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Bruce Pierre DuPont mixes his civic duties, Jaycee involvement, softball umpiring, bowling, skiing and the Air National Guard into a life packed full of style, shared with his equally extended wife, Lorraine.

The Hartford natives, residents of Windsor Locks since 1964, cover the world of defense, sports, town affairs and driving a school bus with agreeable dispositions. They sum it all up with... "we're just carrying our share of the load."

Bruce is of the Connecticut DuPonts and said, "not relation to the wealthy DuPonts of Delaware," when asked by his interviewer. However, his talents make him wealthy by comparison.

The Master Sergeant, with 24 years service in the Guard, grew up in the "Parkville" section of the Capital city. He graduated from Hartford High School in 1956. He attended the Ward School of Electronics, a division of the University of Hartford. Bruce tried his hand working at Pratt and Whitney in East Hartford and some time at a gas station, but turned to the Guard for his full time employment, and it was serving his country and earning a living at the Bradley Field complex.

His better half...Lorraine Dubois, has been driving a town school bus for ten years. The most excitement, she recalls, was the October storm. She and six kindergarten students were at Grove and Center at the height of the rain and wind. Lorraine had six frightened children on the bus, but she managed to keep calm herself and assured the children of their safety. They were all delivered to their homes safe and sound.

Bruce, on the other hand, was at Bradley, and because of the destruction on Route 75 had to walk most of the way home, to Woodland and found his house all in one piece. Lorraine, a former Jaycee wife, is studying accounting at the Enfield Asnuntuck Community College.

How did she meet Bruce? "With my name DuBois, and his DuPont...we sat next to each other in Junior English; we have been together ever

since." The congenial couple were married in 1957 and have four DuPonts from twenty-one to fifteen.

Linda, the oldest at 21, is married to David Preli, the young couple live in Southington. She is a graduate of the local high school. Her sister Wendy, is 20, and an alumnus of Suffield High School and studied horticulture at the University of Connecticut. She is currently employed at the Bay State Florist Distributors in East Windsor. Bruce, 19, Windsor Locks High School, class of 1978, is a former little leaguer and midget football player. He is employed at the Alton Iron Works in Windsor. Michael, the youngest at 15, is a sophomore at the Raider school and his daily workout after classes is diving in the pool as a member of the swim team.

And more about the quiet-spoken father of this active family and what he has accomplished in their adopted town of Windsor Locks. Bruce, a past president of the local Jaycees, and "Key Man Award" winner, had been active for seven years in the project related group of concerned citizens.

The past four years, he has been an associate member and another "Exhausted Rooster", as his friend Charlie Stoppa. The Jaycees, according to Bruce has "changed my life." He is a firm believer that the Jaycees are for "men only." He has received the coveted JCI Senatorship and as many of the former Jaycees, feel the organization is for the younger men with new ideas for a growing community.

In the softball world of Bruce DuPont, he is an umpire and member of the North Central Connecticut B Board of Approved American Softball Association Umpires. From April to Labor Day, Bruce calls the balls and strikes in the slow-pitch softball leagues in this area. He has umpired in state and New England tournaments. When pinned down for a decision Bruce stills prefers fast-pitch softball to the more popular version called slow-pitch.

At the Bradley Air National Guard Bruce is a full time worker in the Aircraft Ordinance Systems. In his posi-

tion he is called upon to make several trips all over the country as far as California and Arizona.

In the civic duties of this multi-talented man...Bruce is the president of the Board of Directors of the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association and on the Committee on Needs of the Aging. In the Public Health field Bruce has served four years and eight seasons on the committee for the needs of the older citizens. He finds both positions "very rewarding." He cited the new Ettore F. Carmiglia Senior Citizen Center and new minibus as examples of the work of the committee.

In the Nursing Association he listed the many services available in nursing, physical and speech therapy and other social and referral services. The Board of Directors is dedicated to "providing community health services, through whatever programs pertinent to today's needs, assessing their availability to all Windsor Locks residents, regardless of ability to pay."

EPILOG

Bruce Pierre DuPont loves to do his share, as does his wife Lorraine, and they both feel being so active "keeps us going and surrounded by parents, family and friends."

For recreation Bruce and Lorraine bowl the big pins in the Mr./Mrs. Bowling League. They ski in Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire when time permits. Lorraine recently joined the Women Rec. League in the softball world of the Jaycee Wives. This happy couple arrived in Windsor Locks and after just two weeks, "felt at home."

This fits the DuPonts... "Some people treat life like a slot machine, trying to put in as little as possible and hoping to hit a jackpot. Wiser people think of life as a solid investment from which they receive in terms of what they put in."

Bruce DuPont's Talents Make Him Wealthy

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Belanger Is Proud To Live In Windsor Locks

Leo Durocher couldn't have been more wrong... good guys don't always finish last.

Peter Brice Belanger is one nice guy, who has given over twenty years of faithful service to Windsor Locks on the Boards of Tax Review and Assessors, chairing both important phases of community involvement.

With Pete, Windsor Locks is a "great town, unique and I'm quite proud to live here." Windsor Locks always comes first with Pete Belanger.

The Boston born, actually Jamaica Plain, is a Hamilton-Standard purchasing agent, and resident since 1951, is married to Mary Mokrycki, a native daughter.

Pete is a grad of Boston Tech High School, class of 1946, where "I played a little hockey." The month after graduation Pete was drafted into the army and recalls, with a smile, "I was the last guy in the U.S.A. to be drafted." He spent a year and an half in the uniform of Uncle Sam at Ft. Lee, Virginia and at Los Alamos, New Mexico, where the atomic research center was located. Pete spent his time as a photographer in the provost marshal office.

With his Boston accent still noticeable, Pete remembers returning to civilian life and not doing a great deal, having a good time, trying his hand at the baking business, but not sure if he wanted to attend college.

He did manage to meet his bride-to-be at Sargent College, a part of Boston University. Mary graduated as a physiotherapist. They were married in 1951 and relocated to her hometown and Pete joined the Hamilton-Standard Company.

Today, their home on North Street, stands on the grounds of the old Windsor Locks Brick Company. Mary and Pete have three children Denise, 25, lives in Northboro, Massachusetts with her husband, Joseph Nadler. Denise, a nurse, is a graduate of Russell Sage College in Troy, New York.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

makeup of Windsor Locks back in 1959, when John Fitzpatrick asked him to serve. He's been serving the town since, and admits to enjoying the hard work and time spent. He has no political ambitions for himself, beyond the assessor chairmanship.

Pete was a charter member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and served as an external vice president. Fifteen years ago he received his third degree in the Knights of Columbus and was on the Board of Directors of the Building Association.

Peggy, 18, a Windsor Locks High School 1978 graduate, is at UConn studying her mother's profession...physiotherapy. A few years back the family had their own horse on North Street and Peggy was the equestrian of her block. The youngest in the Belanger clan is Peter, 17, a senior at the high school. When Peter was in the little league program his dad was coaching on the sidelines. Peter was an all-star for the division and today is a member of the high school swim team.

For 28 years Pete Belanger has worked at Hamilton, first in the Production Control Department and now is a buyer for the aircraft division. As much as the Windsor Locks based company is an intricate part of the local scene, Pete is likewise, in the workings of his adopted town, for the interpretation of the law, in assessing town property. He served six years on the Board of Tax Review and now is in his third six year term as Chairman of the Board of Assessors. He has attended the Assessors School at UConn for further education in this important phase of civic responsibility. He became interested in the tax

A former Junior Achievement advisor, he feels the town of Windsor Locks should "keep the town meeting concept." In his opinion the "tax rate couldn't be better, the school system is great, the proof being the great number of students going on to college." On the downtown situation, he said, "it was a good move, however, I'm disappointed it hasn't been developed further."

This man with the crew cut...is not all work. He likes to putter in the family garden, some woodworking

around the house and even a few rounds of golf. When the family vacations, its usually Cape Cod for the Belangers. Sticking with his Boston heritage, he follows the Red Sox, but frankly misses the old Boston Braves and even remembers the famous line..."Spahn, Sain, and pray for rain."



Peter Belanger

EPILOG

Peter Brice Belanger is a civic minded individual. He's also a family man who "does everything he can for the kids, it all helps," and admits in this sometimes chauvinistic society, "I owe any success to my wife, Mary." Spend a hour with Peter Belanger and you know he doesn't agree with the old saying..."Here's to good old Boston. Land of the bean and the cod. Where the Lowells talk only to the Cabots, and the Cabots talk only to God."

Pete came from the land of the bean and the cod, but settled for the land of the locks in the east and the airfield in the west and talks to everyone.

Irene and Joseph Molinari have demonstrated their willingness to labor for their community and still live the full life...raising a family, camping out, bowling, golf and fond memories of heroes and heroines of yesteryear's political and baseball legends.

Born on the corner of West and Whiton Streets, Irene Field attended local schools and married her Joseph two days before Christmas, 1948. The happy and compatible couple, living on Miller Terrace, actually named for the building Molinari family, (Miller translated, is Molinari in Italian) have five children and five grandchildren.

Joe, a fixture at Dexter for thirty years, was born in New York City. His parents, Modesto and Mary Molinari, of South Center Street, moved to Windsor Locks when Joe was only a year and a half.

Irene and Joe are both graduates of the local high school. Joe excelled in baseball at the Raider school and at Trinity College in Hartford, where he received a degree in chemistry. His further education came at the University of Hartford where he earned his masters. However, Joe probably would rather talk about baseball than his schooling. During his high school diamond days Joe recalls the great teaching coach Bob Jackson, Windsor Locks resident Louie Nai, with an unbelievable .500 batting average, (Joe's with a flashy .477) and a team hitting at a .333 pace. It was the year of glory for the only undefeated team in the school's history. Joe played shortstop, tried his hand at pitching, but said, Fred Klaus was the star hurler for the Jackson forces.

Irene, on the other hand, would rather talk about her 18 years with the Windsor Locks Women's Club. She is a past president of the "service organization, providing awards to high school and middle school students, and welfare baskets to worthy families on all the major holidays." Irene, always in step with civic assistance, has been on the Committee on Needs of the Aging for the past ten years and is currently the vice-chairperson. She admits to "be very active in helping the senior citizens in their needs, especially in securing low-income housing in town.

In addition she said, "we hope to be successful in any future program of daily meals for our senior citizens." Besides the Women's Club and the Committee on Aging...Irene was formerly associated with the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association, Inc., the Brownies, Cubs, and Girl Scouts programs when her children needed her help and understanding.

We can't forget Joe's involvement in civic responsibilities...with Irene at his side, they were members of the Community Development Action Program. They were instrumental in setting up the fish hatchery and other recreational endeavors. They both agreed...they are non political, and just interested in helping the community.

As mentioned, the Molinaris were increased by five children...the oldest is Lorraine. She is married to Armand Rouillard. They live in Enfield with their four

children...Arman, Jr., Suzanne, Jonathan and Christopher.

Joan, a graduate of the University of Hartford, is married to Syl Posocco and they have a son Mike, six months old. Joseph, Jr. is employed in Windsor as a mechanic. Susan, is married to Stephen Ossolinski and they reside in Windsor Locks. The youngest of the family is a freshman at the high school, 15 year old Stephen.

Irene and Joe met after his discharge from the army. He served three years...from 1942 to 1945, being overseas for well over a year with a combat infantry of the 84th Division. Joe remembers one of his fellow soldiers, who later became famous, as just

"one of the guys"...PFC Henry Kissinger. The former statesman, Secretary of State, and Nobel Peace Prize winner, was in Joe's weapon platoon. The army realized Kissinger's ability, and seeing that he was born in Germany, had him lecturing on local and national history and geography.

Joe, at Dexter's for three decades, is a group leader in the Research Department of the local company. When he and the family find the time, during the summer months, they usually pack everything up and go camping in the southern New Hampshire area. Irene is the duckpin bowler in the family and on these cold winter nights usually is found sewing or crocheting. Joe has to wait for the warmer weather to

pursue his love of golf. He's the Ben Hogan in the family and while he wouldn't tell me his handicap, Irene intimated Joe is close to a four or five handicap...and to me that sounds like Ben Hogan.

Any heroes or heroines? Joe mentioned Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, former presidents. He also recalls, with genuine pleasurable moments, the old baseball New York Giants of Coogan's Bluff and the names of Mel Ott, Carl Hubbell, Harry Danning, Jo Jo Moore...and more, that any truly great baseball fan would remember. Irene stayed with Roosevelt, but Eleanor, and included among her heroes...Harry Truman. However, when questioned further...both admitted, when it comes to admiration Joe's mother, Mary Molinari tops the list.

EPILOG

Irene Field Molinari and Joseph Molinari are two busy individuals, be it their civic duty, camping, sports or just enjoying their family. They seem to set the tone for the new year by not deserting their ideals. General Douglas MacArthur once wrote, it seems to fit, on the subject of Irene and Joe..."To give up interest wrinkles the soul. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

The Molinaris Live The Full Life

Corallos Are A Part Of The American Scene

Take a young Norwegian nurse and an eager Italian lad...put them in Hartford, Connecticut...and the result is a happy twosome with a beautiful home, four children as American as apple pie, little league baseball and the latest sounds from any teenage stereo.

The nurse...Ingrid Johnsen Corallo was born in Fredrikstad, Norway.

The Italian lad...Paul Corallo was born in Tortona, Italy, a small town south of Milan.

In their early twenties, they came to the United States for different reasons. Ingrid was an exchange student nurse at the St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. Paul came with his parents and brother Dante to start a new life in this country.

Paul, now a successful businessman in the area, spent his first twenty-five years growing up in Italy, attending school, serving two years (1946-48) in his country's navy and forced work detail building bridges during World War Two, by the German occupation forces. It was an endless task...the bridges were being constantly bombed by the Allies.

His father, now deceased, was born in the United States. In the period of World War One he met and

married Paul and Dante's mother. Today, at 87 years old, she resides in her native country of Italy. Paul, not affluent in English on his arrival in the United States, attended night school for eight years in order to master the language of his new country.

His better half, Ingrid, as a second grader in Fredrikstad, also was aware of the domination of German occupation. But life went on during those history-making years as did her schooling, which included English. Ingrid had an advantage over Paul when she came to Hartford, years later, for additional nursing training.

It was not probably "love at first sight" for the young couple at the Hartford "Y" that night as she soon left for Norway and a year's absence from her Italian friend.

However, love was there. Paul journeyed to Norway in 1957. Ingrid became a bride in the town's small Catholic church. They both laughingly remember the three month honeymoon touring Europe, getting to know each other, while waiting for the all-important papers for entry in her new country of America.

The years in America were busy for the Corallo family... learning the customs and the language of Mr. Corallo's

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native country. Paul became a tool maker, his brother Dante a mechanic. Their father's sage advice proved fruitful, in later years... "build a nest (home) before you have a family, like the birds in the trees." Mr. Corallo had property off Center Street and could visualize future homes for his boys. Today, the brothers and their families are located on the street called Columbo Terrace.

Ingrid, the new bride, papers and all, came to Windsor Locks in 1957 to a new town, new country and home. The union of the Norwegian girl and her Italian suitor has produced four children. Roger, 21, is a student at UConn. Mark, 20, is employed as a mechanic. Lisa, 17, is a senior at the local high school. Her and Roger are piano devotees. The youngest at the Corallo home is Paul John, 12, a student at the Middle School. Roger and Mark participated in the town's little league

program and young Paul is no exception. These winter months finds him as a goalie in the local hockey program. In the summer he is active in baseball and to complete the seasons...in the fall, he plays soccer, as his dad did in the old country.

Ingrid and Paul are both devout individuals who, "live their religion at work, home, any place we go." They agree, the changes in the Catholic Church are "marvelous" and "a little more personal." The past two years Ingrid and Paul have taken their turns as lecturers at St. Mary's Church in town. They are interested in the charismatic movement, attending meetings in New Britain faithfully.

In the mainstream of everyday life Ingrid was employed as a nurse at the Bickford Convalescent Home on Main Street, Windsor Locks, for over 13 years. Paul on the other hand has owned and operated his own business the past ten years

known as the Koral Tool and Die Industry, Inc., originally in Windsor Locks, now located in East Windsor. Looking back, Paul said, "it was all pure work, but honest...as in the American Dream, with opportunities galore."

Ingrid admits she misses the ocean of her homeland, however, the family has traveled home to her Norway and Paul's Italy. In addition Florida, Pennsylvania, New York and the island of Jamaica have been on the family holiday itinerary.

When asked who they most admired...Ingrid and Paul's selections covered the singing of Bing Crosby to the worthy deeds of recent Nobel Peace Prize winner Mother Teresa and the 1952 winner Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Ingrid recalls, with a great deal of pride, seeing the famous doctor on his trip to her country to be honored for his years of work.

EPILOG

Ingrid and Paul Corallo are a part of the American scene as much as their native children. They have not lost their love or thoughts of their Norway and Italy. In looking back to the first years in Windsor Locks...one name appears...for his friendship and help in a new country... the late and respected Dr. Ellore Carniglia, who

brought three of the Corallo children into the world.

Their part in the American scene has been in the nursing field, the religious and industrial part of the community. Their part in the marriage of a Norwegian girl and Italian boy brings up the following...Rudyard Kipling has been proven wrong many times, in his belief of the futility of a fundamental clash of cultures, when he wrote: "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Certainly in Ingrid and Paul's case, he was again proven wrong. In paraphrase...Norway is north, and Italy is south, and the twain did meet.

Lynskey Is Everything You Expect

Mortimer John Lynskey is everything you'd expect of a man with over thirty years experience in the court system of his hometown.

Mort is a snappy dresser with white hair that adds to his distinguished aire. An Irish wit, friend of governors, a gentleman who remembers the good and bad periods of his eighty years. He had kind words for the "judges of today, they are good administrators." Governor Ella Grasso, an old friend, and the Alcorn family of Suffield are some.

It doesn't seem appropriate to call Mr. Lynskey... "Mort," but that's what he preferred... "Judge," would be more proper, he earned the title many times over. So in keeping with the classy gent's orders... Mort was born on Grove Street, November 20, 1899. (almost made the new century.)

Mort's eighty years have been filled with a variety of positions from the insurance business, a concessionaire at Riverside Park, selling "the best hot dogs in the world, H.L. Handy's," clerk of the Draft Board during World War Two, tax collector, State Tax Marshal, Judge and Clerk of the Municipal Court and concerned citizen of Windsor Locks.

His schooling was at St. Mary's, the local high school and the Huntsinger's Secretarial School. The son of Galway, Ireland-born Ellen Brett Lynskey and John Lynskey, Mort left high school after two years to join the Traveler's Insurance Company. His try in the insurance business lasted only three years. At the time Mort probably knew he couldn't envision himself making insurance his life's work. So he entered the different world of carnival and amusement employment at the Riverside Park in Agawam, Mass. His specialty became ice-cream, cigars and those hot dogs, at his own concession stand. He tired of Riverside and traveled east to Revere Beach at another stand and ocean view for a year or so.

Mort returned to Windsor Locks in the late twenties.

Depression and the stock market crash were just over the horizon. Mort, being the man he was, managed to weather the stormy years. He wasn't too good at remembering dates...but positions, no problems. During those years Mort handled the town tax collection and ran for first selectman. His Democrat opponent was Tim Dodd. (Mort has been a life-long Republican.)

Mort said, "I didn't really want it." And that was before he lost the election. He felt he received the nomination because "he knew everyone in town."

In 1935 the world of Mort Lynskey all changed. He was appointed prosecutor for the Municipal Court of Windsor Locks. The court was then located on the site of the present Senior Citizen Center. For the next thirty years Mort served his town faithfully and established a reputation unmatched in this area. In 1937 he was appointed to the role of Judge of the Court by the then Governor Raymond E. Baldwin.

Mort added... "the confirmations came from both the senate and houses in Hartford." In subsequent years he was reappointed by Governors Lodge and McConaughy. In his apartment on Spring Street... the three certificates signed by the Governors are in a special place of honor along with his collections of paintings and picture of his hometown friend... Governor Ella T. Grasso.

As an example of Mort's impact on the citizenry in this area, the following appeared in the HARTFORD COURANT: "Windsor Locks, in Judge Mortimer J. Lynskey, has without a doubt one of Connecticut's most understanding, fair, and, when necessary, firmest judges on the bench. He not only handles all cases fairly, but people who have appeared before him have received justified treatment. His philosophy of justice has saved some from serving behind prison walls and turned them into useful and productive

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citizens. His heart doesn't rule his decisions. His understanding, and his clutched fist, make people think twice before doing anything that would bring them before him again."

The testimonial was written in reference to a change in the state administration... Governor-elect Abe Ribicoff did not heed the words of a man from Suffield. Mort did continue in the court system as the Assistant Clerk of the Circuit Court in Enfield and served until his retirement in 1972.

During the interview... Mort would lean back in his chair for a moment before continuing his unusual story, dates, at his age, he admits, lose their importance. The quick-speaking former court official, however, whose face

and overall appearance could well grace a typical politician's portrait, spoke of his membership in the Knights of Columbus, "Sons of Irish Freedom," and the local Senior Citizens Club. He also recalls the vacations to Florida, Jamaica and the unforgettable journey to the land of his parent's birth, with further looks at Scotland and England. Oh yes, his companion on the trip to Ireland and the sister countries was another well-known Republican in town... Sy Preli.

EPILOG

With Judge Mortimer John Lynskey... they threw away the mold. He recalled the eighty years... always with a firm Irish way of viewing only the bright side.

Andre Gide once wrote... "If I did not keep telling myself my age over and over again, I am sure I should scarcely be aware of it. Although every hour of the day I tell myself, 'My poor old fellow, you are eighty and more,' I cannot really persuade myself of it." That's Windsor Locks' gentleman judge of thirty years... just plain Mort Lynskey.

Thursday, January 31, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Eunice Granger McGinn is the number one grandmother in the eyes of seven children, of various ages, in Milwaukee, Simsbury and other parts of the country.

She's also number one in the minds and hearts of her

In 1960, at an age when most people think of retiring, Eunice received her Bachelor of Science degree from Central Connecticut State College. When she looked back at all the schooling, she admitted one thing gave her

soon to be her town.

With Eunice the family would come first in Windsor Locks...the teaching would have to wait. Eunice and Charles had two children... William D. McGinn and Eunice McGinn Kelly.

William D. McGinn lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin with his wife Nancy, a teacher at Marquette University. The midwestern McGinns have four children.. Maureen, Melanie, William, Jr., and Scott. Their dad is the president of Northwestern National Insurance Company.

Eunice is married to Francis J. Kelly. The Kellys live in nearby Simsbury. They have three sons...Francis, Jr., Timothy and Christopher. Their dad is Vice-President of Marketing at the Security Insurance of Hartford.

In looking back Eunice McGinn recalled the days of basketball when William was one of the stars of the Raiders under Coach Al

Shapiro and when daughter Eunice won a speaking contest. Mrs. Kelly is now in the writing field with a weekly column for the Farmington Valley Herald called "View From My Window."

In 1947 the view from Eunice McGinn's window showed the beginning of teaching in Windsor Locks for a period of twenty-one happy and full years at the old Union School. She still reads the kind and loving words by students of years passed; she has kept them as a remembrance of their time when learning was the best times of their lives. Eunice McGinn believes in the words from the popular musical "The King and I,"... "by our pupils we'll be taught." She retired in 1968, however, kept her mind and life busy with a few years of teaching at St. Mary's in the "Project Concern" reading program, until the school was closed.

Eunice and Charles Mc-

Ginn were active in community life with memberships in the American Legion/Auxiliary and the Lions Club. Eunice wanted the Lions to be praised for their "personal concern for me. They deserve a lot of credit," she said. Charles was a past president of the Lions and past commander of the Legion. He was a veteran of World War One and a veteran of 26 years with the State of Connecticut as manager of their employment office. He was well known in the area as a Master of Ceremonies. Eunice on the other hand was well known in the National, State and County teacher's association. At the local Senior Citizen Club she plays the piano for the popular choral group. Years ago she helped in the Cub Scout program and for 15 years was an active member of the Catholic Women's Council.

EPILOG

Eunice Granger McGinn always tried "to help each

child in what he or she could do...be it in their level of reading...instead of putting them together," the personal teaching concept was her way. "Years ago," she added, "time was spent more in the basics," when comparing today's teaching methods to her days.

This polite and kind lady of Olive Street has led three lives...as mother, teacher and now grandmother. One of her granddaughters summed it all up for her brothers, sister and cousins.. in a birthday card..."dedicated to Grandma, because she's a very special person and I love her."

With all her talents, be it teaching or music, she has another skill, still untried, but from the heart...song writing. The closing words from her song..."Kindly Spirit,"..."Banish all your hate. Satisfied what ever your fate. Start to spread a lot of good cheer, have a kindly spirit all through the year."

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former students...this friendly and sincere teacher, now retired, has her own memories of those students and her years in the educational field.

Eunice lives on Olive Street...a street known for its outstanding citizenry. However, her life began in Franklin, Massachusetts, a town near Boston. It took a native son, the late and greatly admired Charles McGinn, to show her the friendliness of the town of Windsor Locks, the result being two active and talented children plus twenty-one years of teaching in the public school system.

Her own schooling began at the grammar and high school of Franklin. The Bridgewater Teachers College provided the teaching credentials. Eunice Granger did not stop there...a further education was earned at the Boston Conservatory of Music where the piano was mastered. Just to round out her musical career she attended the Christopher School of Music in the Back Bay section of Boston, adding the saxophone to her repertoire.

the biggest kick. The completion of the Dale Carnegie course with her husband Charles. She was voted the "best speaker" in the class. She seemed to be always furthering her own schooling and passing it on to her students.

Eunice, after graduation from Bridgewater, began her teaching career in Franklin and that lasted ten years. She seemed to be settled in her hometown, teaching fifth and sixth graders but a big change was in store for the small and pretty Eunice. During the summer months Charles McGinn, a student at Holy Cross, worked at the Franklin Mill. One of his classmates was a local boy and he introduced the young Connecticut student to the young teacher. Once Charles received his diploma he also secured a marriage license with a 1928 date. The newly weds lived in Taunton, Massachusetts for a few years, but their life was to be all Connecticut. In 1934 the McGinns moved to Olive Street, Windsor Locks...and they had an impact on the lives of many in his town and

Thursday, February 7, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

Eunice Granger McGinn Is A Very Special Person

St. Valentine's Day, 1980. Did you send the card, flowers or candy to your love one? You better hurry. (That's if you are reading this late Thursday night, before helping your wife or girl with the dishes).

This all brings to mind the fellow who is "symbolic of love." And the dictionary says its "CUPID...the ancient Roman god of love, usually represented as a winged, naked, infant boy with a bow and arrows."

Seeing that it's his season...let's see what he has to say for himself. "So you're the fellow called Cupid," which I felt was a good opening for an interview.

"Yes, he said, rather surprisingly, "what did you expect?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I pictured you as a little boy with bow and arrows," I said, rather coyly.

"Listen. I've been at this job a long time, in fact since the Roman days. Little boy, that's funny. Where did you get that idea?"

"I still have the little boy body, but my feet hurt. But enough of that, I realize how much young people look for me to shoot one of my arrows into their heart and start the sparks. I'll let you in on a little secret...I don't really shoot an arrow. People shoot arrows, not me. It's just my way of getting two people together so they can fall in love," he said with a magic twinkle in his eyes.

I then said, "I think I understand, but you'll have to forgive me, I haven't been around as long," spoken with a sharp tongue.

"Don't get uptight, Jack old boy, I've had a long day. But it is my day, and I've probably gotten thousands of folks together with my way of showing love. To tell the truth, I need a rest."

Seeing that Mr. Cupid had a tough day, and not to be too antagonistic, I said, "Maybe I could come back tomorrow?"

"No. I'll be gone tomorrow," he replied with a faint smile, knowing he could rest for a few days.

"O.K. In your best cupid fashion...how do you go about shooting arrows, or you know what I mean, into two young people or anyone who needs love?"

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

"Let's see. Maybe I can condense this into a few choice words. I wouldn't want to bore you. But, before I get into the love details, let me tell you the latest cupid joke." I didn't have a chance to say no, and this guy may be the "love person", but he was feisty one moment, and agreeable the next.

"Are you ready? Here goes...Cupid, one who, when he hits the mark, usually Mrs. Get it?" I did and gave out with a polite laugh and figured I had another Henny Youngman on my hands.

"Now that we have the joke out of the way...here goes."

He sat down on his love-seat. (sorry about that) I decided to stand, I'm already in love.

The little fellow went to say how he goes about searching for people of all ages, not just the young, sprinkling his own special love powder all over them. He said the powder is invisible, and according to this sage and tired little boy, he has brought together thousands of folks from London to New Zealand all in the name of love.

Keeping with my reporter's instinct, I told him it seems an oversimplification.

"No, not really. You have heard of two people making

the right chemistry. Well, I'm just the chemist. If I told you any more, you might not really believe me."

He was now leaving and begged me not to follow.

I assured him, I wouldn't follow. But could I tell his story to the folks in Windsor Locks?

"Sure. That's a great town. But, sorry to say, is like a lot of towns, lacking sometimes in love. You see, I not only sprinkle love on men and women, but towns, states and countries. I know I haven't done a creditable job lately, but I'm trying. See you on the love boat."

And that's the story for this Thursday evening of Mr. Cupid.

Forget the dishes. Go out and buy that card, flowers or candy. Be your own cupid.

The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, February 14, 1980

Be Your Own Cupid This Year

The Popcorn Yankee Reminisces

Robert Albert Parmelee says he's half-Irish and half-Yankee...that makes him a "Popcorn Yankee."

The friendly gentleman from Fairview Street, when he wasn't working on Wall Street, New York City, on tobacco fields of Connecticut or collecting monthly insurance premiums, enjoyed horse racing, the prize fights, movies and recalled Windsor Locks as "a great place to grow up."

Bob was born on September 23, 1901. During the interview (in their cozy living room)...Bob, his second wife Geraldine Carpenter Parmelee and yours truly were reminiscing of the old days in his town...I asked him where was he born? Bob looked over my shoulder and said, "right in that room."

The "Popcorn Yankee" was the son of the late Julia Donahue Parmelee, who lived on Oak Street and Albert Henry Parmelee, a native of the North Main Street section. As the facts tell us Bob's roots go deep in Windsor Locks. His schooling began at St. Mary's and continued at the high school, class of 1920. In looking back to those days he said, "I didn't play any organized sports, except for some sandlot baseball and ice hockey in the area called "upper basin."

During World War One Bob had high hopes of joining the fight in Europe, but he was too young. When the war ended he continued in school and journeyed into several interesting and di-

verse occupations. The summer months were always filled with tobacco work but once Bob received his diploma he wanted more responsibility and the dollars. He joined the General Electric Company in Windsor. Life was good for Bob Parmelee.. until 1927 when the company moved to Massachusetts. He managed to secure another position...this time with the "Peerless Plush" making covers for pullman chair seats.

