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**"Cabbages and Kings"**

With ***Jack Redmond***

# "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*



**JIM FRANKLIN-CIVIC LEADER  
AND MR. A & P**

James J. Franklin...slight in build, but never did a day's work only slightly.

The Fairview Street resident attributes his 83 years to "hard work and clean living." Jim can be called a product of the "old school."

The dynamic and snappy individual was born seven years before the turn of the century in Johnsonburg, Pa. Jim admits not ever going back to his birthplace and wasn't sure if the town was near Pittsburgh or Philadelphia.

With Jim, he had a life to live and he did himself proud. His family moved from the coal state to Portland, Ct., and, at the young age of 13, after eight grades of schooling and "a good level head," Jim was off in the business world to make his mark. Every journey in life starts slow and Jim had to work at a few odd jobs before he found his mark. He was reluctant to ever begin farming with his father. His first employment was with a Hartford firm making metal ceiling fixtures. He worked on tobacco, was an assembler in a toy shop, and even if the wages were low, the end product was good...making candy and ice cream. Jim remembers working some days from seven in the morning to eleven at night. Child labor laws were unheard of at that time.

The candy factory was located next to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, better known as the A & P. Jim, because of his personality and eagerness to work, caught the eye of the A & P and with very

little persuasion, became a trainee in the grocery business. The training ground was up the river in Windsor Locks. Jim lived with the Watkins family on Spring Street during his apprenticeship. He was paid \$11 a week. Ten dollars was for the rent, and the balance for him to spend anyway he wished.

The training over, Jim received his first break as a manager of one of the company stores in East Hampton. The year was 1916 and four years later Jim was transferred to little old Windsor Locks. Jim rattled off the locations of the local A & P as if it were yesterday. The first home grocery store was in the Zaccheo building opposite the bridge crossing on Main Street. Main Street was the favorite place for all the stores. Three years later, Jim could be found on the Coogan block, just north of Church Street, occupying the entire first floor of the three-story frame building. He said it was the first combination grocery and meat store of his company in a town of this size. Four years later, Jim moved again to a new building, north of the Coogan block, and finally in 1940 the last move to the site across from the old railroad station. It was the final move, then the development of downtown, changing the way Jim knew it all those years.

When asked what sports did you participate in, he said, "I never had the time to do those things." No, he didn't. He worked for his Margaret and son Charles. And also for the town of Windsor Locks in many capacities.

THE WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1976

His late wife, Margaret Catherine Hayes, a local girl, and Jim were married in 1925. Their son Charles and his wife Regina have four offspring. Jim's son and family live on Circle Drive and Charles works in Hartford for, you guessed it, the A & P. Charles has two grandchildren and that makes Jim a great-grandfather.

The span of time, 48 years, the association with the food chain, saw many changes in Windsor Locks for Jim Franklin. He himself initiated some of those innovations.

Jim mentioned not being a participant in local sports but recalls the Windsor Locks AA baseball team of 1933. He was the president of the group and E.J. Lally the manager. Jim has an old photo of the team and some of the men were familiar...

Joe Raccone, Mike Sartori, Francis Colli, Joe Barberie, the home-run hitter, and a fellow by the name of Molyne.

For eight years or so Jim organized the Halloween Party Association for the kids in the schools every October. When the town grew in school population, the parties had to be discontinued.

According to Jim, whenever Tom Dowd or Henry O'Leary as First Selectman wanted a job done town, they would call the A & P man. One of those projects was the raising of money to build a swimming pool in town. The depression was on and money was hard to come by. But Jim with the help of the K of C and the Masons put on a carnival for two years in order to finance the pool. It was successful and the pool was installed on Center Street. Jim recalls, "Mouse" Fielding was the lifeguard. In the fall of the year the pool was drained and boxing matches were staged. Another place Jim remembers, while on the subject of boxing, the matches at the old Burnap Hall on Main Street. Jim said the real oldtimers would remember all those places of interest.

When the community-minded citizens decided the town needed a larger pool, Jim and many others raised \$33,000 and that's where Pesci pool is today.

When you write of the spirit of Windsor Locks one mustn't forget their deeds on the home front during WWII. The following article appeared in the treasury publication "Minute Man" on February 15, 1943.

"With a population of 4,300 the town Windsor Locks, Conn.,

successfully completed a 47-day drive to buy a bomber by purchasing \$177,564 worth of war bonds. Before and during the opening days of the campaign many thought WSS Chairman James Franklin had been overly optimistic when he fixed the \$175,000 goal for the town. However, with the excellent cooperation of a few of the local industries and the Windsor Locks Journal, and the energetic canvassing of a few committee members the drive was carried to every man, woman and child in the community and the goal reached. The amount of \$177,564 gave Windsor Locks the distinction of being one of the smallest communities in the country to win the honor of sponsoring a bomber." It was appropriately called the "Spirit of Windsor Locks."

Jim Franklin has five sisters whom he visits quite frequently. Josephine Gillespie, East Hartford, Anna Perry, who lives in Milford, Louise Tirone of West Hartford, Sue Bakowski, of Middletown, and Margaret Tarnoske of Portland. Speaking of relatives, Jim said he would like to mention his two sisters-in-law, Julia Roszelle of Windsor Locks and Norma Stevens of West Hartford.

Jim is a Past Grand Knight of the local K of C, charter member and director of Knights Building Association, past president of the Rotary Club, a director of the Savings and Loan Association, a charter director and credit committee member of the St. Mary's Federal Credit Union. In addition Jim is past president of the Italian American Club, the local district chairman for the Boy Scouts Finance Committee, and active in Red Cross, Mental Health and Public Health activities. A member of St. Mary's parish, he's been an usher for the past 35 years at the 9:30 mass.

In talking to Jim Franklin one feels his years in Windsor Locks have been very fruitful. He has made many friends. There were three people in town he pointed out with special significance..... Dexter Coffin, Dr. Ettore Carniglia and Governor Ella Grasso. His highest regard went out for Mr. Coffin because of their relations in many civic functions. Mrs. Grasso as a close friend, and the late and great doctor was a special companion of Jim. He spoke quite fondly of the many wonderful behind-the-scenes of the good doctor for the people of Windsor Locks. When I asked Jim if he had a picture of himself,

to be published with this article, he found the one of himself and the doctor. He said, "Use this one. It's good of both of us." The picture was taken at the 40th wedding anniversary of Jim and Margaret in 1965.

## EPILOG

James J. Franklin has been involved in so many organizations and activities and I probably missed a few. But living every minute is Jim's way of life and so to Mr. A & P I will close this by quoting an old saying that fits him...

"Do more than exist....live  
Do more than touch....feel  
Do more than look....observe  
Do more than hear....listen  
Do more than think...ponder  
Do more than talk....say something."

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*



**PHYLLIS, KIRSTEN & CHERYL  
FROM DENMARK WITH LOVE**

"It's great...."

This was the reaction of Danish student, Miss Kirsten Nielsen, living at the home of Ron and Barbara Jones, when asked for a one word description of her home away from home....the United States.

Miss Nielsen, a mature 17, far from her home in Copenhagen, Denmark, is finding life in America, and principally, for the moment, here in Windsor Locks, just what she expected...just great.

She said, coming here, as an American Field Service exchange student, was to "meet all the people, and see how they lived."

The Jones family, with their daughters, Cheryl, also 17, and a student at the high school, and Phyllis, 13, a student at the Middle School, have all welcomed the young Danish student with love and understanding. Ron Jones, surrogate father to Kirsten during her stay, said, "She is treated like his own daughters and is required to perform all the normal chores around the house." He emphasized their reasons for having an exchange student was, "The girls wanted her, and my wife and I felt it would be a great experience for all of us."

