

*Arthur B. Eddy,*



*An Oral History*

Transcription of Arthur B. (Dick) Eddy's reminiscences August 2008  
As transcribed by Dick Anderson and edited September 2008 by Dick Eddy. Comments  
from an earlier Oak Orchard on the Lake cottage owner survey added in appropriate  
places.

Dick Eddy reviewed, corrected, and revised parts of the transcription.

# *Arthur B. Eddy, An Oral History*

Transcription of Arthur B. (Dick) Eddy's reminiscences August 2008

As transcribed by Dick Anderson and edited September 2008 by Dick Eddy. Comments from an earlier Oak Orchard on the Lake cottage owner survey added in appropriate places. Dick Eddy reviewed, corrected, and revised parts of the transcription.

I was born on August 31, 1921 in the Arnold Gregory Hospital in Albion, N.Y. My father was Sidney Moore Eddy and my mother was Josephine Benedict Eddy. Before my birth, my parents were going to name me Richard. However, my grandfather Arthur M. Eddy died within two weeks of my birth. So they named me Arthur Benedict Eddy to honor his memory. They called me "Dick", so this continues to be my nickname.

Arthur M. Eddy founded what became the Eddy Printing Company in West Kendall, NY in 1881. Later he married Nellie Lettis of Albion and moved his company to that village. He built a two story building for his printing operation. His employees were mostly family members. They included his father and mother, Charles Eddy and Nancy Eddy.

My early childhood memories were, I spent most of my life in summer along the shores of Lake Ontario where my parents either rented or owned cottages and I'm very familiar with this and it goes back to, I guess, my very early childhood. I can remember one time we were up at the tennis court which was close to here and it was made by Mr. Archbald, at the site of an old hotel that was here. I'd done something wrong at the tennis court, and Mrs. Stanley Woods, who was a good friend of my parents was kind of babysitting. As a result of whatever I did, she put me over her shoulder, carried me down the path through the woods. I was as scared of being in the woods as anything else, and finally we arrived at the cottage and it was OK.

I remember when I was young that my father would, as I was in bed and I had trouble going to sleep, he'd bring in the newspaper with the funny papers. I remember him reading stories about Tailspin Tommy and other people of that sort. My father read to me quite frequently when I was very young. Another adventure later on was going to Camp Chenango which was on Lake Otsego in the eastern, southern part of New York State. At the same camp was Francis Blake, a boyhood friend. I remember my father gave me a wonderful fishing pole and I tried to fish off a dock. Some people came up behind me, some of my friends, and I turned to talk to them and all of a sudden my fishing pole was gone. I don't know whether it got snagged on the bottom or a fish went away with it, but I remember that very well.

The camp adventure was, I was very, a little young, I think I was, probably 9 or so, somewhere in there it was back in '29 – '30, but anyway when I came back, maybe it was earlier than that maybe it was around '28, when I came back home, my mother wasn't there. Apparently my mother and father (had) separated and my mother went to seek her fortune in New York City.

After my mother's divorce we corresponded regularly. She started with Best & Co. in New York City. From there she opened stores in Hyannis, Massachusetts, Miami, Florida, and Ardmore, Pennsylvania. Her permanent stay was in Ardmore where she was manager for many years. I visited her for a few weeks in the summer. While my mother worked, I would ride the subways in New York City and Philadelphia while she was working. I loved to explore those cities.

Then my dad, Sidney, said, "We're going to the World's Fair in Chicago by train" and I thought boy, that's going to be a wonderful adventure. Anyway, we started on our train trip, leaving from Buffalo and got as far as Erie Pennsylvania and he said, "Well we're going to get off here". "We'll get back on in another day or two", and at that point, a lady met us with a car. In the car was one of her sons and we got acquainted with the Brennans, who were then living in Erie Pennsylvania. We met them and we spent the night at their place and then went and got back on another train and went to Chicago.

We had a wonderful time there. I remember two incidents. One was, it got cold at night and my father had purchased a newspaper and he was pretty smart. He stuck the newspapers inside my shirt so that it would give me warmth. But as we walked along the way there was a whole bunch of carnival shows and things of that nature. One of them featured a lady that was out dancing on a stage and I said well Dad, "I'll wait here, you might want to go in and watch the lady dance", but apparently he didn't take advantage of that. Anyway, on the trip home, he asked me, "How did you like the Brennans?" I said, "Well they're very nice people, and I get along with Bud very well." Bud was a little older than me. And he said, "Well, I want to tell you now that Mrs. Brennan and I are going to get married. And they're going to move to Albion and live with us on East Academy Street." And I thought that was the greatest thing that ever happened because I, for several years, had been a single child at home and didn't have too many friends, I had some neighborhood friends but we had a whole family moving in with us and that was just wonderful. Because Bud and I, as it turns out later on, spent a lot of time together and he was, as well as my stepbrother, he was my best friend. My stepmother's name was Nellie Jones Eddy. My deceased stepbrother was Charles F. Brennan, Jr., who was called Bud. My stepsister is Catherine B. Schwyn, My other stepbrother is Ansel D. J. Brennan.

In order to accommodate the expanded family, my father hired Earl Sullivan who was the leading contractor in the village. He got up in our attic and there was a roof that sloped down to the second story level, and put a little apartment in there with a bathroom, a very small one, with room for the twin beds. In the middle of the room you could stand up and everything was fine but when you went in the bathroom there was problems with lower ceilings. But anyway, Bud and I enjoyed that and we could look out, there were some windows that overlooked the school across the street. We'd look out there and then we got to playing around and every night my father would come up to check to see if Bud and I were in bed and going to sleep. Well, we had an electric train, we got it for Christmas, and we had rigged it up so that when the door opened the train would start up. And we tried that trick on my father and he was very surprised at first and then he switched it off and went back down stairs. We didn't try that one again for quite a while.

