

Volume !V

Rough draft #1

It is an honor to be asked to write the foreword to Volume !V. I wish only that my parents, Charles ¹⁻¹Coolidge Parlin and Daisy ^{1-1 m}Blackwood Parlin, could be here to enjoy their grandchildren and their families, and their families' families. How proud they would be!

In growing up, we four children (Charles, ²⁻¹George, ²⁻²Ruth and ²⁻³Grace) ²⁻⁴always felt that Father's two great loves were his family and the Curtis Publishing Company. To be sure, there were times when we were not quite sure which came first. ~~When he~~ ^{When he} joined the Curtis Publishing Company in 1911 (after a successful career in another much-loved profession/of teaching) ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{ent} travelled 50,000 miles a year on the fastest mode of travel known at that time - trains! - so that he was away from home for weeks at a time. My mother managed with one maid-of-all-work. Father's return was eagerly anticipated. He really LOOKED at us, he really talked to us and listened - - and he usually brought us presents.

I was born on August 2, 1904, in Wausau, Wisconsin. Few people had ever heard of Wausau and, as a child, I was constantly corrected by elders who said, "You mean Warsaw." Now that TV advertises the Wausau Insurance Company, everybody knows Wausau.

When I was three years old, the town replaced the old wooden plank sidewalks with cement. Since my mother had had two sons, she was thrilled by the arrival of a baby girl and conceived the idea of having me make a hand-print in the sidewalk in front of our house which was across the street from the High School where my father was the principal. And that is what brings this story to a sad ending. Howie's bride-to-be, Peggy, was to graduate from Carleton College in Minnesota. Howie felt he could not leave his dental practice so Pop (C. H. ²⁻³ward Sanborn) and I ^{3-1 m}drove out to see Peggy graduate. It occurred to me that we might drive home via Wausau and show her my hand-print. Right there I learned that it does not pay to try to go back. Our beautiful house was spoiled and the generations of High School boys and girls had completely obliterated my hand-print.

In 1911, we moved to West Newton, Mass., and my father commuted to Boston to a ~~branch~~^{branch} office of the Curtis Publishing Company. For us children, one of the great advantages of the move was the fact that his office was across the street from Bailey's. Each Saturday afternoon when he came home (yes! he worked until 1 p.m. on Saturdays), his big pockets were bulging with caramels and coconut patties. That is why to this very day, Bailey's caramels have a special meaning for me.

Our stay in West Newton was short because the Curtis Publishing Company realized what a valuable asset my father had created in what he called the "Commercial Research Department." So ^{in 1915} he moved to the main office in Philadelphia and bought a house in Germantown, Pa. At first, we lived in a large house but World War I soon made it impossible to get coal to heat the house so we moved to a small so-called semi-detached house on East Walnut Lane. It was very close to the High School and the Methodist Church so whenever there was a discussion about moving, my sister, Grace, and I put in strong negatives. In the end, my parents stayed there until my father retired from the Curtis Publishing Company and built a home in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

Two great differences stand out in my mind when I contrast my early years with that of young people today. I remember vividly the Elementary School I attended where the toilets were in a separate building with little or no heat. I can see now that the teachers were spared some of the problems prevalent today $\frac{1}{4}$ but I do wonder how they kept the plumbing from freezing.

The other big difference was in the High School. Carved over the lintel at one end of the building was "BOYS" and at the other end, "GIRLS." Inside, there were heavy iron gates dividing the two parts of the school and woe betide anyone caught talking to a member of the opposite sex through that gate!

We were living in West Newton when Wellesley College burned in 1914. That night the sky was a flaming red. It was Father who suggested we all hop in the car and try to find the fire. We did, and I guess that was what originally started my thinking about some day going to Wellesley. Never did I regret the decision.

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Now, having enjoyed a superb 80th birthday ^{party} with nearly fifty members of my family, I am able to look back on a life which seems almost too good to be true. Of course there have been dark shadows: when I lost my parents just four weeks apart; when I lost my sister, Grace, ^{to cancer} when she was only 37 years old; when we lost George's son, Eddie, in a tragic accident in the mountains around Silver Bay; when my husband died suddenly in his sleep/while we were taking ^{in Santa Fe, New Mex.,} Uncle George and Aunt Dorothy on a trip around the country visiting cousins, some of whom we had never seen; and finally, when my brothers left us and I realized that I was the last of the older generation.

But one support has never faltered - the love and concern of our big, wonderful family. Every death brings us together in sorrow; every marriage is a cause for celebration knowing that our Clan is being strengthened; and every baby is a source of untold joy and pride throughout the Clan/

It is my hope that this fourth generation will keep the family tie strong and secure. The very best wish that I can make for all of you is that you will have cause for the deep pride in your children and grandchildrn that my parents had in theirs. I devoutly hope that some day there will be a Volume V.