Ron and Barbara were interviewed by the local chapter of the American Field Service personnel in order to see if they met the qualifications to become a host family. On the other side of the pond, Miss Nielsen had to also qualify and, naturally, secure the permission of her own parents. In August, she and many students from the Scandinavian countries left by plane for New York City and their "Mayflower trip."

She said, rather sadly, "I was on the wrong side of the plane when we landed at Kennedy Airport and missed the skyline of New York." She has hopes of seeing the "big apple" before her trip back home next July. After a few days of screening, at the C.W. Post College of Long Island, Kirsten and the others, bound for different towns and cities in Connecticut, left by bus for Hartford.

The Jones family met her at the terminal and because of prior correspondence and pictures quickly picked out the blonde Danish young lady at first sight.

From my own observance, Kirsten is just another Jones girl. Both Phyllis and Cheryl with their light hair and complexion, could easily pass for sisters for Kirsten.

Miss Nielsen had her own opinion of the United States, before she even set foot on our shores. The schools in Denmark require a full study of American history. She told of her knowledge of the states from the Atlantic to the Pacific: the economic differences she read about, and, then seriously spoke of the hamburgers, coca cola, television, the comforts of our life, and the great clothes we all wear, notably blue jeans. She said in Denmark, jeans sell for thirty dollars as compared to

fifteen at any store here. And she added of her studies of our growth in technological advances. She was well versed of our way of life.

During her stay in Windsor Locks, Kirsten will attend the local high school with Cheryl, as a senior. Her required subjects will be English and American history, and she will choose the balance of her curriculum. She said in Denmark the students go to school for ten years with an additional two years as a preparation, if desired, for college. The Danish visitor hopes to attend college to study art. She had several excellent examples of her own art work on hand at the Jones house. Mr. Jones added, "Kirsten is a linguist, speaking Danish, English, French and German." The students in her home country are given English in the fifth grade, German in the seventh year, and French in their tenth year.

Miss Nielsen, when asked, "What do you think of the American boys?" She laughed and said, "They are good looking, and play a lot more sports than the boys in our home town." She said women's liberation has caught on, even in Denmark, and "dutch treat" is the name of the game when young couples go out on dates.

Danish television doesn't go on the air until the evening and according to Miss Nielsen it is usually filled with politics. There's no commercials, and sometimes the older American programs are shown, with Danish subtitles. However, during the Olympic games in July and American bicentennial celebration they viewed it all on satellite.

Ron Jones, an employee at Pratt-Whitney as a Human Factors Engineer, is from West Springfield, and his wife Barbara is a Florida native. Ron said the family, and that includes Kirsten, will drive south to Florida during the Christmas holidays with visits to Disneyworld and to Barbara's parents.

### EPILOG

I'm sure, after meeting these nice folks, that it's going to be a remarkable experience for the entire Jones family and Miss Nielsen. They will certainly learn and grow through accepting their new girl from a different culture. Better said and right from the AFS handbook on information to host families:

"The purpose of the program is not to turn your student into an American or to convince her or him that the United States is in any way better than her or his country. It is to expose her or him (and you too) to situations in which she or he can participate and learn. Given the secure base of your family, where we hope she or he will feel mutual respect and affection, it can be expected that she or he will make a contribution to the situations and people they encounter, as they will to them."

To Miss Kirsten Nielsen.....  
much love from America.

## "Cabbages and Kings"

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Next Tuesday, November 2, will be Election Day in the United States. Voters of America...it's your day to cast a vote for president, senator, congressperson, and for those to fill offices on the state level.

For months we have been bombarded by glowing rhetoric

But the rhetoric is over .. thank goodness .. it will be our day to play the role of Solomon. We do have a choice. Think, and make it a wise one.

On Tuesday, and for days after the election, the news media and polls will focus on the voters by either ethnic, religious, or other categories to find out just why this man or woman lost and by what fractional margin. To some it will make good statistics or bad ...don't be a no-show on Tuesday.

Judging by past elections it will probably be early Wednesday morning before we know which man ... President Ford or Jimmy Carter will head the nation for the next four years.

A man once wrote: "Politics is the science of exigencies." Exigent means "requiring immediate action or aid, urgent or pressing." Your choice will be all this and more. As your country enters the third century the needs of the people are certainly urgent and pressing. Is

So in closing, let's show the Ford, with conservative ways, or rest of the world that in the Carter, the Southern liberal, the United States both men and answer to all the problems we women exercise their privilege as face as a nation? We will decide. voters. Vote Republican, Dem- And we can say the voters can ocratic, of Independent, but vote. Voting is the real separation of a free society from the shackles of a dictatorship.

day with the wisdom of Solomon.

Recently the Public Television station gave their viewers a series on different women from this country and England who were instrumental in securing the right to vote for women. These women suffragists endured unmerciful treatment for their beliefs. I hope we have learned a lesson from their agony.

To the women of America, do not forget the trials and tribulations of your sex next Tuesday. They won a great victory over man's superior attitude against women's rights as citizens.

More than one hundred years John Stuart Mill was able to write: "When nobody, or only some small faction, feels the degree of interest in the general affairs of the State necessary to the formation of a public opinion, the electors seldom make any use of the right of suffrage but to serve their private interest, or the interest of their locality, or of

someone with whom they are connected as adherents or dependents. The small class who, in this state of public feeling, gain the command of the representative body, for the most part use it solely as a means of seeking their fortune."

render a delicate decision Tues-

## "Cabbages and Kings"

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### MR. COLLI-MR. SELECTMAN FOR 29 YEARS

Francis K. Colli... his life in Windsor Locks as member of the Board of Selectmen, for the past 29 years, although hectic at times, has been most rewarding.

Mr. Colli, a friendly, happy and sincere man, weathered the depression years only to find at the end...not the rainbow...but World War Two and 103 days as a prisoner of the big war.

His story of the Hoover years, as prisoner of the Third reich, his many years at Travelers Insurance Comapny and almost three decades as selectman was as interesting as any of the C&K subjects.

Fran and his wife Doris, of the Quagliaroli clan, both natives of town, were married in 1947. They have two boys...David and Paul.. Dave at 26, with six years of Navy duty, and currently working in The State of Washington, will soon rejoin Uncle Sam, this time with the Coast Guard. Paul, is 20, and employed by the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, in Windsor Locks. Paul and Miss Pamela Rita of Glastonbury will be married sometime this year.

1 Fran is one of those good ball-players Windsor Locks high school produced with some basketball too. But Fran played only one game of football... "We went under the name and colors of Windsor Locks and got clubbed." The inexperienced players took on the powerful Suffield Prep and the one game was enough punishment. The fellows decided to stick to the diamond and the court. Fran, after graduation in 1931 of only 18 students, played on the town team of local baseball greats. He remembers the names of Jake Banks and Joe Barberie as two of the better ones and both men were signed to contracts by the St. Louis Cardinals. He later branched out and by working in Hartford for the Pratt-Cady Company, a division of the American Chain, he could perform on the diamond and work at the same time. Fran after trying his hand at tobacco, jobs in the local stores, and the dye house at Montgomery, all to make a dollar during the depression, he finally secured employment in the big city. His working career found him at Colts and Royal before he made his mark at the Travelers.

But Fran Colli found himself in the army in 1944...his d e f e r-ments from Colts had run out... he was off to the infantry. Now Fran was a lilttle over 30...not the best time to enter the service, especially when hikes and those infiltration courses were the order of the day. (any of you

young ones who wonder what an infiltration course is...ask your father). But Fran made the best of the situation and after 17 weeks basic training in good old Alabama was off to sunny or wet England, depending on the season. With only three weeks to meet the Queen...Fran never quite made her tea time...he was in France and a replacement for one of the GI Joes from Omaha Beach.

