



Richard Allchin
A Memorial Album



Dick Allchin, c. 1947

Richard Allchin

A Memorial Album



edited by Douglas Allchin

2017



PREFACE

This volume remembers Richard Allchin (1924-2017) in the form of a mosaic collection of selected photos, autobiographical fragments, and memorabilia.

The opening poem/essay, “Desiderata,” was found in his files, and would seem to express views he shared with the author, a fellow Midwesterner of a similar historical era. The sentiments certainly resonate with his low public profile, his congenial personal relations, his uncompromising commitment to quality, and his sense of responsibility to family and service to others. Following are three short memoirs, written in response to inquiries by his children. The plain, forthright language and impressionistic imagery (and perhaps his own crude printouts) also help illustrate his personal style. Ironically perhaps, these stories were generally not part of his daily conversation; they needed to be written down to be shared. There is a sampling of Christmas letters from 1972 to 2013, which document some of the events in his later years, and finally a self-styled obituary, memorial comments from two of his three children, and a family tree.

First among the images is a set of family photos (taken over several decades) that he carried in his wallet, but rarely if ever shared with others. Likewise, most of the memorabilia was buried from family knowledge in drawers until the late 1980s.

A few weeks before he died, Dick/Dad combined a celebration of Father’s Day and his 70th wedding anniversary with family. It was an occasion of quiet personal satisfaction for him, reflecting what he had dedicated himself to and achieved.

Dick / Dad / Uncle Dick / Grandpa / Mr. Dick is remembered in various ways. He was affable and “likeable” (as the *Case Tech News* reported in 1947), but also strong willed, sometimes stubborn, and occasionally rough-edged. Even so, friends, associates, and community staff found him good natured at heart and due well earned respect and fondness.

I hope this album can provide an occasion for remembering him in all his facets.

Douglas Allchin
St. Paul, Minnesota, Oct. 2017



The wallet photos. The family in the 1960s, 70s, 80s. 90s & 2000s.

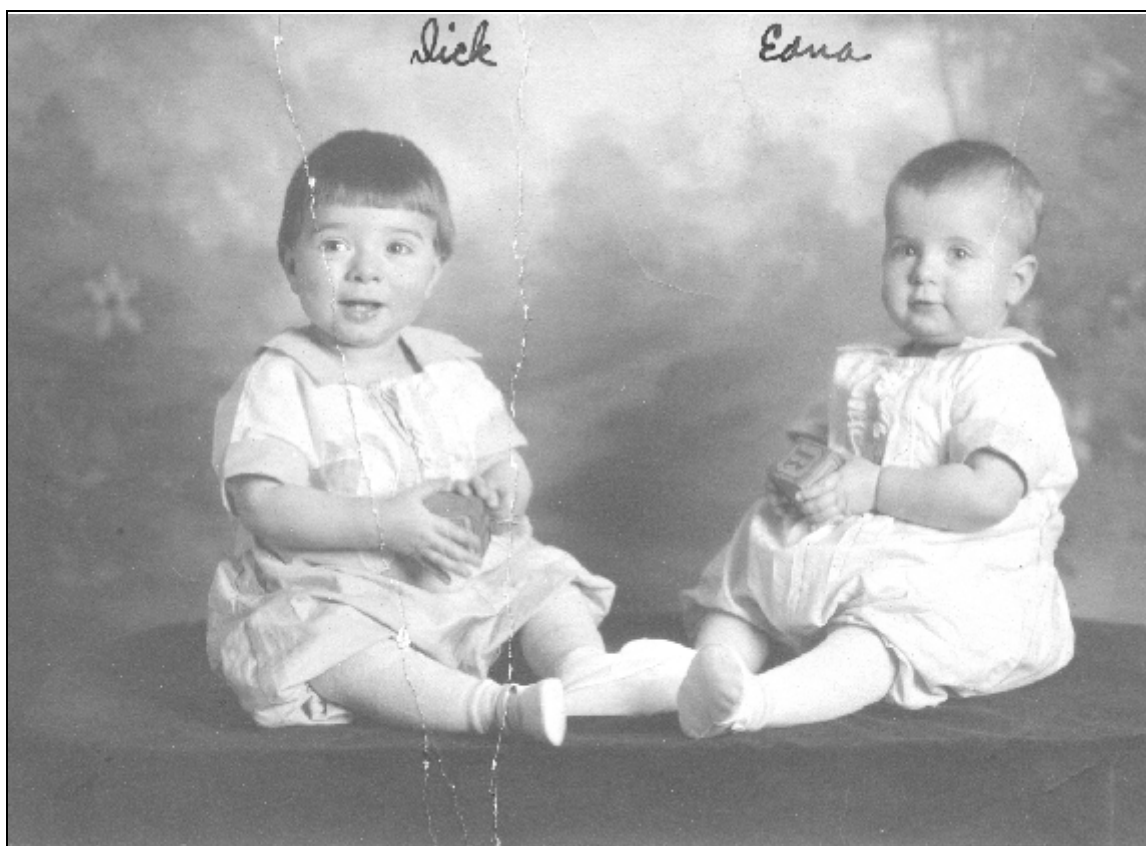


G O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND HASTE, AND REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. 🌿 Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. 🌿 Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. 🌿 Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. 🌿 Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. 🌿 You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. 🌿 Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. 🌿 With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. 🌿

—Max Ehrmann, 1927



Mother Zilpha with Helen, Betty, Harry and the new twins



ME? RICHARD ALLCHIN

"A winner never quits; and a quitter never wins"
 -frequent urging-on quote of my father

"When the going gets tough, the tough get going"
 -another frequent urging-on quote of my father

She couldn't hide the cookies from me! Anyplace!
 -a failure of my mother

December, 1989

For: Doug (& Carol & Joy)

The time has arrived for stories about your old Dad. Doug buried in his Christmas list the request for 'stories of high school, the Navy, and college'; and having made little response to his 1974 eight questions, sort of acknowledged but not ignored, something has got to be done!

Doug bypasses the fact that I was born and survived through grade school and junior high; of little import or interest? But it did happen. However, you know about delivering morning papers (Cleveland Plain Dealer) on the pony, the 13 room house on Mentor Avenue (living room & parlor - six bedrooms and one bath - huge, scary attic); that house now gone after being converted to four apartments and used that way for over twenty years. Our address was Stop #51, for the ancient and long gone interurban rail line from Cleveland. I remember getting chased by the turkeys we had; the large (upwards to an acre in size) vegetable garden that we six kids never got weeded, but it did produce luscious strawberries from the weed-shaded plants; the large lawn of about two acres rarely cut by me with the hand mower we had; and the large barn and hayloft that we jumped from the loft walls onto the hay.

I objected, and really put up a fuss, to the smallpox vaccination given at the school in the first grade. I don't remember anything about 2nd grade (hated the teacher!), and third grade was reading (never got out of the beginner group) and writing (practicing ovals with the pencil held lightly between tips of thumb and first finger, little finger curled under palm but held OFF the paper and palm level with desk top). Fourth grade was Miss Loomis for arithmetic and learning the multiplication tables; took trombone lessons and played through the 10th grade, but never practiced (sister Aunt Edna took cello, and was pretty good at it, as was sister Aunt Betty on the violin and sister Aunt Helen on the clarinet). By the way, Uncle Vernon was a talented drummer, played with the Commodores dance band in the late thirties. Fifth grade teacher was Miss Qunicy - young, inexperienced and seemingly, but not really, mean, and lasted only one year - and the geography bit. Finally, sixth grade with the principal (Miss Cook) who couldn't get a grip on my butch haircut when I got her mad.

During grade school, the corner area of yard farthest from the house and off the corner of the barn was the playground of the neighborhood - the baseball diamond, and football field. During spring and fall, after school, about 12-15 gathered to play ball, always ending in a fight. Wintertime was Sheetz's pond for ice skating and hockey, about one-half mile from home; the problem was testing the ice thickness early in the season without getting wet feet.



Dick, age 12



The Allchins & Kelloggs, c. 1934

Back row: Wilbur K., Mildred Rosenthal w/ Martha, Ray & Ruth K., Betty, Ethel K., Helen, Harry Sr. & Zilpha
 Front row: Doris K., Ella & Leon Kellogg, Edna, Harry Jr., Dick

We had the paper route since the beginning of time, it seemed. Dad's urgings to keep going came often, and I must have heard them fifty times on one Sunday morning delivering papers on foot when the car couldn't make it through two feet of snow. Up Garfield Road over a mile, delivering about eight or ten papers, the last and farthest a good half mile beyond the others. Every customer was to have his Sunday paper by 10AM; and that was the way it was going to be! Saturdays, while other kids were at the afternoon movie, we were out collecting! One Sunday paper customer gave whoever delivered to that house a dime; always an argument who got that section of route and then, THAT customer. And then going down Fairgrounds road toward the Gongwer-Frizzell ice cream factory; it wasn't an appeal to Dad for an ice cream cone - no, it was for which choice we had: one, two or three dips. None at all most of the times! Of course we had to get up early to deliver papers before getting the bus to school, so it was always early to bed. How many times did I delay, postpone, and drag getting to bed, and then get moving about two inches ahead of the yard stick. Dad broke at least one yardstick a week.

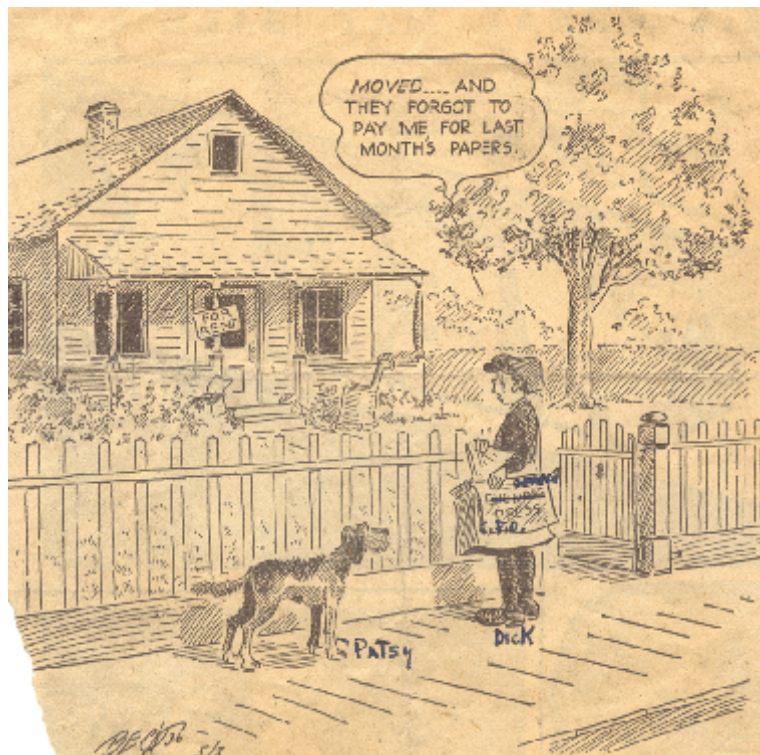
Summers were a drag. In addition to the paper route and weekly saturday collecting was the grass cutting, garden weeding, and work for the local farmer, Truman Grover. Monopoly and bike races in the barn, around the stalls, were frequent.

Ah! working for Grover! Once I was assigned bean picking in the early afternoon; but it was hot and boring. I just stopped about 3:00 and went home. A Saturday, and Dad was home, sad to say. He wondered why I was home. I told him I just left the job and came home. Well, it wouldn't do, when Grover was counting on me for beans to sell. Dad made me walk down to his roadside stand to tell him what I did, and apologize; and, get back to work! Other times I drove a tractor (converted from a pickup truck) for cultivating crops, while Grover and my older brother, Harry, guided the cultivators. About 2 or 3 miles per hour, steady speed, and keep straight down the rows! I learned to keep a light and steady foot on the accelerator. Pay was 10 cents an hour in 1938, a fortune!

Al Lang & I ran around together a lot. We would steal potatoes from home, go out in the woods about a mile away, dig a trough in the leaves and ground, and bake the potatoes under a fire of twigs. Good potatoes, you bet. One time we were up on Garfield Road with Bessie, our shetland pony, and the wagon (heavy, wooden fourwheel thing). I can't remember what we did, but we got afraid of being caught, so high-tailed it for home as fast as Bessie could go, about a mile and a half all the way home to the barn. DUMB! Bessie was covered with sweat and froth, one of the best ways for a horse to get a deathly cold; and we just unhitched her and put her in a stall in the barn.

One time I took a week's trip east with Dad, and several days before we left, Bessie had broken loose and disappeared, at night during a storm. I didn't want to go with Dad, worrying about Bessie, but he prevailed. When we got home, there was a stench from across the fence on our property line. Dad went over to investigate, and found Bessie dead and rotting. That was about the sorriest event of my life, I think, and I cried forever about Bessie. Never learned what had happened to her, but best guess was she was hit by a car at night and struggled to where she died.

Oh yes, the cookies. Mom made the most scrumptious cookies, especially toll house. And cakes; no mixes, everything from scratch. Somehow, her cookies kept disappearing in spite of her most ingenious hiding places.



Harry riding Sparky and Dick on Bessie







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THE NEWSPAPER PONY EXPRESS
[in the ALLCHIN STYLE]

I recall seeing Mary Jean Baldwin, a high school friend of my wife Nancy whom I see had not seen in years, at a house party sometime in the 60's - I don't remember the date (long ago), nor where (somewhere in a Cleveland suburb), nor the weather (mostly dreary in Cleveland - especially in winter). MJ recognized our Allchin name and politely asked if, by chance, I was the paper boy who delivered the Cleveland Plain Dealer - as she remembered, on a pony and riding bareback! - when she had lived in Mentor in the 30's. I had never met MJ and was surprised to be remembered that way, but yes, it had been me.

Here it is now in 1999, with my memory failing, although it has not progressed to the aged stage for having vivid and precise detail recall as in second childhood. Thinking of MJ brings back memories of the Newspaper Pony Express [in the Allchin Style], and at this later date delving into my memory to come up with other little things like that which happened so many years ago. My story begins about delivering the PD every weekday morning before going to school on our beloved Shetland pony Bessie, not so diminutive but still, she was a Shetland.

All of the papers had to be delivered before 7AM, as Dad [in *his* Allchin Style] was a stickler to meet that service standard, set according to his reckoning of timely service (which was also timely for me to get back home for something to eat before hopping on the school bus at about 7:40am). Your guess is right about having to get up early, before dawn even in the summertime.

Getting up early in the morning meant getting to bed early, besides being near the bottom of the age ladder of us six kids. Ah - getting to bed - now, that created a problem for me that I do recall vividly, me being a "B" type. After being dragged from the makeup ball game going on with the other kids in the neighborhood, Dad was pretty good at urging me up the stairs with a wooden yardstick (his friend at the lumberyard kept him in good supply). But I was also pretty good, too, at keeping an inch or so ahead of the yardstick - I think he broke more sticks on the wall than he did on me, breaking at least one a week! (As an aside in case someone reading this might be offended by interpreting that as child abuse - it was NOT! Dad didn't abuse - he was doing GOOD parenting!]