He happily changed those seats for a close look at the seat of the financial world on Wall Street, New York City. He didn't go alone to the big city. His companion was John Shaughnessy, now a resident of Warehouse Point. The two new "runners" lived with John's relatives on the west side of Manhattan and the daily subway rides were an event for the boys from the small towns of Connecticut.

Bob returned to Windsor Locks after a year or so, and the experience paid off with a new job at Putnam and Company in Hartford. Bob remembers the troubled times of the "1929 Crash" and that hectic day and the days following, effecting the market and everyone's life.

Bob Parmelee's life changed...with his marriage in June, 1930 to Theresa Rooney. The newlyweds suffered their first setback when Bob was laid off in the fall of 1930. The "no-work" signs of those depression years faced Bob nearly every day. He had to go back to the

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tobacco fields and admitted thinking, at the time, "quite a difference from Wall Street." He laughingly recalls..."I'd throw my hat into the house" to see if he was welcomed...it was hard on everyone.

Things began to look up.. Bob finally hit on his permanent vocation with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company as an agent collecting premiums from all the folks in Windsor Locks, Warehouse Point and Thompsonville. He recalls the many friends he made in the nineteen active years with Metropolitan. Bob retired in 1966. He had suffered a heart attack a few years before and had to slow down, ending with 25 years in the insurance field. His wife of forty years passed away after his retirement.

When Bob wasn't working his "debit, an insurance term of collecting," he would try his hand at "playing the ponies" at the various race tracks in New York state and New England. "I never made any money," he candidly said, "but we always had good vacations traveling to the tracks." Two other spectator sports he enjoyed were the boxing matches and if you can call movies a sport,

attending the two movie houses in Windsor Locks.

As for a personal talent.. Bob plays the piano. His mother purchased a baby grand piano and Bob was hooked. His dad also taught him the finer points of the drums. Bob played in the orchestra...way back when.. a three-story building on Windsor Locks Main Street was used for basketball and the dances after the big high school games. Today Bob fills in for Lester Russell at the Senior Citizen Center with the "Tony C" band. In addition to being a member of the Senior Citizens, Bob has been a Knight of Columbus since 1960.

EPILOG

John Steinbeck once said that writing "makes horse racing seem like a solid, stable business." With Robert Albert Parmelee horse racing was not a business but a sport he really loved. (He'll leave the writing to the likes of me.)

Bob is a "Popcorn Yankee" but his Irish heritage is always showing. When asked who he most admired..."outside of myself...let's see, that's a hard one." At the close of the interview, over a

good cup of coffee from his congenial wife Geraldine, he said, "I guess I most admired the former principal of the high school, Mr. Leander Jackson." Yes, Bob Parmelee's roots go deep in Windsor Locks. His 78 years have been filled with memories of the old days and the many friends and neighbors he has laughed and cried with.

Thursday, February 21, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Barry Wesley Gray Has Many Sides

Barry Wesley Gray resembles Joe Garagiola to some folks. To this writer, Don Rickles. He enjoys baseball as does Joe, and although not processing the biting humor of Mr. Rickles, he is a great kidder. Barry also has a serious side. These personality traits surface when you first meet the native of Pawtucket, Rhode Island and resident of Windsor Locks for twenty years.

Variety being the spice of life...Barry with Joan, his wife, a congenial, concerned parent and citizen, and their four children make for an ideal family at the Sadler Street home.

Barry is an active member in town politics, his church and formerly in little league baseball. Joan, formerly of the Middletown, Connecticut Tillbrooks, is equally energe-

tic in church affairs at the Windsor Locks Congregational Church and in the "Meals On Wheels" program for the elderly.

Growing up in the Providence area, Barry attended the local schools and when it came to college graduated from Brown University in 1956. His college career was

Brown, Barry joined the Hartford National Bank in the Trust Accounting Department. Today, after nearly 24 years service, Barry is the Vice-President of the Employee Benefits Department.

As a new bank employee, away from the hometown, watching all the pretty girls

1957 and has reaped many benefits...four being Susan, Judith, David and Alyson.

Susan, 21, a grad of the Windsor Locks High School, has an Associate Degree from the Hartford College for Women and currently attends the University of Hartford. The former Dean's

Cabbages and Kings With Jack Redmond

interrupted for a two year hitch in the infantry, U.S. Army style, serving 15 months in Germany. Barry, as many of the GIs before him, toured the countries of France, England, Holland and Austria before returning to civilian life.

After graduation from

in the insurance world of Hartford, one of the girls at Travelers caught his eye. Introduced by a mutual friend Joan Tillbrook and Barry Gray combined his banking knowledge and her insurance know-how to sign a wedding policy in love. The ceremony was performed in

List student at the Women's College is studying for an Engineering degree at Hartford. Her sister Judith, 18, also a grad of the local high school, is a freshman at the Hartford College for Women in West Hartford. Judith, member of the National Honor Society, was a softball

standout during her high school days. Her goal is to become a lawyer.

David, 16, is a junior at the Raider School. It was while David was performing on the diamond in the little league program his dad was coaching along Ray Masera. Alyson, the youngest member of the Gray family at nine, is a student at the North Street School. According to her mother..."loves school and is the acrobat in the family."

To explore further...the three sides of Barry Gray...one point was not mentioned, he was Committee Chairman of Cub Pack 257, when David wasn't playing little league but wearing the uniform of Cub Scouts. Staying with Barry's abilities, he was chosen to be on the important Charter Study Commission. As a member of the Republican town committee for the past two years, he feels "the town meeting concept is for me." He elaborated by saying, "government should be as responsible to the people as it can be." In discussing town affairs a little further...Barry said, "the downtown area is a shame. Taxes, relative, Sy Preli has done an excellent job."

How about your choice for president? "John Connolly could do the job, my second choice would be George Bush." Any personal political ambitions? "None, only to see one day...a Republican control of the Board of Selectmen."

In a change of subjects...what are your functions as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of your church? "The primary function is to maintain upkeep of the church, the repairs, the budgets, even making sure the snow is plowed from the driveways, etc."

Joan, on the other hand, as active in their church as Barry, is a teacher in the nursery school of the church,

her fourth year. An equally important part of the "Church's Mission" is Joan's role as chairperson of the "Meals on Wheels" providing adequate meals for the elderly of the town, who may be unable to afford or to cook a hot meal due to their age or capabilities.

Joan said, "I love doing...it gives us all a lot of satisfaction, at times it can be very heartwarming, its great helping these wonderful people." It was not time for Joan to speak about her husband..."he's a very talented man. In his spare time, Barry has added a porch, garage and new kitchen to our home. How did he do it? He just picked up a book on "what to do" and did it." Seems to prove...he's that kind of a guy...the real many sides of Barry Gray.

Speaking of good sports...how goes the Boston Red Sox...goes Barry. He is a die-hard Red Sox fan and his favorite was Bobby Doerr of yesteryear. When they lose..there's no joy on Sadler Street.

EPILOG

Barry Wesley Gray has many sides...humorous, baseball activist, handyman around the house, civic and religious person and when it is time for relaxing..."we all go to New Hampshire." He's an admirer of Douglas MacArthur and Republicanism. With Barry, the following could be his way of life..."Personality can open doors but only character can keep them open."

The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, February 28, 1980

Michael William Kurmaskie lives in the larger world of newspaper advertising with the Hartford Courant and equally rewarding hard work for the Board of Assessors in the smaller world of Windsor Locks.

Both of these worlds keep the Simsbury native active and interwoven around family life with Sandra and their sons John and James.

The easy-going and family resident of nearly twenty years in Windsor Locks is basically a family man, by his own admission, but tackles the responsibility of "good" advertising as well as "fair" assessments.

Mike attended grammar and high school in Simsbury. Immediately after his 1956 graduation from high school he joined the Hartford Courant. He admitted his initial interest and reasons for joining the oldest daily newspaper in the nation was to be a reporter. However, it wasn't to be...Mike went to work as a "runner" of proofs in the advertising department. He's been ever since, not as a runner, but as one of their crack salesmen securing ads for the downtown Hartford stores, the civic center and coliseum. So when you pick up your morning paper and view those G.Fox, Sage-Allen, et al bargains...Mike Kurmaskie was the man behind the sales pitch, be it a white sale or just the latest prices on golf clubs at Herb's Sport Shop.

Mike and Sandra Sutcliffe, of Hartford, met on a train racing through the country side of southern Connecticut from New York City. Mike had been to a baseball game in the "big apple", Sandra, on the other hand, had been shopping along Fifth Avenue with a girl friend. The train ride eventually ended with the walk down the wedding aisle and pictures in his paper. The year was 1960 and the following year the

young couple decided to move north a few miles to Windsor Locks.

Eighteen years ago their first son was born...John. He's a senior at the high school. The former little leaguer is now a member of the school track team specializing in the high hurdles. The youngest Kurmaskie is

James, 14, an eighth grader at the Middle School. His specialty covers all sports...soccer, baseball, basketball and he is the "fisherman in the family".

Young John may be the "fisherman", but his dad also fishes, his catch might be for bigger advertising space for the "Courant". Just for the statistical-minded and because we all read the papers, sometimes not mindful of its content beyond the news, sports and comics, is the amount of advertising. These figures might amaze the average reader. Mike said, "newspapers are usually 65 to 70 percent advertising and the balance is your news, sports, etc."

He added, "the high costs of newsprint makes it mandatory for publications to offset this cost factor. It makes the advertising department the life-blood of any newspaper."

Man does not live by advertising alone...in Mike's

case the other world is the Board of Assessors in his adopted town. He has served 15 years on the board. A few years before his appointment he joined the Democratic Town Committee.

He said, "Becoming a member of the committee was mostly through the efforts of the late and

respected John Fitzpatrick."

Mike had a great respect and love for Mr. Fitzpatrick. He did not consider him a political boss, but he "just had a love of the political game."

Mike does not consider himself a politician, having no personal ambitions in this field, only to serve his community. As for the assessor's role, "we have to be watchdogs to make sure everyone pays their fair share of the taxes." He had previously served two years on the Board of Tax Review.

When asked a few "political" questions, Mike did not back away. He said, "I believe in the town meeting concept of government. We needed a charter study committee, it's not a good idea for us to operate under the state." He wouldn't endorse President Carter outright...only to say "Ted Kennedy was not JFK and shouldn't get the nod just for being a Kennedy."

Locally, on one old issue, the downtown situation, he said, "it all happened at a bad time. The economy is always changing, the costs in the market place are going up and it's difficult to have people invest in new stores."

When Bradley Field is mentioned, Mike feels, "it

makes us closer to Hartford than we think. Hartford is becoming a big convention city and Bradley plays a big part in conventions. The hotels in this area are easily

accessible and stand to gain by any heavy influx of conventioners." For the past two years Mike has been

involved in the Convention and Visitors Bureau of Hartford.

EPILOG

Michael William Kurmaskie has indeed been involved in two different worlds, however, during the years working and raising a family he spent eight years in the Naval Reserve. Once a year the training included a cruise with Cuba as one of the ship's destinations before Castro took over the island. His nights were busy too...going to night school at the University of Hartford. Nearly twenty years later, Mike earned his B.A. in Psychology.

Mike is not all work, school or training...he enjoys classical music, driving the family south to Myrtle Beach, S. C., the GHO, watching the

Cleveland Indians and the Browns, and wishing more fans would switch to his Cleveland Indians. He has been a Cleveland fan since the world series of 1948.

I came across the following...I feel Mike Kurmaskie is filled with good deeds in his many worlds..."Remember that the opportunity for great deeds may never come, but the opportunity for good deeds is renewed day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory."

Cabbages and Kings With Jack Redmond

Mike Kurmaskie Is Filled

Thursday, March 6, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

With Good Deeds

A Bit Of The Irish

"Sit Long...Talk Much."

The greeting over Mike and Mae Moriarty's fireplace is as Irish and friendly as these two natives of Ireland.

With St. Patrick's Day on Monday, it is fitting, on this Thursday, to "talk much" on the life of Mike, his colleen, their six children and the clans of Moriarty and Egan.

Michael Moriarty was born in Dingle, in the County of Kerry.

Mary Egan was born in Athlone in the county of Westmeath.

Their six children were born in the land where their mother believed "the streets were lined with gold."

Mike came to America to join his brother and sisters after the war and it was not long before he felt he "was in the best country in the world." Mae admits, "I miss Ireland," but feels, as her husband, "Windsor Locks is the nicest town and has everything." They have come a long way from the green of Ireland with six active children and a beautiful home tucked in at the end of Marion Street with wonderful neighbors and the privacy of one of those castles in their southern Ireland.

Mike and Mae did not know each other in the "old country." Their towns were miles apart. Mike saw the Statue of Liberty in 1948. He came by boat, it took six days, and recalls, "the best vacation I ever had." Mae had come a year earlier on her first plane ride. (Only a ten hour trip)

As for their younger years in Ireland...Mike remembers the war years of 1940-1945 when he was in the Marine and Coast Watching Service. Mae also remembers those years because of the "ration-

Thomas, 27, a teacher at A.I. Prince Technical of Hartford. He lives in West Suffield with his wife, a Windsor Locks girl, Kim Miller. The next Moriarty is John, 25, a carpenter.

Nora Finnegan.

Mike and Mae lived in Hartford and Bloomfield before moving to Windsor Locks, in 1959. Mike, a carpenter by trade, worked fifteen years in the construc-

Cabbages and Kings

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ing of tea and sugar."

How about St. Patrick's day... "there were parades, plenty to eat and always a dance." And Christmas? "Not like in the states. No Christmas tree, but a candle in each window. Easter was a very religious time. While you're asking, as for wakes... everyone in the town would attend. There was wine and cookies. (actually small biscuits) The men were given a clay pipe filled with tobacco as a remembrance." Mike and Mae grew up on farms...with barley, oats and potatoes as big as the ones from Idaho. Mike said, "for years the men of Ireland married late in life, but this has all changed with early marriages for both men and women." He added, "Ireland's youth is not coming to the United States, as years passed, due to strict quota limits."

The happily married couple, with a slight brogue, enough to warm any conversation, met at the Hartford Irish-American Club in 1949. It took Mike two years to capture his colleen. The Moriarty children began with

Michael, Jr., 23, as his brothers before, is a graduate of the local high school. Mike has been employed at the Stanadyne Company for the past three years. The daughters at the Moriarty home are Elizabeth, 20, a student at Southern Connecticut College in New Haven, studying "special education" and Marie, 22, is employed at Spencer Turbine after attending Asnuntuck Community College for two years. The youngest in the family is Kevin, 17, a high school senior. With the graduation in June, Kevin will be the sixth Moriarty with a Windsor Locks diploma. Kevin is currently involved in indoor hockey. Last fall he was one of the members of Dan Sullivan's soccer team.

While on the subject of growing families...Mae has one sister and five Egan brothers in Ireland. One sister came to the states... Eileen. She lives in Simsbury with her husband Dennis O'Connor. As for Mike...he has two sisters in the "old country." However, in this area, according to Mike.. "its like coming home" when his brothers and sisters get together for the holidays. He has a brother Edward in West Hartford, a sister Helen O'Connell in Windsor Locks, a sister Anna Moran of Windsor, a sister Mary Donagher of West Hartford and in New York City a sister

tion field and in building homes. The past 14 years he has been employed at Stanadyne.

When it comes to hobbies Mae knits and Mike just "putters"...his putterer tendencies shows in a well built home. They both have made trips back to Ireland, but a few summers were spent at the Cape. Mike felt the many changes in the Catholic Church... "were long over due, and had great admiration for the man most responsible for the changes.. Pope John XXIII.

EPILOG

Mae Egan Moriarty did not find the "streets lined with gold," but she found her Irish husband in Michael Moriarty and six grand children.

The Moriarty family will celebrate St. Patrick's Day by "bringing out all the green we can find." In addition to their "sit long, talk much" sign, Mike and Mae have a Gaelic saying on their wall...CEAD MILE FAILTE...its meaning... 100,000 WELCOMES. In the Moriarty home the thousand welcomes are a fact.

An old Irish blessing seems to fit right here...
May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May pure be the joys that surround you,
May true be the hearts that love you.

A Trip To The Florida Spring Training Grounds

by Jack Redmond

One of the features of any sport fan traveling to Florida in February and March is to see their favorite baseball team in action at their spring training site.

Actually the month of March has to be the time. In our trip south last month we arrived in central Florida the last week of February and found all but one open for our inspection.

To give you an idea...in Daytona, it was the Montreal Expos; in Clearwater, the Phillies; in St. Petersburg, the Mets and Cards; Minnesota in Orlando, my Red Sox in Winter Haven, but all was not lost. The Houston Astros had just started their early warmups in Cocoa and we got to see them...even though it was only the pitchers and catchers.

We were on our way to Cocoa Beach and traveling down Route 520 when I noticed the Astros sign. The next day, on our way back to the airport, in Orlando, we stopped and I saw my first spring training camp.

Despite my age, I felt like a little kid again going into the park of the Astros. It was like my first trip to the famed Polo Grounds in New York City, during the thirties, with my Dad to see Carl Hubbell, Mel Ott and the rest of the great Giants of their day. The Astros have a long way to go before they can be called the Giants of their day...but this could be the year. You heard it first...with Joe Morgan and Nolan Ryan...the Houston team could go all the way. This was the opinion of none other than the Director of Publicity of the Astros... Eddie Wade, a young and congenial guy who made a press visitor from Connecticut very much at home for the short time we were at the park.

- The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, March 20, 1980

If you didn't follow the National League Western Division last year you weren't aware of the Astros great finish and only one and one-half games in back of the Cincinnati Reds. Morgan and Ryan could easily make up that difference.

For some statistics on Ryan and Morgan...Ryan, with 16 wins in 1979 with the California Angels and four no-hitters in his career, tying him with Sandy Koufax for most ever by a major leaguer, will join Joe Niekro, 21 wins last season; J.R. Richard, 18 victories, Joa-

quin Audujar, 12 wins and Ken Forsch with eleven wins to form a pitching five ranking with the best in the National League.

As for Joe Morgan...he was originally signed by Houston in 1963, played minor ball only a year, before becoming a fixture at the Astrodome. After eight years Joe was traded to the Cincinnati Reds in 1972. He was the star second baseman for eight seasons with nine all-star team selections and three world series. His lifetime average is .277. Yes, Morgan and Ryan could be the difference.

One of the privileges, as a member of the press, is to walk into a Big League dugout, on to the field and stand at the batting cage watching the young and old players hit their first baseball of the season. In my time at the cage...Bob Lillis, former Dodger, Cardinal and Astro player, was keeping count of the hitters and pitchers, in other words, keeping the action moving. Observing the movements from the dugout, was the Manager Bill Virdon, eleven year veteran player with the Cardinals and Pirates, who gave me a "hi"...probably wondering who I was...fortunately, I passed the test and wandered out to the cage just like the late and respected Bill Lee and Art McGinley did for so many years in Florida.

It was a nice feeling...especially when you meet and talk to a nice guy like Eddie Wade. He made this kid feel a part of the spring training camp. I'll be watching the Houston Astros this year...and hope the World Series is at the famed Astrodome.

Knight Of The Year: Rolland Pivin

Rolland Lucien Pivin is diminutive in stature, but large in heartfelt tendencies for all individuals who cross his path.

His recent selection as "Knight of the Year" by the Riverside Council was a well deserved honor for the Canadian born father of two children. The popular choice, by his peers in the Knights of Columbus organization, was announced at the annual dinner-dance last month.

Educated in his native French; and brought up in Drummondville, Quebec, (a large community with 80,000 population) 60 miles from Montreal, at a young age figured the English language was not for him.

"I never expected to come to the United States," he says now, in retrospect. Time and events changed his attitude and today, self-taught, he is one of the top salesman for the Terminex International Company of West Hartford. Rolland is another example of the "American Dream" coming true.

The events along the way were hectic, hard to take and discouraging, however, Rolland learned the hard way to come up on top. Can you imagine being taken into, let's say the French army, only knowing a French-fry, and expected to fit into their "modus operandi." That was Rolland's plight, when only married a short time, he was inducted into the U.S. Army and shipped to Fort Dix, New Jersey. He spent three antagonizing months as a soldier. He couldn't understand the commands of his superiors or any part of army life. Rolland was another victim of a "snafu" on the part of the government.

Under the right conditions Rolland had the wander lust and it showed, when as a youth, he worked in the province of Ontario for the summer of 1953.

"I just wanted to get away from home and school," explaining why he traveled so many miles to pick apples and tobacco at \$25 a week. On his return home he decided English language or not, to visit his sister in Biddeford, Maine.

Several events were to happen to Rolland to change his life. He managed to get a job at the local mill in Biddeford and meet, through mutual friends, the prettiest girl in town and it was good she knew French when he asked her to marry him.

The big day came on November 22, 1956. The bride was Lucienne Thompson, a native of Biddeford. Lucienne was bilingual. This helped a great deal when the young couple decided to move south to Hartford, Connecticut. She secured a

job at the Connecticut Bank and Trust, while Rolland, eager to learn and hard working, joined the Underwood Company.

Their life was going

smooth until Rolland received his "greetings." The three months that followed sounded like the movie "Midnight Express," only with a happy ending. Rolland received his honorable discharge from the army and returned to his Lucienne and some sort of normalcy...and a new attempt to fit into a difficult situation due to the language barrier. But Rolland was persistent. He took a course in television repair.. he could read English, but was not able to speak his new tongue fluently.

At this point in Rolland's life he realized the United States was his new home and looking back, he said, "I really love this country." Another man might just pack up and go north to a Canadian city and forget the "American Dream."

Rolland gave up the television repair idea. He tried a new line of work when he joined the Terminex Company dealing in extermination of termites and pest control in homes, business and industries. The past twenty years has seen Rolland advance to one of their top salesman. He taught himself the business, with a lot of help from friends and co-workers along the way.

Lucienne and Rolland live on Ash Drive. They have added two to the family with their oldest Stephen at 19 and a daughter Michelle, ten. Stephen, a 1979 grad of the local high school, is currently stationed at the Randolph Air Force Base in Texas. He is at the beginning of a four year hitch in the Air Force. When he finds the time he'll probably pursue his talents at the drums and singing. Little Michelle, a fourth grader at the Southwest School is an active girl in ice-skating (takes after her dad), roller skating, swimming and Girl Scouts.

The "Knight of the Year" joined the international fraternal and benevolent organization twenty years ago. He summed up the years by saying, "I enjoyed it." He has involved himself in many different projects of the Elm Street Riverside Council.

As a youngster in Canada he learned to "ice skate before I could walk" on the many rinks spread over the community. Today his form

of relaxing is watching television, especially the recent Bob Hope specials. Mr. Hope is Rolland's favorite...because "of the joys he has given to people

and servicemen of this country and the world." Rolland and his family moved to Windsor Locks eleven years ago. Four years before he became a citizen of the United States.

He said, rather sadly, "I studied for a year...all the history and people of this country, and all they ask me...who was the president of the United States?" I

guess they knew Rolland Lucien Piven knew the answers...he had made it as a citizen, father, worker and now "Knight of the Year." We all recall the recent

Canadian efforts on the behalf of six Americans in Iran...the man with the big heart is another example of something good from the country north of us.

Phil Donahue, television interviewer once said, "I think boat rockers are the best people...they get things done and not sucked in..they retain just a little piece of their soul." That's Rolland Lucien Piven.

Cabbages and Kings

With Jack Redmond

Guest Editorial

Windsor Locks — Where Is Your Enthusiasm?

by Jack Redmond

SCENE: The Union School

TIME: 8 p.m., Thursday, March 20, 1980

SHOW: A Public Hearing...the town's proposed charter.

IN ATTENDANCE: Fifteen members of the Charter Commission...plus approximately thirty-five voters and taxpayers...most of the old faithful.

OBSERVANCE FROM THE BACK ROW:

Right on time...the familiar faces were there...Eileen Chapman, Joe Becker, Fran Anielko, Bob Oliva, Frank Campisi, Joe Uchneat...you know, the concerned folks of Windsor Locks.

It was billed as the "charter commission non political and non controversial show." The chairman...Roger Weatherbee, who showed patience and understanding throughout the evening, opened the hearing by explaining the new features for the town government, which now operates under state laws rather than a charter.

Sy Preli, Bill Leary, (some of the faithful are on the commission) and Dr. David Young, all members of the commission and chairmen of their respective sub-committees, explained the twelve chapters of the proposed charter.

Then the politics and controversy appeared.

Charlie Rader, member of the commission and chairman of the democratic Town Committee, spoke in opposition to two sections of the charter. The provisions for the first selectman, saying it would "make a mockery of the position," and the requirement of a referendum each year on the town budget. Charlie was speaking for the "minority report," and said, the charter called the first selectman "an executive," but under the commission's

proposal, "he is not."

Additional comments by State Senator Con O'Leary, First Selectman Ed Savino, his assistant, John Lingua, and David Wend, a member of the Board of Finance were added to the criticism of the charter and the power of the Board of Finance.

It was obvious these gentlemen were getting to the core of the situation...the strength and power of the Board of Finance...Mr. Sy Preli. That was the real story of discussion and why the opponents of the charter believed it should have curtailed the town's purse strings, but the change was not there..

My point...from the back row...what is good for Windsor Locks? Is it to be...politics as usual? Who can not see the Democratic point of view...they are the majority party in Windsor Locks for years. Is it to be the Board of Finance and Mr. Preli calling the shots. Mr. Savino said, "The charter is lacking checks and balances." I think Mr. Preli is the town's checks and balance, Mr. Savino.

You see...there are two sides to this story. And it's quite obvious the Democratic party wants to run the town and not Mr. Preli.

What we really need...is what is best for the town of Windsor Locks. At the next hearing...make it 350 concerned citizens not just 35. Before anyone forgets...a big thank you to the commission.

That evening the 35 faithful were given the proposed charter and an introduction...which ended with these words..."It is the intent of this commission to propose a charter that will meet the needs of the Town and one that townspeople can support with enthusiasm."

When you think about it...Savino and Preli have enthusiasm...how about you?

"To meet an old friend in a distant country is like the delight of rain after a long drought."

The Chinese saying fits our so-called southern con-

nection with some old friends, relatives and business associates.

To the cold of Pittsburgh from snowy Bradley, to the warmth of Birmingham, Alabama and a stop in Atlanta, Georgia and on to sunny but cold at times, Florida, making up my connections with a group of nice people.

My first group of traveling companions consisted of Dick Pacholski, Barkhamsted, Connecticut, Carl Guglietta, Wethersfield, Connecticut and Bob Auclair, Agawam, Massachusetts. Business travel, for some, is a fact of life, and may be boring to some outsiders, so without further ado, I'll mention one of the pleasureable parts of the journey where the song... "That's What I Like About the South," must have been written for we Yankees.

If Birmingham, Alabama is on your agenda of travel, business or pleasure, and you enjoy nice weather, good food and something different, make a dinner stop at a real change of pace... "Baby Doe's." The location of this restaurant is one of its key to success...high on a hill overlooking the city with a view as breath-taking and comparable to any sight in night-time America. As you approach the structure you see the outward appearance of a run-down old mine. The entrance door allows you to pass through an enclosed passageway with its authentic decor of years past when miners worked endless hours in hopes of a big strike, be it gold, silver or some other metals. You are given the thrill and better said, the feeling of actually being in a mine. Once seated, at conventional arrangements, you are in the 19th century, with an atmosphere intended for an escape from reality, as we know it today. The entire complex was named after "Baby Doe" Tabor, the Silver Queen, the most watched and talked about lady of her day in Denver, Colorado society. The life

and times of this belle of Oshkosh, Wisconsin was further immortalized in the Broadway hit, a few years back, "The Unsinkable Molly Brown."

The night we broke bread at this unique eatery, our hosts, with born and acquired "southern hospitality," were Jim Curry, a UConn grad, formerly of Willimantic, Connecticut, Gordon Murphree and Taft Martin, natives of Alabama. Mr. Martin's claim to fame is his University of Alabama background and friendship with football great...Joe Namath.

The business and pleasantries finished and after a last look at the city and the goodbyes said, the three New England travelers were off to the cold weather, but not me...I had to make my "Atlanta Connection."

One of the hectic and tiresome ordeals of traveling can be the waiting at some airport for departure to or arrival of someone for the next destination. In my case...I was waiting for Mrs. Redmond and our jet ride to Orlando, Florida, scheduled to leave at 11:10 p.m. She left Bradley about seven, with a stop at the nation's capital, and finally arrived about ten o'clock. Actually the wait was a good way for her to settle down and watch the United States beat the Russians on the airport television. The cheers of victory went from the airport to the plane...finally leaving at midnight. Details like arriving at the hotel near Disneyworld, at 3 a.m. is not worth the print. Late to bed...early to rise...for a day with Mickey Mouse and his friends.

And Fantasyland it is. Something for everyone...the turn-of-the-century Main Street, U.S.A., Cinderella Castle, the jungle ride, Tom Sawyer, you name it...Disneyworld has it all. I'm sure most of Windsor Locks has been there, if not, it's worth the time and to be in Fantasyland is the happiest land of them all.

Out Sunday in the land of hotels, orange restaurants, shopping areas, flat lands,

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folks in retirement, beer sold on the seventh day, we were in search of three locations... a church, the Red Sox training camp and Cypress Gardens, in that order,

according to my wife. Thanks to a small sign on the highway...we found St. Ann's Church in Haines City. It was different...the mass was all in Spanish, and I didn't mind...never understood Latin, so the Spanish part didn't distract from our Sunday mass. The Red Sox were not in town yet, so it was off to the great water show at Cypress Gardens. Now there's a show you shouldn't miss.

Our obligations and Sunday afternoon pleasures found, we were off to Clearwater and the meeting up with Rita's aunt and uncle, Josephine and Peter Prates, of North Haven, Connecticut and Clearwater, Florida.

The Prates with their own brand of "southern hospitality," chaperoned us around their new home and city of Clearwater. One evening we were wine and dined at the world famous restaurant... THE KAPOK TREE. Words are hard to find in describing this exciting experience in display of charm and elegance. The main entrance offers a mall ceiling and dome with outdoor gardens, fountains and rooms for dining with names such as...Galley, Grand Ballroom, Grape, Florida, Garden and lounge in Red and Zebra. It was worth the hour wait just to walk the grounds and see how kings and queens lived in their day. O yes, the facilities can accommodate 1700 guests. Now for the Kapok Tree...this immense tree, located just outside one of the many gardens, was grown from a seed brought from India about 1870. It now towers over 135 feet with a limb spread of over 170 feet and measures 46 feet at the base. The Kapok Tree restaurants are also located in Maryland and three other cities in Florida.