Sometimes the army moves fast...in Fran's case, they did... next stop...the woods of Luxembourg. The first few months Fran performed the required d u t y... but on a cold December day he, and a few of his buddies, were surrounded and captured by the Germans. They were i m m e d-ately placed on a troop train, and on the day before Christmas 1944...Fran Colli arrived at the Lindberg Prison. He still carries the card with number...055123 M. Stammlager XIIA...to remind him of the 103 days he cut wood for the Germans. He knew it was was 103...after the war and safely at home, he received a check from the government for one dollar for every day as a POW. The war was winding down in the spring of /45 with the armies of general Patton making their way to Berlin and the Fran also made his move, with a man by the name of Leo Boutin, of Rhode Island, and now living in Florida, escaped from a work detail and with Mr. Boutin's knowledge of French, moved as fast as they could to the friendly land of the Allies.

Fran added... "The H o g a n 's Heroes on TV is grossly exaggerated." He said the Germans did not mistreat them, but the food was terrible. The reason for waiting for the spring to even attempt an escape was due to the severe cold weather with temperatures 15 below zero at times. Once back in friendly hands, he was shipped to England for hospitalization. Finally Fran was sent home to the states and more hospital care at Mitchell Field in Long Island. Fran said due to his loss of weight...he was d o w n to 108... the food in the prison cap was unbearable...he was again

shipped to another hospital...this time to Ft. Devens, Mass. He managed a few passes on weekends to Windsor Locks but soon was back to active duty in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. On December 10, 1945...Fran was a civilian....all POW personnel were discharged....Fran was home again for good.

between John Fitzpatrick and Fran Colli... "What do I know about politics?" Mr. Fitzpatrick..

And for the last 29 years F r a n Colli has used his head and worked with Mike Sartori, James Rabbett, Henry O'leary, Ed Savino and Mrs. Erma Olivi Pane. He admits it's been exciting at times, especially when he had to double duty when someone was ill. He had only the highest regard for the above men-tioned town officials.

He remembers his town of Windsor Locks...when he and the boys went swimming in the canal, helping raise money and working on the building of the VFW home with names like Sasali and Casinghino. And the time George Woolweaver drove his crane up Fairview Street, only to find the crane too heavy, and crushing a few sewer pipes along the way to the VFW home.

When asked about his downtown... "there was a definite need." On Bradley Field... "any function that helps Windsor Locks is OK by me."

Fran has been involved as a Deputy Sheriff, a member of the Sewer Commission, probably due to his connection on Fairview Street, a VFW life member, a Lion, and past president of the Little League. He's retired now, from the Travelers Insurance and said his daily trip to Town Hall keeps him active in twon affairs. He wouldn't want it any other way.

Francis K. Colli has been Mr. Selectman for 29 years...using his head...cause that's the name of the game.

## "Cabbages and Kings"

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### BRAIN MCKEOWN ALL-AMERICAN-IRISHMAN

Brian McKeown certainly chose the right community to pursue his immortality.

The Ireland-born father of two daughters came to the United States in 1952 with his parents and two brothers. The senior McKeown was an organ pipe maker and migrated to the shores of Virginia only to find, after a year's work, the company who employed him and took him from his homeland, was bankrupt. The McKeown family, with probably some Irish wit and fortitude, moved to Hartford in 1953 where Brian's father secured employment with another organ company.

The story of Brian McKeown must begin in his hometown of Belfast. Belfast is a seaport and capital of Northern Ireland. He has not returned to the place of his birth...it is now a troubled city. Young Brian went as far as the sixth grade and then the big change of life style was on the rise.

Brian grew fast, first in the Hartford schools and then on to Windsor Locks. He's been a locktown ever since...and a busy guy at that. He's a graduate of the local high school...the class of 1960. He played baseball and basketball...not bad for a fellow coming from a soccer-oriented country.

Brian's activities in town cover a wide range...educator, coach and Park Department official.

The All-American Irish boy left Windsor Locks for a brief period...to New Hampshire and a college education at St. Anselm's in Manchester. He studied history and education...met Miss Katherine Burke of Beverly, Massachusetts.

1964 was a big year for Brian...graduation from college and marriage to Katherine. The young couple moved to Windsor Locks. His first position was teaching at St. Mary's School. Four years later he entered the local high school as a teacher in history. In addition to teacher, Brian really became involved in the sports program at the high school as coach of Freshman basketball for six years. He's now the Junior Varsity coach. Brian has also entered the baseball scene as an umpire and officiates at soccer contests.

The McKeown family is active in town...Kathy was the recent town coordinator for Gloria Schaeffer. The Stone Drive

swellers have two equally busy daughters...Christine 11, a midget football cheerleader and Maureen, who is eight. Both girls attend the North Street School. Their proud father said..."We enjoy them both and they are wonderful little girls."

The Windsor Locks Jaycees in 1974 named Brian "The Outstanding Educator." Besides his educational duties, Brian finds the time and the patience to serve on the Park Department as one of the board members. For the past two years...he's been the chairman. The non-paid members meet once a month...and whenever situations arise needing attention. The six member board sets the policy for the town parks with recreational and maintenance objectives always uppermost in their decisions. Brian was elected in 1966 and today the board has two other members from the Democratic Party...Fran Aniello and Vic Malec. The three GOP members are Tom Quinn, Frank Campisi and Raymond Rodolfo-Masera.

Brian remarked in discussing the local parks..."Considering our part-time director (Bob O'Connor) and two full-time men the parks of Windsor Locks are in marvelous condition." In connection with the parks and knowing how sport-minded the Windsor Locks citizens are...he added..."the town has enough sport activity...we shouldn't ever overemphasize sports...recreation can be an end in itself."

On the personal side...Brian collects campaign buttons of prior elections. He's an admirer of the late Senator Robert Kennedy. He said, "Bob Kennedy was interested in people." Brian added another favorite...the University of Notre Dame, the fighting Irish of South Bend. He's a member of the local Lions...just to round out his activities and interests, Must not forget to mention he coached the little leaguers in baseball for five years and a few of his boys made the World Champs of 1965.

### EPILOG

Brian McKeown... school teacher, coach and town official.. had to cut short our interview for his friend and fellow teacher, Con O'Leary...having a coffee session...he must be running for some office.

Yes, Brian was born in Ireland...his roots now make him an All-American guy.

## "Cabbages and Kings"

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### MRS. JEAN GLAZIER - WINDSOR LOCKS HOUSING EXECUTIVE

A glazier...according to the latest college dictionary...is a person who fits windows or the like with glass or panes of glass.

Mrs. Jean Glazier, our resident executive director of the Local Housing Authority... doesn't fit windows with glass... she fits people into housing with dignity and kindness. Mrs. Glazier, a congenial lady, really enjoys her position and better said...enjoys people...especially the senior citizens. She said they all have a twinkle in their eye when it comes to lost keys and locked doors. Jean makes herself available when it comes to problems that may arise at the apartments under her direction.

The female director is a native of Stafford Springs. One of her classmates was the baseball coach...Russ Mattesen. Jean was secretary of her class...she began early in life being well organized. In addition to her class duties she found enough time to play the flute with the school band. After graduation she found employment with a local bank in her hometown.

The weekends in the early fifties found the young people of Stafford Springs and surrounding towns either sailing on Crystal Lake or roller-skating at a nearby rink. The students from UConn were both skaters and of the sailor variety...Douglas Glazier was one of those students. Jean and Doug met, and skated right into matrimony in 1954.

Mr. Glazier is an engineer at the Package Machinery Company Longmeadow, Mass.

After their marriage Doug was off to the U.S. Army and Jean followed him to the nearest New Jersey town near his camp. After his discharge he joined the Hamilton-Standard Division, and in 1960 the family was growing and Windsor Locks was near to his work and the housing was available. Speaking of the family...Doug and Jean have four little Glaziers. Douglas, Jr., better known as "Chuck" is the oldest at 21 and a student at the Asnuntuck Community College in Enfield. Barry was the second son on the scene...is 19...and employed for a machine company in East Windsor.