Delivering the papers was a family affair. On the weekdays we delivered something like 60-70 papers all over the town of Mentor and the westerly portion of the then surrounding township. Of the total, about 18-20 were delivered on my Newspaper Pony Express [Allchin Style] route to customers in the sparsely built allotment west of our house (now it would be called a development). The route covered seven streets between Mentor Avenue (US Rt 20) and Johnny Cake Ridge Road (Ohio Rt 84), the middle street only one-half length, ending midway at Crossfield Street which cut across the other six. I guess the route on Bessie was about six miles or so.

The other papers were delivered with car transportation; Mom, or Dad when he was in not on the road traveling, or eldest sister Helen drove the Model A Ford (later a 1932 Model B Ford, then a 1934 Ford - their first V8, and so forth) - Helen doing it at age 13 (no minimum age 16 then). That was weekdays; on Sunday, my Newspaper Pony Express route by done by car before breakfast, and then two cars for the rest, delivering more than 100 papers in all over a larger area, from Willoughby at the west to Painesville at the east. It took over three hours, and we had to meet Dad's timely service requirement to finish before 10AM (we rarely got finished on time).

A few customers paid for their paper direct to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, but for the rest we had to go house-to-house collecting for them - every Saturday. Beginning with the first Saturday of the month, we collected for the previous month deliveries. Since we had to make call backs to over half of the customers not being at home on the first Saturday, it went on and on every Saturday to get all but a few (some of whom eventually never paid and got their delivery involuntarily discontinued). Dad had to pay for the papers, so back in those depression days the collecting was really important.

During the ten years or so we delivered the PD papers, there was no change in the price. We collected 3 cents for a daily paper (it Dad cost 2 cents), and 10 cents for a Sunday paper cents (it cost Dad 7 cents). By today's standard, the profit margin was very good, indeed! But even so, a customer who didn't pay meant a lot of papers delivered at no profit.

We kids were out collecting for the papers while all of our neighbor school friends were going to the Saturday afternoon matinee movie (at Stearn's Willoughby Theater double feature with the weekly serial western or whatever). We felt, then, that we were missing a very important part of our education, like today's kids missing the Jetsons or Star Trek every Saturday. However, from the collecting experience I suppose we did get some good educational value about dealing with people.

I inherited the Newspaper Pony Express [in the Allchin Style] allotment route from my older brother, Harry, when he went off to prep school in 1935. I was then 11 years old, and continued the Newspaper Pony Express through the summer of 1939, when we discontinued our paper delivery service.

My alarm clock was a Big Ben style with the large chromium bell on the top; it was loud. It would be cold in the wintertime, even to forming frost on the inside of the bedroom windows, although the big 13 room farmhouse had central heating (but not today's variety - it was a big, coal fired furnace with an uncovered plenum, allowing heated air to rise into the house through a grill in the floor above - *that* was the central heating system, with only the stairwell the conduit for heat to the second floor by convection). It was get dressed, haul in the bundles of papers from off the porch and use wire cutters on the bailing wire around them, count out the 18 or so papers for my route and slide them in the canvas bag (with shoulder strap), and then trudge 100 yards to the barn to put the bridle on Bessie to get on my way - no saddle, too much bother.

The first customer to deliver to was on the first street west (Brentwood Road) - the Zornow's, who lived 2 or 3 lots south of US Rt 20 - in the only house on the east side of the street, at the north end. There were three houses opposite on adjacent lots - MJ's house was the south end one. There was only one other house on the street, way at the south end at Rt 84 (it was the Kahl's and the last customer I would deliver to on the route).

While riding along the first quarter mile or so on the grass strip along the edge of US Rt 20 to the Zornow's, I would be folding the papers into a three-way fold for throwing onto the lawns or porches. With that done, it was go on automatic drive, so-to-speak, to complete the route. Bessie was a dear, and she was gentle, and she rode so easily. Going along, I would frequently doze; Bessie would just amble on to the next customer's house and wait, I would wake up to throw a paper, and go on.

I remember a few of the customer's names along with the Zornows and Baldwins, but not many - Whittingham, Melcher, Neibes, Sheetz, Lang, Troop, Calhoun, Reynolds, Stritmatter, Breyly, Kahl. I remember the houses of some others, their location and what they looked like, but can't remember the names of the people living in them.

What would have been an important matter to many customers must have been their lawns, since Bessie's hooves could have been tearing them up. I just don't remember how I got around that problem - my mind is almost a complete blank about that. I do remember about the Melcher's - they wanted their paper put behind the side screen door, which was fortunately inches from the edge of the driveway, so no problem. I must have had some tricks about keeping Bessie off the lawns, because I do know that certain customers wanted their paper, not on the front lawn, but someplace where I could not just throw the paper from the sidewalk. They would want it on their front porch, or behind their front or side screen door, or even tucked in between their front frame and door knob. As with timely delivery, Dad [again, in *his* Allchin Style] was a stickler on these special delivery details, too, for seeing that the customers got the service they wanted. But, I don't remember at all ever getting off the pony to put papers in such places. Anyway, I don't recall learning of any customer making any complaints about lawns, but there were some about not having the paper placed exactly right behind the screen door (closed tight!) and the like.

Bessie had a colt that we named Sparky - he was always a bit frisky. It was brother Harry's responsibility to train him for riding, which he did - sort of. While Harry would use Sparky for delivering the Newspaper Pony Express allotment route, at times he was more than I could handle. For example, I remember doing the deliveries with him one time, and everything was fine until the paper was delivered to the last customer, the Kahl's. It was a good thing I always used a saddle with him, because as we made the final turn to the direction of home, he decided, as horses are wont to do, that he wanted to head for the barn in a hurry. He *was* in a hurry - he went into an uncontrollable gallop all the way, and right into the barn to his stall; all I could do was hang on! That experience must have been soon after we lost Bessie, and near the time when we discontinued the Newspaper Pony Express [in the Allchin Style].

We lost Bessie in the summertime; she was about 18 years of age. The ponies were frequently left out in the untilled adjacent fields during the day, and even through the night, on a chain, maybe 30 feet in length, staked at one end to afford for them a comfortable circular area to roam and graze the lush grass and tall hay. One morning Bessie was missing - she was just not there; Sparky, was there, chained nearby, having a fit, and no one could figure out the why of his antics. It was the day I was to go along with Dad when he was leaving to drive on a week long business trip east to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and returning home through Erie. We couldn't readily locate Bessie, and Dad just couldn't delay getting started. Although I wanted to stay home to find Bessie and see that she was all right, I was persuaded to go with him. I don't remember a thing about the trip, or my thoughts about Bessie, except the last night when I was anticipating being home the next day and learning about Bessie; we stayed in an overnight in what was a round single room cabin (it was when individual cabins were the thing, before the present day style of motels).

At home the next day, Bessie was still not found. There was a smell, a stench somewhere nearby, and nobody had any idea about its source. Dad did some wandering around the yard and in the high grasses around the edges of our property and over the fences, and found her, lying dead along one of the fences, a good distance but less than 100 yards from the road, US Rt 20, lying with her head toward the barn. The best that could be figured was that she got hit by a car or truck and managed to move toward the barn that distance before she died. Dad would not allow any of us kids, as I recall, get anywhere near her. I cried - more than I had ever cried before, or since.

The summer of 1936 (I think) was unique for me. I had a badly abcessed tooth, and Dad found a dentist in downtown Cleveland (Keith Bldg) who took a crack at saving it. Well, it was going to take a long series of appointments to get rid of the infection; so dad got me a season pass to the Great Lakes Expo, where I spent the day after each appointment. Dad dropped me off about 9AM at the dentist, and picked me up about 5PM at the Expo gate, one day a week for what seemed all summer long. The tooth was saved.

Forget the seventh grade (Sept. 1935- June 1936). I have. Eighth grade consisted of two homerooms, one (Aunt Edna's and mine) with Owen T. Casey, the manual arts teacher, and the other with Miss Boynton, the most beautifullest teacher ever; the girls coach and phys-ed teacher, and junior science teacher.

Our high school consisted of the 7th through 12th grades. Our 7th & 8th grade classes were with the same kids we went to elementary school with. But, in the ninth grade, the kids from two other elementary schools joined us at the high school, OUR school!. Although, I don't recall that much rivalry or strangeness with the new kids.

We had a good class, the class of '41. We started out with an ambitious freshman sponsored dance in the gym. The ambitious part was building a huge wooden framed/crepe paper covered top hat, probably about twenty feet across the brim, that was hung upside down suspended over the gym floor, the top of the hat (at bottom) probably about 6 feet off the floor. Try that sometime, held up by ropes from the brim to the balcony railing the encircled the gym. Inside the hat was filled with ballons, released late in the dance by pulling off the top of the hat. Good decorations, the envy of the other classes for the daring to get it done.

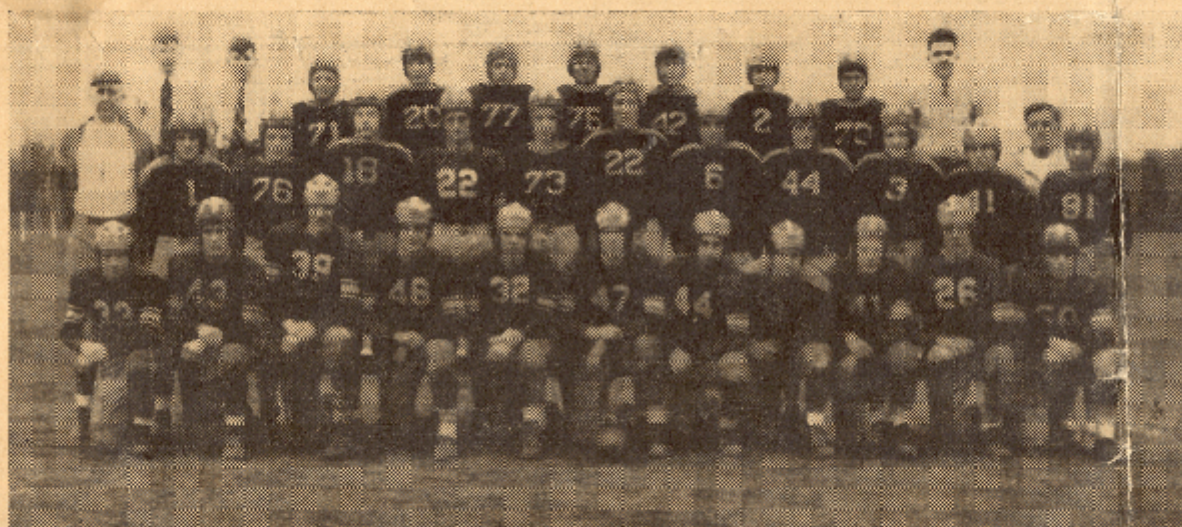
Four years of foreign language, two of latin and two of french. All girls except for me and two other guys (Tom Lahiff & Dale Shaffer). I think we had eight or nine in those classes. Awful stuff, under guidance of Miss Helen Craig. Can't remember anything about it all, except that all Gaul has three parts (but don't ask me what they are).

I was kept busy during high school. First, deliver the morning papers. Then playing through the year in the various sports. Later, opening the gas station across the street from home before school, and closing at 10PM at night. Dipped ice cream in the cafeteria during lunch hour. Got into math or science state exams each year, with extra after-school time on special instruction preparing for them (never placed in those exams). Got into our Junior year school play, as a cop; consisted of shoving someone on stage, coming on stage right behind to say about three words, and exit!

Biggest problem was learning to dance, but I didn't really learn. I remember Jane Winfield (one year ahead of us), Janie Fuller, Barbara Hayward and two or three other girls getting me after school one day to a local eating place that had a dance floor, just to teach me to dance. Jane was THE jitterbug of the school. The occasion was a school dance; the cashier in the cafeteria, Lois Zimmerman from our class, conned me into talking her if I won the ticket raffle for the dance. A consortium of Lois and some other girls made sure, somehow, that I won! And so, the lessons. First date of two in high school. Second date was the Senior prom, taking the girlfriend of another guy just after they broke up. Her attraction was not Me; it was our Ford convertible!

Mentor Writes Grid History; Defeats Willoughby To End Season Unscored On

The Com-Mentor Salutes "Iron Men"



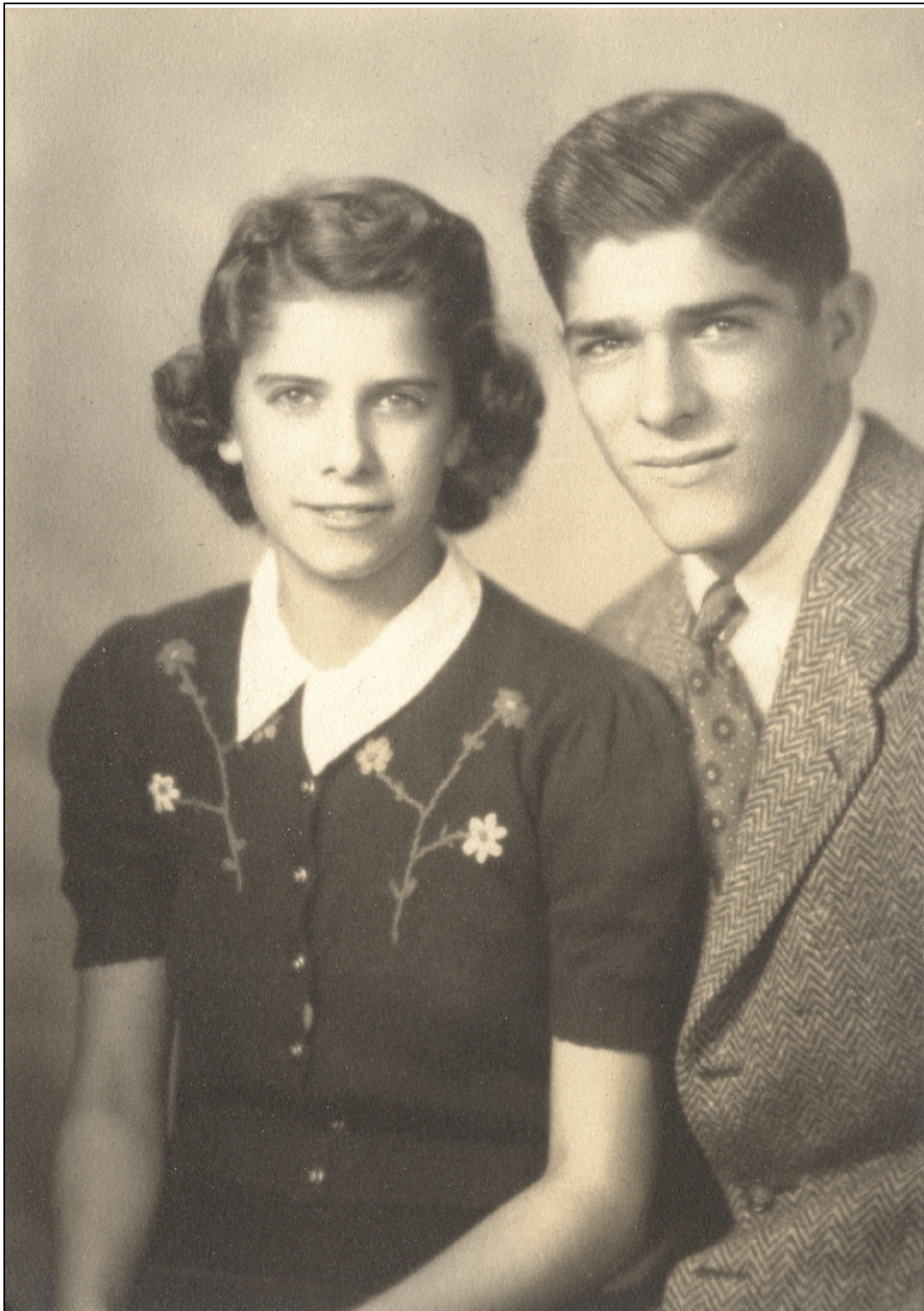
The Com-Mentor bows to the never-to-be forgotten football team of 1940. Undefeated, untied, unscored-on—this is the Cardinals' fantastic record. It will be a long time before the faithful fans forget the beautiful passing combination of Troop and Stange, Bob Agard's terrific tackles, John Ranally's lightning runs, the accurate centering by Dick Allchin, and Reeves' line backing. And no one will EVER forget the smile on Coach Masonbrink's face after the Willoughby game.