We lived on East Academy Street directly across from what's now the old Grammar School. At the time we lived there everybody went to that building including the high school students. And it was very convenient for me, I'd just go across the street to school every day. Well as we got older,

year, but it was in the thirties I guess, that the was built. (*Opened 1934*) the High School students grades, I went from 6<sup>th</sup> those days we all had to walked all the way up to time they had 7 and 8 as in the new building and we graduated from high school class up until that date. We guess that's been surpassed anyway that was our class.



*Into a world unknown the cornerstone of a nation*

#### CLASS OF 1939

The class which is being graduated from Albion High School this June will be the largest class to have done so thus far, being composed of approximately 143 students.

As Freshmen the class accomplished very little, the outstanding event of the year being a Freshman banquet.

In 1938, the Sophomores grew to know more about Albion High School and the things it offered. This year the Sophomore party was very successful.

During their Junior year, to provide money for financing the Junior Prom, they put on a magazine drive, which accomplished its purpose and demonstrated that the Class of '39 included fine business people.

When the members returned to school last fall as Seniors, the following officers were selected for their class:

President -	Mason Webster
Vice President -	Arthur Eddy
Secretary -	Elizabeth Pratt
Treasurer -	Marion O'Connell

Their social activities this year consisted of the Football Prom, held in October, and the Easter Ball, in April, which were social if not financial successes. In June, the class will hold a Senior picnic, though the final arrangements for this have not been made.

This is the history of the Class of '39, which will pass out into the world on the commencement of a new voyage towards Success, in the twin ships of Knowledge and Confidence.

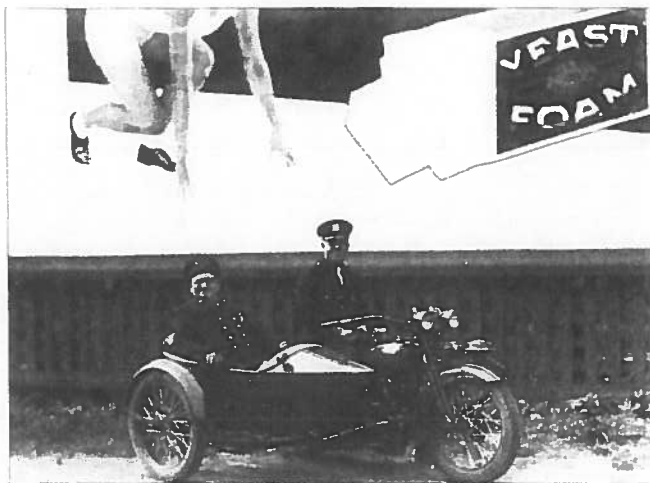
and I can't remember the thirties – late – middle Carl I. Bergerson building And it was built to house and I guess the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade at East Academy – in walk to school and so I the Avenue. I guess at that one grade and we had that went through there and I in 1939. We had the largest had 135 in my class. I several times since, but

There was a great, good,

bunch of people. I remember I seemed to do pretty well at math and got some pretty good marks and I belonged to the National Honor Society. It got to be that the National Honor Society was more of a social group than anything else, because we'd go on picnics and have parties and do everything else at meetings of the National Honor Society. One of my good friends was Mason Webster who ended up in the Senior year as class president, I was class Vice President. Beth Pratt, her name was then, Beth Nesbitt was our Secretary, and Marion O'Connell was our Treasurer. And we had a nice graduation – cap and gown and all that sort of thing. We had a lot of fun.

One of the things about living across from the old, Grammar School, still used as a school even though we'd moved up to the new Carl Bergerson building in our higher grades. Our favorite trick was for the neighborhood boys to get together and at night we'd sneak up and – they had the fire escape doors closed, but we got up and we'd climb over them and get in and climb up to the top to the roof of the old school and have a great time running around up there. Till one day Horace Kelsey, Horace Kelsey was chief of police, and they had one policeman Eddie Hazelbaker. Eddie had a motorcycle with a sidecar, and Horace would ride around in the sidecar with Eddie. We heard the thing coming and we said, “Oh, we're in for it.” Well the cops got up on top of the roof and we hid as best as we could but they finally found us. We had a good talking to and then we were reported to our parents - all kinds of mischief that we got into.

But that's used the grounds of end had tennis courts, football and all kinds a neighborhood. Washington Street, those streets – West together. We were Gang” at that time. involved and some of



SIDECAR UNDER A BILLBOARD. Taking a break from their patrol are police chief Horace Kelsey in the sidecar, and officer Ed Hazelbaker, on the motorcycle, around 1925. (Courtesy of Orleans County Department of History.)

what we did, we also the school. The south but we would play of things. It was quite People from West Academy, all Street, would get kind of the “West End The Woods boys were the Theodorakus

family. I guess initially they lived in a block downtown but they moved to West State across from the Woods family.