Susan, their only daughter, is 17, a student at the high school. She's a tennis enthusiast. The piano player in the family is young Glenn at 14 and a freshman in high school.

Jean started in the banking business, but with the army moves, coming back to a regular routine, having a family, she wanted to make some kind of a career for herself. Her first chance came when she was employed at the Dexter Company. She worked for William Fitzpatrick and in 1971 the Housing Authority needed a secretary...Jean was appointed.

In February of 1973 she became the Executive Director

of the local housing committee. Mr. Fitzpatrick is the chairman and the balance of the committee is...Ruth Flanagan, John Preli and Paul King.

In 1974 construction began on the 60 Elderly Units in the Downtown Renewal Area. It was the first big step of the committee and with the completion of the "Oak Grove Terrace Apartments" on Grove Street...Mrs. Glazier said their next task is to plan for the eventual construction of 40 more units of housing for the elderly of Windsor Locks. In addition to "Oak Grove" the authority looks after the 16 family units on Chestnut Street.

Mrs. Glazier manages the two units from her office at the old Fire-Police station downtown. She is in charge of the maintenance of the units, paying the bills, setting up a budget as part of her directorship. She works very closely with the federal department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) and remarked, "In my position... I not only meet interesting people from all walks of life, connected with HUD, but also the great and cheerful town senior citizens. It's always a pleasure caring for them and their problems. Small or large."

She added... "my job as dispatcher for the senior citizen minibus is a lot of fun, and when the bus isn't running...I drive myself." The senior group is a joy for Mrs. Glazier.

When asked her opinion on the women's lib movement...she said, "I certainly believe in equal pay for equal work...but the rest?" Her husband Doug is leashed with his wife's work in the community and said... "She's gaining experience in a most worthy profession."

The director has no political ambitions...said she was strictly an independent voter and person. Another of her duties is Clerk of the Board of Finance...and is quite proud of the 40.75 tax rate in town. She believes, "Downtown was a great idea, Bradley Field needs a Trade Zone and the new Elm Corners owners are doing a good job."

When this busy lady is not looking after the housing of town she can be found singing in the choir of the Windsor Locks Congregational Church. Jean is also the treasurer of her church. Who said women are not involved?

### EPILOG

Mrs. Jean Glazier, wife, mother of four, loves to read, sew, play the piano, work in her garden and for sure...be busy at all times.

Her quick laugh, easy manner... reminded me of Erma Bombeck.

Mrs. Glazier would certainly agree to the old saying... "It is not in doing what you like, but in liking what you do that is the secret of happiness."



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### WINDSOR LOCKS FIRST WOMAN LEGISLATOR MARGARET KELLEY McCUE

Margaret Kelley McCue remembers well her two years at the State Capital as the first female legislator back in the early fifties.

Governor Ella Grasso, Ruth Flanagan and the recent winner Joyce Wojtas...all came after this lady of Spring Street and native of nearby Suffield.

Mrs. McCue admits, and quite proudly, being brought up by her great aunt, Mrs. John Quinn, in the "old country Irish" tradition. One of her biggest traveling thrills was visiting the old sod and flying over the famed River Shannon. Traveling could be called her main hobby...she has toured all of Europe, parts of Africa, Hawaii, Iceland and the Azores. So one can surmise the "old country Irish" way of bringing up...was quite a good foundation for young Margaret. She has lived a full life...from Suffield to Hartford, and all parts of the world, to relaxation now on Spring Street, and her memories of all the good and sometimes tragic times.

Her political career was short, but to her, interesting. On September 26, 1950...the now defunct Hartford Times reported ... "Much interest is being shown especially in local election, as the town will send two representatives to the General Assembly for the first time in its history. As the town now uses voting machines on election day, the result of the election will not be delayed, as was the case when paper ballots were used and each large increase of voters resulted in returned being learned later and later. The Republican party has nominated J. Paul Dowd and Walter G. White as candidates, and the Democratic party has selected Mrs. Margaret McCue and Edward J. Lally."

Mrs. McCue was one of the winners...and even today is a loyal and staunch Democrat follower. She served two years...was connected with the penal and house committees, and said one of the new representatives was a man by the name of John Dempsey. Her, and the future head of state, went through a learning period and she recalls meeting so many interesting

people on both sides of the fence. The following election a young woman...Ella Grasso entered politics to represent Windsor Locks and her career is a historical fact today.

Future politics were not in the cards for Margaret McCue.

She had been married to William McCue since the end of World War One. Margaret and Bill had three sons. World War Two played a big part of her life in more ways than one. The three McCue boys all entered the service of their country. Two returned...William Jr., the oldest, was killed January 1, 1945 over the North Sea. Young Bill had been a gunner with the U.S.

Air Force on a B-17 mission when he paid the supreme sacrifice.

The two other sons have given Margaret McCue eight grandchildren to glow over. Ramon, with his wife Gerry, live in New York City. The actor in the family now runs a placement service. He was well known for many years doing television commercials. Ramon received his start in the local high school dramatic class.

John, like Ramon, has four children...he lives in Florida with his wife Joyce. According to his mother, John was a "good center-fielder on the diamond, and great lead-off hitter while performing for the local high school." After graduation John played in the Farmington Valley League for many years.

This year Mrs. McCue attended two weddings of her granddaughters, both in Florida.

When not visiting her grandchildren and sons, Margaret McCue, a widow now, finds the time to play cards, watch the Red Sox and football on television, and all the latest shows across the river. She's charter member of the local Senior Citizens club...and as a resident of town for many years said, "I don't like all the changes downtown...but I realize one can't stand in the way of progress." On the subject of people in Windsor Locks...she recalls two men who were most helpful when she was a legislator...James Rabbett and John Fitzpatrick. "Both men were instrumental in my behalf," she said.

Because of Thanksgiving... Mrs. McCue was asked of her early recollections in Suffield on the big eating day of November. "I remember all the wonderful meals served at our table. Holidays were to be enjoyed when growing up and sometimes we had a big chicken in place of a Tom Turkey and it was still a big day of eating and thanksgiving." She said she enjoyed the "old days."

### EPILOG

Margaret Kelley McCue... former representative and now Gold Star Mother...has always been an active person in her adopted town of Windsor Locks. Her life has been most interesting. Contrary to her own idea that she didn't have "an interesting story" for the readers of C&K. Not true, Mrs. McCue, you have made achievement something to live by. To illustrate...Helen Hays, the great actress said her mother drew a distinction between achievement and success. Her mother advised her that "achievement is the knowledge that you have studied and worked hard and done the best that is in you. Success is being praised by others, and that's nice, too, but not as important or satisfying. Always aim for achievement and forget about success."



## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*



**TED NETCOH - FOOTBALL  
AND FATHER FOR ANY  
SEASON**

Theodore Netcoh ... pronounced Net'co...the "h" is silent...is the man with a three "F" life style. three "F"...right...fire fighter, 16 years; football coach, five years, and father of eight active children...and the first one came twenty years ago. So it can honestly be stated...Ted Netcoh is leading a full and sometimes hectic life which the playwright Saw said... "life is a flame that is always burning itself out." Admittedly hectic...but Ted never is burned out.

Ted is a Hartford native and he knew what hectic meant back in the early fifties by joining the U.S. Marines. He served three years with fourteen months in the Korean conflict. The tough training received in the Marines would later serve as a base for his coaching duties with a firm and understanding hand. Ted remembers well the years with the corp...the pride and "gung ho" attitude.

The former football and baseball player at Hartford Public High School is now content to coach football but still plays on the diamond...as a softball player for the local "Blue Devils." Ted is a lover of all sports and when he's not on the field he's helping his wife of 21 years, Lorraine, raise those eight children.