Mentor High School
Basket Ball Dinner
March 15, 1941

M





Edna and Dick Allchin
high school graduation

I don't remember much about any high spots and low spots of those years, as there weren't any spectacular ups & downs. It was more a race just to keep up. Like, trying to talk a local garage owner into buying space in our class yearbook; doing too much like taking an extra course (typing) as a sophomore; or dowsing sulfuric acid on a spill of concentrated nitric acid (spilled on a classmates arm!); or trying not to cower under the wrath of the (red-headed) basketball coach for ineptness during practice. Open the gas station, catch the bus, football, basketball or track practice, get home (walk the 3 miles sometimes), close the gas station. But, I survived it all.

A few events one never forgets. Louie Krause was the school music director and our sophomore English teacher. When we were reading Silas Marner, he strode into class one day saying, "Who can tell me the meaning of procrastination?" Absolute silence from the entire class, for at least three minutes while he waited for an answer from somebody. Nobody even volunteered. He lectured us for ten minutes about having the dictionary at our elbow during reading; and if we had, someone would have looked up the word as it was in our reading assignment for the day. Class dismissed by an irate teacher!

Our freshman English teacher (Regina Hanway) tried to instill appreciation of the arts. One attempt was getting us to the school auditorium to listen to some classical music. While it was playing, she swooned over it and verbally tried to get us to sense the moods and action supposedly transmitted by the music. Didn't make any sense to me. Another was in our junior year, getting about fifteen of us to Public Hall to be in the opera. We were in it!! As 'supers' (local extras picked up to fill in the cast), we carried spears across the back of the stage, once, and that was it.

In our senior History (Civics) class, the teacher, popular Noel Wical, brought in Ray Gunesch one day to tell us about college. Ray had graduated two years ahead of us. Well, he told us about his homework assignments, like 60 pages a day, rather than the 3 pages we were having. Skimming and underlining were the key. He scared me a bit.

Then there were the two auto accidents I had. One not so bad; one could have been very serious. Dad's pride was his 1941 Maroon Ford Deluxe Coupe, with white wall tires, his first extra price car ever. It was after a snow, with the side roads covered with packed snow and slippery. I made a turn off the clear, main highway onto a crowned, dirt side street - just a little too fast. Skidding on the crown of the roadway, I couldn't get straightened out, and went into the left rear of a parked car. I don't remember Dad's reaction when he got home, but it must have been furious. More serious was at 10PM one evening with Bob Walker riding with me in Aunt Betty's pride, her 1937 Ford coupe, her first car. Coming west through east Mentor, I almost went square into the rear of a parked tractor-trailer truck, which I swear had no lights on. It was parked half on the roadway, half in the parallel parking space. Anyway, I whipped the steering wheel, hit the left rear wheel of the trailer, and bent back the rear half of the front fender flat against the body of the car, bent back as it rode up over the rear tire of the trailer. Had I not swerved, the floor of the trailer would have come across the right side of the hood of the car, through the passenger side of the windshield, and de-capitated Bob Walker. I was really scared about that one

Onto Case in September of 1941, class of '45, to be a Chemical Engineer. Except, interruption by World War II for 26 months, and finally was in the class of '47. And except I didn't have any idea how tough Chemical Engineering was, and didn't know about Metallurgy until I got to Case, and switched promptly (within two weeks of matriculation). It was more my thing, anyway, for metal castings work. Dad was then Vice President - Sales of the Wellman Bronze & Aluminum Company, specializing in non-ferrous sand castings.

The start to Case was as a senior at Mentor High. Case then had a full tuition scholarship, then \$350 per year, specifically for a Lake County high school student. I was fortunate to get it through a competitive exam held at Case in March of 1941. There were seven applicants, as I remember. Dad was pleased.

First thing at Case was a class assembly called by the Dean. Larry Mills, a really nice guy with a fantastic memory for names. He opened the meeting by telling us to note the persons on each side of us; then proceeded to say only one of the three of us would survive and graduate. Great welcome!

The freshman bag rush (no longer done). Freshmen against the sophomores. A greased flag pole with a freshman beeney on top. Freshmen get it down, and no hazing; sophomores get it down, and hazing goes on. That was it. Freshmen always lost; not organized and not experienced. We lost.

I went out for football. Stayed at it for about three weeks or so. Couldn't take it at all, going to sleep trying to get homework done. I don't see how the college football guys ever do it these days, because I can guarantee nobody can handle the practice time and physical punishment of today's football, and keep up on classwork - there is no way!

But I did stay with Freshman basketball, and got the white sweater with brown 1945 numerals for the effort (Case colors are white & brown, of course). Nice sweater; wish I still had it. Joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity along with 27 other guys; got elected as the pledge class president. Went through Hell Week (no longer done, and now called Greek Week) between semesters, and got initiated into the Fraternity. Later, in Senior year was President of the chapter, and had been Rush Chairman one year.

I learned real bridge playing at the frat house. One noon hour, as a freshman, I was being kibbittized by some seniors who egged me on to a four heart bid with no aces in my hand (and, I knew my partner had none, too!). Actually made the contract! Those seniors that year were wizards at the game.

After Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, I joined the Navy V-7 college program to avoid the army draft. That was successful until the spring of 1943. The toughest semester at Case was the second semester, sophomore year, and it got me. Three things got me. One was sleeping in past my eight o'clock economics class seven times, to earn an 'F', even though I had a passing grade and an 85 on the final exam. Second was a 'C' in calculus that should have been a 'B'. I learned of the 'C' too late, because when I saw the professor to argue my case and he admitted it should have been a 'B', the grade had already been turned in and he wouldn't recall it. The third was physics, a nasty one. The class average going into the final was about 40, and mine was about 15. As I figured it, I needed about a 95 on the final exam to pass. The entire weekend before that final exam was poring over the physics textbook, believe me.

Versatile and Likeable Dick Allchin Stars in Track, Bridge, Leadership

By Warner White

Smiling, effervescent Dick Allchin, president of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, is never known to hold a straight face. While his good humor is his outstanding characteristic, Dick is a Blue Key man and is listed in "Who's Who Among College Students."

Starring in the high and low hurdles, he has earned two letters in track. As a freshman he earned his numerals in basketball.

A major in metallurgy, Dick is getting technical background for work in the sales of light alloys. He is especially interested in the casting of magnesium and aluminum.

Last summer, while working on a "pilot line" in experimental and small job work for a powder metal company, he handled \$145,000 worth of beryllium.

With Jack Miller as his partner, Dick won the interfraternity bridge contest. Says Dick, "We talked a better game than we played."

Dick was vice-president of the junior class before he entered the naval air corps in 1943. During his two and one-half years in the navy, the last six months as an Ensign, he went to school at Wooster, Ohio, and Walla Walla, Washington. He spent some time in Texas but made up for it by lolling in Miami, Florida.

Returning to Case a year ago he missed much of the former school spirit that had been shown in such things as the bag rush and the football rallies. "But," says Dick,



Dick Allchin

"it looks as if the old spirit is coming back now."

Dick is the assistant business manager of the *Differential*; he was previously the assistant business manager of the *Tech* for two terms. He is also a member of Pick and Shovel and the Glee Club. As a sophomore he was the intramural sports manager.

Graduating in June, Dick is to be married that same month. "Does anyone know where I can find an apartment?" he queries.

Then the exam: one problem to solve (it was a heat transfer problem), with a short written paragraph explaining the problem to be solved and 30 items of data, numbered 1 through 30. At five minutes into the time, one student (grade average about 60) got up, turned in his paper and left. At 12 or 15 minutes, a second. At 35 minutes of the one hour period, with only 4 or 5 or out of the class of 30 finished and left, I discovered that only one bit of the data presented was needed to solve the problem; but I couldn't believe it. On top of that, it was only the night before in skimming the textbook that I noted the formula needed to solve the problem. It took me another ten minutes to get up the courage to solve the problem, turn in my paper and leave, with 8 or 10 guys still sweating. I passed the course, but I don't remember whether a 'D' or a 'C', but I think a 'C'.

But, now back to the problem of not being successful avoiding the army draft. I needed a .65 average for the semester to stay in the Navy V-7 program; and also to not lose the scholarship. I ended up with a .63 average, when that 'B' in calc would have given me a .67. Rotten luck, wasn't it; I could have shot that calc professor!.

Within days, I had notice to meet with my draft board; the options were to join the Navy V-6 program (seaman), or apply to the Navy V-5 program (air cadet). I chose V-5 (which was what I really had wanted to get into, anyway), and got accepted in July. Orders would be forthcoming at some time, no time suggested. So I stayed in school that summer as Case went to a 12 month, six quarter year-round schedule. I got my first semester junior year in before getting orders to duty.

And so, late in September, I went to Detroit to report for active duty in the Navy V-5 program - flight training as a Navy Cadet.

First thing was muster in the basement of an old hotel, I think the Ford Hotel, with about 200 other guys. Crowded, no room to move about, hot, folding chairs. Nothing to drink but coffee, and tried my first cup of coffee ever for lack of anything else; I got broken into the REAL Navy habit, quick!

The entire program was: Pre-Pre-Flight (8 wks); CAA-WTS Flight School (8 wks); Pre-Flight (3 mos); Primary Flight training (5-6 mos); Basic Flight training (5-6 mos - then graduate with wings as an officer); Operational Flight training and then to war.

I was assigned to Wooster College for Pre-Pre-Flight. And so it began. No time off at Wooster; at the end, 2 days of liberty, just before Christmas. Nothing exciting, just a lot of orientation to Navy ways - rules, regulations, morse code, sign flags, calisthenics, 'white glove' room inspection, and always, breakfast. Breakfast - another Navy habit! Considered by the navy as the most important meal of the day, you had to go through morning chow line whether you wanted to eat or not. You didn't fear missing it, because you didn't need an alarm clock; the bugler took care of that problem. We were taught how to make a bed, square corners and blanket drawn tight enough for a quarter, dropped from three feet, to bounce (I think it was) 2 inches high.

About the only miscue was the officer in charge of our barracks making a room inspection while we were at calisthenics, about two days before the end of the program there. He found some non-regulation handkerchiefs in the dresser drawers of a few of us. Penalty - no liberty; with then no prospect of getting home again for many, many months. We were quite certain he was against regulations by inspecting personal areas (dresser drawers) without

us being present, but we did not feel in any position to challenge him. First night of the liberty time, about 9PM, the base Commander happened by, and asked why we were not on the way home on liberty. We told him our penalty and the infraction for it. He promptly told us to pack up and get going! We did.

Onto CAA-WTS training to Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, via train from Chicago Penn Station. In and around Penn Station were umpteen liquors stores, which our trainload of cadets cleaned out (guys going to Pocatello, Idaho, us to Walla Walla, and others to Wenatchee, Wash.). Four days on that train, a non-stop poker game in one car, partying in another, and I can't remember if there was any sleeping car. I had been assigned courier for the orders of our Walla Walla contingent, with total responsibility for the personnel; a completely uncontrollable group with no officer around, but we did make it intact, somehow. We had a lay over at 2AM in Green River, Idaho for about two hours, and I'll never know how it was we didn't lose some guys there to the bars with gambling going on and slots machines (all paid off in silver dollars).

We arrived in Walla Walla at 6AM Christmas morning, and about thirty of us were herded promptly to a breakfast given by the girl students at the college. Eventually we got to our quarters, one of the fraternity houses, where I roomed with Dick Atamian and we were together through all the rest of our training. It was great; just like home (Case). I don't remember our routine there, but the main objective was our first flying in a Piper Cub, soloing, and then some time in an old Waco Biplane (exciting!). The greatest thing there was the period of about three weeks of fog at temperature 28-32 degrees. Absolutely fantastic, as a hoary frost built up to about 1/2 inch thick over everything, a sight to behold and I never, ever expect to see anything like it again.

Pre-Flight was at St Marys College in the Moraga Valley east of Oakland, California (about 15 miles). It was here I met John Amey and was with him all the rest of our training. The routine at the Battle of Moraga Valley, in mid-February, was a ten minute heavy rain about 10AM every day during football or some other outside sport, followed by bright sunshine for the rest of the day. The main objective here was body building: football, hand-to-hand combat, boxing, wrestling, swimming, and, of course, the obstacle course; and the final three days there was on a survival hike, including going down the side of a cliff by rope (I was called back the end of the first day on news of my death of my brother, Harry, and leave to go home, so I missed the cliff bit).

There are too many stories about Pre-Flight - it was a real grind! One was the exercise of jumping off the high platform at the olympic size pool fully clothed, get the clothes off, button the shirt and pants, and inflate them for flotation. I couldn't get the pants off. After three tries and almost drowning, in desperation I doubled up properly (which they didn't instruct about) to easily get them off while sinking slowly to the bottom of the pool. We got our first classroom work on navigation, with the admonition that this was THE most important course in training, and no fooling about it. After all, in an airplane out over the expanse of water with no landmarks, the only way was navigation by sun and stars. I turned out to be the navigation tutor for several guys, one of whom just couldn't get it at all, and was washed out of the program here by it. Cheating during navigation exams was rampant, and I felt sorry for the many guys short-changing themselves by it. It was strange, but the real athlete of the class, a superb football quarterback and basketball player in high school, got washed out in

They Lead 45th



1-2-3 men respectively in the 45th Battalion are, left to right, Richard Allchin, Renyer Fitzgerald and Richard J. Scoles.



the next phase, Primary Flight training, because he just couldn't coordinate flying an airplane. We left with the observation given us that in one month or so, after some natural body repairs, we would be in the best physical shape we would ever be in in our life. Oh yes, I had made the status of Honor Cadet of our class, the highest overall combined academic and physical training grade average.

