

FAMILY TIES

Vol. 1, Issue 10

September 30, 1991

FROM THE EDITORS

This is our Fall issue of FAMILY TIES. We will have just finished celebrating the Christmas holidays by the time we go to press again. We would like to make a suggestion to you on how we might get to know each other a little better. Christmas is a perfect opportunity!

Needless to say, sending Christmas cards to everyone on the family list would be too expensive and time-consuming, but we each could handle 1 or 2!! We could each send a card, note, or a letter to a member of the family--other than those you are in daily contact with. Tell a little about yourself and where you fit in in this wonderful family. Who knows what may be discovered about ourselves? Everybody loves to get mail (the non-bill variety!) Let's hear from each other!!

It is a little early, but we pray you all will have a wonderful "family" holiday season. May God continue to bless us abundantly. JOY AND PEACE.

Susie Aki and Carol Miller

ON THE MOVE - AGAIN!

Many, many changes of address, what with the number in our family, kids going to college, moving up (or down? -- or laterally!), etc. For all kinds of reasons, here are the latest changes you can make on your list of the family:

Midshipman 1st/C Jim Parker
8th Company
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, MD 21412

Liz Parker
West Texas State U.
W.T. P. O. Box 962
Canyon, TX 79016

John Parker
Texas A&M
P. O. Box 5620
College Station TX 77844

Judy & Ed O'Hara
3511 N.E. 26th Ave.
Lighthouse Point, Florida 33064

(After Oct. 26):
Bridget & Russ Happney
3021 N.E. 1st Ave.
Pompano Beach, Florida 33064

Mike O'Hara
14610 42nd Street, Apt. 201
Tampa, Florida 33613

Ann O'Hara
c/o Flagler College
P. O. Box 1027
St. Augustine, Florida 32085
(Student Box 781)

Geri Kammert
756 Prescott Dr, #107
Roselle, IL 60172-2774

Tommy Miller & Rae Irvine
P. O. Box ~~215~~ 700
Bremo Bluff, Virginia 23022
804/842-3207

Christopher Lundquist is back with Charles and Betty Lundquist at 5403 Mimosa Lane, Richmond, Texas.

We also need the college addresses for Jean and Jim Baggett's Nicky and Melinda (Melinda's first year away!). We got our post card back from Chuck and Judy Dickson with their "forwarding address expired," so we need their new address also.

Fork Union



LUNDQUIST, Joseph M.
Mill Lake
Gobles, MI

Passed away Wednesday, July 3, 1991. Mr. Lundquist was born May 24, 1947 in Chicago, IL, the son of Joseph T. and Helen (Dwyer) Lundquist. He was a graduate of Gobles High School class of 1966. He was a veteran of the Vietnam War serving in the U. S. Marines and then attended K.V. C.C. and Western Michigan University. He was a Rehabilitation Counselor at Grant Hospital in Chicago before moving back to Michigan. Surviving are a daughter, Macaela; former wife, Sally; mother, Helen Lundquist of Paw

Paw; sister, Denise McDonald of Chicago; 2 sisters and husbands, Diane and Al Fabro of Chicago, Karen and Jeff Matson of Kalamazoo; 3 nephews, Brian McDonald, Chris and Matt Fabro. A Resurrection Eucharist will be held Saturday 11 a.m. at St. Mark's Episcopal church, Paw Paw with the Rev. Fr. Joseph C. Neiman celebrant, assisted by Deacon Judy Neiman. Family will receive friends at the Parrish Hall following the memorial service. Memorial contributions may be made to St. Mark's Memorial fund or M.A. D.D. Arrangements by the
ADAMS-ZOLP
Funeral Home
Paw Paw
A Forethought Member

We received a note from Helen Lundquist in Paw Paw that her son, Joe Lundquist, died from an acute heart attack on July 3, 1991. Joe was 44 years of age. We were so sorry to hear about Joe. We will all keep him in our thoughts and prayers.

A TREE! -- A TREE! -- WE NEED A TREE!

Many of you have asked for a family tree -- so you can place in your mind who "belongs" to who! This has been on the Editors' minds ever since the inception of this newsletter -- and any number of times we have both started one and then had to stop and think -- "there's no way to fit this in the pages of our FAMILY TIES! This is one big family. But don't despair, we get one together yet--one way or the other. Most of you have commented on how much you enjoyed this Newsletter -- "even though I don't know who they're talking about!" We're still trying to remedy this situation -- maybe one of our many family geniuses will help us out on this! Any suggestions!?

