

the 1620 Pilgrims Isaac Allerton and Richard Warren. They were two of the Mayflower company who had survived the first winter in Plymouth that killed half the Pilgrims. Andrew and Mary set up housekeeping in a log house in "the Alderbottom" in the Township of Leon. It was on a hilly farm, where sunrise came late, and sunset early. There their first child was born. They named him Fenton Marion Park, after New York State Governor Fenton. In a few years Andrew's ambitions outgrew the possibilities of that farm. He bought something over three hundred acres of farm land at Wesley, a few miles toward Dayton. To there the little family moved and by the eighteen nineties had built the fine house that I knew.

The achievement represented by this creation which he designed and largely built himself can be appreciated only by understanding the times during which the young man was working. The Post-Civil War depression occasioned the bankruptcy of so many people that for a farmer to be able to meet his mortgage payments meant that he had to be a producer of exceptional talent and capacity for work. Andrew used a lot of head work along with his farming skills. He would drive in his buggy thru the countryside and discuss with farmers what crops they were planning to plant

the following spring. If most of them were counting on corn he would plant oats or wheat to produce crops that would likely be in short supply and therefore more profitable to sell. He embarked on the business of wholesaling crops that he bought from other growers. He located a farming area in Michigan which grew sorghum of hay. He bought rail carloads of the hay, had it shipped to him, and resold it at a profit. He had a "maple sugar bush" that produced quantities of maple sap which he made into maple syrup and retailed. That was a cash crop. He sold all of it. My father, who was a growing boy in those lean years, told me that while helping to make the syrup the children could taste it, but that they never had a meal at which maple syrup was served. All available syrup was converted into money. Money was so tight that it was "nips and tucks" whether the family could keep their farm.

Grandpa practiced crop rotation, an innovation in his region. He also planted cover crops which he would plow under to nourish his major crops. His neighbors said "I couldn't afford to do that." Andrew said, "I can't afford not to."

The Parks kept their farm. With the return of a prosperous economy

L cousin Dorothy Jones thinks he dealt as a broker.

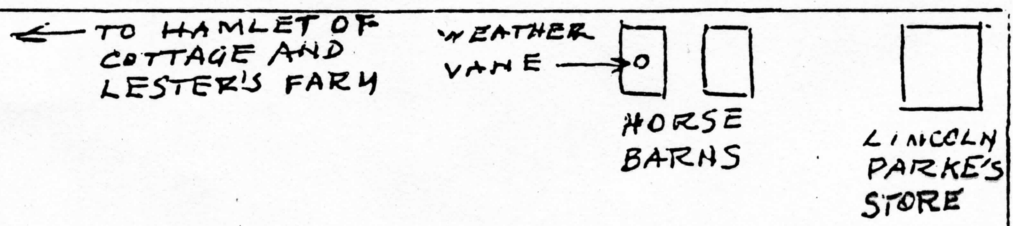
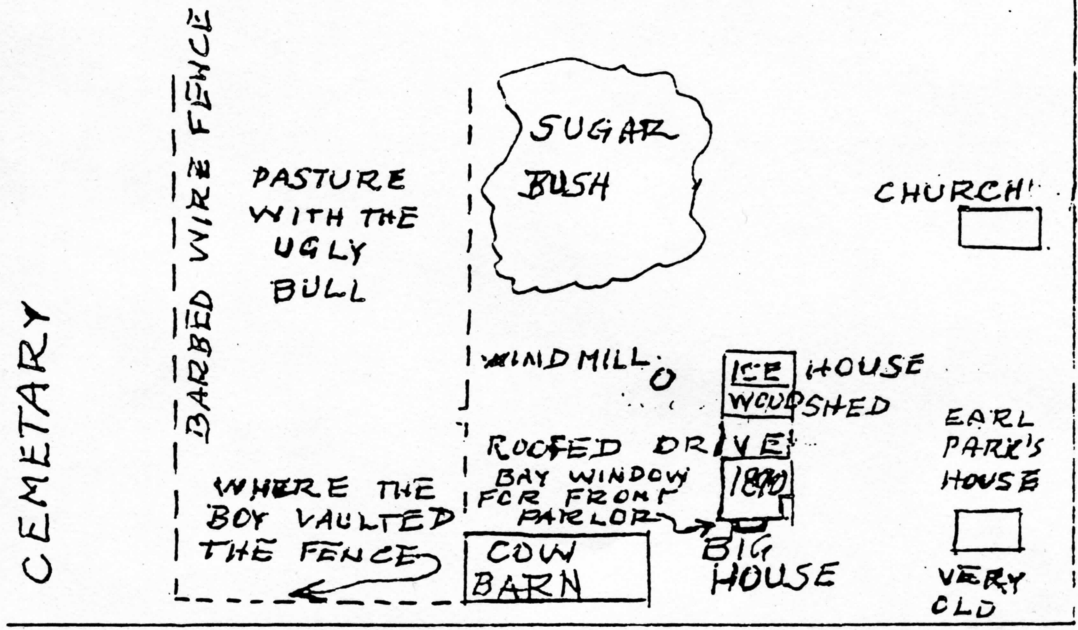
HAMLET OF WESLEY, N.Y.