Ted and Lorraine Russell, she's also a Hartford girl, met when the young Marine was on leave. Ted, being the way he is...volunteered for overseas and

Korea. The corporal was discharged in 1955 and his next assignment was down the road of matrimony.

When one enters the Netcoh home on Deborah Road...you look and you see children...wall to wall. Karen at 20 is the oldest and is "studying to be a singer" at the Juliett Hartt School of Music of the University of Hartford.

Diane, at 19, is a business student at the Asnuntuck Community College in Enfield. Next May 21st...will be a big day for Diane...it will be her wedding day to Bob Nadeau, local boy, and the anniversary of her parents' 22 wedding and her grandmother and grandfather's 42nd anniversary. It should be a festive day for all the Netcohs and Russels.

The next one on the scene was...remember the old song...

"You got to be a football hero to get along with the beautiful girls" well that's Frank Netcoh. Several colleges are interested in this tall quarterback of the Raiders who performed on the gridiron the past four years. He received his training, basic that is, with the local midget team. Next spring Frank will be playing left field for the high school team. Like football...he received his training with the little league, minor and senior, and Jim Rumbold's Big League outfit.

Nancy, at 15 is a sophomore at the high school...plays field hockey and softball and her mark of distinction is her blonde hair. Mary, a freshman at 14, is also a softball enthusiast. Eleanor, better known as "Ellie", is 11 and a sixth grade student at the North Street School.

Ted, Jr., is 9, played midget football and wears number 84 on the field, attends North School and we mustn't forget to mention...he likes the Yankees. The future cheerleader in the family is the youngest and a cutie pie...Susan at the tender age of four.

The father of this energetic young family has achieved the rank of Captain with the Hartford Fire Department. During his

sixteen years wearing the uniform of this fine group of firefighters he recalled one fire as the "Biggest" he was called in to work at...the disastrous Hartford Hospital fire in the early

sixties. Ted is the past commander of the Hartford Fire Department V. F. W. Post 2097.

Ted's football coaching career is in the fifth season and he's already looking forward to next year. He has coached the Windsor Locks Jets for these years and after some quick calculations...said the team had a 18-17 won-lost record. The games are usually on those cool and sometimes rainy October afternoons and the boys with their coaches practice four nights a week.

Coach Netcoh said of the Jaycee sponsored team... "the game of football is for the kids and in my opinion is good for them...if put into the proper perspective." He agreed it was the right place for the training ground leading to high school football. The age group for the Jets is 10-13 with weights going from 80 to 120 pounds. When you are talking football...Ted's favorite is the once powerful Giants...yes, there are some fans left. In baseball Ted is an old Yankee diehard...even after the four game recent series with the Reds. (Had to stick that in Ted).

### EPILOG

Theodore Netcoh...the man with the quiet smile...and a certain amount of determination in all his endeavors...be it as a U.S. Marine, fireman, coach or father of eight and his co-helper for all these years...his wife Lorraine.

After meeting Ted Netcoh... the following I believe tells it all about this man.... "a great many people these days complain that their work is boring. The tendency is to blame the job for lack of challenge. What usually makes work drudgery, however, is a person's attitude...not the work itself. No task need be boring, for the simple reason that every job contains within it a hidden challenge. That challenge is this... "How can it be done better?"

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*



### JOE WEZOWICZ OF THE FIREMEN FAMILY

Joseph Wezowicz is proud to be a fireman.

The Wezowicz familymen, with 97 years of service for the community, all are rightfully proud of their record with the Windsor Locks Fire Department.

Joe, a native of Windsor Locks, born in the "Clay Hill Section," first wore the boots and uniform of the local fire department in 1951. He received his twenty-five year plaque and watch this year, adding to his honors...one being the "Savitt Unsung Hero Award for Volunteer Fireman", of 1958.

The year before joining the local fire-fighters...Joe married Kathryn Silk. I asked Kathryn if she was a local girl? Local... "I was born right in this house...on 52 Grove Street." You can't get much more local in Windsor Locks than Grove Street. The congenial couple have one son...Paul, 22, also a fireman, naturally, who graduated from the local high school, and has been employed the past two years with Hamildton-Standard in the Quality Control Department. One of Paul's prized possessions is a miniature minted collection of sailing ships.

Joe attended St. Mary's Windsor Locks High School and the Manchester Trade School. For the past 34 years he's been employed on Main Street for the Dexter Company. He mentioned the local concern has been very understanding whenever the fire whistle goes off in town for a fire...(the fire you put out may be your own.)

The 97 years service for the Wezowicz men is made up by Matt, Bobby, Joe and his son Paul, and the Deputy Chief, Charlie. Joe has two other brothers...Ray of Windsor Locks, and Edward of Fairfield, Connecticut. There was one sister for the Wezowicz boys to spoil...Mrs. Bertha Wolnick. Joe's mother, Helene Wezowicz, still lives on North Main Street.

Joe has served under six fire chiefs...was president of the fire company for one year and the treasurer eight of his 25 years. As he states it..."Name it in the fire department, and I've done it"...all said with pride and accomplishment. For years Joe has been in the "Top Ten" of his fire buddies in answering the call to duty.

When Joe is not "down at the firehouse" he's probably out

fishing during the winter months and admits..."you gotta like it." Ice and Joe have always been a good mixture. He met his wife on the pond ice-skating. The pond...Center Street and Whiton "as two local kids"...ice-skating was the greatest pastime in the dead of winter. He recalls in the 40's when the Kettle Brook Club used to run the pond facilities with the charge of five cents...with all the skating you wanted.

Joe's sport activity has not been limited to ice...softball pitching for the fire department and Dexter was always "fun" to this friendly guy. It was "slow" pitch...not the windmill kind. When you talk baseball with Joe you better mention Ted Williams and the Boston Red Sox. His favorites, from way back. He has another love...football. He never misses the Monday night games on TV. But according to Joe...there was only one great team...the old Cleveland Browns. Joe recalls the great names of Graham, Lavelli, and the great runner Marion Motley. Years ago, he and a few friends would travel to the big city of New York and watch the Browns and Giants lock horns.

And Joe...being the all-around sportsman...is a bowler of many years. The Villa Rose will be his action spot...when he recuperates fully from a recent injury. With Joe...ducks are the only game in town. He remembers...not far from his Grove Street home...the bowling emporium where ducks, candle and ten pins were featured. He said he wasn't in the "Herb Stearns" class, but has a respectable 124 average.

To round out his sporting career Joe coached the Little League in town, some CYO basketball at St. Mary's and served on the Park Commission for five years.

When the Wezowicz family thinks of leaving Windsor Locks on a vacation...their many trips to Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire were upper most in their minds. On Joe's time off he usually packs up the car and the three of them are ready to enjoy..."as a family."

Joe...one of the rare native sons...admits he liked Windsor Locks "when it was a much smaller town." As for his downtown area..."a change was needed...but, really..." Bradley Field..."it's fine, probably needs a gateway status." On the religious side of life...and the many changes in the Catholic Church..."years ago...we all went to church to pray...now there are too many rules and regulations."

### Epilog

Joe Wezowicz truly represents the volunteer firemen of the small towns with his devotion to duty. His personal life has been filled with hard work, with loving and living varieties of sports.

When the history of the Windsor Locks Fire Department is written...the name Wezowicz will be listed several times; not only for their years of service, but for the accomplishments beyond the call of duty.

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*



**DICK WILLIAMS - FROM FARM BOY TO LIEUTENANT COMMANDER**

Harold Richard Williams, U.S. Navy, Retired, began his working career as an Iowa farmhand...joined the service as a Seaman Recruit advancing to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. The U.S. Navy in their own way of "well done" said it all...."a feat rarely accomplished during a 26 year career."

