

Orleans County Historical Association

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Orleans County Historical Association

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

Mrs. Pearl Eddy
208 Park Avenue
Medina, New York

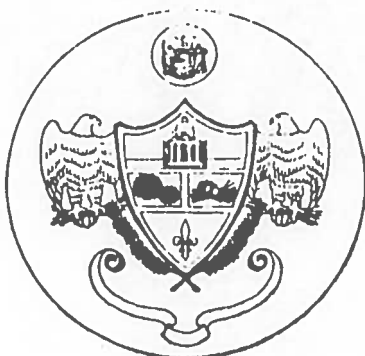
Mrs. Pearl Eddy was born December 17, 1896 in North Carolina.

This interview was conducted by Mrs. Marjorie Radzinski, Albion.

E Eddy

R Radzinski





Orleans County Historical Association

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The purpose of this project is to collect information about the historical development of Orleans County by means of tape-recorded conversations with people whose experiences reflect the county's growth.

These tapes and transcriptions will be preserved as educational resources and possible publication (all or in part).

I hereby release this tape and transcription to the Orleans County Historical Association.

Reuel Eddy

Signed

Feb - 27 - 1980

Date

Understood and agreed to:

Marjorie C. Radzinski

INTERVIEWER

2 - 27 - 1980

Date

For the Orleans County Historical Association, February 27, 1980, Mrs. Marjorie Radzinski of Albion, N.Y. is interviewing Mrs. Pearl Eddy at her home, 208 Park Avenue, Medina, N.Y.

R As a way of introduction Pearl, will you give me some background information; the date of your birth?

E December 17, 1896 in Brevard, North Carolina.

R Your parents?

E William Henry Faulkner and Flora Goodson Faulkner. My mother was born August 28, 1872 in Transylvania County near Brevard. My father was born July 20, 1859 in Hall County, Georgia.

R The schools attended for your education?

E Of course I went to public school. In Brevard there were only ten grades then, so I went for two years to Mars Hill College and then to Meredith College. I dropped out after only one year and took a job for financial reasons; eventually I acquired a Bachelor's Degree at Meredith. Later on, after I was married, I went to Ohio State University with my husband, who was working toward his Doctorate. During that period, I got my Master's Degree. At that time, we were living at Clemson College, South Carolina. My husband's stepmother and sister were living in Columbus, Ohio where they had located because of the high tuition fees in New York State.

R Your children?

E I have only one child, who is now quite a big man with children of his own. Clifford Otis Eddy, Jr. was born July 6, 1931. He is married and has two children: Meredith and Kathryn. They call her "Kay". She is really Kathryn Jean, and Meredith is Meredith Ann, though she objects to adding the 'Ann', even though at times she is mistaken for a boy!

When the ozone, above Rochester, was being tested, she even went up in a plane and was pushed out... with a controlled parachute!! It was not until she got on the ground and a supervisor went to her assistance that he

exclaimed, "Why, this is a girl!" I think she enjoyed the experience, but it would have terrified me if I had known about it. I am glad that I didn't know she was contemplating that!

R How did you meet your husband, Pearl?

E He was teaching at North Carolina State and I was in Raleigh working as a secretary in the State Department of Education, in the Division of Negro Education. I enjoyed it very much. So, my husband (Clifford Otis Eddy) is the one Yankee that I "captured", and occasionally we fought the Civil War all over again. But we never came to blows about it. (laughter). We lived at different places. He went to Clemson College before we were married. He was there about two years when we were married on August 1, 1925. In the meantime he had lost a good deal of his northern accent. When we moved to Kentucky, his associates at the University would talk about the "Dam Yankees" and he would speak freely of the "Damyankes", so they were very much chagrined when they realized they had been conversing with a Damyankie! I don't think I was so successful in changing my accent however, because when we went to L.S.U. in Baton Rouge in 1936, there was a faculty member of the Speech Department who said that after talking with a person for five minutes he could almost invariably identify the state from which he came. But I baffled him! You see, I was born in North Carolina, had lived in South Carolina, and in Kentucky, and had finally gotten to Baton Rouge! On the other hand, my husband had so lost his northern accent that he was mistaken, you see, for a Southerner!

R On what date did you come to Medina?

E Well, Clifford came in February 1944 because he was needed at Sprayer (at that time, all the local people called it "Sprayer") which at that time was the name of the Company that later became the Niagara Chemical Division of the Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation.

However, our son was then in the eighth grade and we thought he should remain to finish the school year there; so he and I did not arrive until June of 1944. He had gone to what they called the Laboratory School. He was allowed to go there at the age of five, whereas in the public school he would have been a little older. Also, since he was born in July, he was able to go to school that very year. At any rate, when he started in school up here, he was absolutely unknown to all of them, and he felt like an outsider; especially since his Southern accent was identified. The students would laugh at him for saying "pecán" instead of "pecan", and things like that. I think that would be less likely to happen now, in the case of my granddaughters, because of television and radio, and the gradual leveling off of regional accents. However, I think it would be nice if people could retain enough accent to be identified as a resident of the area in which they originated.