WHERE ANDREW AND MARY PARK
LIVED.



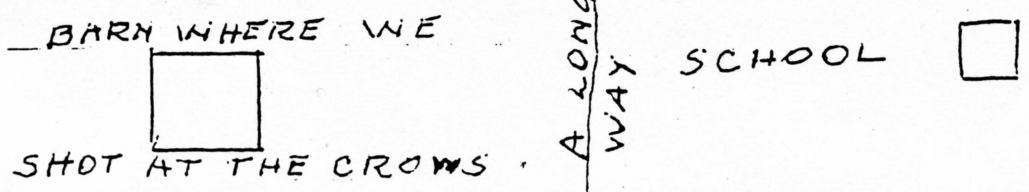
TO DAYTON WHERE
ANDREW G. PARK
WAS BORN. 4 MILES
TO BUFFALO, 45 MILES

TO JONES
AND ALLEN



LITTLE WILLIE
KILLED HERE

CORN
FIELD



-SKETCH-
NOT TO
SCALE

in the United States, Andrew Park prospered, too. He built the fine house, raised his family and became a successful man able to provide benefactions to the community. One of them was to help support the little Methodist church near his house. While he did not attend, he knew the value of a church to any community and he was one of its chief financial supporters. Members of his family were church members there. I remember attending it during visits to the farm. I used to spend weeks on the farm during the summer vacations from school. The haymakers taught me to drive horses and I could free a man during haymaking. "Gee, Haw" Pull the reins. This boy learned a lot on grandpa's farm. Here is a plan of the neighborhood.

Andrew and Mary were practical people. At the rear of the house, adjoining the enormous woodshed (which adjoined the ice house) was an entrance to the kitchen. That kitchen was larger than the living room in many houses. Pantries, cupboards, storage bins, racks of pots and pans, a big ice box, long tables for food preparation, all this was necessary to feed a family, guests, house servants, and field hands. The field hands would be roused out of bed by grandpa long before dawn. They all

would go to the cow barn, a big, fine barn with rows of stanchions, where they would clean the stables and feed the cows and milk them. They had to tend the pigs, too, and the chickens. By the time dawn would break grandpa and his hired men would have made a good start on a day of work. They would all troop to the rear entrance of the house, where each man would take off his boots and leave them, then walk in stocking feet to the dining room where grandma and her kitchen helper had loaded the table with food for hungry men. That was the time when the rest of the household would appear for breakfast. As a youngster I was impressed with the amounts of food these men could eat. Ham and eggs, whole milk (still warm) cereal, vegetables, chicken, beef, bread and jam, coffee, these were the starters for the food customers. Pancakes, cake, and pie would follow, and more goodies that would "stoke the boilers" of those men to satisfy their hunger and satisfy grandpa as to work output. To be a farmer's wife required work, expertise, and long hours. By then grandpa was happy to serve us all the maple syrup we could eat. Then out would go the workers to farm duties.

Notes on
Pg. 34 a and
Pg 34 b

The original photographs of which these pictures are copies were in the archives left by my father, Fenton M. Parke. I found them in the multitude of his papers following his death in 1968, when I became executor of his estate.