I want to tell you another funny event. It wasn't so funny. The Woods boys were Dave, Dick, and Charlie and my friend was Charlie. We would watch the Trolley car go by, the R.L. & B, Rochester, Lockport and Buffalo, and we had great fun. We'd take a quarter or something, a penny, and put it on the tracks. And when the trolley went by it would squash it. And we'd squashed several coins that way. Well one day one of the Woods boys thought he had a better

idea. He was going to put a piece of metal on there and it was fairly good sized. And along comes the Trolley and we hear a crash. We weren't next to the Trolley car, but we hear a crash, and there's the Trolley. It went off the tracks and right into, Mrs. Loveland's house which was right across the street. The car went right into her porch that was kind of a big mess. But anyway, I don't think anybody said who put the thing on there (the tracks). Nobody had said anything about it and I guess finally in later years when Stanley died, Helen once was told that the Woods boys had something to do with it. It was OK, the Trolley wasn't damaged. The porch was, but that was one of the strange things we did.



Manley Harris's car left the tracks in Albion



We had several great teachers in school. I particularly remember Bergie (Mr. Bergerson) because he for some reason got acquainted with my grandfather from Rochester. Whenever he'd be in town he'd go across the street when Bergie was still at the old Grammar School and talk with him and they became friends. But anyway when we got to school there was Nellie McKenna, I believe her name was, was our 7<sup>th</sup> – 8<sup>th</sup> grade teacher. Then in High School we of course took courses from Ted Anderson, who was Principal of the school at that time, and Bill Monicelli. Bill's favorite trick was, if anybody was looking down or not paying attention, Bill would throw an eraser in their direction and that woke 'em up.



ARTHUR EDDY  
*College Entrance Course*  
M. I. T.

JANE FADALE  
*Academic Course*  
Undecided

There was also Emily Beeman, who had one eye that was false, and Jessie Valnia. Jessie couldn't hear too well and she taught Latin. I remember that some of our kids who got Latin pretty well and she knew it, so they got used to getting up and saying anything they pleased. Jessie would say oh, that's great. Of course it was because she couldn't hear them. But any way, Alice Archibald was another teacher and she rode around in a convertible that we liked to see her driving around in that with boyfriends. Mrs. Harrigan taught us French. There was a lady named Hogan. We called her "One Round Hogan", 'cause she was a tough one. And there were other teachers, John Antes, who taught Business. There were some fine teachers and they were all dedicated and probably got paid very little. We were well schooled by them.



The Printing of this Book was done by  
**A. M. EDDY, ALBION, N. Y.**

Books  
Magazines  
Catalogues  
Pamphlets  
Posters  
Stationery  
The only  
Complete  
Printing  
House in  
the county



Special facilities  
for getting out  
Fine  
**Half  
Tone**  
and  
**Color  
Printing**  
City Printing  
at  
Country prices

**THE HOME OF GOOD PRINTING**

Oh, I forgot to tell you that when Bud and I were in High School, we naturally got to work for Eddy Printing. We had to bale paper. They had a hole in the main floor and all the scrap paper, spoiled paper, was shoved down that hole. And down in the basement, for some reason my grandfather had built the building, but he didn't build much height to the basement. It was something like five and a half feet from the floor to the ceiling. We were in there with this paper baler and constantly bumping our heads. That was the way we'd earned money.

The other thing was that two of our friends, Carl Bergerson and Ted Anderson, both had nice cars but they had let them go a little bit and they weren't looking too good. So Bud and I thought "Gee" we can make some money here and both agreed to Simonize their cars. Well we got to working on that and some of it hadn't been Simonized or painted too recently and it took us, ha, it was embarrassing 'cause we'd have one car for a while and work on that, work all weekend on it, and then work the next week on the same car, so we put an awful lot of elbow grease shining up those cars. I think, I forget what we were paid, a dollar or a dollar and a half or something like that for Simonizing a car, that sounds crazy today but that was during the depression.

Actually the pay I remember at the canning factory a lot of us worked there during the summer, was forty cents an hour. And we had another trick, high school kids would get jobs at forty cents an hour and they'd go over and work and roll around pea barrels. I remember doing that and doing jobs and then there were always freight cars by the canning factory. We'd punch out and we'd go over (in the freight cars) and sleep for some three or four hours then go back to work and punch in again. I remember one time I had a time card with a hundred hours on it. I made forty dollars and that was a most wonderful thing. In fact I used that money to get a car. Bill Dollinger who was a friend of mine. I guess we must have been sixteen or whenever you got your license to drive, and Bill and I got a hold of this Ford, that was I rented from somebody for I had forty dollars. That was big money. And Bill and I decided we'd go north to Canada. Bill had a cousin up on the St. Lawrence River that owned an island, Dollinger Island. Bill's father, was a dentist in Albion and Bill had brothers and sisters. But his uncle, Louis, was the head of the Dollinger Corporation in Rochester, which was getting to be quite a big operation.

Anyway, we went to the Thousand Islands. We got up to the islands and decided we'd go over and see Les (*F. Leslie Dollinger became President of the Dollinger Corporation*) who was the son of the man who owned the island. They had a couple of speed-boats there. We got to talking with Les when we got over there and he said well let's go water boarding, not in the same way as it is now. In those days, water boarding consisted of going behind a boat and standing on a board with a rope connected to the board. And when you went along of course the board, the front of the board, would go up and you'd have a great time riding along. Bill got on the board and we started up. He was a little too far forward on the board, 'cause the thing went down instead of up. You held onto some ropes by hand so you wouldn't fall off. Well Bill hung onto those ropes and went under water for quite a while. We stopped the boat and he floated up. He was all right, but he never should have hung on. He should have just let go but he hung on and went right down with the board. Then Bill and I went up to Quebec, I think it was Quebec City, and they spoke French up there. We'd learned a little French from Mrs. Harrigan and we tried our French out on some telephone girls. I remember we were calling somebody or other and we agreed to meet the girls somewhere and we got there and they never showed up. So Bill and I

came back after that not having dates. We spoke with them but they didn't show up to ride in our car. We came back then I must have given the car back to whoever owned it.