At any rate, when we came, there was the problem of finding a place to live. I must admit that I regretted giving up my Louisiana home because it was on Lakeshore Drive. The picture on the wall shows you the view from my home. I had a local artist come over and paint that. At first the people were a little skeptical about whether that damned up swampy area would remain a lake. In fact, some of the engineers had predicted that it would just be a mosquito breeding place. But when Mrs. Long, widow of Huey Long, built that beautiful house on the promontory, everybody was reassured that the lake would stay. So, we bought a lot there and built a home, which I just loved! We tried to see the water from every angle at different times of day, you know. It was the only home we had ever owned. We had always rented before, or lived in campus houses, or something like that. So I must admit that it was with great regret that I gave it up. At that particular time, when we came up here, the

the war was on (World War II) and most of the painted houses had peeling paint. This particular house had been vacant for about four or five years, so it didn't have a very attractive appearance. Looking across the street, I saw another house with the same type of peeling paint which was such a contrast from looking across a lake with all those beautiful views mirrored in the water. I was a little disheartened. However, there was no house to rent. Three houses were for sale, and we got this house. Well, it has proved to be a blessing in disguise because we have had it for several years. (Note: approximately 36 years).

We, of course, fixed the inside of the house to suit ourselves. Eventually my husband got Parkinson's disease and we were glad to be centrally located and near everything. My mother came to live with us and she was glad to be only a block from the Post Office. At the same time, they had a movie (house) down on Main Street, a little over a block from here; and we are only a block and a half from the Methodist Church. So it really was a blessing in disguise. Now that I am old, I'm very glad to be able to just get to my car and roll right out, without doing any shoveling if the snow is not very deep, or just in walking. In fact, I like to walk. So, I frequently do a great deal more walking than my friends who live much farther out. They invariably jump in the car to go everywhere. It seems a little foolish to me to get in the car just to go two or three blocks. As a result I think I have a lot of good exercise, and I am not overweight!

R No, you certainly are not overweight!

E In fact, I am on the skinny side! (laughter)

R Pearl, is there anything more you'd like to say about your home?

E We put in an apartment upstairs, sharing the same entrance, the same back stairway, in case of hasty exit.

You know, in case of an emergency. We did that with the idea that when we were away, as we hoped to be for vacations, my mother could stay here. She felt safer upstairs than downstairs for some reason; but we were never able to leave her very much. I've rented (the apartment) to teachers usually. First to three girls, then to three boys, and more recently to a couple. But that didn't prove to be very profitable because one of them worked in the daytime and one at night. So, in the case of fuel shortage, I just concluded we better not rent it at all. Also, they wanted to move a lot of furniture up and down the stairs, which can be rather damaging. I didn't realize how much. Of course I was in constant fear that any furniture being taken upstairs might bash my Tiffany-like window on the stair landing.

I felt, years ago, living in a Victorian house, I ought to have a little Victorian furniture. So, little items I picked up, such as the chest in the hall, with the marble top... I think I got it for ten dollars.. And this little piece over here, belonged to the organizer of the Scholarship Fund in the Western New York Federation of Women's Clubs. She was a teacher and had never married. I happened to buy that at her place. It has the same covering and everything it had then... as well as this little chair over here.... as well as what was a sewing table, but I call it my card table. There are three drawers there and you can lift the top, you see. I'm very fond of that piece. I didn't get that from the former teacher however, I got that from Mr. Lazarus, a dealer in junk! And to my amazement, this mahogany chair right beside it, which has all those little holes in the side is also Victorian... But what distresses me is having to dust all those little pieces. Don't look! I haven't done it today! (laughter)... I've sort of drifted into this matter of collector's items because I have the medallions commemorating the Great Women of the American Revolution. I also started collecting, at the grocery store, medallions of our Presidents, and I have them through Johnson. I also have Presidential Spoons.

They are silver-plate and I am sorry that I didn't get something that didn't have to be polished.

I have asked the members of my family what particular things they want, and different ones are interested in different things; but I thought they might as well take them and have the responsibility of keeping them in their possession. Of course, when the girls get married they will probably want more of the things that I still have. Maybe even some of mine that are not considered too valuable now will be old enough to be valuable then.

