



# *Eddy*

Eddy lived with his grandmother in a house between Cane Bay and North Star. When I first met him, I would say he was about 12 years old. A typical boy enjoying the shoreline, being in the water or exploring the woods. Over the years, he would come up to North Star and over time would help with various projects. It was nice to have

Eddy as a young friend, we learned from each other.

On one particular evening, at dusk, I smelled smoke and after moving to a point where I could see down to Cane Bay, I saw the smoke billowing up and the flames from where Eddy lived. Before I jumped in my car and sped off down the road, I called the fire department to let them know of the fire. The fire department was not in our neighborhood but on the other side of the mountain. The response to my call was...They would come out but there was a cricket match on tv but should be there after. I hung up and quickly went down to Eddy's. I didn't drive into the property but left my car on the dirt road in front and ran towards the fire.

The property had one main structure as well as other small plywood buildings that were cooking and sleeping quarters. It was the sleeping quarters building that was on fire. I ran in to make sure no one was inside. It was clear that we would not save this building but the few of us that were fighting the fire including Eddy were trying to make sure we saved the main building. We made sure that Grandma got out of the main house while we tried to keep water on it to keep it wet and cool. Not Grandma, the house. There was no running water on the property but a well, in the back, that we drew buckets and ran back and forth to the house. It seemed like we were at it for awhile but we kept the fire contained to the one structure, which is now in a heap and burning out.

As we were catching our breath we looked at each other and recognized that we were a little charred around the edges with singed eyebrows and soot covered faces. I gave Eddy some money to ride his bike to Miss Mary's Bar in Belvedere to buy some cold beer. While waiting for the cold drinks we continue to ensure that all embers were out.

Eddy returned in short order and we sat on the front steps of the main house and enjoyed the beer and while celebrating that we got by with only losing the one structure.

As we moved on to our next beer, we could hear in the distance, the sirens of the fire truck coming over the mountain. Almost in unison we laughed and stated "The cricket match must be over".

The pavement ended at Cane Bay and the dirt road continued past Eddy's, Estate North Star, to Davis Bay and over the hills. The fire truck did not have the bright light of flames to indicate the exact location so they quickly drove down the dirt road, around the corner and right into my car that was parked outside of the property. The car was pretty much totaled but it did allow them to find the location. They backed up a few feet to the entrance to the property. All that was left of the inferno was the smoldering embers but the fire fighters sprung into action, pulling hoses from the truck and pouring water on the blaze, while shouting orders of this or that.

There was not restitution on the car, in fact I had to talk my way out of getting a ticket for parking on the road and interfering with an emergency vehicle. It wasn't much of car so it was not big loss.

There were always lessons learned from such events. What I learned fairly quickly living at Estate North Star on the north shore was self-sufficiency. DO NOT rely on others to assist in an emergency. Be very prepared to take care of whatever came your way.

Eddy and I would talk about that night and laugh. It was the best thing to do.