On to Norman, Oklahoma, the first real Navy base we were at, for Primary Flight training. Finally, we had arrived! Flying! Stearman biplanes, the best. Solo flights, acrobatics, formation - the whole bit. Terribly HOT in July and August; 95-105 degrees at 95 percent humidity is like a steam bath. It was a relief to get flying up to 3,000-4,000 feet with the temperature around 55-65. I was lucky with weather, and finished the course six weeks ahead of everybody else, so had lots of free time toward the end. I guess, because of my grades at Pre-Flight, I was regularly promoted in the cadet ranks and finally to the highest level, the cadet battalion staff as Cadet Lt. Commander in charge of cadet commissary relations; big deal! Had one forced landing on a solo flight as the engine oil pressure failed on top of a loop; coasted to a landing at an outlying field, got to a farmhouse, and called in. The farm was what you would expect in Oklahoma, a poor farm, delapidated farmhouse, woman in rags and shoeless. My favorite bridge story originated here. I had a hand of 30 points, with a six diamond suit headed by King, Queen, Jack. I opened with a four no-trump bid, and partner responded five diamonds, the missing ace of diamonds. I bid seven diamonds, and my partner couldn't believe it; but it was a laydown hand at seven diamonds, didn't even play it out!

Then Corpus Christie, Texas for Basic training. We had the option of single or multiple engine, and I chose multiple engine; I didn't like the idea of flying attack runs on enemy bombers, flying alone over water, or the Navy TBF Fighter Bombers which were known as death traps. One time I was flying practice landings with another guy, he a pilot and me as co-pilot. It was his training flight and I was just along because required to have a co-pilot. He was more than timid on take-off, not raising the landing gear until well past the edge of the field and altitude of 100-150 feet. I asked to try one landing and take-off, and on take-off, as soon as the plane felt like lifting off, I raised the landing gear. A bit too soon! the plane started to settle down toward the runway, and the propellers must have had only an inch of clearance left before we started to climb up. I guess I showed the other guy how to do it!. We had an eight hour navigation flight, four legs with a stop-over at the end of the second leg. Four cadets, one flying each leg, and do your own navigating the other three legs. The crazy guy had the fourth leg homeward bound down the Rio Grand River. And we flew down the Rio Grand, at about ten feet off the water. One the the most frightening flights I ever had, as river banks at a turn in the river loomed ahead, and we just made it over the banks. John Amey is a rather brash guy, in a way, and as we approached the time of graduation and duty assignment for operational training, he was thinking ahead. Some duty was temporary, interim assignments before operational (thus delaying the time for going to war), and he thought that was for him, and I tagged along; we went to see the seaman making up orders and asked for a specific temporary duty at Miami, Florida. We did get it.

Amey & I went to Opa-Locka Naval Air Gunners School, right on the north edge of Miami. Our duty was flying twin engine Beechcraft airplanes that had a nose gun and a turret gun, same as a full scale bomber plane. We carried five seaman gunners (and instructor) on their training flights, to practice targets located in the Florida Keys, or on tow targets out over the ocean, or on straight flights with simulated fighter attacks on us, during any of which the gunners fired camera guns for practice. It was unexciting duty, but kept us out of operational training and the war; and the war ended while we were there.

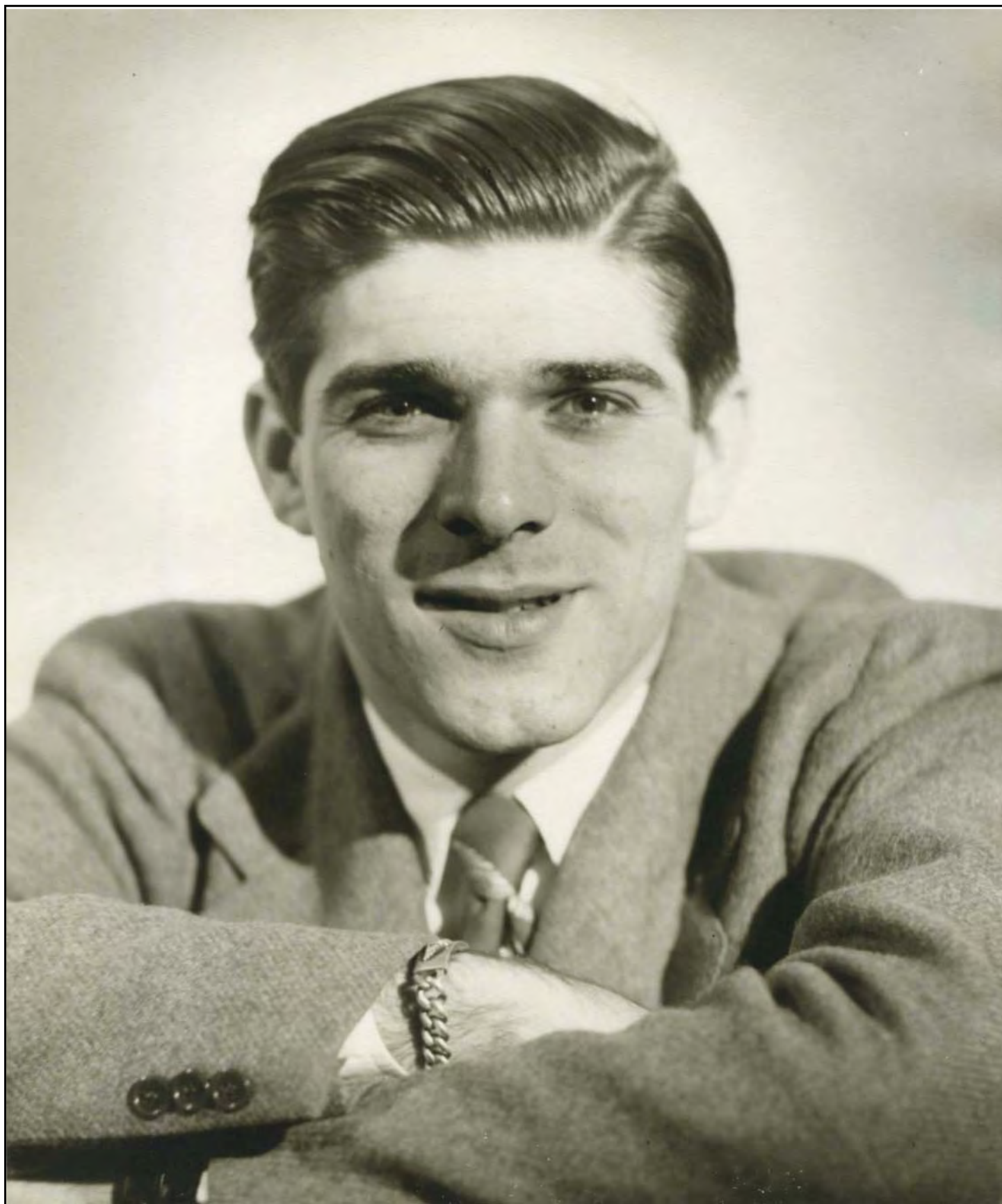
We tried to make the duty exciting. One way was flying low when coming back from the Keys, over the water. Low flying was so low that the propeller splashed water up onto the fuselage of the plane. Then there were the F4F Wildcat single engine fighters we had, the Grumman fighter plane that had become famous in the big fight with the Japanese over Midway. We used them on the simulated fighter attacks. Amey and I got checked out in the F4F to fly on the simulated runs, and for fun. And then there was the hurricane that hit Miami, and the base was evacuated. Amey and I flew out the two Stearman biplanes we had at the base, to Macon, Georgia; at an average altitude of, maybe, 50 feet all the way.

The point system for getting discharged from the service was crazy. Mine totalled up to several more than needed to get out, a real injustice to others in the Pacific and still in Europe who deserved to get out more than me. But there was no point trying to straighten it out, so Amey and I applied for discharge ASAP. One thing nice about the Miami duty was the qualification for the \$300 foreign duty discharge bonus, since we had flown outside the ninety mile continental limit into foreign territory (a phoney qualification, but got us \$300).

The exit trip was to the Great Lakes Navy installation at Chicago, where I got my 'ruptured duck' lapel discharge button at 10:06AM on December 6, 1945 (or was it December 4?) after 26 months. Somehow the leather flight jacket the Navy wanted returned, along with a lot of other Navy property, had been lost - too bad.

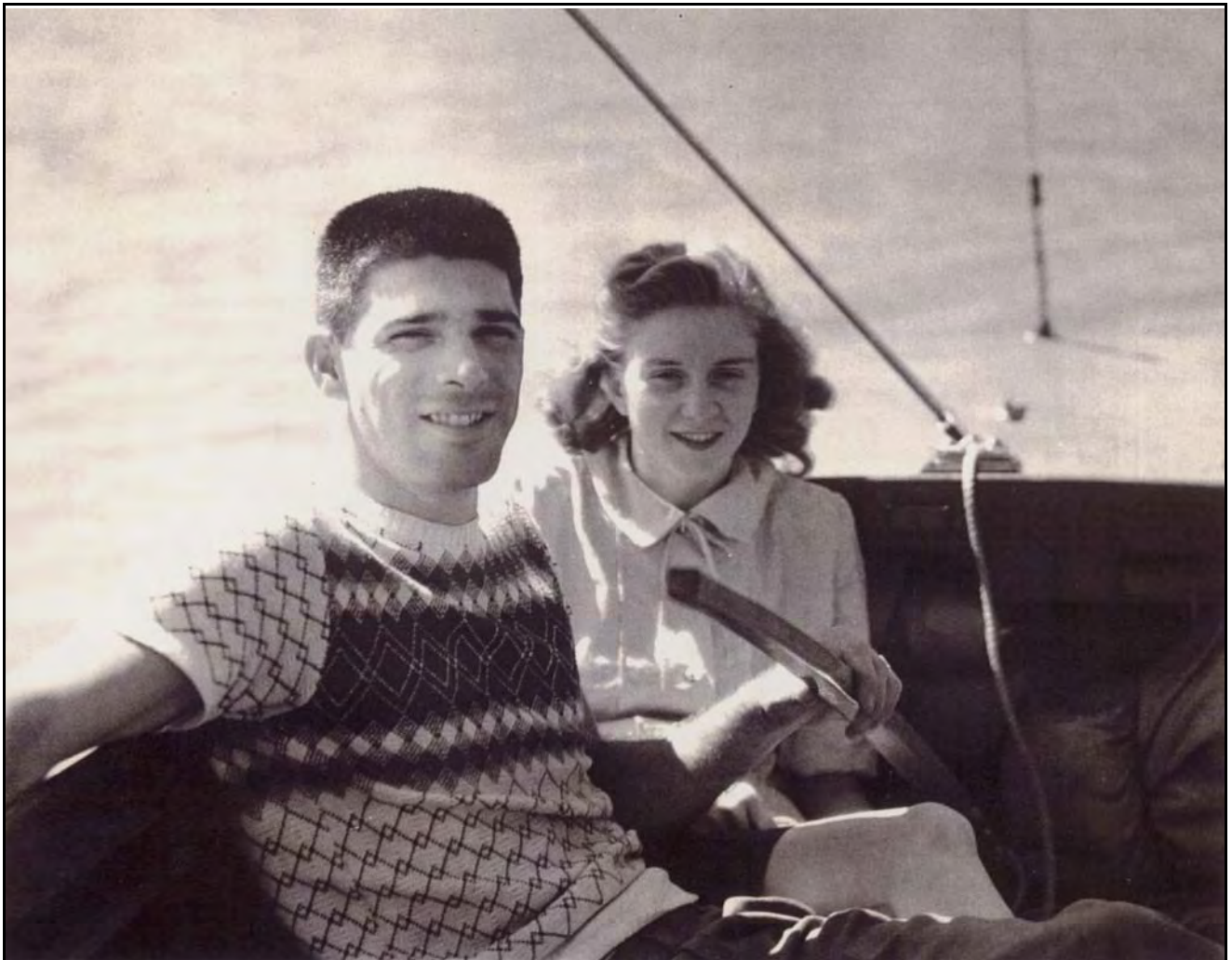
Carol and you, Doug, and Joy now getting back to school, will appreciate about going back to college and that it isn't the same 'Joe College' have fun and maybe learn something stuff like before. No, it is serious business; and so it was with me going back in 1946 to finish up. I can't remember when, but I got in a correspondence course in Economics to get rid of the flunk I had gotten. Case went right back to the regular semester schedule, and in the summer of 1946 I had a summer job and took some courses, so the last semester senior year got to be a light load to finish up with. Anyawy, that last year and a half was all business, with more extra cirricular activities and better grades, than before. I suppose there must be stories about that last year, but I really don't remember much about it, just worked hard.

Anyawy, this story telling has gotten to be much too long. So, as I walked across the stage at Severence hall to get my Bachelor of Science Degree in Metallurgy from Case School of Applied Science, a distinctly remember that I had never felt so humble and stupid (uneducated) than at that moment. I don't know why, I just felt 'dumb'.



Girls See Male Sanctums

Visitors Inspect Fraternity Houses and Kitchens for



ME? RICHARD ALLCHIN

Part II

December, 1990

For: Joy (& Carol & Doug)

My partial autobiography for Doug last year has tweaked Joy's interest for more - for the years after college years at Case. And those are the years one gets into the serious art of living.

The post-college years really began before graduation. Nancy arrived on my scene in the spring of 1942 for our fraternity formal dance at the Mayfield Country Club. Blind date, of course! Fraternity brother Jack Miller arranged the date with Nancy, a good friend of Jack's date Betsy Reilly. I got Nancy a fancy corsage, quite large with 13 (as I recall) rose buds, and it was heavy. Nancy didn't get it pinned on too well, and it dropped off sometime during the evening. We spent a bit of time going around the ball room and other rooms to find it, so she could take it home to the refrigerator.

From then, it was the usual date now and then - movie, fraternity party, and so forth. During the summers, Nancy and girl friends rented a cottage at Ruggles Beach out west of Cleveland. One Saturday night in 1942 I went out there and a bunch of us went to Cedar Point for Woody Herman's band (not REALLY my kind of music for dancing, but we got along). A long trip out there from Mentor, and a late 2:30AM getting home; but, I almost didn't get home as I fell asleep on Route 20 just east of Wickliffe and woke up when the steering wheel turned in my hand as the left front wheel went into the gutter on the wrong side of the road. That was one of two times I have gone to sleep driving, the worst, and after the second time years later, I can tell you - never again!

