

❖ PARDON'S PROGENY ❖

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*A Publication of
the Tillinghast
Family In
America.*

*“Be Just and
Fear Not”*

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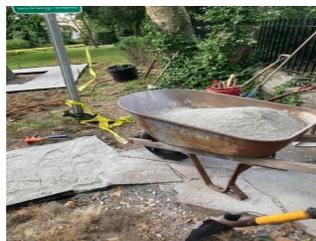
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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE - Fall 2021

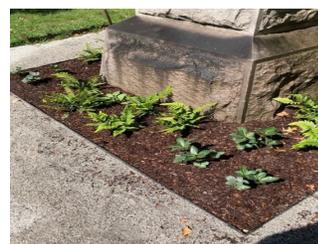


**Bruce Tillinghast,
President**

The weather here in the Northeast has been quite wet this summer – very different from last year's dry and hot weather. So, it has been conducive to getting things going around the Tillinghast Monument. We put in a path that wraps around the monument. It is a crushed stone path contained by sturdy steel edging. It has a base layer of small crushed stone with a finer crushed stone topping.



We have also done some plantings around the monument itself. It will be three seasons with evergreen ferns, daffodils in the spring and winter blooming hellebores December to February.



The black plastic in the center photo is to suffocate the crabgrass so we can plant perennials that will bloom during the summer and fall so there is interest year-round.

The shrubs we planted in the fall of 2019 around the perimeter have some spring blossoms as well as bright berries in fall.

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We have also signed a contract with The Steel Yard for an iron bench (They built the 81 feet of fence to replace the rusted fence along the North side and matched the original fencing).

Plans are also in the works for a “Waysign” which will give the unique history of the site as the last of the small family burial grounds along what is now Benefit Street on College Hill. Roger Williams established Providence with the concept of Freedom of Religion so until 1700 there was no “Common Burial Ground.” Residents buried their loved ones “up the hill” on their individual home lots.

REUNION.....?!?!?

On another note, we would like to plan another Tillinghast Family Reunion to celebrate our progress with this historic site. The Board has discussed the possibility of doing our next reunion on July 23rd 2022 as the primary date but some events planned for before or after for people traveling.

Our genealogical records indicate that there is ONLY ONE Tillinghast Family in this country and we all trace our lineage back to Elder Pardon Tillinghast who settled in Providence c. 1643. We are a large “tree” with many branches and reunions seem to be common amongst us. Here are a few photos.



West Greenwich, RI 1912



Providence, RI 1976



Ripley, WV 2001



Providence, 2003



Providence 2011

(Bloodline only. Many other family members attended)

We wonder how many of our readers would be up for attending a reunion next year. Given the current pandemic with improvements being made in containing the virus, we'd like to get a sense of if Tillinghast Family members would feel comfortable in traveling to Providence and celebrating our accomplishments. Our current plan is to proceed with plans for July 23rd 2022 and to re-evaluate the situation this coming January. If necessary, due to health concerns, we would move the reunion to July 2023.

If you just reply to this email with your answers (Yes or No) to a few questions that would be very helpful in our moving forward with reunion planning.

Regardless of the reunion being 2022 or 2023 would you be willing to be part of a volunteer group doing the planning. A helpful note – we do have an outline of places to stay, things to do and procedures/events, etc. from our 2003 and 2011 reunions in Providence.

Would you be interested in being Chair or a Co-chair?

Would you feel comfortable traveling to Providence in 2022?

Thank you, enjoy reading our new edition of Pardon's Progeny
W. Bruce Tillinghast, President, Tillinghast Society, Inc.

**Tax exempt donations to
The Tillinghast Society
May be sent to:
Jane Tillinghast Roberts
355 Blackstone Blvd., Apt. #220
Providence, RI 02906**

Editor's Comments: Our previous reunions in 2001, 2003 and 2011 have been a lot of fun. I hope you will join us when we put another one together. Your help will be needed. Please tell Bruce what part you will play in making it a success.

In the Winter issue we remembered the work of Donna Casey and reviewed some of her writing. We began reading parts of her book on her particular Tillinghast line. We will continue covering parts of the book in the Winter 2022 issue. Please note one correction. Donna referred to William as First King of England. It should read First Norman King of England.

Warm regards to all, *Greta*

My Father, Charles C. Tillinghast, Jr.

