

FOREWORD

Charles:

The Parlins' *Volume I* (1931) and *Volume II* (1932) were turned out by my father. Now, in 1978, his descendants intend to carry out his admonition and bring forth a *Volume III*, and I have been asked to prepare an introduction and transition.

I find two problems: Father wrote in light vein and in the third person. ("And now, my dear grandchildren, what do you think grandfather did next?") Trained in legal exposition, I lack this light, literary touch, and if I call myself "grandpa", which I am entitled to do, one reading the *Volumes I, II, and III*, will be hopelessly confused. So I write in the first person.

My father retired from the Curtis Publishing Company in 1937 and was given a great dinner in Philadelphia, honored as the founder of the science of market research and analysis. He and my mother celebrated by a three-month trip around the world, doing some extraordinary photography. Then they sold their Germantown, Pennsylvania, home and built a very attractive, waterfront home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Here they spent their winters accompanied by their faithful friend and helper, Irene Green, who is referred to in *Volume II* on page 152. Summers they spent as my guests at Silver Bay, N.Y. Both enjoyed good health.

August of 1942, my mother announced that Silver Bay was home for them and she bought a lot in the local cemetery and announced that she wished, when her time came, to be buried there. Perhaps she had a premonition, but none of the rest of us did. Father's diary recorded early the next month that he had taken a long swim out and around the diving raft in spite of the fact that the lake was turning somewhat cold. Before he left Silver Bay, lesions developed from an old prostate operation. They had to operate but he went into shock and did not survive. His death, at age 70, stunned mother and when we were making funeral arrangements she said, "Charles, I can't think. You do everything." Later, she asked me if she should attend the funeral and I advised her not to because she was totally confused. She had lost the

will to live and it was just four weeks later, also age 70, that she was laid beside her beloved husband in the cemetery near Silver Bay.

Since *Volume II*, in 1934 and 1935, there were two jolly grandson-additions to the Clan Parlin—Donald Coolidge Sanborn, a third child of Howard and Ruth; and Blackwood Boyd Parlin, a third child of Charles and Miriam. So my parents, at the time of their deaths, had four children and eight grandchildren, seven boys and one girl.

Two years after *Volume II*, my sister Grace married a promising young lawyer, Wilbur Davis, a graduate like George and myself, of Harvard Law School. She continued her career in music and Wilbur in the Law until World War II broke. Wilbur applied for and was accepted for the first Naval Officers' Training Camp, ranked high in his Class, received a commission, and served with distinction, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Commander with Admiral Halsey's fleet in the Pacific. The war ended. Their joy of reunion was to be all too brief because Grace was beset with cancer and, after three radical operations, died in 1948, at the age of 37. She contributed to the medical statistics because of the four of us children, she alone smoked cigarettes and had become, in fact, a real chain-smoker. Wilbur never stabilized after her death, and some years later, after making elaborate preparations to cause minimum trouble for his friends, and leaving a long note written in a firm hand, took his life by jumping down a freight elevator shaft from the 23rd floor of the apartment building where he lived.

Another person missing from the 1932 Volume is Edward, second son of George and Dorothy. A top-flight student with a smile and personality which made friends of all, he had worked the summer of 1945 at the Silver Bay Association as hike-master. He was already an Eagle Scout, but to complete the requirements for another Merit Badge in Hiking, he had to take a 20-mile hike. Failing to get anyone to go with him, he set out the day after the Association closed, on a 20-mile route up and over the mountains which he knew and so much loved. When he failed to return for his senior year and football practice in Glen Ridge, we started a search which lasted through an agonizing series of 14 days. The tragedy was heightened by the fact that his father, my brother George, was still overseas in Italy, a Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Army of Occupation. Traveling along a ridge,

where a stone facing had chipped off, Edward dropped 150 feet to a stone ledge below. The coroner said he had been killed instantly, so at least he was spared suffering. It was the same type of accident which had taken the life of the King of Belgium, a mountain climber of some fame.

Since *Volume II* was written, the three of us children have lost our spouses—me, my wife, Miriam; George, his wife, Dorothy; and Ruth, her husband, Howard. I have been re-married to a charming Chinese lady, an old friend of the family.

Miriam died October 7, 1972, after a long illness diagnosed as paralysis. First, it impeded her walking but, with a companion to help her when I was busy with my duties, we travelled to Uppsala, Sweden, in August, 1968, for the Assembly of the World Council of Churches. The following year, the paralysis struck the throat and the doctors performed a trachiotomy and inserted a tube into the stomach for feeding. She communicated through notes until the ailment disabled her arm. For over three years, we had round-the-clock nursing service and almost daily medical attention. She died in her sleep and, in accordance with her wishes, her ashes were scattered among the trees at Pudding Island Farm.

Dorothy died at Silver Bay on July 17, 1974. She had been failing—at times confused—and had been forced to give up driving the car but she remained active, gathering and arranging wild flowers. One memorable evening, just a week before she died, she accompanied Harold for an evening of music. She died quietly in her sleep. Her ashes were interred at the Ticonderoga Cemetery next to the grave of her son, Edward.