In the early days we had many family gatherings. Most summers we stayed at Oak Orchard on the Lake where my father had a summer residence. Dan Conlon now owns the property. While at the lake we did a lot of swimming, sailing and playing tennis. Weekends were filled with parties with inhabitants along "The Line". Bud and I enjoyed swimming. There was a big rock below the surface way out from shore. We loved to stand on it after swimming to it from shore. People who saw us way out there may have thought we were standing on water.

I graduated from high school in 1939. I did pretty well in math so I thought engineering would be the path for me to take. So I applied to M.I.T., that was the best in the country. R.P.I. Rennselaer Polytech, which was in New York State, near Albany. My father and my uncle and everybody seemed to go to Hamilton, which didn't have engineering, and I applied to Cornell. Fortunately, at that time, I got accepted at all of these places and so I sat down with my father and we looked at the tuition and all that in these places. Of course I didn't want to go to Hamilton anyway and we turned that down. Then I looked at the engineering schools and it turns out that M.I.T. was the most expensive, then R.P.I., and finally Cornell. It was the least expensive and I remember going there and paying four hundred dollars a semester, at least at the beginning of my career at Cornell. Now, before I went to Cornell, my father and I drove down and we found a rooming house down at the bottom of the big hill. We'd made arrangements with Mrs. Wilson who owned the rooming house, and I went back to Albion.

When it was time to go to Cornell, my father was quite busy at the company and so I'd met a young lady from Bergen. Her name was Greta Wilcox and I'd gotten to know her brothers. She had two brothers. The oldest one, Harris, was also going to Cornell. Of course he was involved in agriculture they had some farming (*courses*) and I got a ride with Harris in his old Chevy coup. That's how I got started, I went to this rooming house, of course went to classes and got going at Cornell. Well it was during the depression. I had been asked to join a fraternity, in

fact more than one. The one I chose was Delta Tau Delta that was across the street from the rooming house, which was very handy, because no freshmen lived in the fraternity house.

But anyway, some of my (*fraternity*) brothers were more affluent than I. Some of them misled me a little bit. I think one guy said his father was president of American Airlines, and another had a father, who was president of Republic Aircraft. I went along with them and pretty soon I was out of money, keeping up with those guys. So I wrote a letter home to my father, and said, "Dad I guess I got to have some more money, I've run out, and I wonder if you could send a check, get me back on my feet financially". Well, I got a letter from Dad. I thought, "Oh, here's the check. Everything's beautiful". I opened the letter, the envelope, and it was a letter but no check. And the gist of the letter was, Dick, you can come back to Albion and go to work for the printing company, or find a job here, or you can find a job in Ithaca, but no more money. You'll get your allowance and that's it. There were tough times and all that sort of thing. So, that got my career started. I immediately looked around. First I got a job washing pots and finally I got to be a waiter. I was a waiter at Cornell for the rest of my scholastic studies there, three and a half years before I got my degree. But that provided me with food. However we were never paid any money, we just got food. Of course food costs money so that made up the difference. Sometimes we got small tips at big events.

When at Cornell in those days, it was back in the late 30's or early 40's, all the men coming to Cornell, freshmen and sophomores were required by law to take ROTC. So I did that for two years and then, I guess at the end of that time you could elect to go ahead and hopefully get a commission when you graduated. For your junior and senior year you got a regular officer's uniform. I think I was Cadet Captain. I had three circles on my uniform. Anyway, I was a Cadet Captain and we'd march around and we had big French 75 (mm) guns in Barton Hall which was our big parade hall. We'd parade inside it. I'll never forget, our cannons were getting a little dirty and the Colonel said we were going to take them out and wash them. There was a park near there. So each one of them were attached to a six by six truck. And we were driving along and we went up this hill to get to the park to wash the cannons off. The guy that had the last truck, and incidentally our Colonel was following us in the staff car, there was a safety thing on the

pintle hook which was at the back of the truck. He'd forgot to click it down. The gun broke loose, started going back down the hill, and ended up with the barrel right through the Colonel's radiator. Well to say the least, that guy didn't do so well, and also the Colonel wasn't happy because he didn't have all the guns to deal with. He had some damage to that. So the next week when Governor Lehman came to review us, we were short one cannon as we went around. We marched and then we brought the cannons with us.

Anyway, that was a story, funny one, from Cornell. The guy that didn't hook that peddle hook was not in very good shape. It came time to graduate and I'd – Oh, one other thing I did, I was compete for manager of football. At that time football, at Cornell, was a big thing. A lot of guys from the Pittsburgh area came and were in engineering with me, Swanson, and Danny Neher and several others. They did what they called compets. There were 12 of us who worked as compets, and what we were was glorified water boys. We had a little device, a tank that we'd take out, and it had a lot of water fountains on it. So we'd take it out when the team needed water. We'd also have to pick up the towels and do a lot of menial jobs. Well this was great fun because Cornell had beat both Michigan and Ohio State, which was way outside their normal (competition). They were normally Ivy League schools that they played. And then they got to the final game, which was at Dartmouth. It was a cold day and some snow on the ground. We played and played and played and everybody got excited, and finally Cornell scored the last touchdown and was the winner of the game, we thought. Anyway, on the train on the way back, the head coach, Carl Snively, came walking back through the cars talking with the players and he looked very sad. What had happened (was), everybody was so excited that they didn't keep track of the downs. We made that final touchdown on a fifth down. So we had to give up the winner's cup to Dartmouth because they had won on their downs legally. Anyway, that's a little side story.