Many of Dick Williams' personal traits, dealing with character building, were fostered the "hard way" when he was a farm worker riding a horse and as a water boy at harvest time on the farmlands of Iowa. Humility, determination, kindness, and a frugal outlook on life were all learned in his early life as a teenager. This was all applied in later years in his naval duties and is currently used in this civilian - turned.....insurance agent.

Dick's life can be classified...not in navy terms as "top secret" but truly a success story. To me it was surprising to find a boy from Iowa, especially anyone from Nodaway, Iowa, becoming a seafaring individual because of the complete contrast of farm life and the waters of the oceans. From corn, wheat and oats to the Atlantic and Pacific and into submarines, no less. But Dick Williams was that sort of man. He knew what he wanted...and still does today.

Dick wanted to join the navy immediately upon graduation from high school, but had been discouraged by his parents. Just to keep peace in the family, he worked for a local utility company. He felt it was only a matter of time before he would be drafted into the service. Finally...with the blessings of his parents, he quit his position and was off to the navy life he really wanted.

The farmboy entered the U.S. Navy on June 7, 1948. After completing basic training at the Naval Training Center, San Diego, California, he reported to Naval Submarine School at New London, Connecticut, from where he received orders to the USS Corsair (SS435) serving on board from September, 1948 until May 1950.

He earned his silver dolphins signifying that he had met the requirements for the enlisted designation "Qualified in Submarines." Dick had his share of duty...serving on the staff of Commander Submarine, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, USS trout (SS566), on the Staff of Iceland, the Naval Retraining Command in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the USS Wahoo (SS565), the USS Gudgeon (SS567) and the USS Scorpion (SSN 589). (Dick said to mention the different SS numbers...some of the readers may remember the numbers as ships they served on.)

During these years...1952...for sure...Dick married Marilyn C. Kirby of Hartford. Marilyn is the receptionist for a local dentist... Dr. Geary. She and Dick met at a Hartford roller skating rink. When he was stationed in New London...a few of the sailors

would come to the big city and spend their off hours seeing the town and skating.

Dick and Marilyn have gone all over the world during their marriage and their three children have seen a great deal because of their father's occupation. The oldest is Patricia, 23, known as "Trisha." She is a Registered Nurse in the emergency room at the St. Frances Hospital in Hartford. She is married to William R. Vayda...they live in Enfield. James C. Williams is 21...and a senior at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. The youngest is Mary Beth at 17...and a senior at the local high school.

In 1957 Dick was serving on the USS Gudgeon...one of the highlights was a seven month tour of the world waters...or better said in navy terms...circumnavigated the world (even sounds better). He also recalls the three years of shore duty at Portsmouth...serving on the staff at the Naval Prison. He is considered his service at the prison "one of my better tours of duty." He liked helping men in the rehabilitation program set up by the Navy.

The year of 1963 found Dick being selected and commissioned an Ensign. He attended Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island and then was assigned to the Naval Nuclear Power Training Unit in Windsor, Connecticut. The time spent at Windsor gave the Williams family a chance to "feel out the area" and when it was time to retire from the service...Windsor Locks was to be their home.

Dick retired from the U.S. Navy in December of 1974. He was still a young man...and entered the insurance business in a few weeks after leaving the service. He is connected with the Nationwide Company...and runs his business right from his home on Raymond Road. Not only did Dick enter into the business world...but he joined the local Lions and has been active ever since. On his off hours, Dick loves to garden, a little wood-working and a game he would love to play more often...golf.

Believing in the Town of Windsor Locks...Dick Williams entered the political area...he's the vice chairman of the Republican Town Committee. In the recent election he was the campaign manager for Joe Marinone.

Dick gets involved...wherever he lives. During his time at New London he was a volunteer fireman for the town of East Lyme. On the political horizon... Dick has no personal ambitions... only to do good for his adopted community. He feels he can work as hard as the next person and feels you don't have to be born in Windsor Locks to be active and be a servant for the people. "I have lived all over the world," Dick said, "and picked this town because of the fine school system, stable tax base, and other advantages as to location and so forth."

To sum up Dick Williams...his Commanding Officer at the Naval Nuclear Power Training Unit in Windsor said it all..."on the occasion of your retirement from the Naval Service, I wish to express the appreciation of the Submarine Force and the Navy for your faithful and devoted service. Your conduct, performance and untiring devotion to duty have been a credit to you, and are in keeping with the highest tradition of the United States Naval Service. Your shipmates, past and present, and I wish you and your family smooth sailing and success in all your endeavors."

THE WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1976

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

### SOME THINGS TO SAVOR AT CHRISTMASTIDE

Things I like about Windsor Locks...and what better time to express them...than at Christmastide.

The hustle and bustle of Bradley Field.

The hamburgers at MacDonald's.

First snow of the year.

Last snow of the year.

Excitement at the high school basketball games.

The anxiety of opening the Windsor Locks Journal to see what's going on in town, (and of course read C&K).

The haircuts at Mr. Nicholas.

Jules Cirasuolo's devotion to Windsor Locks' sports.

The V. F. W. yearly sports night.

When there are no traffic jams on Route 91.

Playing of the Star-Spangled Banner before the football and basketball games at the high school.

Dave Bongiorno leading the Windsor Locks High School band.

Watching the local firemen's parades.

A homer over the fence at Pesci Park.

The convenience of the town's location...to Route 91, Bradley Field, and for the Red Sox fans...Fenway Park.

To brag about the following...Windsor Locks...home of the 1965 LL World Champs and Ella Grasso, especially to the non-residents of Windsor Locks.

Continued enthusiasm of Fran Aniello when it comes to Windsor Locks sports.

The growth of high school football. (Is hockey in the wings?)

The tax rate in Windsor Locks.

Meeting all the interesting citizens.

Meeting all the uninteresting citizens.

Watching the little fellows

playing football at Southwest School grounds.

The dugouts at southwest...even in the snow.

The weather reports on the radio...telling everyone how cold it is at Bradley Field.

The friendly faces of most people at this time of the year.

The small area of Windsor Locks...the bigness of their citizens in most civic endeavors.

Ed Savino...with Windsor Locks always on his mind.

Sy Preli...with Windsor Locks always on his mind.

George Wallace, of the Windsor Locks Journal staff, always giving the weekly history lesson.

The civic pride in Windsor Locks.

The warmth of people in Windsor Locks.

As Frank Sinatra sings in his song... "It's my kind of town..."

O yes, Merry Christmas to all...Santa is coming Saturday night...be a Santa yourself every night of the new year.

And a second "O yes"...and more important...we mustn't forget the real meaning of Christmas...the annual festival of the Christian church commemorating the birth of Jesus.

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

### THINGS THEY MAY WANT FOR 1977

#### For the Town of Windsor Locks

A Theatre. A downtown. A coffee shop, open all night. More business for the American Legion Club.

Ed Savino - A parking place in Hartford...with, of course, police protection.

State Senator Con O'Leary - Is Toby going to retire?

Art Africano - How about an old-timer's game.

Joe Urso - Full time jogging program at the high school.

Chief Bill Reilly - Hold the pump...there goes Father Foley.

Fran Aniello - I don't like yoga...only sports and big band music.

Angela Aniello - While I like yoga.

George Hall - Want to trade any baseball caps?

Paul McCarthy - To zone or not to zone.

Judge Bill Leary - More New England Whaler victories.

Tom Johnson, Jr. - More New England Whaler victories.

Atty. Ron Storms - Think snow.

Bob Masse - Bigger and better town picnics.

Father Steve Foley - Fireman, I mean Father...save my child.

Coach Dan Sullivan - Glad to be back from purgatory.

Charlie Rader - "Is this the way John Fitzpatrick started?"

Al Gragnolati - Where have all the Republicans gone?

Jim Hannon - Anyone need an old time revolutionary soldier?