Shortly after I came to Medina, I was invited by Mrs. Lena Tanner who happened to be the Regent, to go with her to DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution). I must say, I enjoyed that enormously because there I met people from all over the county, not just from Medina. In fact I got the impression when I first came and people said, "Are you with the Sprayer, or are you with Heinz?" that if you said one, you were likely to be with one group of people; if you said the other, with a different group. But this (meeting) was county-wide and I liked it. Actually, I had first joined the DAR at Clemson College, South Carolina when Mrs. Grace Calhoun, who was a Vice-President General, had been so interested in TAMASSE which is only a short distance from Clemson. She said, "Wouldn't you like to join the DAR?" I said, "Well, frankly, I don't know whether I am eligible". So, I asked my parents, and my father said that he had a niece who had joined just a short time before. So all I had to do was to copy her papers, and go in on my father's mother's side. I joined on William Grant. I later regretted it because I became interested in Supplemental Lines. But right there when I was on the proper ground to explore it more, I didn't care a thing about it. It wasn't until I became a Regent in Kentucky, and later belonged to a group in Baton Rouge, that I thought how nice it would be if one could really trace his ancestry to every immigrant ancestor he has. I have not achieved all that. But I have been interested not only from my stand-point but, of course, from my son and my two granddaughters. I was very pleased to find that,

I think it was in '76, one of the relatives who was working on the line, found that through my husband's mother they were related to General Nathaniel Greene; and on his maternal side they could be placed on the Mayflower! So I thought, well, that's a circuitous route but I'm glad I finally got my husband on the Mayflower! (laughter) In this organization I have all these various pins: the Ex-Regent from Medina, the Ex-regent from Kentucky, and then I was State Chairman of the American^{ISM} Committee. I am glad to find now that since all these emblems are so expensive, since most of them contain gold, that our Chapter has decided to have a Regent's pin that goes on from one Regent to the next but only gives to the outgoing Regent an Ex-regent's lin, or lets her buy it. I'm not sure which they do, are you?

R No, I', not sure.

E I think they probably buy it. I think they are about \$90.00. Well at any rate, I have been a member of the DAR organization since October of 1928, so I can claim more than a 50 year membership.

Recently in the DAR, I have been Chairman of the American Indian Committee for several years, which is probably a bad idea. Somebody else should be initiated in it... I have met a number of people from the Reservation nearest us, the Tonawanda Reservation, and we have had speakers at our own Chapter. Mrs. Blue[^]Eye, the mother of the minister of the Community Church, and her daughter-in-law came down once. Mrs. Blue[^]Eye had just finished high school, but she went to the University of Buffalo to assist in the phonetic writing of their particular tribal language. She said, "I never went to college, except when I went there to teach". That was quite an interesting thing. I've also been interested in Mrs. Blue[^]Eye more recently because of the very fine Nutrifare site they have, just off the Reservation grounds. She is very active in that. When some of our DAR members went there last summer, we had the usual meal then we took a tour of the place in which we saw many awards that the local group had been given. So I consider it very worthwhile.

Another organization that I joined right away was the Tuesday Club, which is a Federated Club. It is the oldest in Medina and one of the oldest in western New York. Right away I was assigned the subject of migrants, the presumption being that if I were from the South, I would know a lot about migrants. As a matter of fact, I knew nothing about migrants! The only Negroes I knew about were those that lived there and didn't depart and work temporarily in crops elsewhere. But I found it a very interesting study. Of course, at that time there were very few colored people in the schools; only one or two in each class. Now, there are a great many, so the whole attitude has changed. I began to think when some friends I met were disgusted with the situation of the migrants, or other people, I began to think they held me personally responsible for the fact that we had slavery in the South at one time! But that attitude very quickly changed, especially after they got great numbers who came and stayed here. I really think the black people who have come up here and stayed, have done very well. I especially refer to Johnnie Johnson who was the pastor of a local church, got a job at Harrison's and is now retired at a very handsome pension, of course. (NOTE: see transcript of Johnnie Johnson; on file at local public library). So that I feel, given the opportunity, they really have made great strides all over the place. Some of them say they have less opposition in certain areas in the South than they do in the North. But, be that as it may, I think it definitely shows they are capable of much, and that everyone should realize his potential if possible.

The other evening, I went to Rochester to spend the weekend. I went on Friday by bus, went to the dentist, formerly a Medina boy who went to Rochester years ago. (Dick Trolley). He's never practiced in Medina. I was met by my granddaughter, Kay, who is only 16 and a superb driver. I was taken to Dr. Trolley's office where I had four fillings, with no pain. I am quite pleased that my family is near enough for us to "exploit" each other occasionally. That evening, Clifford asked me to go with him to the Philharmonic series. Jean said, "Oh, we go so

much". I think they go maybe two times a month. So I went and was just delighted to see that this man, Isaiah Jackson, who is what you would term a mulatto, I guess, as the Assistant Conductor, was conducting that night! He is a superb conductor; so graceful, polished, and everything. He's a graduate of Yale, a very brilliant man. Mr. Jackson is married to a white woman and lives in a beautiful home in Rochester, they say. I thought he was really wonderful, and the whole orchestra was fine. I think it is thrilling to see that, at least in the arts as well as in writing and all that sort of thing, the colored skin doesn't matter.