That summer I worked at Wellman Bronze & Aluminum loading and unloading castings from the heat treat furnaces. Dull, boring work, for 20 to 30 minutes every two or three hours; sit and watch the furnaces in between working periods; seven days a week. That Sunday, after I had fallen asleep driving home, I went to work and was alone in the otherwise empty plant. I was taking a nap in between the moments of working. And wouldn't you know; my father and the president of the company walked in about 1:15PM as I napped sitting up on some movable steps, my back against a wall, my elbows on my knees and head in my hands. Hardly a word said; none were needed!

So the summer of '42 was filled with work and the summer of '43 was filled with school as Case went to year-round class schedule, and as my father would say, kept busy without time to get into trouble. It was a no-nonsense period for life, being the middle of World War II and all.

The four or five year transition from the freedom of life in high school through college and on to working was quite different for us than for our children, as you can imagine. You will appreciate we have difficulty relating our experience of those years to yours. Not only the war, but also not recovered from the difficult and less affluent times of the depression of the '30s.

I was home and in school again in 1946 when Nancy graduated from Skidmore in June. I expected to finish classes on the Friday of her graduation week-end, take the train to Saratoga Springs, attend graduation with Nancy's parents (they driving up mid-week), and then all drive home together. It didn't turn out that way, since the railroad strike began at midnight Thursday that week. Dad must have been away on business, because I talked my mother into letting me take his car to drive to Saratoga, leaving about 2PM Friday afternoon. I just took off, after filling the gas tank and putting in a quart of motor oil, and with no maps. Took Rt 5 east of Ashtabula to Buffalo, and Rt 20 on to Schenectady, arriving there about 2AM Saturday. Stayed in a hotel for a few hours, and then onto to Saratoga for the graduation and dance that night. Funny thing: I had no road problems at all getting to Schenectady, while Nancy's parents, routed by the Automobile Club on different routes, had two tortuous detours. Nancy did ride back home with me then; we mustered in Canandaigua for dinner at the famous Krebs restaurant and to spend the night at a tourist home there (me rooming with Nancy's dad, Nancy with her mother).

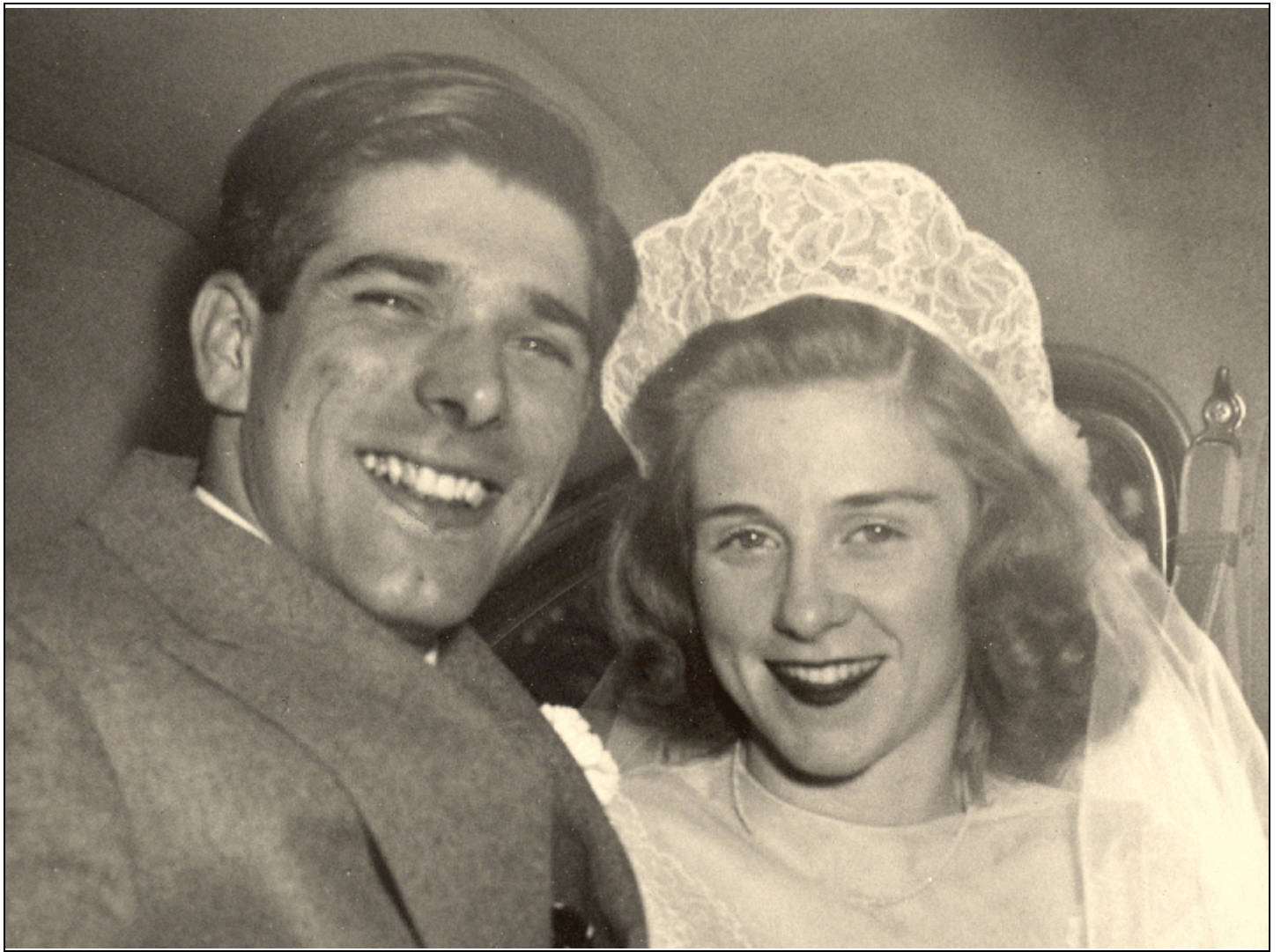
Nancy had majored in chemistry, but to get a job had to learn shorthand and how to type - at Dyke Business School. The chemistry did help, as she wound up working in technical oriented jobs, her last being a technical secretary with the Heating & Air Conditioning Association. But all of that is part of her story, which you all might get some day.

The summer of 1946 was a bummer. Jack Miller & I got a prize of a job at the S. K. Wellman Company, in their laboratory. The Company made fused copper alloy products, then mainly for street car sliding connections to overhead electric wires. Anyway, we reported for our first day of work, I think it was on a Thursday, and found that the plant was shutting down for two week summer vacations on Friday afternoon. Paid vacation, that is. What a company to work for!

I soon arranged to work 2nd shift hours, 3:30PM to 11:30PM hours, to fit into my taking two summer courses at Cleveland College. The courses were Production Management and Public Speaking, classes in the mid-morning. The idea was for getting up at normal time, get to class, do homework after classes, get to work, and home to bed. Yeah! After two weeks, with the homework load taking up all weekend, it became a real drag and a bummer: always tired and only time for classes and work and homework, and really no time for any lunch, even.

During the summer, Nancy of course was slighted. But in December, I got my interview with Nancy's father about getting married. You know, Nancy had had the engagement ring for quite some time, but I am embarrassed that I do not remember when I gave it to her. The wedding date was set for Saturday, June 21, 1947, a few weeks after I would graduate from Case. That would be her mother's show, of course (although I am sure not without inputs from her father). For the wedding itself, you have the photo albums.

I got a job at Thompson Products (now TRW) in their Light Alloys Division, an aluminum foundry making semi-precision cast pistons for automobile and truck engines. I worked as an industrial engineer until April of 1949, and was then put in the sales department as trainee salesman. Fine; except in May I was caught in a manpower cost reduction squeeze and let go. The best thing about Thompson Products was seeing how a large company is managed; it proved useful lessons for later at Rotor Tool.



Herbert P. Bailey (left), Harry Allchin (right) and groomsmen toast the groom.

When I started work there, I had to get some tools and a tool box. One of my tools was a very good and expensive pair of pliers. I always left my tool box around without a lock (didn't even have one), and was quickly advised by several that I would have everything cleaned out of the tool box in short order if I didn't get a lock (and use it!). I made no bones about it that I wasn't going to get a lock, that I had no reason to dis-trust anybody there, and if somebody needed my things that badly they could have them; I never had a thing stolen.

For a time I worked rotating shifts, and had my first experience working the night shift, 11:30PM to 7:30AM. How nice! No management or salary people around, and only minimal supervision personnel; just take your time without interference and get the job done. On the other hand, a lot of the guys on night shift like that do a minimal job, which is a shame, especially since there is usually a small pay increase for odd shift working hours.

I had never taken any industrial engineering courses, so I had on the job training in time and motion study and plant layout and workstation layout. I got real insights into labor complaints about speed-up of work, which is the main object of time study - how long does it take to do a particular task, measured by elements. The other object of time study is study of the motions involved and then simplify them to shorten the time element. All right down to one hundredth of a second! It all got quite distressing, for while there was always allowances for personal time (bathroom) and fatigue slowdown and some lost motion, there really wasn't allowance to stop, say every 10 minutes or so, to take even 20 seconds right at the job to catch your breath!

In March of 1949 the management of the company had determined that a recession was coming late in the year, and as of March 31, all divisions had 30 days to reduce overhead personnel by one-third! The Light Metals Division manager held it off until late May, on the basis that the division was barely staffed enough as it was. Finally, under pressure to act, he took the employee list to HIS boss to pick out those that were to go; it was done, including me. Several months later the division manager was gone (if he couldn't do His job, they would get somebody who could!). I was on the cut list, of course.

During the next few months Nancy & I worried about how long our money could hold out, and figured if I didn't have a job by the end of September, we were in real trouble. The job finally showed up in late August, and in early September I went to work for Harris Products Company, a subsidiary of Cleveland Graphite Bronze (later Clevite Corp and I don't know what it is now). Harris Products made mechanical rubber products, mostly in automotive applications. I travelled Ohio, Indiana and into Kentucky, and western Pennsylvania.

It was on one of the trips to Indiana one morning, early it was having left home at 4:00AM to be in Ft Wayne by 9:00AM, that my second experience of going to sleep driving occurred. Scary, I mean to tell you! I pulled off to the side of the road and took a nap, no fooling.

I took a night course at Cleveland College in Standard Cost Accounting, and got helpful assistance from the controller since Harris Products used the standard cost accounting system. It is intricate accounting. My course was a graduate course, and I was the only undergraduate in the class; and I had had only one semester of accounting course previously. I got through the course with the grade of C, but it was close since I missed exactly one-half of the classes. Again, useful stuff for later at Rotor Tool.



Standing: Vern Armstrong w/ Ed; Dave Edwards w/ Jim; Nancy & Dick; Tom & Ted Jones
Seated: Helen; Betty; Edna; Zilpha & Harry Allchin (w/ Joanie Edwards & Bob Jones?)
Not pictured (photographer?): Tom Allchin



When Carol was on the way in 1951, I got transferred to the Detroit sales office of Harris Products. I started work there in March and commuted home to Cleveland every other week-end. Detroit was the place to be, as 90% of the business of Harris was there. I had all of the state to cover, and quickly learned of restaurants in the area, especially Win Schuller's in Marshall, where I would always stop on the way to Kalamazoo & Battle Creek.

I don't remember the trials and tribulations of apartment hunting I had to go through on my own with Nancy weighted down in Cleveland, but did wind up with a two bedroom up&down in Birmingham which turned out to be perfect. It was on the 'wrong side of the tracks', a hotbed of out-of-towners moved there as we were, our age and all with small children - a couple from Boston, another from Philadelphia, another from Pittsburgh, an army colonel and an army major, etc. Birmingham was adjacent to ultra wealthy Bloomfield Hills, and Birmingham west of the MA & PA Railroad tracks was trying to keep up with Bloomfield Hills in houses and living style, and was known as 'Mortgage Hill'; our apartment was east of the tracks. The living part of our tour in the Detroit area was great.

Carol was born on Friday, July 13, 1951. In Detroit, I was out somewhere on Thursday evening -Aha! I remember; playing poker at the home of my father's Detroit salesman, Ed Purman. I was found about 10:00PM to learn Carol was on the way. I got to the hospital in Cleveland about 2:30AM, but Carol waited til 12:30PM to make her appearance.

I moved into the apartment on August 1, 1951 with the furniture, since Nancy was at her parents house with Carol and would come from there right to Birmingham. Actually got the curtains up by myself. We chose Labor Day to drive with Carol up to Birmingham, and it was a scorching day. Carol had a bad time of it with the heat, and I think she was really upset about the moving.

The office consisted of two salesman, and me, and a secretary. One salesman had Ford, the other had Chrysler and I had General Motors. The other two salesmen were a lot older than me, in their fifties, and in a life rut. One was a likeable guy, easy going, not very bright and sorta taking life in stride. The other was a few years younger, a party sort of guy, liked his gin martinis (used Booth's gin as a cheap version of Beefeaters but as good as) and really a bit on the lazy side. Both worked very hard at getting customers to lunch so they could eat on the expense account. Anyway, I always felt they were a bad influence for an ambitious guy like me trying to do the best job, and I didn't want to get into the rut they were in. So, I got ready to quit after a year of it with them.

We had about 10%-12% of the business of General Motors, but it still was quite a few dollars. I sat down one day to figure out an entertainment budget, which at 2% of sales came out to about \$300,000! I tried to plan to spend the \$300,000 - you know, football games, hockey games, theater tickets, fishing trips, etc.; and I couldn't come anywhere near spending it all. I learned it is tough to spend money!

So I was going to quit. I spoke to Nancy's father about Rotor Tool on a visit to Cleveland, and he sent me to the Rotor Sales Manager, Russ Manning. It wound up by my going to work for him in October, 1952 as a sales trainee. Three months in the plant learning about portable tools and then to a sales territory, which turned out to be Baltimore.

I always will remember driving into Baltimore on a Friday afternoon, January 13, 1953. And then on Saturday morning driving all around Baltimore looking for apartments that might suit. During that Saturday morning tour, I wandered through Clifton Park which had a golf course; and the course was full of players, a sight one would never, never see in Cleveland in January!

I settled on the apartments at Rodgers Forge as the place to be. I went to the rental office that Saturday afternoon to apply. The following Tuesday I checked in to see if they had an apartment for us, and really got the run-around. I told the guy there were three ways to get an apartment: one was to be lucky, and I wasn't; another was to know somebody, and I didn't know anybody in Baltimore, so that was no help; and the other way was to pester until getting the apartment. So, I said I was going to be a pest. By Thursday, I had the apartment. We moved in on August 1, 1953.

Rodgers Forge was strictly for local people. Across the hall from us were Lee & Rhoe Daly, with three young children. True Baltimoreans, in the summertime Lee would arrive home about 3:30 on Friday afternoons, get their car loaded and by 3:45 were off to Ocean City for the weekend. They would get home about 4:00AM Monday morning after the heavy traffic trip home; the Bay Bridge wasn't build then, so the trip was way up and around the north tip of the bay.

