks much like our state parks, but usually larger and more scenic, and with free firewood. We had a marvelous time in Ottawa (where Jan literally bumped into a funny-dressed man we later recognized as U Thant, in the capital city on business). And, in Montreal, which was actually a return visit for Jan, but for me and the kids it was our first chance to see the Plains of Abraham (site of the major battle in the French and Indian War), and then we visited the historical section of Old Quebec City, featuring Hotel Frontenac, which we visited but did not patronize. And on our lonely travel through the North Woods of Maine, we thrilled David again, I suppose, with another trailer flat tire. Fortunately, again, this happened in a small village where I managed to get a non-English speaking mechanic to fix the flat while Jan took the kids into a little restaurant. She thought she had solved the problem of finding something they would eat when she ordered some French fries, but they were served covered with gravy and peas, so Jan and I, not the kids, ate some of them. The kids, I suppose, went back to their campground food--probably "PBJ" sandwiches.

In other ways, 1970 was a time of great sadness and looming problems. On April 29, 1973, we received a phone call telling us that my brother, Eddie, was gone. A recent sufferer of phlebitis, he was at home resting in his bedroom, when he had a massive heart attack. The men who arrived to rush him to the hospital in Washington were too late, so their ambulance became a hearse and carried the body to the Harris Funeral Home. I was too shocked and broken up to give an invited brief eulogy at his funeral service, conducted by Petersburg's new Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Sherpenisse, not Bill Harris, who was away at that time, but Bill did write Mom a beautiful letter of condolence.

This same year was the time when Jan's mysterious neurological problems were diagnosed and announced to her, somewhat brutally, I thought. The specialist to whom she was referred, a Doctor Luris, telephoned and simply said, "You have multiple sclerosis," and hung up. She took the news rather stoically, perhaps partly because neither she nor I had any idea what M. S. (multiple sclerosis) was. As soon as possible, I went to the library in search of information about the disease. One of the first pamphlets I read simply explained M. S. as a "short circuit" within the nervous system that carried the brain's impulses to the body's muscles. It also stated that M.S. is not a fatal disease. People "have been known to survive with it for twenty years." That sounded fatal to me, over the long term, and, rather bizarrely, upon looking back at it, I note that Jan did survive exactly twenty long, difficult years as an M.S. patient. And she was patient, accepting, never complaining, never asking "Why me?" as she courageously battled the disease, confronting one indignity after another with apparent equilibrium.

At first, obviously correctly, she (and I) decided to go on as though she had encountered only a minor inconvenience, and she remained active as a mother, even a room mother at school, and in various Girl Scout activities, where her talents as an arts and crafts person were put to heavy use. She basically ignored her disease--some slight uncontrollable movements, then eyesight problems, some tremors that others might have believed came from drinking. Her mother denied the diagnosis completely (for a long time), and no one ever told "Papa" that his daughter was ill. He was having some health problems of his own, ones that seemed to have begun when he banged up his knee shortly after retiring from the title company while mowing the yard. His problems grew and soon, during the summer of 1974, Papa died.

This occurred during an incredibly busy time for me. After teaching in the first summer session (IUPUI then offered two summer sessions, each one about 6 weeks in duration), I was on an extensive tour of Indiana, taking photographs (slides, for use later in my Indiana history classes and the better to familiarize myself with the entire state) of all the state parks, memorials, historic and scenic spots, colleges and universities, and court houses. My score card for this venture--photos of all 92 court houses--would mark the completion of the project, which IU had funded partially--they had approved support for everything I requested *except* for travel, lodging, and meals. In other words, the university paid for the film, the slides, and the carousels in which to store and then present the slides. Nevertheless, I decided I could afford to proceed only by cutting my travel costs to the minimum. So I bought a motorcycle!

I won't have much to say about my "bicentennial tour" of Indiana, because I plan to write a separate article about it soon. I will point out here, though, that Jan had

encouraged me, earlier, to buy a motorcycle rather than a bicycle (for commuting to work the old graduate–student way) by pointing out that, with a motorcycle, I could keep up with the traffic, not be constantly passed by nitwit drivers, and arrive in better shape for teaching a class; moreover, this travel could be done comparatively economically. I applied some of the same arguments while planning my travels around the state. Then, as it happened, one day while driving to Petersburg for a family outing with the Grays, I noticed a pretty little motorcycle for sale in a shop in Washington. We stopped and looked at it--a tiny Honda CB100 gem, the “100” representing the engine size in cubic centimeters but also, as I was pleased to discover, the number of miles I could travel on one gallon of gasoline! Although the tank only held two gallons, that would deliver 200 miles of travel, whether in the city or on the open road.

I was interested in the bike, but had never ridden one before, just bicycles. Still I believed I could do it, as did the Hinkle Cycle Shop salesperson. He encouraged me to try it out in a little plot of land near the shop, pointed out which hand lever was the clutch, which one was the (front wheel) brake, and then simply said, “Remember, one down and four up.” Seeing that I was still confused, he explained that remark by pointing out the gear shift's lever, controlled by the left foot, was a ratchet-type device. When the cycle's gear was in neutral, as it should always be upon starting the motor, pushing down on the lever one time would engage first gear; and lifting up on that lever would engage the higher gears, two through five. So, the rule of “one down” for first, and “four up” for the other gears now made sense. As it turned out, that was all the directions I needed, and I test-drove the little machine around the lot once or twice without any problems so I bought the Honda as well as two rear bumper attachments, for receiving the motorcycle wheels, thus making the motorcycle “easily” transportable (but lifting the rear wheel and most of the cycle's weight, after the front one was in its place, was a bit difficult).

This purchase solved part of my problem regarding my zigzag course all over the state, and it turned that I needed to travel several thousand miles in order to reach every county and of course many different spots in each one. The other problem was where to sleep at night during my journeys--I solved this by relying upon family members, who happened to be strategically located throughout the state. We lived in central Indiana, and the two sets of parents lived in the northwestern and southwestern portions of the state, so three of my "centers of activity" were easily available. For the other three I used state parks, Versailles in the southeast, Potato Creek in the northeast, and the Shades in the west. Not being able both to pull a trailer and carry the motorcycle, which I used when located at these base camps, I couldn't camp out as

usual in the parks but rather just slept in the car those few times I needed more than one day in an area, and eventually I got the job done.

As mentioned, Papa's death, as well as a devastating tornado in different parts of the state, occurred during the summer of 1974. Fortunately, I was home when the sad news came about Papa being in the hospital and not being expected to live. So Jan and I and the kids rushed up north and were in Crown Point at the time of his passing about midnight. The only other thing I remember about that evening is that Jan and I and Mrs. Everett drove aimlessly about for hours, as we tried to imagine life without the ebullient presence of "the smartest man in the world," as Papa repeatedly boasted to his grandchildren.

The Everett clan rallied nicely around the bereaved widow and her children, and soon everyone settled into a new routine. For me, it was back on the road and a visit to the tornado-wracked Hanover college campus. A violent storm had roared through Jefferson County about a month before I got there. Signs of its devastation were still all too evident, and many familiar trees and landmarks were missing, but most, even the trees, were insured and the college community recovered nicely and quickly from the devastation, which was quite remarkably, too, fatality-free for that part of the state. In fact, another tornado tore through the northern part of the state at about the same time and demolished the White County Court House in Monticello, so my court house scoreboard had only 91 court houses and one hole in the ground to account for the 92 counties I visited that summer.

After the difficulties of the mid-seventies, soon we were back to our regular routine along with some additional public school committee work, Jan serving on the Harcourt PTO board, me on the planning committee of the Metropolitan School District of Washington Township, Girl and Boy Scout activities, and more camping trips when possible. Also, it seems that we let ourselves go financially after a long period of abstemiousness, the salary increase, by more than a third, after years of single-digit percentage increases (basically, just cost-of-living raises), permitted us to consider assuming larger debts. Accordingly, we took on three huge ones in 1976 as we traded in our camper-trailer for a 23-foot bed-over-cab Dodge Tioga recreational vehicle (an RV that I named Harvey T. Millstone—Harvey (R V) for short). This, I thought at the time, as I had regarding the big Ford station wagon, was beyond our means since it cost, as I recall, about as much as our house, but the credit union was willing to advance us the money, Jan and the kids were eager to buy this house-on-wheels, arguing that, given Jan's worsening condition, we could continue our camping trips in relative ease in a self-contained, fully equipped RV. It featured hot and cold running water (with hookups), a furnace, and a gas-powered refrigerator. Best of all, from my

standpoint, early morning takeoffs during our trips would be possible, since I wouldn't have to wait until all the kids and Jan, too, had completed their morning ablutions; they could sleep in and then use the bathroom, even a shower, in the back. The RV had room for six (really, seven) beds--bunk beds at the back for the girls, a roomy double-bed over the cab, and the table, just like in the little camper trailer, converted into a double bed, and there was a shelf, normally a storage compartment, that could be lowered, padded and used as bed. So we took the plunge, shrewdly buying a big truck that got 10 to 15 miles per gallon on the eve of the national gasoline shortage and the huge gas price increases that faced the nation in 1977, but we saved money on road trips by taking our own groceries and by not having to make motel stops, as we sometimes had done with the trailer while traveling between distant campgrounds, so we would have access to showers.

Our first trip in the new RV was a short hop down to Mammoth Cave in Kentucky but our first long trip was to Arkansas, where we went to use a coupon offering free accommodations in return for exploring Cherokee Village, a new development in northwest Arkansas, on the fringe of the Ozarks (and not far from another failed development on the Whitewater River). Without intending to do so at the outset, we liked what we saw and the terms of a deal for a lot there, so we ended up buying a lot in the Spokane section of Cherokee Village, a planned vacation community being built by John Cooper of Bentonville, Arkansas, and a friend of Sam Walton. Cooper, who also built a similar center in Bentonville (Belle Vista), in fact lived in Cherokee Village himself and his plans for its development, not realized nearly as soon as expected, were attractive. So that was two of our big commitments in 1976. A third came when we decided we needed more room at home, as well as on camping trips, so we contracted with Wright-Bachman, a nearby lumber and home building company, to have a new room with fireplace--our bicentennial room--added to the house and adjacent to the master bedroom. The room featured antique wall paneling, wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling bookcases, a closet large enough to accommodate filing cabinets, and more bookcases and shelves on either side of a large, brick fireplace. It was very nice in concept, but it turned into a comedy of errors, some of which were not funny at all to us. The foreman in charge of the operation made mistake after mistake. The closet as built was too small for filing cabinets and had to be redone and the large, side-wall bookcases, constructed at the company's shop and then moved to the house, were too large to come through the patio door (think of somebody building a ship in his basement). The other bookcases on either side of the fireplace also were too large for the space available. The foreman had neglected to allow for the quarter-inch paneling on the walls and there were other variations from the original design which

we didn't like, but accepted. Still, all the bookcases had to be rebuilt back at the shop. Moreover, when Wright-Bachman discovered that most of the problems, which created cost overruns they had to accept, had been caused by the foreman not staying on the work site nearly as much as he should have been doing, they fired him. Nevertheless, when completed, the 15' by 18' room turned out to be nice and cozy, and it became a great office space for me for several years (far better than my first 6' by 8' office in the unheated garage).

A fourth major expense, but one worth every cent, was the trip Jan and I took to England in the fall of 1977. I have referred to this in another context above but it needs fuller mention here. I was able to get away because my application for a second sabbatical leave, which included research in at least two libraries in England, in the fall of 1977, had been approved, and both Jan and I had been eager to get her abroad and give her a chance to see where I spent my Fulbright year. Moreover, her physical condition was declining, and we feared that any further delay might make such a trip impossible. As it was, we took Jan's new wheelchair, thankfully supplied by the Multiple Sclerosis Society, with us even though, up to that time, Jan would not use it in public at home. Among the obvious reasons for bringing the chair, I thought if she got used to strangers seeing her in a wheelchair that she would consent to using it at home. Sadly, all too soon it was often necessary to use it if she wanted to move over a long distance.

We nearly missed our charter flight in Chicago because its takeoff time was moved to an earlier hour and the airline was unable to contact us, I suppose, because we had traveled up north early and stayed with Jim Everett, who then drove us to O'Hare. It seems the airline had held its flight for us, because as soon as we showed up and the wheelchair was loaded, we were hustled into our seats, and the plane took off immediately.

The trip went exceedingly well and we reached Gatwick, not Heathrow, in good order. I remember at our check-in point, the clerk inquired into our destinations in England. I listed London, Durham, and Edinburgh, and then, trying to be completely forthcoming, I added, "and Bradford, too--we have friends there." "Yes," he answered, "why else would one go there?" I suppose the Andrewses were used to having their new place of residence denigrated in this way, but we found it and them to be delightful.

Our first stop, though, was London and we went there by train. We had a decent hotel in the center of the city, in fact, its name was Centre Hotel, but we had to share a bathroom down the hall from our room. At least, its location was good, and I was able to roll Jan to and through many of London's major tourist attractions. We saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace (a first for me, too), Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, and the Tower of London. In the process, I learned that the best way to

travel abroad is in or with a wheelchair—the guards at the attractions invariably led us around the lines, through barriers set up for "normal" tourists, and made certain to give us priority when possible. After leaving the Tower, I remember pushing the wheelchair all the way along the Embankment (up the Thames River) to the Houses of Parliament, and then to Leicester Square, one of my favorite spots in London, where we saw a new play, "The Mousetrap."