By Jane Roberts (*Pardon, Pardon, John, Charles, Pardon, John, Halsey, Charles, Charles, Jane*)

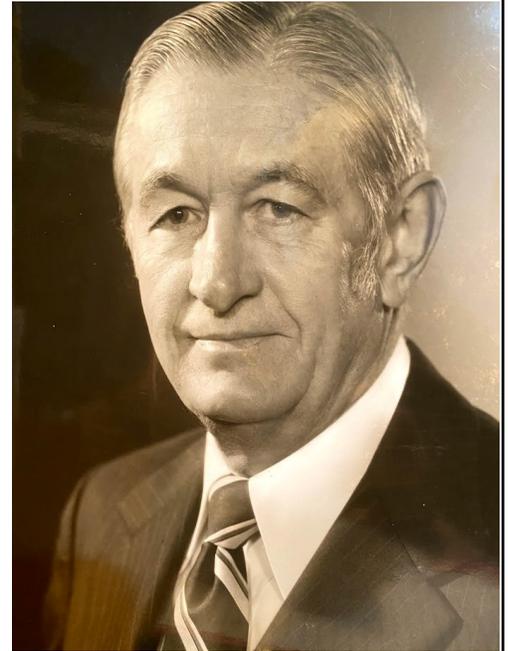
When I was asked to write an article for Pardon's Progeny about my father, Charles C. Tillinghast Jr., I thought about what it meant to him to be a part of a prestigious family whose legacy dates back to Pardon Tillinghast, and that had been part of Rhode Island's history for some 344 years. That history was part of his moral compass and as such it was reflected in almost everything he accomplished.

My father was born in Saxon River, Vermont in 1911; his father, Charles Carpenter Tillinghast, was teaching at Vermont Academy. Regrettably, his mother Adelaide died within two weeks of his birth, leaving behind a grieving father and a tiny baby. My grandfather left the academy when Dad was five months old and consigned his son to the care of his grandmother, Evelyn Tillinghast, while he pursued an advanced degree in education at Columbia University. She took him with her to live with her daughter and her family in Massachusetts for the next three years.

Dad's grandmother was a very important force in his life when he was growing up. She helped to create a family for him with the help of many Tillinghast relatives too numerous to mention. She'd been born and raised in the very poor farming town of West Greenwich, Rhode Island, where she'd married and had her family. It was a very meaningful place throughout her life as well as my grandfather's.

His grandmother's nostalgia for the town was a great annoyance to my father growing up because every summer he was dragged back with his father to visit all of the old relatives. He referred to his grandmother as "a doughty old lady who often spoke frequently, at times it seemed too frequently, of her life and West Greenwich. In this and in other ways she reflected an attitude towards life that was both simple and rigid. The Bible and the Baptist church were central to her life. It was an Old Testament world; the dividing line between right and wrong was not as cloudy as it is today." Those summer trips always stayed with my father, despite his complaints, in his personality and in the number of stories he told us time after time about the relatives and the poor farms in West Greenwich.

His degree in hand, my grandfather was reunited with his mother and young son in 1914 and after a few moves and as many jobs he moved his family to Riverdale, New York to become headmaster of the Horace Mann School for Boys, a position he held until 1950. Dad attended



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the school and upon graduation in 1928, following in his father's educational footsteps, he went to Brown University. After graduating in 1932 with a Bachelor of Philosophy degree he returned to New York to attend Columbia Law School. In 1935 he graduated with a Doctor of Jurisprudence degree. In November of that year he married my mother, Lisette Micoleau, whom he had met when he was at Brown and she was at the Rhode Island School of Design. They moved to New York after the wedding.

Dad was an extremely energetic and determined person and that is how he approached his career. He began his professional life as a lawyer with the firm of Hughes, Schurman and Dwight in New York, after which he served on the staff of the district attorney, Thomas E. Dewey. Subsequently he was made a partner in what had in the meantime become Hughes, Hubbard and Reed. He continued to practice law until 1957, when he was named the vice-president for international operations of the Bendix Corporation. By then he had four children and lived in Bronxville, New York.

My memory of those early years is that my father was away a lot. Bendix was in South Bend, Indiana and he was continually flying back and forth, coming home only on weekends. When there, he spent time working around the yard or listening to the Brooklyn Dodgers' games or the Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera. On Sundays we would all go to my grandparents' house in Connecticut where Granddad, who had remarried by then, had a house. My parents were not overly social people and weekends were devoted to time with the family, as were most summer vacations, when we went to Maine and New Hampshire for swimming and hiking. One particular summer he piled all of us, except my brother, into a new Ford station wagon to cross the country, visiting national parks and seeing relatives who lived in the West.



In 1961 Dad left Bendix and joined Trans World Airlines, where he served as the CEO for sixteen years. Over the years many articles have been written about his tenure at the airline after his ouster of Howard Hughes to gain control of it. *Time* magazine later gave my father credit for being the first "golden parachute" recipient: "When he took the job in 1961 the airline's creditors were trying to wrest control away from Howard Hughes. TWA's legal status was precarious, so Tillinghast's contract included a clause that would pay him money in the event that he lost his job. The parachute never opened." Dad has been called a "distinguished visionary whose personal leadership and diplomacy reshaped the US airline industry during a time of technological and administrative revolution." He was also credited with keeping the airlines afloat during many turbulent years. In acknowledgement of his role, in July 1966 he appeared on the cover of *Time*.