Gene Holland, located in Philadelphia, was my district manager, and he had been calling in the Baltimore area as part of his territory. I spent a week making the rounds to his Baltimore accounts with him, then put on my own. Our first call was Crwon Cork & Seal, and he told me to keep my mouth shut. He introduced me, we had a pleasant visit with the purchasing agent, but nothing about portable tools. We left; and just outside the door as we walked to the car, Gene told me I was accepted as I had been invited back sometime. Necessary protocol for doing business in the east!

From January to August I had a lot of time to get oriented to my Baltimore sales territory - all of Maryland and Delaware and Virginia, and up into central Pennsylvania. It took me about six weeks to pore over business directories and work our a list of companies to call on; and convert that into a routine call schedule and travel routing. One week to Hagerstown and through Waynesboro to York and Harrisburg and home; two nights away from home. Next week northwest to Newcastle and Wilmington, Delaware; one night away from home. Third week repeat of first week. Fourth week to south to Washington and Arlington area on one day, the rest of the week in the Baltimore area. It worked out fine.

It was while still in Cleveland in training when my back trouble started; although I always claimed it was when in the navy. During the first phase of Navy training, doing calisthenics one morning before breakfast, something happened in my back that I couldn't bend over. The instructor noticed, and said what was expected: if you can't bend over, do pushups. I went through sick call, got no satisfaction; just, get back to duty. The trouble persisted through the next phase of training at Walla Walla, and finally x-rays, but nothing to show. Somehow, it cleared up, and didn't cause any trouble until I picked Carol up off the bed one day in Cleveland, and that did it again; but it did clear up, until late summer. Then I got deeper into the problem, going eventually to an orthopedic specialist in Philadelphia for a meylogram exam. He said I had a slightly herniated disc, not bad enough to operate; he fixed me up with a corset and an exercise routine. I got by for awhile.

Joy was born in Baltimore March 18, 1954. I was in Philadelphia, in the process of being relocated there to replace Gene Holland, who had quit. I don't remember how I got the message, but Nancy was on the way to the hospital, and I didn't make it there until after midnight; Joy arrived about 11:10PM, at the hospital but almost in the taxi getting Nancy there!

Over the next few months Carol got adjusted to Joy, a salesman was higher to replace me, and I got a house located in Springfield, PA (with Nancy's look-see and approval), and we got ready to move. We moved on July 29, 1954; we had lived in Baltimore 364 days.

Again, a scorching day as was our earlier move to Birmingham, Michigan. The movers came at 7:30AM to load to get to Springfield and unload later in the day. We left with the movers, and arrived ahead of them. En route Carol again had a bad day, and this time we are sure it was because she was upset about the move and complicated by the heat. On top of that, the movers tool forever to unload our furniture after they got there, until about 9PM or so, as I recall. The neighbors got us some dinner, kind people they were.

Our stay in Springfield was just one year, too, moving back to Cleveland on August 1, 1955. We had a good neighborhood and we enjoyed our immediate neighbors, the LaRoes, who had a red-head daughter Carol's age. My working there was a chore, since there was a recession in 1954-55 so that business was lousey; it was a struggle get any idea at all when sales could be generated.

I don't remember any spectacular events of our stay in Springfield, but we did enjoy roaming about out through Valley Forge and the countryside in that area. One trip I do remember that Nancy swears we didn't do was to Longwood Gardens. Nothing really about the trip, except that we did go there one Sunday afternoon.

There was one event of note, though. In September a hurricane came through, and ripped up the east coast farther into Connecticut and caused untold damage there. We had no damage, but I do remember going out in the middle of it about 7:00PM to get the oil changed in my car; stupid maneuver, that! When I got to the the gas station, there was a car there with a one inch diameter stick straight through the radiator, blown in there by the wind of the storm; which gives some idea of the intensity that the storm was.

In November and December my back was acting up again. We drove home for Christmas, but it was so bad that I flew back to Springfield while Nancy drove back with Carol and Joy, and with Marge (who was living in New Jersey at the time). Nancy will have to tell you about that trip!

I suppose partly because of the back problem, I got transferred back to Cleveland and out of travelling a sales territory in the car. There isn't much more can be said about our tour in Springfield.

We settled in at 4812 Westbourne Road in Lyndhurst, a very good neighborhood. About now Carol was old enough to have memories from there, and Joy right behind her. Doug was born October 4, 1956 and before we moved from there in January, 1962 he was over five years old and following behind Carol and Joy with his own memories.

So I think it about time for me to close this chapter. There is always a lot more can be said, but what you have is what you get and no apologies. I have been enjoying doing this, though.



1960

President of
Rotor Tool




Sanibel Island, Florida, 1965



15 Lyman Circle,
1968





Dear Friends,

December 1972

Maryland is still our home away from home (Cleveland). We've become accustomed to the milder winters with little snow shovelling. Spring arrives three weeks earlier here, with an abundance of flowering dogwoods and azaleas. Yes, the summers are hot, but our location in the hilly wooded countryside outside Baltimore provides a cool escape from the heat of the city. We fortunately suffered no damage from Hurricane Agnes last June, though our stream bubbled over its banks. Our country-like setting is a beautiful spot all year 'round.

We enjoy our proximity to Washington and take periodic trips to the Smithsonian and other museums, occasionally stopping off at Marge and Jack's for dinner. As you may have gathered, we like our location here in Maryland and will be sorry to leave, though willing, should a job opportunity present itself elsewhere.

Now, here are the usual capsules of family activities.

DICK has survived the year's leave of absence from the business world--no job in sight yet--, taking advantage of his free time with night school courses in accounting and business finance.

NANCY finds her part-time work as an office temporary fascinating, with typing assignments at such varied places as a food vending service and Johns Hopkins University. Still enjoys hiking the Baltimore trails.

CAROL "did us proud" by being elected to Phi Beta Kappa this fall. She will graduate from Allegheny College in June; is presently finishing the fall semester at Argonne Nat'l Laboratory near Chicago where she has been a research assistant. Summer was spent at Allegheny doing research on radicals (chemical!).



JOY continues at Webster College for the second year. She is active in the Baha'i Faith, playing her guitar and singing at many of their meetings. Her summer headquarters was the local Cockeysville shoe repair shop where she put on half-soles and designed leather sandals.

DOUG has joined the Pep Band at Dulaney High and the Thespian Club, following his role as a grouchy janitor in the spring play. Cross-country, driver's ed, and Jr. Achievement complete his schedule.

Instead of exchanging sports shirts and ties, handbags and scarves, the family will vacation in St. Croix over the holidays, where we will soak up the sun and enjoy the balmy ocean breezes. Sisters Marge and Joy and their husbands will join us there, and we're looking forward to the family reunion.

To all of you, we send greetings for a joyful Christmas and our wishes that the New Year will fulfill your hopes and expectations.

Sincerely.....Nancy and Dick





Merry
Christmas

727 Chapel Ridge Road
Timonium, Maryland 21093

December 1977

Dear Friends,

1977 has turned out to be a pretty good year despite its inauspicious beginnings. Dick ruptured a disc in January, but came through the operation with flying colors and worked himself back into eighteen holes of golf by June.

Joy and her husband Greg and year-old Gabriel returned unexpectedly in July from Trinidad. Up went the baby gate, away went the knickknacks, and out came the high chair. Life has really changed around here. But we are delighted to have them....not many grandparents get to have their first grandchild live with them for six months.

Carol is plugging away at the second year of med school (George Washington University). She teaches a chemistry course at the Virginia community college to boot (she loves every minute of it). And she likes being in D. C. She will join us on our trip.

Yes, we are going to Britain December 16 for three weeks to visit Doug, who is spending his junior year at Durham University in northern England. Our itinerary includes a week at an inn in the British countryside, a week in London, then a week in Florence. We can't wait.

Back to Doug....in keeping with his biology major, he spent the summer at the Chesapeake Bay Environmental Center gathering plant life data. He managed to construct several stage set models between college and summer job...theater is a strong interest here.

On Christmas Day, as we sit warming ourselves by the yule log at our country inn in England, we will think of all our friends back home, and hope you will join us in our prayers for peace. A joyful holiday season to all of you.



Gabriel, the new grandson, meets great-grandparents Zilpha & Harry Allchin, 1977



Isaiah, 1987



Maryam, 1987



Gabriel, 1995

71. Airport Ridge Road
228 P.O. Box, Arlington 21002

1. 12/11/80

Hello, one and all,

We send you Christmas greetings for 1980--can you believe we're four-fifths the way through the 20th century!

Life seems to rock along at pretty much the usual pace. But we had one sad event--Dick's dad passed away this summer. He was 89 years old, a ripe old age in our book. His mother is getting along comfortably at a nursing home in Cape Coral, FL; she is also 89! Our visit there in November was our vacation trip this year.

DICK is spending more and more time on volunteer business counseling with SCCRE, having retired from his final business connection in March. His golf game is not suffering either. Nor is Nancy's tennis game, although she is getting more occupied with deals on wheels and church work.

Our kids--should we still call them "kids"?--are all in the Washington, DC area. CAROL plugs along as a fourth year med student and looks forward to an internship in internal medicine next year. JOY, GREG and family are in Trinidad this Christmas vacation period; Greg is looking at job possibilities. He will have his Master's degree in business administration this spring. DOUG plans to enter grad school in the fall to study evolution; meanwhile he does some graphics work; in the fall he directed a hilarious amateur theater melodrama, "Love Rides the Rails."

Note, especially to friends in Cleveland--Baltimore just might replace Cleveland as "the best location in the nation." The nifty new Harborplace retail/eating complex spruces up the city, adding to a terrific convention center. With added better weather, we expect to maintain our retirement base right here.

Have a good Christmas, and a happy 1981!

Sincerely,

Nancy and Dick



Harry and Zilpha Allchin
1975

NANCY & DICK ALLCHIN

Address: 727 Chapel Ridge Rd
Timonium, MD 21093

"Children": Carol L. Allchin
Nancy Joy Billington
Douglas K. Allchin

Our home has been in suburban Baltimore for twenty years. This is a beautiful area with the winters not nearly so severe as Cleveland. We love our house on a wooded lot that has a stream trickling across the back. Woodpeckers, white breasted nuthatches and cardinals frequent our bird feeders in the winter. And in the springtime the wildflowers are at hand for Nancy's weekly tramps through the woods.

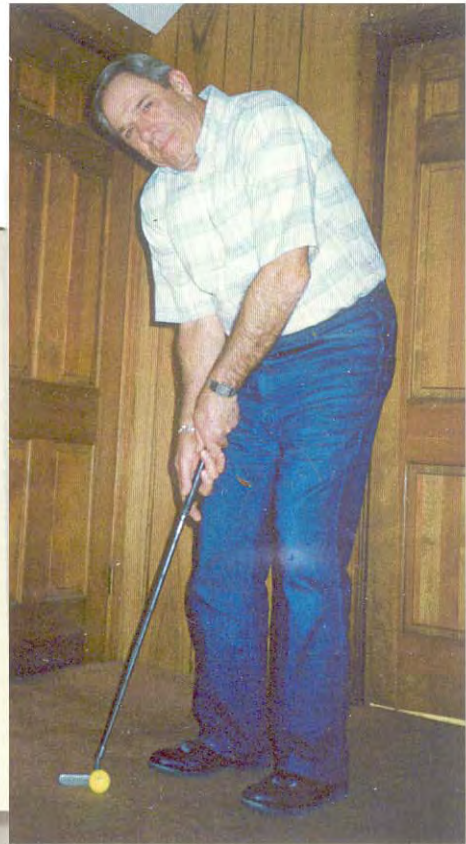
With Carol, Joy and Doug off on their own, and Dick retired, we are free to travel. In recent years we've been to Scotland (for golf) and England (for the gardens), and early this year to Hawaii, a longtime dream of Nancy's. We've made a million trips to Florida over the years, first visiting Mom and Dad Allchin when they were alive, and now making the trip to see daughter Joy (and Greg) and our five grandchildren. And what a bonus to have Helen, Betty and Edna and spouses to include on our Florida visits. The rocky coast of Maine beckons in the summertime.

NANCY - I am a nature lover. I volunteer at the Irvine Natural Science Center, leading school children on walks related to their science units on insects and plants. Learning more about the natural world through minicourses and volunteer training at Irvine has been a wonderful experience for me.

On Mondays for the past seven years I have volunteered at a food pantry in Baltimore's inner city. Five of us haul, bag and distribute grocery items to families from the nearby housing projects. We get along well together and run the whole "show" ourselves. I have much more input into this project than I do for Irvine, or for Meals on Wheels on whose boards I serve. I've been delivering for the latter for the last ten years. Am I spread too thin? Yes, but I love it that way.

DICK - Golf - Why not in retirement? Read the temperature and the sky, and its off for the 11:00 tee time; errands to and from to get rid of the necessities. Maryland's long spring and fall seasons mean two more months of golf than Cleveland. I chair our club seniors, organizing bi-weekly home-and-home events with local area clubs (my computer helps me keep it all straight with our 90 seniors). Off season, I take a week at Myrtle Beach in late February with 15 other guys, and a week in the Pinehurst area in late October with 120 Maryland State seniors.

Once in a while there is volunteer duty with SCORE (Service Corps of Retired Executives) doing counselling or workshop lectures (which almost ALWAYS get scheduled on warm, sunny days!). Evenings I spend a lot of time with the computer on the household budget and the like, and use it as a word processor (as with this letter). Also, books by Ludlum, Clancey, Robin Cook, Cussler. Did someone say 'bridge'? Sure, anytime.



Hole-In-One Certification

The Perfect Shot in Golf has been Accomplished by

Richard Allchin

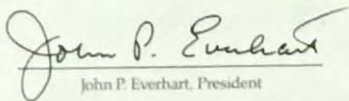
June 19, 1992

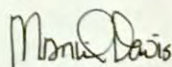
Hole # 5W, 130 yards

Jacksonville Beach Golf Club

Jacksonville Beach, Florida

"We have certified this to be an official Hole-In-One and is registered at Membership Headquarters in Dallas, Texas"


John P. Everhart, President


Mancil Davis, Membership Director





CHRISTMAS 1997

*A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all of you,
as you spend the holidays at home or with family!*

As we compose this Christmas letter, it is the aftermath of Thanksgiving. All of our family have been here and are now gone - the empty nest is empty again. All of the children and grandchildren (save one) were here along with Nancy's sisters and a guest of our Joy from Nepal, with the overflow housed in the local Days Inn Motel. Christmas will be less hectic as they all have their individual plans; we plan to spend our holiday with our Carol in Gig Harbor, WA.

Last Christmas we had planned to be there with Carol, as this year, but we had to postpone because Dick had a touch of flu. Then we had the tragedy of our lives as our grandson's lovely young wife of one year was killed in a bicycle accident December 23rd in Ft Myers, FL. After helping Joy make arrangements to travel to the funeral, we had the grandchildren for a few days. Grandson Gabriel has coped very well while taking a sabbatical from college, and is now back in school enrolled as a sophomore at Rutgers.