The next day, while Jan waited at the hotel, I went by tube out a long way, to the rental office where a car was waiting for us. Then, for a second time, I took the wheel on the "wrong side" of the car and tried to drive back into the heart of London. Luckily, there was almost no traffic (this was on a Sunday) and I found my way back easily, even driving past the Eros statue on Piccadilly Circus without any trouble. Then Jan and I headed out on a whirlwind tour of England. We saw Stonehenge and Salisbury, then headed north into Yorkshire, visiting Sheffield (Don Andrews's home town) and the steel company where "rustless iron" had been invented, and called on Don and Brenda Andrews in Bradford, with whom Jan got along famously. And then we made our way to Durham. When I showed her No. 13 South Bailey, my living quarters in 1955–56, something I had long wanted to do, I had not expected to do so while pushing a wheelchair, but Jan held up well, found it all fascinating, and particularly enjoyed our last stop in the north of the island, a visit to Edinburgh and its castle (the grounds of which we were permitted to drive through as soon as the parking lot attendant saw the wheelchair! On our return south, we stopped in York to see Yorkminster, one of the great cathedrals in England, and, once back in London, had time to do a roundabout trip to Gatwick, going by way of Folkstone, not Dover (which we wanted to see but didn't have time, but still we saw some white cliffs nearby), and King Edward VII's favorite hangout, Brighton.

Another perspective on this trip and the reason I was able to justify taking time for it during my sabbatical, is that I did considerable research for the still-unpublished Haynes book in both London and Sheffield.

Finally, I can't leave the 1970s without commenting on meeting Dave Letterman and appearing on the nightly news when he gave the weather forecast. This happened on August 12, 1974, the day of new President Gerald Ford's first address to Congress. Anchorman John Lindsay had invited me to provide instant, real-time reaction to the new president's remarks. I sat with Letterman while we both waited for our respective appearances on camera. Mine started off by Lindsay repeating what I had said to him when we first met that evening, and then asking if I agreed! Of course, I had to say yes and then I scrambled to say something else equally profound, I hope. As for Letterman, he looked fine on camera, wearing a coat and tie, but he was wearing beat-up jeans,

dirty tennis shoes, and seemed poorly attired and bored before air time. I guess he really was, because within a week of this joint appearance, he resigned from WTHI, packed his pickup, and headed out to California to try and establish himself as a comic. I had real doubts about him being able to do that, but of course, I'd been wrong on things like that before. I also believed that Jack Nicklaus was making a mistake in leaving Ohio State without a degree, hoping, instead, to "make it" as a professional golfer.

In summing up our life in the 1970s, it really was a mixed bag--much activity and a few accomplishments, lots of sadness and challenges. Among the former not yet commented on is the steady progress all the children made in their school work, despite an unstable home environment, an ill mother, and an often-absent father. Of note, though, is that Karen graduated with honors from North Central High School in 1978, enrolled in Hanover College even though her "main squeeze" and future husband, a 1977 graduate of North Central, had enrolled at Purdue. I wasn't certain we could afford a private college for Karen, but the Hanover admissions director, Glen Bonsett, my former track coach, assured me that the total costs there would be no more than the cost of sending Karen to a state school, which I thought we could afford. Bonsett did find enough scholarship money for Karen (fortunately, she really was a good student), so that worked out. And David followed suit, graduating from North Central in 1980, as did Sarah in 1984. David, however, did go to a state school, Ball State University, rather than Indiana University, because IU had not yet instituted a fee courtesy for faculty children, and the cost at BSU was less than at IU. Still, with two children in college then, we did have to obtain financial help--student loans--at that time. Fortunately, the fee courtesy for IU's non-Bloomington faculty children was available by the time Sarah was ready for college (in 1984), so she did go to IU-B.

Perhaps the only thing I've not adequately covered regarding the 1970s is our travel as a family in the summertime, especially a trip to Denver in 1976 when I also attended, courtesy of Dean Taylor, a college teaching seminar at the University of Denver, after which I was expected to share with all the Liberal Arts faculty the main things I learned out there. I was also a fairly regular attendee of the annual spring meetings of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, a national organization, despite its regional name, and went to meetings in Los Angeles, New Orleans, and Washington D.C. in the early 1970s as well as to meetings of the Business History Conference in Fort Worth, Texas, and Wilmington, Delaware. At the latter meeting, I presented a paper, before some of the greatest business historians in the country, on the career of Elwood Haynes.

Chapter 14

The Editorial “Eye”

The 1980s were years of a few more steps ahead for the Gray family, and, yes, a few steps back, or down. On the plus side, as touched on earlier, all three children had graduations from their schools, some even twice as Sarah and David completed high school and college in that decade, while Karen, a 1978 graduate of North Central High School, followed a rather unusual route as she too finished college in 1982, and then earned an advanced degree in Social Work from Boston University while her husband, Greg Boebinger, was completing his doctoral program at MIT.

The Boebinger odyssey began when Greg graduated from Purdue University (with not just one, but three, bachelor degrees, in physics, electrical engineering, and philosophy) in 1981. He then won a full-ride Hertz (as in car rentals) scholarship for further study in science at a school of his choice—he picked Churchill College, a part of Cambridge University, in Cambridge, England. Strangely, I thought, in a city blessed with so many colleges, none of them could find a place for a “temporary student” in need of only a few credits in order to meet yet another college’s graduation requirements. All of the Cambridge colleges were for full-time students only so it seemed that Karen’s hopes for graduation in 1982 were dashed. But Don Andrews, my good friend from the University of Durham, was then teaching education courses at Bradford College in not-so-nearby Bradford, Yorkshire, came through for us again in a great way as he has often done. Don managed to convince his own university to enroll Karen for only the few courses she needed, provided she could manage the long commute from Cambridge to Bradford by British Railways.

Moreover, he managed to find courses which met at times closely bunched together, so that Karen would need to be in Bradford only two or three days a week, not steadily. Best of all, he also provided housing accommodations for her in his own home, daughters Mary and Helen themselves being away at college, so Karen was offered their room. It all worked out famously, and Karen (and soon Greg, too) became close friends of the Andrewses, in time knowing them and their daughters, too, even better than Jan and I did. (I recall Don’s good-humored remark when Karen and Greg were again living abroad, this time in Paris where Greg enjoyed a year-long research stay at the prestigious Ecole Normale Superieur, that the Boebingers managed to “invite themselves” to spend the Thanksgiving holiday that year with the Andrews

family in Bradford, or perhaps they had moved to Keighley by that time, so these festivities may have occurred at "Summit House."

As the foregoing indicates, Karen and Greg married in 1981 (on September 12), just prior to Greg's departure abroad for a remarkable year of study, multiple cultural opportunities and adventures, and travel. I recall the moment when I first learned that Greg wanted Karen to accompany him during this year abroad, and forever after! He called me to ask, according to the ancient protocols, for "her hand in marriage," something, he said, "I think I'm supposed to do." Recovering quickly, I played along with this little game and asked if he could "provide for her in the manner to which she was accustomed," "No," he answered, "not right away." But he and I thought his future prospects were good and I appreciated Greg's candor and his foresight at avoiding the mistake I had made upon going abroad in 1955 leaving Jan behind, who, like Karen, was one year shy of graduation, so I immediately "gave my blessing" to Greg (and to Karen, who was probably at Greg's side eavesdropping on this conversation) and wished them both "bon voyage" on the trip and the years ahead.

As it happened, Karen's marriage marked a major turning point in the family's life, apart from the fact that the eldest daughter was no longer single. This change related to Jan's health and its rather steady decline over the years since her first diagnosis of multiple sclerosis in the early 1970s. Our approach to this illness at first had been to ignore it whenever possible and try to keep our social activities going, but this could not continue. It happened, largely through Jan's willpower, I suppose, that she kept on her feet through September 12, 1981, but on that day, we returned home from the church wedding at Second Presbyterian Church, the Reverend J. Donald Boebinger (Greg's father) presiding, and Jan immediately had to go to bed. Essentially bedridden from that time on, we soon had a hospital bed in our house. Its location varied, because the first one, in the master bedroom, had only one tiny window, so Jan next tried using the fireplace room, the new room we had added to the house in 1976, in order to have a better view of the outdoors. But that didn't work out well; the room was at the far back of the house, remote from the kitchen (and the rest of the family), so soon thereafter, we moved her again into the large living room/dining room where she had a nice unobstructed view of the patio, its plants and flowers, and the wooded backyard. I also decided to have a cable television line run to the house, and even purchased one of the premium channels (Showtime), so that Jan would also have access to its movies.

Of course, the appearance of the house, unchanged externally, was quite different inside, as it took on the attributes of a nursing home, complete with various medical devices and special equipment designed to help those in need. In time, these devices included not only canes, then walkers and crutches, some of which had long been in use, and next, wheelchairs—both the collapsible type helpers would push and, eventually, a small motorized “Amigo” chair that was powered by a regular automobile battery—and finally, a “Hoyer lift.” This device, somewhat like an old-fashioned automobile jack or lift, could be cranked up in order to lift a heavy load, in this case, a patient placed in its sling.

The Hoyer was required in order to transfer Jan from bed to chair, and vice versa, and in order to get her into the automobile⁸⁰ for all-too-frequent trips to the doctor, the dentist, and various other specialists. Fortunately, the MS Society provided most of the medical equipment needed by MS patients but other expenses were not covered. Regrettably, according to the social security office, Jan’s years of employment were short, by one quarter!, of the time needed in order to qualify her for medical assistance from them or any federal or state agencies. So I had to hire and pay both the nurses for house calls, and the “home health assistants” needed to help care for Jan while I was trying to do my regular work at the university. A great many of these people were needed, because few of them who signed on stayed for a long time. We were saved, almost literally, by the wonderful ministrations of a new neighbor, Mary Larsen, who agreed to look after Jan daily, tend to the catheter, and serve her lunch (I generally handled breakfasts and dinners, despite not having any talents as a cook. I did, however, learn to make a decent beef stew prepared in the crock pot. If I made up a batch of meat, potatoes, carrots, and onions topped with a can of mushroom soup in the morning before heading downtown, it would be just right at dinner time. I could also open applesauce jars that completed the meal.)

Jan continued to have and use the talking book program administered free of charge for the disabled by various organizations in the city. The equipment, basically a distinctive yellow tape player, operated at a speed other than standard, came from the School for the Blind on College Avenue, and especially recorded tapes, into which books were read by volunteers from all over the city, came from the Indiana State

⁸⁰This was next to impossible to do with a regular two-door sedan, so I hit upon the idea of buying, actually leasing (but we bought it when the lease expired), a T-top Oldsmobile with clear plastic, removable panels over the front seats. When the panel above the passenger seat was taken off, I could lower Jan into the seat using the Hoyer lift, which then had to be stowed away in the trunk, along with the wheelchair, a big load, in order to have both available at our destination.

Library and the Indiana Historical Bureau, which specialized in recording Indiana history books, sometimes even some of my own. Unfortunately, though, these tapes could only be played on machines designed for the talking book program, not on my recorder or in the automobile.

One such book of mine recorded for this service was *Gentlemen from Indiana: National Party Candidates, 1836–1940* (1977), a collection of biographical essays about Indiana's more prominent politicians. The first essay in this book was about William Henry Harrison, the first governor of the Indiana Territory and the hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe, who was elected president in 1840. This essay, by friend and colleague Bernie Friedman, was somewhat slow and ponderous and never failed to put Jan to sleep whenever she planned to "read" the book. Unfortunately, because she had difficulty with her hands, among other problems, she was never able to manipulate the machine and the tape very well, so she couldn't fast-forward to other essays but always seemed to start with Bernie's soporific prose, so I doubt that she ever got to my own essay in the book, chapter 11, about a fellow Hanover College graduate that I titled, "Thomas A. Hendricks: Spokesman for the Democracy." Nevertheless, the talking books program is a wonderful asset for the physically and visually handicapped, and Jan made extensive use of it.

To continue the graduations-in-1980s theme, both David and Sarah celebrated graduations, from college and high school respectively, in 1984 (a strange year, I thought, given the huge popularity of George Orwell's bizarre novel *1984*, published in the 1950s, and then Sarah went on to graduate from Indiana University–Bloomington in 1988, having, like her sister, majored in psychology. This turned out to be excellent preparation, or at least not a handicap, for Sarah's career in banking. She is now high up the corporate ladder of Chase Bank, occupies an office somewhere in the mid-levels of the tallest building in the state of Indiana. From this high-rise adjacent to the Circle, smack-dab in the middle of Indianapolis, she enjoys easy access to the multitude of activities and amenities of the city, which has transformed itself from what David Letterman once called "a cornfield with lights," into a model urban community, lacking only, I would say, a convenient public transport system, such as a light rail system into the suburbs and beyond where, in fact, Sarah now lives. She and her family reside in Fishers, immediately north of Indianapolis, in Hamilton County.

One other major family development in the 1980s was David's marriage on May 2, 1987, to Melanie Bannwart, a wonderful girl from Wanatah, Indiana, and then Indiana University–Bloomington, whom he met in an adult education German language

class, both having enrolled in the class as a step toward the dream of, for David, additional foreign travel, and, for Melanie, a visit to the homeland of her paternal ancestors. According to David, when the instructor began assigning seats, David asked to be seated next to that good-looking brunette in the front row. It was done, the two hit it off immediately and soon their entwined lives resulted in marriage. The wedding occurred, of course, in northern Indiana, in Wanatah (up in LaPorte County), and it was a beautiful ceremony. One extra thing they did was to have it video-taped so we have a permanent record of the ceremony. The video was augmented by interviews of various key players in the event (besides the bride and groom, whose lives up to that point were brilliantly recorded in a series of still photographs that showed the couple individually at first, of course, as they progressed from infancy through childhood to young adulthood). This is perhaps a common procedure these days, but David and Melanie's video was the first of that type I've ever seen.