The visitors from Connecticut had two more stops... Jack and Millie Fraher's home in Deltona and the Kennedy Space Center. The Frahers, formerly of Windsor Locks, as all our hosts before them, showed Rita and I a good time, good eating, the Daytona beaches and race track and of course...Jack's

Deltona Country Club where he is still showing his "Ben Hogan" artistry on the golf links. He's beating the Florida boys as he did Tom Cooney and Eddie Katzbeck at Copper Hill years past. The Frahers send the best to all their friends in the locktown.

The last stop was the Kennedy Space Center. We wanted to get the feel of outer space before we hit the sky for Connecticut on our last leg of a great trip to the south. Kennedy is an interesting complex of space travel and fond memories of the Shepards, Glenns, Grissoms and Neil Armstrongs.

We met old friends, relatives and business associates on our first trek to Alabama and Florida. It was a delightful trip with new pictures, new memories and a new journey worth telling to old faithful readers.

*From The
Cabbage
Patch
To Sunny
Florida*

Cabbages and Kings
With Jack Redmond

The Bickfords, Providing Important Services

"I enjoy caring for people and have dedicated my entire life to it." These are the words describing the genuine feelings of Rose Bickford, who with her husband Kenneth, have owned and operated the Bickford Convalescent Hospital, Inc. on Main Street for many years.

The "skill-care facility" of Rose and Ken has been a fixture on the main artery of Windsor Locks since 1952.

The original building has historic significance because it was the home of Charles Dexter with a circa 1810 date. The Bickfords remodeled the interior and added buildings with today's accommodations for 59 patients. Their spacious home in the rear of the property was actually at one time, a barn on the Dexter estate, and not part of the sale 28 years ago.

Rose said Dexter Coffin eventually sold the Bickfords the barn, when Ken and a friend converted the inside into a comfortable home, complete with fireplace where the barn doors were located.

The lady, who feels "you must have the heart to be in this business," grew up in Meriden, Connecticut, where she attended local schools. In 1939 Rose was accepted for nursing training at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. After graduation and training she went into practice at St. Francis and the Hartford Hospitals. She met Ken at one of the nurse's prom... they had come with other partners that evening. However, the diminutive nurse left quite an impression on Ken. Soon afterward, he asked for a date.

The nurse and the Hartford boy waltzed down the aisle in September of 1943. It would be nine years before the Bickfords would leave Wethersfield, where they lived after the wedding, to try their hand in Windsor Locks and the convalescent home business.

Ken and Rose have two children, their daughter Linda Lee is married to Albert Lee, a Windsor Locks man. The Lees live in West Suffield. Her brother, Robert Bickford, of Windsor, has been active in the restoration of historical projects in the local area. The Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont, graduate has been involved in keeping the local railroad station on Main Street, the Trolley Museum across the river, and has worked with the Knox Foundation in Hartford. Robert has written a publication on the once active and vital New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

Speaking of involvement, Ken Bickford has been a member at various times with the local Jaycees, Masons and Kiwanis. For the past four years he has served on the Republican Town Committee. When asked who he preferred in the presidential election this fall, he said, without batting an eye "George Bush."

When it comes to the Bickford home on Main Street, located next to the Post Office, Rose has dedicated her nursing skills into a 24 hour, seven day care facility for patients...(with ages from 65 to 103.) The home is regulated by state and federal laws and frequent inspections by officials are routine. When asked her opinion on whether patients

should be at the convalescent home or be at their own home, Rose said, "if proper care can be given, I think at home, however, we have more experience than home care." Both Ken and Rose spoke of the numerous

church services of all denominations help to ease the patient's stay at Bickfords. The visiting hours are 1 to 8 p.m.

As for Ken and Rose, a few personal items...Rose in her spare time can be found

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contributions made by the local Lions, the Women's Club, church groups and the many individuals in providing a little extra to the patients, especially during the holidays. The Christmas parties, with great singing groups, bingo parties, and

sitting in their cozy living room where they may be in the act of crewel working, finishing the "Old Man of the Sea," or admiring her work on the wall of the Windsor Locks Railroad Station.

Ken, resting in his favorite

chair, listens to his Boston Red Sox on the radio or television. Ken was an outstanding baseball pitcher in Hartford during his heyday.

When asked, who they most admired...Ken said, "Sir Winston Churchill...a man who had more guts than anyone of his times, he kept Britain going during the war." Rose, after a short pause, "I guess I would say Clark Gable." As for vacations, their summer home in

Rhode Island..."is our escape."

EPILOG

Ken and Rose Bickford are as much a part of Windsor Locks as their convalescent home on Main Street. They are providing an important service to the community. Dedication and heart...the two words used by Rose in describing their home away from home for so many of the elderly of this area.

Just to add a funny note...and I'm sure the

Bickfords would go along with laughter in any treatment..."When Sarah Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress, had grown old, she lived in an apartment high above the streets of Paris. One evening she was visited by an old admirer, who knocked at her door all out of breath from the long climb. "Madame" he exclaimed, "why is it that you live so high up?" "dear friend," replied the actress, "it is the only way I can still make the hearts of men beat faster."

Traveling With Blueprints Makes Interesting Life

Over the years Lester Vozzolo has packed his clothes, the blueprints and specifications...all for traveling to far-off places such as the Philippines or sunny Italy to set up important projects requiring his expertise in the engineering field. Whenever possible, the traveling included his wife, Bev, and their seven children.

Les, a Hartford native, and Beverly Herrick, of Henniker, N.H., were married in 1950. Their addresses, the past thirty years, consisted of Windsor Locks, Manchester and Warehouse Point, Boston, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Lima, Ohio, Sicily, Milan, Italy, the island of Aruba and a town with the unlikely name of Dollar, Scotland..all because dad was a busy guy on assorted air bases, chemical plants, and restoring one of America's historic landmarks.

In retrospect, both Les and Bev agreed...the traveling and moving was a great education for them and the children.

Let's find out, if we can, what makes two interesting people like Les and Bev lead such a different life style. When Les was a young boy his family left Hartford for Westfield, Mass. where he received his early education and high school diploma in 1946. College and the engin-

earing degree would have to wait two years as Les was traveling for the U.S. Navy. He laughingly said, "I never left Great Lakes training center for the two years." Sailing the ocean blue would not be his navy life but his civilian career.

Actually faith played a role in Les Vozzolo's life. The two years in the service was just enough time for him to attend New England College in Henniker after his discharge and meet Bev who was performing on the high school girl's basketball team. Les and a few of his fellow students decided to take in the local game and all Les saw that evening was Bev Herrick. Now Henniker, N.H. is unique, according to Bev..."it's the only town on earth with the name of Henniker." Now, who could question the opinion of these world travelers?

In 1951, Les received his Bachelor of Science degree in Civil Engineering. The Vozzolos were on their way..with a move to Manchester, Connecticut. Les, eager to get started joined Metcalf and Eddy and soon got his chance. He left his young bride for five months on a project in far-off Greenland at the Thule Air Force Base. Bev returned to Henniker. After their reunion, the first thing they did was to buy a home in Warehouse Point.

For the next few years the Vozzolos did some traveling to Minnesota and Boston on new projects. In August of 1954 New England was hit hard by hurricane Carol..for Les it meant a new company, the F.H. McGraw, engineer-

York state. Carol, 27, and her husband, Michael Cariseo, live in Windsor Locks with the Vozzolo granddaughter, Cherish, five years old. Daniel, 24, is a grad of the Hartford State Tech College and is currently working with

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ing contractors, and a new challenge. The top of the famed Old North Church in Boston was completely destroyed. McGraw was given the assignment and Les was in charge. He considers the restoration of the Old North Church his biggest accomplishment. There was a great deal of notoriety in the project and timber for the steeple came from prized timber grown in Southbury, Connecticut.

Before we list the traveling Vozzolo's port of calls...the children should be given recognition. Michael, at 28 the oldest of the clan, lives in Enfield with his wife Deirdra. Mike graduated from high school in Geneva, Switzerland, (their address at the time) and the Paul Smith College in upper New

his dad at the Catalytic Company in Worcester, Massachusetts. Dan has worked on projects in California (Mohave desert) and at the controversial Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania.

The twins, Dianne and Susan, were next on the scene to travel with their parents. Dianne now lives in Stafford Springs, Susan in Enfield...they are both 22, naturally. Dean, 17, is a senior at the high school and according to his parents, quite an organ player. The last Vozzolo on the scene was Alison, ten, a student at the South Street School, across from the family home. Alison is a lover of small animals.

Now back to their travels.. the family packed their gear for a year at Niagara Falls while dad was working at a

rocket fuel plant in hopes, he said, "to beat the Russians, it was during the Sputnik craze." Les kept busy on his return to Connecticut until he left McGraw in 1962. His next projects were in this area with Roncari Industries, Inc., including jobs in Hartford and Windsor Locks.

One of his most challenging projects was the Knights of Columbus building on Elm Street. By this time the family had lived on Sunset Street and the established home on Miller Terrace, that they live in today. But their traveling really was to begin... with a year's work in Lima, Ohio with the installation of a chemical plant. At this stage of his career Les was associated with the Esso Company. The family's first overseas trip came next...to the island of Sicily. This lasted 13 months with side trips to Venice, Florence and Rome, Italy. In 1973 Les kissed the kids and Bev goodbye...he was off to the Philippines for four months. Upon his return another job, but this time with the family on the beautiful island of Aruba.

A part of traveling is a change of plans...for the Vozzolo family it came right at Bradley Field. All packed and with all the proper shots they were off to Singapore. Les got a call at the airport...trip cancelled...be

ready to leave for Italy within the week. The next six months the children attended the NATO schools and enjoyed sunny Italy. They were to return overseas when Les went to work for the Catalytic company and for the next three years...yes, three years in Dollar, Scotland. The children attended the Dollar Academy, famous for teaching the royalty of Europe. Les and Bev are home from their travels and he just fights the traffic on the Mass. pike for his daily trip to Worcester and a 40 million plant for the Astra Pharmaceutical Company.

EPILOG

Lester and Beverly Vozzolo have always managed to combine work with play for themselves and the children on the many visits in this country and overseas. Bev always enjoyed shopping in London and seeing the latest show at Piccadilly. Les remembers the great stops in Spain, northern Africa and the unforgettable Mediterranean cruise.

The Vozzolos have led a different life style than ordinary folks. Les has always left a little bit of his knowledge in all the projects from the Philippines to sunny Italy. Being a good father..he wanted his wife and children with him, if possible. I think they all enjoyed the ride and the roses along the way.

Guest Review

“Oklahoma” Don’t Miss It

by Jack Redmond

On the evening of March 31, 1943, a cowpuncher named Curly leaped over a fence on a New York stage and began to sing...on the evening of April 12, 1980, the cowpuncher on the Windsor Locks High School stage was Chris Kervick and he too...sang “Oh, what a beautiful morning.”

To the full house, packed to see “Oklahoma” at the high school, it was a beautiful evening of entertainment with the songs of Rodgers and Hammerstein filling the warm auditorium air.

This Friday and Saturday evenings the night will again be filled with music and dance by the seniors of the class of 1980...don’t miss it.

I just had to write a few words on this fine evening...actually my old friend...Rena Urso, who sat in the front row with husband Joe and the Roland Murdocks...wanted to be reminded of the great musical so I just had to add my thoughts for this Thursday’s edition.

Enough of the why...some of the fine performances of Oklahoma by members of this year’s senior class will not be forgotten. Aunt Eller was perfectly portrayed by Leslie Daniel, Miss Daniel was a delight...Charlotte Greenwood, who did the movie role, would probably have said...she found her equal.

Chris Kervick as Curly, had all the mannerisms of a Gordon MacRae and gave the impression he really enjoyed his part. Linda Banning was tall in the part of Laurey and had great feeling as Curley’s girl. Terrence Grogan as Will Parker and Terry Anderson as Ado Annie made for a fine twosome with humor and strength in their roles. I believe the unsung heroes of the evening were Michael Gemme as Ali Hakim and Brian Rague was the villainous Jud Fry. Michael was a real joy to watch with his impressions of a Persian salesman. Brian would have made Rod Steiger look up and listen.

The other parts and the dancing kept the audience awake and quite aware they were being shown a real Broadway play...right here in Windsor Locks.

Certainly the great Hammerstein had just the right words to open the show; in masterful understatement, he also had the right ones to close it...“You’re doing’ fine, Oklahoma! Oklahoma, O.K.!”

And to the class of 1980...you all did O.K. that night. Don’t miss it on Friday or Saturday. Thanks for bringing a real bit of Broadway to all of us.

Ed Katzbeck,

EPILOG

Ed Katzbeck has paid his dues with the years of employment at Colt's. In retirement the fishing and golf takes up most of his leisure time. When asked.. Any suggestions for others who expect to retire soon? His answer, in typical Ed Katzbeck fashion....always good, always honest.. "Sure, tell them to get off their—, and get up and move around." I'm sure he would appreciate the famous quote of the great pitcher, Satchel Paige...who said, "How old would you be if you didn't know how old you were?"

They say good things come in small packages...Ed Katzbeck is a small package of energy, the goodness has graced his life for the nearly 40 years of marriage to his wife Dot, and forty-five years at Colt's of Hartford.

Ed was born in the "Silver City" of Meriden, Connecticut 68 summers ago. His wife Dorothy Moland was a young girl when she left her native Chester, Nova Scotia to work as a nurse's aid for a West Hartford, Connecticut couple.

Lately, Ed's energy has been curtailed due to a leg injury, but he's anxious to resume his golfing activities. He promises to be at his favorite course...Copper Hill in East Granby...also to keep up with his friend Tom Cooney.

Ed's Austria-borned parents moved from Meriden to Hartford when he was a youngster. He attended schools in Hartford and the Morse Business College. During his grammar school days Ed, only twelve at the time, was selected as the bat boy for the then Hartford Senators, a team in the Eastern League.

He said with a great deal of pride, "during the summer months a student from the Columbia University played first base for the Senators. He didn't stay another season...the New York Yankees knew he was to be one of the greatest...Lou Gehrig." Ed also caddied around the Hartford golf courses...golf and baseball would play an important role in his life and become two of his many pastimes.

Working all those years at the same company was certainly a part of Ed's life. He joined Colt's in 1927. Maybe one of the reasons he took the job at Colt's was their fine baseball team. He became a strong cog in their outfield, playing for the gun makers several seasons. Actually, Ed started in the office and after four years there was a lay-off. He did odd jobs until 1934 and was hired back at Colt's for factory work. He was a good and faithful worker for the next forty-one years, retiring as an assistant foreman in 1975. His late father, Frank Katzbeck, deceased brother Carl and brother Joe, were all employed at Colt's. The Katzbeck family service record covers 150 years.

The baseball seasons of 1937-39 were special to Ed Katzbeck. He was their manager in the highly regarded Dusty League of those days. He wasn't always playing ball...many a night he would watch the then Hartford Chiefs, a real power house of a team in the old Eastern League.

Ed could really be called a three-sport athletic...besides the baseball and golf..Ed learned the art of bowling duck pins as a pin-boy in his youth. The skill was put into

land, Oregon...where Debbie practices her nursing profession and Tony is in business. The youngest in the clan is Mary Ellen, who lives in Manchester with her hus-

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action with the Colt's team on many a national tournament.

It seems Ed was all sports but in the late thirties he met Dot at a dance and they were married in 1940. Ed and Dot have three daughters. Their oldest is Donna Lee Werner, married to Mike Werner. They are parents of two daughters...Lynn and Jennifer and the Werners live in Vernon. Next came Debbie, a registered nurse, married to Tony Parsons. Debbie is a graduate of UConn. The Parsons live in far-off Port-

band Chris Real. Mary Ellen graduates this May from the UConn School of Pharmacy. Needless to say...the proud father roots for UConn in all sports.

Dot Katzbeck has made her own worthy contributions to the community and hospital endeavors. For twenty-one years Dot was a nurse's aid at the St. Francis Hospital in Hartford and also active as a member of the Windsor Locks Women's Club.

These days she keeps busy at the Senior Citizen's Club

and never misses the weekly duckpin bowling...just to show that Ed is not the only sportsperson in the family on Walnut Circle. Ed is a member of the Copper Hill Country Club and the Windsor Locks Golf League as their treasurer. Just to complete his sports in retirement...he's a fisherman who has tried the waters of Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Nova Scotia with much success. On the vacation travels Ed and Dot have seen the best of Florida, St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands and numerous trips to Dot's home territory in Canada.

Ed admires two gentlemen Harry Truman and Ted Williams. As he says it,

"Mr. Truman...we should have him now...and for big Ted...there's no one on the baseball scene today like him."

Sports Enthusiast And Family Man

Congratulations Jack

Cabbages And Kings Marks Fifth Year

To paraphrase some lines I recently read...every issue of the Windsor Locks Journal is a celebration...of human beings...but the newspaper this week is a little special. Today marks our fifth birthday of "Cabbages and Kings."

That means (with last week's column) 215 men, women and children...well known and maybe obscure until the readers peeked at their credentials, have passed through these weekly pages. Hopefully their stories entertained, informed, moved, and roused your curiosity.

The columns have told of people from Ann Marie Dube, the little league girl, to the gentleman, Mr. Cy

Flanders...and all ages in between.

The first interviewee was former Fire Chief Bill Reilly. Bill just recently relinquished the reins of the office he ably held for many years to John Colli. Mr. Colli's wife Margaret Linehan Colli was the first "mother for all seasons" in the May 6, 1976 writeup.

Other "Mother's Day" ladies were Eileen Tromley Meehan and Julia Sapp Lescell. Father's Day was never forgotten with James Loughran, Jules Van Schelt, Bruce Holcomb and Bill Stratton telling their "Father Knows Best" routines.

Writing a weekly column can be fun, frustrating and a great way to know your

fellow citizens. To some it may take a lot of nerve to walk up to someone's home and, in the privacy of their living room, ask them personal questions just for a story. But to me...it's a lot more. I believe it is a personal history of the folks who live, work and play in this town of fifteen thousand or so. I'm just an instrument of the historical facts concerning the citizens. If you have read the columns over the years, you'll have to agree...Windsor Locks is loaded with interesting, different people from all walks of life.

A special part of the history of any town is their politics. We are very fortunate with names of the past

like Fitzpatrick and O'Leary to the present time with the Savinos, Williams. Raders, Collis, Prelis and Gragnolatis. And the equally hard working committees with the McCarthys, Blackburns, Weatherbees, Campisis, Alfano, Belangers, Ruggieros, and keeping all the voters straight...Bob Oliva and Sandra Hebert.

We have in Windsor Locks a special group of individuals who work long and hard for the town's good...and I like to write about them. And on the other side of the coin, we have just plain folks who would work just as hard at hobbies and jobs and their stories are newsworthy in any weekly column.

The past five years has

seen the great political victory of our own Governor Ella T. Grasso, the October 3, 1979 tornado in Windsor Locks, Windsor and Suffield which killed three people and cut a mile-wide, three-mile-long swath of destruction that left hundreds injured or homeless and the local victories of First Selection Ed Savino and Con O'Leary becoming a state senator.

The years have given me great satisfaction in meeting, not only the fine people of Windsor Locks, but the celebrities with names like Sammy Davis, Lee Trevino, Joe Garagiola, Fuzzy Zoeller, President Gerry Ford at the Greater Hartford Golf Open. Sorry for the name-dropping but it was best expressed by

a famous movie star in his life story and I will paraphrase accordingly: it makes little sense to write about the doorman at the Winter Garden after meeting Angela Lansbury in her dressing room...like the Redmonds did in 1965.

However, as I look back, at those 5 years with "Cabbages and Kings," we are loaded with celebrities in Windsor Locks right there in the Journal every week.

I usually end my articles with a saying or quote from a famous person and this celebration will be no exception. The likable and personable CBS television star Charles Kuralt once said... "Journalism demands of its

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★ Cabbages

practitioners a professionalism encompassing dedication and drive and, equally important, a constant feeling of compassion...compassion for the news subject involved. We're reporting on real-life people...not cardboard caricatures." And that's what "Cabbages and Kings" is all about...real-life people in Windsor Locks.

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Mario Guido Del Favero, better known to friends as Del, and his wife Irene, of the Lingua family, have made togetherness work...be it teaching careers or their hobby of traveling in retirement.

This very close relationship has resulted in "where's Irene" or "where's Del" whenever life separates them for only a moment. And that's the way they want it...always a team effort in happiness since their wedding day in 1935.

Irene Lingua was born in Newhouse, Utah. Where?, Newhousé, Utah. Del, on the other hand, was born in Garfield, New Jersey. They both agreed...Windsor Locks was the town they wanted to retire to once their teaching days were over. Everything has come up roses for these two nice people. They have two daughters, a son and eight grandchildren to visit from coast to coast.

At this point...a few details on Newhouse, Utah. Irene spent only three months in the copper mine country, where her father was seeking a new life, and probably a big strike, for his young bride and child. Irene's parents...John "Happy" Lingua and Louise Pinchetti, both born in Italy, came to the United States and Windsor Locks when they were young. Her dad heard the cry...go west, young man...but plans were changed when Louise became ill and had to return east with baby Irene.

Irene was told of the adventurous trip west by her parents and the eventual reunion of the family. She spoke of her parent's tenacity during their life, and with a great deal of pride said..."they were the salt of the earth."

Irene's Mr. Nice Guy grew up in Garfield, attending grammar and high school. His teaching degrees were earned at Plattsburgh State Teacher's College in New York State, New York University and graduate work at Rutgers obtaining a master's plus.

It was at NYU where one of Del's classmates was a girl from Connecticut. The biology between Del and Irene did not surface until they were both teaching in the Newark, New Jersey system. Del's first job was at Schroom Lake in New York where he spent three years as teacher, vice-principal and coach of the baseball and basketball teams. His old principal at Garfield High School wrote Del with an offer to teach at his alma mater and he quickly returned to Jersey.

His career at Garfield lasted only a year and then he passed the tough teaching

exam for the Newark Central High School. He got the job and was reunited with the

girl from Connecticut. Del married the girl and stayed 26 years at Central serving as guidance counselor, administrative assistant and principal of the adult night classes. He worked night and day. Irene was also teaching, and having children, for 15 years, resigning after their third child.

As was mentioned...the Del Faveros made up their mind and returned to Windsor Locks, Irene's second home town. Bob Jackson, Superintendent of Schools at the time, offered Del a position and they all came willingly.

Irene and Del have "been blessed with three children and eight delightful grandchildren." The oldest of the Del Faveros is Dr. John E. Del Favero, former C&K interviewee, who lives in Windsor Locks with his wife

Carol and their three children. Dr. Del Favero is in partnership with his uncle,

Dr. Peter Lingua, another C&K subject, at the Springfield Animal Hospital. Louise Del Favero O'Keefe and her husband, Navy Commander, Neil O'Keefe reside in San Diego, California with their children. Neil is a 19-year veteran of the U.S. Navy. The youngest of the family is Irene Del Favero Turek, married to William Turek, of Suffield and they live in Bristol. Irene is an English teacher at Southington High School. William is the guidance counselor at the Wilcox Vocational High School in Meriden.

Now for some additional background concerning Irene and Del...she attended St. Mary's in town, Mt. St. Joseph's Academy and Bay-path College. She recalled not being interested in teaching at that time of her life. However, her father,

who was a great influence on her, and knew the value of education, convinced Irene to

pursue teaching. Advise taken...Irene was off to the big city of New York. She received a degree at New York University, where one of her classmates was Del. It wasn't until their successful exams, for positions in Newark, did their life change to a team effort.

On the family return to Connecticut Irene taught in the local junior high for a year. For the next ten years she was across the river in East Windsor teaching and finding how students have changed over the years.

Del was instrumental in the formation of the Middle School in town as we know it today. Del's highly distinguished career, over forty years, concluded as principal of the Middle School. He started at Schroom Lake as teacher-coach and he saw numerous changes in educa-

tion, students, teachers and administration.

Irene and Del were more

than just teachers...the family, church, traveling, hobbies and civic involvement played an important part in their team effort. Del, a member of the Knights of Columbus, was the first president of the town's Senior Citizen Club and worked with Cy Flanders in forming the club's first constitution. Del served as director and treasurer of the Public Health Nursing Association. Irene is an active member of St. Robert's Church and the Senior Citizen Center. She's currently on the planning committee of CETA, a training and job opportunities program.

As for hobbies...card playing, reading, bowling and a full photography supply to document their travels to Europe (eight times), Hawaii, Florida, Canada and

pictures of their grandchildren in Windsor Locks and San Diego.

As for people they have admired...Del quickly said, "Harry Truman. His famous 'The Buck Stops Here' made him investigate and hopefully make good choices in the role of president." Irene admired two individuals... "Pope John, the XXIII, and Mrs. Pat Nixon, a woman who demonstrated courage during her time, in and out of the White House."

Not to overlook anyone...I asked what they remembered of her brother Pete during his glory days on the gridiron at Holy Cross.

"The both of us never missed a Holy Cross game during his career. Pete was a fantastic player. We'll never forget the Manhattan game in New York City...he was just great."

And Mario Guido Del Favero, with Irene Lingua Del Favero at his side, have been just great in retelling their story of teaching, and a life full of togetherness.

The Del Faveros

Making Togetherness Work

Cabbages And Kings

With Jack Redmond

Thursday, May 1, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Haverhills Well Involved In Local Scene

Gil and Fran Poulin are natives of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Since the year 1951 they have called Windsor Locks their home. Gil had come to Connecticut a few years before to work in the aircraft industry after a four year navy tour of duty in the states.

The way Gil tells it...“I joined the navy to see the world...and ended up serving four years traveling in 46 of the 48 states from San Diego, California to Quonset Point, Rhode Island.”

Gil's employment record, confined to Connecticut, lists Pratt and Whitney, Kaman and Hamilton-Standard sharing his expertise from aviation metalsmith to superintendent duties. Kaman was his longevity mark with several months past twenty-five years.

Between the navy years and labor on the first jet engine at Pratt and Whitney Gil met Fran Farley in their hometown of Haverhill...the “Queen Shoe City of the World.” Fran was a senior in high school when Gil was discharged from the service in 1946. They were introduced by mutual friends at one of the local soda shoppe. It took Gil four years to ask for her hand in marriage...he was still unwinding from the navy. He had found the right girl, but needed a steady job, which would be his way of life the next thirty years.

After high school Gil attended trade school where he was taught the fine art of sheet metal workability. For a year or so he used this

trade until Uncle Sam called him in November of 1942. He figured to be stationed at nearby Newport, Rhode Island...but he found the service to be slightly different. He was shipped to faraway San Diego. For four months the new boot found the weather warm, the ocean blue where he thought he'd be sailing over. It wasn't to be. Gil was shipped east to Norman, Oklahoma and a service school where he used his trade school training to learn another fine art...aviation metalsmith. After Oklahoma Gil was off to service the ships of the navy in Florida, Washington, D.C., Maryland, Rhode Island and back to California. He recalls...being issued shipping orders on three occasions for assignment to carriers...but in each case the orders were cancelled. Gil was destined to be a land sailor for the duration.

In March, 1946, discharge in hand, four years experience in metal wizardry, Gilbert Victor Poulin could now find what civilian life held in store for him. His first job was with the Western Electric Company...however, he heard of Pratt and Whitney in East Hartford, Connecticut was in need of his type of ability. The aviation metal work learned in the navy came in handy working on the P&W first jet engine.

With steady work now available Gil returned to Haverhill and married his Fran. The young couple lived in East Hartford, a short

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time, until Gil received a better offer from the Kaman Aircraft. The Poulins moved to Windsor Locks in 1951 where they became a part of the community and fixtures in church and fraternal affairs.

Gil's role at Kaman covered purchasing, cost estimate, mechanics, foreman duties, assistant superintendent in line operations, manufacturing engineering and full superintendent activities.

October, 1976, after twenty-five years plus, Gil left Kaman to find what made Sepco in Bloomfield tick, as their plant manager. He returned to Kaman for a special project. A few months traveling to Wallingford, at Quantum, convinced him and Fran, to locate in Windsor Locks. In July, 1978, he joined Hamilton-Standard as a senior manufacturing engineer.

The busy executive and his equally active wife have two children...Gilbert, Jr., 19, and Jeanne, 17. Young Gil graduated from the local high school in 1978. He is

now in his sophomore year at the University of Rhode Island studying journalism. Locally he played basketball at St. Mary's, little league baseball and midget football. According to his parents, Gil, Jr. has been interested in the persuade of the written word...working on the high school paper, the sports beat for the Windsor Locks Journal, and is now currently the News Editor for the college paper.

Jeanne, a junior at the high school, is employed at the school store, is active in softball and is studying Distributive Education. (a course teaching the method of dealing with consumers.)

Gil and Fran have involved themselves in many activities of St. Mary's Church. Fran is a member of the Altar Guild and as a teacher of CCD classes for the past eight years. The annual church picnic will be in June of this year. The Poulins have served on the committee the past two years...this year's event will be chaired by the Poulins along with Alice and Bob Oliva.

As to the changes in the Catholic Church the past few years...Fran said, “I've been able to adapt with the changes, actually I enjoy them all.” Gil, on the other hand, mentioned, “I still believe in the Latin mass.”

Not to give the impression that Gil and Fran are all work and no play...he said, “I played all the sports on the sandlots of Haverhill...never was good enough to compete, was never a star, but played for the fun of it.” Today his main sport activity is watching the Boston Red Sox. At their home on North Street, Gil has a woodworking shop to putter around in...probably a good way to get away from all the daily metals he works with. Fraternally, Gil is a charter member of the Fourth Degree of the Knights of

Columbus...joining the Knights in 1953. At his different positions in industry management clubs have used his expertise in their good works. He was instrumental in starting the credit union at Kaman. Fran's hobbies cover sewing and knitting rugs for their home. When the kids were younger, the family vacations were spent camping up north.

When asked...who he most admired...Gil spoke of a past co-worker by the name of Bill Glenney. “He was the greatest...a gem of a guy.” To end the story of Gil and Fran Poulin...in talking to Gil...a gem of a woman has been his Fran.

So to Fran Poulin and all the mothers in Windsor Locks...a happy Mother's Day this Sunday...the real gems of our lives.

Windsor Locks Welcomes Visiting German Students

Windsor Locks opened their hearts and homes to visiting German students in March and April. The 25 students were a part of a foreign exchange program sponsored by the German American Cultural Exchange for a three week stay with local families.

Sonja Fallasch and Karl Pesch were two students interviewed, at our home, a few days before their return to Germany and they appeared as "American" in language, dress and all-around good nature as their surrogate mothers, sister and Windsor Locks High School senior, host Keith Griffin, all in attendance during the session.