Addie Mae Doran had some excitement in September she could have lived without! Thieves broke (literally) into her house on Rockaway and stole many valuables and heirlooms that cannot be replaced for any amount of \$\$\$. We are thankful that she was not at home to suffer any bodily harm. We are very sorry for your loss, Addie Mae.

50 YEARS!

Linda Lundquist's folks, Max and Phyllis Rahe, celebrated their 50th Anniversary on June 6, 1991, in Edmond, Oklahoma. Max and Phyllis were married on June 6, 1941, in Crescent, Oklahoma. For the celebration, Phyllis's sister, Janet Keene and her husband, Dick, as well as Max and Phyllis' best friends, Lanelle and Howard Brown, were present. And, of course, Paul, Linda, Jennifer and Christopher helped them celebrate with dinner at Oak Tree Country Club. Congratulations, Max and Phyllis!

Jesus can demand a great deal from us. It is precisely in those instances where he demands a great deal from us that we should give him a beautiful smile.

M. Teresa

UPDATE FROM THE BILL WISES

Bill works for M.A.S.H. (Medical Advocacy Services Healthcare) and enjoys it very much--believe he has finally found his "niche" in life. I'm very proud of him and he is helping a lot of people who need the "helping hand of a caring person." When he isn't helping people through his services at M.A.S.H., he is busy with his hobbies of stained glass and woodworking. He has turned out some incredibly gorgeous Tiffany-style lamps and has been having fun "creating sawdust" in the woodshop.

I work as a legal secretary and paralegal for Baker & McKenzie (the world's largest law firm with 47 offices in 28 countries) and am in the real estate and tax departments. That job keeps me hopping and when the stress gets to be too much, I relax by pursuing Norwegian interests: I have been taking language classes, just completed sewing my bunad (Norwegian costume) from Sogn, Norway, as well as being President of Sons of Norway in Dallas, Co-Founder and Member of the Texas Nordic Council in Dallas.

And last but not least--when the opportunity arises, Bill and I enjoy being "Uncle" Bill and "Aunt" Pam to our terrific nephews (3) and nieces(4).

Take care and we love you!

Pam and Bill Wise

ADVERTISEMENT!!

What a wonderful letter from Pam! It's so nice to hear what some of us are doing in our daily lives (and what interesting people we are!)

Susie and I are thinking of having a "Reporter's Column" for the newsletter--have someone call or visit with a different family member for each issue of the Newsletter and letting the rest of us know about the "feature family". Do we have any volunteers!? Any suggestions or ideas? If you are interested in breaking into the world of journalism please call:

Susie Aki: 214/349-6157, or
Carol Miller: 915/684-5782 (ofc)
915/683-1719 (home)

In the event we are swamped with callers and letters, a reporter will be chosen through a lottery draw for the first assignment, and for each subsequent issue a new reporter will be appointed! What a wonderful opportunity for the whole family!

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REPORT FROM SOUTH FLORIDA

We moved in June, about three blocks, and are putting final touches on the house in preparation for oldest daughter Bridget's wedding, October 26, to Russ Happney (good grief!--another Irishman!) They will make their home in Pompano Beach.

Mike is still hitting the books at USF in Tampa, but Annie has transferred to Flagler College in St. Augustine. [Check new addresses at beginning of newsletter.]

If any of you are ever in our area (we're between Ft. Lauderdale and West Palm) we'd sure love to have you visit.

Love to all.

Judy & Ed O'Hara

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A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY

If any of you ever go by Judi Dunston's Steak House on Lover's Lane near Inwood [in Dallas], you can see a picture of Buffalo Bill and his Indians taken by the Dallas News photographer and including the picture of Edwin Brasher Doran as a News reporter. This picture must have been taken about the turn of the century. On the same wall is a picture of the Frank H. Doran resident at 1701 South Ervay St. It was designed by Robert Brasher, who was an early day architect in Dallas. He and grandmother Brasher lived on Browder St. before his death. Sadly, this magnificent Victorian style home, a true landmark, was torn down due to the exorbitant taxes the City insisted on collecting.

Allan Graham

UPDATE ON THE PARKERS

Liz is at West Texas State University - her second year, a sophomore. John is at Texas A&M, a freshman, and Jimmy is a SENIOR (and a Trident Scholar) at the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

On September 21, CC went to Canyon to visit Liz for Parents' Weekend. Liz is taking an equestrian class and, of course, looks great in a saddle and seems to have natural balance. Wonder why!??

CC is still riding. One of the mares she is exercising will probably be running at Remington Park in Oklahoma in about two weeks. If so, CC will go watch and also visit Linda and Paul in Oklahoma.