Ruth:

Early in 1973, Howard and I invited George and Dorothy to ride along on a Family Safari. We were to visit a few friends along the way but we had planned primarily to see relatives, some of whom we had not seen for years, and some we had never seen e.g. Jennifer, daughter of Nick Davis. In Auburn, Alabama, we caught up with Nick, Carolyn and Jennifer (Nathan was expected at any moment); also Helen Dick

Davis and Louvica; in Montgomery, Alabama, with Bessie Blackwood (widow of Russell Blackwood); in Tampa, Florida, with Marjorie Dick Atkins (widow of Ernie Atkins) and her daughter, Susan; in Venice, Florida, with John Lehman (father of Sara Lee Lehman Sanborn) and his wife, Amelia; in Houston, Texas, with Naomi Dick Davis, her husband, Joe, and their daughter, Martha Davis Stewart, her husband, Donald, and their children; in Phoenix, Arizona, with Virginia Brooks Herriman (daughter of Ruth Blackwood Brooks Brett), her husband, Eddie, and the boys; also Jim Brett (Ruth's second husband) and his wife, Garnet. The final evening we were in Phoenix, Charles flew out from New York and entertained us all at an hilarious family dinner which included one of the Parlin Family friends, Jean Crocker Laut, whose friendship we had all valued since our Wausau days together. The following morning, we drove on to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and headed for home. That evening, Howard commented several times on how much he was enjoying the trip. The 5200 miles had all gone smoothly and delightfully. The next morning, Howard was gone, dying peacefully in his sleep, and the rest of us flew home where we were overjoyed to find Howie, Johnnie and Don waiting for us at the airport.

Charles:

George, now retired and living at Meadow Lakes, a retirement home in Hightstown, N.J., had a fine record as legal advisor to the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission and has the unique distinction of having served his country in the Armed Forces of both World War I and World War II. An Army Review Board determined that his total loss of sight was the result of war injury and granted him full pension rights. He has taken an active part in the programs of Meadow Lakes, playing his cello for weekly Hymn Sings, and often giving programs with Dorothy, in the Health Center.

Ruth and Howard, after busy careers, sold their Glen Ridge, N.J. home and moved to an apartment near George and Dorothy at Meadow Lakes. Howard continued as Trustee for, and financial advisor to, his many clients, and Ruth buzzed around the globe in the interest of UNICEF, for which she served for nine years as State Representative of New Jersey.

Kaye Chiang, whom I married on February 7, 1976, was born in Shanghai, China, where her parents maintained a mansion and staff of servants. They had survived the Japanese invasion but as the communist forces were advancing, the families arranged her marriage to a Chinese Air Force pilot. Eventually, Kaye and her mother fled to Hong Kong where her daughter, Jeanne, was born. Her husband was killed flying with the Americans in the Korean War. Cut off from the family fortune, Kaye worked to support herself, her mother and her daughter. In 1959, Jeanne was ten years old. They came to the U.S.A. and settled in Englewood, N.J. My wife, Miriam, always intensely interested in China, located Kaye and her daughter and brought them to the Methodist Church where they sat in the pew with our family. Jeanne became a member of my Sunday School Class where she was a friend of my grandsons, Chris and Robbie. Kaye worked with Richardson-Merrill & Co., the pharmaceutical firm, and became a computer expert. On February 1, 1976, she had had enough service to enable her to retire on pension and she accepted my suggestion that we share our retirements together. We sold the Englewood house and bought a co-op apartment in New York City. Kaye has two sisters still living in Shanghai, and there have been many other additions to the Clan:

My son, Charlie, has three sons: C. Christopher who married Angie Lennox of Wilmington, Del., and they have two daughters, Nicole and Amy Elizabeth.

Robert Bona, who married Gail Breeze of Petersburg, N.Y., has a son, Robert Bona, Jr.

Timothy, who graduates from Syracuse University next year.

My daughter, Camilla, has four children:

Hyla, a student at Middlebury College, Vt.

Heather, a student at Princeton University

Nathan, a student at Bates College in Maine

Stephen, who has one more year at the Delhi, N.Y., High School where he is an outstanding athlete

My son, Blackie, has three children:

Kenneth, a student at Hamilton College, N.Y.

Andrew, a fourth year student at the Newark Academy where his father teaches

Jennifer, a student at the Livingston, N.J. High School

My brother George's son, George Steward, Jr., has three children:

James Steward, a student of sculpture at the University of Pa.

Ruth, a graduate of Williams College, who is continuing her study of music

Kathryn, a student at Middlebury College

Howard and Ruth have three sons:

Howard Parlin, graduate of Drew University, Columbia School of Dental & Oral Surgery, practicing in Summit, N.J.

John Davis, graduate of Colgate University, Columbia School of Dental & Oral Surgery, practicing in Madison, N.J.

Donald Coolidge, graduate of Colgate University and Syracuse Law School, joined his father in the brokerage business and continues in Wall St.

So, as of *Volume III* (1978), Charles Coolidge Parlin and Daisy Blackwood Parlin have 35 descendants:

Three children: two boys and one girl

Seven grandchildren: six boys and one girl

Twenty-two great-grandchildren: twelve boys and ten girls

Three great-great-grandchildren: two girls and one boy

This Volume is designed to bridge the gap between Volume II (1932) and 1978; and to chronicle those born after 1932 with incidents in the lives of the children, grandchildren and great-children of Charles Coolidge Parlin and Daisy Blackwood Parlin.

We should not be true to the spirit of those who started this *Parlin Saga*, if we did not exhort the next generation to compile *Volume IV*. *Volumes I, II and III* cover a period of over one hundred years. Let's keep *The Saga* going for another hundred years—at least!



George Parlin, Ruth Parlin Sanborn and Charles Parlin—1973