Jan, ensconced in her wheel chair, managed to attend this stellar event, but I remember that the minister was annoyed at our late arrival for the rehearsal the day before the wedding. He had already begun his run-through, stopped it when we came in, and then went through the whole thing again, including, *in toto*, the long, long prayer that was a part of the service. I still don't believe that our minor role in the ceremony, simply coming in and finding a front-section seat, needed to be rehearsed.

An aftermath to our having loaned the Bannwarts two (of three) of our treasured fat little brown family photo albums, loaded with the first pictures of our kids, was that these two albums were misplaced upon their return, and we believed they had NOT been returned. Searches both by the Bannwarts around their house and at the photographer's studio where the video had been prepared failed to locate the albums. We regretted our loss, particularly later that year, when Karen asked for one of her baby pictures so she could compare her looks with that of her own daughter, born October 16, 1989, but her pictures were in the missing albums and hence unavailable. As a follow-up to this, imagine my surprise when, upon moving to Bloomington in 2009 after 41 years in the house in Indianapolis, I began shelving the photographic albums and discovered all three of the little brown albums in the shipping box, ready to be shelved! I still have no idea how this happened, or who might have put them there, but we're happy to have them on hand once again.

Back to the main story, David and Melanie set up housekeeping, at first in a rental, but soon they made the down payment on a lovely house in a new development in the far northeast corner of Marion County and carried on with their jobs—Melanie as

a CPA and David, until being “rified” in 2007, as the office manager for a new surveying and land title company in Fishers that, at his suggestion, was named Benchmark Surveying Company.

One other, pre-1980 actually, event relates to Jan’s medical adventures and should be mentioned here. In 1978 (a date supplied by the family Christmas letter) we accepted—with great reluctance—Violette Everett’s advice that Jan, like her mother, who was still in denial regarding the five-year old diagnosis of MS, should consult with, first, Violette’s chiropractor up in Hammond, who believed he could help patients with MS-like symptoms. A few trips there proved futile, if expensive in both time and resources, so next Mom Everett recommended a doctor in Fort Wayne she had heard of somewhere who treated MS patients as though they were psychologically unbalanced, not suffering from the symptoms of their disease, which in the normal course of events has periods of exacerbation and remission. So Jan was checked into the “psycho” ward of a Fort Wayne hospital where she stayed for nearly a month amid, I must say, a remarkable group of odd and definitely mentally challenged people. I never thought Jan belonged there and indeed she did not benefit from her “incarceration” (the right word for it) up there, but the family did it, mainly to appease her mother.

Enjoying our temporary freedom from the chores of daily care for Jan, and chafing at the bit, perhaps, at the thought of our expensive RV not being used for its intended purposes, the children and I, along with Greg Boebinger, Karen’s very special friend at that time, decided to go to New York City. I thought it might be the only chance the children would have to visit the “Big Apple,” not knowing that, in time, Karen and Greg would live in northern New Jersey just a stone’s throw from the big city, which they visited frequently, or that Sarah’s boyfriend, during her college years, would attend Columbia University where Sarah managed to visit him a time or two. And David has traveled extensively in various parts of America and Western Europe. So perhaps this early trip east was unnecessary. On the other hand, maybe it was the catalyst for the children’s *wanderlust* in later years. At any rate, the New York trip went well. Our plan was to find a camping site (really a parking place for the RV) as near to the city as possible and then go into Manhattan by train or bus. The place we found was in Parsippany, New Jersey, from which regular bus service was available so that part of the plan worked out. We visited most of the usual tourist spots, major landmarks and museums, and even took in a Broadway show. Unable to get tickets to our (my) first choice which might have been “My Fair Lady,” we were talked into seeing instead “A Chorus Line,” also a classic. We returned home via Fort Wayne where we told

Jan of our adventures and headed back to our routines alone, because Jan was still not, according to her charlatan doctor, ready for release. Incidentally, he called her case his “toughest challenge” because, I think, she saw through his chicanery.

Jan was not the only one to have medical adventures in the 1980s. I had my own little episode in about 1985, and was briefly a patient in Methodist Hospital. Up to that time, hospitals were places where I visited others. I had only once been admitted to a hospital (in childhood, for a tonsillectomy) and have managed since then to avoid them completely except for malfunctioning kidneys that keep creating stones, three at last count. The first episode started when, at about the age of 50, I began to experience a chronic ache in my side. First diagnosed as a mild case of diverticulitis, which resulted in dietary restrictions (no seeds or nuts were to be consumed), the pain persisted and led in time to a cystoscopy (in a hospital but on an outpatient basis). This procedure confirmed the presence of a single, relatively large but stationary, non-obstructive stone in the left kidney. It was “an ideal stone,” according to the urologist to whom I had been referred, in terms of its candidacy for removal by a marvelous new technology, developed in West Germany in the early 1980s, known as lithotripsy. In fact, I was one of the first patients at Methodist Hospital to undergo this procedure which involved crushing the stone by laser beams while the patient is immersed in water. I attributed my problems afterwards—intense kidney stone pain, which I had not experienced beforehand—to the newness of the procedure and inexperience by the doctors and technicians. So I had to have a follow-up treatment to correct the problem, but overall, lithotripsy is a great new medical procedure. When I had a second stone removed in the late 1990s, immersion in water was not required and the crushing was more complete, and there was no follow-up pain.

There is still one major change in the 1980s to discuss (and explain the title of this chapter). At the beginning of this decade my professional life underwent a drastic transformation when I accepted the challenge of establishing a new scholarly magazine for a fledging organization—the Society for Historians of the Early American Republic, aka SHEAR, that had been founded in Indianapolis in 1978. James Broussard, a close friend and former colleague (who also had ties to the University of Delaware through his spouse, and knew John Munroe well, also), was the key figure in setting up SHEAR and in finding someone and some institution to edit and sponsor (i. e., financially support) a new journal for his organization’s membership.

Jim has written a nice little humorous yet serious account about how SHEAR was organized and the journal established, which he delivered as his presidential address

to the organization at its 3rd annual convention at Siena College in Loudonville, New York, in 1981, and published in the journal soon afterwards, so I need not repeat much of that story here.⁸¹ Instead, I will add a few comments about some of the hurdles to be overcome in such an endeavor, and why I decided to try to become an editor in the first place, albeit at the urging of a colleague in the Department of History, then the chairman of the IUPUI department and a charter member too of SHEAR.

Briefly, one of my chief motivations was a desire to lighten my teaching load and to give me more control, or so I thought, over my time in the light of my home situation. It wasn't that I didn't like teaching, but handling a full teaching load necessarily involved lots of time in the classroom and in the office at regular hours. I believed, and indeed it worked out that way, that I could take my editorial work with me, get to it at different times and at different, often late, hours, and still keep my self-respect as a productive member of the department.

When the journal started, I thought it would be a good idea to have a section devoted to the affairs of SHEAR and to various matters in the editorial office, so I began in Volume I, No. 1, something called "The Editor's Page," which turned into, as well as a newsletter to the membership, a close parallel to the current (21st century) fad, a "blog" about operations in the office and the many problems we encountered in putting together what quickly became a new major, national academic journal. As such, just as hoped, we filled the gap between two well-established magazines, the *William and Mary Quarterly*, edited as you might guess at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, and devoted to the era of American Revolution, roughly 1763 to 1815, but primarily only up to about 1789, and *Civil War History*, edited at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio, with a focus on the years from about 1850 to 1877. The center of attention for us was the period from 1789, Washington's presidency, to about 1850, just after the War with Mexico, so we did fit in well, with only some slight overlap at each end, and we were able to meet the challenges our audacity presented.

At the beginning, however, we narrowly avoided publishing a plagiarized article in our very first issue. Jayme Sokolow, a young colleague of my friend, Jack Collins, at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, had the temerity to lift almost verbatim an excellent chapter from a ten-year old dissertation, one that had not yet (as far as he knew) been published, probably thinking that those new guys in Indiana would never detect his

⁸¹ James H. Broussard, "'Historians and the Early Republic: SHEAR's Origins and Prospects,'" JER, 2 (Spring 1982), 61-68.

deception. But we luckily happened to send Sokolow's article to Larry Foster, a young professor at Georgia Tech University, who was in the process of reviewing the long-delayed book based on that dissertation that contained the "purloined" chapter. So the fraud was detected, and I had the unhappy task of drafting the letter that declined the article, while also trying not to make the outright charge of plagiarism, because I did not have immediate access to the book or to the dissertation that had been, we strongly suspected, misused by Professor Sokolow.⁸² Oddly, just as this was going on, I received a phone call from Collins, ostensibly to decline accepting his invitation to attend Karen and Greg's wedding but really he used that as an excuse for calling just to touch bases again. When I told Jack we had received a manuscript from one of his colleagues and asked what kind of a person he was, Jack's first remark was, "I hope you haven't loaned him any money." This led to a long follow-up through the proper channels, Sokolow was not promoted, but incredibly he was not dismissed, just permitted to resign, so he moved on to other positions, including one at the National Endowment for the Humanities, and indeed to other, even bolder, plagiarisms—one was another scholar's book, not just an article from one.

So that was one "problem" encountered in the editorial office and of course there were many more. Our first issue, as mentioned in "The Editor's Page" in the second one, was marred slightly by two omissions. First, the name of the journal did not appear on the spine (so it could be read upon being shelved). My excuse for that was that I thought the printer automatically added that detail and thereafter, he did, as we always checked. Secondly, I was literally called upon the carpet of the IUPUI executive vice chancellor, Edward Moore, whose office had generously provided the initial support for our journal, for having identified, in the title page of that first issue, our sponsor as Indiana University, not Indiana University Purdue University at Indianapolis. When he asked me where the sponsor's name came from, I answered, "From my letterhead stationery" (supplied by the university which had in bold red

⁸²This story has been told in full by award-winning novelist and critic from the East Coast, Thomas Mallon, in his book on the history of plagiarism, *Stolen Words: Forays into the Origins and Ravages of Plagiarism* (New York, 1989). See chapter 4, "Quiet Goes the Don: An Academic Affair," pp. 144-193. I later wrote about this episode myself, trying to correct the impression that Jack Collins and I had gossiped about this matter over the phone. Actually, when Jack and I talked, in response to my mentioning that his colleague had submitted an article to us, he noted that Sokolow was up for promotion. My reply to that was to tell him, perhaps a bit cryptically, if the promotions committee would write to me and formally request information pertinent to his promotion application, I might have some useful facts for their consideration. See my addendum to Mallon's account, "A Pinocchio in Academe," *Editing History*, 7 (Fall 1990), 7-8.

letters, simply “Indiana University”.) This softened Dr. Moore’s attitude a little bit but as he explained, IUPUI was supporting the journal to get its name sent out into the academic world, so would I please make that change in naming our sponsor. That change was certainly made; thereafter IUPUI rightfully received credit for its sponsorship of the JER.

I should point out that the initial commitment was for three years only, but it was, as Jim Broussard and I were promised, to be renewed if our membership numbered more than 1,000 at the end of that three-year period. As it happened, Jim, SHEAR’s original secretary and treasurer, and “keeper of the books,” listed 1,005 subscribers when we began our fourth year, so we survived! Indeed, the JER did more than survive, as it quickly grew even more in size and reputation. We had a top-notch board of editors recruited from among the best universities across the country and they all did their duties well in evaluating manuscripts that came in, happily, at a steady pace of approximately one a week of which we published about four per quarterly issue. These submissions came from top scholars as well as from fresh Ph.D.s eager to have the fruits of their doctoral degree appear in print. One such person surprised, but of course pleased, me when he told me he “would rather have an article appear in the JER than in any other journal.” He was, of course, a specialist in the early American republic field and our circulation included many, if not most, specialists in this period, too. We also had a good, aggressive book review editor, Jim Bradford, based in College Station, Texas, at Texas A & M University. He was good at, first of all, getting publishers to supply a new, untested organization with review copies of their publications in our field. Then, he was equally good at getting well-qualified scholars to review those books and submit their work (on time, usually). His one limitation was that he couldn’t spell! Copy that he submitted to us, supposedly ready for the printer, invariably had a least a few spelling errors, but it was my policy, from the first issue on, to do the final “proofing” on all material published in the journal, so I caught most, if not all of the mistakes. It got to the point that I feared I had not done that proofing job rigorously enough if I failed to find at least a dozen corrections to make.⁸³

⁸³As evidence of the generally high quality of the proofreading in all parts of the journal, when Mike Morrison and I, upon the tenth anniversary of the journal, selected several of our best articles for publication in a hard-cover book, *New Perspectives on the Early Republic* (1994), issued by the University of Illinois Press, only one word—a homophone—had to be corrected for that publication which contained nineteen articles that had first appeared between 1981 and 1991.

Much more could be said about taking up the editor's pen and starting a journal but I'll simply say here that the opportunity to meet and come to know some of the stars in the history world, persons whose names I knew from my research and bibliographies, but whom I never expected to meet, was exhilarating. Editing a journal also meant "required attendance" at SHEAR's annual conference, held, unusually for scholarly groups, in late July at various eastern (our membership was heavy in these states) universities and historical sites. I had missed the first SHEAR conference, held in Annapolis, Maryland, perhaps because I felt the group insignificant and unlikely to continue, but Bernie Friedman and I did attend the second SHEAR conference held at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, where we made our proposal concerning establishing its journal at Indianapolis. At least two other universities, well-established and with graduate programs in history, also turned in proposals but the SHEAR leadership accepted the one from a new institution still without a graduate program in history and thus, without graduate students who often helped in the production of academic journals at other institutions. This decision may have been influenced a bit by the fact that Jim Broussard also lived in Indianapolis, so it made the dealing between the business and editorial offices easier. Jim had come to Indianapolis in order to work on the centennial history of the Indiana General Assembly, but that was not a good fit for him, so he moved on, teaching part-time and then landing a full-time job at Lebanon Valley College in Annville, Pennsylvania.