CC is in no hurry to get her jockey license - will probably get it this fall or next spring. As long as she's riding, she can only get better and more experience which can only help. You'll definitely hear from CC when she gets it, that's for sure!

Jack wants to play soccer this year and CC is trying to get him on a team. He's also interested in karate. Jaime and Julie are in the 9th and 11th grade and doing very well.

Love to all.

CC Parker

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THE GRAHAM REPORT

The harder I try to "retire" from business activity, the busier I seem to get. Perhaps, as my late father told me as he got older, "You will find how little it takes to keep my busy." I never have time to finish any job.

Bill's daughter received her degree from Stephens College in June. I offered to help her get her Master's degree at one of the local schools. I didn't want her to return to Missouri as she was putting down deep roots up there. Her boy friend did visit here and I think he is writing up a

computer program for her father, Bill. Last I heard Sabrina was in an optical office in Prestonwood Mall.

Frank and Sharon's oldest son, Stephen, was quarterback on the Jesuit Prep School as a freshman. Last week he broke his wrist and will be on the sidelines for several weeks. Carrie is still on the select girls soccer team even though she has moved up to an older age group.

Judi and Larry's two boys are active in school, with the older, Graham, still trying to please me by improving his grade point above the 3.98 to keep it at a straight 4.0. I understand each one of them have turned in a paper on their maternal grandfather (that's me). So far I have not been able to find out if I have been defamed. Graham goes to various church activities including two visits to foreign countries. He also just received his unrestricted driver's license and his family have turned over a Blazer that they had been using in Aspen, Colorado.

Also, Judi and Larry have just moved to their new home at 4517 Highland, [Dallas] next door to my old friend Ralph Howell.

May you all continue to enjoy good health and interesting and successful lives. Since I am living here alone, I would enjoy having any of you come visit at any time.

Allan Graham

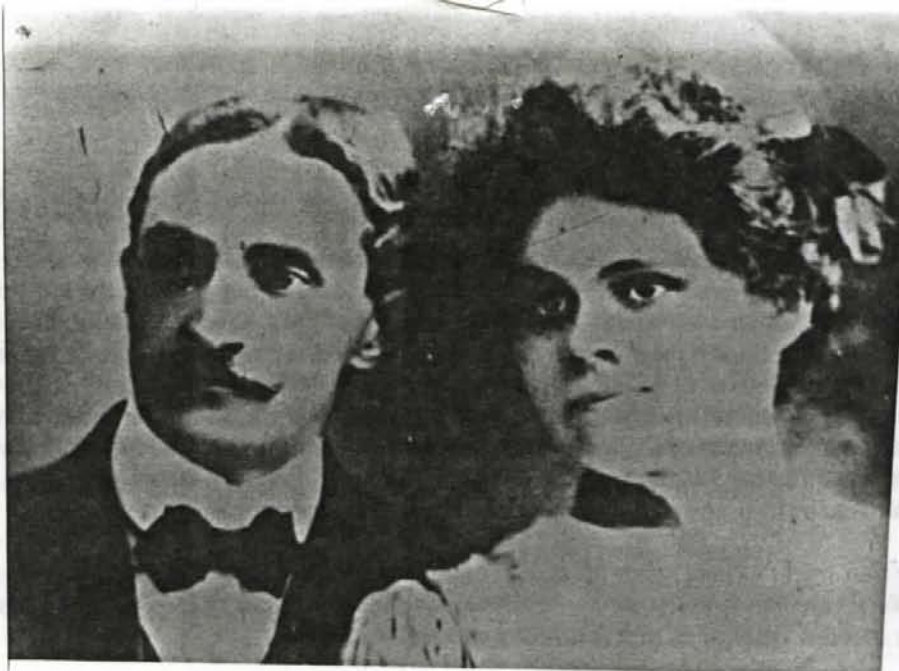
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COME FLY AWAY

Guess who is building an airplane in his garage? You guessed it! Hugh Lundquist. He hopes to be airborne by spring. All you air enthusiasts can write or call Hugh and talk "shop." (6210 Prospect, Dallas 75214, 214/827-4511).

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CHARLES ENOCH
LUNDQUIST
1875-1930



MARY MALLOY
LUNDQUIST
1875-1957

SOME LUNDQUIST FAMILY HISTORY

by

CHARLES M. LUNDQUIST, SR.

