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Memories of my father, Robert Eakin Cobbe:

He was a short man, and walked with a bounce, ostensibly to keep up with his brothers who were all tall. He never lost the bounce. My mother, Lillian Pearl Burrows was a tall woman. She must have loved my father a great deal to overlook his five foot three inches.

My father loved to talk (sort of runs in the Cobbe family). He made friends with everyone. He fancied himself a business man, but never really made a success of himself in that world. I told him at one time, he missed his calling. He would have made an excellent teacher. If you asked him one question, he was off and away-- would talk for an hour.

In his younger days, he taught a boys' class in the Presbyterian church in Jamestown, N.Y. Later on in life, I met one or more of these 'boys', now men, and they spoke highly of him.

In no sense was he a 'goody-goody' type, as he enjoyed humor and a joke or two. When really mad, he would take on anyone, regardless of their size. My mother called him a 'banty rooster'.

My father was a good Christian man, never smoke or drank. At heart he was very unselfish, but somewhat set in his ways and given to fussing a lot. (Cobbe trait).

When he and my mother were first married, and had moved to Lakewood, N.Y., he drove an old ford, the kind where the clutch was a handle, as well as the brake. He came home one night, drove the car into the garage, and instead of applying the brake, stepped on the gas.

The next thing my mother knew, he was bouncing across the back field, where a fence stopped him. Needless to say, the cows pastured there looked at him with a jaundiced eye. He didn't drive too much after that.

One of the most amusing memories of my father was when our barred rock rooster, who roamed the yard with his flock of hens, jumped him. Daddy was so angry, he grabbed up an old broom and took after him. Us kids ran from window to window in the house, laughing so our sides hurt, and reporting back to our mother just where he was in his journey around the house.

The rooster, named 'Ruthie' by my oldest sister -- she guessed the sex wrong-- ran so fast and was so terrified that he was soon behind my father. My mother wanted to know, who was chasing whom.

Sad ending. Daddy caught up with the rooster, killed him, and we ate him for Sunday dinner.

My dad was not skilled in table manners, and was rather difficult to live with at times, but he was good-hearted and never turned anyone away from his table. He lived his religion to the best of his ability, took pleasures in taking walks and in the simple things in life. I loved him very much.

Laura C. Roe