So it happened that immediately following the July, 1980, conference, I set out to launch a journal for SHEAR the next year that I named, and for which I soon obtained a logo. Manuscripts began coming in regularly including, of course, the previously mentioned purloined one and our first issue (Spring 1981) hit the mailboxes of SHEAR's membership during our targeted month of April. It includes one of my all-time favorite articles, by Edward Skeen at Memphis State University, "The Year Without a Summer, 1816."

Indeed, after the second SHEAR conference at Siena College in Loudonville, New York, Skeen chaired the conference committee when the conference moved to his university in 1982. And he continued the tradition which lasted at least through the first six conferences, of having all attendees invited to an open house at one of the professor's homes. (At that sixth conference, which IUPUI hosted, the members congregated at my house. I remember afterwards, driving a good many of them, including the Jacksonian specialist and Tin Pan Alley singer, Edward Pessen, in my RV to McShane's, an Irish pub on the east side of town. As recorded in the successive

editor's page reports, other conferences were held at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., and at nearby historic Gunston Hall, the home of George Mason; at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, Tennessee; and, by special arrangement, at Temple University in Philadelphia during the bicentennial year of the United States Constitution. We also met at Worcester Polytechnic University in Worcester, Massachusetts, which was of special interest to me because that is where Elwood Haynes had been a student more than a century earlier; the University of Virginia and Monticello—hallowed ground for the Jeffersonians in our membership; and underscoring our international standing, at the University of Toronto in Canada in 1990. In that same decade, the conferences were held at University of Wisconsin in Madison and at Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania (one I missed because I was on a sabbatical leave that year), the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill and at Boston College in 1994, which was marked by a touching tribute to the founding editor as he prepared to take his leave from the magazine after fourteen years on the hot seat. In a wonderful gesture of gratitude and appreciation, the SHEAR leadership decided to rename the JER's Best Article Prize (which had been awarded annually, at my suggestion, from the very first issue), the Ralph D. Gray Award. They also decided to honor Jim Broussard in a similar fashion by naming the "Best Book" award the James H. Broussard Award.

Perhaps the best way here is to mention my departure from the editor's chair with only two short leaves during sabbaticals from IUPUI, when Bob Barrows and then Michael Morrison did superb jobs at filling in for me, is to reprise my final "Editor's Page" remarks.

It is with mixed feelings that I write these words, my last comment in this department of the journal and close to my last duty as its founding editor. Fortunately, there is so little time before copy must be submitted to the printer that I must be brief. Two main thoughts come to mind immediately—first, although the time since the *Journal of the Early Republic* came into being has sped by, it is sobering to reflect upon changes that have occurred since I essayed the arcane role of editor back in 1980, almost exactly fourteen years ago (just before the second annual SHEAR conference held at the University of Illinois, my alma mater).

These changes include incredible advances in the technology of editing and publishing, particularly the onset of electronic manuscripts and highly sophisticated means of transmitting information and images. On both a personal and professional level the changes have been almost equally vast—I'll skip the

former in order to focus upon the latter. Assuredly the best part of the editorship has been the opportunity to know and work with so many talented people across the country and, in a few cases, abroad. I would like to acknowledge again the invaluable support and intellectual contributions of all staff members, editorial board members, manuscript referees, and other friends of SHEAR, particularly of course those who came on board early to bring to reality the existence of an organization and periodical that must surely exceed even the most sanguine hopes of Jim Broussard and the four at an OAH meeting, and the eight at the following AHA meeting in 1977 who managed to get the Society for Historians of the Early Republic underway.

My second reflection is upon the future. I am delighted with the willingness, even eagerness, of Purdue University at West Lafayette, Indiana, to become the new home of the journal, and with the plans for John Lauritz Larson and Michael A. Morrison to direct its affairs. They are capable, energetic, imaginative, and more. I have every confidence in their ability to manage, and improve significantly, this publication while continuing to make it the major outlet in the country for new insights regarding “the history and culture of the early American republic,” our stated purpose. I wish them well and now, at long last, say farewell to all.

Of course I’ve remained interested in SHEAR and the journal and was overjoyed at its path-breaking annual conference held abroad at Cambridge University in England (which I attended with some new family members), and looked on proudly as the journal moved again, after a long sojourn in West Lafayette, to Philadelphia. There it is edited by a consortium of outstanding historic institutions, the Library Company of Philadelphia, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the University of Pennsylvania, that promises to produce an even better journal.

Finally, in an effort to make this memoir reasonably complete, if not always with things in chronological order, I want to mention two other events of the 1980s that were personal highlights. The first one is that, in 1980, I was invited to attend the Antique Car Club of America’s annual convention in Philadelphia in order to receive its prestigious award, the Thomas McKean Memorial Cup, in recognition of my book on Elwood Haynes, published the previous year. The previous year the award had gone to Alfred P. Sloan, the former head of General Motors, and his book about the automobile industry, so it was a distinct honor to get the “cup,” which turned out to be large, ornate silver (or silver plate) platter, suitably engraved on the bottom. This turned out to be the perfect complement to a four-piece silver service I had inherited from the

family. Mom believed that I was the son most likely to make use of such formal serving ware—a large coffee pot, a smaller teapot, a creamer, and a sugar bowl. These items had come from the Oliphant family in Petersburg, into which one of Mom's aunts (Aunt Marge) had married, and indeed they carried the Oliphant name on them. There was also an indelible mark on the inner base of the coffee pot, the numerals 1793, which Jan believed was the date when the Gorham Company, silversmiths in Boston, had produced it. But I was skeptical about that, so I wrote to the company and they explained that the markings were the items' serial number, not its date, which still was quite ancient. Pieces such as ours were manufactured between 1853 and 1855. The company spokesperson went on to say that trays for such servers were not then being manufactured, so an original tray for them had not been lost. Instead, now the AACA tray makes an excellent companion to the silver service set, which is a nice ornament for our dining room.

The second event of the early 1980s I want to include here is that a former fellow instructor at Ohio State, then teaching at Purdue University's Calumet Campus in Hammond, invited me to come up and meet Jean Shepherd, who was, as he knew, one of my favorite radio personalities during my graduate student days in Delaware. Shepherd, who was from Hammond, Indiana, was then "home" to give a little talk at the campus. He had entertained me and others in his late night audiences on WOR in New York City, telling the type of nostalgic and hilarious stories that appeared in his book, *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash* (1966) and again later in "The Christmas Story," the now classic film he had written, narrated, and even had a cameo part in. This was long before the film came out, but I was already a fan, and had included an article, not by but about Shepherd, in my Indiana History reader, published the same year of our meeting.

During our brief conversation after his talk, I mentioned that I had an article about him in my forthcoming book, which I thought might make him, as a little known Hoosier writer, better known. "Oh, no," he countered, "I'm already well known." And to prove it to me, he boasted that whenever he needed some money, he would write an article, send it to *Playboy Magazine*, and pocket about \$5,000. Point well taken, but I still believe he was not widely known and appreciated until the movie became such an enormous success, and led him into a brief television career.

Chapter 15

Travels, Travails, and Transitions

The 1990s started out reasonably well for the Grays—Jan was still receiving good care at Bethany Village Nursing Home, things were running smoothly for me at the journal, and the kids were all into their jobs, Karen as a new mother in New Jersey, David as a still new husband in Indianapolis, and Sarah was into the first or second of a series of positions, which included being the reservations manager at the Hilton-at-the-Airport Hotel, before settling into place as a banker. Moreover, a number of my writings, some of which had been completed long before, were published in this decade. This included books, such as my history of the Indiana Port Commission, completed in the early 1990s but delayed until the money for its publication was found. It finally appeared, under the title of *Public Ports for Indiana: A History of the Indiana Port Commission*, in 1998. Another book was a collection of articles originally published in the *Journal of the Early Republic* that my assistant editor, Michael Morrison, and I compiled and edited. The University of Illinois Press published *New Perspectives on the Early Republic* in 1994, the same year that Indiana University Press issued a new edition of the first volume of my Indiana history reader, *The Hoosier State*, primarily for use in college courses in Indiana history around the state.

I also contributed the foreword to a biography of Gene Stratton Porter, published by the Indiana Historical Society in 1990. I never met the author, Judith Reich Long, of this fine study, but I had responded to her letter that came from Georgia seeking help in finding a publisher for her manuscript about an Indiana author and naturalist, and I helped persuade the IHS editors to accept the book for publication. Mrs. Long had told me it was important to have an early decision in this matter, and we did act quickly, but sadly, the day that Tom Mason, the director of publications at the IHS, wrote to Mrs. Long to tell her of his formal acceptance of the manuscript for publication was also the day of her death. But because of my help in finding a publisher, who had informally, by telephone, given Mrs. Long the news that her book would soon be published, her husband, Jack, requested that I do the book's foreword.

In this decade too, I had several encyclopedia articles come out—such as articles on all eleven Speakers of the House in Indiana, from Robert H. Heller in 1949 to J. Roberts Dailey in 1981, some of whom, especially Birch Bayh, Jr., and Otis R. Bowen,

went on to greater things. This reference work, *American Legislative Leaders in the Midwest, 1911–1994* (1997), was edited by stalwarts in SHEAR and strong supporters of the JER, Nancy W. and J. Rogers Sharp of Syracuse University. I also wrote six pieces for a two-volume encyclopedia on *Political Parties & Elections in the United States* (1991), edited by L. Sandy Maisel. When, in addition to the five people I was asked to write about, I suggested to the editor that he should include an entry on the “Indiana Ballot,” something I had heard about but didn’t know what it was. He accepted my suggestion, but then asked me to write it! Fortunately, a political scientist friend up in Gary knew all about the Indiana ballot, had written about it, and steered me to the best sources to consult, so I was able to do the article. It turns out that this ballot, introduced about the same time as the Australian (secret) ballot, permitted the listing of candidates according to party affiliation, thereby facilitating straight-ticket voting. Previously, the traditional Massachusetts ballot listed candidates by office rather than party. I also did three biographical sketches (on Haynes and the two Apperson brothers) for the *Encyclopedia of American Business History and Biography: The Automobile Industry* (1990), and two more, on Indiana politicians, for *American National Biography* (1998), a multi-volume reference work published by Oxford University Press that was intended to compete with Scribner’s standard biographical reference work, the *Dictionary of American Biography*. Finally, in the best-paying writing of this type that I did, I wrote the entry on “Indiana” for Bill Gates’s CD-ROM and on-line encyclopedia, *En Carta*.

In writings of a different type, but ones that also were paid for, at rates far better than the tiny per-word rates offered by some, not all, of the encyclopedias, I did five pieces for *Traces of Indiana and Midwestern History* in the 1990s. These were articles about Elwood Haynes, Meredith Nicholson, and Beulah B. Gray, and invited essays on a favorite Indiana politician (I chose Matthew Welsh, Indiana’s governor in the 1960s) and a favorite photograph about Indiana (I chose a black-and-white Dubois County scene published in a book of photographs, *Southern Indiana* (1965), by Hartley and Jean Alley).



Mom and Dad in 1986

But the 1990s turned out also to have a series of tragedies, major and minor, in store for the family. First of all, my father, who was never, so far as I knew, hospitalized, nor was he ever sick to the point of missing work, finally began to decline physically and eventually, in 1991, he entered a nursing home in Petersburg, where after a short time, he died (on December 6, 1991). It had been his goal to reach the age of 90, but he fell short of that mark by a few months. We were concerned about Mom, often sickly in those days, and how she would hold up without her constant companion for the previous six decades, but she did surprisingly well and continued living in the house on South Ninth Street, the one badly damaged (but rebuilt) by the tornado that ravaged Petersburg in 1990. Fortunately, Charlie, her youngest son, although employed in Evansville, was living with the folks then, and that arrangement continued. They both enjoyed following sports events (usually on radio), particularly the local high school teams, Indiana University, and the professional teams from Indiana. In fact, Mom (obviously helped by Charlie) often entered the *Petersburg Press-Dispatch* contest, “Beat the Experts,” by predicting various game winners. If a reader’s called more games correctly than did the paper’s “experts,” he or she would receive a cash prize. And Mom won \$100 a time or two!



**Dad in 1982, helping his neighbor tar his roof, because he was
“old.” (Dad was only 80 then)**

So things were stable enough on all fronts for me to do something I had never done before—take a year-long sabbatical leave when the time came for my next one, in 1991–92. My three previous sabbaticals, which I was quite fortunate to get right on schedule (every seven years), had all been one-semester leaves (at full pay), whereas this last one was approved for a full year’s leave at half pay. My research project, the basis for the sabbatical, was a biography of Carl M. Gray, Petersburg’s and perhaps Indiana’s most famous attorney and a former trustee of Indiana University (and a distant relative), who had asked me to do this work in 1980, just shortly before he died, but I was already committed to other projects then (particularly the Indiana Port Commission history and the Indiana history reader), so I had to postpone the Carl Gray study until this sabbatical, which I planned also to use to examine an interesting connection between Carl’s work on strip-mining regulations in Indiana and open-cast (their term for strip mining) mining in Wales. After some research in relevant libraries in South Wales, I planned to remain abroad for a while and begin to write (like some

top scholars I had read about, who did their writing in French villas or Swiss chalets) while still in Wales.