Wandleben, a German teacher, left the city of Cologne by jet for Kennedy International Airport in New York City with the final leg to Windsor Locks by bus.

Their travel itinerary in the states included trips to New York City, Boston, Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, Hartford and the local industries of Hamilton-Standard, Dexter and Combustion Engineering, Inc. In Hartford they had a chance to see the state capital in action, the state library in slower action and the Hartford Courant in newspaper action.

In comments on their trips...Karl said he was impressed with the World

Sonja, both 15, shared their school days, while in town, in the junior classes during their stay. At home, for them the equivalent would be the freshman year. Both students felt the changing of classes at the high school was not as beneficial as in their system...the teachers change rooms, the students stay put. Karl in further discussion on this attendance at the high school was a "sit and listen" method which he didn't think was best for the students. He added, "at home we work more with the teachers...not the sit and listen method."

Probably to students of

★ Locks Welcomes

this age...the questions asked may have seemed rather simple...but it was just a way of conversation and gathering information for a "good" interview. As for the weather in their part of Germany...they have the four seasons, but not the "rapid change" we can experience in Connecticut.

When it comes to sports...the visitors were active in the following...Karl plays soccer, tennis and basketball. Sonja is involved in volleyball and as a hobby loves horseback riding. How about golf? Their reply..."only the rich and old people play golf." (some of us fall into one of those categories.)

As for politics..."Kennedy and President Carter, we know. Yes, we also realize Governor Ella Grasso lives in Windsor Locks." As for television...Sonja enjoys reruns of "The Streets of San Francisco" and the cartoons. Karl was a fan of "Charlie's Angels." They both said American television had too many commercials.

In the "Barbara Walters and Mike Wallace" mode of interviewing...I asked the two students...had their German history lessons covered the life and times of Adolph Hitler? I never received a valid answer to the question-yes, history was certainly taught in their schools, but...Hitler, they would probably rather talk of jeans, McDonalds and the latest hit record of "Pink Floyd." Maybe we came out even...I never heard of "Pink Floyd" and they just didn't want to talk of...what's his name? The past is the past...and not worth repeating in some cases.

Did they have to write a report on the trip? Both Karl and Sonja kept diaries of their daily activities, in English. Had they traveled outside of their home country? Karl saw the beauty of Belgium and Holland. Sonja had visited the countries of Spain and France.

The interview was made only a few days before their return to Germany...the last days in Windsor Locks were filled with a going-away party, a dress rehearsal of the senior class play "Oklahoma," (another great night in the theater of Windsor Locks...we saw it on the first Saturday) and the final goodbyes. The day after the students had departed for home, we met Elaine MacDougald downtown and she said, "yes, there were tears on both sides and the students didn't want to leave." It was the best way for them to say they loved being here. The feelings were the same for the MacDougalds, Cordilikos and the families who were just doing their part helping international relations.

In August a group of Windsor Locks students plan to spend three weeks in Germany...they may come back with the same stories, memories and the feelings of their German counterparts.

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Sonja, a quiet and pretty German fraulein, 15 years old, is a native of Moers, Germany and now living in Brauweiler.

Karl, a self-assured youth of 15, has adapted to the American way in a confident manner, was born in Nette-sehiem, and now resides in Manstedten, Germany. Karl's brother had traveled to the United States on two occasions to help smooth the way for Karl's knowledge of the states.

Both students had a command of the English language. Sonja had been taught in school...but said, she found it difficult at home because her parents only spoke German. Karl, on the other hand, had the school and brother to assist him in the use of English. Sonja and Karl agreed...we do not speak the so-called "British English." When we say holiday...we mean Easter or Christmas, holiday to them...is a vacation.

On March 17 the students, with Terry Maloney, of England, who teaches in Germany, and Elisabeth

Trade Center in New York City, while Sonja was just impressed with all of New York City. On the tour of Boston...the most outstanding feature was the famous Quincy Market.

An important ingredient in their stays were the families who put themselves out for the students and made them feel like one of the family. As for Karl he was the guest of Richard and Bonnie Cordiliko of Montemerlo Avenue. The Cordiliko's have two daughters...Ann 15, and Carol 12. Sonja stayed the three weeks with Ed and Elaine MacDougald of South Center Street. In addition to Sonja, the MacDougalds provided a home away from home for another German student...Dietmar Katz, 15. Dietmar had it rough...surrounded by the four MacDougald sisters Lisa 16, Candie 15, Gail 12 and Karen 9.

The interview with Sonja and Karl was a pleasureable mixture of fact-finding, good humor and learning that kids are the same in Windsor Locks, U.S.A., or towns near Cologne, Germany. Karl and

"I just met a girl named Maria..."

The lyrics from the hit song in "West Side Story," the true-life scenario, in the early fifties, were the sentiments of Dante Corallo when he was first introduced by a friend, to lovely Maria Pucci. It was love at first sight.

Dante was born in Tortona, Italy, a town south of

until it was time to leave in 1948 for the United States, with her sisters Lena and Duylia (both live in the area) joining their father and brothers. (Hugo Pucci lives in California...Jerry resides in Florida.

Their new home would be in Windsor Locks. She and her sisters were on board ship 15 days, arriving on a cold January day after a rough trip. To Maria New

age to pass away the time. It paid off in later years.

The war ended for Dante in 1945. However, he waited five years to put into practice his English and the boat ride to the states. The ten day trip was worth the sights of New York, and he too, "saw a different world, everything was so big." He was accompanied by his parents and brother Paul. (In January, Paul and his wife Ingrid were subjects of another C&K article) Dante's father had returned to Italy, so that he could bring his wife and sons to the states.

Dante's first impressions of Windsor Locks were in the form of a question..."Where is everyone?" In his native Italy people would always be walking about...Dante later found the answer...everyone stays close to home, or in their house. Today he still can't quite understand the lack of movement. (We all drive a car, and very few walk.)

The new boys from Italy studied English at one of the Hartford High Schools at night. Dante admitted the days as a POW and his little pocket dictionary helped him tremendously in solving the language barrier. As for his working career, his first job was with LaPointe Company working two years as a mechanic. He then joined the Dexter Company. For 23 years he specialized in tool and die making. Two years ago he retired from Dexter and considers himself only semi-retired with daily duties at the restaurant.

Maria and Dante have two children...Rita and Victor. Rita is a graduate of Central Connecticut College with a degree in elementary teaching and is also attending Bridgeport University and Merrimack College in North Andover, Mass. She is married to Perry Orgera. The Orgeras live in Windsor Locks and have a two and one half year old daughter..Eliza. Victor attended the Morse Business School and resides in Broad Brook with his wife, the former Jane Bowman. The Corallo children both help their parents in making the restaurant a success.

Maria, a bundle of energy, recalled her family background in the restaurant business. Today, in Italy, she still has at least five aunts who probably serve the best pasta in all of Europe. Maria, during the sixteen years in

the hairdressing business, located in her home, was always cooking the supper meal or some special dish, and her clientele, smelling the savory aroma, would often say..."Maria, you ought to be in the restaurant business." She finally took the advise...and today the family eatery contains that fine cooking Maria learned to prepare in her native Abruzzi. (from an old family recipe.)

The Corallo home on Columbo Terrace was built with loving care by the brothers Dante and Paul, with land provided by their equally hard working father.

When you talk vacations..., Dante and Maria have returned to Italy many times, felt the sun of California, Florida and Nassau. After one of their trips...the return to Columbo Terrace found a brand new tennis court... thanks to Rita and Victor.

Maria, in addition to tennis, loves to garden, goes to the opera, sings at St. Mary's Church and around the house. Her best handy man is none other than Dante.

EPILOG

Dante and Marie Pucci Corallo can be best summed up by these words...they love the outdoors, love this town and just plain love life. In describing admiration for her

friend, Governor Ella Grasso, Maria said, "she is a beautiful person, that's from my heart." It all fits...Dante and Maria speak from the heart.

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Milan. Maria is a native of Abruzzi, Italy, a town near Rome.

Their lives in the European country and the United States were rough some times, spirited all the time and always lived to the fullest for the past thirty years in the "land of opportunity."

Dante and Maria have both made the best of their opportunities with employment at Dexter, the art of coiffure and today, a family-run restaurant across the river called "Bridges."

Maria Pucci spent her teenage years during World War Two in battle-torn Italy...while Dante, as an Italian soldier, endured five years in the service, three as a British prisoner of war in the desert sands of Africa.

Capsuling the years, Dante summed it all up by saying..."Maria and I were separated from our families by necessity and war," but the ensuing years made up for all the discomfort by family ties, a beautiful home, a family and contentment in Windsor Locks.

Maria remembers the bombs falling and how frightened her sisters and she were. When the war ended Maria entered college,

York City "was very beautiful...it was all a different world." Two months later her mother completed the family circle on North Street for a festive reunion.

Maria's father was a master in plastering and contracting. One employment was a New York City assignment, the Empire State Building. When work was accomplished, he returned to Windsor Locks to be with his children and wife.

In Italy, Dante lived many miles from Maria, finished high school in time for service in the army and World War Two. As a member of the Italian Tank Corps stationed in Africa and after a hard battle he was captured by the British, under General Montgomery of Alamein fame. His English captors were "very humanitarian in the treatment of prisoners...I can only say good things about them, in fact, I really didn't feel them my enemy."

During the POW years Dante recalled "wanting to learn English." His father was in the states at the time and he felt after the war he could join his father in America. He found an English pocket dictionary and studied the new language

Thursday, May 22, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

Corallos
Just Plain
Love Life

Dominick Frank,

Thursday, May 29, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

In Action With Lions Club

Dominick Michael Frank, the man with the three first names, is this year's friendly Lions Club President.

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As uncomplicated as his names, Dominick is a navy veteran, genuine booster for the Lions, sales representative for a large publishing company, father of four, woodworking hobbyist and husband of Greta Lynch for thirty-one years.

Dominick and Greta, both natives of Springfield, Massachusetts, have lived in Windsor Locks since 1958 and both admit, it has always been “a love affair” with the town and its people.

The mild-mannered gent was very cooperative in retelling his life story from Springfield to the Pacific, during World War Two, back to civilian life and what followed, however, he wanted the Lions to have the share, or better said, the “Lions Share” of this article. Assured we would tell the readers of the Lions humanitarian services...he drifted in the “Frank” story.

In Springfield, back in the middle and late forties, you either attended Cathedral or Technical High School. The rivalry was fierce. Greta cheered for Cathedral, class of 1948...her husband to be, was on Tech's side, class of 1944. The summer of '44 found young Frank doing his boot camp training at Sampson, New York. After a short time at Newport, Rhode Island, he was off for a war's tour of the Pacific Ocean area...Hawaii, the Marianas and Marshall Islands, Japan on V-J Day and three months patrolling the China coast with a home port of Shanghai. (before the Communist take over.)

This international city, as he described it, “had horrible living conditions and you made sure to travel in a group.” Once the war was over, Dominick returned to the states and a discharge in June of 1946.

His first employment, after leaving the navy, was with the American News Company. Instead of directing a ship he was now driving a truck. Dominick stayed with the news folks for 12 years leaving the truck for a manager's role at the end of his tenure. Still in the books and magazine business, he entered the world of publication with the Dell Publishing Company. The past 23 years as a sales representative, he has covered the state of Connecticut and western Massachusetts on his daily rounds keeping the public well-informed.

Dominick and Greta met at a YMCA dance in Springfield. In February of 1949

they danced at their wedding. The young couple lived in their hometown for a period of nine years before

moving south to Windsor Locks. There has been four little Franks added, starting with Dominick the third. He lives in sunny Houston, Texas with his wife Maureen and their daughter Amanda, two and one-half years old. The younger Dominick attended the Culinary Institute at Yale in New Haven for two years learning the art of the kitchen and the food business. He received his business management training at the University of Massachusetts, applying the kitchen and management skill as a chef in one of the large hotels in Houston.

Leonard Frank lives in Agawam with his wife, the former Chiere Gilbert of Windsor Locks, with their son Matthew. Patricia, the daughter in the Frank family, lives in Windsor Locks, with her husband Kent Munzer. According to her parents, Pat is the “real sport” in the family with high school involvement in basketball, baseball and field hockey. When the Lions Club decided to name their first female athletic award, Pat was the co-winner along with Diane Marshall. The youngest member of the family is James, a senior at the high school. Jim is very “active in the town's fire department.”

Dominick, president of the Lions Club for a one year term, emphasised the many “functions the Lions under-

take during any year, with all the revenue given back to the town by helping the needy, in the granting of scholarships, maintaining the services of their ambulance and many more activities.” From the information provided... the Lions Club... “is a group of community-minded men who pool their talents in behalf of local needs. They attend meetings, determine how they may best aid their communities, and implement a variety of service programs...Lions are active in a

broad scope of humanitarian services.”

Dominick Frank has been a part of these services for the past 11 years in many capacities. In addition to the Lions, Dominick is a member of the American Legion and the V.F.W.

Greta Frank has worked at the Southwest School the past three years as a cook-manager. Her hobbies consist of sewing, knitting and all sorts of needlepoint. On the other hand Dominick works with wood. He loves to

create furnishings for the home with wood. Their living room on Sutton Drive shows off his handy-work with a large hutch and another one in the planning stages. At their home he has taken down a wall...so Greta has to check the house whenever Dominick has his tools eager to start a new project. Even with his daily driving to all parts of the state, he and Greta get into the family car and think nothing of driving to Washington, D.C. or parts of Canada. The recent Lions

convention at the Concord, in New York State, was not only a success, but to them a short drive.

The story of Dominick Michael Frank can only end with the Lions Club motto... “We serve.” In Dom's case...he has served his nation, family, his adopted town and has taken the Lion's theme for the international organization... “Love, Compassion, Spirit, In Action.” He has been all that for the past 11 years with the Lions.

Frank Africano, A Happy Native At 85

Frank Africano enjoyed being nostalgic, talking about his youth in Windsor Locks, as a doughboy in World War One, his love for Maria the past sixty years, the good and bad times and at 85 "couldn't be happier."

As he said so eloquently, "so long as we are all together, I'm happy," pointing to his wife Maria and son Arthur.

During the walk down memory lane, one of his five grandchildren, Rick Africano, joined in on the story of his grandfather, which proved delightful and very illuminating to all of us.

Born on Center Street, near Whiton Street, on February 21, 1895 and one of nine children, Frank attended St. Mary's and Union Schools. His father Angelo, who passed away in 1952, owned farm land on Spring Street when Frank was only a lad. The parcel of property was located between the present Logan Brothers and the Villa Rose Restaurant.

Young Frank recalled clearing out many stumps, with his father and with the aid of the family horse, from the land to make ready for farming. The main yield were vegetables, however, one year they had a crop of tobacco. Frank, only about twelve years old, would jump into the horse and wagon with one of his sisters, and drive all the way to Hartford to sell the family produce and pick up fruits and other vegetables, then return to Windsor Locks and sell them around town.

Frank's first employment, outside the family work, was at the cotton mill run by Montgomery on Main Street for \$4.50 a week, yet 14, but for a year secured a

showing he was 14, from one town official, in order to work. After a short time he changed to the Dexter Company...working from six p.m. to seven a.m. for \$6 a week. Each week he would alternate working days and nights, the six dollars was for six days a week. Frank

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figured he had enough of factory work so he went north to work at a Maine beach resort.

In 1917 the United States was at war...Frank gave up the beach work for the uniform of the famous "Army Doughboys," for the "war to end wars." He had received his "greetings" from his Connecticut home. Fort Devens, Massachusetts was his first stop with orders to go by train to Camp Gordon, Georgia for basic training.

Frank, then a member of the 82nd Division, was shipped to Camp Upson, New York to await embarkation. The 21 day trip to Europe was made on the well-known ship "Carpathia." This was the ship that played such an important role in the rescue of the passengers from the liner "Titanic."

Frank's first port was Liverpool, England. After a few months his outfit left from Southampton...a short trip across the channel and arrival at Le Havre, France. Am...dough- us Sgt. deeds

.Our boy from Windsor Locks admitted, "I saw my share of action, being wounded and gassed" during the eighteen months in France. In April of 1919 Frank returned home, a veteran of the first world war, sadly with more to come.

The story of Frank Afri-

work and the army behind him, opened up a restaurant after his discharge. It was called "The Bridge Restaurant", probably because it was just opposite the bridge to Warehouse Point. He tried his hand at food and pool for a year...and left it to truck horses (pacers and trotters) to fairs and race tracks from Worcester, Mass. to Stamford, Conn.

However, in 1925, Frank and Maria moved to Yonkers, New York and remembering the old days, on the farm, opened a fruit business. The Africanos lived in Yonkers until the late thirties when another war was in the news. It was decided to move back to Connecticut so Frank could go into defense work. The next twenty years Frank was employed by the Chandler-Evans Company of West Hartford until his retirement in 1960.

When Frank recalls the "old days," of Windsor Locks...it starts off with the happy times walking or riding the family horse to far towns like East Granby and Poquonock just to attend the dance of the week for the younger people.

And the watching of the great baseball teams like the Yankees (Babe Ruth) and the Red Sox playing at a park on Sundays, just off where Route 91 and 159 now meet.

Admiring Pat O'Connor, who lived near Frank, a local boy playing with Honus Wagner and the Pittsburgh Pirates, joining the American Legion, V.F.W. and the Disabled American Vets in Hartford was part of his service for his country and hometown.

He said, "Windsor Locks doesn't look like the town I knew as a boy," but is now happy being together with my family after 85 years of good and bad times...with many fond memories. Maria Africano said it all..."We had our rough times, but as the old saying goes...LOVE conquers all."

Maria and Frank have one son Arthur and five grandchildren...Kenneth, Mark, Bob, Elaine and Ricky. Arthur, a subject of a C&K column (September, 1976) was born in Yonkers, New York, when his folks lived there for a number of years. Art now lives in Windsor Locks with his wife Dorothy Alekson, a Hartford native. Art was a former high school baseball and basketball star at the Raider school.

Frank, with factory, beach



Thomas Hussey has led two different lives.

One life, for the past twenty years, has been spent as a dedicated teacher in the Windsor Locks school system. The friendly and energetic schoolmaster who as a young man just out of college, joined the navy flight program to learn where Guam, Okinawa, Iwo Jima, Luzon, Japan, Indochina (Vietnam) were on the map and when to fear the "Kamikaze missions." But Tom, known to many friends as "Huz," said he had no fear taking off from the Carrier Wasp to do battle over many of the famous Pacific islands and countries. Yes, its Mr. Hussey of Southwest School.

The teacher talks enthusiastically of his war days and equally so of the happy days teaching and coming into contact with the parents, students and the "great community spirit" of his adopted town.

Tom was born in nearby Westfield, Massachusetts.

His wife Alice Dillon Hussey, of the well-known Dillons of Holyoke, met her husband of 32 years through mutual friends, but not until after his discharge from the service. Tom's parents came from County Kerry, Ireland to the states in the early part of the century settling in Westfield.

Tom attended St. Mary's grammar and high schools, graduating in 1938. He

stayed in his home area receiving a degree in education from Westfield State College, class of 1942. He signed up with the Navy that fall and was off to Pensacola, Florida for flight training.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Ensign Hussey was now ready for combat training at Long Beach, California in the seats of F 4 U (corsairs) and the famous Grumman "Hellcats," for a year before the actual call to combat in the Pacific theatre of operations.

The eager and willing ensign arrived by air on the island of Guam. It wasn't long before Tom's first assignment was on the bulletin board. After a major sea battle, where the navy suffered many casualties, Tom was assigned to the Carrier Wasp as a replacement. Among the ship's officers was the son of then President Roosevelt, John. His association with the Carrier Wasp during the year of 1945 stepped off many action battles over Luzon in the Philippines, Indochina, Okinawa and Japan. Tom's group made the first naval carrier raid over Japan.

Included in Tom's Pacific duty were raids before the invasion of Iwo Jima and the

support of General Mac Arthur's triumphant return to the Philippines. The only time Tom feared the Japs he said, was when they became desparate near the close of the war, and there were

suicidal missions crashing their aircraft into the enemy target...the Kamikaze missions. Tom was discharged as a Lt. (JG) on November 11, 1945 with many battles under his belt, and he was ready to go home and start something new.

Tom wasn't sure what his second life would be on his return to Westfield. He admitted frankly..."at that time I didn't want to become a teacher."

He quickly returned to the mainstream of life working with a trailer company. It proved to be worthwhile for a five year period. Tom may have been perplexed as to what his life work should be, but he was sure when he married Alice in 1948. The Husseys, who have lived in Windsor Locks for the past 15 years, have three children.

Their oldest son Thomas lives in Lowell, Oregon. He's a grad of the University of Maine and the Yale Graduate's School. His wife, Martha Dean, of New Jersey, was one of Tom's classmates at the Maine university. He is in the U.S. Forest Service at the Willamette area of Oregon. His sister Betsy is an Administrative Assistant at the Connecticut Bank and Trust. James, the youngest in the family, as his brother and sister before him, graduated from the local high school. Jimmy is employed by the Hamilton-Standard Division in town. He is attending the University of Hartford at night. On his off nights, Jimmy is an avid softball player and golfer.

The mother of the clan... Alice Dillon Hussey, the Holyoke girl, comes from well-known stock...father, Tom Dillon, was a dental surgeon, formerly in the newspaper business with his brother Jack. According to Alice..."Dad loved to write editorials." Uncle William Dillon was the former mayor of the Massachusetts town.

Alice's husband was of different stock. Especially, not trailer stock...entering into his chosen profession, teaching the sixth grade for a two year period in Hampton, Massachusetts. In 1960, Windsor Locks own Bob Jackson wrote Tom asking him to join the teaching ranks of this town. The result has been one of friendship, learning with students, parents and the town for Tom Hussey.

Commenting on Windsor Locks schools..."the parents are still interested in education. Kids are the same...society changes...there are a lot of problems. We teachers, in the lower grades, (Tom teaches the sixth grade at Southwest) do not see the finished product, in other words, how the students turn out. We are very much interested and hope we have contributed to the finished and polished individual."

So there you are...the dedicated teacher, dedicated young flyer in World War Two, dedicated family man who is "very pleased with my children, Alice and I count our blessings." There are other sides to Tom Hussey...bike riding to the school on Southwest Avenue from his home on Circle Drive. A 50 to 60 mile bike ride on a weekend is not unusual. Alice and Tom

recently drove to Williamsburg, Virginia and the nation's capital for a well earned vacation. At home the Hussey's cheer for the Red Sox, and speaking of admiration, Tom has always admired the great English wartime leader Winston Churchill. When Alice was asked, she proudly said, "my parents."

On this Thursday before

Father's Day, Tom Hussey gave some advice to all of us and especially fathers..."cultivate friendships...keep in touch, be available, be it your children, family or friends." And meeting Tom Hussey...I'm sure his students at Southwest would agree...Mr. Thomas Hussey has cultivated their friendship and he is a big part of the finished product.

Tom Hussey, Dedicated Teacher And Former Flyer

Thursday, June 12, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

A View Of The Tall Ships

by
Nancy Redmond Deschaines

Although one million people had come to see the Tall Ships since Friday, we set out, hopeful that on a Monday more people would be at work and in school. And there were fewer--only 400,000 due to an overcast day. To save money and aggravation, we parked close to home and took the "T" into town, then a bus, which dropped us off right in the middle of the activity. Street vendors were everywhere--everything from Tall Ship posters and spoons to OP Sail T-shirts and tote bags.

To see the aircraft carrier "John F. Kennedy" was our first decision and we joined a line of thousands for the privilege. With four acres of space on the top deck, a crew of 4,500 to 5,000, and a flight deck covered with jets, this is a most awesome sight. After a 45-minute wait, we finally got on board and were able to see the inside which resembled a vast auditorium, with even more jets inside! Though home port for the "John F. Kennedy" is Norfolk, Virginia, most of her time is spent in the Mediterranean, and yet her presence in Boston is most appropriate. The contraposition of this nuclear-powered vessel against the Tall Ships brought to mind the heritage of the sea, of Boston, of an incredible progression of man's command of nautical ability.

Although the Tall Ships could be seen from the street, we wanted to get an even closer look. Hundreds

of people stood waiting to get aboard the "Eagle," our own Coast Guard training ship; the "Christian Radich," of Oslo, Norway; the "Gorch Fock" of Germany. So many people waiting! But further down the pier was a smaller line for the "Guayas" of Ecuador and we went aboard. In fact, legally, we stepped onto Ecuador property which is the same as being in that country--a law of the sea which impressed

our children.

Our visit was now complete--we felt as though we were part of the city's celebration. We're not from Boston, we even live 30 miles away; but it is wonderful to share in the viewing of the Tall Ships and to realize the splendor of these beautiful boats, to consider both the continuity of the old ways and the power of the new.

Paul Miller
Is A Man For
All Seasons

Paul Leonard Miller is certainly a "man for all seasons."

To meet him is to know him. You soon discover his life has been filled with hard work as a principal and teacher. There has been plenty of humor, pride and athletic ability. The love for his wife Jackie and the many friends and former students whose lives he has touched over the past 70 years is evident.

The happy years of retirement all stopped in March 1979 when Paul was stricken with "Gillian Barre Syndrome."

After months of hospitals and a slow recovery with tender, loving care from Jackie, Paul was all conversation when we met at their home on Elm Street last month.

Paul, who calls himself a "swamp Yankee," was born in Rangeley, Maine on Sept. 10, 1905. He kiddingly said, "if my mother was a good runner...I'd probably be a Canadian." Rangeley, located in the northwest corner of Maine, is where the timber is as great for business as the sport fishing lakes in that vicinity.

The life of Paul Miller has been happy and eventful, probably forced by a burning desire on his part to live it to the fullest.

The following will prove he did just that. Paul and his parents moved to Lewiston, Maine, on the Androscoggin River, in 1907. His father was an "old" railroad man, but due to circumstances, had to give it up to work in a factory. This didn't last too long...Mr. Miller ventured into the trucking business.

Young Paul, while growing up, attended the Wallace Grammar School, Frye Junior High and the Jordon High School (600 students) where he excelled in baseball, football, hockey and captained the basketball team. Summer months found Paul driving a truck for his dad to Berlin, New Hampshire, for the money needed to attend college.

When it was time to pick out a college, Paul chose the Farmington Teachers school. The irony to the story was that Farmington had 450 girls and only 35 boys on the rolls. Paul admitted he picked Farmington for the chance to play sports. And sports he played...with every man on the starting five a

captain of his own high school. (You see Paul wasn't the only one who knew a good deal.)

The boys were proven right; their record during his senior year was 27-3. By the

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

way Paul was 6 foot 4 inches and in those days that was tall.

They won the New England Championship beating Bridgewater, Mass. Basketball scores were low by today's standards...sometimes a 15-14 game was a lot of scoring. But Paul recalled when the opposite was true when they entertained his old Rangeley High School. The final point total was a lopsided 125-15. Paul was high man with 49 points.

Class will always tell...the four-letter athlete was seen by a scout from Boston University. In the fall of 1929, Paul left the wilds of Maine for Boston, not long after being named the "best center in the State of Maine."

At Boston University, Paul continued his sporting prowess with three letters earned in football, basketball and lacrosse. In 1931 he was ready to tackle the world with his Bachelor of Science degree in education.

Paul never intended making teaching his career. However, at Farmington a part of the schooling was to train, as an instructor, in one of the local schools. He did so well...and with added encouragement from one of the school officials, Paul went on to Boston University for his degree.

In Boston, he met Jackie MacEwen at a church social. Jackie, a native of Prince Edward Island in Canada, was in training as a nurse at the Lawrence Memorial in Medford. They were married in 1930 and lived in an apartment located near the Red Sox Fenway Park.

Paul and Jackie married 50 years last month, have two daughters, Pauline and Anita. Pauline Leet is a professor at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa. Pauline is the mother of two sons and a grad of Boston University and ad-

vanced studies at Harvard.

Anita Putnam and her husband, Perley, live in Avon. She attended Boston University and UConn and is currently the director of training at the Phoenix In-

surance in Hartford. Perley and Anita have six children and four grandchildren, making Jackie and Paul grand and great-grandparents.

Paul's first teaching job was in Granby at the North School. Just for the record... he taught the 5-6-7 and eight grades, all in one room, with 47 children...for the sum of \$1,200 in 1931.

He stayed three years at Granby and then moved to Rocky Hill another three years as a teaching principal at the West Rocky Hill School. In September 1937 he turned from teaching to be the director of personnel at the Hartford Rayon Company. For 12 years, Paul was employed in the industrial sector, but teaching was in his bones, so to speak. In 1949 he was back teaching at the Hadden Elementary School in the role of teacher-principal.

Paul, always with an eye on his personal growth and rapid development of certain areas, heard of Hamilton Propeller moving to Windsor Locks. The town, over the years, not only gained a successful industry but the teaching skills and keen knowledge of our own Paul Miller.

He came here to teach in 1952 and for 15 years Paul witnessed the growth of Windsor Locks, not only in population and more industry, but as he says it... "with Bob Jackson, the Board of Education, we built three elementary schools, a junior high and the high school."

Retirement was the next item on his personal agenda but was it? For the next six years he organized the transportation of "exceptional children" to various schools in northern Connecticut. After "talking it over with Jackie" Paul decided, it's time to retire and "has never regretted it."

There is more to the story. (During World War Two Paul

served as a captain in the State Guard, taught "90 day wonders," (term used with the training of 2nd Lts.) at the Cheshire Academy, Fort Devens and at Sturbridge as a genuine part of the war effort.

When he found the time he was the town judge of Cromwell, chairman of the Board of Education and the Rationing Board and on Sundays, a deacon in the church. In his adopted town, (they have lived in Windsor Locks since 1957,) Paul has served as the president of the Library Board, member of the Republican Town Committee, the Lions and as head deacon at the local Congregational Church.

When asked who he most admired, names like Ted

Williams, Bob Jackson, William Flaherty (educator), Cy Flanders came to his alert mind due to their friendships and contributions to his own life. During his illness at St. Francis Hospital, Gaylord in Wallingford and Kimberly Hall, he was thankful for the many visits, cards and prayers of his friends and students. He showed the greatest recovery while at Kimberly Hall. Today Jackie and the Visiting Nurse Association are helping him to regain his strength.

Looking back over the years as a teacher, principal and administrator, he was a strict disciplinarian with "the punishment should fill the crime," always for the good of the students. Paul

Miller was just as tough on himself, always working always striving for the best. His personal endurance showed up on the courts of Connecticut. He played competitive basketball until he was 55 years old.

Yes, Paul Leonard Miller is truly a "man for all seasons." The following quote by Sydney J. Harris is, in my opinion, Paul Miller's philosophy: "Most people are mirrors, reflecting the moods and emotions of the times; few are windows, bringing light to bear on the dark corners where troubles fester. The whole purpose of education is to turn mirrors into windows."