I'm reading in our little private social club, Reading Club, where we read aloud, a book written by Barbara Chase Ribnud on "Sally Hemmings" who was Jefferson's concubine. This woman obviously is a descendant of one of those who choose not to pass the color line. Some of Sally's children were so white they passed the color line; but others didn't want to pass the color line. In some cases, they inter-married with white people, and some with other people of mixed background. This is a beautifully written book and we are thoroughly enjoying it. The writer has all sorts of awards too for proficiency as a writer.

Another county-wide organization to which I belong is the Child Welfare Organization. At one time we were wholly dependent on annual contributions by individuals, so we never could make out a budget; we just helped helter-skelter. Sometimes we helped students, sometimes we helped very young people who were recommended by Social Services. At that time they called it Welfare. When people needed something, we'd respond to it. We would ask the school teachers and so forth, to let us know if there were children that needed assistance. Of course, many of them who wouldn't have thought of being on Welfare because of large families, had a hard time if they had some continuing disability in the family.

However, all that was changed when "Barnie" Hart (Bernard Hart), who was our attorney, happened to be an attorney for the Trustees of the Virgil Bogue Estate. Mr. Bogue had originally established an Orphanage, but changing times and regulations had made it impractical to keep it. So they sold the place and put the money into a trust fund which was operated by the trustees. They had "Barnie" as their lawyer and he said, "Maybe we could approximate what Mr. Bogue wants if we turn that money over to the Child Welfare Association and let them have the responsibility for spend it, sending them the income quarterly". So they did that and it was marvelous! Since that time, a woman who worked at what they called the Reformatory and had no direct descendants, left us about \$12,000.; Katherine Flanigan. She specified that her money be designated for students, so we have added to it. So it's really very nice.

Now, we operate entirely by unpaid volunteers. We have a few expenses, so we have membership dues of \$1.00 for anybody who wants to join the Organization. We usually have an annual meeting. It used to be a dinner meeting but we found that was too difficult and required too much responsibility in dispersing tickets, and so forth. So we don't often have a dinner, just an annual meeting. It is very gratifying now trying to be absolutely fair in the way we spend the money. We decided we would give Student Awards to graduates of each of the five High Schools in Orleans County. Some of these are larger than others but at any rate as it works out, we have budgeted enough so that we can help four or five in each school. We help them on an annual basis. We send \$150.00 early in October and when they write us in January or early in February and say they are continuing for the second semester and would like continued assistance, we send them another \$150.00. Then at the end of the school year, if they wish to go back say for a second year, a third or a fourth, they ask us each year to assist them, and we are glad to do that. In other words, we like for people to go ahead if four years is what they want. Originally we helped a good many people that

BOCES now helps. There are more of ours that really go to the two-year Community Colleges and then sometimes transfer to four-year colleges because the Community Colleges are less expensive, to start with. It just so happens that we have had people of different backgrounds. Of course we never ask what their religion is, what their race or their color. We frequently consult the school Guidance Counselors because they have an opportunity to know the financial background of parents, and to know what awards or scholarships are available to the students. It just happens that in Albion we had five students, four of them were black, and it's been very interesting since this has gone on for several years, to realize what has happened to these students. In one case we had a boy who was so popular that when he finished up, he was working for the college in Ohio where he went! The Lions Club was so pleased with him! He spoke before a group in Albion; they gave him money to continue his education. The other one who went to Clarkson at Potsdam, and they say that's a little hard to get by with .. he felt apologetic because he wasn't as smart as the other boy. But I think he was successful. Then there were two girls who decided they would just take the two-year course at Genesee Community College. But when they got out, they found that they really couldn't get a very good job. So they both decided to go for a little more education; about a year more: one to Bryant-Stratton, and the other one to Nazareth College for Secretarial work in Rochester. They have done that, and they write a very good letter now. However, one of the girls that we had, couldn't quite make the grade, so she was not permitted to go back. However, she got a job at Harrisons and is making a big salary of course. The other girl, who had great difficulty with English, is still able to go to school. I was so pleased when I noticed the other day that at that place, Genesee Community College, they are giving free English lessons, because Black English is different. She had a tendency to write phonetically, you know. Instead of saying "I thank you", she'd write "I think you" and things like that. It's strange to almost incompre-

hensible that a person can finish the Albion grade school and High School, have two years in Genesee Community College and still not be able to write a correct sentence! She can work a computer, you see, or do something like that. So many of them have good jobs and they don't seem to realize it is a handicap. I really hope that they do something about that and I think that they are waking up to the fact that they should.