A couple of things prevented this from happening. First, I could not begin on the Attorney Gray study when my leave started because I was unavoidably committed to write one of the major “overview” essays for IUPUI’s planned *Encyclopedia of Indianapolis*. This huge publication project was located at that time in IUPUI’s Center for American Studies, which I had helped get started and for which I had helped recruit a managing editor, David Bodenhamer. He and his co-editor Bob Barrows planned to organize the encyclopedia in a new, brilliant manner, with a series of overview essays, on all the major themes to be explored in the book, at the front, with the traditional smaller, alphabetized entries to follow. I had headed up a transportation task force during the project’s initial planning, the group consisting of some outstanding transportation history people around the community, and we decided what entries were needed for the encyclopedia and who should write them. But then, when it came to the overview essay on transportation, the editors assigned that task to me. Because the due date for this article was near the end of my sabbatical leave period, I knew that in order to have it done on time, I needed to prepare it before undertaking the real sabbatical project.

That essay, only about ten (large) pages in the published version, turned out to be one of the most difficult things to write I ever tackled (other than this memoir!), primarily I think because there were no published sources, books and articles, on most of the topics I needed to discuss, just some scattered newspaper items. There were of course books and articles on some of the city’s roads, railroads, and waterways, but not on its bus and truck companies, the new interstate highways, seven of which happened to converge at Indianapolis, making it the “interstate capital of the world.” The city’s airplanes, airports, and its taxicab companies were also topics not supported by published materials, so I labored long and hard early in my sabbatical year on the “transportation” essay, as well as on some shorter ones I also did for the encyclopedia (on Nicholson and his books, and on some Civil War topics), and was pleased to be able to send them to editor Bodenhamer well ahead of the deadline, so that I could go on to other things.

As I learned later (and received a copy of it), Bodenhamer liked the essay and the approach taken, so he had it printed as a “Sample Overview Essay,” which he used both as a guide to others and as a fund-raising tool—he was still involved in raising money and showed the essay to prospective sponsors.

Then, in March 1992, I packed up some clothes and some research materials, said my farewells to Jan, the kids, and Mike Morrison, my assistant editor who served as acting editor of the JER during my year off, and flew to England. There were a couple of places in Britain that I had not yet visited and wanted to see, so before going to my time-share flat in Wales, I headed my little rented car, which I had picked up at Heathrow, for Devon and Cornwall. Among my target places were Clovelly, an old, precariously located fishing village on the west coast with, I think, just two streets—the Up-along and the Down-along. Located between these streets near the midway point is a memorable restaurant with a sign—I suppose an advertisement, not a warning—that reads, “You will never live to regret eating here.” Still farther along, not far from Land’s End, at the tip of Cornwall, were the storied villages of St. Ives and Penzance. I wanted to visit them so that I could write home, using the famous line in a riddle, “As I was going to St. Ives,” and to see the locale for a favorite Gilbert and Sullivan show. I also found a good little fish and chips shop in St. Ives that looked out over the small harbor, a small bay that completely empties at low tide, but it refills and floats the grounded boats at high tide.

After this, I headed northward past Bath, and to the famous bridge over the Severn estuary, that was the border at that point between England and Wales. Immediately upon reaching Wales, I turned right and headed up the Wye River Valley and soon caught sight of Tintern Abbey, the place made famous by Wordsworth’s poem.

These side trips were enjoyable, but then I headed on westward to my home base in Little Haven, on the southwest coast of Wales, just beyond Haverfordwest, the major city of Pembrokeshire. It was interesting to read the directions, provided by RCI, the time-share company through which I had booked my lodgings. The instructions were to proceed west from Heathrow on an “A” road; then, in Wales, I was told to take a “B” road that led still farther west, but when, near Haverfordwest, this road turned north, I was to go straight on. This put me on a narrow, unmarked road that wound down a steep hill onto what I suppose was Main Street in Little Haven. This little village may have only this one street that leads past its two pubs on the right and the flat, or apartment house, where I was to stay on the left. After checking in and visiting one of the pubs for dinner, I was planning to get started on my writing the next day, right after a little morning exercise—a walk/run along the wonderful coastal path through Little Haven that extends along the entire coast of Wales. And then it happened! As I was walking back to my digs, following an easy workout (so I was not exhausted), I

stopped and bent over to pick up either a flower or an interesting stone, but instead I suddenly keeled over and could not get back up!

I remember very little of what happened over the next few hours, for when I “woke up” I was a patient in Withybush General Hospital in Haverfordwest. From others I learned that a nice gentleman driving down the street saw me fall, stopped, and helped me get back “home”—evidently I could communicate enough to tell him where I was staying. Then the landlord called for an ambulance that delivered me to the hospital. There must have been a flurry of calls then, for someone called the family, and one of them called my new friend, Brian Jenkins, formerly from Wales who then lived in Cullompton, Devon, and he and his wife Catherine drove all the way from near Exeter to Little Haven, packed up my things, arranged for the car rental folks to retrieve their automobile (all at no cost to me and I hope not to them either), and then delivered my belongings to the hospital. I suppose they visited with me then too, but I have no recollection of that. Soon afterwards, when I had recovered enough to think about getting back to the states, my other British friends, Don and Brenda Andrews, drove all the way from their home in Keighley, Yorkshire, signed me out of the hospital, and then took me home with them. There I occupied a nice ground-level room next to the dining room, and stayed for a few days while my recovery continued. Finally, the Andrews delivered me to Heathrow in time for me to catch a flight home. I remember very little of that experience, although I do recall that, the evening before the flight, we stayed with a close friend of Brenda’s, who lived near Heathrow and Windsor Castle and whose son, Gareth (an unforgettable name), was an aspiring candidate for a seat in Parliament.

I received one more necessary, as it turned out, bit of assistance in getting home from son David, who flew to Detroit to meet my plane in from London and helped me get through that large and difficult airport, and from the international flights area to the domestic flights area. As it was, we barely made it on time, and I certainly would not have without David’s help.

What had happened is that I had what the British doctors called a T. I. A., or “mini-stroke,” something I saw defined in a newspaper article today (in July 2010) as a “heart attack in the brain.” The CAT-scan at Withybush had confirmed this diagnosis, and I brought the x-ray prints home with me to show the doctors here, who then performed another CAT-scan that produced similar results. The immediate impact of the stroke, which I at first considered minor, was partial left-side paralysis that included drooping left-side facial muscles and some slurred speech, but these most

obvious signs of a disability soon disappeared. Left-side numbness in the leg and arm, however, has persisted, even to this day, near twenty years later, and I still have trouble typing with both hands (I can do some typing with only one) and walking freely, although I think these problems are not obvious to others and in fact a few years ago I trained for and competed in, and completed, two mini-marathons—i.e. two walk/runs of 13.1 miles each in Kona, Hawaii, and Indianapolis (the “Indy Mini.”)

A precursor to my T.I. A., which I, but not my doctors, considered to have caused it all, was a broken clavicle, or collar bone, the same one I had broken as a second or third grader in Seymour. This second fracture occurred literally on the eve of my departure for England and Wales, when I went for an evening motorcycle ride. The accident happened, like most of my automobile mishaps previously, after I had stopped. I chose a bad place to pull over and watch the evening sunset. I was on a sloping, pea-gravel covered driveway, and somehow the wheels slipped on the gravel, and I slammed to the ground, right shoulder first. The two hardest things that evening were, first, picking up the heavy motorcycle, necessarily using both hands and arms, and then riding back (slowly) into the city and straight to the emergency rooms at the I. U. Hospital on campus. Then, in a coincidence that would certainly be unbelievable in a work of fiction, I was treated by a doctor, still in training, from the United Kingdom, actually Wales. When I told him I was headed there the next day, he asked where in Wales I would be staying. Strange to say, this man was from Little Haven, a place not much larger than Otwell, and he told me which of the two pubs there was the better one, and other things to look for during my visit to his home town. My meeting with this doctor is also memorable because he asked me, after checking on my injury, if I had “ever had a grown man put his foot in my armpit and pull on your arm.” Of course, I said no, and his reply was, “Well, that’s exactly what I am doing to do.” And he did, and then we talked on while he was outfitting me with a sling for my right arm that fortunately did not force me to cancel or delay still longer my travel plans.

As stated, I believed for a long time that a blood clot, stemming from the trauma in my shoulder, had broken loose and lodged in the brain somewhere, causing my problem. Now, however, after reviewing all my activities and the pressures of my life up to that point, perhaps there were some “stress” factors in play that led to the T.I.A. Certainly its long-term effects, greater by far than I expected given my speedy but of course partial recovery, indicate that the “mini-stroke” was not so “mini,” after all.

As evidence of that “speedy recovery,” after returning home and undergoing some physical therapy, mainly for the left hand and leg during the remainder of my leave period, I returned to my teaching and editorial duties, and otherwise picked up on my research routines. Privately, though, I was convinced that I would never again be able to write a book or ride a motorcycle. I tried the latter soon after getting home, but riding requires using the left side appendages more heavily than the right, by manipulating the clutch lever with the left hand and the gear shift lever with the left foot, plus my balance was imperfect, so the few times I tried to ride, I could do it but not smoothly and not really safely, so before long I sold my cherished “wheels,” thereby reluctantly giving up what I used to call “a poor man’s way to fly.”

After coming back home in the spring of 1992, I learned that Jan’s health was also in decline. From her nearby second nursing home, adjacent in fact to Sarah’s apartment on North Harcourt Street, there were a few short-term visits to St. Vincent’s Hospital, also on North Harcourt, so it was evident that her remaining time with us was short. She did manage to hang on, and attend (in a wheelchair that was also a recliner) Sarah’s wedding to Russell Hargitt, an interesting young man originally from West Lafayette, Indiana, whom she had met on the volley ball courts at the neighborhood “Y.” Their lovely and memorable wedding, also videotaped for posterity (so Rusty’s apparently impromptu singing part has been preserved), took place on September 5, 1992, at Second Presbyterian Church. I remember, after wheeling Jan down to her place “front row left,” walking down the aisle with Sarah and telling her (as Papa Everett had told Jan some 36 years earlier) that it was not “too late—this is your last chance to call the whole thing off,” but of course she pressed on, and entered a most interesting and eventful life as Mrs. Russell Hargitt, one that deserves its own memoir.

Sadly, and even more quickly than anyone expected, Jan had another relapse in late May, 1993, and was rushed to the hospital. Perhaps the best way to report here her passing is to repeat the opening lines of my Christmas letter for 1993.

This is a difficult letter to write; for the first time it is from me, not us. . . . Most of you know, I think, that Jan’s struggles against M. S. finally ceased in May. Always accommodating to the end, she managed to hang on until Karen and Greg and our two grandchildren from New Jersey were in town for the Memorial Day weekend; thankfully too, Sarah and Rusty and I were with Jan at the time (about 2 a.m.); ironically, David and Melanie, who live in Indianapolis, were in North Carolina on vacation that week, but they returned at once and in time for the beautiful, memorable service conducted by a boyhood friend from

Petersburg, the Reverend William O. Harris, now the archivist of the Princeton Theological Seminary in New Jersey (only 40 minutes from Karen and Greg's home in Westfield). In fact, Bill had conducted our wedding ceremony in Crown Point back in 1956.

The family was heartened by the large number of cards, letters, condolences, flowers, and prayers offered by most of you, and by joyous occasions at other times during the year.

There was an awful finality to this loss, and a strange feeling of emptiness afterwards. In many ways, of course, my life did not change immediately all that much, because the Jan I knew and had married had long since "gone away." We were barely able to communicate those last few months following my return from England, given the damaged condition of us both, and of course I had been living alone for a long time too.

At least I had my several jobs to keep my mind occupied on non-personal things, as I had classes to meet, a journal to edit, and some research projects to look after. Surprisingly too, when my nephew, Nathan, a Hanover College student, had the opportunity to spend a part of his junior year abroad, at Harlaxton College in Lincolnshire, England, his parents wanted to visit him and see a bit of England too, so they invited me to go with them on their trip to England in the fall of 1993. (I think Wendella and Robert wanted a guide, someone who knew, or so they thought, a little bit about old England.) We had a great time and a great trip, beginning with a weekend in London where Nathan joined us. We hit many of the main tourist spots, including of course Gray's Inn, where we saw an episode of "Rumpole at the Bailey" being filmed, Buckingham Palace (not at all what Wendella expected) and the changing of the guard, and Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop (another disappointment for Wendella). Then, after Nathan headed back up north to Harlaxton, we rented a car and began an extensive driving tour of England. I had applied to RCI for a time-share flat somewhere in or near Lincolnshire, in the northeastern sector of the country, but what we received was a flat in a lovely A-frame building in Cornwall!—in the extreme southwest. But it worked out, because we wanted to see places in that direction too, so we headed out past Stonehenge (which greatly impressed both of my companions), Salisbury, St. Ives, and Land's End, and then toured, via the at times scary one-lane but two-way country lanes of Cornwall, the area around our flat. Soon we headed north, via Exeter and Cullompton, where we visited my friends and rescuers the previous year, Brian and Catherine Jenkins, and Bath. We also took a roundabout way to Nathan,

going by way of Durham and the city of York, visiting the great cathedrals in both cities. Upon arriving at Harlaxton Castle, we met Nathan, who showed us around his digs, situated in an ancient and impressive facility perhaps a mile back from the main road that is now owned and operated by an Indiana school, the University of Evansville! The castle is located near not only a great pub and restaurant, back on the main road, that serves outstanding roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but also the small town of Grantham (former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's home town). We drove by the very ordinary-looking shop, above which she had lived, and soon after it was time for us to start back to the states. A touching gift to me, for being, I suppose, such a good guide and driver (Robert, a lefty himself, had tried but didn't like driving on the left side of the road, so I did most of it), was a great quilted and colorful wall hanging, the pattern being each of the shires (counties) of England. This treasure now hangs in the lower level lounge, outside my office in our new home in Bloomington.

