

## EDDINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

### EDDINGTON VETERAN

### J.WILLIAM "BILL" PEPPARD

Written by David Peppard

My father, John William "Bill" Peppard was a student at the University of Maine in 1942. World War II was growing in intensity and he made the decision, along with several of his Kappa Sigma fraternity brothers, to enlist into the Marines.

After enlisting, he and several of his fraternity brothers were shipped to Cornell University in New York. When he arrived there the staff encouraged him to go to officer candidate school. Dad said, "No. I enlisted to fight for my country." He was shipped to California where he went through eight weeks of basic training.

When basic training was over, his platoon was shipped to the South Pacific. Upon arriving there, his platoon was included in the initial invasion of Guam. Dad's platoon was the first platoon to go ashore in Guam which meant a high number of casualties.

Once Guam was secured, Dad's platoon was sent to Iwo Jima. The platoon participated in the invasion and Dad was present when the American flag was raised. The picture of the raising of the flag on Iwo Jima is one of the most well known pictures of our military's victories. It is so well known there is a statue depicting the flag raising



in Washington, D.C. I was fortunate to visit that memorial ten years ago.

The war was finally over and Dad received an honorable discharge as a platoon sergeant.

I found the following article among Dad's keepsakes:

*Boston Herald – 1944*

*“Two Marines from Bay State Rescue Comrades at Guam”*

*In a delayed dispatch from Guam, Marine PFC. Cyril O'Brien of Camden N.J., relates that two Bay State Marines “defied enemy cross-fire three times to creep into the heart of a Japanese ambush and rescue three wounded companions in action here.”*

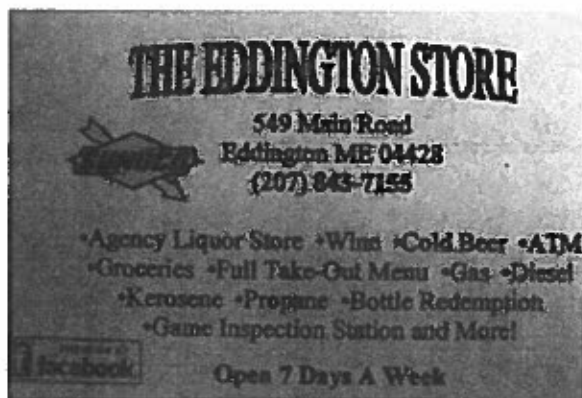
*The two are Cpl. John Wm. Peppard, 100 Stuly Rd., Belmont, MA and Pfc. Anthony F Torredimare, 23, of 98 Cowper St., East Boston, MA, who were members of a ten man patrol which was ambushed in a wooded ravine where the patrol leader was killed and three other Marines were wounded. O'Brien, quoting Torredimane, writes:*

*“The moment we reached cover we heard the cries of our wounded. Each time a Marine cried out a Japanese soldier fired at him. One Marine, wounded in the leg asked for a Browning automatic rifle. He caught a second shot in the chest. We darted back into the ambush and grasped the fellow by the legs. We had to lie on our stomachs to pull him out. The Japanese fire popped all around us.”*

*“Each time we went back for the wounded the Japanese seemed closer to us. The last two wounded were behind a rock. We had to climb over it to rescue them. When we lifted our heads the Japanese fired. Finally, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Warren Smith, Dallas, Texas, brought up a machine gun and covered us until we pulled the last wounded man to safety.”*

Dad never talked about his service. When asked about what it was like or where he was, his reply was, “I served my country.”

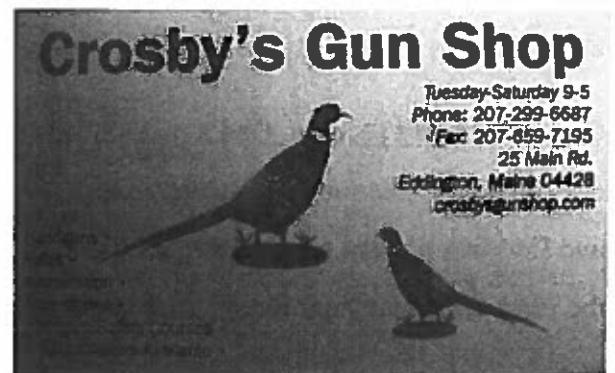
The above information was gotten from letters to my mother, then his fiancé, along with the newspaper article. I am currently researching military service to find out if he ever received decorations or commendations. From the newspaper article I feel some recognition is needed. Dad was a great father and mentor. His service and all of those who have served our country or are currently serving our country are very special people. Thank you to all, past and current.