Now here is another girl who was recommended to us, a white girl, by Social Services, as a person wholly without resources. We helped her, but she went to Painesville College in Ohio which is quite expensive. Many very good teachers feel that they can hardly afford to send their own daughters there! But the colleges like to have people of different income levels so they practically financed what she did. As it turns out, she is a Junior now studying in Spain. While she asked us to send her award a certain way, we elected to do it another way because it would have taken more of the money. We just sent it in care of the person where she was staying and she got it. She answered, I am glad to say, but she is prolonging her stay for two more months. She's having so much fun teaching them English and studying Spanish, you see. So she will probably end up being a very good tax-paying graduate.

Of course there are others who have been to out-of-state colleges entirely. Some of them are coming back, and some of them are not. It's quite stimulating to write to all these students. It just happens that my typewriter is out of order. It is one that Clifford, Jr. gave me, so when he brought me home Sunday, he took my typewriter back for its first service. It's electric. I hadn't had an electric before.

In 1976 I felt impelled to pay tribute to Virgil Bogue and his wife, Alice McIntyre Bogue, so I wrote what took up half a page of the 'Journal' (Friday, October 8, 1976) newspaper. Incidentally, his brothers were also horticulturists. This is more recent than what the historian has written. I think many people can be grateful for those who have tried to provide for future generations. They (the Bogues) had no

children, you see. But I think what we are doing would have satisfied Mr. Bogue under the present conditions.

R How is the Bogue Home (on Clarendon Street) in Albion being used now?

E Well, I think there are elderly people in there now, but I'm not sure. I think it's a Senior Citizen home. It is a beautiful house.

Speaking about Senior Citizens, that reminds me that we were just getting started here (in Medina) after my husband died, so really it was very helpful to me. I feel indebted to the efforts they made to form Senior Citizens of Western Orleans, taking in Yates, Ridgeway and Shelby Townships, because I immediately got involved with Senior Citizens and what they were doing. When they asked for a Senate Standing Committee on Aging, I explained to State Senator Farley that "I am personally grateful to you and to every member of the Senate Standing Committee on Aging. I appreciate the opportunity of talking with you, here in Batavia at a place only 23 miles from my home at 208 Park Avenue, Medina where I have lived for more than 35 years. Since my husband's retirement at the age of 65 in 1959, I have been thankful that our government has a Social Security system that, hopefully, will avert the tragic consequences of the Great Depression that the elderly of my parent's generation experienced. As a Charter Member of Senior Citizens of Western Orleans, Incorporated, I have had direct contact with the State Office of the Aging for during the '66 - '67 year of our organization, there was no Orleans County Office of the Aging. So if we make an educational world comparison, and conclude that it takes four years to reach the state of a high school senior, and four more years to attain that of college senior, all of us Charter Members who have already done 12 years of very personal research in Geriatrics, eventually may hope to acquire a quasi-doctorate, that prestigious emblem of seniority in the graduate school". (NOTE: This is quoted from a statement on April 26, 1979, meeting in Batavia, N.Y.).

Well, at any rate, I am glad that we have an Office of the Aging now and that we have instituted, through the help of the Salvation Army, the Nutrifare program, which you and I will enjoy shortly because, if I remember correctly we're going to have chicken today. That's one of our favorites! One of the least popular meals is the liver meal.... Yet they really prepare it in such a delightful way with sauces it's almost disguised and very tender. Of course, I might prefer chicken livers but they're quite expensive.

Well, I am also very much interested in the *maintenance* good health, and the prevention of illness. For several years we scheduled an Annual Health Day to which all of the elderly in the county were invited. It was a free clinic, held in the United Methodist Church in Medina which provided adequate parking space and an entrance to accomodate wheel chairs, as well as ample facilities for examinations and tests, for the showing of films, and for discussion by those distributing literature. Participating with their own staff members were such groups as the Heart, the Lung, the Cancer, the Diabetes, and the Arthritis Associations. Nurses from the County Health Department took blood pressure readings, and made urine tests. Dr. Clayton H. Thomas, in his office on West Center Street, made Glaucoma tests. He was joined in 1977 by Dr. Mruczek, a new ophthalmologist in town. As the years passed, an Orleans County Office of the Aging was established, and other Senior Citizens Clubs were formed in the eastern part of the county. Also, the Heart Associations, and other groups, took mobile units to various places in the area. We began to question the advisability of having only an annual Health day. Too, we learned by visiting Senior Citizen Clubs in Niagara and Erie Counties that our counterparts in those urban areas, had monthly or bi-monthly free clinics where they consult registered practitioner nurses and doctors. They could discuss geriatric problems, get shots prescribed by the doctor, and have other services comparable to those afforded school children. Such a program contributes to the peace of mind of the individual,

detects symptoms of disease in the early stages, and frequently avoids hospitalization and prolonged stays in nursing homes. So convinced are many of my friends in rural Orleans (County) of the importance of health and prevention of illness, they gladly join me in recommending that the Medicare premiums paid by retirees, be used entirely for this purpose. Since we have the same National Health Insurance, we feel that we should have the same service as our urban counterparts. All of us are victims of inflation. The majority of us are tax-payers, and we want to remain that way. Many of us own our own homes and are willing to absorb some increase in our high real estate taxes in order that some of our friends may have a discount and keep their homes; but we fear that a prolonged illness would plunge us into the Medi-caid category! We have a sense of urgency about the establishments of the clinics for many simply cannot afford to go to private doctors often, and the public health doctors and nurses are pre-occupied with patients who are already very ill, or just dismissed from hospitals or nursing homes.