Page 34 a shows
upper left Andrew George Park
lower right Mary Delina Hall Park
his wife.

a caption said:

at Devils Den, Battlefield of Gettysburg
Photo by Devil's Den Photo Company,
Gettysburg, Pa. Plate No. 1206

Page 34 b shows

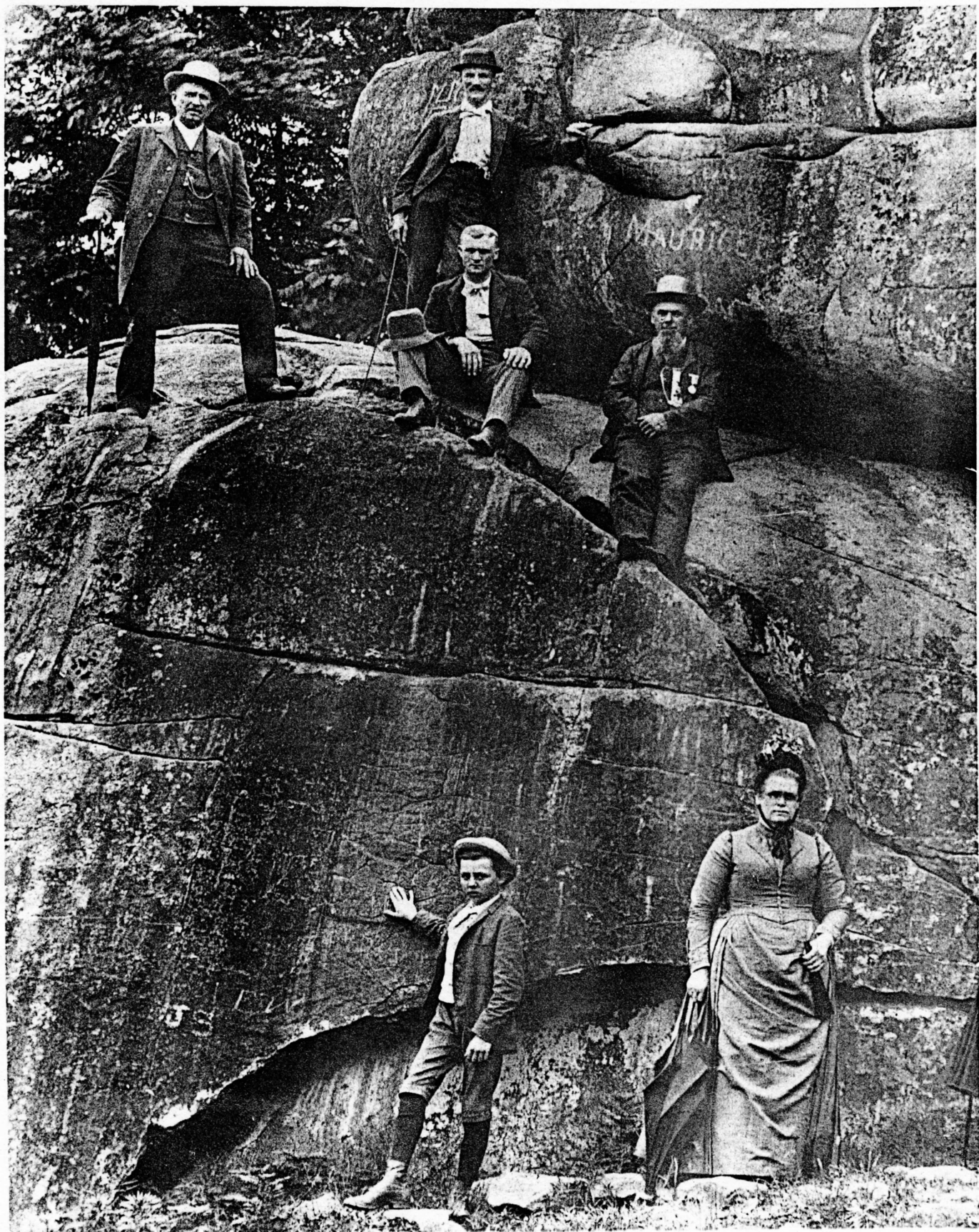
left, Andrew G. Park
right Alzina, his only daughter,
who married Earl D. Jones.

a caption said:

Mumper and Company
Battlefield Photographs
Gettysburg, Pa.

Neither photograph is dated. There is no record to identify other people shown.

Grandpa referred occasionally to a trip that he had made back to the battlefield. I judge that these photographs were taken in about 1900.



ANDREW GEORGE PARK

WIFE MARY



ANDREW GEORGE PARK

DAUGHTER ALZINA

Such a scene would have aroused the admiration of Grandpa's forebears, who pioneered this nation. I have relatives who were members of the military forces in most of the nation's wars. While a cousin of mine served in World War One, I was a school boy. When World War Two came I was crowding forty, and the enlistment officers looked at me with jaundiced eye. I spent the war years as safety engineer and training director in an engine factory, getting out marine engines for the P.T. type of boats. However, my son No. 1 succeeded in enlisting in the air corps.