Coach Peter Sarant - Faster runners.

Phil Greene - Politics could use a little upholstery.

Frank Borchetta - More retreats from St. Mary's.

Michael Michaleqicz - My own microphone at the football games.

Howard White - Another Bicentennial celebration.

Fran Colli - Wish I could swim in the canal again.

Bob Oliva - Keep all the dogs in the house...until after mail delivery.

Paul O'Donnell - Another successful class play.

Ed Lanati - Anymore couples want to be married over Bradley Field?

Gov. Ella Grasso - Where are Bella's old hats?

Doc Lingua - Nick came out of retirement...what about me?

Lou LaTorra - I better get back to coaching.

Russ Mattesen - How many years did Walt Alston manage?

Jim Franklin - Where's my red A&P jacket?

Cy Flanders, Sr. - Brown to beat Yale and Harvard every year.

Tom Cooney - ~~When~~ is Jack Fraher coming back to some good golf at Copper Hill?

Herb Stearns - Higher duckpin scores.

Margaret Linehan Colli - Still enjoying her children.

Paul and Rita Roy - When's the next football game?

HAPPY NEW YEAR to all... drive safely on Saturday night... we want you as readers in 1977.

THE WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL

DECEMBER 30, 1976

## "Cabbages and Kings" With Jack Redmond



### ED STEVENSEN - PROFESSOR OF ENGINEERING

Edward N. Stevensen, Jr.... professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Hartford...can be described as a person who professes his belief in five basic principles. These paramount paths he follows in life center around the concepts that individuals have five obligations to live by...family, employer, trade or profession, community and church.

Professor Stevensen, distinguished in appearance, in the Ernest Hemingway mold, with beard, looks like he would be comfortable with a classroom of Rhode's scholars or at a Republican town committee meeting.

Educated in his native New York city of Queens and also in Manhattan, where at "P.S. 118, I was just myself," Professor Stevenson continued his learning by traveling a bit north to Troy...where at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute he received his degree in engineering. For three years he played varsity football when "60 minute men" were the rule and never the exception. He played what was called in those gridiron days... "short side guard." His school played teams like Worcester, Union and Hamilton... never quite making "the little three" or the Ivy league as Saturday afternoon opponents.

The city of Brooklyn was one place Ed Stevensen visited as a child...to root for the "old Brooklyn Dodgers and Duke Snider." His football days in college and the Bums, with the Brooklynese dialect, were his sporting recollections....Ed Stevensen had bigger and better ideas how to spend one's life.

The big war ended any hopes of immediate engineering service in the civilian wein for Ed Stevensen. He was off to the U.S. Marines...with their Parris Island, San Diego, Pearl and Midway as stopping off points. Ed achieved two important goals...he left the service as a First Lieutenant, raising from the ranks of private...and meeting his future wife, for the past 30 years.

Doris, also a marine, lady type, met the future professor at a California camp. Her home was in North Dakota...on March 21, 1946...Ed and Doris were married in the cold country and decided to come east to settle.

With his and her service to their country, during World War Two over, the Stevensens went about the business of creating a new life. Ed with his engineering background has been employed at different times by Kaman, Pratt and Whitney, Curtis-

Wright and General Electric... throughout the eastern states. His teaching career began as a faculty member with the University of West Virginia. For the past thirteen years he's been a Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Hartford.

Doris Stevensen, who is employed by Combustion Engineering in Windsor, was a busy wife and mother for several years after settling down from the service. Their oldest boy is Edward N. Stevensen, III, 26, a graduate of the University of Hartford and is currently employed at Pratt and Whitney. Susan, 25, has a degree in Psychology from the University of Rochester. Jeffrey at 24 is in Photo Journalism and an alumnus of the University of Syracuse.

In keeping with his own philosophy of "not trying to emulate anyone" Ed Stevensen has made his mark in several engineering societies, his church, and the town of Windsor Locks.

His engineering accomplishments has been in connection with the Society of Greater Hartford Professional Engineers as a past president. He's been State Chairman and State Vice President of the Professional Engineers in Education, the American Society for Engineering Education and is an Acting Director in the National Society of Professional Engineering. Professor Stevensen takes great pride in detailing the fine work accomplished by the engineering societies in fostering higher education of young men and women in this country's vast need for competent engineers.

In community activities...and when his boys were at the right age...he joined the Boy Scout movement. He's been active since 1960 and a scout master for over nine years.

The Stevensens have lived in Windsor Locks since 1950. Ed has been involved in local politics...republican side of the fence...as a member of the GOP Town committee...circa 1954. He's a former member of the Board of Selectmen and remembers well...the many town meetings when he was the moderator. His wife also remembers her husband as an authority on "Robert's Rules of Order." Ed has served on the sewer commission and various Capitol Region Government committees. As Ed puts it..."I have no personal political ambitions at this time...only a constant involvement in the affairs of Windsor Locks." When asked on the downtown situation...he said, "I'm waiting to see what develops there," and felt Bradley Field was large enough for this area.

### EPILOG

Edward N. Stevensen, Jr.... who always, in his own words, faced life with the feeling one must take the "thinking man route" in achieving an established goal. He's been a football player, U.S. Marine, engineer... and now called a "Professor."

Professor Stevensen has lived by a hard and dedicated set of rules with certain basic obligations...anyone who meets him knows he has accomplished these personal goals...and his standards should be an example for others.

JANUARY 13, 1977  
THE WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL

## "Cabbages and Kings" With *Jack Redmond*



CAROL LOWNDS - ARTIST

Carol Watson Lownds...has always been partial to art.

Even as a young schoolgirl in her native Westfield, Massachusetts, she would rather make sketches than read *How the West Was Won*.

Her persistence and love of painting has developed into a worthwhile hobby, part time teaching career and several exhibitions of her artistry are being shown locally.

For some background...in 1936 Carol Watson married James J. Lownds, of Easthampton, Massachusetts. The brush and pallet had to take a backseat after the wedding bells.

The Lownds family grew by four sons during the years...with the "Baystate" couple moving to Windsor Locks in 1949. Jim had a few misgivings when the Connecticut River town was picked for a home...he remembered how the service men had taken over the Main Street during the war...but found peace and quiet was the rule once the town returned to normalcy. He entered the nursery business off South Elm Street...and today Lownds Drive is where his enterprise prospered until 1964.

The first son was James T. Lownds...a computer analyst. Donald is in the Real Estate business locally with the Lownds and Manning Realty, Inc.

John W. Lownds has been in the U.S. Air Force for 15 years and recently journeyed to Greece with his wife Mary Louise and their six children. Glenn is following in his brother's footsteps...by joining the airmen. Carol and Jim have 12 grandchildren to visit, spoil, and when time permits paint their portraits. Jim has been associated with the Logan Brothers Oil Company in Windsor Locks for 13 years. He is retiring in a few months and the Lownds address will be.....Medway, Maine.

A dream house is already started in Maine and as Jim related..."it will be a hunting

base" for his family and friends. The Lownds are outdoor folks...their collection of different fish and animals...real and in art form...decorate the living room at their Windsor Locks home. The busy and active couple love the Maine woods and during the summer months their main hobby is fly fishing at Lake Sourdanahunk. Jim said Carol is also "an artist" in the fishing department. Speaking of strange sounding names of lakes...Jim and Carol met years ago, probably fishing, at nearby Congamond Lake.

Carol decided to try her talent again on the canvas...in 1966 she began attending the adult art classes at the high school. She said one evening the instructor was ill and she was asked to take over the class. Someone in charge knew this lady had a lot of talent and ability to instruct others. Since 1968 Mrs. Lownds has been helping the future "Rembrandts" learn the proper way to put the brush to canvas.