All agree that proper nutrition is essential to good health. I am happy to tell you that the same centrally located United Methodist Church in Medina is our Nutrifare site for Western Orleans, with good food being brought, Monday through Friday, from the food preparation center in Albion. These noon time meals, providing a third of the minimum daily requirements, and dietetically planned for older persons, are more popular than the public school lunches at first made available to the Senior Citizens. A friend and I, who had belonged to AARP (American Association of Retired Persons) for several years, were delighted to read in our local paper, the Journal-Register, that New York State had approved the national proposal to permit Senior Citizens to partake of school lunches, beginning at a specified date. On this long anticipated occasion, my friend and I went to our Medina High School, and to our dismay discovered that no one there knew a thing about the elderly coming to lunch!! In the cafeteria, which has no acoustical ceiling, we were delaying the food line

while trying to explain to the servers amidst the hub-bub of the rushing in students, why we were there! Some teachers, recognizing our dilemma, came to our rescue and invited us to bring our food to the Teacher's Dining Room. I understand that in some places, the elderly continue to go to the school cafeterias for lunches, but here we choose to bring the food to the Senior Center when the meals appeal to us. Only small groups, seldom exceeding 12 in number such as those with hearing difficulties, who met weekly for sign-language classes, went to the school for lunches.

Many urban elderly people live in high-rise apartments and need only the elevator to go around the block, and enter a Nutrifare dining area, or Health Clinic. If they happened to live too far from these areas to walk, transportation is provided without charge. Yet the elderly rural of Orleans County have no comparable health clinics and, whether they live near or far from Nutrifare sites, have a suggested fare for all transportation. As a result, a half dozen handicapped women who are crippled and have poor eye-sight and hearing, can be assured of transportation to the Medina Nutrifare site only on Fridays, the one day in the week when the van takes about a dozen people for plaza shopping, for the suggested fare of a dollar.

In Lyndonville live the greatest number of elderly residents of Yates which, with Ridgeway and Shelby, constitute our tri-township organization of Senior Citizens of Western Orleans. Many of these people live *ten* miles or more from Medina. Some of them who are active Charter Members, no longer drive. The suggested transportation fare results in their foregoing most of the meetings and meals in Medina, especially when hazardous weather conditions prevail. So, these well planned appetizing dinners help a very limited number of people in Orleans County maintain good health. If regular partakers of the meals are too ill to go out, they have to rely on a spouse or a friendly neighbor to take them the meals, for we have no Nutrifare delivery service.

In this period of constantly rising costs, it is increasingly difficult to get volunteers for the Meals-on-Wheels Program. The volunteers deliver the food obtained at the two hospitals in the county. The Medina Memorial Hospital limits the number of such take-outs to 12, whereas the Arnold Gregory Hospital in Albion allows a few more. In both places, recipients pay according to the sliding scale based on income. When the Meals-on-Wheels Program was first started by Medina Seniors, the food was obtained from the Iroquois Rehabilitation Center under the direction of Mrs. Helen Clark, dietitian, by members of the cooking class. Since the availability of Nutrifare meals is dependent upon our maintaining a designated average attendance, we ironically are confronted with the necessity of changing the attitudes of many people for whom the meals are planned.

True, many of us have children and grandchildren whose Social Security deductions are disturbingly high, but certainly the cost of proper diets to maintain health is minimal in comparison to the inflated costs of hospital or nursing home care because of illness. Truly we all deplore the extremely high real estate school taxes, but we never question the desirability of subsidized school lunches for students, teachers, and staff, regardless of their financial status. Unfortunately, many Senior, feel that by taking Nutrifare meals they are accepting charity which financially they do not need. I hasten to assure those people, as well as the over 60 workers who partake of the meals, that they are rendering a distinct service by helping us maintain the average (Attendance) required for the preservation of the Project, which is admittedly needed by a great many of our elderly for physical, physiological, and financial reasons. I also want to remind them that it is very old fashioned to regard subsidies as a form of charity, since they (subsidies) are so eagerly sought and generously awarded to the biggest corporations, the farmers with the greatest acreage, with cattlemen with the most stock, and to individuals with the most wealth!