It was in the big house that Grandpa and Grandma raised their family. Four sons and a daughter came to them. Following my father, Fenton, the only girl was Algina. There were Lester, Earl, and William. One day while the youngsters were walking along the dirt road to schoolhouse about half a mile away little Willie wanted to cross to where Fenton was. He ran toward Fenton. A team of horses pulling a wagon was trotting toward them. The steel bracket on the leading end of the wagon tongue struck little Willie in the side of the head. He was knocked under the horses and killed. Dad told me that sixty years after it happened. Lester married and operated a farm at Cottage, a few miles to the west.

Four brothers and sisters all grew up and married. All but Carl moved away. He inherited the farm. Grandpa's will is reproduced herein.

Most of the foregoing personal facts originated not with me. My observations are necessarily limited to events that occurred since my birth. Fenton living in the Buffalo area had met a beautiful young woman named Margaret Kidd. She was a school teacher, and the daughter of Scottish immigrants who had come to this country in 1865. Fenton and Margaret were married in 1902. In 1903 along came me, that may be more poetic than grammatical. In a few years I was able to visit the Park farm and to include in my experiences life in the country. I always enjoyed country living. Among my early recollections of the farm was the treat of eating Grandma's cookies. Beside sewing the quantities of "vittles" already mentioned Grandma made cookies that would fire up the anticipation of any small boy. They were thick, yellow, and sweet, and each one had a raisin pressed into the middle of it. Any boy would eagerly travel forty five miles to get one of those cookies. Grandma would permit me to have a handful, which was several.

Grandma baked those cookies in an oven of her big iron stove. It burned wood. There was a big, flat surface with holes, each covered by a lid. Beneath was an oven, a fire box, and a compartment for the heating of water. There was an overhung top where dishes could be warmed. The fire in the fire box heated everything in or on the stove. On top of the stove was a kettle. Grandma kept a fire in the stove all the time, for cooking and to keep the kettle hot. All winter the kettle was boiling away on the stove. The water in the compartment next to the fire box was boiling, too. People didn't realize it then, but they were accomplishing what would later be called humidification, supplying moisture to the air to help the health and comfort of everybody in the house.

Often I went into Grandpa's cow barn, a big, well constructed, functionally designed building with concrete floors, at ground level were rows of stanchions, and overhead a strongly supported hay mow. Cows were milked by hand. The hay mow, however, was filled by the power of two horses. A hay rack loaded with seasoned hay would pull up at an end of the barn. The team would be driven away from the barn pulling a rope that went thru a system

of rulleys to raise a fork full of hay, several hundred pounds, to a horizontal rail thru the barn near the peak of the roof, thence along the rail to a point over the floor of the mow where it should be dropped. There a man would pull a rope which released the hay from the fork. The barn had to be full of hay, hundreds of tons of it, by the end of haying season. Fork haycocks onto a hay rack, haul to the barn by horse team, haul it into the haymow by horse power, hand fork to the sides of the haymow - that was the best way to stock a barn with hay in those days. The kind of engine powered tractor that we know was not available then. Today, of course, hay is cut, seasoned, teddered, machine baled and loaded onto a hay rack without being touched by human hands, a power conveyor lifts it to a haymow. They each bale, about the size of a trunk, can be hand piled by one man.

Two other buildings, both much smaller, served as horse barns. Here the horses stayed out of inclement weather, slept, and were fed and curried. Grandpa had five horses, and he "cut" a fine figure when he was driving them. His buggies and sleighs

called for the best of harnesses. Every harness and every bridle had its own hooks. The vehicles were kept clean and polished. Everything looked "ship shape" or Grandpa would know why. On the roof of one horsebarn was a weather vane, made of hollow metal fashioned like a running horse. I remember talking to Grandpa about that weather vane while we were standing in the road on a summer's day. We had been talking about guns. He mentioned a teenage neighbor boy who had recently acquired a 22 caliber rifle. "He can shoot it, too," said Grandpa. "He shot a hole clean thru that horse!" The weather vane would forever carry evidence of that boy's marksmanship.

My cousins, and in fact most of the children of the farm hands all went barefoot during the summer. I tried it, but my feet hurt in gravel and prickly weeds so that I had to wear shoes. My playmates must have thought cousin Bob from the city was a sissy.

When Grandpa talked with you he liked to be looking right into your face and talk straight. I think he could tell a lot about the effects of conversation by watching you. I always felt him to be a reasonable man who had strong opinions.

