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Dear Bob -

What a love you are to take time out of your busy life to answer my inquiries about our Grandfather, A. J. Parks.

The survey of the Parks family was delightful and so informative. Wherever did you acquire all of that information? Wish there were copies for Connie and the girls. They would love it. It is a masterpiece and must have taken you hours and hours to compile. You and I appear to be the only ones interested in Grandfather's history. He always fascinated me, despite the fact, I was terrified of him when I was very small and Mother used to take me there to visit. He was so stern and roared around the house at every one.

Grandpa was a very unusual and strong person. He came back from the Civil War with only \$90.00 to his name. He and Grandma (May) fell in love and one stormy night (Grandma's choice of words) they jumped into a horse drawn carriage and without a word to anyone they drove to the Justice of Peace and were married and set up housekeeping in a log cabin in the

61

Aldea Bottom. A hired man got into a fight with
Grandpa and threw a newly baked pumpkin
pie at him and it splattered all over the wall.
Grandma was so mad she said she would
never clean it off the wall and there it remained
until they moved away, years later. Another
time my mother (just a little girl then) looked
out of the window and there was Grandpa and
Uncle Essek ^{Bark} Hall having a terrible fist fight.
I laughed when mother told me but she didn't
think it was funny a bit. Oh, he was a
fighter all right but he sure made his mark
in the world.

He invested his \$90⁰⁰ in land and then
more and more land until he actually did become
the wealthiest man in those parts. Built that
16 room house, owned that 400 acre farm;
another at Comstock Corners; Uncle Lestie's farm
at Cottage; the 300 acre farm on Park Hill
(my 100 acres is all that is left); was President
of the Little Valley Bank and a very successful
and prosperous grain broker. They had the only
bathroom in that entire community. Toilet
had a stair to flush, water supplied by a
windmill in the backyard. No wind, no flush.
The dining room had a button on the floor that
Grandma would step on and a signal appeared
in the kitchen for the maid to wait on them.
And that office of his, with all of those guns on
the wall! I was intrigued. He left a bullet on

on his desk and grandma picked it up and thinking there was dust on the top of it, tried to clear it out with a summer pen. Of course it exploded and blew three of her fingers off. Well, how is all of this for reminiscing? He hated music, said he would rather hear it than good thing he isn't around me now!

He was the first to own an automobile in those parts; first to have an ice house, first to have a milking machine; had a separate house for his hired man, owned that large house for Uncle Carl to live in on the corner at Wesley; had a huge maple octaed with great water to make syrup from the sap and sold it. I tell you, he was real a great man who pulled himself to the top by his own boot straps. Would love to know who his father and mother were. Always knew all the Hall family but mother never said anything about her grandfather Park or her grandmother. Who were they and where did they live. Do you know?

Well, enough of that. Now about you. You are the "galavantingist" boy I know. You must have friends and relatives in every State in the Union. That is great and I am so glad you keep traveling as you and Mary used to do. What do you mean, coming to Florida and not even looking up "lil ole me"? Better not do that again!

Connie and a friend were here for a couple of days on their way to take a Caribbean Cruise out of San Juan. She looks very well and seems to be adjusting just great to her tragic loss. She left last week for her summer home at Blowing Rock, North Carolina. She is a fantastic person! Returns right back to Grandpa Park! Did you hear what I inherited from Bob Aller's Estate? A 1980 Ford Essex Fairmont Station Wagon!! Wow! Our cousins, The Ensmingers, in Fort Lauderdale (Florence & Blaine Hall's daughter) drove up (rather went on Antioch) and drove it back for me from Hilton Head. It is beautiful and only has 9000 miles on it. I surely needed it. My '69 Buick Riviera was on its last leg. However, I did manage to sell it for \$850⁰⁰ each.

Do hope your leg and knee are better now and don't let me hear any more talk about pushing 80! You are only 78 and that is a long ways from 80! Uncle Fenton always told me, "40 is the old age of youth and it is the youth of old age." Therefore you are only 38. How about that?

Please keep me posted on any more information you can find about Grandpa Park. I am so interested. I believe The Weather Vane is to be auctioned off in June. I will attempt to hear more from Josephine Richard. Wish you could find it. Love, Dorothy