I am very optimistic about the future for the rural elderly of Orleans County. Just last week, Mr. Steven Doherty, Director of the Oak Orchard Community Health Center, stated that he would recommend the expansion of their services to provide health screening clinics comparable to those our urban neighbors now have. The very fact that Mr. Farley and other Senators are interested in this and have invited us to appear before them, makes me optimistic.

When we first came to Medina, we were invited to go to various churches. Formerly, in Baton Rouge and many other places, we had just gone to the University church and it was non-denominational. But when we came here Clifford, who had been inclined to be a Presbyterian, and I who definitely was a Baptist and had gone to a Baptist College, Meredith, decided that we could compromise on the Methodist (Church) and both be happy. So we did that. At the time, Mr. Webb Ayers was the minister. Then Mr. Reginald Cory became minister and stayed 17 years, an unusual sojourn for a Methodist minister. After Mr. Cory, we had a number of ministers whom we liked very much. I think the whole policy of the (United) Methodist Church in regard to social issues has always been very good. In other words they don't say that they sponsor this thing or that thing, but they are fair in presenting both sides of a problem.

Of course now they are considering things that are very controversial. They have ordained women ministers for a long time, but many women haven't really cared about it. As far as holding public offices, I don't believe they've had any Bishops that are women. Have they?

R I don't know.

E Well, at any rate, I'm all for equality, especially since I've read this book, and I have to do a review of Susan B. Anthony. I have great admiration for Susan. I think she was wonderful, as well as the Quaker Church where "speaking out" really meant speaking out! Whether it was a man or a woman! Susan, I learned, was arrested because she elected to vote

when voting ~~when voting~~ had not been okayed by the different states, in spite of the Declaration of Independence.

Invariably the theme for the Federation is an interesting one. This year I think it ^{is} Women, and I believe a very timely one because they are really making advances in fields of science and politics, and what-have-you; even in space, that they have never done before. So, I hope we are on the road to a beautiful future! If we can just avoid destroying each other by war, or poisoning each other with nuclear waste, and all that sort of thing. So I hope the years ahead will be as interesting as the past 80 years.

As far as my house goes, I am eagerly awaiting the re-evaluation that has recently been made. I called about it, but they said, "Wait until Friday. If you don't get it by then, let us know". The point is, if and when should I decide to sell it? I'm one person in a ten room house that includes two and a half baths. So, I have a decision to make, I hope at the proper economic level when I can get the maximum from the house. I understand we don't have to pay any capital-gains (tax), and the difference between what we paid for this (house) in 1944 and what I hopefully can get now is great indeed.

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The above interview was conducted by Mrs. M.C. Radzinski of Albion, New York.

This interview was transcribed by Lysbeth Hoffman of Waterport, New York.

After several additions and deletions by Mrs. Eddy, the final typing, with some editing, was done by Mrs. Helen McAllister of Medina, New York.

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INSECTS IN ENGLISH POETRY

By PEARL FAULKNER (Mrs. C. O.) EDDY

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

BUGS IN BOOKS

THE Land of Literature constantly allures. I slip away from the irksome tasks of a prosaic world to make little excursions into its inviting borders. Sometimes the road irresistibly beckons, and I go on and on for a long time playing truant from duty. Again, the wanderlust seizes me in all its power, I cast everything aside, and go on prolonged journeys into the interior of this fascinating country.

For many years I abandoned myself to the delights of the journey, keeping no diary and collecting no souvenirs. I was content to luxuriate in memories ever blowing from those enchanted shores, as breezes refreshing the sultry air of a monotonous day and enhancing the atmosphere of a glamorous night. Then fellow travelers interested me in their mementoes. Many had become connoisseurs, some having acquired a galaxy of favorite portraits, others of landscapes, from the great galleries of literature. Many had made notable collections of birds or beasts or flowers. Finally, I, too, became imbued with the spirit of the collector. But what should I collect? The most widely known regions in the Land of Literature had been exploited by many travelers, some of them in a spirit of vandalism overrunning even the private domains of the most famous. Again I inspected the collections of travelers and to my surprise found but few specimens of insects. Surely these little creatures, so numerous in our own country, abound in the Land of Literature. Immediately I decided to go in search of them.

I equipped myself with all the paraphernalia of the entomologist.

As a miniature collecting kit I purchased a little notebook. For nets I secured many kinds of concordances. Some of these nets were of such coarse mesh that they would contain only the larger insects, allowing the smaller to slip through unnoted. Others were of fine, closely woven fabric, but the entrapped insects cleverly camouflaged themselves under pseudonyms and were thrown out as worthless.

My field glasses were powerful books of quotations. Standing upon some vantage ground, I could look through these glasses and sight the insects hovering over great stretches of territory. When the insects observed especially interested me, I would travel far to hear the cicadas sing from inviting nooks in Theocritus' verdant pastures or to watch the bees swarm among Emily Dickinson's thick hives.