Andrew G. Park's creativity made itself evident in inventions. He designed

mechanery. One of his capabilities lay in matching an answer to a question or a problem. He must have been good at coming up with solutions. He made several inventions for which he applied for patents. One of them was a horse powered saw mill. Here is a copy of his literature advertising it, I do not have in my records any that indicated a sale. But few of his records have survived. However, that quality of an active mind, applied to whatever he had to think about, must have contributed to his success in life. All my knowledge about him points to the conclusion that mentally he was a very alert man. Without that quality he could have expected to be killed by the enemy soldier who shot at him from short range during the war.

There are several letters recommending it.

Grandpa Park's house was near the northwest corner of the road intersection of the Dayton-Cattaraugus Road and the Cottage Road. I got to know all the buildings in the "downtown" section. At the southwest corner was the country store owned and operated by Lincoln A. Parke. Lincoln and my father were cousins. Each used the terminal "e" in signing his name, Fenton having added

TOTMAN'S PORTABLE WOOD MILL,

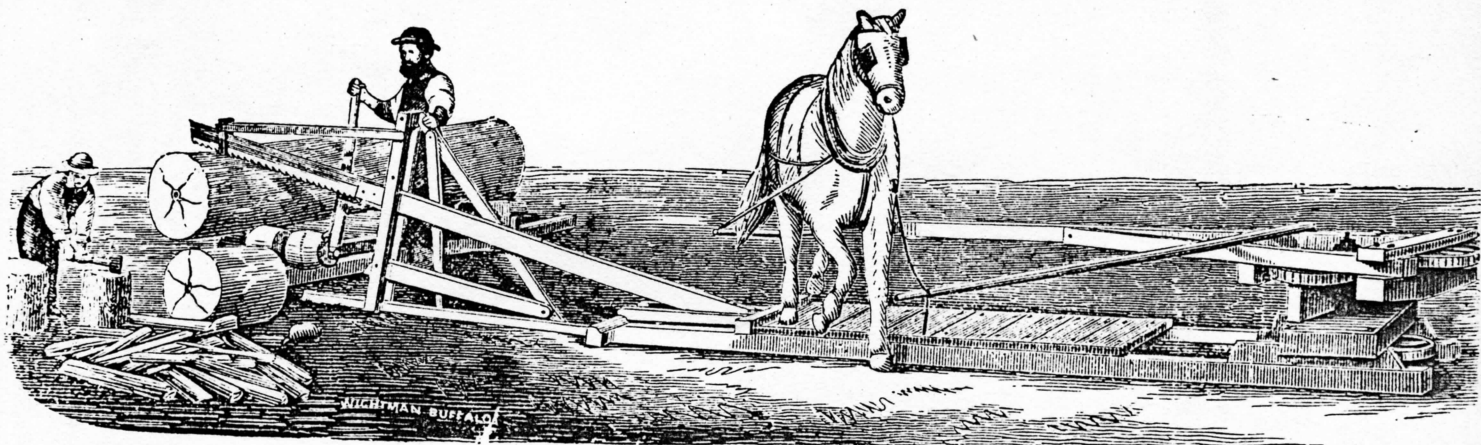
ONE OF

The Great Labor-Saving Machines!

MANUFACTURED AT THE

GOWANDA AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

Gowanda, New York.





This is a horse power for working a Drag Saw for cutting off logs for making Fire Wood, Staves, Shingles, &c. Although of comparatively recent invention, they have been before the public a sufficient time to win for themselves a high place among the most valuable labor-saving machinery. They are daily becoming more and more appreciated, and ere long a machine for sawing wood by horse power will be estimated a necessary implement for every farmer.

Unequaled in the **QUALITY** of their work, **DURABILITY**, convenience and cheapness, and light to move and reset from one place to another, weighing, when all complete, 950 pounds.

PARK'S PATENT WOOD MILL TRUCKS:

Each Wood Mill is furnished with a set of these Trucks to move the log along, and hold it until it is all cut up. It is also furnished to those who have old mills at a small expense. A large number of them have been sold during the past year, and from all who have purchased or used them, they have received the highest commendation that can be bestowed.

This Wood Mill as we furnish it, is capable of sawing a cord of hard wood from the log with one horse in **SEVEN** minutes, with ease to the horse.

 We have them for one, two, three or four horses. Keep well oiled, saw sharp and nuts tight. 

