



## Alfred H. Hyde

November 14, 1918 - May 5, 2016

Alfred “Pop” Hyde (AKA The Judge) was born in 1918 and grew up on the streets of New York, back when it was not harsh, but familiar. Hell’s Kitchen was Alfred’s first home. A place where every family looked out for each other, fire hydrants were used for summertime fun, and stickball was the closest Alfred would ever come to practicing religion.

At the age of 15, Alfred ventured out of NYC to plant trees in upstate NY for the Civilian Construction Corp (CCC’s). It began his love for the Adirondacks, which would stay with him and shape his life until the end. Meanwhile, back in the city, he boxed in the famous Golden Gloves (with the nose to prove it, as he would say), worked at Liggett’s soda fountain near Radio City and helped care for his family. This was the youth of Alfred Hyde until one night when he went on a blind date and met the love of his life (quite literally), Catherine Nichols. They were married on April 30, 1944 and from that moment on only a World War would separate them.

In 1944, Alfred Hyde joined the US Army and was deployed to combat in Italy serving proudly with the 350th Infantry. He was field promoted to First Sergeant and was on the battlefield when victory was declared. There are many stories he would later tell about WWII, of victory and loss, proving he truly was part of the “greatest generation.”

In 1949, Al and Catherine “Kay” Hyde, moved upstate to greener fields in the mountains of Austerlitz, NY where they built a house and started a family. Loraine, a daughter who raised her own family next door, and a son, Alfred, who ventured back to the city.

Life in upstate was simpler for the Hyde family, but certainly not slower. After several odd jobs, Alfred worked for the NYS Thruway Authority (his favorite advice to travelers seeking direction was “Straight ahead and follow the signs!”) and he also served as Austerlitz Town Justice and Board Member for 22 years. This was a time that brought many foster children, in need of care and a family, to his home where Kay worked hard to provide exactly that. Al was also a proud member of the Austerlitz Volunteer Fire Co.

Alfred was an avid hunter in Austerlitz and enjoyed camping and fishing in the furthest reaches of the Adirondacks with his sidekick Bill Quinn. These were the times he was happiest. He taught the love of the outdoors to his grandson Rich Jr spending many hours together in a tree stand, fishing from a boat or a pier, camping in a trailer or roughing it with a tent in the chain lakes. “Poppie” was able to pass along his outdoor passion to his great grandchildren Cassidy (17), Kendall (14) and Reilly (10). He would smile with every visit from his great grandchildren and in turn they were thrilled with every story he told.

Alfred was a lion, brimming with personality, for better or worse. His opinion on everything was always steadfast, whether it was asked for or not. Most saw his hard shell but he had a heart of gold. His Army, Hunting & Fishing buddies were only known by Al’s nickname and never their real name (Goldbritches, One Punch, Potato Chip, John The Butcher and Gaetano, to name a few)

Alfred is survived by his loving wife of 72 years, Catherine, his daughter Loraine and her husband Richard (who was a son to him as well) and his son Alfred (Ralph Palmieri). He is also survived by his grandson Richard Jr.

(Susan), their three children and his grandson Brian (Jason Lau) who he taught to perform and argue.

Al & Kay were a thoughtful couple making friends with strangers wherever they camped and hanging a sign that read "Coffees Always On".

They enjoyed retirement to it's fullest becoming snowbirds in Naples FL, camping in Cape Cod and Indian Lake all while still calling Austerlitz "Home".

Alfred loved to misbehave at family gatherings with a devilish grin, loudly exclaiming that he'd be missed when he was gone. On May 5th, 2016 his story came to an end, and those words couldn't be truer.

Services will be private for the family. Donations in memory of Al can be made to the Firemen's Home, 125 Harry Howard Ave, Hudson, NY 12534.

# Tribute Wall

BS

“ *Bob Scofield lit a candle in memory of Alfred H. Hyde*



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**Bob Scofield** - May 20, 2016 at 09:46 AM

BS

*Prayers remain with all of you during this time...I have a great number of memories of Mr Hyde. and of Mrs Hyde too... especially remember days at station B-2 on the NYS Thruway.... or many a conversation over a cup of tea around the kitchen table in ... Barbara and Bob Scofield.*

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**Bob Scofield** - May 20, 2016 at 09:50 AM