Another way I chose to "recover" from my illness was to buy a new, handsome sports car, a Mazda MX-3, dark blue in color. I also, being more "foot loose and fancy free" than ever before, began traveling a lot—in April, Sarah and I made a trip to Anaheim, California, where she used her status as a Hilton Hotels employee to obtain absolutely free accommodations for both of us at the Hilton adjacent to Disneyland—actually the rooms there for three nights cost me 75 cents, the fee for a local phone call—and later in the year I was in Florida twice, visiting family and friends, even extending one trip with a visit to the Mayan ruins in Mexico. And I ended the year, and started the new one, by attending one of IU's rare appearances in a New Year's Day bowl game. This was the Independence Bowl in Shreveport, Louisiana, which I thought Indiana had a good chance to win. But Virginia Tech's team was led by future NFL-player Michael Vick, and they easily defeated the Hoosiers.

The following year one of the highlights was our college class's reunion, marking the 40th anniversary of our graduation. As I said at the time, most of the old people there were recognizable and congenial, and I think it was the success of that event that caused me to join with Jane Etter, a high school classmate whom I had visited in Florida, in organizing the 45th reunion of the class of '51 in 1996. One of the aftermaths of the college reunion was an unexpected call from a classmate I had barely known back in the 1950s, asking me to go to the Indianapolis 500 that year with her. This was Gail Banks, a divorcee some years before, who then living in Indianapolis and working for General Motors (GMAC, actually)—and hence, I suppose, she had easy access to extra race tickets. This turned out to be fun, and I learned from Gail that her

sister, Jenny, was married to Chuck Hawley, and that they lived in Alaska. Moreover, through Gail, I learned the whereabouts of Chuck's brother, John, one of my college roommates and fellow traveler through western Europe in 1955–56. I think Gail's "interest" in me helped boost my low self-esteem, for I did not consider myself worth much then. More about such boosting, from another source, later.

In the meantime, I was still traveling and made my first flight with an Ambassadors tour group to the west coast. I did not go on the tour, just took their plane out to Portland, Oregon, and back, because I was accepting an invitation to visit my former graduate school professor at Delaware, who later also moved to Indianapolis (and the Purdue regional campus there) and eventually became the department chair in history at IUPUI. This was Don Kinzer, and he and his wife Jane had retired to Portland, in Jane's home state (Don was a native of Washington state, and a UW Ph. D.). Never having been in Oregon before, I had that as a second reason for making the trip, and I was very warmly received and got a nice tour of their Rose City and environs, including a trip to Mount Hood, a visit to the home base of Peterson's Clothing, where I bought some nice "rags," and a stop at Portland's famous bookstore, Powell's, where I also bought some things.

On this trip, too, I managed to add another new state to my list of ones visited—Washington, my 46th—when I rented a car, headed north into Seattle for a visit with Will Friedman, the son of a colleague, Bernie, and the man who had helped me with my study of the Indiana Port Commission, for which Will had worked in the 1980s. Will had since transferred to Seatac, the huge port of Seattle and Tacoma, and offered me a tour of it and the city, which of course I accepted. It worked out great, and included a ride in Will's boat, which he let me steer for a while, around Lake Washington. We saw from a distance Bill Gates's home and then parked the boat at a restaurant's dock, had dinner, and then sailed off again, just like in the movies.

So life had picked up for me and I was getting back into the swing of things. I did, however, carry through on my plans to give up the editorship of the JER, something I had originally planned to do after ten years in place, but it went on for fourteen instead. Accordingly, as explained more fully in the previous chapter, in July 1994 (at SHEAR's annual conference in Boston), I handed over the editor's pen to Mike Morrison and John A. Larson of Purdue University.

Before exploring the major transformations in my life in the latter 1990s, I want to mention a couple of my encounters with the American legal system. One reason for

moving Jan from the Bethany Village Nursing Home on Shelby Street was because of its recalcitrance regarding an alteration in paying for her services there. As I learned from “my attorney,” the man retained by the IU Credit Union to provide legal counsel to its members, Jan could qualify for Medicaid assistance, and Bethany Village had in fact been receiving payments from Medicaid for her residence there while also charging me for the full amount. But neither the nursing home administrators nor the clerks at the Department of Public Welfare, which handled Medicaid reimbursements, would tell me when those payments had started. Once, fortunately, when I dropped by the DPW office again to get that information, only a temporary worker was there (actually, it was John Livengood, whose name I recognized from his recent unsuccessful candidacy for the mayor’s office), and he, contrary to policy, evidently, looked up my records and told me when the Medicaid payments (and the double billing) had started.

Accordingly, my attorney and I decided to sue the unresponsive Bethany Village company for its double charges. The case was complicated by the fact that a change in ownership had taken place, so there were two defendants in this case, but we won a settlement (out of court) from both companies. As it turned out, my attorney kept the smaller check as his fee, but I received the larger one. Perhaps emboldened by this outcome, I decided to sue another company with which I had an ongoing dispute—my Bank One credit card company. They had refused to cancel an erroneous charge, a fairly substantial sum of money. I forget the amount involved and the details of the billing, but we decided to file suit in the small claims court for Washington Township. The company answered my initial complaint, but an attempt at mediation went nowhere, so I actually said as we walked out of the mediation meeting, “We’ll see you in court.” I now think the bank attorneys were trying to bluff me, and rejected all reasonable compromise offers just to get the case headed to court. But we called their bluff, and I went to the trouble of preparing for another trial, arrived in court at the designated time, but the defendant company failed to appear. So I won again by default, and all demands for payment of a fraudulent bill stopped.

My third and final legal adventure to report here came when I was called for jury duty—in a murder trial! I strongly believed there was no way the defendant’s attorney would accept me as a juror, and I had my briefcase with me, planning to go on to the office after responding to the questions in the “voir dire.” To my surprise, though, the next thing I knew I was being sworn in as a juror in the case of *The State v. Paul Rhodes*. In a way, this was an easy trial, because the defendant had admitted killing the victim with a knife, but he pleaded not guilty to murder charges, claiming that he

had acted in self-defense. So our decision had to be one of motivation, not whether Mr. Rhodes had in fact killed the other man.

It was a gruesome case, the victim having been nearly decapitated by the repeated thrusts of the knife, and we had to view photographs of the body as well as the bloody weapon, which one of the prosecutors once dramatically pounded forcibly into the table directly in front of me! I learned later on that my remark to other prosecutors after the trial, "I would not want to meet that man [the lead prosecutor] in a dark alley," had amused the judge, Cale Bradford, who was, like me, involved in his first murder trial.

For me, and maybe the other jurors too, the pathologist's testimony that detailed the cause of death by repeated "sawing" with the knife—at least three separate incisions had been found—was persuasive. The attack was not made in a sudden heat of passion, but was intentional. Accordingly, we found Mr. Rhodes guilty of murder, but then, as most people now know because of the countless crime shows on television, we were not done with our duties as jurors. The case moved immediately to the penalty phase, and we had to decide whether to recommend life in prison with the possibility of parole, or life without the possibility of parole. We chose the latter, the most just sentence I think, and I even returned to the courtroom several days later to see whether or not Judge Bradford accepted our recommendation. He did.

On to more pleasant matters. As the 1990s wore on, I became reacquainted with a new—in 1991—IUPUI employee who had sold her job-placement business (The Legal Registry) and come to work for the Pierce Project at IUPUI, then (and still) involved in publishing a critical edition (in twenty volumes!) of the papers of one of America's leading philosophers, the father of both pragmatism and semiotics, Charles Sanders Pierce (pronounced "Purse").

The project was then located on the fifth floor of Cavanaugh Hall, near my corner office. Apparently, on her first day of work there, a co-worker brought Beth Greene around to my office to introduce us and to help Beth find an answer to her questions about New Harmony. Actually, I already knew Beth, for we had first met, oh so briefly, in the Statehouse in 1976 when Beth was working there as Principal Secretary of the Indiana State Senate. My friend, Jerry Handfield, whom I had hired to teach introductory courses for us at IU-I during his graduate school days and whom I had later helped find a job in state government, were talking about a film project on lobbying we were working on outside of the governor's office, when Beth walked by.

Jerry perked up and said, “Hey, there’s Beth Greene. Would you like to meet her?” So he introduced me to this tall, attractive blond, but she was too busy to talk and quickly moved on. In fact, she doesn’t remember this meeting at all, but both Jerry and I do.

At any rate, we met again in 1991, under quite different circumstances. In time, Beth and I both joined the board of a group called Friends of the Indiana State Archives (FISA, where Handfield worked, eventually becoming the state archivist), so we saw each other frequently and sometimes traveled to the board meetings together. Then, after Jan died and while I was attempting to get my life back together, Beth kept wondering why I didn’t ask her out on a date—a dinner or a movie, anything other than just being together in board meetings where we couldn’t talk about personal things. So, although (as she has often told the story) in her days, nice girls just didn’t ask boys out, she decided to bite the bullet and try it, at least once. After all, she was just past the 60-year mark in age and she deduced that she could now do just as she pleased. Accordingly, and building upon an e-mail relationship that we had started (me, being the klutz who needed help with those new-fangled computers; Beth, being a more experienced computer-user, even having, at one time, written a monthly magazine column for lawyers, trying to help them in converting their old-fashioned office files into new, well-organized computer programs or files), she actually invited me out on a “date” in October 1995. It was a dinner date, the dinner to be at her Broad Ripple apartment.

Without going into all the details of a relationship that survived an initial dinner of Portobello mushrooms, not one of my favorite foods, and that is largely recorded in a thick file of e-mail notes back and forth that Beth has kept, I can say that it slowly blossomed into a love affair, and Beth and I became practically inseparable from that point on. This is true, even though we both were incredibly busy up to (and after) the end of our IUPUI careers in 1997. Beth’s activities included, in addition to her sometimes more than full-time job as administrative assistant in the dean’s office of the School of Library and Information Sciences at IUPUI, work with Virginia Blankenbaker, an old friend, on her campaign for Congress, looking after her grandchildren (there were, after all, as I gradually learned about them all, eight of them, with one more to come), singing in the North United Methodist Church’s Praise Choir, aka the “Not Ready for Prime Time” singers, serving, with me, on the FISA board, and keeping both herself and her aging automobile (a wheel cover-less Oldsmobile wagon whose best days were behind it) in shape. In those waning years as employees, we also managed some rather extensive travel—two trips to Florida, to Fort Myers and

Naples, to visit Beth's youngest brother Chuck and his wife June over our Thanksgiving Day breaks, where we enjoyed fabulous holiday meals at Chuck's private club; one to Horseshoe Bend, Arkansas, and Branson, Missouri; and, most memorably, a trip to England in 1996. I was pleased to return there—my third visit in the 1990s and fifth overall—and Beth was delighted to get there for the first time. We survived a near-calamitous booking at the Sass House, a tiny "hotel" near the Marble Arch so small that the cab driver missed it the first time down the street. Then our room was in proportion with the rest of the place, so it too was tiny, up three flights of steep, narrow, stairs that were not very accommodating to all the luggage that we thought we needed (we've since learned to pack lightly, and to take fewer cases, bags, and miscellany). To top it off, the Sass House food service, basically breakfasts, was on the lowest level. Still, it was great fun for me to show Beth some of the sights of London, including the Tower of London, and Tower Bridge, and to walk with her (a bit of a mistake, given the distance) all the way back to the heart of London, where we took in a great play, "The Inspector Calls," and had, contrary to the reputation of English cuisine, an excellent meal afterwards, too.

Then, in our rented car, we headed off to our time-share inn in the Lake District, one of the loveliest spots in all of England and where I had visited all too briefly in both 1956 and 1977. This time Beth and I had a week there and explored a great many of its main attractions. The place I most enjoyed was Ulverton, an off-the-beaten-path village where we discovered quite by chance the Laurel and Hardy Museum (rather run-down and unattractive), but loaded with memorabilia from Stan Jefferson, Ulverton's most famous citizen, who changed his last name to Laurel to avoid having a name with thirteen letters displayed on a theater marquee. This museum boasts of having all but one of Laurel and Hardy's movies, the missing one being one no one else has, and they have one of these movies running all the time in their little theater. It was also in Ulverton that I bought a blue blazer, a great jacket that I still wear often.

Another highlight of this trip to England, the first of several for us until the exchange rate became so bad that we started going elsewhere on long trips, was our visit to Durham and then to Yorkshire, where we called on Don and Brenda Andrews. They got on well with Beth, who like me was already quite an Anglophile, and their friendship has grown over the years.



View of Durham Cathedral from Prebend's Bridge, on South Bailey

In my retirement (from teaching, that is) began officially in September 1997, but that time also marked the real beginning of a new major research project—writing the history of a unique educational institution, IUPUI. Phil Scarpino, then serving as chair of the History Department, and a most entrepreneurial public historian, broached this project to me, according to Beth's e-mail file, on December 1, 1996. My first response was to turn it down, not wanting to begin my "golden years" with a huge research and writing assignment. I had been targeted as the person to write the book, on the occasion of IUPUI's thirtieth anniversary, because I had been there from the beginning; indeed, coming to Indianapolis a year *before* the merger of the IU and PU undergraduate campus operations (and IU's professional schools) in Indianapolis. As I told Phil, yes, I was here at the time of the merger and ever since, but I was not paying close attention as to what was going on "behind the scenes." I was too intent on getting established professionally myself and, of course, had my hands full at home, too.