You can't miss the West Street home of Al and Lorraine Pearce...two white wagon wheels patrol the entrance to the back yard. Beyond that...a visitor finds only friendly and industrious folks who enjoy their life in Windsor Locks.

You find Albert Edward Pearce and Lorraine Ginocchio, married in 1952, who have three children that emulate their parents in down-to-earth life styles. Lorraine set the tone of the visit by saying..."we always told the kids...first we'll all work and then, after that, we can all play."

Al is a native of nearby Manchester, however, he grew up in Unionville, the so-called poorer section of Farmington. Lorraine is a true-blue Windsor Locks girl, the daughter of Joseph and Ida Ginocchio. Her great grandparents were among the first Italians to settle in her town. Her mother Ida lives on Whiton Street.

The lives of Al and Lorraine have been diversified with Al having a varied amount of jobs and involvement in sports and the Boy Scouts...Lorraine is a Registered Nurse with positions in Hartford and Windsor Locks and always finds time for her children.

The quiet-spoken Al Pearce attended grammar school and the Farmington High School...and as some young men did then, after Pearl Harbor, he enlisted in the Navy. March of 1943 found Al in bootcamp at Sampson, New York. He was quickly assigned to sea duty on the U.S.S. Walter S. Brown, destroyer escort, with its chief role as convoy protection in the southern Atlantic Ocean. During the height of the war Al made nine trips back and forth from his homeport in Norfolk, Virginia to Africa with stops along the Mediterranean Sea and the familiar sight of the Rock of Gibraltar. In 1946 he received his discharge papers from the navy, but always remembered a photo of a girl from Windsor Locks carried by another sailor.

Returning to Unionville, Al took advantage of the "GI Bill of Rights" with its on-the-job-training at a Hart-

ford trade school learning the art of plumbing. Lorraine's brother Bob Ginocchio met Al at the trade school and they became fast friends. Al came to their home, never suspecting the girl in the photo, which he had admired during his navy days, was Lorraine Ginocchio. Their paths, actually didn't cross for two years. They were introduced formerly one evening and became a two-some with wedding plans set in September of 1952.

Who cannot say...Al and Lorraine were destined to meet with a picture in the hands of another as the way

worked at Bickfords, as a nurse at Bradley field, the agricultural workers hospital for the tobacco companies and has been a member of the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association since 1964. She now performs her nursing duties in the Middle School and in private homes as part of the Visiting Nursing service. Lorraine is also a member of the Juvenile Review Board.

The Pearce home on West Street was originally the front portion of a large farming structure extending to the property. Lorraine's parents purchased the home

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

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of introduction six years before the true rendezvous of the heart.

Among Al's employment records you'll find Pratt & Whitney, plumbing companies, construction firms, one of Windsor Locks "finest" (policemen) for nine years and currently works with Choice-Vend in town. After leaving the navy, Al joined the local V.F.W.

As for sporting organizations...Al was the district director of the Babe Ruth League for five years and a member of the Connecticut Board of Approved Baseball Umpires, Hartford Branch. When it comes to baseball cheering, the entire family is a Yankees' fan.

Lorraine's employment records cover hospitals and convalescent homes. She graduated from St. Mary's in Waterbury, working in the operating room for her first year as a Registered Nurse. She transferred to the McCook Hospital where she performed her skills for a seven year period in their O.R. When asked about her impressions of television's medical programs...Lorraine said she actually enjoys their close reality, however the M*A*S*H series, although humorous at times, isn't what happens in real-life O.R's.

Locally, Lorraine has

and land in 1952 from the Williams family.

Al and Lorraine have three children...Bob, Jim and Loralyn. Bob, the "historian in the clan," is a graduate of St. Anselm's College in Manchester, N.H. He is currently employed at Dexters. The 26 year old is interested in all types of historical information dealing especially with the old Windsor Locks. The "farmer in the family," is Jim, 21, a graduate of the UConn Agricultural School and Manchester Community College. Jim recently joined the Hamilton-Standard Division in town. One of Jim's main crop this spring has been a great yield of strawberries. His parents say he is following in his "grandpa's steps" when it comes to farming. The daughter in the Pearce home is pretty Loralyn, 18, a 1979 grad of the local high school.

Loralyn served on the "Year Book Staff" and participated in the senior class play. She is now attending UConn studying that great profession of journalism.

There you have the five Pearces...the nice folks inside the white wagon wheels on West Street. Al and Lorraine have led a healthy and industrious life-style setting the groundwork by good example for their children with the best quality of all...love.

Al And Lorraine Pearce, A Down To Earth Couple

Thursday, June 26, 1980

The Windsor Locks Journal

Tomorrow is Friday...T.G. I.F. day. It is also the Fourth of July, 1980...the birthday, so to speak, of all citizens of the United States.

Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

I used the words of this fine actor to put across that it is really up to all of us to

react to them, is what is important. We should show good examples, and to quote Mr. Alda once again...“the soup of civilized life is a nourishing stew but it doesn't keep bubbling on its own. Put something back in the pot as you leave for the people in line behind you.” Try to solve the problems before you put them into the pot...so to speak.

Now that we know we have problems and should solve them...don't forget to enjoy the months of July and August. July will be a busy month...only a few miles south at Wethersfield, the swimming on the sound, the picnics, the hot weather and the Republican National Convention in Detroit, of all

places, starting July 14.

Oh yes, the golf at Wethersfield...the annual Sammy Davis, Jr. clambake, or better said, the Greater Hartford Open, beginning Wednesday July 23 (Pro Am) and running through Sunday the 27th.

August...the dog days of August will have the Democratic National Convention in New York City, of all places, starting August the eleventh.

So enjoy yourself...tomorrow is the fourth with all the problems.

Tomorrow is Friday...T.G. I.F. day (for you squares... Thank goodness it's Friday.) But better said...Thank Goodness, It's the Fourth in the Free U.S.A.

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

To write the usual words like independence, fireworks, picnics, parades and of Red, White and Blue would be the easy way to fill a column when an interview would seem out of place on the eve of this great holiday. We all have read of independence and fireworks. But do we just treat the holiday as a long weekend and an extra day from the routine of work? We really shouldn't.

Not to get serious...we have enough of that in the world...but shouldn't we take stock on our birthday and figure where we are going as a nation?

A noted theologian said recently, “problems are a part of life, the only ones who don't have them are the people in the cemetery.” Sounds like a morbid statement but not really. The idea is to solve them the best way we know how.

Speaking of quotes...“Life is meaningless unless you bring meaning to it..It is up to us to create our own existence. Unless you do something, unless you make something, it's as though you aren't there.”

“You're being flung into a world (a commencement speech) that's running about as smoothly as a car with square wheels. I want you to know that it's OK to be uncertain. I'm uncertain too. In a world like this, it's appropriate to be uncertain.” Not to keep you in suspense any longer, those are the words of Alan Alda, television star, at his daughter's graduation at New London's Connecticut College last month. Alda, star of the television show “M*A*S*H,” has been an activist in the Equal Rights

share in the world's problems...one is making sure our independence is sound on tomorrow's fourth and all those in the future. As the preacher said...we'll always have problems and as the actor said...we'll always have uncertainties. It's how we

Independence Day Should Be Understood By Americans

- The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, July 3, 1980

Robert Midgley Cosgrove and Irene Campbell met during World War Two. He was a young naval ensign and "Rene", as he now calls her, was one of many girls working in the nation's capital doing their part for the war effort.

He was from Providence, R.I....she from the motor city of Detroit, Michigan. The war years had a majestic way of uniting not only armies and countries...but just plain folks from different states of the nation.

Bob and Irene have been married since September, 1943, with four children, one grandchild...living in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and California. As they themselves said..."its been a partnership in enjoying life."

Bob's life has been one of finance in private and state government, Irene as a secretary the past twenty-two years in the local school system, currently at the Southwest School. The Cosgroves have lived in Windsor Locks since 1955.

Providence, the capital city of our smallest state, was home for Bob Cosgrove his first 23 years. He attended the local grammar and high school before entering the University of Rhode Island. Bob received his degree in business administration and was set for the world of finance. In 1942 Uncle Sam had other ideas...calling Bob to the navy for a four year tour of duty. He was assigned to administrative duties at the gunnery school in Washington, D.C. for three of those four years. At that time, the story going around was...service on a L.M.D....translated, "Large Mahogany Desk." But Bob was not kicking because of this duty...he met Irene during those years. In September of 1943, they marched under the swords. He had to leave his bride and the desk for the Pacific war...but fortunately, after arrival in San Diego and V.J. Day, Bob would soon be a civilian behind a different

desk.

Bob rejoined his wife Irene, the girl from Detroit, and a girl who used to cheer for the Tigers and Mickey Cochrane, who worked in the War Department, and she too became a civilian with a different life-style.

The Cosgroves got back into the main stream of life with a trip to South Bend, Indiana and back to Connecticut before settling down in Windsor Locks. Bob was employed in the auto financing field with the Auto Investment Company a few years, with a season at the Notre Dame town in "Hoo-sierland," with the added treat of watching the Irish play football on Saturday afternoons.

In those days Johnny Lujack was winning All-American honors under Coach Frank Leahy. They returned to Hartford where Bob left the investment company for many years of financing cars for local auto dealers...Moriarty Brothers of Manchester being one of his clients until the year 1970. He then joined the State of Connecticut and the Unemployment Compensation Division, where after ten years, he is the assistant manager of sixty field representatives.

While Bob was financing cars Irene was having children...four now grown and active, living from Connecticut to California. Robert, Jr., 35, attended UConn and is married to Barbara Curley of Waterbury. They have a daughter, Janice. Bob and his wife live in Southington. He is employed by the Newton Public Health Department. Carol, 33, is married to Frank Poto, an accountant, living in Long Beach, California. Carol is studying to be a physical education instructor. Paul, 32, and his wife Janet live in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Paul is a manager of a large furniture store. The youngest of the Cosgroves is Catherine, 22. Better known as Kathy...she too lives in Long

Beach where she works for a veterinarian.

Bob, being from Providence, still roots for the Boston Red Sox, (who else?) When he is not following the boys from Fenway...he is also interested in fraternal, church and his civic duties...

as Treasurer of the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association, Recording Secretary of the Knights of Columbus, former member of the St. Robert's parish council and past president of the Department of Labor Credit Union. Irene has

"CABBAGES AND KINGS" With Jack Redmond

followed suit...as Treasurer of the St. Robert's Women's Society and as member of the parish council. When you talk Southwest School Irene's eyes light up..."I know all the students and the parents, just love my work, someday, maybe I'll write a book about my twenty years in the school system."

EPILOG

Bob and Irene Cosgrove... a partnership in enjoyment of life. Peter Ustinov, the noted actor, took time out from the stage to pen the following... the Cosgroves, I'm sure

would agree with his sentiments..."Marriage is like a three-speed gear-box: affection, friendship, love. It is not advisable to crash your gears and go right through to love straightaway. You need to ease your way through. The basis of love is respect, and that needs to be learned from affection and friendship."

The Cosgroves; Partners In Life's Enjoyments

Bernard Robert Monahan is this year's president of the Little League. Better known as just plain "Bob,"...the active road leading to the head of this august group of managers, coaches, players and parents has been filled with sports, service to his country, steady work, a family with four children and 27 years of marriage to "Josie" Fumiatti.

sport during the air force days. He was on service teams in California and while stationed in Shreveport, Louisiana played pro ball on weekends. Bob was building up, not only a love for the game, but the ability to coach and manage in later years. He recalled one of his teammates being "Chuck" Harmon, who later played with Cincinnati, St. Louis

family in New Milford, Connecticut.

Donna, 20, the "health enthusiast" in the family, is employed at the local Northern Connecticut Bank, Tom, 18, the youngest of the Monahans, is the "chef," of the family and today is between assignments.

Besides the dedication to the Little League program Bob has been a faithful member of the local American Legion the past 12 years. Josie makes it a twosome as a member of the Women's Auxiliary and mentioned, "We need members," so girls get behind your legionnaires. Bob and Josie form another twosome on the bowling lanes two nights a week. Bob sports a 177 average, with Josie right after her man with a respectable 156.

As for the president of the local Little League...he's been involved with the World Champs since 1964...a year before the historic trip to Williamsport. Bob has coached and managed for 12 years...minor and senior divisions. He has held numerous posts in the organization, all leading to the presidency. And what does the president have to say about Little League... "all the kids should play." As for how to handle an angry parent (and there are a few), "I usually talk to the manager for his side of the story...it's all a part of the president's role."

He went on to say... "In Windsor Locks the enrollment of players is slowing down," adding, "also fewer kids are interested in participating, school population is down and soccer has had some effect." What does Josie think about all the time and energy her husband has given the Little League?

She's really for it, but, "sometimes Bob is at a Little League game or meeting and I'm home painting the house." He agreed...with a smile on his face.

The family all agrees on one thing, with the exception of Tom, that the New York Yankees are the only team in baseball. (It seems Tom roots

for the team with a Yawkey address in Boston.) Bob goes way back with the love of the Yankees...with a favorite nomination of "King Kong" Keller of yesteryear...remember him?

EPILOG

Bernard Robert Monahan is one nice guy who just loves baseball and proves it every

year with time hard spent and energy in a worthy program. He's an old ball-player...and when young Bob and Tom came along to swing the bats it was his way of getting back to the baseballs, gloves, fans, scores, kids, the winning and losing...because there's a little boy in all of us and this nice guy is no exception.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Bob and Josie, both from the same neighborhood in Hartford, were childhood sweethearts who left the city for Windsor Locks in 1960.

The 1948 graduate of Weaver High School participated in football one year and spent three years on the diamond for the Hartford school. He and Josie talk highly of "their school," where one of Bob's classmates was the talented stage and television performer Charles Nelson Reilly. When Charles and Bob gave up their cap and gown they went their separate ways with Bob entering the U.S. Air Force for four years and three days. (It's remarkable how we count the days.)

The Air Force duty found Bob serving in Texas, Louisiana and California with overseas assignment in the Azores. From this base Bob, member of MATS (Military Air Transportation Service), covered "all of Europe and northern Africa."

With a gloried baseball background in high school, Bob was always anxious and available to play his favorite

and the Phillies in the National League.

Bob was discharged from the service in 1952. The transition was made easier for Bob by going from the Air Force to the aircraft at Pratt and Whitney in East Hartford. His aircraft connection lasted a little over a year. His next employment was a steady job for the last 25 years, with September of this year making 26 years with the Kell-Strom Tool Company of Wethersfield.

Speaking of steadies...Bob married his Josie the year after leaving the wild blue yonder. They have four children...Robert, Rhonda, Donna and Tom. Robert, the oldest at 26, is a graduate of Adelphi University, Garden City, New York. He is a salesman for the Electrical Suppliers, Inc. of Hartford. (The same company that his mother has worked for the past ten years.) The younger Bob lives in Enfield with his wife, the former Ann Tobin. The oldest girl is Rhonda, 24, a grad of Western Connecticut State College. She's the Registered Nurse in the

Bob Monahan, Baseball Enthusiast,

Thursday, July 17, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

Little League President

Joe and Mary Tria live on Hickory...a quiet street off Suffield, tucked neatly into the older part of Windsor Locks.

As that part of the town...Joe and Mary are intricate constituents with fond memories of the so-called "olden days." It is his town, also Mary's, short of two years in New York City. She was born on Roosevelt Street in the "Big Apple," in an area that gave Eddie Cantor and other great personalities to the outside world.

Joe, on the other hand, was born on Main Street, corner of Spring, worked all his life and now enjoys retirement listening and watching his Red Sox. The pleasant part of interviewing folks in warmer than usual June is sitting in one's backyard with congenial people like the Trias.

The parents of Joe and Mary came from Italy: James and Anna Tria from the southern town of Bari, Joe and Lucy Sartori from the northern town of Piacenza. Joe and Mary spoke Italian at home. Learning the new language of English came at Union School. Mary graduated from the high school in 1935.

Joe will reach the septuagenarian stage this December. He was raised on his folk's farm (25 acres of tobacco land where today's South Elm and Elm streets

meet.) He worked the farm until he was 16.

His first employment was at the Montgomery Company. During his 17 years service he became a foreman, leaving there for Bigelow's in Thompsonville for a seven year hitch. He came home to work at Dexter for the next 21 years and retirement in 1975.

Cabbages and Kings

with Jack Redmond

Joe has three brothers... Dominick and Peter of Windsor Locks and Francis, who lives in Rhode Island. Their sister Mary is deceased. Mary's brother, the late Mike Sartori, was first selectman in town. John Sartori is retired from the U.S. Post Office. Mary's sisters are Helen Starinovich and a former C&K interviewee, Julia Lee.

My personal contact with the Tria family came several years ago when I interviewed their son, Joseph Jr., 36, at Combustion Engineering. Joe is now the mainstay at the Windsor based company's purchasing department. Joseph, Jr., (His mother only calls him Joseph, saves the problems connected with son and

father) lives on Ahern Avenue. He is married to Helen Celalka, employee of Dexter. Joseph and Helen have two children...David 8, and Amy, 5. The Trias have a daughter, Karen, 34, living in South Windsor with her husband John Gioiella, also employed at Dexter. The Gioiellas have two children... Michael 14, and Angela, 10.

Mary Tria, admitted being "bashful," as a young lady out seeking her job. She ventured to the big city of Hartford, went to the Travelers Insurance, but it "just didn't work out." She came home to Windsor Locks, found the Montgomery Company, Colton Insurance and the Windsor Locks Lumber Company more to her liking for a seven-year service routine. Her longest employment was at the Connecticut Light and Power for 18 years until her retirement due to health reasons. Of course, in between jobs, Joseph and Karen were born.

Mary and Joe married in 1939. They met at the "picture show" on Main

Street. Joe was the young projectionist and Mary, only a high school student at the time, was performing in a minstrel show.

On the subject of Main Street, Windsor Locks and the "olden days," as the kids love to say, Joe had many fond memories, starting when the main avenue in town was only a dirt road, the trolleys to Warehouse Point, Springfield and to Hartford and when his father would "cut ice on the Connecticut River in the winter."

Mary remembers when her brother Mike performed on the baseball fields, the fine dances at the pavilion on

the land where Pesci Park is now located. They recall the great fireworks on the Fourth of July and Labor Day...and when we "knew everyone in town." Their comment on today's downtown, "It's now cleaned up; hope it stays that way."

As for hobbies, they both bowl big pins in the Senior Citizens League. Joe "goes to the races when he can." They both love to play cards, root for the Red Sox, even if the game runs past midnight. Mary is the seamstress in the family, while Joe "watches the family pool in the backyard, especially when the grandchildren

come over." They both have the traveling bug, with Canada, Michigan, Arizona, Washington, D.C., Nassau and a trip to their parent's Italy filling out a full schedule.

EPILOG

Joseph James Tria, Sr. and Mary Sartori Tria have been married over 40 years with two grown children, four grandchildren and fond memories of the "olden days", enjoying retirement in their comfortable world tucked neatly into the older part of their town. Joe must have said to his Mary.... "Grow Old Along With Me! The Best Is Yet to Be."

Trias Have Fond Memories

Thursday, July 24, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

Of The Golden Days

Thursday, July 31, 1980 • The Windsor Locks Journal

Kissinger Highlights GOP Convention

by Jack Redmond

The 1980 Connecticut Republican State Convention chose former New York U.S. Senator James L. Buckley over State Senator Richard C. Bozzuto as their U.S. Senate candidate against Rep. Christopher J. Dodd.

The July 26 convention was held for the first time at the Hartford Civic Center. The keynote address was given by Dr. Henry A. Kissinger.

The well-known Dr. Kissinger, introduced by Congressman Stewart B. McKinney, fresh from the Detroit national convention, was in rare form after a tremendous greeting by saying, "I accept your nomination."

His remarks, with several barbs against the Carter administration, were highlighted by the following... "history will do not our work for us, we'll have to do the work ourselves." Then, "the Republican party must restore the country's military strength...rebuild our alliances...restore confidence." Dr. Kissinger mixed his talk with his own brand of humor and serious tones, such as, "a change of administration is essential for the country." It was obvious he said what the state GOP wanted to hear, interrupting the former Secretary of State, with hearty applause several times. He drew the biggest hand of the noon time speech when he said... "a Republican congress should be elected to help a Republican president."

Windsor Locks was well represented by delegates Sy Preli, also fresh from the Detroit convention, Mrs. Suzanne O. Cannon and Republican Town Chairman Barry W. Gray...all cheering their choice for senator...Jim Buckley. Among the interested spectators were Shirley Horan and recent nominate of the Republicans in town for the 60th district representative...Barbara Traska.

Among the "big names" on the stage...with smiles for the television and the audience...General Alexander Haig, Farmington, former Supreme Commander of NATO, Ambassador John Davis Lodge, Westport, former Governor of Connecticut and his lovely wife Francesca.

Personal thrills for me were numerous last week... as my wife says, I have the

best of several worlds...at the Greater Hartford golf tournament meeting and talking to the world's best golfers...and at the convention meeting the famous author and television personality William F. Buckley, brother of Jim. Before the program started that morning at the Civic Center, Mr. Buckley nonchalantly walked into the press section and I was given an opportunity to meet him...he sat with the working press for a short time until some woman, obviously looking for VIPs, convinced him to move to a more choice location, not that he wanted to, he seemed to be enjoying the view from the press side of the world.

From all reports William F. Buckley gave the same thrill to delegates at a breakfast that morning...including our own Mrs. Cannon and Sy Preli.

Republican
State Convention

PRESS

by Jack Redmond

The 1980 Sammy Davis, Jr./Greater Hartford Open was held last week at the Wethersfield Country Club. The opening was fun day...it was Pro-Am Day.

If you enjoy playing or watching golf, enjoy seeing and rubbing elbows, getting a few autographs of celebrities from sports and television, who at times try hard to emulate the touring pros... then the GHO is for you. If you missed it...wait till next year, but do read on.

Wednesday morning (July 23) the heavens opened up after a freak storm late Tuesday night, and it looked as if the opening day would be a replay of the 1979 Jerry McGee victory with its two day delay because of the weather.

But someone up there was following me down Route 91 in all that rain and set up the sun just as I arrived in Wethersfield. The sun had come out, the pros came out,

the quests and fans were there, even with a four-hour delay in starting time. I would say...all for the love of golf and viewing those people we read so much of in the daily papers and on television. Instead of the usual 18 holes, it was wisely decided to have a go at only nine. Nine or 18...the fans loved the sun and Sammy, Bob, Lee, Gordie and "Dr. J," to name a few who came east to keep their appointed rounds. Oh, yes, the business world was well represented...they play for the privilege of playing with the stars and the pros.

A crowd estimated at 15,000 watched the fun day; not bad considering it was only nine holes. The biggest crowd of the day followed Lee Trevino and Bob Hope. The Pro-Am at Wethersfield would not be the same without Mr. Hope. It was his seventh appearance and the Greater Hartford Jaycees can thank the most popular man in the free world for just coming, it always makes the day a success. Other stars who made the day were Stanley Morgan and Steve Grogan of the New England Patriots, Julius "Dr. J" Erving of the Philadelphia 76ers, and Al Freeman, Jr. of television fame. However, a no-show for Jim Rice, the star of the Boston Red Sox. The report goes like this.... his helicopter left Boston, but 20 miles from paydirt had to turn around and go back because of mountainous thunderheads stacked in the path of the chopper. It not only disappointed the crowd at Wethersfield but made two fans of Jim very unhappy...my grandson, Mike Deshaies of Duxbury, Massachusetts, and my next-door neighbor Ronda Gould. I had promised to use my influence (sic) in securing his autograph, but Mother Nature was doing her thing...maybe next year, kids.

OBSERVATIONS AT THE GHO - WEDNESDAY TO SUNDAY

Ron Funseth, GHO winner in 1978, on greeting Gordie Howe (who needs no introduction in this area), "You finally gave up?" The recently retired Mr. Howe, with a smile..."Don't you think it's about time?" Then all smiles and laughs, genuine renewal of friendship nurtured in previous Pro-Ams. This was Gordie's fourth appearance in the prelude to the tournament proper.

"Dr. J" Erving, a magician on the basketball court, and Steve Grogan, likewise on the gridiron, better stick to their respective sports. Golf is not their game, but they enjoyed themselves and so did the fans. Hubie Green, always with the top winners every year on the golf circuit,

was caught posing with all the young pretty girls and Fuzzy Zoeller, a younger version of Lee Trevino, giving happy hellos to all the gallery. Bob Hope embarrassed with his three shots to get out of the trap on number three hole. Who's kidding who...we should all be happy to be just playing at his age. Sammy Davis, Jr. (who only played three holes) showed his eagerness to please the crowd when a little two-year old girl yelled to him when he was putting. The girl and her dad were given an autograph, a handshake and big hug from one of the finest entertainers in show business.

Talked to Gordie Howe about his favorite subject, hockey...he's a nine-handicap golfer, and most of all a very kind human being...yes, I got his autograph.

Jack Renner, runner-up to Jerry McGee last year, said, when asked how it was to play with Lee Trevino (Thursday)... "I play my own game," he said rather matter-of-fact and why did you ask me that.

Thursday's highlight was the press conference immediately following the super round of Lee Trevino. He had rounds of 32 and 33 for a 65 and three shots behind first leader Jim Simons. Among Lee's comments..."I have more fans in the Hartford area than any other city I play." Kidding, he said,

"After dinner with my boys and friend Pete Zaccagnino's family at the Signature Restaurant (at the Civic Center) last night, I'll have to win here!" Admitting he felt he was still on English time due to playing in last week's British Open. He certainly did not show any ill effect shooting a 65. He had only good words for the condition of the Wethersfield course. He doesn't like all the unkind things said about "Wethersfield being an easy course." Adding, "all players are in the same boat, players a few years ago would win tournaments with 14 or 15 under, today there are more good players and 20 under will probably win the GHO."

Met Windsor Locks golfing fan Alan Keney, husband of Pat Keney of the Park Department, and friend from South Windsor Bill Sherris at the 19th hole. We compared notes on the play of the day (Thursday) and found it not only stimulating but refreshing. But next time Alan... don't wear your golf shoes. Add former UConn star and well-known baseball umpire Leo Bravakis and son Sean as Friday viewers at the Wethersfield site. Leo is a fine

golfer in his own right, but wanted to see the pros in action for at least one day. (Friday)

**HOWARD TWITTY WINS
GHO PLAY-OFF OVER
JIM SIMONS**

Thursday and Friday were Jim Simons' days for leadership. However, Saturday and Sunday belonged to big Howard Twitty of Phoenix, Arizona. Twitty and Simons were tied after 72 holes with 18 under par for a score of 266. They played a sudden death play-off starting on the 15th hole. It was still tied at the 18th...return to the 15th and finally on the 16th Twitty won the 1980 GHO and the \$54,000 first prize. It all ended about 8 p.m. with the sun slowly going down in the west.

There were still thousands of fans waiting to cheer both men when they returned to the 18th and the closing ceremonies. It was a fitting ending to a great tourney.

The favorite of most of the fans...Lee Trevino ended up tied for fourth, but still won over \$10,000. Speaking of Lee...it's all over for 1980 and the 29th GHO...but a few words by this merry Mex seems to fit here..."You

know who made golf the big thing it is today? I'll tell you. It was Arnie Palmer, Ike (President Eisenhower), Bing Crosby and Bob Hope." For the record let's add Lee Trevino.

EPILOG

The big show at Wethersfield has come and gone. There's a special feeling for the golf fans in the greater Hartford area and is best

expressed in the following: "It is a time of almost magical metamorphosis. A quiet, suburban country club is gradually transformed into a carnival of sights and sounds. The world's best golfers have come to town on the PGA Tour, bringing with them enthusiastic crowds by the thousands and TV cameramen to record the event." It was some week...I'm glad I made it.

Sun Comes Out For Fun Day At GHO

Windsor Locks Journal

100 No. 66 [USPS 686-300]

Thursday, July 31, 1980

25 cents

The Bloomfield Journal

Vol. 4 No. 36 [USPS 429-610]

Thursday, July 31, 1980

25 cents

The Windsor Journal

Vol. 7 No. 47 [USPS 003-290]

Thursday, July 31, 1980

25 cents

Cabbages and Kings

with Jack Redmond

J. Philip Griffin, Jr. has to muster up all the known Irish humor and good nature when playing his favorite sport of golf with sons Keith, Mark and Neil. The boys, who learned the art of St. Andrews at the Suffield Country Club, usually show the way when they walk the fairways these summer days. Phil, actually a fine golfer in his own right, wouldn't mention handicap, but only said, "I worry about the boys and not my game."

The humor and interesting story of Phil Griffin, wife Peg and their children, surfaced during a recent interview on the family's Spring Street front porch. The youngest son, Keith, instrumental in organizing the interview of the German students for a past Cabbages and Kings column, was on hand to add another busy schedule to his dad's chronicle. In addition to the three golfing sons, Phil and Peg have a daughter Beth.

First the story of J. Philip...he grew up in the south end of Hartford. He graduated from Bulckely High School where he managed the basketball team. He left his native Hartford to attend Providence College. Phil became involved in the Friar's activities as the sports editor of the school paper and director of radio and sports information for the entire college. In 1954 with degree in hand, Phil was commissioned a Second Lt. in the U.S. Army where he spent two years...mostly overseas. "Pittsburgh is sorta like overseas," Phil added with a smile.

He did make out especially well in the steel city when he met Margaret "Peg" Gould. After discharge from the army, Phil and Peg were married in 1957. Three years later they moved from Hartford to Windsor Locks and raised Beth and the three boys.

Beth, 22, very active in the Junior Achievement program while in high school, is currently at St. Francis studying to be a Respiratory Therapist. Mark, 21, attends Asnuntuck Community College in Enfield. He was the first of the Griffin sons to play high school golf, participating in the last three years at the Raider school. Neil, 19, who played four years on the golfing team at the high school, is now attending Western New England College in Springfield.

Keith, 17, June graduate of the local high school, obtained the golf team, claiming four years on the

links as a Raider. He was active in many different ways...he was the basketball announcer at the high school gym, served on both sides of the political fence with Con O'Leary and Dennis Gragnoli, and was a member of youth commissions. In 1979 he traveled to Germany as an exchange student and plans to attend Marist College in Poughkeepsie, New York this fall. At the recent high school awards Keith received the Smalley Brothers V.F.W. citation, which read in part, "To the boy deemed most worthy based on the principles of Americanism."

Back to the father of these active youths, chips off the old block. Phil Griffin decided after leaving the service to try his talent at reporting for a Youngstown, Ohio newspaper. It was not to be...he just never reported. (No pun intended.) He went to Connecticut, accepted a position with the Hartford Insurance Group. Today, after 23 years, Phil is vice-president of large commercial business accounts.