It was with a feeling of trepidation that I completed arrangements for my undertaking. The evolution of the usual entomologist from a conspicuously bespectacled, absentminded bug chaser into a dignified scientist commanding both the respect and the coin of the realm has long been a notable example of complete metamorphosis. Not so with the literary entomologist. Requests for assistance for my enterprise were usually answered by a doubtful shake of the professorial head or ill-concealed ridicule from my fellows. Now, explorers who have traveled into the deepest recesses of literary jungles in search of birds and beasts have not only escaped all storms of derision but have been lauded as sportsmen. But to go ogling about for bugs in books! The guilty one must be a veritable book-

worm, some inferior species of the *Psocidae*. But who does not cherish the spirit of the pioneer. With an unshaken faith I sailed out over tractless seas. Rich treasures have been my reward.

In planning my explorations into the Land of English Poetry, I mapped out a tour that would carry me to old taverns enshrouded in a mist of tradition, to the radiant courts of the Renaissance, and to the flourishing soils of newly chartered fields. Into a tour of brief duration I crowded an itinerary including excursions to vast estates belonging to those long since crowned with fame and also to the fields of new settlers still breaking soil. On some of these excursions I carried great nets and field glasses, on others I took only a little collecting kit into which I dropped choice specimens.

The common belief that one finds what he is looking for proved true in my case. I was looking for insects on all my travels and to me they were the most conspicuous and important objects on the landscape. In a very literal sense I would "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."¹ I imbibed something of the spirit of Conrad's Bavarian who, in an absorbing narrative of his capture of a gorgeous butterfly, referred to a murder he was forced to commit as a mere incident and to the capture of his insect as the all-important event of the day. I would travel down long roads of tragedy, and if no insect crawled across my path, I would return with a sense of futility, with nothing of that buoyancy of spirit that is supposed to follow the Aristotelian prescription for jaded spirits. Again, I would go sailing across seas of mirth, but when I landed, unless insects had fluttered around the boat, I cried out with the psalmist, "All is vanity!" But if insects were there! Ah, that was a different story. I re-

¹ Matthew, 23: 24.

turned with the air of a conqueror bringing in the rich spoils of victory.

Whether snatching at an occasional fly while journeying down the highway with Chaucer's pilgrims, or swinging a great net while treading Shakespeare's broad open fields or delving into the mysteries of the glades and forests of his vast estate; whether painfully caging the stinging insects that buzz in the torrid atmosphere of Pope's domain, or lazily coaxing the winged creatures that drift in the intoxicating sweetness of Shelley's garden—always I felt the pride of a connoisseur in my collection.

The poets were ideal hosts. In fair weather or foul, summer or winter, they escorted me down the long roads or the alluring byways of their estates to show me the objects of my search. Whether we chatted around the fireside in the blustery coldness of a winter night, or walked in the crisp freshness of a spring morning, or rested beneath the trees in the heat of a midsummer noontide, or strolled in the golden glow of an autumn twilight, my hosts obligingly discussed my favorite topic. Not only did they tell charming stories of the insects living among their own flowers but retold many fascinating tales of those belonging to bards of distant lands, far in time and space from their native shores.

I suffered the disillusionment common to all travelers. Sometimes in following bright insects down the pathways of gardens I had imagined wholly beautiful, I splashed into puddles of putrid, stagnant water. Sometimes, in chasing a rare insect through labyrinths of dense, tropical beauty I would stumble unawares upon decaying offal. But for the disappointing discovery that perhaps the loveliest gardens and the most beautiful estates always have little rubbish heaps, I was compensated many times over by the unexpected delights of every excursion.

As a traveler returning from a far country, I have brought these souvenirs.

J-R 12-16-1980
PEOPLE'S FORUM

(Free expression is the mark of a progressive community. This column belongs to Journal-Register readers to set forth their views. Letters should be as brief as possible and must be signed in the writers' own hand).

Let us have inter-agency cooperation, not rivalry.

PEARL F. EDDY
Medina

To The Editor:

I am distressed to discover that there are many senior citizens whose eyesight is so poor they do little reading, often having to use a magnifying glass. So, in spite of all the written material appearing in the newspapers, the letters from the Office of the Aging and from Nutrifare, there are many who do not know that there is ample space on CATS to bring them to Nutrifare meals.

Let all of us who can read this request please telephone older individuals and their spouses who may be much younger, and inform them that there is ample room on the vans to bring them to Nutrifare meals which they can share with their friends. As able bodied individuals they do not need meals-on-wheels but do need transportation to well planned meals in the society of their friends.

If there is any idea that they are accepting charity because the Salvation Army has the franchise for providing Nutrifare meals, let them be assured that the peacetime officers of that organization are comparable in status and salary to their counterparts in the U.S. Army.

It is true that as assistants in serving the meals they give employment to seniors in the SSI category who request it.