Well, let's go on now. I was advanced ROTC, and our attack out at Hawaii occurred and we were on a bus going along. All of us wanted to get off the bus and go right in the military service. None of us had completed our full training. But our professors talked with us and I remember one guy talking with me and (he) said you can be worth a lot more to the government and the war effort if you stay and get your degree. So we did that. But in order to do it, we were required to go all summer of our senior year so we all graduated in January. (We) got our diplomas, but we did not get our commissions because the requirement of ROTC was that you must go to a camp in the summer of your senior year. Between your junior and senior years (you needed to) have some training of some sort and we didn't do that because we were going to school. Therefore they said OK, we're going to give you more training and we're not going to give you your commission. You are all to going to OCS.

Well my specialty at the end turned out to be ordnance, which was the Army ordnance, which handles all the ammunition, guns, and the heavy vehicle maintenance. So I went to Aberdeen and froze. It was in January. We had pot belly stoves and I remember one time I woke up and the guy that was supposed to be tending the stove, getting up every once and a while, putting more coal on, had failed to do his job and it went out. Then of course the first thing you had to do when you got out and get dressed was to hose down or wash down the floor and mop it and get everything (ready) for inspection. Well we tried to wash down the floor. We threw a pail of water on it and it froze right away. We'd lit the stove again but it was pretty cold. That was one time we didn't come out on top.

One other thing, I was asked by a Major, they asked us all, questions about strategic importance about certain areas and geography. They wanted to test us on that. I was asked the question of what the strategic importance of, he said, Madagascar. I thought he said Madagascar. I said I didn't know but it was off the coast of Africa and couldn't figure that one out. But maybe they flew off of Africa and went over to Madagascar and back. What he meant was Malta and I had it confused with Madagascar. Anyway, I failed that time. At the end when you had all your training, and two or three weeks before, because I actually served at Aberdeen as an instructor

after I got my commission, I found out what they did. If they needed a lot of ordnance officers, they would pass a lot of them. If they didn't, they would start flunking some of them out. Well fortunately, I got through that all right and was stationed at Aberdeen doing training. Well after that, following further training, this was in April or May, in that area. They said you got three choices. You can either stay here, that's one, or you can go out and train in the dessert for tank recovery, but that's going to be like a six month training because it's big time stuff, and I was desperate to get overseas, and finally they said because you didn't choose the first two you'll be sent to New Orleans. I wondered what that was about. But one other thing I did, I wanted to be a pilot, what they called training in grade. I could get my commission, keep my commission, but I'd go to school and train with the other pilots. I put in for that and then I went to New Orleans and it was hot down there. I remember they had us all get aboard, we travelled in these Liberty ships.

We were all at Gulfport Mississippi, and there were three liberty ships with hammocks in them converted to carry troupes. We had to assemble there and get aboard the ships. We hadn't left the area yet when a courier came with some papers for our boss, the Colonel. In that package of papers was an order for Second Lieutenant Eddy to report for flight training. Colonel contacted me and informed me of this and said you are now overseas and we have overseas work for you and you cannot leave this ship for that purpose. Well, we steamed out of Gulfport Mississippi and the very heavy heat. During the night, that night, a friend of mine and I thought well let's not go below because it was so hot. Let's sleep on deck, which we did. And the funniest thing happened when the sun came up in the morning, we were at sea. I looked at Frank, my friend, and he looked at me, and both of us looked like we'd come from the deepest part of Africa because we were covered with soot, head to foot. We had quite a time getting over that.

Then we proceeded to Guantanamo Bay, we anchored off of the Bay to get fuel. We didn't get ashore and we started out from there thinking all along that we were going to Africa. We felt that most trips, people, big events were going on in Africa and that's where we were going. As we looked at the sun and the orientation, we found out we were going south. After several days at sea, we arrived the Island of Trinidad, which is off the South American coast. We

spent a couple of weeks there. I remember leaving Trinidad. We left there at night, we had a navy sub chaser escort vessel with us. All of a sudden that evening as we left a little strait of water between Trinidad and the Venezuelan coast, we had a submarine alert and all army people were ordered below. The navy had guns fore and aft on these Liberty Ships and they manned the guns. Well the sub did get off one torpedo, which missed us, hit the shore, and blew up. And then the sub chaser started dropping depth charges. We were down below decks and I was below deck right next to the side of the ship. And every time an underwater wave of water would hit with a loud bang when those depth charges went off. All of us thought those were our last moments on earth, but we survived it and pretty soon the sub took off and didn't want any more of that.

I want to mention a little thing that happened back in the forty twos. Roosevelt and Churchill met in Casablanca over in Morocco, Africa to discuss what joint efforts they were going to make, particularly in Africa. On the way home FDR flew from Casablanca via the Ascension Island and then to Natal Brazil, and there he met with President Getulio Vargas, the President of Brazil. It was noted that we had Pan American Airways that started a group of airfields up and down the Brazilian coast as well as British Guiana, which is now known as Guyana. We were to take the bases in Brazil, if we would give Vargas some tanks, a few tanks, for his military. So the agreement was made and we (were) involved. At first we landed the ships at Recife, Brazil and I was sent within a few days to Natal, Brazil. If you look at a map of Brazil, you'll see that Natal is on the tip of Brazil and is half way across the Atlantic. So our base was a big hop off point for all air traffic, bombers, and fighters going into Europe. They would leave us and fly to Ascension Island was about 1200 miles, all propeller-driven by the way, and then turn ninety degrees to go north up into Europe. So that's how we ended up with these fields. The rest of the fields were maintained by our personnel, we had five thousand soldiers down there manning these bases. The rest were relief bases as Natal filled up. Then they would spend a night or two at another base and then fly into Natal. But all the overseas traffic left mostly from Natal. Some of them left from Fortaleza. But anyway, I spent two and a half years there, got back, flew back, instead of going by water to the U.S. back in October of 1945.