Phil has been a member of the Republican town committee, served a full ten years on the Windsor Locks Board of Finance, taught CCD classes at St. Mary's and currently is President of the Suffield Country Club. His comments on serving the town as a member of the Board of Finance: "it was a dedicated group. Genuinely nonpolitical, it was totally interested in the best interests of the town." In further comments, he said, "as for taxes...we all have a vested interest in the town tax, we're in good shape, where we get a lot for our tax dollar."

His position at the Hartford Insurance Group keeps him on a busy traveling schedule...so when it is vacation time, Phil and Peg stay close to home. He did manage to combine business and pleasure on a recent trip to Puerto Rico where he played in the American Airlines Golf Tourney. Phil showed his best drives and putting style playing with baseball star Rollie Fingers of the California Angels. Other celebrities performing

in the hot sun were Joe DiMaggio, Johnny Bench and former football great Otto Graham. Needless to say Phil's hobby is the game of golf. When it comes to baseball the family roots for the Boston Red Sox...but Phil keeps a sporting eye on the fortunes of the LA Dodgers. He grew up as a fan of the old Brooklyn team.

EPILOG

J. Philip Griffin, Jr., has got to be the name on his insurance office door, but meeting this man with the Irish background you know he'd prefer just Phil...the guy with a quick wit and understanding. He served his church, town and country and today enjoys the challenge of the presidency of the Suffield Country Club and all the golf time permits. And that reminds me of the story they tell about Phil Griffin, it goes like this....

"Last night I had a funny pain, And to the Doc I flew. Said he, 'That comes from overwork, There's nothing I can do.

You need a month of quiet rest," He added with a smile.

"You'd better drop your golf and try, The office for a while."

The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, August 21, 1980

Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

Traska Holds Background Of Civic Activity

Barbara Zitka Traska, with a background of civic activity in the Union School renovation proposal and Dibble Hollow zoning controversy, has recently entered the world of politics.

A native of Windsor Locks, the wife of Walter "Skep" Traska, was a student at the same Union School and graduate of the local high school in 1955. October of this year will mark the 18th wedding anniversary of Barbara and Skip.

Barbara, a novice in this different world of politics, was cooperative in a July interview at her South Center Street home, answering questions relating to today's problems for Windsor Locks, the state and the nation. Her reasons for joining the Republican ranks, after many years as an independent voter, were "concerns for responsible government representative and sensitive to the people."

Barbara needed a base to operate, with the GOP "lending itself towards my philosophies," she said. Actually Barbara was a Ronald

Reagan supporter back in 1976 and will stay on his bandwagon this November.

Skip Traska, native of West Suffield, has lived in Windsor Locks most of his life. He and Barbara "grew up as kids together," leading to marriage and a child, a daughter, Shelly, 17. The young lady is a senior at the high school. Skip attended a trade school in Hartford. He served in the U.S. Marines during the Korean War. (1951-54) A member of the East Windsor Sportsmen Club, fishing has been his main hobby. Barbara and her husband are self-employed... Skip's Electronic Service Center and her accounting service. Shelly hopes to follow in mother's ledgers by studying accounting, with a CPA in the distant future.

In discussing various subjects Barbara said, "as for ERA (Equal Rights Amendment)...I really don't feel we need an amendment, personally I've never felt discriminated against." She quickly said, when asked about abortion..."I'm against it. I believe in the

basic principle of life, unless abortion is necessary for medical reasons."

On local issues..."Bradley Field...it helps business in this area, it's convenient." On the downtown situation, Barbara said, "it's too bad it has been so long finding a solution, people have drifted away from the downtown section. It would have been much better if things were done right away on the Main Street redevelopment." She feels, "taxes in town can be reduced even more."

How does your husband feel about you entering politics? Barbara, candidly said, "He's very supportive, really thinks it's a good idea."

Barbara and Skip proved to be a working team in the recent opposition to the proposed Dibble Hollow townhouses. They were of the opinion that "it was not zoned for townhouses, and it didn't add to the suburban attitude." The Union School renovation proposal and townhouse issue proved to be her stepping stones, "for concern of people to react,"

and wanting to be their spokesperson.

When Barbara isn't figuring out someone's accounting problem and Skip is finished with fixing the television sets...they both enjoy extended fishing trips. Among the states in which they have let the big one get away were New York, Montana, Wyoming and Arkansas. Now she'll be fishing for votes as the fall campaign begins after Labor Day.

What office is Barbara running for? The 60th District of the State House of Representatives, recently vacated by Democrat Joyce Wojtas. Barbara's Democratic opponent will be Board of Finance member David Wenc, a local lawyer. David was a C&K interviewee last August.

For Barbara and David the election in November will be their baptism into politics for elective office. It means searching for votes, Republican, Democrat and Independent...knocking on doors, interviews, what do they think of this or that, what will they do if elected? David has

had a small taste the past few months as a member of the Board of Finance, but to Barbara it's a new sheet on the accounting page.

To Barbara Zitka Traska and David Wenc, good luck in November. A little story on politics would be appropriate at this point..."A candidate for public office had made a large number of campaign speeches in a single day, and staggered home in a state of complete exhaustion. On his doorstep

he was tapped on the shoulder from behind by a fairy carrying a magic wand. As a reward for your hard work, spoke up the fairy, any wish you care to make will come true. But remember that whatever you ask, the woman running against you will get twice as much. That's an interesting proposition, admitted the candidate. I'm half dead tonight. And I think I'd like to stay just that way."



Barbara Traska

Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

Frank Logan Reflects On Years In Business and Community

Frank William Logan, native son of Windsor Locks, lives with a loving dedication to his family, years of serving folks in the family business, and 37 years as a faithful member of the Lions Club.

He listed these priorities in a July interview at home on Wedemeyer with wife Anna, his sidekick for 46 years, and member of the well-known newspaper Wallace family, and one of their daughters, Pat Logan, equally well-known in the school's superintendent's office.

The Logan family, a congenial group, has fond memories of yesteryear...the hard work, the songs, the jokes, and above all, happiness as a family.

Frank, son of Arthur Logan of England, and Mary Perkins, a native of Ireland, first saw the light of day on old South Main St., where River Road and Route 159 are on today's maps. Frank admitted he didn't remember how many times his family moved down the river from Windsor Locks to Windsor. It was often, with Frank going to the 8th grade at the Union School and ending up at the John Fitch High School in Windsor. Frank left in his junior year to seek work in the working world.

And work he found...as a plumber, cook, drug store and hardware employee. Looking back, he called himself a "jack-of-all-trades." Frank's jobs were in Windsor and Windsor Locks with calling cards, such as

Coleman Hardware, Windsor Hardware and the Low Supply Company. After years of experience, Frank was known as an estimator in the heating and plumbing work of art.

During those years, the early thirties and Depression days, he found his wife to be...when Anna Wallace came to the Windsor Hardware for a bookkeeping position. Frank probably couldn't keep his eyes on the work or Anna keep hers on the ledgers, so the best for all concerned was their wedding day on April 30, 1934.

Anna, born at 32 Chestnut Street, is the sister of George F. Wallace, Ruth Wallace Flanagan and the late J. Finton Wallace and daughter of the late George M. Wallace and Sarah Fitzpatrick. The Wallace family has been synonymous with the newspaper business since Anna's father entered the operation of the Windsor Locks Journal in 1889. George F. Wallace keeps in the printer's ink at the Journal as Consulting Editor.

Frank and Anna have two daughters, Pat Logan and Diana Macaluso. Diana is married to Tom Macaluso. They live in Windsor Locks with their two children for the grandparents to spoil... Christine and Thomas Michael Macaluso.

Pat Logan graduated from the local high school in 1952 and before the ink was dry on her diploma or she had a chance to return the cap and

gown, Bob Jackson hired the young lady for his office staff immediately after the ceremonies. Looking back, Pat admitted, she expected the worst. However, everything worked out just fine, and for the past 28 years Pat has been a fixture in the Superintendent of Schools office, working now for Dr. Peter D'Arrigo. Long before Pat was a high school student, she delivered the Windsor Locks Journal...as her mother did before her.

The Logan Brothers Oil Company, specializing in heating and plumbing, was organized in the basement of Frank and Anna's Chestnut Street home. The brothers, Frank, Dave and Art, now deceased, operated their business for two years under these conditions until facilities could be ready on North Street.

There were many experiences connected with the Chestnut Street makeshift headquarters. What came to everyone's mind in the interview were the constant calls, any hour of the day or night, for Frank. It was either a call for service for

someone's furnace or for Frank to drive the Lions Club ambulance. Frank remembers the price of oil in those days...12.9 a gallon compared to what we are all paying...97.9. (Better check the latest bill for a new number.)

In 1961 the Logan Brothers moved to Spring Street with Frank as the office manager and estimator and Dave and Art as the plumbers in this trinity of brothers. The company serviced Windsor Locks, Windsor, East Windsor, East Granby, Suffield and Ellington. Last year, after 33 years, the business was sold...and with it Frank Logan retired.

Frank, never a man to stay idle, is still a loyal Lions Club member. The past president of the Lions has had 37 years of "perfect attendance" at the twice monthly meetings...yes, perfect for 37 years. Other organizations showing his name have been the local Knights of Columbus, the Elks in Enfield, and the Windsor Locks Chamber of Commerce.

He's been a loyal Democrat for years, serving on the

Sewer Commission, and is a past chairman of the Park Commission.

The family has a "get-away" cottage in Westbrook where Frank can listen or watch his favorite baseball team, the New York Yankees. He's a great cook and, given the right stimulant, can be called upon to sing "Shine on Harvest Moon."

When it comes to the town of Windsor Locks, the Logans all agree..."the greatest place in the world, all nationalities and all

wonderful." When it comes to individual admiration... Frank mentioned his "hard-working mother."

EPILOG

Frank William Logan said in closing..."thank the people of Windsor Locks for being so kind during my business years." The people of this town remember the nights, especially the cold and snowy ones, when you called to service their furnace. Frank, enjoy retirement and sing the songs... that's what life is all about.

Joseph Herbert Cooper "loved his job" with the Hartford Post Office.

The north shore native of Massachusetts, with the bubbly and friendly personality, is "all rested" since retirement seven years ago, keeping busy with senior citizen activities in town and taking advantage of their great trips with his pretty wife Emily. Joe and Emily were married in 1935...have four grown children, seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren to visit, spoil and love.

Joe grew up in the roaring twenties, felt the sting of the great depression and finally, after several opportunities and at times comic circumstances, took a steady job with Uncle Sam's post office sorting, delivering and being a jack-of-all-trades for 43 years in the capital city achieving two awards...for superior accomplishments, Joe, never one to mix words, told his story at the Cooper home, the first house built on Andover Road...where he and Emily have lived since 1953.

The Joe Cooper story begins in Salisbury, Mass., located on the north shore which, as Joe puts it, doesn't talk to the south shore. He lived in Salisbury until he was ten years old leaving there with his parents, for nearby Lynn, on the day (Nov. 11, 1918) amidst the joy and fireworks of the end of World War One. Once settled in Lynn, Joe attended grammar school and graduation from Lynn English High School in 1927. Lynn English, besides Joe as an alumnus, includes among its grads...famous New York Yankee pitcher "Bump" Hadley and Cleveland Indian catcher Mike Hegan.

Joe's road to eventually secure work at the post office was at times bumpy and quite educational. He left Lynn for employment in the big city of Boston...ending up in Maine, via a boat ride, to work at a cement company. This lasted a month. Joe had enough of the Maine woods and cement. He returned to Boston, made a few friends and almost became a "gandy dancer." (Individual who maintains or lays railroad tracks.) Out to see what was on the other side of the mountain...Joe made the trip, with his new found friends, into New York State, but ended up in the U.S. Army, not for a train ride, but on a supply boat making daily trips in the New York City and Long Island area. The army life was not to be for Joe Cooper. Joe's father, back home in Lynn, heard of

his son's latest escapade and notified the authorities. Joe was only 18 at the time, 21 was the magic year for the army in those days. After a month and 21 days Joe Cooper became a civilian again in the height of the depression days still looking for his niche in the world.

On his supposedly trip home to Lynn...Joe decided in New Haven to go north to Hartford instead of northeast to Boston. It was probably the best move this maverick had made since leaving Lynn English. It wasn't that Joe didn't try his hand in working at odd jobs...in restaurants, applying to the railroads for a mail clerk job...he was out to make a buck and didn't mind working for it. With an eager eye out for new opportunities, Joe heard of the yearly exam for letter carriers at the Hartford Post Office and quickly dropped his restaurant apron to make his best effort. Joe's travels and common sense paid off...he was picked for his high score, plus the five points he earned for his service duty. During the first years at the post office Joe moonlighted at a

Hartford eatery where he met pretty Emily Dietrich from Lykens, Pennsylvania.

The enterprising man from Massachusetts and the girl from PA were married in 1935, living in Hartford until their move to Windsor Locks in 1953. Their oldest of three

Quinn and her husband James live in sunny Florida where Beverly is a registered nurse.

There's more to the Joe Cooper story. He retired in 1973 after 43 years at the post office. He had his personal opinions on the

Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

daughters is "Jo" Caler, who resides in Rocky Hill. She is the mother of five children and has two grandchildren and is employed by Northeast Utilities. Joseph Jr., and his wife Francious and their daughter live in Greene, Maine where Joe, Jr. works for a wholesale chemical company.

Their two other daughters live in Rochester, New York and Miami, Florida...Doctor Christine Blackburn, Ph.D. in microbiology and her daughter live in upper New York state where Christine is attending the University of Rochester studying for her medical degree. Beverly

"big changes" in the new post office system and why "Saturday deliveries are necessary, especially for small businesses" and that "any cutbacks in postal service is not good." He related how he "loved his job and the people he daily came into contact with." Joe

admits to be well rested and would go back in a minute. However, he has to be content to putter around the house when not making lunches at the Senior Citizen Club or arranging bingo games, even "on the bus trips."

For many years Joe and Emily have been also active at their church...St. John's

Episcopal Church in Warehouse Point. In the sports department, Joe "likes the Red Sox and the Dallas Cowboys." Who does he most admire? "That's easy.. Abe Lincoln...read all I can about the great American."

So there is the Joseph Herbert Cooper chronicle...sometimes adventurous, sometimes unpredictable, but always Joe Cooper. He really found his niche in the post office with over forty years of faithful service because he enjoyed what he did. He was cut out to service people...Joe is a people person.

Joe Cooper Is A People Person

John Joseph Thyne, Jr., the dynamic and youthful leader of the local Jaycee movement is also a family man with six children and an energetic partner, his wife Cathy.

John and Cathy Salvucci both grew up in the Boston area...he from Roxbury and she from Jamaica Plains. Their Bostonian accents were still showing when discussing the large home on Stevens Street, the six children (ages 12 to three and the involvement in the Jaycees.

The Thyne family of Roxbury moved to Dorchester and then to Arlington where John graduated from the high school in 1963. Attending high school also meant a part-time job at Sears. John had designs on becoming a C.P.A. (Certified Public Accountant.) It wasn't to be. After graduation he joined Sears on a full time basis in their transportation section.

Actually it was a full day which included night school at Northeastern Transportation School and two years at the Traffic Management Institute in Boston. One night John and some friends decided to drop the books and take in the music at a popular dance hall, "Mosley's On The Charles." He met Cathy that night, his dancing partner at their wedding in June of 1967.

Keeping with the Thyne tradition John and Cathy have done their share of moving, depending on job changes of the bread winner. The newlyweds lived in Brockton, Mass. for five years, Mansfield for three summers, where John joined the Jaycees, and then on to Chicago when John joined the A&P grocery chain. The Thynes lived in nearby Darien, Illinois, named after its sister city in Connecticut. John continued his Jaycee connection as president of

the local unit. They stayed in the windy city area for little over a year before returning east for a chance to be associated with the new Finast complex here in

Windsor Locks. The year was 1977 when John became the Director of Transportation. John and Cathy are both happy Finast chose the Locktown as its new headquarters.

During the years of moving six little Thynes were born. Their home on Stevens Street is just the right size for a large family. As for the children...three boys and three girls, John J., the third, is the oldest at twelve. This month, young John will be attending the Middle School, leaving his brothers and sisters at Southwest School. Tony, at eleven is a sixth grader at the Southwest Avenue school. According to their proud parents John and Tony are "A" students. John is a swimmer, with Tony the soccer player in the family. Every morning the oldest boys and their mother rise from their comfortable beds, 4 a.m. to deliver the Hartford Courant to 118 satisfied customers.

At that hour Hazel Irene, nine, Katie, seven, Thomas Joseph or as he is known... T.J., five years old, and little Shelly, three, are just turning over, as big father too. Hazel will be a fourth grader at Southwest, Katie in the second grade and T.J. is just starting kindergarten at the same school. Shelly will have to wait a few years before joining the family student march on Southwest.

John, the father of this clan of new Thynes, finds the time for family life, work at Finast, boy and girl scouts with Cathy and the many Jaycee projects. As the

president of the Jaycees he feels, "it's a great place to train young men, (18-35) for leadership in their prime of life." He further believes in the social as well as community endeavors with an eye on the wives and sweethearts getting involved. Projects for the youth and elderly in Windsor Locks are the chief goals of John and the membership. As for the youth he said, "A Junior Jaycee Chapter is being planned." Summing up John said, "I feel the Jaycees is a great way to meet people who share the same interests." The local Jaycees are in good hands with dedication from the young man of the Boston area.

EPILOG

John Joseph Thyne, Jr... the man behind the gavel of president and father of a large and active family...is also a Red Sox fan, naturally; admired the late Joseph Kennedy, who he felt "had the right ideals in bringing up a large and active family," and someday John hopes to participate in the political arena running for elective office.

What's that famous line?... behind every man is a woman?...Cathy Salvucci Thyne certainly fills the bill. Cathy was an Operating Room Technician at the Faulkner Hospital in Boston when she first met John. In

presented a certificate of appreciation to Cathy for her support and guidance.

John must have heard of the story concerning Sir Winston Churchill..."What do you say, Sir," a reporter

town she is involved in the Girl Scouts, Jaycee Wives' and her most important role raising six children. At the June annual installation banquet of the Jaycees, John

asked, "to the prediction that in the year 2000 women will be ruling the world?" Churchill smiled his wise, old-cherub smile, They still will, eh?"

Cabbages and Kings

with Jack Redmond

Jaycee Leader A Family Man

And Dynamic Youth

Thursday, September 11, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Salesman Knows Nice Guy Image Is Important

Edward Anthony Ferrari can be called "the friendly used car salesman," and it would be proper...but this home-grown product is also the proud father of a young son, president of the local Rotary International and a member of the Sewer Commission.

He manages to cover all areas with a ready smile, a friendly disposition, and generates that "nice guy image," that's so important in the world of salesmanship.

Ed and his wife Sandy Rau, originally from Bolton, Connecticut, were married in 1972 and their "pride and joy" is Shawn Edward at two and one half years old.

As a young boy Ed grew up on Grove Street, (his folks lived there for "years and years.") He attended St. Mary's and graduated from the high school in 1960. When most kids were playing football and baseball, Ed was more interested in learning the fine art of the drum and bugle corps. He started at the age of eight when Father Ed Conlon founded the St. Mary's drum and bugle club. This personal activity of Ed Ferrari kept his interest until he was 21 "competing in all the meets over the state." His talent was the valve bugle. (trumpet) At 16 he joined the senior corps...the Charter Oak Sabers of Hartford. Looking back he said truthfully, he "enjoyed it" as a worthwhile endeavor for himself and all who appreciate music and a parade.

When he left high school, seeking his first job, he tried

the insurance field as a teletype operator but, "it wasn't his bag, I guess I always knew I wanted to be in sales." The insurance kick lasted only two years. He became a salesman for Brookman Ford on Route 75 in 1962. Except for the army, Ed has sold cars, new and used, for the past 18 summers.

In April of 1966 Ed was in the uniform of the U.S. Army. He served until January of 1968, with most of the duty in "the mountains of Thailand, near the Vietnam border." Ed clearly remembers the beautiful women of this constitutional monarchy, the equally beautiful city of Bangkok, the capital, and a language, he quite couldn't understand but just loved listening to the natives converse.

Ed returned to the states, Windsor Locks, and selling cars at Brookman. His life changed when a young lady just happened to come into the showroom to see what the Ford folks were selling that year. Ed's selling ability didn't change after Sandy Rau became a Ford owner...he not only married the customer, but "inherited the payment book." That's how he met and married Sandy. She was fresh out of Colby College in Maine and needed a car, not a husband. But I did say Ed was a good salesman. Sandy is now a teacher at the Windsor Locks Middle School. As mentioned, they have a son Shawn Edward, also a family dog by the name of "Croky," completing the family of Ed

and Sandy Ferrari.

Two years after the wedding (1974), Ed moved the

"The hours can be long," he said philosophically, and "sometimes Sandy doesn't

civic affairs as a member of the Sewer Commission the past two years, also a

Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

sales pitch to Windsor at another car emporium...Bill Selig's. Eventually he decided to try the car business on his own, opening a used car center on Spring Street..Ferrari Motors.

like it," but he admits he enjoys meeting people and selling that blue job on the lot. He likes what he does...who can argue with that?

Ed has kept his hand in

member of the Windsor Locks Chamber of Commerce, on the Board of Directors of St. Mary's Credit Union and currently president of the town's Rotary Club. As president of

the local organization, with 25 active members, he oversees services to the community; be it for the youth in awarding scholarships or other worthy projects for underprivileged children. He's been at it for nine good years.

For ten years Ed has instructed students at the high school in "how to buy a car...what to look for, etc." The classes have been a success. Ed is rightfully proud of the part he has played in educating the youth before they hit the market-place.

EPILOG

Edward Anthony Ferrari, "loves this town and the people...it has been good to me," when asked what Windsor Locks meant to him. That's Ed Ferrari...even with the new look. He and a few friends have been on the "Conway Diet," and the result has been a loss of over forty pounds, but he keeps that happy face, so important in his line of work. He wanted to be a salesman and went out and became one.

It reminds me of the words of British writer Bernard Shaw..."People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I do not believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and if they cannot find them, make them." That's Ed Ferrari.

The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, September 18, 1980

Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

Henry Edward Liss has spent his adult working life in the business of providing food for the tables of Connecticut.

The Windsorville-born father of three daughters, is not a farmer, but a former employee of the A&P (The Great Atlantic and Pacific Company), Dymo Retail Systems and now the Merco Marking Company with one idea: give the American public the food it needs and wants.

Henry, a man with a hardy handshake, would rather discuss the grocery line or the latest price markers on the shelves of your supermarket than any other subject. However, Henry has other interests - the church, camping, the New York Yankees and of course his family, but on the story of how he met his wife, Mary Ann Stick, of 15 years, he lets Mary give the details.

Henry and Mary Ann came together when she was a dental assistant and he a patient with a bad tooth. Mary Ann was the "angel in white," whom he first saw after the extraction. When the novocaine and heavenly feeling wore off, he still liked what he visioned and married the "angel." It has all led to a most happy life for Henry, Mary Ann and their three daughters.

Mary Ann Stick was born in Windsor Locks. She married the patient in 1965 and "has a full time job right at home on Suffield Street." However, she finds the time to do volunteer work at the Bickford Convalescent Hospital and teach CCD at St. Mary's Church.

The three daughters are a younger Mary Ann, 14, Kathy, 11, and the cute little one at nine, Julie. The oldest girl attends Suffield Vo-AG, has been active in Four-H activities, softball, bowling and the Future Farmers of America.

Kathy and Julie both are students at the North Street School. Kathy plays softball and the swimmer in the family with memberships with the town team and the Capital Regional Aquatic Club.

Henry's family moved to Windsor Locks when he was five years old. He saw the class rooms of this town for three years until the family decided to travel to Suffield. Suffield would be their town with Henry graduating from high school in 1959, the year Mary Ann left grammar school for her high school years at the Raider school.

When it came to work after

school, Henry was employed at the Windsor Locks Main Street store of the Great A&P with well-known names of Jim Franklin and Frank Perotti as co-workers during the "olden" days of Main Street.

After finishing high school Henry went full time with the A&P serving in many capacities such as, remodeling stores, filling in for vacationers, assistant manager and five years as a buyer in Springfield. Some of the A&P stores he worked in included the towns of Enfield, West and East Hartford, Simsbury, Windsor, Suffield and as far south as East Haven. This period covered 13 years of faithful service.

However, Henry wanted something new and joined the big store in Bloomfield called "Capaco's." The newness meant long hours for Henry away from his family and so, after nine months, he became employed at the Dymo Retail Systems as a salesman. His association with the grocery affiliated organization lasted five years.

Today, as regional manager, Henry works for the Merco Price Marking Company. Henry's company supplies all those price markers we all hope are lower than our last visit to the grocery store.

The past 16 years Henry

has been a familiar face passing the basket at St. Mary's Church. He and Mary Ann believe the changes in the church are "wonderful and enjoy the full participation of the parishioners."

Henry's list of extra duties for the church are endless: chairman of the parish picnic for two years, social activities chairman for two years, raffle chairman, formerly vice president of the Parish Council and now currently the newly elected president.

EPILOG

Henry Edward Liss has been a steady man all of his life be it the family, church or supplying the food tables of Connecticut. The six-year former National Guard soldier now enjoys bowling with Mary Ann, golfing a bit, camping with the wife and girls at the Cape and other New England sites.

The story of Henry would not be complete without a few words on the price of food. "A farmer was explaining to a townsman how it happened that all the costs of food had gone up. This was his reply...when a farmer has to know the botanical name of what he grows, the entomological name of the insects which try to destroy it, and the pharmaceutical name of the stuff used to spray it, somebody's got to pay for it."

Ed Reale Talks Baseball At The Drop Of A Bat

Edward Thomas Reale, Sr. will talk baseball at the drop of a bat or ball and proudly of his two playing sons...Edward, Jr. and David.

The Suffield born and former baseball player himself, and still active in slow-pitch softball, the "never say die kick, grew up in the town north of Windsor Locks. At 13, his family moved to Enfield where he attended high school, playing baseball, however, leaving after his junior year.

Ed, years later, received a diploma which shows persistence usually pays off. He had left school to work at the carpet giant, in those days Bigelow's. This taste of employment lasted until November of 1948 when he was drafted into the U.S. Army. With the exception of three months, the young soldier was overseas in Germany until July of 1952. Ed's service time began before the Korean War broke out and when the United Nations action developed into a large scale conflict, the status of troops in the European Theater of Operations were "frozen." (A term used to keep servicemen in one area with no relocation or discharge.)

Ed found, as many of the servicemen before him, Germany to his liking and a beautiful country with its historic sites and a great place to spend a furlough along with the countries of Austria and Czechoslovakia.

He never forgot his favorite sport and managed to be a member of the division's "special services." In addition to baseball...he played

football and performed on the track team. Once the Korean War was winding down Ed was discharged as a sergeant returning home to find a more steady job...but only in the uniform of a baseball player.

He found the steady job at Hamilton-Standard. The first of August made 28 years for Ed Reale at the aircraft

day they met in the shipping department...August 3, 1953, Ed and Ann were dancing at their wedding.

Ed and Ann have lived in Windsor Locks the past twenty years, raising two active ballplayers. The Reales live on Halfway House Road. As for the sons...the oldest is Edward, Jr., 24, who played little

league and is now one of the star outfielders for the same Coach Sullivan. After school was out this summer, he joined the American Legion team, but an injury to his wrist prevented his performing this season. Dave is a "natural" when it comes to hitting from the left side of the plate. His dad feels he has potential, and after

little league program...with some soccer and basketball for good measure.

Looking back he believes the Little League was great for his boys, and added, "actually, I'm for all kinds of sports for the kids."

Ed came from a large family...15 children. He said twelve are still around, years ago a Reale picnic was

had two boys who followed in the basepaths. Edward, Sr... Edward, Jr. and the latest Reale on the baseball scene.. can be called truly the boys of summer...they play America's favorite pastime.

Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

company. His main function these days is in aircraft parts as a material review specialist.

In addition to finding steady employment at Hamilton...Ed found a girl from Maine who just wanted to be hired for a summer job. Ann Hodgdon had left her native town of Tremont, Me. to visit her brother and was talked into applying at Hamilton for a few months work. She got the job and also the looks of one Ed Reale...he couldn't keep his eyes on the packages being shipped out because of Ann. A year to the

league, minor, major and senior and two years under Coach Dan Sullivan as a pitcher for the high school team.

The baseball days are over for young Ed...but he keeps active with softball. Ten years ago young Ed was a standout pitcher for the Villa Rose Senior League team under Coach George Hall. At the time, the bat boy for the team was his brother David. (Now 17.)

Today Dave takes his baseball as seriously as he did the job of bat boy. He also played little and senior

graduation next June, Dave will have to make up his mind what college is best for him.

Ed continued his baseball career after leaving the service with some semi-pro ball in the Hartford area. He actually played competitive baseball for 15 summers as an outfielder and even today, when most guys his age are listening to the Red Sox and Yankees, he is playing some slow-pitch softball. Sandwiched between working at Hamilton and playing baseball, Ed managed to coach for five years in the town's

something to behold. His parents...Luigi and Pace Reale were born in Sicily. When asked who he most admired...Ed said, "My father. He died at 89. He was the rock of the family."

It was appropriate to ask Ed what baseball team was his favorite...he replied, "The Yankees of course, and my favorite player was old reliable...Tommy Henrick."

It's also fitting on the eve of the playoffs, the end of the season and the world series this month that the interview be with a former ball player who just loved the game and

Thursday, October 2, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

Frank Perotti: Working Hard Since Age 13

Frank Serene Perotti spent 34 years as an employee of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, known to millions as the A&P.

Frank was also known to the satisfied customers of the old A&P located on Windsor Locks' Main Street in the "old days" with his first boss Charles Frosch and the likeable Jim Franklin.

The Frank Perotti story line begins in the town of Canaan. He remembers it as "God's Country." Visitors to the area (west of Windsor Locks) would soon agree with his analogy.

Frank was one of nine children...four boys, five girls, all living in Connecticut and New York State. After finishing grammar school, as

Torrington construction job. This meant a new life with projects in Connecticut and the beautiful mountains of the Adirondacks in New York state.

One of his stops in New York was a small town called Johnsbury. There he met Vira Harrington at a Saturday night dance. He married the girl from the farming

During the 34 years with the A&P, the hard working individual has had several positions as assistant manager to manager, operating the liquor stores in Windsor Locks, Enfield and Suffield. He retired in 1975, saying, "the many years service gave me the opportunity to meet all those friendly customers, I can only say it

difficult. Those years the scarcity of food stuffs was evident around the country. He recalls the long lines waiting for butter, but as soon as rationing went into law, a fair distribution was a blessing for the storekeepers.

