

DOROTHY E. JONES
RT. 3 - BOX 801 - 309 MARYLAND AVENUE
POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA 33067

64

June 26, 1982

Hi, Bob: -

It was good to talk with you on the phone yesterday. You have no way of knowing and I have no way of showing how much your interest in our Grandfather, Andrew J. Parks, thrills me. In my humble opinion, he was indeed a great man who stood up and was counted and made his mark in this old world of ours.

A loved man in his talk, was Grandpa but an awkward man in a row, but he never flunked and he never lied. Guess he never knew he was not a pious man and all the religion he had was, to treat his fellow man well. He practically supported Grandma Parks' sister, Algira, whose husband had fallen victim to narcotics, derived from his days as a prominent physician at one time in Findlay Ohio. Grandpa was also, sole support of his only sister, Betty Cole, wife of Milo Cole, a nee-do-well musician. They were the poor relation of the family. My mother told me, that as a child, she, Uncle Fenton, Earl, and Lester were always resentful of Auntie Fuller (Algira) because if there was a party and not room enough for all of them to ride in the

He hated music, said he would rather hear a thunder, but loved the fragrance of perfume and joshing with pretty, young girls! When he and Grandma would get ready for a social event, he would sneak into their bedroom, take out his handkerchief and not just put one drop of cologne on it, he would tip the bottle up and pour it all over the handkerchief and return it to his pocket. Whew!! In those days you had to dial the operator to get your calling party, when the operator would answer, Grandpa would sit and bid with her for 10 or 15 minutes. Drove Grandma up a wall! Not jealousy but thought it a waste of time. Grandma was rather a peccunious soul, I am told.

At the stroke of the clock at 9 PM., come Ho or high water, Grandpa would retire religiously and insisted every one in his household must do likewise. He would wind a big alarm clock and the kitchen, wall clock, adjust the chains in the living room, which controlled the heat of a large furnace in the basement, blow out all the oil lamps and sojourn with Grandma to their bedroom on first floor, making me sleep upstairs with the maid. I was about 6 yrs.

He liked parties and one dark, blistery, winter night he drove mother and me in a one horse, open sleigh, over to Uncle Esack Park's house for the party. The cutter tipped over in a snow drift, Grandpa landed

right on top of ^{at 200 lbs. of him.} me, the horse got loose and ran away and the language Grandpa used would not be permitted on TV today! My mother said, "Father, please, not in front of a child." I just giggled.

He never attended church but practically maintained the Wesley church all his adult life. He was a financier from the word "go"!! His Sunday morning task, was ~~to~~ take blocks of salt out to the pasture for the cows to lick.

The Veterans of the Civil War held a convention at Chattanooga Tenn. and Grandpa went all alone and brought back a gift for Grandma of a cut glass, fruit bowl embossed in red. I still have it, now an antique, I presume.

Conner tells me he always called her his "little rabbit" while he referred to me as a "stupid goose" because it took me so long to comprehend his "time of day" teaching method. Truth of the matter is, I was so scared of him, I couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. Mother & Grandma would go off to Gowanda to shop and Grandpa would "baby sit" with me; make me eat corn bread and milk (which I loathed) and try to teach me to tell time! Aw!

He loved to tell and hear jokes. He would slap his knee and laugh in a loud and raucous manner at the punch line. This sense of humor never left him.

As he lay dying of flobiter (don't know how to spell it) a disease of the legs resulting in open, severe, unhealing lacerations on the legs, Mother attempted to bandage one leg, fastening the bandage with a huge safety pin. Grandpa began laughing. When asked the reason for the laughter he replied, "Why, Girl, do you know you have run that pin right thru my flesh."

The funeral was stupendous! That 16 room house was packed! They came from miles around to bid farewell to their benefactor. He was laid to rest in the Wesley Cemetery he had maintained for so many years, with a huge headstone "Andrew G. Park" surrounded by grave plots for all of his family. A truly great man closed the stage of this hectic life, never to be forgotter, I hope!

Do you recognize any of the familiar, personal characteristics in his present day successors?

Enclosed is the picture of the Home Weather ^(excuse) ~~the~~ Vane sold at auction for \$495.00 and an explanatory letter from Josephine Rickard, also interested in Parke genealogy.

Will have great copies made of Grandpa's Last Will and Testament and send to you at a later date.

Lots of luck with the Andrew G. Park book!
Love,
Dorothy J.

Sequel.

The deaths of Andrew and Mary Park marked the end of an epoch. Farming techniques became modernized with efficient tractors and farm and dairy machinery. Modern farm techniques require fewer workers. The population of Walsey declined. Lincoln Park's stone cloud and was razed years ago. Leonard Tarbell's blacksmith shop closed following his death decades ago.

The purchaser of the farm demolished a horse barn. The horse weather vane recently sold at an auction of antiques for over four hundred dollars. The cow barn burned to the ground.

Andrew's civil war mustered descended to my father, and then to me. It was stolen from our collection in Dad's house in about 1966.

The school house has been converted to a dwelling. Of the five children of Andrew and Mary, Fenton lived past 100, and died peacefully in his sleep. Elzina lived into her 80s with her faithful husband Earl. Their natural daughter, Corrie, and their adopted daughter, Dorothy, survive. Earl and sister both died in automobile accidents. With little Willie this meant that three out of the five children died in vehicular accidents.

The descendants of Andrew and Mary as of April 1983 total fifty six, and twenty-eight spouses and adoptees.

In 1630 the family number of Robert Parke was 1

In 1839 the family number of Andrew J Park was 2,187

In 1866 the family number of Fenton W. Parke was 3,511

In 1903 the family number of Robert Parke was 4,501

I am now a great grandfather

The little church continues to house it's worshiper's decade after decade.

THE END