One of the things, I hadn't had much contact, although I did date one Brazilian girl a while when I was in Brazil. I was anxious to have a date or some contact with an American girl. My sister Catherine worked in Rochester and one of her friends there was a girl named Susan Cooper. Well she arranged for, they were having a party, several Albion people, I remember Amos Beeden was there, and Tom McNall was there, and I had this blind date with Susan Cooper.

Sue Cooper lived in Brighton on Council Rock Avenue and graduated from Brighton High School. Her father was Sam Cooper, Sr. who was the chairman of the Monroe County Board of Supervisors. She has a twin brother Sam Cooper, Jr. who was manager of the Rochester Airport. When we met, she was working in an insurance office in downtown Rochester. She attended the University of Rochester before the war.

After our blind date in October 1945, we dated until April 1946 when we became engaged. We were married in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, East Avenue, Rochester. We honeymooned in Cuba. We rented half houses on Ingersoll St. and West State Street between 1946 and 1954. Now we have three wonderful daughters.

Dr. Christen Haltom of Ithica, NY, born October 22, 1948 has her PhD from Cornell. She is married to Maurice Haltom. They have sons Jhakeem and Ajemo and an adopted daughter Becca from India. Chris now has a successful Psychology practice in Ithaca and likes her church work. She has travelled in the US, Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Kim Remley of Albion, born October 28, 1951, is a graduate of Baldwin Wallace. She is married to Richard Remley and they have a son Andrew and an adopted son Samuel from Russia. Kim works at the Brockport State University where she is pursuing her Master's degree. She enjoys her family and a rental cottage at the lake, (in the) summers. She has been in US, Mexico, Barbados, and Russia. She enjoys her church and politics in her community, state, and nation.

Anne Beaty of Greenwich, CT was born April 30, 1954. She is a graduate of Colgate. Anne is married to Bruce Beaty and they have two daughters, Susan and Sidney, Anne is much involved in dancing productions in Greenwich Schools and choreography in New York City. She has travelled extensively to South America, Europe, and Asia. She enjoys her family and has a large cottage at Oak Orchard on the Lake.

We'll then talk about business. Originally I had my degree in mechanical engineering and was planning on going to work for General Motors. But when I got back to Albion and went down to the company to see my father and got kind of interested. Albion seemed pretty good to me. I'd been away for six years. I decided to stay with my father and go into business with him at Eddy Printing Company. I was an employee at first for quite some time.

The first house we lived in was down on Ingersol Street. Earl Christman owned the place. Second one was a two family house on West State Street. A man from Rochester owned it. The family next door were the Woodcooks, and Carol and her sister were there. Of course I had my three girls and we got to know each other fairly well. And of course right now, Carol is quite active in our church. It's a wonderful thing and she's a terrific gal. But anyway, I got into the business and, at one time, Eddy Printing printed all the school yearbooks in several counties, not only Orleans, but over in Monroe, Brockport, Batavia, and then Genesee and Middleport and Niagara County. Then our business changed, we printed for General Foods that was located in Albion. We printed contracts for them. I would usually make a weekly trip to Rochester and I ended up landing a (contract). When Xerox first started up. We did all their instruction books, booklets, I should say, that went out with their machines when they went in the field.

Now also, I got involved in another thing at that time. 1953, ten of us, several veterans among them and several business men from Albion got together and formed Clover Heights, Incorporated. We developed and bought from Burt Hughson fifty acres where Meadowbrook Drive is now. We had a great time, we did five different segments of Meadowbrook Drive and Clover Lane and what we'd do is build it far enough to sell lots. Dr. John Jackson sold us fifty feet so that we could get into the subdivision. That's our right-of-way into it and, in there, they (the roads) are all sixty-six foot required by the state right-of-ways. Anyway, we started selling those lots for a thousand apiece. A few people bought them gradually, veterans mostly. We all could get GI loans at 4 percent so we were taking advantage of that. And I think there were six lots available and when those were sold for a thousand dollars apiece, we'd pay Henry Keeler to extend it. So it went all the way around until we got all of Meadowbrook Drive joining itself, and then a little side road, a lane, Clover Lane off of that. And it worked out fine. Many of us were veterans. We now have, I think, fifty houses up in that area and it's worked out well for the community. We did want to have another egress to our subdivision from the Avenue (East Avenue), but the lots were too deep and they wanted quite a bit more money so we never did that and we're glad we didn't now because it creates a nice neighborhood. Sue and I built our home on the new street. Bud Brennan was our architect and Wilbur Curtis our contractor.

In 1956 Bud and I bought some overgrown frontage, which was part of an old road to the lake shore (at Oak Orchard on the Lake on Lake Ontario). Ed Archbald owned this site and sold it to us. Bud designed, and we built our present small cottage. During the building we found some foundation ruins (and old pipes) of the old hotel (Oak Orchard Inn) that was on the land near our shore. Each summer our families split living in the cottage during the week. Weekends were filled with all ten of us in residence. Our single john saw almost constant use and was frequently clogged. Later we built a seawall, which ran along our shore and that of our westerly neighbors, the Bob Moore family. Eventually we had dug a footer at the base of the wall because our lakeside yards were eroding behind the wall. Finally, I had Keeler put big rocks in front of the wall to protect against the waves. When Bud moved to Florida, I bought his half interest in the cottage.