Vira and Frank have raised three children, son Francis Perotti, son Donald Bentley

vacations for Vira and Frank are usually in New York state and those mountains west of Connecticut in another "God's Country."

In addition to being proud of his association with the A&P, Frank has another membership equally satisfying, 47 years with the Knights of Columbus.

EPILOG

Cabbages And Kings with Jack Redmond

The slightly built friendly man reminisced of those days in a recent interview and the constant grind to make it during the depression times of the '30's.

He may talk of the past, but the present is important to him and wife Vira. The next two days are certainly milestones. Tomorrow, Oct. 10, Vira and Frank will celebrate their "Happy 44 years" together. On Saturday Frank will be 70 years old.

Its been a dedicated and diversified 70 years, except for the past "taking it easy" five years since his retirement. He now has to take it slow but manages to "putter around the family garden" at home on Spring Street. Vira and Frank have lived there since 1951.

was the custom, the oldest boy would seek work in order to help support the family. And work it was.

The days started early for this 13-year-old, milking cows at four in the a.m., delivering the milk as a helper, the rest of the day helping with chores all making for an early bedtime. At 16 Frank was a veteran of the farm and milk business. For additional pay he helped evenings at a local restaurant until 11, the closing hour.

At 20, with seven years in the labor market, Frank looked for something of a different sort and finding it at the U.S. Gypsum Company in Falls Village.

Never one to let the grass grow under his feet, Frank who was now a mill foreman, left the factory isolation for a

community in 1936. They moved to Connecticut, where life changed again, Frank rejoining the U.S. Gypsum. The factory existence lasted until June 1941 when Frank longed for the feeling of being outdoors. He did just that, taking a job as groundskeeper for the Norfolk Country Club. He admitted hitting a few golf balls in his spare time, but "it just wasn't for me."

Six days before Pearl Harbor Frank left the greens, the factory and the construction projects for good joining the A&P organization at one of their stores in nearby Windsor. Vira and Frank moved to Windsor, feeling that this way he could be near the line of work what would someday take him into retirement. They were right.

was a good firm to work for and a substantial retirement plan."

At the height of World War Two, Frank was classified A-1, he was all set to go, however, the age requirements were changed and Frank had to keep the folks back home supplied with food and sometimes that was

and daughter Patricia Fokine.

Another member of the family on Spring Street, providing companionship for the Perottis in their retirement, is their pet dog "Scotty." The very friendly canine helps Frank listen or watch his favorite team, the New York Yankees. The

Connecticut is sometimes called "the land of steady habits."

Frank Serene Perotti has been steady ever since he was only 13, working to help his family and then continued this steadiness for the next 52 years. They must have been thinking of men like Frank

Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

Dave Parry Dedicated To Scouts, Sports Family

David Gates Parry can rightly be called a dedicated and successful employee of the Hamilton-Standard Division for the past 28 years.

He's been as successful in other fields as well, coaching soccer, the Boy Scouts, hiking and raising six active children with the loyal help of his lovely wife, Marion.

The Parrys, in town since 1952, live on Roberts Street. Robert and Nancy, their youngest and both at home, must keep Dave and Marion constantly young at heart. Not that Dave needed any recent resurgent, with involvement with the scouting movement for seven years, coaching in the town soccer program and hiking in the mountains of Vermont.

Dave was born in Rocky Hill, Marion in Wethersfield, where they both graduated from the local high school. Dave met Marion Schaffer during those high school days. He left Rocky Hill for Brown University, never forgetting his high school sweetheart. Dave and Marion were married in November of 1949, just as Dave was starting his senior year. They lived in a small apartment, just for two. Years later it wouldn't be adequate for the Parry clan.

Dave graduated from Brown in 1950 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Physics. The young couple left New England for the first time and entered the world of science with the General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York.

The employment with General Electric lasted for two and a half years. The

Parrys returned to Connecticut, located in Windsor Locks where Dave joined the Hamilton-Standard Division. This month marks his anniversary with the aircraft: 28 years, now in instrumental engineering, with the title, Chief of Laboratory Engineering.

At this point of the Dave Parry chronicle, the six children should receive mention, beginning with Katherine Grant, 29. She and her husband, Mark, with their three girls and two boys, live in Windsor Locks. Katherine is a grad of Mt. Joseph's High School and School of Nursing. Mark works at Hamilton as an engineer.

David, 28, with his wife, Nancy Crum, and their two children live in Coventry. David is an executive in the Boy Scout organization in Hartford. James, 27, his wife, Bonnie Pulaski, and their one child reside in Seekonk, Massachusetts, a town just outside Providence, Rhode Island. James is a civic engineer, and as his brother Dave before him, graduated from the Windsor Locks High School and the University of Connecticut. They both played in the town little league program.

Mary Jane, 21, a grad of Our Lady of the Angels Academy and the St. Francis School of Nursing, lives in Enfield with her husband Paul Zocco. Mary Jane became a nurse and bride this past June.

Nancy, 18, and Robert 13, as mentioned are still home with mom and dad. Nancy graduated from the local high school in June and is

now employed by McKenna Travel Agency in town. She will attend the Morse School of Business in Hartford.

Robert, better known as "Robbie," is an eighth grader at the Middle School. He was a pitcher on the 1979 Little League All-Star team. He plays soccer at his school and on the town team. "Robbie" roots for the Red Sox and I'm told is showing the way to his brothers and sisters in the art of skiing.

Back to the head engineer of the Parry clan. Dave is a quiet and engineering individual, when you first meet him, however, you soon find a dedicated man whose time is loaded with work, the family and a drive to be outdoors hiking in the high paths of New England mountains and elsewhere, and a desire to reach his own Everest, be it at soccer, Boy Scouts or his daily trip to Hamilton. When son James was hiking from Georgia to New Hampshire, by way of the Appalachian Mountains, Dave joined him for a week of hiking covering the states of Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia.

Locally, Dave and fellow scout leader, Roy Curry, are a hiking twosome in these parts or in the Canadiar wilds, one of the trips included being north of Montreal in an area the size of Connecticut called "La Vendreaye."

Dave takes the hiking kick as serious as coaching soccer, Boy Scouts or as a member of the at times controversial Redevelopment Agency. In discussing the downtown area, he said, "I'm a firm believer in its redevelopment, and its been unfortunate it has taken so long, but the economics of the situation, under which we had no control, had a great deal to do with it being accomplished in such a slow way."

For six years Dave has "enjoyed and had fun with the kids," coaching the art of soccer. He went on to say, "We do well (the kids and I), I don't believe in putting the kids under a lot of pressure. They will learn by their mistakes."

As a young boy, Dave Parry was involved in the Boy Scouts of America. As a scoutmaster, when sons David and James were of the right times of their lives, he was instrumental in starting Troop 263 in town. The year was 1963. Dave gave seven fruitful years in the program.

EPILOG

The dictionary says..parry, is to ward off, to evade, avoid, dodge...David Gates Parry is noe of these. His life has been filled with dedication, drive and persistence to the programs, sports and civic responsibility of his choice for himself and family. He has brought joy to all he has come in touch with knowing, I feel, in the following words, "Real joy comes not from ease or riches or from the praise of men, but from doing something worthwhile."

Larry Savoie: Softspoken Man Of Many Talents

by Jack Redmond

Lawrence Edward Savoie is a soft-spoken man with

was rejected for poor eyesight. Ironically, in October of 1944 Savoie received his greetings...he was drafted into the army...no, into the

Combustion Engineering, Naval Reactor Division, in Windsor.

The new job brought them to Windsor Locks and their

Cabbages And Kings with Jack Redmond

many talents.

For him it's been satisfying to travel throughout the world on work assignments and some pleasure trips. In Windsor Locks, where he and his wife, Mary, have called home since 1956, he has found the time, when not calculating some difficult project at work, for personal and family recreation, church activities, the Boy Scouts, teaching, coaching girl's softball, the Lions and the Knights of Columbus. Yes, indeed, he is a man of many talents.

Larry, and Mary McKeown of New Haven, originally, were married in 1953 and have one son and three daughters.

Larry's mother and father were from Swanton. When it was time for the birth of their child, they were living in Hamden, Conn. They returned to their native town, only seven miles from the Canadian border, to have Larry.

At the proper time the Savoies returned to Hamden where Larry grew up. He graduated from the high school in 1943. The war was on, so the young student volunteered for the navy. He

navy.

He served, supposedly poor sight and all, until July 1946 with a 15 month tour of duty in the Philippines on several naval supply and repair ships.

Larry didn't waste any time after discharge enrolling at Syracuse University under the G.I. Bill. Four years later he received a degree in electrical engineering. His first employment was in New Haven with a consulting engineering firm.

It was at this time of his life he met Mary of the Fair Haven (section of the Elm City) McKeowns. They both enjoyed the theatre. Their parts crossed, so to speak, at a neighborhood theatre group and he ended up with the girl.

After the wedding the young couple moved to Norwalk where Larry joined the Connecticut Light and Power Company.

Never one to let schooling get away, he attended Columbia University in New York City - a short train ride from Norwalk - to study the latest in nuclear methods. Knowledge in hand, Larry and Mary left Norwalk and the C L & P, to work for

first home on Sunset Street. He stayed with C-E for five years, another five years at Hamilton-Standard and then joined the Turbo Power and Marine Systems, a division of United Technologies in Farmington, where he has been employed for the past 15 years. The years at Turbo have been "interesting, especially the trips to Europe, Africa, Brazil, Israel and the Far East."

During the years at C-E Larry received his masters at R.P.I. Those were the busy and hectic days and nights for the Savoie family. The children were small and father was working days, attending school two nights a week and one night he was teaching at the University of Hartford. The assistant professor taught at the university for 10 years.

With his degrees, all well earned, Larry said his biggest thrill was when Mary received her degree in teaching at the Central Connecticut College. Mary's talents are now being shared with the students at Windsor Locks High School in business education.

Larry and Mary live in a brand-new home on Michelle Drive. Their oldest is Martin, at 26. He graduated from the local high school and is employed in New Haven with a construction company.

Carol, 24, attended Northwest Catholic and the University of New Haven. The former softball standout lives at home and is currently with Hertz at Bradley Field.

Catherine, 22, also attended Northwest and graduated from the Central Connecticut College. She is in the heart of Texas these days as a graduate student at Texas Tech in Lubbock, Tex. Catherine was a track enthusiast while in high school.

Laureen, 15, is a sophomore at the town high school, plays softball. The day she started high school, the new

ly with the youth in town. A 25-year-veteran of the Knights of Columbus he is currently the vice president of the Building Council. Larry has chaired the Scholarship Committee the past 20 years offering other talents the chance for future education. Due to his busy agenda traveling Larry has not "gone through the chairs" at the K of C. But his time and energy in these areas makes him a very worthy knight. He said, "The K of C does a lot of good for the town with good deeds in social action."

Two additional time sharing projects have been the Boy Scouts for five years assisting scoutmaster Tex Gill and now as a coach of one of the girl's softball teams with help from Len,

Kadel.

Larry has also given time (seven years) as principal of the St. Robert's religious program. Larry is a lecturer

of St. Robert's and he and Mary have served on the church parish council. They both agree that the changes in the Catholic Church have been "both good and bad." They miss the Latin mass, but admit the participation of the people is great.

Larry is not all work. He

enjoys sailing, fishing, swimming and finds some time to spend at the family cottage in Westbrook. Traveling has not all been on assignments.

He and Mary have visited Mexico and on their 25th wedding year saw the beauty of Hawaii.

EPILOG

Lawrence Edward Savoie, father, traveler, man of many talents has prepared himself wisely.

Thursday, October 30, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Choice May Be Sparrows But Vote

Every four years we vote for the President of the United States, be it an incumbent or a person who wants the toughest job in the free world.

Tuesday. He or she just hopes Jimmy, Ronald or John feel the way they do after elected. They want them to worry about the cost of a new car, house and that

to the voters to decide what portions they want for the next four years. The campaigns have been long, at times a bit too much. But, would we want it any other

delegates was of course Senator Edward M. Kennedy and their eagle. Another writer wrote, "He is a knight in dented armor, but he may be ready to lead another

Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

Next Tuesday, November the fourth, is the day. The choice we make may decide who will be in charge the first four years of the hopefully peaceful eighties. I say, hopefully because the choice will be the successful one's decisions on Russia, China, and other adversaries that will be important for co-existence. It has been said our foreign policy is based on agreeing or disagreeing with the other two giants of this planet.

The voter down the street, your neighbor or the folks you work with are probably more interested in the price of a new car, a new house or what a pound of hamburger costs, then who is elected on

pound of hamburger.

Your choice on Tuesday? Mr. Carter, Mr. Reagan, Mr. Anderson and a assorted group along for the ride. The main idea is to vote on Tuesday. Remember, a no appearance is a rejection of our system. Let's show the state and the nation that every citizen in Windsor Locks was interested enough to vote at the Union and High schools between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m. and pull the lever of their American choice.

Some voters may think we have a smorgasbord of candidates, each with a good portion of ability, but not their cup of tea. The three main candidates have their good portions. It's really up

way? Probably not!

Soon after the Democratic convention in New York City, a writer wrote the following: "They could not believe that the Democrats had chosen a sparrow when they could have had an eagle." The hero of the Massachusetts

crusade." The crusade will have to wait until 1984.

Tuesday is election day and maybe the choices may be sparrows, but they may grow up to be eagles.

Let's hope so. Vote on Tuesday...It's your election day.

Cabbages and Kings Jack Redmond

Thursday, November 6, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Charlie Agli An Assessor With Varied Experience

News Item: "The Democratic Town Committee last week endorsed Charles Agli Jr. of 9 Seymour Road to replace Michael Kurmaskie. A seven-year resident of Windsor Locks, Agli is an assessment analyst for the city of New Britain."

And who is Charles George Agli, Jr., recently appointed to the Board of Assessors?

You'll find quite a story, when you peek around the news corner, of this young man, who studied at St. Thomas Seminary, with sincere thoughts of the priesthood, worked at the Connecticut School for Boys in Cheshire, the state Receiving Home in East Windsor, holds a degree in physiology and a masters degree in sociology, married to a former school-teacher and father of three lovely little girls.

Charlie was born and raised in Meriden. His wife, the former Barbara Potter of the Suffield Potters, a graduate of Southern Connecticut State College, met her future husband when they were counselors at the East Windsor state Receiving Home during a summer break. Charlie has spent his July and August months working with children, first with the boys at Cheshire, during his summers away from the seminary, and then across the river from Windsor Locks.

After leaving St. Thomas, attending there from 1961-1967, where his history teacher was Father Thomas Farrell, pastor at St. Robert's, and Father Steve Foley, also at St. Robert's in town, as a young proctor, Charlie enrolled at the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. After his years of training in Connecticut and the nation's capital, Charlie decided not to become a priest...saying in retrospect, "with my family and its Catholic background, I always had the thoughts (to be a priest), but didn't feel it was what I was called to do."

Charlie spoke fondly of his years at St. Thomas, the university and especially working with the boys and girls at two institutions

where understanding and love were badly needed.

In January 1971 Charlie and Barbara were married, lived in Rockville for two years, he teaching at the home in East Windsor and she a teacher in Enfield until the first of their three daughters were born. It was during those years that Charlie attended UConn for his masters.

At this point of the Agli story, we should speak of the three girls at the happy Seymour Road home of Charlie and Barbara. They are Stephanie, 8; Christin, 6; and the littlest angel, Elizabeth, 4. Stephanie and Christin attend North Street School and their sister is getting the first taste of how schooling might be at the Congregational Church Nursery School. Speaking of girls...and as the song goes..."thank heavens for little girls,"...Barbara has two sisters, one has four daughters and the other, two daughters, making nine "little girls," on her side of the family. Charlie's sister broke the chain, so to speak, with two boys and one girl.

Charlie Agli knew at a certain junction of his life, being married, a father and provider, he would have to pursue a steady and probably different course in "what I was called to do." He took advantage of numerous tests, one being the "Connecticut Career Exams." His versified background and schooling proved him a keen mind, and secured him, in June of 1973, a position with the Connecticut Department of Transportation. He worked in the "Right of Way Department", and as appraiser for the DOT made title searches and what real estate would be available for state use. He increased his knowledge by attending the UConn Assessor School. He knew he was in the right field with Barbara's dad John Potter of Suffield, is a veteran of over 20 years on his town's Board of Assessors.

In May 1977, Charlie left the state employment scene for a job as assessment analyst for the City of New Britain. Today his title is

Assistant City Assessor. So when the opportunity presented itself to become a member of the Windsor Locks Board of Assessors, he accepted the appointment to fill an expired term. Next November his term will be up and time for the voters to see a new name on the ballot.

Charlie strongly feels an assessor must be "people orientated." He would not comment on the current situation in town, as to the discussion of "full-time assessor, etc." only to say "no town in Connecticut, with the complexity of its grand list (Windsor Locks'), doesn't have one. (a full-time assessor)"

As a youth Charlie played basketball and baseball at St. Thomas and recalls playing against the best Windsor Locks had to offer in those days. Today his sports activity is limited to cheering for the Los Angeles Dodgers.

EPILOG

Charles George Agli, Jr., a man who made a choice and is very content with it. He said, when asked whom he admired, "Jesus. His teachings are very important to me. I attempt to live...basically that type of life."

I admired the late Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Words came easy for him. He had a way of saying the right thing at the right time. The following are some strong words that I believe Charlie would agree with and maybe fit him..."Education is presently directed to help students answer the question: What can I do? If a pencil were endowed with consciousness, it would first ask itself: What can I do?, but rather: "What am I?" What is my purpose?" Once that was established, then the pencil would be prepared for writing. When our youth has discovered the Truth about life, two conclusions will follow; courage to be oneself, and humility to recognize his creatureliness; that being a product, a result, a creature of the Power that made him, he will seek with the help of that Power to be a man...aye, more than a man...a child of God!"

T.V. Not All Bad

By Jack Redmond

Let's hear a cheer for television. The "vast wasteland" is growing with green as high as your color set.

Americans watch television nearly every day of their life. It's a part of life, as much as daily work, apple pie, baseball and that new car.

There's good television and bad television.

A viewer, with favorite TV guide in hand, really has a choice. Television, contrary

to what you may have heard, is more than viewing Monday, Thursday or Sunday football or baseball. Anyone who knows me knows that sports has been always tops with me, I'm an old fan from the days of the Polo Grounds and Yale Bowl. But there's more to viewing the Howard Cosells or Ned Martins.

Cases in point...past year intriguing series called "Roots" and as highly rated "Holocaust." The recent three-hour special of the sad tale called "Women's Room," had its moments, but worth watching. I say sad, because it was a story of one woman's bondage in two different decades, but it was worth the time. Possibly it was leading up to the grand saga of a Elizabethan seaman's initiation into the ways of feudal Japan in James Clavell's novel... "Shogun." Everyone who viewed the twelve-hour mini-series left with a better understanding of Japan, the people and the beauty of their islands.

"Shogun", and the repeating of "Centennial," the James A. Michener's best seller about the dramatic events and conflicts that shaped the American frontier in the mid-1850's, has lifted up the degree of viewing for Americans and I challenge the folks who call it the "boob tube" to start watching. They may enjoy what they see.

Another example of "good television" is Public Television with its superior programming night after night. And no commercials. But we mustn't knock commercials. It pays for "Roots" and the other mentioned specials.

Check the schedules. You may be surprised what you'll find on the dial. There's something for everyone. Don't misunderstand. There's plenty of good books to read, newspapers to digest, now that fall is here, but if your time is free for an hour or so, catch that special. Television is one of men's greatest inventions if used wisely, discriminately and selectively. Got to stop.... "Centennial" is on at eight.

The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, November 6, 1980

Views of the Journal

The Real Windsor Locks Story

Those of us who have been reading Jack Redmond's column, Cabbages and Kings, in the Windsor Locks Journal for more than five years enjoy getting to know a different member of the community each week. It is only when we leaf back through a number of issues that we understand what we are really reading about is the community itself...for the community is its people.

Jack gets his leads about who to interview from those he talks with and meets. A lot of people won't think of themselves but will

remember a friend or neighbor that they think Jack could interview.

In addition to writing his weekly column, Jack is a hard working man and can't always be reached. It occurred to us that if our readers have suggestions they could drop a note to the Windsor Locks Journal, 176 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095, or call us at 688-4984. We'd love to hear from you, and we'll pass the word along to Jack.

Let's have more people included in the best story ever written on Windsor Locks, week by week by Jack Redmond.

Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

Geneva Harris Jubrey is a dedicated and patient lady with a ready laugh and quicker serious thoughts, and a self-imposed ambition "to make sure people have their equal rights." Her philosophy has always been: "I believe in people."

The Connecticut born mother of six grownup children is content sitting at the kitchen table telling the life story as one of 12 children doing her part in the family sharecropper's farm in Alabama during the thirties.

Geneva is equally content as president of the local union at the Hi-G Company. In looking back, she said, "When I saw things happening, my first reaction was to help people." This attitude was a necessary stepping stone to union involvement at a time when she really desired to pursue additional book knowledge at a local college. Her practical knowledge of people and circumstances were gained in growing up in the south and Connecticut as a worker and mother.

Her parents, whom she admired greatly, were from the South. They had come north to Connecticut, living in Bristol. Geneva was born in the town southwest of Hartford, but after only a year, returned to Chambers County, Alabama near the big city of Birmingham. At that time she was the sixth child, there would be six more Harris children to help on the farm where Geneva said was "only fun time, no bad times. We had no fear..I was a tomboy, enjoyed fishing for catfish and just living."

She recalls working for a "nice man" from the big city, raising cotton, all kinds of food for the table and the owner, cows and chickens. She added..."I was not aware of any discrimination in the sharecropper way of life." They worked six days a week. Sunday would be a full day at church, a good three-mile walk through the countryside.

She would reminisce during our talk, with honest affection, of her hard working parents. The mother would always encourage the children to do something with their life. In her words, she said, "My mother taught my father to read and write.

He, with my mother's assistance, was self-educated, worked two jobs for 30 years." Her dad, a humble man, once said, "If you do something good, you will always get it back twofold." Geneva never forgot the wisdom of her parents.

She spoke of two brothers, George Harris, Jr. who received his doctorate at the University of Michigan and today is president of a state college in New Jersey and of Fred Harris, a well-known football player in the New Haven area. Geneva had five sisters and six brothers. Ten are still living, all with the cornerstone of Harris beliefs.

In 1937 Geneva Harris returned to her native state attending grammar schools, junior high and the Commercial High School. (Now Wilbur Cross.)

She did not, however, graduate from Commercial. During her junior high school days Geneva, always the tomboy, was a track star winning a share of foot races, some baseball on sandlots, just a fun loving young girl in any sport she felt she could excell in. She now admits, looking back at those days, she quit school for the wrong reasons. There were no organized sports for girls in high school, as in today's system of education.

Geneva managed to stay in sports by working at a sports company making football, basketball and soccer balls. This lasted a while then she turned to a large department store. It was a hard time adjusting, trying to find a place in society. One of her brothers ran a cleaning store in Detroit, Michigan. He needed help desperately, Geneva volunteered, but lasted only a few months, admitting, "I was homesick."

Geneva was growing up. Her life changed again. On the return from the motor city she got a job at Seamless Rubber. The year was 1949. She met Howard Austin Jubrey, Sr. of Windsor Locks. Howard, a native of the little town on the

Connecticut River, was born on Jubrey Lane, named after his grandfather "Bud" Jubrey. Howard is a veteran of World War Two, who served over three years in the U.S. Army. His overseas duty was chiefly in Burma. For the past 25 years Howard has been a steady worker for the Bond Press in Hartford.

The girl whose early years were spent in the Deep South, married the boy from the small Connecticut town in 1949. They lived in New Haven the first four years of their married life. She had been a city girl since leaving Alabama, he from the small town. They agreed to move to his town, hoping their luck would change. It did. They both secured jobs at the Aetna Insurance Company in the capital city.

Geneva and Howard have five boys and one girl. Their only daughter, thirty-one-year-old Evelyn Faith Jubrey Fowler, lives in San Diego, Ca. with her husband, Leonard, and their daughter and son. Leonard is an 11 year veteran of naval service, intending to make it a career.

Howard, Jr., 28, is employed by the Society for Savings. He and his wife, Diane Bean, of Windsor Locks, and their two sons, live in Windsor. Howard was a standout at the local high school on the basketball court.

When it comes to Clifford, 25, his mother said, "everybody knows Clifford." He was a star football player for the Raiders. After graduation, he served 18 hard months in the U.S. Marines. Today he drives a school bus and taxi. Geneva said of Howard and Clifford's athletic activities, "The basketball games made me nervous, I could watch the entire football game and enjoy it at

the same time."

The next son is Steven, 24, the "artist in the family." He is employed in Windsor by a sand blasting company.

Vincent, 22, a graduate of the high school, as is Steven, a young father of three children, with a set of twins.

Guy, the youngster in the family, is 20 and works in East Windsor, while at night is learning the trade of machinist. Geneva admits to be disciplinarian of the clan. Her husband is an "easy going person."

More on Geneva Harris Jubrey. She has been employed at Hi-G Company for the past 16 years as a relay adjuster. Geneva was shop steward for her union before being elected to the presidency three years ago.

Being involved in union affairs is only part of this steady lady. She has served on the Democratic Town Committee for two years, with no personal political ambitions, only to say, "There should be a choice for everyone and equal rights for all."

She admits keen disappointment, when the Town of Windsor Locks several years ago turned down the funds from HUD (Department of Housing and Urban Development) for low-rent housing. "It really showed how prejudiced some people can be," she said in a very positive vain.

This same lady can leave the politics and union to cook, bake and help Howard in the family garden. Besides strong ideas on rights of others, Geneva listed three men who fall into her admiration class...Martin Luther King, Jr., President John Fitzgerald Kennedy and newcomer Congressman Toby Moffett.

Geneva Jubrey did not say the following...but she would certainly agree..."Men need to learn that we can be brothers without having to be identical twins."

Geneva Jubrey Believes In People

Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

Al Kone — Restaurateur Has Sold Clothes To Duckpins

Alvin Bernard Kone is a former four-letter athlete at Weaver High School in Hartford, now spending his time as dispenser of food and drink at the "fixture in Windsor Locks", the Villa Rose Restaurant on Spring Street.

Better known as just plain "Al," he too has been a fixture in town for 28 years. Next May, it will be 17 years since the day the former salesman gave up the grind of selling and bowling duck pins in the downstairs alleys to pursue the life of a restaurateur. He purchased the eatery from Jim Castellini.

Al, a down-to-earth friendly guy, in his early 50s, was born in the "north end, Blue Hills section of Hartford." Al was a product of Weaver, in the glory days of 1943-1946, playing football as a speedy halfback, baseball at first base, basketball at the guard position and running the 100-220 and 440-yard relay for the school's harriers.

Al, not quite fresh from his high school heroics, entered the U.S. Army in 1946. He spent over a year seeing the sights and sounds of post-war Far East countries such as the Philippines, Okinawa and Japan. The signal corps corporal managed to find time to play some service basketball just to keep in shape.

Back home Al wasted no time in higher education, working days and attending school at night, under the GI Bill, at the Hillier College, a division of the University of Hartford. Al received an associate degree in business which he would put into practice a few years later.

The next 15 years would be a mix of jobs for Al Kone. While attending school nights at Hillier, Al was on double duty a few years at Hartford's Sage-Allen Department store. He switched from clothes and the like, to

coffee as a salesman for the Arnold-Abrone Company, a New Jersey firm.

After the taste of coffee those three years, Al gave it all up for "Wonder Bread." The new route salesman was out of bed before the sun, at the ungodly hour of 3:30 a.m. "A lot of hard work, but I loved it," he said looking back.

For 10 years he delivered the "bread of life." How did Al turn to restaurant ownership? He was a constant duckpin bowler at the Villa Rose alleys. He just happened to go upstairs after a good night of bowling and for some of the "recipe," deciding that just maybe, getting into the business would be for him. Finding it for sale and admitting not knowing how to make a tuna sandwich or an Old Fashion, purchased the entire Villa Rose establishment.

Today his wife of 26 years and full-time partner is Rose Congelosi Kone, who originally came from Rhode Island. Rose and Al have four children, Teddy, 31, employed at Hamilton-Standard; Jim, 29, works for Federal Express; Elaine, 24, is a Villa Rose employee and Cindy, 22, works in Vernon for the Garber Garment Company.

Seventeen years later, Al is a full-fledged maker of a tuna sandwich or an Old Fashion and much more. One

of his reasons for staying in the world of food and drink is his "fondness for people and the place gets into your blood."

How about the hours? "The first thing you do is throw away the clock, you work seven days a week," Al said. What does Al attribute to the success of the Villa Rose? "Frankly, the quality of people who come here to eat, drink and dance," he said with an honesty you find showing after the second cup of coffee.

Al feels, when asked his opinion of the town's Main Street, "The downtown of Windsor Locks is now right there on Route 75." He added, "All a place needs is a bank and there's one there now. The widening will certainly help."

How about Bradley Field? "The field is good for business, great for the town."

As for Windsor Locks, Al said, "It is just one of the best in the state and a great sports-minded place to live."

What was Al doing during the October, 1979 tornado? "Right here in the restaurant, we lost our lights and we were closed four days. We had considerable damage. But everything is fine now."

When speaking of sports, the life member of the V.F.W. and member of the Italian-American Club, en-

joys sports on television and roots for the Chicago Bears and the St. Louis Cardinals.

How do you cap the story of Alvin Bernard Kone, Restaurateur Extraordinary? With a few restaurant jokes, that's how.

"Restaurant sign: Customers who find the waiters rude should see the manager."

"Vexed diner: You say you're the same waiter who took my order? Somehow I expected a much older man."

"Look here," said the annoyed diner. "How can I eat with all those girls staring at me?" "I'm not supposed to tell you," explained the waitress, "but part of your dinner came from the cooking school next door. If you just taste their dishes and don't eat them, those girls flunk."

And one more: "As the luncheon hour approached, a restaurant manager called all his waitresses together. "Today," he said, "I want you all to look your best. Put on a little extra makeup, see that your hair is attractively arranged and greet each customer with a big smile." "What's this all about?" asked one girl. "VIPs coming in today?" "No," sighed the manager, "the beef is tough."

Bon appetit to Al Kone and his customers.

The Windsor Locks Journal - Wednesday, November 26, 1980

Views of the Journal

Jack Redmond

Give Humble Sincere Thanks On Thanksgiving Day

“Thanksgiving Day. Let all give humble, hearty, and sincere thanks, now, but the turkeys. In the island of Fiji they do not use turkeys: they use plumbers. It does not become you and me to sneer at Fiji.”

The words from writer Mark Twain...“Wit and Wisecracks.”