My mother, Mary Agnes Malloy, was born 7/20-1875 (died 5/6/57), in County Mayo, Ireland. She emigrated to the U.S.A. in the late 1890s. She returned to Ireland one or two times to bring to the U.S. her two brothers, Michael and James, and her sister, Honore. She worked in the house staff of the Marshall or Field families on the near south side of Chicago. This house was next door to or across the alley from the John G. Shedd residence (Shedd Aquarium).

My father, Charles Enoch Lundquist, was born 10/9-1875 (died 4/19/30), in Jonkoping, Sweden. As far as we know, he is the only member of his family to leave Sweden. He emigrated to the U.S. when he was in his early twenties. Somehow he was taken in hand by John G. Shedd who saw to it that he learned the English language and gave him a job as chauffeur and handy man. This is how my parents met--conversing over the back or side fence.

My father had two jobs: his principal job was with the Electrical Department, City of Chicago, Street Lighting Department. His second job was a stage hand in the legitimate theaters; I believe there were five or six in Chicago at that time, the Apollo, the Blackstone, and the Schubert, I remember. He liked this job in spite of the fact that it took up any spare time he might have had. He generally worked the "loft" crew; they worked off a balcony high above the stage, controlling big background scenes that were suspended from counter-balanced pulleys and ropes. I got to go to work with him a few times, I was about 10 or 11 years old; they let me stand-in in a mob scene one time, it was an operetta, the "Chocolate Soldier." This job was evenings, 7 to 11 p.m., with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Charles Enoch and Mary Agnes married on 2/11/02 at St. Anne's Church, Chicago, and had five children: Agatha Honore (Dickson) 2/8/03 - 12/22/83; Clara (Marshall) 3/8/05 - 2/5/89; Evelyn Ann (Monahan) 6/24/08 - 5/9/82; Charles Michael 9/28/10, and Joseph Theodor 11/21/12 - 12/30/69).

I was born in a two-flat my parents owned at 7251 Perry Avenue, Chicago (South Side). A two flat is a two story building housing two families, one up and one down. We lived in one and rented the other. The upstairs flat had three small bed rooms, living room, dining room, kitchen with pantry and bath room.

The downstairs was the same, but with two bedrooms. A full basement contained the laundry (wash tubs and scrub board) and a coal-burning hot air furnace; the heat was ducted to "requesters" in the rooms. Initially, lighting was with gas "mantle" fixtures. I don't remember much about the gas light except going to the store for a replacement "mantle." At this time cooking was done on a coal-burning range in the kitchen. The folks had the house "electrified" when I was about 5 or 6 years old. That must have been quite a job as there was no exposed wiring; there were a few push button switches but no outlet plugs; they weren't needed anyway as there were no electrical appliances. The phonograph was wound up by hand and the first radios were battery operated; an A battery and a more powerful B battery. About this time the hot air furnace was replaced with "steam heat" - radiators in each room. We had a Steudebaker touring sedan with side curtains that you installed when it rained. The car was used mainly for a "joy ride" on Sundays, weather permitting. At the first sign of frost the car was put up on small saw horses in the garage and retired until spring.

A Sunday tour might entail getting up at 4:00 or 5:00 a.m. and driving to Palos Park for a picnic, some ten miles away. We always had to carry two spare tires and all kinds of tools. Later, we had a Reo Brougham which was a more modern type car with a solid roof and side windows.

I recall two long trips we took; one to visit mother's sister, "Nonie" Carlsen, on a wheat farm out of Fargo, North Dakota. Nonie also married a Scandinavian, a Dane -- Carlsen; they homesteaded a section of land and had it in wheat. "Rust" was a problem and I recall their having a few bad years because of it. The farm house and accommodations were very primitive; they lived off the land and just about all eatables came out of the "root" cellar. I recall my Dad and I going to Fargo to get some "city" food to eat. On an earlier visit my mother and father made, they were threatened and besieged by a pack of hungry wolves. Leaving Chicago, as I did at an early age, I did not keep up with the Carlsen's affairs; there were a number of children and I understand that ultimately they became corporate farmers, farming thousands of acres.

The other long trip was to Detroit, Michigan, to visit my mother's cousins, the Mulroys--my grandmother's maiden name was Mulroy. This was a sad visit, as about the time we arrived we learned that one of the children was diagnosed as having polio. There was little that could be done for polio victims at that time.