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

SELLEW, ADAMS & Co.,

GOWANDA, NEW YORK.

the fifth letter during the 1890s because he liked the spelling used by his forefathers who brought it from England. The store was the only one in or near Wesley. It was a "country store" handling the general merchandise that attracted farmers to trade there. Cousin Lincoln never married. He liked kids, and was friendly to us. Among his items for sale was that of soda crackers. He bought them by the barrel, stood a barrel where he wanted it on the floor, knocked in its head, and pulled out the crackers as needed into paper bags. The attrition must have been figured in a high percentage. Many a customer would pick a few crackers out and eat them while discussing a purchase. Lincoln didn't mind. He knew everybody. He also stocked peanuts, which he sold to all customers including me for five cents for a bag about the size of a man's fist.

Opposite the intersection on the main road was a house and blacksmith shop. Farmers would bring metal parts for repair, or for replacement. It was fun to hear the ring of the anvil as Leonard Torbell hammered steel and iron

There was a forge. There was a big vice with its lower end anchored into the floor. Tongs for holding things of all different shapes hung on racks. There was a pile of miscellaneous ferrous parts lying in a corner, scraps that would become useful parts. As a boy I watched in awe as Mr. Tarbell would heat two pieces of metal in his forge, remove them sparkling to the anvil, and hammer them into one piece of metal. He would pick up a horse's hoof, rest it on a heavy leather apron across his knees, pull out the nails, and file the hoof with a big rasp. Then he would heat a horse shoe, hold it against the hoof to burn it deep into a form seat, cool it for a minute or two then nail it on by driving nails thru it into the hoof. I wondered why this didn't hurt the horse.

One day Mr. Tarbell was making steel taper pins four or five inches long by heating a shaft red and hammering it into shape. Then he would throw it on the steel floor in front of his anvil. I arranged them in a neat row. I picked up one that had only just lost its red color and discovered that steel does not have to be red to burn your fingers.

Except for two or three houses you now know about all the buildings near the intersection. Along the road to Cottage were farmhouses, which included Cousin Hall.

Nearby the little Methodist church frequently had the attendance on Sunday of all of us except Grandpa. Preaching was done by a minister of the Methodist church in Cattaraugus who would "fill in," the Wesley church not having emp. members to support a minister. The preaching was old time fundamentalist, with literal interpretation of the Bible. It had to be King James Version because that was the only version anybody there ever heard of. You espoused unquestioned belief in all of it, even the ideas conflicted with teaching in other parts of the Bible and with evidence that has been acquired since the last of the Bible writings were completed sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago. Jesus was everything. The angels couldn't compare with him. The singing was lead by a choir of volunteers, mostly women. It was awful. One visitor observed "Wesley people are invited to join the choir nobody asks 'Can you sing?' It's 'will you sing?'" Today a lovely family consisting of numerous

cousins of mine named Allen
comprise a sizable fraction
of the choir. They sing well. Now
the music is beautiful. The little
congregation has always supported
its little church. It is still going.
The Allens make maple syrup,
and I buy mine from them every year.

One of Grandpa's hired men made
an impression on me that I shall
always remember. I never had heard
of a "crab claw", much less have seen
one. I first observed him milking
cows. Each hand had a thumb and
one finger. The enormous finger had
an enormous nail. The man could
flex his hand enough to permit him
to hold a cow's teats in his hands
and milk her. I wondered how anybody
could get along without four fingers.
As a watch repairman or mechanic,
he would assuredly be handicapped,
but as a milk man he got along
well. I have been informed that X-rays
show all the bones of four fingers
to be in the one big finger, and
that the disfigurement is remediable
through surgery. Reports say that the
man was a member of a long
disbanded religious cult that had
settled nearby in the early 1800s,
and intermarried. The deformed
hands are transmitted thru males.

must article - crab claws

THE CURSE OF CLAWFOOT

44a

OR
CRAB CLAW

—and the New York community that let itself die so that the curse would die with it.

AN ENTIRE community in the western New York wilderness of Zoar Valley has made an incredible sacrifice to wipe out the curse of a gruesome crab-like deformity.

Two hundred descendants of an English prostitute were suffering from clawfoot which gave them grossly misshapen hands and feet.

Shunned as social outcasts and filled with self-disgust at their terrible deformity, they made a secret pact in the 1920s never to marry and have children because they did not want another generation to inherit the affliction.

Today, the family line is extinct. "They lived under such torment," said 92-year-old Clara Kirby, Zoar Valley's unofficial historian who is believed to be one of the last persons alive who knows about this amazing sacrifice.