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**Remembering: A Poem by Pamela Dorr**

It matters not where you walk

Or if the dead you know.

It may be in Flanders Field

Where all the poppies grow.

You might walk among the dead in Gettysburg,

Union Blue or Southern Gray,

Or down the rows of Arlington

Where many heroes lay.

You might walk down a dusty road

Where a group of stones stand tall

In a tiny village cemetery

Where the names you still recall,

“Rest in Peace” so many say;

“Loved by All” says one forlorn.

“Precious Memories” are all that’s left

Of those who’ve come and gone

All of us have lost someone

A person we hold dear,

And though they have left this world,

They still seem to be near

For we hold them in our own true hearts,

And here they’ll always stay,

As we keep close their memories

On this Memorial Day.



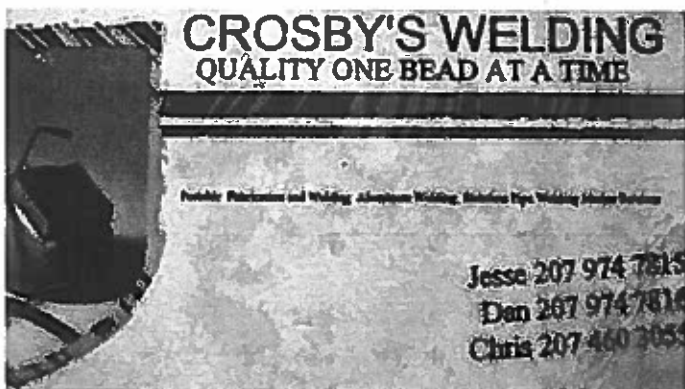
## **Chowder and Chat at Eddington Church, February 19, 2017**

Written by Rebecca White

On February 19, the Eddington Historical Society held its annual “Chowder and Chat” at the Eddington Community Church. This event brought together Eddington locals to reminiscence about the history of the town, share stories, and enjoy delicious chowders together. After a welcome from President Margaret Dougherty, we gladly heard the stories from four long-time town residents: Hilma Adams, Bud Mitchell, Vernon Shaw, and Terry Woznik. I have recorded their stories (to the best of my ability) below:

The first speaker, Hilma Adams, started off the “chat” portion of the afternoon with a short story about her own family. She grew up in Eddington, and met her future husband, Phil Adams, in 1952 on the school bus. Phil was the school bus driver, and Hilma was a 16 year old sophomore at Brewer High School. After graduation and marriage, Hilma worked for the telephone company and later in real estate. She currently lives on 400 acres in Eddington on land once owned by Samuel Eddy. Her husband’s family, the Adams’ originally came up the Penobscot River as early settlers, and once owned all the property near the Eddington Bend.

Our second speaker, Bud Mitchell, focused on his memories of working on an Eddington farm as a teenager. Seventy-nine years ago, when he was thirteen years old, Bud spent the summer working for the Hare family on their farm near the current location of the Eddington Store. Hilma remembered the Hare’s fondly as well, stating that “Muriel Hare always fed everyone in the neighborhood.” Bud grew up in Orrington, but met Muriel Hare through her vegetable and butter business, which she sold from the family’s 1932 Chevy. Bud worked with the two sons, Charles and Joe, on the 188-acre farm, and cared for 200 hens, 304 cows, 8 sheep, and 2 pigs. As Bud quipped, “We didn’t sit around too much.”



As Bud recalled, he was not paid any wages for that summer of work, but he did eat very well at Muriel's house, and she took the boys to Eddington Pond inlet, or Dean's landing to wade our and "pick" pickerel. Bud also recalled taking the coal-fired Bon Ton ferry from Brewer to Bangor for three cents. He particularly liked to go see movies at the Olympia Theater on Union Street, and eating hot dogs at the Midget Lunch behind Freese's Department Store. Those hot dogs were a good deal at only 5 cents, and when Bud took his own son there the price had only risen to a dime.