But Phil persevered—he and executive vice chancellor Bill Plater (a former dean of the School of Liberal Arts whom I had helped recruit from the University of Illinois) were convinced I was the person who could and should do the history, and they made me an offer I couldn't refuse. I had a reduced teaching load my last year as a full-time faculty member, and then I took retirement one year early (at age 64, not 65) while keeping my great office in Cavanaugh, on the top floor, in the corner office that looked

out on the cityscape adjacent to the campus,⁸⁴ which they also equipped with a new computer and the services of a research assistant, one of our graduate students. I was not paid anything extra at all for this but I did begin to collect payments under the 18–20 retirement plan, which meant fulltime pay, even during the summer months, for five years, so I was sitting pretty financially. In fact, given the small life insurance settlement following Jan’s death, and another small inheritance from Mom’s “estate,” some bank stock she herself had inherited from Aunt Jess, I had opened a brokerage account with Lyman H. Bond’s “Bond Group,” then with Prudential Securities. Through Lyman too, I had made my first stock investment and bought a “lot” (in brokers’ language, one hundred shares is a “lot”) of Eli Lilly Company stock. Both the Lilly stock and my inherited bank stock (of two Jasper banks—Dubois County Bank and the German American Bank) almost immediately “split” (i.e., doubled in number of shares with the value per share decreasing, in these cases just briefly), so soon my stock account became “substantial,” amounting to more than I, a struggling paycheck-to-paycheck professor most of my career, ever expected to have.

In addition to taking on the new research project, one that we anticipated would take from three to five years to complete, I also immediately upon “retirement” bought myself a new “toy”—in this case a Toy-ota, i.e., a fancy XLE Camry sedan that was well-equipped for the extensive traveling Beth and I undertook—trips east, a family gathering in Virginia, followed by a visit to Washington, D.C. and the U.S. Supreme Court, southeast (Florida again), and southwest—the Boebingers were new New Mexico residents having moved to Los Alamos where Greg was doing his high magnetic field research, and California, visiting Beth’s friends in San Diego and San Francisco, and many points in between, including the Nixon and Reagan presidential libraries. One special reason to go to Simi Valley and see the Reagan Library there was to look at a building designed by the architect (Ron Ostberg) we had hired to design the new Indiana Historical Society building. I was a member of its building committee during most of my time as an IHS trustee and stayed on (after my term limits had been filled) and I am very proud of the elegant new structure now called the Eugene B. and Marilyn Glick History Center that graces the lower reaches of the old Central Canal in downtown Indianapolis. My name is on two bronze plaques in this place and there is also a decorative floor tile dedicated to the “Grays of Pike County” (that recognizes

⁸⁴ In fact, from my office window, I had seen the initial inflation of the dome of what was first known as the Hoosier Dome and that became the home of a newly acquired NFL football team, the renamed Indianapolis Colts.

both sides of my family there) and that carries a nice quotation from Meredith Nicholson.

There are two final transitions to record for the 1990s. First of all, given my expulsion from Cavanaugh Hall in 1998, where I had installed extra bookshelves to hold a quite large number of books, magazines, and papers, I needed a place to put them at home. So Beth and I undertook a major renovation/expansion of the house at 1724 West 73rd Place. This involved converting the attached garage into a new office complete with wonderful bookshelves and a credenza for my computer, printer, and other paraphernalia. The contractor we hired who turned out to have been one of my former students had an amazingly good collection of specialists who worked for him—carpenters, electricians, masons, and painters—and he built not only what we call the “Indiana Room,” to hold my Indiana history materials (and others), but also a great two-car garage at the end of the driveway (on the exact spot where I had parked the RV). As I said in the Christmas letter for 1999, the cost of both the \$45 million dollar IHS building project and the Gray remodeling project nearly tripled beyond the original estimate, but the end results in both cases were outstanding and well worth the money.

The second transition is that Beth, who had thankfully played a large role in remodeling which included, of course, a lot of work in the front part of the house, too, accepted my invitation to make the new house her home, too. We both believed that “two could live as cheaply as one and that it would be a lot more fun.” So Beth gave up her apartment in Broad Ripple, which she missed, the Broad Ripple part at least, greatly and also her station wagon. I, too, “sacrificed” in the way of possessions by agreeing to sell my second motorcycle, this one being a Honda Twin, with a 250-cc engine, to Beth’s elder son, Chris.

All in all, in a most eventful decade during which I became a widower, an orphan, partially paralyzed, and unemployed, I also acquired a great new companion (a POSLQ), a new exhilarating but challenging research project, and a much better outlook on life. I was now ready for a new life.

Chapter 16

A New Life

This final chapter of my memoirs, pending a revised and expanded version later on, is intended to be a brief overview of my life in the opening decade of the 2000s. Surprisingly, these years, when one could be expected to slow down and take it easy, have been more eventful, active, and full of change than perhaps any previous decade.

To begin with, I want to mention my marriage to Beth Van Vorst (she had recently and formally returned to using her maiden name) in January 2003. We had been partners in our lives before then, including collaboration on my major writing project at that time, a history of IUPUI, but we believed we should make that partnership more firm and secure, so we eloped to Key West, Florida. Our rationale for doing this was to avoid hassles for our extended families—which included seven children (4 hers and 3 mine), twelve (now thirteen) grandchildren (9 and 3, now 4), and four siblings (3 and 1), plus dozens of nieces, nephews, cousins, and others. So we had special family photographs taken at our separate (because of numbers) Christmas dinners in 2002, knowing to ourselves that they would later serve as wedding pictures, and then we drove down to the Sunshine State. The only people to learn of our plans were former colleagues Peter and Sabine (Jessner) Sehlinger, then living in the Florida Keys, who had agreed to “stand up” for us. They were also the ones who suggested that the place for our wedding should be The Secret Garden, a delightful nature preserve and bird sanctuary hidden away in the middle of Key West. It all worked out beautifully, as we stopped in at Marathon, the seat of Monroe County (!), in which Key West is located, to get our marriage license, and soon thereafter we met our peripatetic Presbyterian minister, a very nice lady who rode her bicycle to our first meeting the day before the nuptials. The wedding ceremony was short and sweet, the parrots in the surrounding canopy of trees were uncharacteristically cooperative and quiet, and then, before leaving Key West, we sent an “APB” e-mail to the family, under a “Breaking News” heading, that announced what we had done.



The wedding party—Peter and Sabine, the minister, B., and R.



Exchanging the rings



Lunch after the ceremony at Louie's

This was just one of many wonderful adventures Beth and I have enjoyed in recent years. These include, not counting our initial trip in 1996, five visits to the British Isles and Ireland, on one of which we “chunneled” to Paris; five cruises—two in the Caribbean, one around the Black Sea and various points in the eastern Mediterranean Sea, one to Alaska, and, most recently, in 2009, one to South America, going “around the Horn” and watching President’s Obama’s inauguration from on board ship in the Straits of Magellan; and a visit to Hawaii, where I participated in a half-marathon run/walk on the Big Island (a fund-raiser for the American Heart [and Stroke] Association), and afterwards Beth and I toured that island via helicopter and then moved on to Oahu and Pearl Harbor; and attendance at several reunions—two with my college class, and one, the 50th, with my high school class; and two with Beth’s classmates in Harvey and in Florida, and one with her classmates in Evansville—Central High School (Class of 1952). We’ve also attended all but one of the Van Vorst Family Reunions, begun in 2003 and held every fall at Turkey Run State Park, and a few of the Gray Family Reunions, begun in 1935 and also held at Turkey Run on the third Sunday in July.



Beth's family members that I "inherited"—her 4 children, 3 spouses, 9 grandchildren (3 not pictured), and Skye's girlfriend, at far right, 2010

Sometime before our wedding and then soon (same year) thereafter, our large collection of grandchildren grew even more, from eleven to thirteen. Betsy, Beth's first child, and Jeromi Quade became the parents of Summer in the summer of 1999, and Sarah, my youngest child, and Rusty Hargitt produced a son about a decade after getting married. Happily, we saw a lot of little, but feisty, rapidly growing Caleb Grayson Rhodes Hargitt while we still lived in Indianapolis. He also manages to get down here to Bloomington often where some major toys are kept, and he never fails to light up the room and the faces of everyone he meets. As a young man, just six years old, he turned out to be the chief greeter and game player (washers, bean bag, even chess) at our recent open house for the entire Meadowood community.



The Gray family Beth “inherited”—my 3 children, 3 spouses, 3 (now 4) grandchildren, and my brother, Charlie, row 2, right, as seen in December, 2002, as only we knew, on the eve of our elopement to Florida

Beth now also frequently sees our two grandchildren who live in Bloomington. We even bumped into Katie Beth, Betsy’s other daughter, one afternoon at the Brown County Playhouse in Nashville. Most of the other grandchildren (living in Indianapolis and Seymour, Evansville, and Tallahassee) we rarely see, except on holidays and at the family reunion, but Beth has hosted a couple of weekends at New Harmony for the four Indiana-based granddaughters.

Other activities of the decade included book publications by both of us. My IUPUI book came out in 2003, nicely coinciding with the retirement of the school’s third chancellor, Jerry Bepko, and then, with Beth’s help, I completed two books on Meredith Nicholson in 2007. That was also the year Beth had three essays published in *Indiana Authors 2007: Twelve Writers from the Heartland*, and she followed that up with a self-published chapbook, a collection of essays delightfully illustrated by her new friend, Gudrun (Gudi) Gilbert, the second wife of my close friend from our

Delaware days as Hagley Fellows, Arlan Gilbert, professor emeritus at Hillsdale College in Michigan. Gudi is a talented, internationally known *scherenschnitter* (silhouette cutter), and her cuttings for the cover illustrations and of icons for each entry in Beth's book, titled *Kitchen Table Talk*, are amazing—the essays are good, too.

Although I've already mentioned some of our travels, three or four trips deserve additional comment. In 2002, having access to “free” accommodations for a week in a hotel in Killarney, Ireland, we invited Sarah and David to join us for a memorable trip to the Emerald Isle. We rented a car—a brand new Alfa-Romeo sedan—at Shannon, then headed south to Killarney, stopping en route for some Irish sweaters, and then toured the “rings” that lead out in all directions from our base hotel. We didn't get, as hoped, all the way up to Dublin (too far to travel on Ireland's narrow and dangerous roads), but we did get to see the Cliffs of Moher, St. Patrick's Rock, the Blarney Stone, and delightful scenery in the villages and countryside.

The following year we returned to England, this time with Beth's youngest child, daughter Jennifer Greene in tow, in order to introduce her to the sights of London, meet D.H.B. Andrews there, and then attend SHEAR's first transatlantic conference at Cambridge University. Then, when Jennifer, still a working girl at the University of Southern Indiana, left for her white-knuckled flight back to the states, we stayed on for a visit to Wales. Our time-share flat was in Laugharne (Larne), near where Dylan Thomas had lived, drank, and wrote, and we had the great privilege of showing Brian Jenkins, a native of Wales, around places there he had not yet seen.

Another trip to attend the national conference—our first and, probably, only one—of the English-Speaking Union in New York City, featured a group tour to Ellis Island and then our private tour of much of Manhattan. We extended this trip a bit, so that I could do some more Nicholson research at Columbia and then at Harvard. Both universities held significant pieces of Nicholson correspondence and were well worth visiting. One other research trip led us to Mackinac Island in Michigan, where Nicholson once owned a house and often summered. We also attended a second special SHEAR conference—the first one held west of the Mississippi River—at the University of California, Berkeley, after which, on our way home, we stopped in to see my old high school buddy and fellow “Black Crow” performer (the Two Black Crows were a vaudeville team whose act we replicated, in pantomime, for community groups, Bill Minehart, and his wife, Millie, then living in Vacaville, near Sacramento).

Other occurrences of the early 2000s I want to record in these reflections were the shocking, premature losses of two brothers. Robert, my next younger sibling, was diagnosed with an aggressive form of either liver or pancreatic cancer just after New Year's Day in 2000, and by St. Patrick's Day he was gone. I'm glad that we had made a trip up to Wisconsin to see him shortly before he died. Equally shocking and devastating to his wife, children, and siblings was the sudden loss of Beth's next younger sibling, John Robert Van Vorst. He was being treated for indigestion, but his discomfort was from heart problems instead, and he died in February 2004. A long-time resident of Evansville, he had recently moved into a "manufactured" house in Cynthiana, a few miles to the north, and the rest of his immediate family is still there.

Finally, on a happier note, I'd like to mention some of our meetings with "celebrities" during this decade. I'll begin with a man from Harvey, Illinois, whom Beth didn't know or know of previously. This is Tom Dreesen, a nightclub and television personality who frequently is a guest on the late night talk shows. In virtually all such appearances, his routine includes talk about growing up in Harvey, Illinois. When Beth's high school in Harvey, Thornton Township H. S., had a reunion, Dreesen was the featured performer for the evening. We talked with him afterwards, and he remembered the Van Vorst family, asking "Wasn't Van the one who had a photograph shop downtown?" Indeed he did, and we have many old photographs of his as proof.

We also attended the meeting of the "Telly Club" and its fundraising drive for public television, specifically WFYI in Indianapolis, including the wonderful British "sit-coms" they show. Our favorite show, after "Are You Being Served?" and "Keeping Up Appearances" were replaced, was "As Time Goes By." We especially connected to this show because it featured an older couple, like us, in a relationship and, finally, a marriage, played by Judi Dench, who also, like Beth had done, owned her own business, not an employment agency but close, one that provided temporary secretaries to clients. When we attended the WFYI fund-raiser, the celebrity on hand from England to help make the appeals for more money was Moira Brooker, another favorite character in the show who played Judi's daughter. And after the show ended, we had a chance for individual photos with Moira and a good, long, unhurried conversation, too. Because we were headed to England shortly after, I remember asking her which shows then playing in London she would recommend, and she gave us a couple to look for. A very nice lady.