"They are all gone, all gone," she told GLOBE.

The family ancestry began in the year 1800 when an Englishman — infected with the venereal disease syphilis — settled in the area, became pregnant and gave birth to a boy with the ghastly deformity.

The defective genes were then passed on to every succeeding generation until every male offspring — with only one exception — became branded with clawfoot.

Females in the family never showed any physical symptoms of the disfigurement, but their male offspring were also born with the grotesque limbs.

By the 1920s, medical researcher Charles Bernstein had identified 200 direct descendants with clawfoot living in the Zoar Valley vicinity.

The other townspeople considered them social outcasts and the clawfoot clan was forced to live and intermarry among themselves. Always, however, they felt this sense of shame and disgust, said Kirby and others.

One clawfoot man named Robinson grew so contemptuous of his malformed hands that he took an ax and chopped off his fingers, she revealed.

Longtime Zoar Valley resident Vernon Pike says: "I remember another clawfoot by the name of Brewer who joined a circus freak



THIS man was one of hundreds who were born with the crippling clawfoot curse.

show and was billed as the human lobster."

But the turning point came when one of the clawfoot families gave birth to a boy who was miraculously free of the deformity.

"When the boy became a man he met a very pretty girl from another town and married her without telling her that he came from the clawfoots," said Kirby.

"Very soon they had a baby and the poor thing was born with clawfoot. Finally, in the hospital, the husband confessed to his wife that he had this had blood in him."

According to Kirby, the wife pushed her husband away and screamed to a nurse, "Where's my baby?"

The nurse brought in the child, and the wife cried:

"Get it away," when she saw the hands and feet. She ran out the hospital, abandoning the baby and her husband forever.

It was then that the clawfoot descendants made the secret pact to end their curse and never bring another child into the world.

"Eventually they all died of old age," said Kirby, "and today there's not a single clawfoot man or woman left alive in Zoar Valley."

Ironically, with modern medical knowledge, clawfoot can now be cured.

"It's a fairly simple surgical procedure," podiatrist Dr. Hyman Graver of nearby Hamburg, New York, told GLOBE. "With surgery, corrective shoes and drugs these people could have led normal lives."



Please feel free to give me a reason to slap your face.

September 1983

DR. GRAVER TOLD ME THAT HE WAS INTERVIEWED IN ABOUT 1980 AND HAD TOLD THE REPORTER THAT SOME CORRECTION OF THE DEFORMITY WAS POSSIBLE.

I have heard recently that some descendants are still around. They are called "crab-claws" because that is what their hands resemble, some members have their feet similarly afflicted.

Grandpa had guns, which he handled expertly. Among them was a double barrel shotgun with two exterior hammers, ten gauge, breech loading. It intrigued me, altho I never shot it. Another was a 38-40 repeating rifle, lever action. Its cartridges were bottle necked.

Grandpa used it to shoot woodchucks. It was accurate for long ranges. He used to let me take it to the fields and shoot it when I was about ten years old. I had to handle that gun safely, too. "Never point it at anything you wouldn't want to shoot" The only exception was the ground. He would take the gun with a magazine full of cartridges, with me as an eager companion, out to a barn in the midst of a vast field of corn. The corn was just sprouting, and the crows loved it. When several crows settled down in a flock to feast on the new shoots Grandpa would fire a bullet into their midst, and away would fly the crows. He knew how to estimate distances, and just how far to elevate the peep sight for any range. Then he would lie down

on some day, say "When some more come, wake me up", and he'd go to sleep. He had a good watchman, because I wouldn't go to sleep. Once when he was about to sleep I said "I'd like to shoot it," I was pretty fair with a 22, altho at 10 or 11 I was too young to own one. He said "That burdock right in the middle of the flock, shoot at it." I splashed the weed with dirt, and off went the crows. He didn't say anything then. Later when he and Grandma were having dinner with my family at our home in Buffalo he said "Bob's an allright shot. Last summer I watched him shoot at a burdock in the big cornfield. It was about 80 rod away. He

hit within the length of that dish," and he pointed to a potato dish about a foot long. We shot at those crows from a nest,

about two miles away from his farm. I lived Grandpa's daughter Alysia (Aunt Alice) with her husband, Carl Jones, and their children, Sidney, Dorothy, and Cornelia. on another farm. I often visited them. They were always kind and generous to me. After we grew up Dorothy moved to Florida. Connie moved with her husband Bob Allen (not the same family) to Dayton, Ohio, then to Hilton Head, South Carolina, and she was recently widowed. Sidney died years ago.