The waves remind me of an earlier time when several friends and I were playing poker on the front porch of Ed's cottage we had rented. Just as a big pot was built up on the table, a huge wave came in over the floor. It broke up our game. There were no winners. We all got soaked and the "pot" spilled onto the wet floor. (The Eddy family rented the cottages owned by Archbald, Signor, and Wiard (Booth))

(In notes on his historical questionnaire for Oak Orchard on the Lake, Dick related the following): The most violent and damaging storm was in (1935) when a hurricane came up from Key West Florida. I can remember as a (14) year old, a large Oak tree falling in front of Bill Dollinger and me as we ran toward the creek. Many cottages lost windows and screens. During the storm of '35, two canoeists capsized out in the lake. None of the big yachts went to the rescue because of the possibility of being smashed against the sunken piers which lined the approach to O.O. Harbor. They were rescued by a Black North bartender named Ed Fitzpatrick. He grabbed a rowboat and went out to bring back the two. Ed was a very heavy man and was successful in making the rescue.

(In telling of other memories Dick wrote): (The "Line party") was organized by Ed Archbald and friends in the 1930's. I believe it was held at various cottages. I remember it happened at the S. M. Eddy cottage. Early the next morning Bud Brennan and I found the dining room floor covered with a sudsy substance. Must have been a keg somewhere. Sue and I first attended a clambake in the early 50's. After the meal, she remembers that Marion Wiard asked her to help do the dishes in the corn hot water. A memorable person from the line was "Mayor" Ted Richmond (Ted and Joan's father). He led many social events. His cottage (replaced in recent years) was often called "City Hall" because it was the center of most parties. Of course Ed Archbald was always in attendance and kept us welcome in home and on the grounds of his property. The posters that show Ted Richmond as "Mayor of Oak Orchard on the Lake" were made by a local printery as part of an election campaign for Ted Sr. Before actual voting, he was made mayor of Oak Orchard by acclimation. He was a jovial social leader and hosted many gatherings at his cottage. The Mayor's cabinet consisted of Bud Brennan, Dick Eddy, Francis Blake, Joan Gardner, and several others.

Other special moments – Post Snipe Race baseball games on the Archbald lawn. Ed usually played 1<sup>st</sup> base. On one occasion a young batter raced to 1<sup>st</sup> base and collided with Ed. As usual Ed had his pipe in his mouth. The collision resulted in two of Ed's teeth on the ground. Other events included a cluster of boats surrounding Well's Harrison's BEAWELL on Sunday afternoon. Such was the site of many a casual gathering afloat. Weekly tennis games prevailed on weekends. In the early sixties, Jean Archbald and Joan Brennan played doubles with Ed Archbald and Sue Eddy Sunday mornings. After this the senior residents gathered on the Archbald porch. "Dirty Necks", a strange beverage was served by Ed.

Many were the nights when the old road (the original road running from the Roosevelt to Oak Orchard on the Lake) was filled with singing as some of O.O. people returned from Betty's Fisherman's Haven after pool games. (Betty's is on the west bank of the Oak Orchard River just south of the road and is now a private residence.) All types of song came from those pedestrian voices. Often the "Mayor" would lead this flock.

(Some other interesting people): Francis Blake Jr. with his knowledge of celestial "plants", Walt Wiard and his days of sailboat racing on the lake, John Hart, the silent one who owned the Abeona, of course Ed Archbald, whose interest in athletics and trees always made his knowledge and estate available to all. He was an early sailor and took many water skiing. In the old days he towed a board with a swimmer on it.

The Oak Orchard Yacht Club was founded in the Black North Bar after one of many Snipe races in about 1935. Later a Club House was built on the east side of O.O. Creek. After that moved to the present location on Archbald Rd. Most of the early members were Snipe owners and crews plus owners of the few Yachts which inhabited the creek.



There were as many as 14 Snipes racing weekly on Sundays. Many of these sail boats were built by their owners in the garages and basements of homes in the Albion vicinity.

There were many discussions about the most important factor in snipe racing. One Sunday all skippers and crews were assigned to other snipes to prove whether the boat or crew was more important. During the race a sudden storm hit the lake and many of the Snipes were capsized. They were towed into the O.O. harbor by yachts and the most important factor of what was best, skippers or boats, was not discussed again

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July “flag-raising” started at the Gardners cottage in the 1960’s and remains there. There have always been many speeches and singing of patriotic songs. (It was) a great traditional gathering.



Pictured at a gathering of long time friends behind the Eddy cottage 1995: seated front (L-R) Wells Harrison, Ed Archbald, Sue Eddy, Joan Gardner, Stella Lyman, Jean Archbald; second row (L-R) Bud Brennan, Ellen Blake, Shirley Burdett, Joan Palacios, Alma Harrison, Jose' Palacios, Bob Higley; back row (L-R) Dick Eddy, Bill Lyman, Dale Burdett, Joan Higley, Gordy Gardner

We have had many friends along the "line". The families were: Blakes, Fernows, Wiards, Andersons, Burdettes, Batts, Pollacks, Leonards, Richmonds, Gardners, and Pilon. Of special mention are the Archbalds who gave us use of their tennis court, their dockage, and were wonderful hosts at their home after tennis.