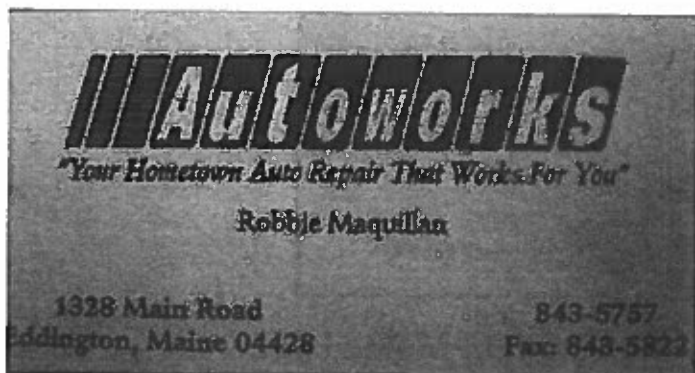
Our third speaker, Vernon Shaw, told a story about Black Cap Mountain and the old "Paddy Road" to the top. At one time, the road was located near the present day Bangor Water Works. This road used to be known as the Paddy Road because of all of the Irish descendants who lived at the top of the mountain.

Vernon recalled

that before WWI, they had a town meeting at Comins Hall. Martin Laughlin was at the meeting, and heard town leaders talking about the Paddy Road. Laughlin "got to squirming around"--"why don't they call it the Irish road." His brother was Mathew Laughlin--he became a lawyer in Bangor. Both went to school in the old schoolhouse on Rte 46.

Our fourth speaker, Theresa "Terry" Woznik, told us about her husband's childhood in Eddington. Her husband's grandparents were Henry and Lottie

Gonyer...they sold potatoes in Eddington. The Gonyer's also owned a store that was partly in Eddington and partly in Brewer. In the 1950s, Eddington voted to become a "dry" town, and Henry moved the store over by six feet into Brewer in order to keep his business. He was well regarded in town, and as Hilma Adams recalled, "Henry Gonyer was the Paul Bunyan of Eddington."



The Gonyer's grandson, who later became Terry's husband Ted, was born with the name William Henry Gonyer.

However, at the age of 13 his parents divorced and his mother remarried and moved away. At that time, his stepfather adopted him, and they completely changed his name to Theodore Leo Woznik. Ted ran away to his grandparents in Eddington several times, and eventually he stayed. Later, he

married Terry and they bought land in Eddington. As Terry stated, "Ted had grown up there, but I was a foreigner," but eventually she became very close with her neighbors. She also noted that Lottie Gonyer "was known as being very mean, but was very kind to me."

Ted and Terry put a simple trailer on their land--they had no electricity for the first year, and "carried water for years." Ted built their house, and "every time we had a baby he added a room." Later, they added a story onto the house. Ted and Terry lived there together for 58 years. In 2014, Ted passed away, and the old house could no longer be maintained. Sadly, she had to make a decision to tear down the old house, but was able to keep the land. Terry is still living on that land in a new modular home.

Terry worked in the town office for 10 years. She also had her own home typing business, and greatly enjoyed helping ESL students edit their college papers and then type them. She also really liked to have her children meet with the ESL students so that they could learn about the world.

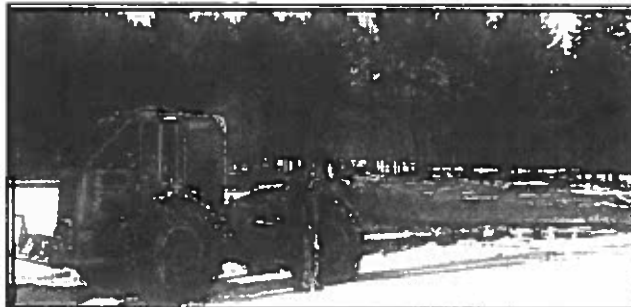


## Tulley Hill Logging

Owner: David Peppard

207-557-0745

Wood cutting,  
bush hogging,  
plowing services



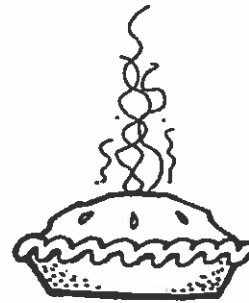
376 Jarvis Gore Drive Eddington, Maine 04428



### Recipe for Spruce Beer

Put in a large kettle, spruce boughs, checkerberry leaves, yellow dock root, dandelion root, black cherry bark, and spruce bark; cover with cold water and steep over a very slow fire for half a day. Drain and mix with two pails of cold water, add one and one-half pints of molasses to each pail of liquid and dissolve two yeast-cakes in lukewarm water and add to water; strain through cheese-cloth, put in jugs in a warm place until it has worked off scum, then cork tightly.

Found in *State of Maine Cookbook* (1925), edited by Jane Tucker



**What:** An old-fashioned bean hole bean supper with all the fixings!

**Where:** Eddington Clifton Civic Center (AKA "the Hall")

**When:** Saturday, June 24th at 5:00pm

**Why:** Delicious homestyle dinner to benefit the Eddington Historical Society.