I'm reminded of our shopping situation--nothing was purchased in quantity; when you ran out of something you went to the store for it; i.e., a pound of sugar was ladled out of a bin into a paper sack by the store clerk. About the only prepackaged items were canned items; coffee (whole bean) was scooped out of a burlap bag, we ground it at home in a hand-operated coffee mill. The Swedes were supposed to be heavy coffee drinkers and my Dad had his in the conventional Swedish manner--out of a saucer with a cube of sugar in his mouth. As for refrigerated food, perishables were stored on an outside window sill in late fall, winter and early spring. We had an ice box cooled with a block of ice. Our next door neighbor, Mr. Jackson, was an ice man; the ice men had their regular customers and sign, a cardboard about 15 inches on a side at the top of which, in large type, was a quantity--25 on one side, 50 on the next, 75 next and then 100. When you wanted ice, you put the card up in the window facing the alley with the top indicating how much you wanted. Mr. Jackson was a tall slim fellow and I don't see how he handled up to 300-pound blocks of ice, the way they came out of the ice house. He had a heavy leather affair that went over his shoulder, on which he rested the block of ice held by ice tongs, probably 100-pound blocks were the largest that he would hump up to the ice box.

I spent the first four grades of grammar school at St. Columbanus, about a mile from home and the last four years at our new parish school, St. Carthage, at 73rd and Yale. In 7th and 8th grades, I worked some Saturdays, Sundays or evenings at Houl's Delicatessen--pay was \$1.00 per day or evening plus a 5 cent candy bar. My 8th grade teacher, Sister Rosita, convinced me that I had a vocation to the priesthood, so after graduation, I entered Quigley Preparatory Seminary, which was located on the "Gold Coast" (near North Side

and the lake); incidentally, most kids in those days went to or sought work rather than go on to high school.

The street car ride to Quigley took about an hour, fare was 3 cents, later raised to 7 cents. Chicago had an excellent transportation system; you could go just about any place within the city limits and never be more than 3 or 4 blocks from a street car line. East and West was: 95th, 87th, 79th, 76th, 71st, 69th, 67th, 63rd, 59th, 53rd, 47th, 43rd, 39th, 31st, 22nd, 12th and then you were downtown in the "Loop." The North/South lines were about as frequent.

I went to Quigley for two years and then to public high--Tilden Tech, for a month or so and then finished high school at Mt. Carmel, 64th and Dante, a boys high, run by the Carmelites. I think we had one ordained priest and the rest were Brothers. I graduated in 1929. I went to Illinois U at Champaign/Urbana for two years and then to Northwestern U (McClinton Campus in Chicago) for less than a year.

This was a time of considerable stress for most people; we were in the middle of a deep depression--banks were closing and no jobs were to be had. Able-bodied and talented men stood on street corners selling apples at 5 cents each. During the summer, I had two short-lived jobs that I recall--one was with the gas company as a gas burner adjuster. Chicago had just started to get natural gas from the East Texas oil fields and most gas appliances needed to be adjusted to the new gas. I was assigned a low or no income area on the West Side and I recall fighting my way through 3 or 4 inches of grime and grease to even find the burners in some of these homes and places of business. My next job was "political," as timekeeper with a city crew installing stop and go lights at busy intersections. As timekeeper, I was directed to add various unseen and unknowns to the payroll and also to indicate considerable overtime to the important crew members. We all attended any and all scheduled political rallies at any time, for our benefactor, Big Bill Thompson, mayor.

We had a car and with nothing else to do, I used to drive around a lot just using up that 12-cent gas. This circumstance started me off on my paint and wallpaper career. I was driving around and saw a neighbor, Irving Berthelson, waiting for a street car. I picked him up and carried him to a hospital to visit his sick wife. A few days later he alerted me to a job opening with his employer, Star Peerless Wallpaper Mills, at their Chicago warehouse on the near North Side. I was hired as shipping clerk at 25 cents an hour. I was on this job for about a year when I was called into the headquarters at Joliet, Illinois, and offered the job of going to Dallas, to locate and manage a southwest warehouse. I found a building with trackage at 315 N. Walton. My contact in Dallas was James H. McCaffrey, Texas salesman for Mayflower Wallpapers.

Jim and his wife, Frances, saw to it that I met a number of Dallas girls among whom was Helen Doran. It was love at first sight, and I soon changed my rooming house from Princeton Avenue to 54__ Bryan, a block away from 5233 Bryan, Helen's address. After a 6 or 8 month courtship, we were married on October 6, 1934. It was a small wedding at Sacred Heart Cathedral on Ross Avenue. Bishop Dangelmeyer was the celebrant; Margaret, Helen's sister was bridesmaid; Frances McCaffrey was matron of honor. My brother, Joe, was best man and Jim McCaffrey was an usher.