The humor of Mr. Twain is truthful and biting. Will Rogers was truthful and biting. In this day and age being truthful, sometimes hurts and one should never be biting. So we'll stick to the truth as we see it.

Thanksgiving Day...1980 version. The holidays come around fast. The election is over. Now for some more turkey talk.

Do you ever stop and say: why should I be thankful? In this day of high prices, high taxes and everything as high as an elephant's hide, why should we be thankful? Why not?

Make a list of why you should be thankful on the day before the big feast. This time of the year I sit down at my trusty typewriter and instead of a column about one of Windsor Locks citizens, I make a list. Actually you don't have to type a list or even write one. Think it over in your mind. You'll be surprised what you are thankful for. So here goes.

For the four seasons of Connecticut...the land of steady habits.

For the town of Windsor Locks...with its minor faults, still the best little town in the state. Ask Governor Ella Grasso, Jim Franklin, Bob Oliva, Barry Gray, Murry Gold, Tom Kania, Rich Labbe, John Scanlon, Russ Lose, Bob Belisle, Julia Lee, Bill Reilly, Fran Grogan, Joe Savage, Jim McKenna, Marie McGee and the hundreds I have met via the interview route.

For the high school teams, the adult classes, the churches, the Lions, the Knights of Columbus, the Rotary, the veteran organizations and just the plain folks that make up our town.

Just thankful for being an American. It can't hurt saying that. It's a truthful statement and not biting. One of the big problems today is the lack of just saluting the flag, singing the “Star-Spangled Banner and saying a prayer that it's still the best country in the world...just being truthful, not biting.

So tomorrow when you sit down for the feast of the year...be thankful, it can't hurt and it will make you feel good inside...turkey and all.

The following is from one of my favorite sources, “Reader's Digest.” “I was

amazed, when I returned home from school for Thanksgiving Day, to find a lavishly prepared dinner. You see, my mother is not what one might term a proficient cook. For a woman who, six months before, could have destroyed a can of vegetable soup, the preparation of such a handsome turkey with full trimmings seemed impossible.

Then my father said the blessing and I understood. “Our father,” he began, “we thank thee for this fine day. We thank thee for our fine son. And most of all, we thank thee for Harry's delicatessen, which made this dinner possible.” Now that's biting, but truthful. Have a great day...be it your mother's cooking or Harry's.

Jack Redmond Goes To "The Game"

By Jack Redmond

It was with great satisfaction and maybe boldness when I announced to my friends and working associates that we purchased tickets to "THE GAME."

Now if you don't know what the two great words in the Ivy League language of "THE GAME," represents, just ask any Yale or Harvard grad or sports writer at the Courant or even the Journal. They'll know it's the game when the season for these two great universities begins and ends. Saturday, Nov. 22, was the 97th time Yale and Harvard met on the gridiron and we were there at the Harvard Stadium in cold and windy Cambridge, Massachusetts.

We have seen "THE GAME" at Yale Bowl, but never at the open-end giant of cement with its Roman columns setting off the top of the tiers of seats.

Let me first say there are no seats. We paid for two seats in section 18, row R...but you got two spaces of cold cement, enough room for two slim ladies in bikinis. When you crowd in 40,000 faithful, all dressed in their warmest clothes, you get togetherness, especially when you add some liquor refreshment.

The game started at 12:30, courtesy of ABC Sports. Driving up the Massachusetts Pike is fine, until you take Exit 18 for Cambridge. Even when arrival time was 11, there's no parking space for the Harvard game. Thank heavens for Yale

Bowl. But that's for another time and place. Saturday we were in Cambridge, and when in Cambridge you just have to make the best of it.

Making the best of it was driving around the busy avenues surrounding the stadium along the cold Charles River. We finally took our space, along that Charles River, up the curb and on the grass, where hundreds of other cars did the same.

Now for the mile or so walk. But you have to admit, walking through the campus of Harvard gives you the feeling of being in the midst of the Kennedys, Kissingers and other famous names that walked those same sidewalks of the old John Harvard college.

The game started right on time and at the end Yale won, with a defense that was simply devastating, a 14-0 win giving them the Ivy League championship. Harvard only gained 11 yards rushing.

The wind was a big factor causing problems for both teams. Yale's first score came on a perfect pass from quarterback John Rogan to Curt Grieve, who made a leaping catch in the end zone for the first Yale score. The third quarter saw John Nitti go over the goal line for the final six points for the Elis and victory.

Was it worth the trip? Certainly. Some would rather sit in their warm living room tuned in to Channel 40 or 8 and watch "THE GAME" on

television. But being there is a feeling you'll never get from Howard Cosell or friends. You may have to put up with some nice uncomfortable situations, but looking back, yes it is worth being there, even at Harvard Stadium.

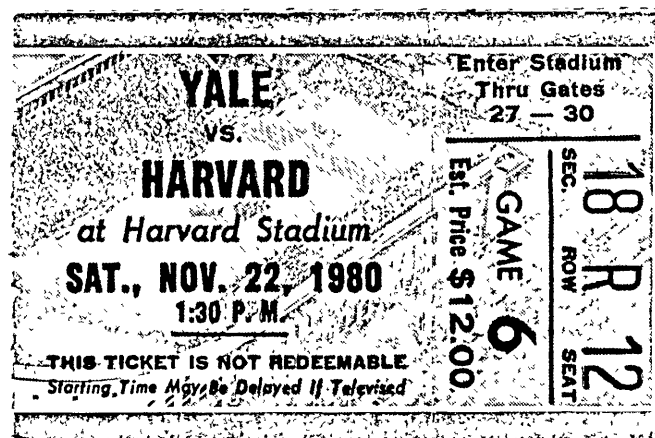
I mentioned the Yale Bowl

as our usual site for Yale games. The bowl is just down the road in New Haven and in our eyes a much better place to see the Elis perform against the rest of the Ivy League teams.

Now that everyone knows who shot "J.R.", this J.R. and his better half will

always have more fun watching "THE GAME", then wondering who shot who. "THE GAME" will be number one long after some soap operas have lost their interest.

See you at the Bowl next November.



Wednesday, November 26, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

Jane Ratcliffe—Many Busy Irons In The Fire

JANE RATCLIFFE MANY BUSY IRONS IN THE FIRE

If you follow the daily path of Jane Mazza Ratcliffe, you'd get mighty tired and probably wonder where she gets her energy.

The young mother of four, a native of Hartford, operates on a full schedule with different days and times all methodically geared to her newly appointed directorship at the local Senior Citizen Center, as a student at the Asnuntuck Community College and the Julius Hart School of Music and as a member of the Windsor Locks Women's Club and the Farmington Valley Chapter of Sweet Adelines. And there is more: involvement in 4-H groups, as volunteer for the Knights of Columbus retarded program, plus on the weekends Jane will don the uniform of waitress at the new Seaman's Tavern on Center Street.

She admits her schedule is hectic, but "everything falls into place, it really does," she assured me with a smile. "Oh, at times," she went on, "it takes some juggling. Luckily my family is self-sufficient."

I caught Jane at home early one evening before her quick exit out the front door and short drive to Simsbury for a practice session with the famous singing group, the Sweet Adelines. She said, for clarification, the

Adelines are an offshoot of the equally well-known men's barbershop quartet.

And speaking of her "self-sufficient" family, husband, Thomas W. Ratcliffe, Jr., also born in the capital city, is employed at Pratt and Whitney Aircraft in East Hartford these past 18 years. Tom is a former Buckley High School star athletic in cross-country and tennis, one to keep in step, not entirely in Jane's foot paths of constant energy, but as a jogger in the Deborah Road area of their home. To put the jogging kick to more use, he has participated in several long distance foot races.

He and Jane were married in 1959 and have lived in Windsor Locks the past 16 years.

The oldest of the Ratcliffe children, Thomas W. Ratcliffe III, 21 this month, is a junior at the Southampton College on Long Island. Young Tom played midget football and is a past member of the high school swim team. In college he is studying Marine Environmental Chemistry.

Brother Garret, 19, is a second year student at Central Connecticut State College. Garret is on the college swim team. While at the Raider School he managed the soccer team and was member of the aquatic squad.

Kevin Ratcliffe, 18, senior at the high school, was recently listed in the "Who's

Who in High School Students." The honor student is on the chess team. As a young boy growing up, he played midget football, and as his brothers before him, was a swimmer on the high school and town teams.

Laura, 15, a sophomore at the South Elm Street school, is a swimmer, like her brothers, but also is a baton twirler, dancer and former Girl Scout. The Ratcliffe boys all were Scouts...their talented mother being in Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Brownies and Cadette leader.

Jane, in her youthful days at Weaver, was "involved in sports." She and Tom are certainly good examples for their children in the sporting end of life. Jane's activity was not confined entirely to sports. She studied dance, singing and participated in musical shows as one of the chorus line called "Dancing Dolls." She admitted Broadway may have crossed her talented mind, but actually in those days she was just a shy person who enjoyed the theatre atmosphere. With that in mind she enrolled in the Julius Hart School to major in music theory and has made it a part of her "hectic" schedule.

After graduation from high school, Jane joined the Traveler's Insurance Co. until the wedding bells and the children made her a happy mother and housewife.

When it came time to discuss the waitress job, she

said, "It's a perfect training ground for meeting people, developing tact and self-discipline." The shyness of the high school girl was one of the reasons for entering this field of employment. She further explained, "I was very quiet and had a problem talking to people." She soon gained the composure and confidence after working at the Bradley Field Terrace Room, Steak Club and now the Seaman's Tavern.

The 4-H groups with their many worthy projects have always been a part of the Ratcliffe children's life style and today is no exception. With Jane showing the way as co-leader of the Suffield-Windsor Locks 4-H Dog Club, Laura Ratcliffe and her dog won "Best Showmanship" at a recent Eastern States Exposition. (The Ratcliffes can observe the family's four dogs - and one cat - at home, for on-the-job-training.)

In September, Jane was appointed by the Committee on the Needs of the Aging as the new director of the Windsor Locks Senior Citizen's Center. Jane's days since her appointment have been filled with activities for

- as she sees them - "a very alert group, very challenging, bright and intelligent" senior citizens. She added, "You have to be on your toes, they always tell it like it is," and the fondness of Jane Ratcliffe for these folks came

EPILOG

Jane Mazza Ratcliffe is one busy gal. As a young girl she enjoyed the theater, became a mother, now helps her husband, Tom, her children and those nice people at the Senior Citizen Center.

Part of her life is still theater, singing in the long red dress of the Sweet Adelines. Who does Jane most admire? Helen Keller and Ann Sullivan. Their stories are of historical significance. It sort of fits. Jane is a success, as was the Keller and Sullivan story because, "There is a four-word formula for success that applies equally well to organizations or individuals: Make yourself more useful." That's Jane Ratcliffe.

Thursday, December 11, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Cabbages And Kings with Jack Redmond

Albertine and Phil Juneau, both from the small town of Franklin, New Hampshire, located between Concord and Laconia, have been active in service organizations and the Senior Citizen Club in their adopted town of Windsor Locks.

The likeable couple were married at the St. Joseph's Cathedral in Hartford on Thanksgiving Day 1941. The retired twosome have one daughter, Patricia, of whom they are most proud.

Patricia, now Mrs. Robert Tracy, graduated from the local high school in 1965 and went on to achieve the highest scholastic achievements at Smith College and the University of Massachusetts.

Al and Phil grew up with the memory of "hard times," where scarcity of material things, as we know today, were lacking and where, walking to school, the old swimming hole or church were the only way to go. The winters were rough in New Hampshire country. Phil worked summers on the farm, as most boys did in Franklin town. Phil's family moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, but their paths would soon cross. They had known each other in grammar school, and on a return visit a few years later they were reunited at a neighborhood dance. It was after that dance Al and Phil became permanent partners.

Phil thinking of the future, left Cambridge for Hartford and a job at the

famous old Bond Hotel. Al came to the capital city and the young couple were married in the big cathedral, just in time for a turkey day reception. World War Two was declared soon after. It would be another year or so before Phil was called into the army.

Phil's career in the U.S. Army actually began as an airman in sunny Miami, Florida. After his basic training he traveled to snowy Colorado and Utah before being transferred into Military Government of the army. In early 1944 his outfit shipped east to New York, and then by boat, landing in Wales. Then it was on to rainy England to wait for General Eisenhower's invasion of Europe. The boy from Franklin landed D-Day, plus one, on Omaha Beach. Because of the nature of his ultimate duty he was assigned temporarily to an infantry team for the invasion. Phil's European agenda sounded like a travel agent dream trip. He saw the war sights of France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark. As a member of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces he was a part of Military Tribunal work which included establishing rest camps and courts to judge war crimes after the war.

Holidays seem to be Phil's way of remembering his personal events. He left Germany on Christmas Day 1945 for home, arriving on

Jan. 4, 1946 and after a quick discharge at Fort Devens, Mass., a happy reunion with his Albertine.

Back in civilian clothes, Phil tried his hand at the Bond again, but it just wasn't to be. He joined Pratt and Whitney in 1946 and 30 years later, laid down his tools for steady retirement on Litchfield Drive. The Juneaus had moved there in 1951, after hearing the plans for Route 84...right in the way of their living quarters. And they haven't regretted it for a moment.

Al had worked at the Allen Manufacturing Company after the wedding and during the war. When their daughter, born in 1947, was old enough for granny to handle, Al was off to East Hartford and 10 years at Pratt and Whitney. She left the aircraft for boilers at Combustion Engineering. After 18 years she retired from the Windsor based company. (She and I worked in the same department for 14 of those 18 years.)

When you speak of their daughter, Pat, you are talking of their pride and joy and rightfully so. She graduated from the Windsor Locks High School (with my daughter Nancy) in 1965 and went on to Smith, summa cum laude after four years at the Massachusetts school. At the University of Massachusetts Pat received her Master's and Doctor of Philosophy degrees. For her thesis she wrote the book, "Jonathan Edwards, Pastor, Religion

and Society in Eighteenth Century Northampton." This past June the book was reviewed by the New York Times, the epitome of any book review board. Pat met husband, Robert Tracy, when she was a student at Smith and he was at Amherst College. Robert received his masters at Brown and Ph.D., at the University of Massachusetts. Pat is associate professor of History and American Civilization at Williams College in Williamstown, Mass. They leave the two different worlds of Yale and Williams for well-earned rests on weekends.

Back to the proud parents, who are now enjoying retirement and taking in all the events the Senior Citizen Club have to offer. Phil is vice president of the club while Al handles the publicity. In other fields, Phil is a 4th degree Knight of Columbus, member of the American Legion and former vice commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Al is a former president of the V.F.W. Women's Auxiliary.

During the winter months Phil is usually glued to the television set watching the wrongs and rights of the New York Giants and the New England Patriots. Summers he's a Red Sox rooter. They both find the time to bowl

with the Senior Citizens, plus exercise and dance and Al sings out with the choral group.

When asked whom they most admired, both agreed: Al's 96-year old aunt. She is Sister Elizabeth Cormier of the Holy Family order and now living in Sherbrooke, Canada.

With Christmas only two weeks away, Al and Phil recalled the early days in Franklin when Al's mother always managed to scrape up

enough money for everyone's gift, the tree would not be put up until Christmas Eve and Phil remembers the use of real candles lit on the tree...for a few minutes anyway.

And it was only a few minutes with two old friends, Al and Phil Juneau, to find out their story of over 60 years of childhood, parenthood, service to their country and town and most of all...their daughter, Pat, the author.

We All Have Thoughts To Share About You

Last week, Ella Grasso's neighbors learned, along with the rest of the world, that she is resigning as governor effective Dec. 31, due to cancer of the liver.

While town officials who have known her for so many years voiced their shock and concern, neighbors and friends shared a feeling of sorrow, and pride in the strength of the woman. And our prayers went out to her in this latest of many struggles she has faced throughout the years.

Ella summed it all up in her statement of resignation. "All of my life has been one of dedication to working for people. I love you all."

Each of us in Windsor Locks shares some special recollection of Ella that stands out in our mind.

We thought it typical of the way of life of women who were trying to do things that we cared about outside the home, the day she dropped in our office on Old County Road. She was stopping in on her way back home from shopping at First National for groceries. How did she fit all those facets of living, expected of women, into her daily life?

Some people have said that, for people in Connecticut, it did not seem out of the ordinary to elect a woman governor. How quickly we forget. Don't we remember the bumper stickers... "Connecticut doesn't need a governess."

Ella hasn't been known as a woman libber. But the younger women libbers forget that the average person needs a role model before

she or he can strike out on their own for something they believe in. People like Ella have provided that - for all women to follow - with the simple concept that if you do something well, then in the next generation it won't seem strange not to consider whether the person doing the job is a woman or a man.

One other thing that particularly comes to mind is Ella's writing of notes to thank her friends or to congratulate someone, or just to let them know she is thinking of them.

The morning her announcement was made of resignation, there was a note in our mail box to Jack Redmond and his wife. Yes, Ella is thinking of her neighbors, and we are thinking of her.

Who writes notes any more? Most of us claim we are too busy to get around to it. Too busy? Just like doing the job the best you can, and never mind the women's movemnet, dropping a note to someone still shows you care.

We'd mentioned those notes to people in the past, and the usual reply was, "What do you expect? Don't you know that people in politics do things like that? They need to get re-elected"

When we saw Ella's note to Jack last Thursday morning, after her resignation, we knew we had been talking to cynics.

Ella is the real thing. It really is true what she says... "I love you all."

We love you, Ella.

The Grasso Touch

Cancer has managed to do what no political opponent ever could — drive Ella Grasso of Connecticut from elective office. She has won elections since 1952, rising from state legislator to Secretary of State and then, in 1974, to become the first woman ever elected governor of any state under her own political steam. Yesterday she resigned, effective Jan. 1.

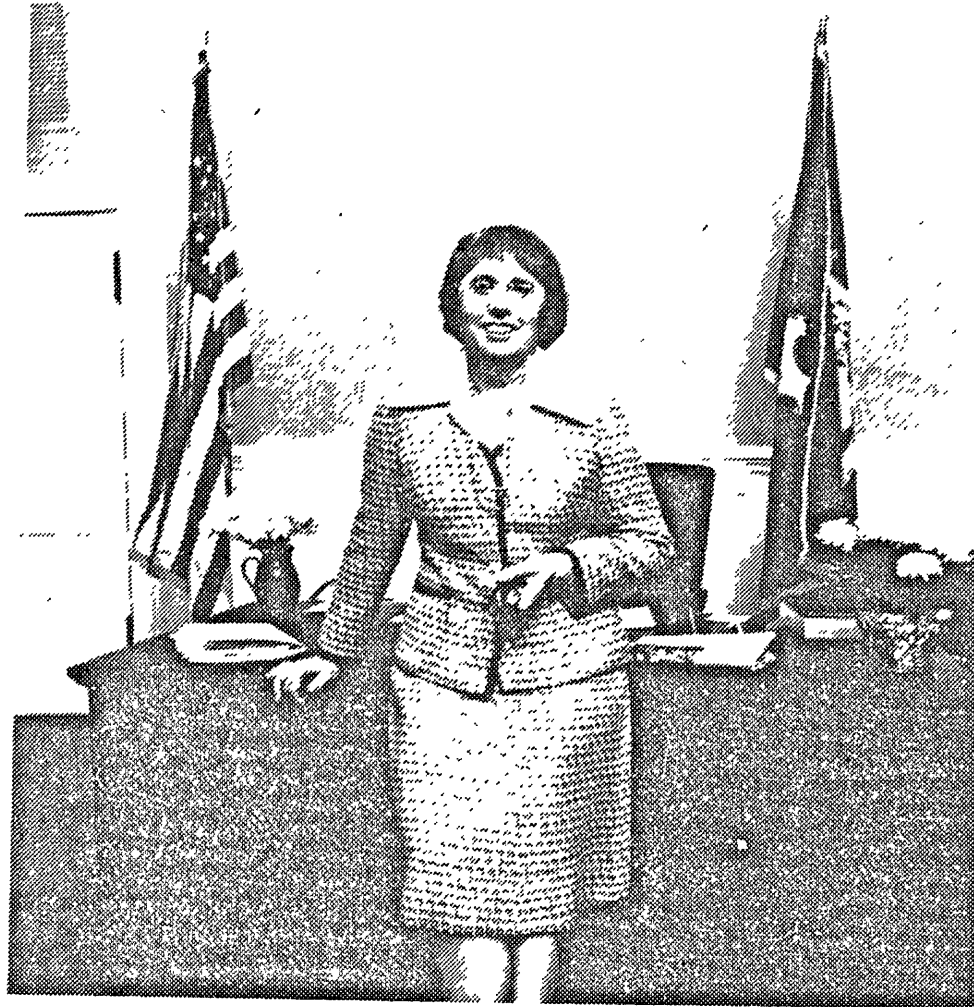
Mrs. Grasso has been a gifted and often cunning politician. The child of immigrants, she has never lost the common touch or tongue. She confesses that it took her years to realize that "youse" was not the plural of "you." She has invariably championed the consumer in utility rate controversies and, to the satisfaction of voters of all persuasions, she vehemently opposed a state income tax. Lacking other issues to invigorate a

New York Times 12-5-80

flagging campaign for re-election in 1978, she seized on a snow storm and helicoptered across the state, directing the cleanup.

Governor Grasso has steadfastly refused to use her gender as a crutch or club. But she has been a hard-nosed fiscal manager, at times infuriating allies by slashing municipal and welfare spending. Now she leaves an enviable record: six years of administration without a blemish of scandal; a succession of budget surpluses; and a strengthened state economy.

She was stricken just when her party needed her most. The November election suggested that many Democrats had lost touch with the people. Not Ella Grasso. She richly deserves not merely their warmest wishes but also their gratitude and respect.



Gov. Ella Tambussi Grasso

The Girl From Olive Street

by Jack Redmond

Ella...we're going to miss you as our Governor.

Everyone who loves Ella Tambussi Grasso, knows she is no quitter. The leaving of the governorship was really the best for Ella and her family. But in Connecticut... some folks are selfish. We want her to be our governor. Elections have come and gone and Ella won her share. The retirement was not from any election defeat, it was wisely and realistically made

for a hard look at her health. She deserves all the private treatment and latest medical breakthroughs.

Ella...we're going to miss you.

The folks in Windsor Locks have always felt a special and warm attachment for the first woman elected governor of a state in her own right. I'll never forget the night she won the governorship and the happy celebration at a local hotel. She may have been Secretary of State and a

member of Congress...but being Governor was the greatest. She did her job for the people of Connecticut. She was always there when the people needed her. She offered the knowledge and experience of many years and the good sense of her inner self.

Yes, Ella, you're darn tooting...we're going miss you. And with it all our prayers are with you. You'll always be our Governor Ella Grasso, the girl from Olive Street, Windsor Locks.

Benny D'Agostino wouldn't have it any other way...living in Windsor Locks, playing golf and serving on the Windsor Locks Police Commission for over 20 years.

The dedicated Meriden, Connecticut native has lived in town since 1950, after marrying Leona Meyer, a girl from Pittsburgh, whose birthplace, according to Benny, is now second base at the Three Rivers Stadium, the home of the Pirates and Steelers. It seems appropriate, seeing that Benny is an old time baseball and football player of notable vintage.

Benny attended the Meriden schools where he excelled on the diamond, the court and gridiron. During his high school days, under an assumed name, he played semi-pro baseball against the better teams in the state, the West Haven Sailors, Hamden Townies and others. Benny recalled local Dr. John Kennedy as one of the Hamden players, and future major leaguers with famous names like Ed Stanky, Randy Gumpert and Red Soxer Billy Goodman. Benny was in good company.

In those days of playing three sports, Benny was a pitcher, outfielder and first baseman on the diamond, a guard on the basketball court and speedy left halfback on the football gridiron. Even today, he'd rather talk baseball than the workings of the Police Commission where he has served his community so long, faithfully and honestly.

In October 1945, the young boy from Meriden changed from the all-around sportsman to the colors of the U.S. Air Force, spending three years in Virginia, Mississippi and the far-off state of Washington. In Benny's case, he couldn't wait to change back to the all-around sportsman.

His working career after the service years consisted of a short time with the State of Connecticut, Hamilton-Standard (East Hartford and Windsor Locks), the Underwood Company for 20 years, ending up as a chief engineer

and currently with Transcon, a subsidiary company of Hi-G, for the past seven years as a senior mechanical engineer.

The family of Benny is an active group and really comes first, after sports, for this proud individual. Benny met his wife, Leona Meyer, when his buddy, who was going with Leona's sister at the time, introduced the twosome to make it a foursome. As mentioned, Leona was born in Pittsburgh. Her family left the steel city for Baltimore and then finally settled in nearby West Hartford.

Benny and Leona have three children, Robert, Linda and Donna. Robert D'Agostino will be 30 years old on Christmas Day. The Windsor Locks High School grad was on the Raider swim team and continued his aquatic abilities at Trinity College. He did his pre-med at the Hartford college and the UConn Medical School. Dr. D'Agostino served three years at the Indiana Medical Center before moving to Canton, Massachusetts to set up his private practice as a family doctor with his wife, Pam.

Linda, 28, is married to a Windsor Locks man, Paul Hinckley. The young married couple live in East Hartford. Linda was a swimmer at the high school. She attended the Manchester and Winsted community colleges. The former instructor of water safety is now engaged in the State Occupational Therapy program.

Donna, 23, lives in Los Angeles, California, and is employed by a computer company. Donna, a grad of Roger Williams College in Rhode Island, as her brother and sister before her, was a swimmer at the high school. Benny said, "My children, I guess, were all born with gills."

"Commissioner" has been Benny's title for well over 20 years. The former chairman of the Board of Police Commission and a loyal Democrat is a student of the late and respected John Rabbitt and John Fitzpatrick.

Benny was noncommittal in discussing the Police Commission, only to say, "there is no politics connected with the commission. We perform all the necessary functions of the police department under our direction."

Besides his friendly feelings toward Messrs. Rabbitt and Fitzpatrick, Benny most admired the late First Selectman of Windsor Locks, Mike Sartori. Benny said, in reminiscing of yesteryear, "Mike was tops with me. We enjoyed many things together, especially hunting."

In addition to his service to the community in police matters, Benny helped organize the first Windsor Locks Athletic Association about 1955. Benny and a few sports minded citizens felt "the town needed a sports program for the kids and grownups." When Benny's

days as a baseball player were over, he turned to softball performing on many of the better teams in the local area. When the weather permits, Benny will be found on the Portland, Connecticut Golf Club. He's on the Board of Governors for the club and his trophies can be found in his personally built rec room at the Pearl Street home. Benny's handiwork can also

be found in the kitchen. He is Leona's chief fix-it man.

Christmas is next week and Benny D'Agostino remembers the days of December as enjoyable, especially the ones in Brooklyn. Benny lived there for a time with his father, the late Nicholas D'Agostino, and his mother, Mary, who now at 75, is hale and hearty in Meriden.

Benny has been into sports

all his life. He thinks the world of Windsor Locks. The Police Commission duties, the old Athletic Association and work with the Boy Scouts have been his contribution to his adopted town. In his own words, "The town has been good to me, I just wanted to give something back." That's Benny D'Agostino, the steady police commissioner.

D'Agostino Is Police Commissioner, Avid Sportsman

with
Jack

Redmond

Cabbages And Kings

Thursday, December 18, 1980 - The Windsor Locks Journal

- The Windsor Locks Journal - Wednesday, December 24, 1980

Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

I like Christmas-time and New Year's, although the New Year's Eve business of entering the new year is a bit overdone, it's a most happy time.

The time for gifts, parties, snow, church services and new year resolutions.

And the time for the annual column on people in Windsor Locks, be it gifts, hopes, resolutions or some funny jab at some local celebrity, it's the time for happy thoughts and good reasons not to take ourselves so serious.

Let's start with Mr. Nice Guy:

JOE FIORE: More hours in the day to fulfill that busy retirement schedule.

DICK TAMBUSSI: A book

called "Any More Lands to Conquer?"

LOLA GOULD: What ever Lola wants...Lola gets.

JOHN SCANLON: A book called..."How To Announce a Surprise Party."

JOE SAVAGE: Continued improvement on the Raider football field.

1981 HIGH SCHOOL CLASS: Another successful class play.

1982 HIGH SCHOOL CLASS: To watch the 1981 Class...to see how its done.

VIN MUSCO: Seeing his new Texaco Station back on the Main Street again.

PAT RAFFERTY: Wishes to be 20 years younger so he could play pro football, at the current salary range.

JULIA LEE: You can add

C&K to your name anytime. The lady is a delight.

BOB OLIVA: A book on "How to Watch and Enjoy the Opera."

JACK REDMOND: Make that two books on "How to Watch..."

JOE COOPER: Return of the 3-cent postage stamp. (best joke at the New Year)

AL KONE: Your customers want back the days of the 5-cent beer and "Free Lunch." (second best joke at New Years.)

TO THE YANKEE FANS: For 1981, your cry should be the old Brooklyn chant - "Wait Till Next Year."

TO THE RED SOX FANS: For 1981, a pennant...cause it should be a "Houk" of a

year. (third best joke at New Years.;

AND A FEW REMARKS ON OUR POLITICIANS..NOW THAT THE ELECTION IS OVER:

SENATOR CON O'LEARY: A book from newly elected Congressman Lenny DeNardis of New Haven: "How to Become a Newly Elected Congressman."

BARBARA TRASKA: A book called "How To Be Elected in a Democratic Town."

REPRESENTATIVE DAVE WENC: A book entitled "What Not To Say the First Year on a New Job."

CHARLIE RADER: A gift wrapped package containing the complete works of the town's new charter.

BARRY GRAY: A long

telephone call from Dick Williams, mostly on what to do before the next town election.

BACK TO THE APOLITICAL PEOPLE IN TOWN:

PAUL AND JACKIE MILLER: Write a book in the new year called "How to Treat Life"...and receive the title of "Man and Woman for all seasons."

PAUL MCCARTHY: A complete zoning map of Windsor Locks showing where Main Street is or is to be.

BOB PARMELEE: Recipe for all - What's in the mix of a Popcorn Yankee.

ROLLAND PIVIN: Recipe on how to be the "Knight of the Year."

MARIO AND IRENE DEL FAVERO: Speaking of reci-

pes, how about the ingredients for togetherness?

JENNIE MISIEK: The latest exercise kick for the new year.

EUNICE GRANGER McGINN: Her gift to all... "Have a kindly spirit all through the year."

MIKE AND MAE MORIARTY: Christmas gifts trimmed with the glory of green.

Let's end with another Mr. Nice Guy, my neighbor, **WILL GOULD**, the best export from Maine Connecticut ever received.

Now take time for the gifts, parties, snow, New Year's Resolutions, but above all...take the time for your own church services. **MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!**