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During his tenure at TWA he was also a director of several major corporations and was active as well in many civic organizations and academic institutions. He served as a director of the Henry Luce Foundation, established by Luce to foster understanding between the people of the Asia and of the United States and to support private higher education in America, the fine arts, technological education and public affairs. He also served as a trustee of the Riverside Church in New York and was on many other boards too numerous to mention.

Dad became a trustee of Brown University in 1954 and in 1967 was elected as the fifteenth chancellor of the college. It was said of him retrospectively that “Tillinghast’s tenure as chancellor coincided with some of the most turbulent years in Brown’s history. He dealt with student strikes, workers’ strikes and budget deficits with the same gruff, hardheaded firmness that helped steer TWA through the oil crisis of 1973-74.”

Although students often referred to him as “that Wall Street imperialist,” he exhibited a generosity that was less visible than his corporate successes. He was awarded an honorary degree in 1967 and the Susan Colder Rosenberger Medal in 1982, which is the highest honor given by the Brown faculty. Furthermore, two faculty positions are named in his honor.

Those years were very busy and exciting for both my parents. International travel, although primarily for business, introduced them to a diverse group of world leaders and interesting countries about which they always had stories to tell. For example, upon arrival in Ethiopia to meet with Haile Selassie on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Ethiopian Airlines; they were escorted off the plane on a red carpet lined with Selassie’s grandchildren as well as other relatives bearing gifts. Dad was presented with a beautiful sword and my mother received an exquisite necklace that she promptly donated to a museum. In the Philippines to meet with Ferdinand Marcos and his wife Imelda, my mother was amused that she was wearing the same pair of white shoes as Imelda, who was known to have over a thousand pairs of shoes. They stayed in the Marcos’ guesthouse and were amazed at the lavishness of their lifestyle, which, Dad said, “made him very uncomfortable.” It, he noted, a far cry from the experience of meeting Queen Elizabeth and Pope Paul.



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After his retirement from TWA in 1976, Dad became the vice-chairman of White Weld & Company, which eventually merged to become part of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith, where he remained until 1983.

Despite the many years my parents had spent in New York, they always thought of themselves as New Englanders and so in 1969 they bought a house in Little Compton, Rhode Island, as a retreat from the busy city and to partly settle after retirement. My siblings and I were grown and living elsewhere so this was a place for them to relax and for us to visit. When Dad retired in 1983, they bought a house in Providence mainly for the winter months and so he could be near Brown, where he spent many hours raising money and working on special projects for the college.

I realized how important the return to Rhode Island was for Dad and how proud he was of his heritage when, in 1976, on the occasion of my parents 45th anniversary and a family Thanksgiving reunion, he piled all twenty-one of us into a bus to go to, of all places, West Greenwich, Rhode Island, to share with us the roots of our family and the way in which we belong to a specific place and past. We visited the West Greenwich Baptist Church and cemetery, where he was dragged all those many years ago and, like his grandmother, he retold all the stories of the many relatives buried there. The reaction from the younger members of the family was much the same as his had been, bored! We also visited a variety of Tillinghast houses around the state. Looking back, it was an important day.

Although Dad's grandmother wanted him to use his brain rather than his hands, he was proficient in everything from wallpapering to gardening. When in Little Compton, he loved nothing more than spending time outdoors, fixing his walls, tending his sheep and destroying the invasive Bittersweet, just as his farming ancestors had done before him--preferably with a visiting grandchild as a helper.

At Dad's funeral, my son Tyler spoke of his fond memories of working with his grandfather around the Little Compton property: "These jobs were never finished, but this did not discourage me. There was a ritual character to this work that we did together and I think that my aunts and uncles and cousins, and my mother and sister, will know what I mean. It wasn't finishing the walls, once and for all, that was important and of course they were not there to keep anything in or out. What was important was working together to mark a space, to give a structure to the land, to help make of that space a particular place; a center for the family, the site of reunions and gatherings, a place to return to again and again to visit and mark the changes in our lives; the place where my wife and I were married, where my cousin Dana and her husband Joel were married and the place where Granddad passed away."

Dad died on July 25, 1998 at 87. He will continue to be remembered for his leadership, his wisdom and humor and, by some in his family, his remarkable energy.



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SPAIN'S chief of state, Generalissimo Francisco Franco greets Mr. Tillinghast and Ernest R. Breech (1963).



HARRY TRUMAN joins Mr. Tillinghast and Ernest R. Breech for the dedication in 1962 of the Jack Frye training center; with them are Mrs. Frye and her daughter Lili.



WITH John F. Kennedy at the dedication in March 1963 of Chicago's O'Hare airport.