Beth, Moira, and me at the WFYI studios

Another nice lady we had a chance to meet in Indianapolis was Doris Kearns Goodwin, the speaker at an IPL lecture. We went early to get good seats and thought that we had done so, but they were *too close* to the stage. Doris spoke from behind a podium and is so short that all we could see was her forehead, but she did often move from behind the microphone, and look at the front row people, as if to let us know she understood our problem. After the talk, we were able to speak with her about another book she had written, not the one on Lincoln discussed in the talk, but her book about the Brooklyn Dodgers—*Wait 'Til Next Year*. She was a great fan of the Dodgers and, like me, an admirer of Gil Hodges—“Old Number 14,” she called him.

Speaking of Hodges reminds me of meeting another celebrity, Carl Erskine, a baseball pitcher from Anderson, Indiana, and a former teammate of Hodges. Carl spoke at an IHS event and then a group of us attended the Indianapolis Indians baseball game at nearby Victory Field. Carl actually threw out the first pitch for that game but then returned to his seat near us and we talked a little bit about Hodges. He convinced me that Johnny Podres, not Hodges, deserved the MVP award for the 1955 World Series won by the Dodgers. I was in England that year and had missed the games but later found out that Hodges had driven in both runs in the seventh game, a 2–0

win over the Yankees. But Podres was the winning pitcher in that game, and in one before that, too, so he had earned the MVP honor.

Finally, in the celebrity category, I guess I caught up to my grandmother, who wrote about the time Governor Alvin P. Hovey had dinner at her house. Hovey, also a southern Indiana man, and Al Brazelton, grandmother's father, had served together in the Civil War and during his abbreviated term as governor, he called at the Brazelton home. In my case, really because of Beth, former governor Robert D. Orr and his second wife, Mary Kay, came to our house for dinner! Mary Kay was a close friend of Beth's during the time both had worked at the statehouse, and she even helped Beth and me during one of our house remodeling ventures by painting one of the rooms. So we had a great dinner party. Actually, I had met the governor before, while he was in office, when I interviewed him for a biographical sketch about him that I was doing for an encyclopedia, and he remembered our meeting.

For the sake of completeness, and to help keep the chronology in mind, both Beth and I had important elective and life-improving surgeries in this decade. In my case, I finally faced up to my hearing problems and, thanks to the persistence of staff members at Riley Hospital, where renown otology surgeon Dr. Richard Myamoto practices, who got me qualified for financial aid through Medicare, a marginal case. I had a hole drilled in my skull and a cochlear implant installed in October 2006. This remarkable device, when fully activated, is connected, with the aid of a strong magnet, to a hearing aid behind the ear that allows me to hear sounds I had never heard before; it also allows me to socialize and hold conversations in normal tones. Probably most of those I meet casually, such as store clerks and people on the street, don't see the earpiece or realize I have a severe hearing loss without it.

I had known ever since high school, when my hearing loss was first detected, that I didn't hear at all high frequency sounds such as flute music, or the notes from piano keys on the far right of the keyboard. This was no great problem, but as time went on, so did my hearing loss. Now, however, when I have my "ears on" and fresh batteries installed, I can manage nicely, even though I still have trouble with conversation in a noisy environment, so I'm a devotee of closed-caption text on the television screen at home.

In Beth's case, her surgery was a full left knee replacement. She had had less radical surgery on her right knee back in 1965 replacing the ACL, and now she needed her other knee worked on to enable her to walk long distances comfortably, often

without using a cane. When physical therapy had failed to provide much improvement, she opted for an artificial knee. It sounds horrendous, but the surgeons now have the techniques and equipment to make it relatively fast and simple, but not painless, especially when one considers the obligatory exercise and therapy that immediately follows surgery.

Incredibly, Beth was able, on the day after the surgery, to climb a small flight of stairs which then qualified her to be released from the hospital and come home. Compared to others we know and have heard about at Meadowood, our surgeries are rather minimal. Others may be needed down the line, but medical technology continues to amaze me. I remember Otwell's Doc Bell and the little black bag that he carried in the 1930s with the tools of his trade, so indeed we have come a long way.

The big event of the decade, however, for us was our move to Bloomington to the Meadowood Retirement Community and, I suppose, acceptance of the fact that we really do need to slow down. We had thought about giving up cooking and housecleaning, yard work and gardening, as several friends were doing, sometime soon, but when we drove down to Bloomington intending to put our name on the Meadowood waiting list, we discovered a wonderful, large, two-level house, really part of a duplex, but quite separate from the adjacent house, nestled into a corner space on the property that is bordered on two sides by the heavily wooded and beautiful Griffy Park. The house was empty and "available." So instead of moving in 2010 or later—I thought it would take that long to get my books and papers sorted and countless other duties tended to before a move could take place—we decided in June to move in September, 2009.

This was done, even though I had to go to the hospital on moving day in order to have another kidney stone removed, this time not by lithotripsy, but by new surgical techniques that required only a tiny incision in the back. But there were a few "complications," so what was planned as merely an overnight stay in the hospital in Avon stretched into three painful days there.

When I was released, not only had the move occurred, but I was under doctor's orders not to lift more than a 30-pound weight, so I was limited in what I could do in trying to organize, after the fact, my jumble of books, papers, magazines, albums, slide boxes, and miscellaneous junk. We had made the move ourselves with the invaluable help of Sarah and grandson Caleb and their cavernous F250 Ford pickup truck, and were assisted, too, by our house painter-friend from Trinidad, Colin

LeBlanc, who made one trip in his paint truck (a former small moving van he had acquired from U-Haul) in which he carried the heavy stuff—my desk and filing cabinets (still loaded), the biggest, heaviest boxes, and furniture. Fortunately, we didn't have to move any kitchen appliances (new ones came with the new house) and our house buyer—yes, we sold our house just as we were moving out!—bought our large, extra-heavy TV set as well as the four rows of bookshelves in my office. To make up for the missing TV and bookcases, we purchased a new flat-screen set for the living room and Chuck and June Van Vorst came to our rescue by building and installing even better custom-fitted outstanding bookcases for my new office which was equally large (i.e., as big as a two-car garage). Chuck also, as his moving-in gift to his sister, designed, built, and installed great shelving, clothes racks, and built-in drawers in our large, walk-in closet upstairs.

All this great help and the great new accommodation made the trauma of leaving the house I had lived in for 41 years much easier to accept. Indeed, we've never regretted, even fleetingly, our decision to join the retirement community here. It is full of interesting, accomplished people, staffed with good people, and we were still, after nearly a year, meeting new people and making new friends. There are dozens of activities one can partake in or skip, which include free transportation (and thus, no parking problems) to all of IU's countless musical performances, cultural programs, and sporting events, so we're happy and content even if seemingly constantly busy. We both wonder how we ever managed to fit a work schedule into our lives before now.

It had been one of my goals in life to live until at least January 1, 2001, so that I could witness the beginning of the twenty-first century. I'm very pleased to have made it; now, of course, I have new goals regarding longevity. My most immediate targets are twofold: first, I want to see the completion of an interstate highway that connects southwest Indiana with the central and northern parts of the state, something that Indiana's outstanding and extensive statewide interurban railway network also did not do! Now it seems that completion of I-69 from Evansville to Indianapolis (via Petersburg and Bloomington) will become a reality by 2016 or soon after, so I have a chance of seeing that happen, even though the people of Bloomington and Monroe County remain bitterly opposed to this "new terrain" highway in, I think, a selfish and narrow-minded manner.

My second goal is to see Indiana's observation of its bicentennial in an appropriate manner. The state centennial in 1916 was marked by the creation of the marvelous state park system, and I don't know what can be done in an equally

dramatic way to celebrate the state's 200-year mark in 2016, but I hope to be watching. To help leave a lasting mark as the nation celebrated its bicentennial in 1976, I came up with the idea of a book celebrating one form of Indiana's contributions to the nation, its leading politicians who ran for either the presidency or the vice presidency. This book appeared a year late (in 1977, not 1976), but it still served the purpose well and is still around. Maybe someone else will prepare another book, grander and more comprehensive, on some other aspect of Hoosier life, 1816–2016, but it is time to get started on that project soon. When that time comes, perhaps I will set still-new goals or target dates. In the meantime, we are well into the new century and what I call a new life. The changes over this first decade have been enormous, and we are looking forward to many more. Stay tuned.

Appendices

A. Additional Family Pictures



Karen at 18 months, in 1961



David at 2, in 1964



Sarah at 5, in 1971



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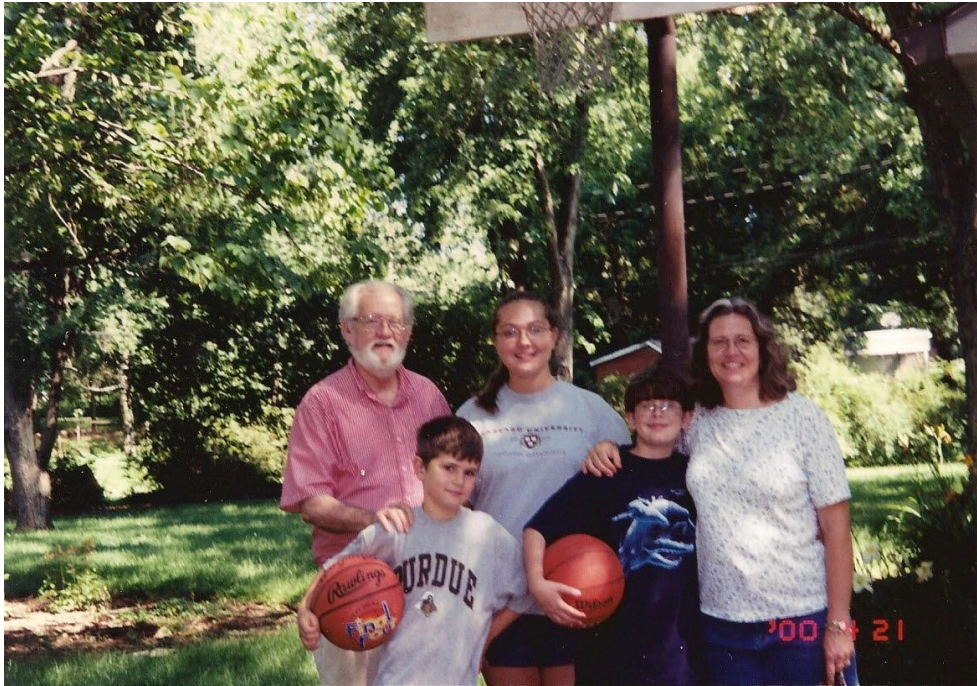
Caleb, the youngest grandchild, b. 2003



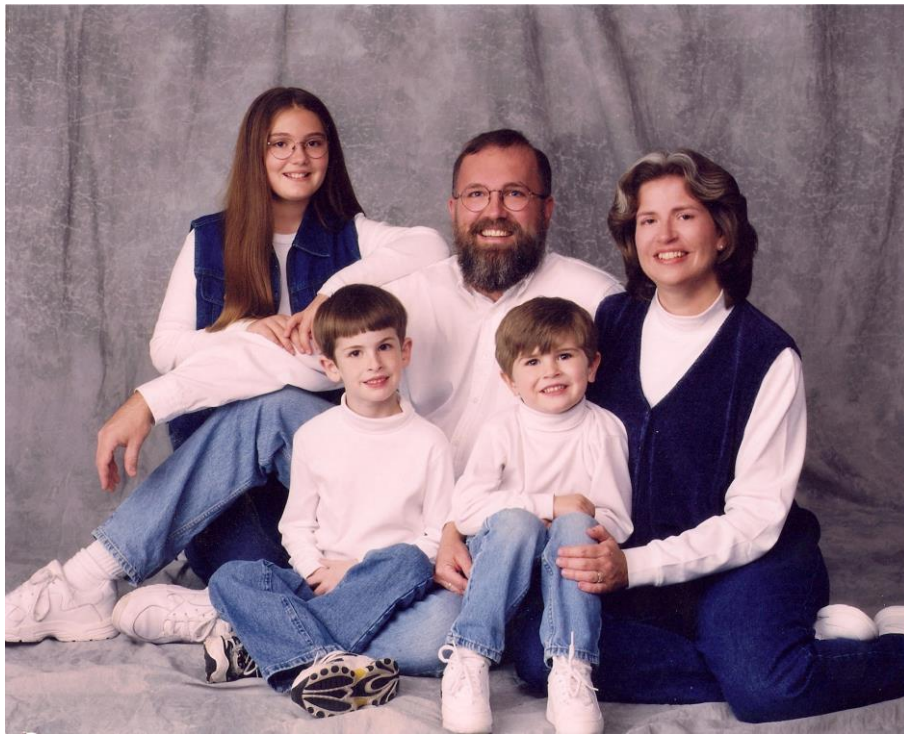
Family at Sarah's Wedding, 1992

Melanie, David, Sarah, Rusty, Greg holding Matthew, Karen, and Dana

Ralph and Jan in front



Ralph and Karen with her three children: Scott, Dana, and Matthew



The Boebingers—Dana, Matthew, Greg, Scott, and Karen

B. List of Illustrations

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- The National Waterway: A History of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, 1769–1965.
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