Our planned 50th anniversary cruise to Alaska was aborted at the last minute when Nancy, from undetermined cause, was checked out with no blood platelets. She is fully recovered from that. Still, we had a great anniversary at several parties with friends; and we were so pleased with the notes and photos from you friends all over the country that our children, especially Doug, put together in a large scrapbook in celebration of the anniversary. We are planning to "do" Alaska this summer.

As for week-a-day activities, Dick still plays golf (a little less than a few years ago) and he spends a lot of time at the computer doing the stock market bit. Nancy continues with her bridge group (27 years), tennis group (but it's out to lunch now instead of playing tennis), the Irvine Natural Science Center and Meals on Wheels (18 years).

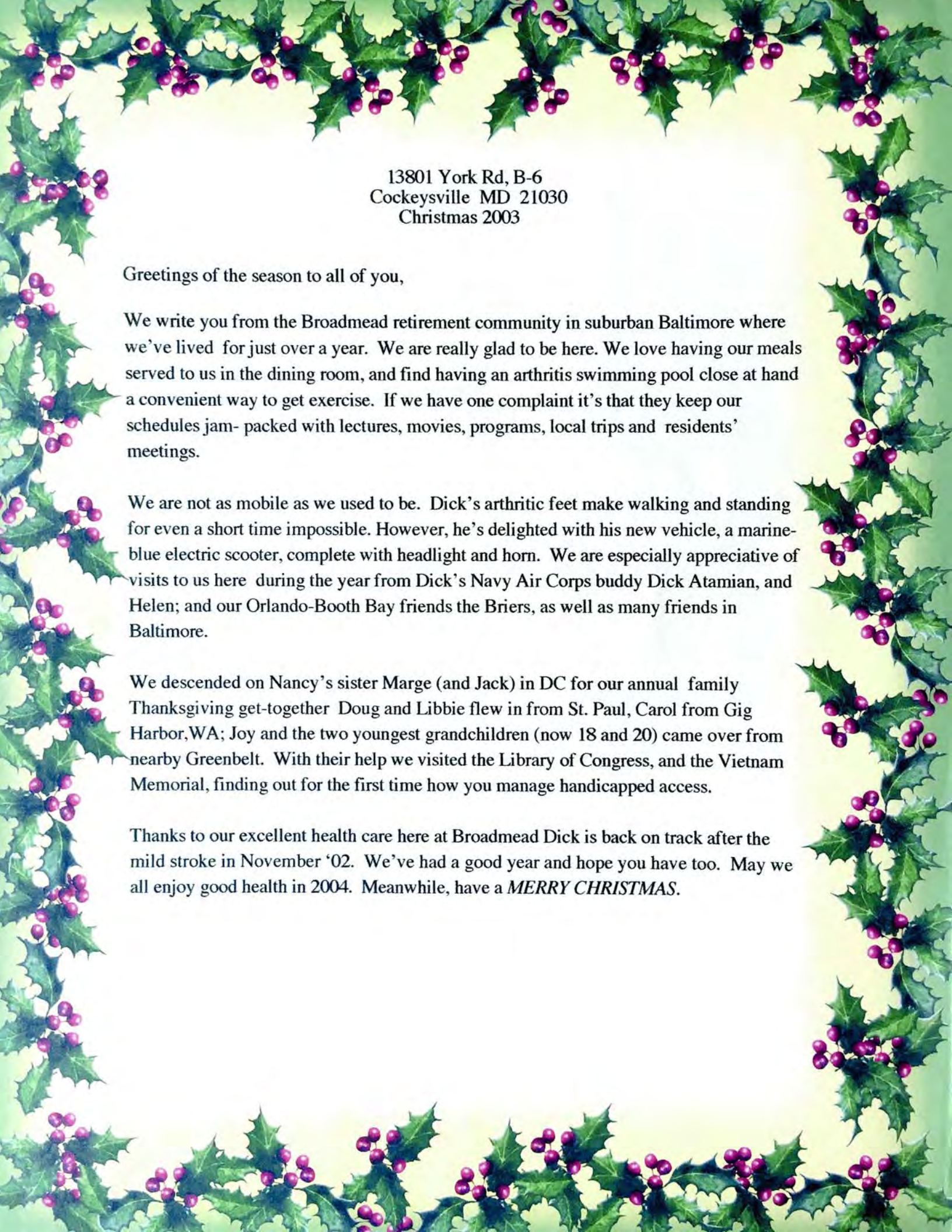
We continue in reasonably good health. May all of us have a healthy 1998.



2001



80th Birthday (2004)



13801 York Rd, B-6
Cockeysville MD 21030
Christmas 2003

Greetings of the season to all of you,

We write you from the Broadmead retirement community in suburban Baltimore where we've lived for just over a year. We are really glad to be here. We love having our meals served to us in the dining room, and find having an arthritis swimming pool close at hand a convenient way to get exercise. If we have one complaint it's that they keep our schedules jam-packed with lectures, movies, programs, local trips and residents' meetings.

We are not as mobile as we used to be. Dick's arthritic feet make walking and standing for even a short time impossible. However, he's delighted with his new vehicle, a marine-blue electric scooter, complete with headlight and horn. We are especially appreciative of visits to us here during the year from Dick's Navy Air Corps buddy Dick Atamian, and Helen; and our Orlando-Booth Bay friends the Briers, as well as many friends in Baltimore.

We descended on Nancy's sister Marge (and Jack) in DC for our annual family Thanksgiving get-together. Doug and Libbie flew in from St. Paul, Carol from Gig Harbor, WA; Joy and the two youngest grandchildren (now 18 and 20) came over from nearby Greenbelt. With their help we visited the Library of Congress, and the Vietnam Memorial, finding out for the first time how you manage handicapped access.

Thanks to our excellent health care here at Broadmead Dick is back on track after the mild stroke in November '02. We've had a good year and hope you have too. May we all enjoy good health in 2004. Meanwhile, have a *MERRY CHRISTMAS*.



December 2007

Merry Christmas to All our Friends and Family,

It's hard to believe we've lived at our retirement community for five years. Broadmead is bound and determined that we ol' folks be kept busy every day of the week and has added Brain Aerobics to the usual array of talks, trips, movies and exercises. The idea of this weekly class is to keep our minds working with word games, visual puzzles, autobiography writing, thinking, thinking, thinking. It's tough; we even have homework! Time flies when you're having fun!

We find ourselves more involved with our community here as the years go by. Dick runs one of the Round Robin Bridge groups. Nancy chairs the Bird and Nature Group. The twice-a-year Barn Sale is a big event here, but preparation goes on year round; we both help with it. Nancy's sister Joy visited in November at the time of the fall sale and got roped into helping, but she also enjoyed poking around the sale tables.

Last January Nancy flew out to Seattle on 24-hours' notice when doctor daughter Carol had a severe ankle break (she tripped over her dog Lucy). Nancy ended up staying two months; Dick survived on his own back home, though he had to have a quick lesson on using the washing machine. He eventually came out to Washington for a week, but after problems with the airlines swore he would never fly again.

In June we celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary. The grandchildren gave us a Red Sunset Maple tree which we planted in back of our patio.

Daughter Joy drives up from Greenbelt about once a month to visit, arranging to join a Baltimore hiking group for a walk in one of the parks before she joins us for dinner. Son Douglas manages to be in the DC area several times a year from St. Paul. Carol will be here for X-mas.

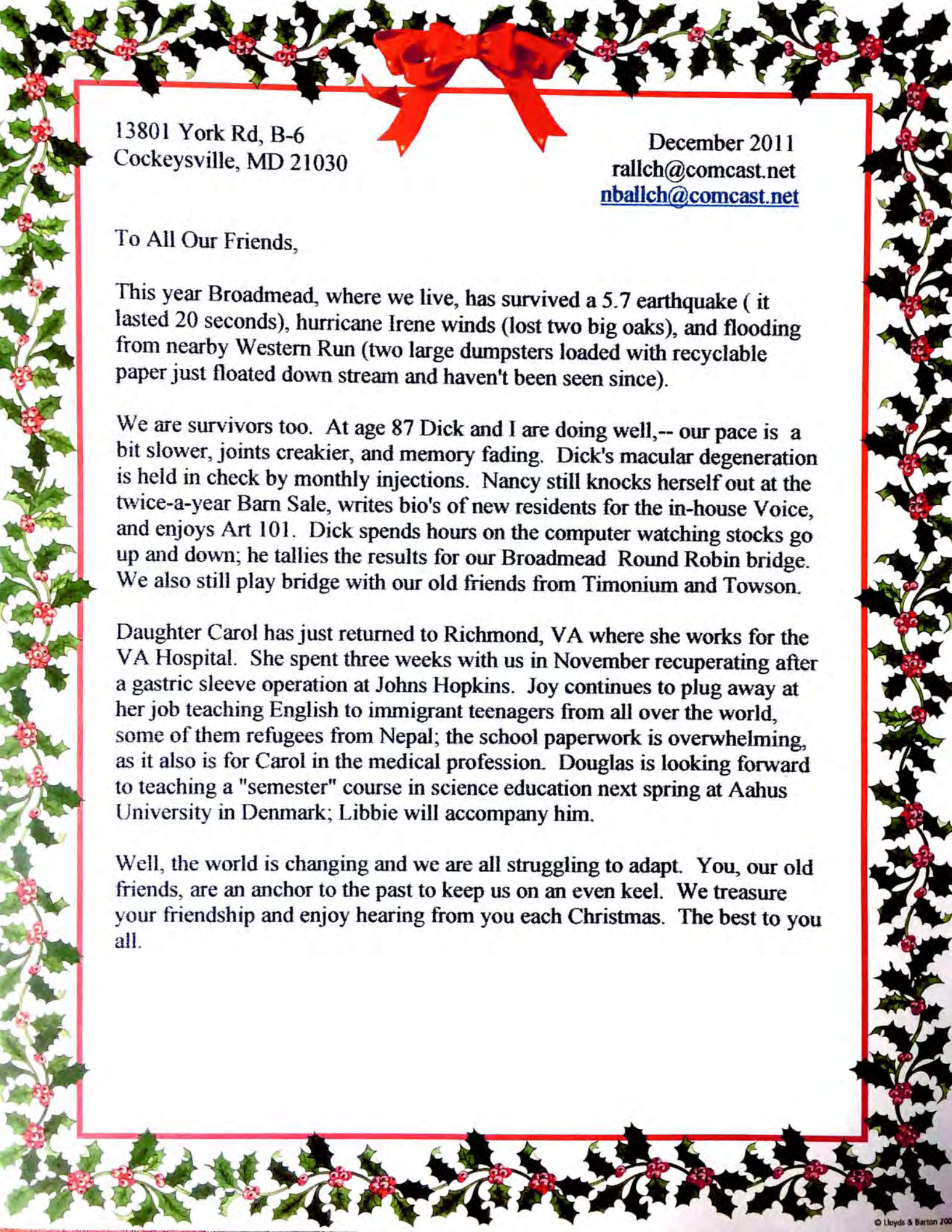
Our wish for you for the New Year is that it may be a healthy one. Our wish for the World is that there be Peace.



2004



2009



13801 York Rd, B-6
Cockeysville, MD 21030

December 2011
rallch@comcast.net
nballch@comcast.net

To All Our Friends,

This year Broadmead, where we live, has survived a 5.7 earthquake (it lasted 20 seconds), hurricane Irene winds (lost two big oaks), and flooding from nearby Western Run (two large dumpsters loaded with recyclable paper just floated down stream and haven't been seen since).

We are survivors too. At age 87 Dick and I are doing well,-- our pace is a bit slower, joints creakier, and memory fading. Dick's macular degeneration is held in check by monthly injections. Nancy still knocks herself out at the twice-a-year Barn Sale, writes bio's of new residents for the in-house Voice, and enjoys Art 101. Dick spends hours on the computer watching stocks go up and down; he tallies the results for our Broadmead Round Robin bridge. We also still play bridge with our old friends from Timonium and Towson.

Daughter Carol has just returned to Richmond, VA where she works for the VA Hospital. She spent three weeks with us in November recuperating after a gastric sleeve operation at Johns Hopkins. Joy continues to plug away at her job teaching English to immigrant teenagers from all over the world, some of them refugees from Nepal; the school paperwork is overwhelming, as it also is for Carol in the medical profession. Douglas is looking forward to teaching a "semester" course in science education next spring at Aarhus University in Denmark; Libbie will accompany him.

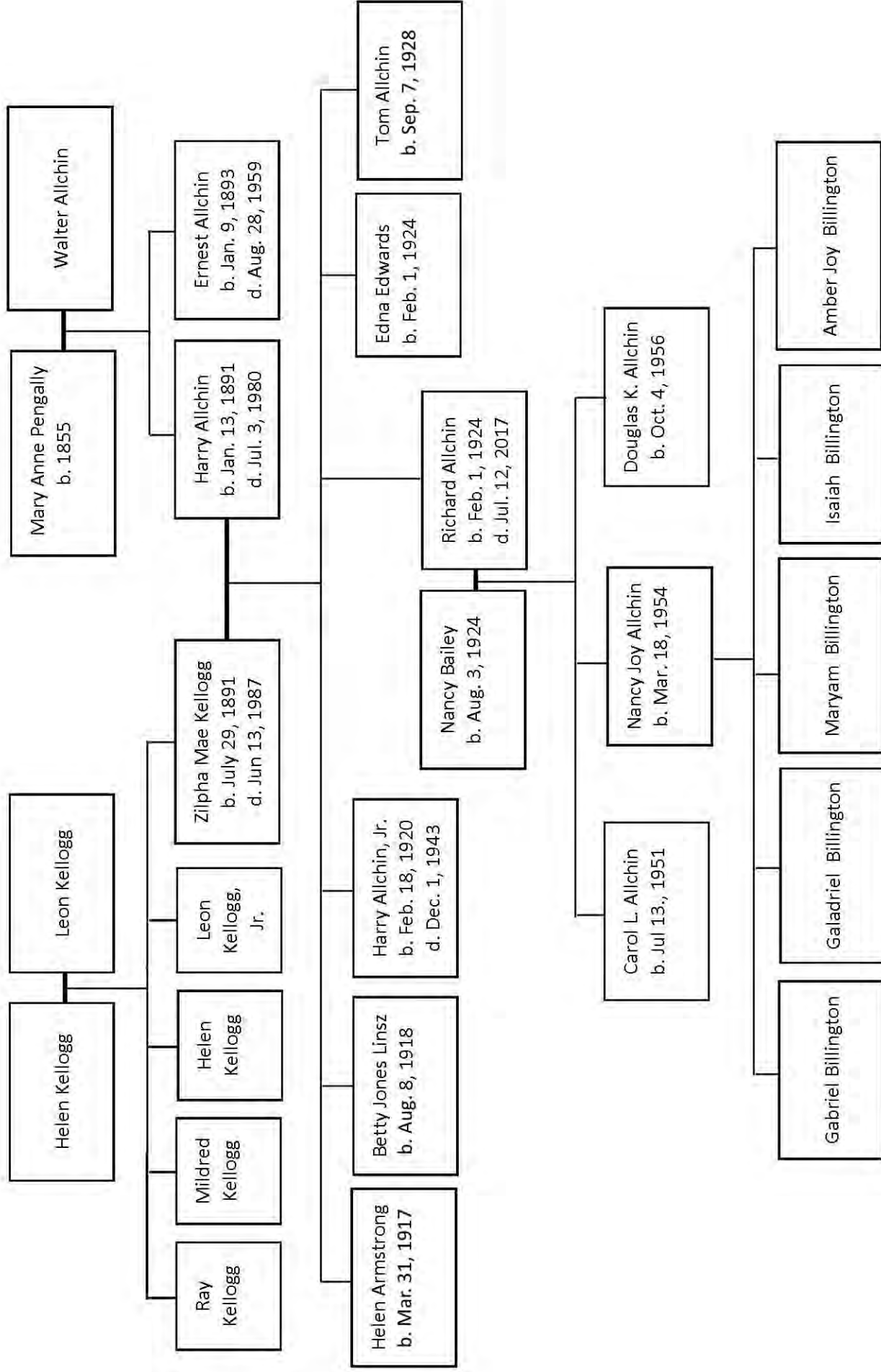
Well, the world is changing and we are all struggling to adapt. You, our old friends, are an anchor to the past to keep us on an even keel. We treasure your friendship and enjoy hearing from you each Christmas. The best to you all.