Anyway, back to business. In 1961, I was home and got a call and about two or three in the morning to get downtown to my block and my business or my father's business right away. I did and when I came, there were a whole bunch of fire engines and our block building was on fire. My grandfather built that building back around the turn of the century. He built it two story, and then they put a third story on it, and it had a lot of paper in it. And of course the paper caught fire. In some cases, one – a couple of the machines went through the floor as it burned and were damaged severely. But anyway, we decided after the fire was put out, and incidentally they even had trucks from Holley and Medina in the activity, anyway, my father and I got together and talked about relocating. We couldn't use that building any more it was all mostly burned out. So we went to Middleport and looked at a plant. Then we came back to Albion and we looked up on 98 south of town. There was Starkweather Trucking, a little business there and beyond that the property was for sale. So we decided to build a new building and start fresh. But my father thought that he wanted not to be too much involved in the new one. So I borrowed money which gave him an income. Bob Christy was our superintendent and owned some stock

The big fire (that) resulted in the move, that was a miraculous thing. My brother Bud was an architect. He got busy on plans and we got a good contractor. Even though our fire occurred in early June of '61, in September of '61 the building was completed and we moved in. And that was about as fast as you could do anything. We were just lucky. Well I struggled along and had bought the rest of it (the business) from my father, and, (as I was) getting older, thought of selling it. I'd worked in the company ever since my early youth down in that basement. I thought maybe I'd look for other pursuits. Anyway a common friend that I knew, I can't remember his name now but he was part of the national organization and would travel to the companies and would counsel, found out that there was a man out in Milwaukee who was managing a plant. His name was Bob Remley and he was looking to buy a plant so he and his son Dick could start their own business. He always wanted to do that, and in '77 that happened. They kept me on for a while and I volunteered help and do what ever I could with the business.



I also got involved in establishing a legislature of Orleans County and political things. I've been quite active in the community throughout the years. I've been an avid Rotarian. I've always talked (that) my two most important goals were the work for my church, and work for Rotary. I put in sixty-one years as a Rotarian. I made up or attended all the meetings so that I was a perfect attender. And I was recognized for that by the president of R.I., Rotary International at a meeting in Rochester a couple of years ago.

I'd served on the State Prison Board. Francis Blake and I were the locals on it. I think the Board was about fifteen. We'd meet up at the Albion female prison. Then somehow, I got involved in the Niagara Electric business, power board. It was a consumer board, and we met in Syracuse once a month and met some interesting people there and learned all about electrical power distribution.

And I got interested in planning. There was a chairman of the Board of Supervisors from Medina, the name escapes me right now, they thought that they, I'd been on the Village Planning Board and Town Planning Board, that maybe I could organize a County Planning Board. That was my introduction to government. And I served on that County Planning Board for several years. Eventually served on the regional planning board, which involved eight counties, including Monroe.

The Orleans County Taxpayers Association was formed in the seventies with Al Harridine as treasurer. He saw the unfairness of weighted voting in our county Board of supervisors. He sued the county because 3 of the 10 supervisors could control the county actions by weighted voting. Eventually the case came before a judge. To provide for one member, one vote in the Orleans legislative body the judge proposed there be a legislature composed of four district members and three at-large members. The district legislators representing nearly equal populations would each have one vote and the at-large members would have one vote each in the legislature. Anyway, I ran at that time for the legislature. The first the issue was whether we were going to have one or not. I ran for Town Supervisor in case the issue failed, then I would still be

in county business. In this case, several of us did similar things and we were all elected. First thing we did was decree that this legislature could not have any supervisors in the legislature after two years. The public voted approval of a legislature and also voted for Legislators and Supervisors. I was elected Legislator and also Albion Town Supervisor. When my Albion term ended, I was elected Legislator only.

In conclusion, I met some wonderful people, particularly through Rotary, all over the world. I traveled to other countries and made up Rotary at those countries. We've been to several international conventions at Rotary. We've served the church consistently through financial involvement. We've both been elders several times, members of the session who run the church and we still have a great interest. We believe in the Lord and all the good that churches are doing in society and have continued to do that. My wife Sue has always been an inspiration to me, and a constant advisor. She put up with me all that time and I'm grateful for our sixty-one years together. True happiness comes from helping others just as Jesus told us to serve others. We should do that. Rotary always stresses service above self.

Sue and I particularly enjoy our grandchildren. We have wonderful Thanksgivings, Christmases, and Easters when we gather for family dinners with up to 15 at our tables. Our summer cottage is usually headquarters for them and their parents. It is the location of all kinds of water equipment. We have more children's floating platforms and swimming equipment than a marine store. Sometimes I think they are part fish with all their aquatic gear.

Sue and I have travelled extensively, visiting all USA States plus 50 foreign countries on six continents. Quite often some of our children have been with us. For many years we spent cold months in the sun. We vacationed first in Florida and then in Mexico followed by many years in Barbados. Finally we went back to Florida to be with my brother and sister. Usually our children visited us for a few days at many of these places. Of late, Bud's wife Joan Brennan has come from Florida to Oak Orchard on the Lake for a few week's visit in the summer.

Sue and I have enjoyed helping in the Albion community. In retirement we still work with the church and go to Sunday services. I have been active in Rotary for over 61 years and Sue has worked with the Red Cross and other local agencies. She is a super mom to our children and grandchildren. We play cards regularly with local friends. We love to visit with our families on the phone and when they visit us. Sue is the love of my life and always will be.

September 29, 2008