When Dad was a young man he and Grandpa had a lesson in materia

medica that Dad never forgot. There is considerable opinion that at about the time of the Civil War the practice of medicine had advanced to a point where a doctor had about a fifty percent chance of helping a patient. When Dad was approaching manhood in the eighties he was sickly. The family doctor seemed unable to help him. In about 1890 Dad left home and went to Buffalo to enter professional life. On a visit back to the farm his parents expressed concern about his physical condition and persuaded him to talk again to their doctor. Dad told me, "After the examination the doctor asked my father and mother into the next room. I heard him tell them 'Fenton has come back to the farm for the last time.'" Dad went on to tell me that he didn't know how long the doctor lived, but "I'll bet I outlived him." Dad was in his eighties when he told me that experience. He lived for four months into his one hundred first year. When he died in his sleep his life had spanned the century from 1866 to 1967. What a time to have lived! He saw the last of the covered wagons west bound across New York State; the coming of the modern inventions, the automobile, the airplane, the typewriter, the telephone, the guided missiles,

My wife Mary who taught nutrition on a college level, never met Andrew J. Park.

Relatives told her about him. He was a person memories of whom came frequently into conversation. We used to discuss life on the farm. Mary and I agreed that Dad, a product of healthy and physically strong parents, suffered physical disability as a young man possibly because his father was a domineering character, and partly because of lack of knowledge about what to eat for good health. With all the variety of food that a farm produced farmers had the idea that a good meal was meat, potatoes, gravy, bread, and coffee. Dad's recovery permitted him good health after he went to Buffalo there he would eat with people who ate a wide variety of foods, and he could learn good eating habits. He ate well as an adult. It seems that he never had any inclination to be a domineering husband and father. The youngsters, Dick, sister Margaret, and I, knew him as a gentle and attractive parent.

Another example of the thinking of those very able people on the farm, which caused us to wonder, came at the beginning of the First World War. I was a school boy, and we had to accept rationing. The Federal Government decreed that to buy one pound of white flour you had to buy two pounds of whole wheat flour. The farmers ate the white flour and fed the whole wheat flour to the pigs. That made expensive

rig food. It would not occur to a lot of people to eat the whole wheat themselves.

As Grandpa lived until 1915, he was aged 76. He suffered from serious phlebitis in both legs, which immobilized him for most of the time. It must have hurt his pride to require doctoring, nursing from Grandma, and to have to sit as an invalid while friends talked to him. He was a commanding personality right to the end. My father, who visited him, told me about his death. His condition became one of emergency by an attack of acute proctitis so that he was constantly in terrible pain. I asked Dad why the doctor did not operate on the prostate gland. Dad's reply was "The doctor said he's too fat to operate on. He didn't want to tell my father that he was going to die. He said I should tell him." I put my arms around my father and told him. That old soldier put his head on my shoulder and cried like a baby and said "I don't want to die!" He soon did, in my arms.

Well do I remember the funeral for Andrew George Park, 68 years ago. It was held in his house, where he and his wife had spent the happy years of their success. It was crowded with people who had known and liked him. Ceremonies centered in the front living room with the bay windows. This was the front half of the double living room that was

usually separated from the rear half by sliding doors. The rear room served as the living room for day to day use. The front room was normally kept clean and closed until a special event would justify opening it to use. Such could be a call by the minister, greeting distinguished guests, or having a large party, in which the full sized living room would be revealed by opening the large sliding doors. The funeral was such an event. In the front room were the casket, the many members of the family, the minister and numerous elderly fraternal men. I was impressed by the sincere efforts of grandpa's aged Masonic brethren who were so old that they had difficulty in reading their parts in the Masonic ritual for the dead. I gathered at the age of twelve that they all extolled grandpa's virtues. The ground floor of the house overflowed with people. Andrew George Park went on his last journey leaving a host of admirers.

Grandmother Park lived until 1921. Grandpa's will provided for her care in their home. Thereafter, the will stipulated, son Earl should have title to the farm. Grandpa envisioned the fine property to pass to Earl's son, a son who would farm it and keep it in the family. Subsequently

Carl felt that he no longer could work
the farm, and sold it. A. J. married a
lovely girl and moved to Hamburg, N. Y.
There they are now retired, and their
children and grandchildren are popu-
lating the state that had nurtured
the baby Andrew who had been born
in Dayton in 1839.