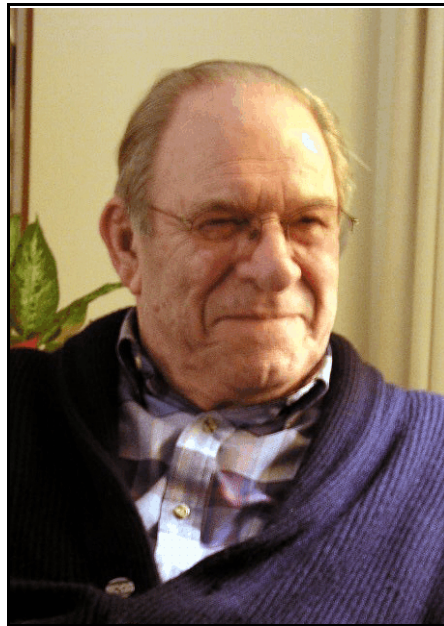
90 Birthday (2014)



Father's Day / 70th Wedding Anniversary (June, 2017)



RICHARD ALLCHIN (February 1, 1924 – July 12, 2017)



Richard Allchin was a native of northern Ohio. After he finished grade school in Mentor in 1941, his education at Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland was interrupted by World War II; service in the US Naval Air Corps, honorably discharged shortly after completing flight training. He returned to Case to receive his BS degree in 1947. He married Nancy Bailey of Cleveland in June.

Before locating to Baltimore in 1969, he was employed sequentially at these Cleveland firms: Thompson Products (later TRW, INC); Harris Products (subsidiary of Clevite Corp); and then Rotor Tool Company (a division of Cooper Industries); this last in sales and later and President. He did not survive a Cooper major re-organization and joined a fledgling Baltimore company which he left shortly before flooding by hurricane Agnus put an end to the enterprise. He retired in 1986 after connections with several small firms as investor and advisor.

Mr. Allchin was a member of Towson

Presbyterian Church. He enjoyed golf as a charter member of the Hunt Valley Golf Club and later at Piney Branch Golf & Country Club. He had a good card sense and loved playing bridge, and looked with disdain on fine-tuned conventions and systems.

After retiring he was a volunteer for over fifteen years with the Service Corps of Retired Executives, a free business counseling service sponsored by the Small Business administration. He had also been a volunteer Representative Payee for Baltimore County Social Services clients.

Besides his wife of 70 years, Nancy and their three children, Dr. Carol Allchin of Philadelphia, PA, Nancy Joy Allchin of Greenbelt, MD, and Douglas of St. Paul, MN, he is survived by twin Sister Edna Edwards of Delaware Ohio, Helen Armstrong and Betty Linsz, both of Shell Point Retirement Community, Ft Myers, FL, and Thomas Allchin, also of Delaware, OH; and five grandchildren.

My Father, Richard Allchin

by Nancy Joy Allchin

I remember being surprised at what my father wrote in his short memoir. He usually kept his thoughts to himself and in that memoir, I found out about his childhood and youth for the first time. And it was witty and charming and succinct, just like he was. I guess he saw no reason to waste words, whether talking or writing.

As I prepared for this memorial, I was surprised again to find in his papers that he had written a statement of his beliefs, which was another thing he didn't care to talk about. I read it carefully. With his characteristic candor, he professed that he was greatly troubled by the dogma of the Christian church, and about such things as the virgin birth, the resurrection, and heaven, he wrote "I am not so sure all of that fits into the reality of life and the hereafter as advertised." But he continued to say "...there has to be something in nature responsible for our "being" and all of nature, but what it is and in what form, I don't believe that anyone knows."

But then, regarding organized religion, he wrote, "I can and do believe that the standards for morals and ethics that all religions espouse are what religion in life is all about; and I accept them as the best guidelines for living one's life..."

And he did indeed live his life by standards, morals, and ethics, and taught them by his actions. My mother gave us the instructions, and Dad showed the example.

It was understood that we would always do the honest thing simply because that is the right thing to do. We would keep our word and be reliable because that was the right thing to do. We would always do our part of any endeavor because that was the right thing to do.

When it came to behavior, he was a Dad who was patient and forbearing and reasonable and polite, at least most of the time.

Here are a few of my memories:

- When I was little we all came together at the dinner table at 6:00 pm, but he did not pick up his fork, and we were not allowed to pick up our forks, until my mother had come from the kitchen and taken her seat. Every night.
- My Dad taught me how to operate the lawn mower and gave me my first job of mowing the lawn for \$5.00.
- He took us to see the Cleveland Indians every summer in what must have been Mom's night off because I don't remember her being with us.
- Sometimes he challenged me. After I got my learner's permit at age 15, he took me on a driving lesson down Mays Chapel and across Timonium Road and had me turn left, and I found myself going north on 1-83 scared out of my mind!
- He was forgiving of my youthful silliness more times than I can remember.
- When I grew up and lived on my own, he annoyed me with repeated inquiries into the status of my health insurance and retirement account. Now I say those things to *my* children.
- As I grew into my busy adulthood, living far away in Florida, I didn't know how much he was still looking out for me until a time that I found myself in the middle of a dangerous situation, and he booked a flight and was at my doorstep the next day, and stayed until the crisis had passed.

So, coming back to my father's beliefs, he said there has to be something responsible for our being, and I wonder about that too, although I can't remember ever talking with him about it. My Dad took me to Sunday school where I learned, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and I know what it is to have a shepherd, because I had

a father who guided and protected me from the very first moment I came into this world.

How lucky I've been to have a protector and a guardian for more than sixty years of my life. And even though he is no longer here with me, I can still feel his love and protection.

August 18, 2017



The Hidden Dick Allchin

memorial comments by Douglas Allchin

My dad didn't want a memorial service. Mostly, I think, he did not set much store on ceremony or words. He preferred concrete actions and demonstrated work. Which means he did not think much of rhapsodic accolades. He valued honesty. And quality work. Principles instilled by his father, sometimes with a harsh edge, I think.

One summer, dad was assigned to work for a neighboring farmer. Picking beans in the hot sun. That did not suit the temperament of a 14-year-old, and he returned home. Well, that lapse did not suit his dad. Later he recalled, "Dad made me walk down to his roadside stand to tell him what I did and apologize; and get back to work!" So, I hope in comments today, we honor Dick by fostering a spirit of honest appraisal.

In memorials, one often mentions great achievements, career highlights, family milestones, notable charitable deeds. Those are not difficult to find. "Versatile Dick Allchin Stars in Track, Bridge, Leadership," reads one college newspaper headline in 1947. One could talk about his Golden Award from SCORE for "15 years of dedicated and valuable voluntary counseling service to the small business community," or the plaque from the Case Alumni Association for his sustained efforts in recruitment and fund-raising. But focusing on just those achievements can be misleading. They can easily obscure some of the rougher edges. Dad's insistence on quality work became (like his father's) uncomfortably fussy at times. And his objections and stubbornness sometimes verged on the ornery. He secured one apartment for his young family by pledging to pester the landlord until he agreed to the lease. Acknowledging the flaws as well as the

virtues—really, a hallmark of our humanity—might be one kind of honesty that my dad would respect on an occasion like this.

But it is telling, I think, that Dad didn't talk much about the achievements. Or dwell on them as significant. There's no asymmetry, no need to counterbalance. Indeed, what likely springs to mind when one thinks about knowing my dad echoes the other part of that college headline. Dick Allchin was "*Likeable*." "Smiling," "effervescent," and full of "good humor." That much did not change in all those years. The common image of my dad—visible in so many photos of him—is an affable smile. A soft chuckle and half-twinkle in his eye, as he jests with you and tests your wits. Yet here is where the quest for honesty intrudes: behind the affable public Richard Allchin was another, less prominent, and largely hidden personality. And I hope by profiling the lesser known Richard Allchin, the familiar Richard Allchin might have more a bit more meaning.

For example, few acquaintances knew, I think, that Dick knew how to pilot a plane. Top of his class at Navy flight school in 1944. That included stunts. And on one occasion he did a loop that apparently adversely affected the engine's oil pressure, because he was forced to make an unplanned landing in an Oklahoma corn field.

As a youth, Dick delivered newspapers, along with the rest of his family. Others took the car, Dick rode the pony. When Bessie, the horse, died, Dick cried— "More than I had cried before, or since," he recalled many decades later. Although he wrote that in a memoir for the family, Dad

rarely expressed emotions like that as an adult. Weathering the vacillations of life was another thing you just *did*. You didn't need to talk or fuss about it.

After the newspaper venture ended, Dick pumped gas at the family station across the street from his house—opening in the morning before school, and closing at night, after school. I learned about that first when he decided to “correct” me once on how to *properly* clean a windshield. He was the business manager for the yearbook in college. His degree was in metallurgy, and he spent one summer “loading and unloading castings from heat treat furnaces.” After graduating, he worked as an industrial engineer at “an aluminum foundry making semi-precision cast pistons for automobile and truck engines.” All before his entry into sales and then management. None of these were things we three Allchin kids knew about growing up. Indeed, for many years, even with extended family gatherings, we never knew that there had been an Uncle Harry, Dick's older brother, who died as a pilot in the War.

These events seem important mostly because Dick rarely if ever *talked* about them.—To us, or (I think) to others. Why not? That's the interesting puzzle.

Describing a few more events might help one unravel this. One summer I was shipped off to summer camp in New England. Lots of formative experiences, but ultimately I was not happy there. That unhappiness made it into the letters home. At the time, the family was packing up one house and moving to another city, all while my dad was juggling the demands of a new job. Despite all that, Dad detoured from his Cleveland-to-Baltimore driving route to *Vermont* to help resolve the problem in person. Years later, he could hardly remember the specifics. It was just

what needed to be done at the time. For my sake, at least.

For another sibling, it was a marital crisis. Dad dropped everything, flew down to Florida and spent a few weeks playing security guard and guardian angel.

For yet another sibling, it was a series of unwelcome financial squeezes. There were no recriminations. Just immediate, short-term relief. That was Dad. A silent hero. No nonsense. And no glory. Just getting done what needed to be done.

Dad's wallet contained tucked in one pocket five photos of the family. He had carried them around with him everywhere. The signs of wear are visible. I don't know that he ever shared the photos with others, as a proud father might display a newborn child. I suspect not. I think they were simply a personal expression of what he valued. And that was: meeting the responsibility of providing for everyone, nurturing their independent life choices, and ensuring that they were secure and cared for.

As I see it, that perspective seems to have permeated all his personal interactions.

What these stories indicate, of course, is that the affability was a lie, of sorts, if you didn't know any more. Behind that personable personality was a Richard Allchin steeped in responsibility, and deeply committed to helping others. Gruff sometimes, maybe. But also no guff.

No, my dad didn't want a memorial service. Nor did he want people to grieve. Perhaps (in his words) to feel sorrow. But not to dwell on the loss, or to wonder about what came after. Believe in the concrete. The here and now. What you do is who you are. And that, if anything, might earn our acknowledgment and celebration.



Cooper Industries annual report, 1965

Dick at Work...

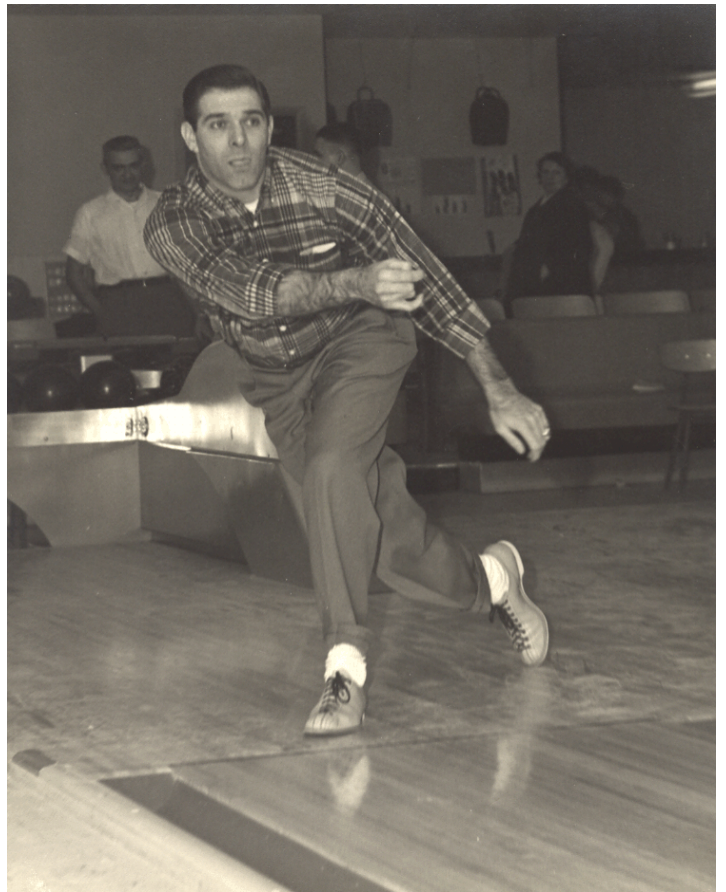


Richard Allchin, president, and George Curtiss, engineering manager, present syringe to Dr. Carl Ferber.



The Desk at Broadmead, 2009

Dick at Play...





Dick at Rest...

St. Croix, 1972



Chapel Ridge Rd.
1970s



Scotland golf trip, 1987