At her home Carol has numerous paintings of animals...her favorite subject...on the walls...better said...surrounded by her art form. She said, "I do some portraits...but usually give them to the individuals." Carol works with acrylic paints. She posed for the picture accompanying this article on the night of the interview....I suggested the cheetah...it's great.

Carol mentioned...she too had many lessons before she could get the feel of the real thing. She went for five years to William Taft Howard of Windsor for further training in the painting arts. Carol is a member of the Tobacco Valley Art Association and the Windsor Pallet and Brush Club. These organizations exhibit the individual works of their artists around the capitol area. Mrs. Lownds' paintings have been shown in many of the local banks and libraries. On January 28...Carol and Judy Simons of Windsor will show a two-person exhibit at the Hartford Fire Insurance "Towers" building on Asylum Street in Hartford. It will be on for a two week period...don't miss it.

### EPILOG

Carol Lownds...local artist and a person who knows how to put love into a hobby and career. I read somewhere that painting is "silent poetry".....Carol's works look alive and ready to spring from the frames. Probably art is best explained in these words..."the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing." The thoughts are all Carol Lownds...the things are alive on the canvas.

JANUARY 27, 1977

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

### A TALE OF THREE CITIES

"Baghdad by the Bay."

"Pearl."

"Lost Wages."

Better said...San Francisco, Honolulu and Las Vegas. Three great cities...if you savor excellent restaurants, warm weather and aren't against losing your dollars (or nickels in the slots). From all appearances there are thousands of tourists and gamblers who travel to these three meccas...and some of the social values (in one way or another).

A week or so before Thanksgiving Rita Redmond and her better quarter (she's the better half) celebrated 30 years together by a return to the great city of San Francisco. Seeing that we were that far west...decided to take in Hawaii and Vegas West. Mustn't forget the fabulous female impersonators at Finocchio's, the new stars at the Purple Onion and the old stars at the elegant Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill. The change...well its on the streets...the fear of walking down Market Street, Geary and Powell...the weirdos are all there. Maybe we view too much violence on TV and receive a distorted look of the cities...and then seek the protection of the small and now-adopted towns we live in. But don't let me say...forget Frisco (in San Francisco you never say Frisco). It still has a lot to offer.

Three days in "Baghdad" was fine...then a five hour flight across the blue Pacific to permanent July and August weather conditions on the island of Oahu.

Honolulu...the pearl of the Pacific...I first set eyes on this then-strange island paradise in 1944. There was a war on at the time...but Waikiki was not hit by the sons of Nippon...in fact the only hotel was the beautiful and majestic Royal Hawaiian Hotel. It is still there...majestic as ever...but surrounded by a bevy of tall concrete structures called hotels. The beach is still clean and a bit longer...and better to run by the fine beach restaurants early in the morning to receive the early worm or better said...the early flower for the girl of your life.

If you enjoy golf, swimming, exploring a "paradise park" and viewing a sad remembrance...the Arizona Memorial at Pearl

Harbor...well, Hawaii is the place. There's no finer way for a fabulous vacation in November than in this 50th state.

Time goes fast when you are having fun...and Aloha...which means hello and farewell. On to Las Vegas...a place in the sun. Only in November...it gets cold there at night. James Kilpatrick, the noted TV and newspaper writer recently wrote of Las Vegas... "the place is impossible. it cannot exist...but it does. Out of the gritty sand a Caesar's Palace lifts its sculptured fountains...the city lures; it tempts; it draws; it fascinates..." and on and on. It sure does.

Agreement Mr. Kilpatrick... we spent a few nickles on the slots but our pleasure was the many stars of Broadway and Hollywood at the large hotels. Vegas has the hotels...the MGM Grand, Vegas Hilton, Sands and Desert Inn...and on and on. Helen Reddy, the singer, and the Manhattan Transfers were our Thanksgiving night entertainers. We had an added treat...during a break Miss Reddy introduced Totie Fields, a Connecticut native, and recent amputee, to the audience. Miss Fields looked her familiar chipper self...but she had lost a great deal of weight.

But the real highlight of our night club tour was the previous night at the Las Vegas Hilton. And I can always say I sang at Las Vegas with John Davidson... really did. Well about two notes...he stopped at our table and after asking a few questions as to the year we were married. We both belted out a few bars. He then sang to my B.W. and planted a few kisses. We sang again and then he was off to the stage...we were off on cloud nine (and it wasn't Bradley Field). He's one handsome guy...I was glad we were leaving Las Vegas...couldn't take that Davidson guy around all the time. I'll let her watch him on Hollywood Squares...and that's plenty.

Well that's my tale of three cities. But don't let me tell you where to travel on vacations...if you want to go west...fine. Go west young man...as the saying goes. It was probably said to go west, and then when you return to the northeast, and the four seasons...you'll enjoy life a lot more. We do.



FEBRUARY 3, 1977

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

### THE ELECTRICAL KNIGHT

Louis F. Nai...is a friendly guy...with a pretty wife...four equally handsome children and divides his time between a prison, K of C, the ballfield and home.

Absorbing and writing on each category...not in importance, but just for your clarification. Lou works for the State of Connecticut at the Somers Prison as the electrical supervisor. He's been in the state service for 24 years with 14 calendars filled at the prison. To this quiet and sincere individual, it's his job...just like any other position where electricity needs attention.

Prisons have their permanent residents...but also work shops, laundries, kitchens, an ample supply of gates and doors...and fixtures that need Lou and his crew to look after. According to Lou... "it's a little city, within itself." Lou may go to prison everyday but each night he returns to sunset in Windsor Locks to Ann and the hustle and bustle of the ordinary life.

In the financial field...Lou is the secretary of the local Knights of Columbus with a membership for nearly 30 years. He's one of the Past Grand Knights (1965-6) and has handled the dues and other related duties ever since the Journal's George Wallace decided to ease up on his work load.

A real native son...born on Church street...he attended the Union School, where his four children followed and graduated from the high school. Lou always did his homework...but during the summer and spring was found playing first base for the Raiders. He continued his playing days for the town team. Lou participated on the diamond with such names as...Dutch Krause, Charlie Mandirola, Bob Quinlivan, John Carnevale, Tom Silk, Tony Christian and Joe Molinari...to name a few.

The year was 1955...wedding bells for Lou and Ann Samsel of nearby Suffield. How did they meet...? At a K of C Dance? Right. The Villa Rose and it was the annual "Sadie Hawkins" affair. Anyone familiar with the Al Capp strip...Ann got her "Lil Abner." Since the wedding march...there are four children to carry on the Nai name.

Nancy Nai, 18, is a freshman at the University of Connecticut in Nursing School. Nancy admits to favor journalism as a younger student...you can't beat a girl who can write and also have the added touch of nursing. Mark, 17, a senior at the high school, has specialized for four seasons in baseball and soccer. The snows of January and February are his "cup of tea." He's the skier in the family.

Damon Nai, 15, is a freshman at the Raider School. On the diamond he performed in the senior league and currently on the Freshman court team. Scott, the youngest at 9, attends Union School, is an altar boy at St. Robert's, following in the brother's footsteps. He loves basketball, baseball, soccer. All the boys have followed "dear old dad" in the sporting fraternity.

Before all the bells, children and Ann entered his life...Louis Nai had to serve his country. For three years (1943-46) he was in Uncle Sam's Navy... never to see duty on the high seas...but saw a lot of Norfolk, Virginia and a few

bases in California. He was in the Amphibious forces and learned a few tricks in the electrical way of life.

When Lou finds the time...on Wednesday nights...he bowls at the Bradley Lanes with the K of C. He said his average is 158 with the big pins. When it comes to vacations, the Nai family all go camping in New Hampshire. Lou admits, now that his flock is growing up...it is difficult to arrange for the family all to go together.

The Windsor Locks native-son learned the fundamentals of baseball as a boy growing up, and at high school...he decided in 1959 to teach the kids the finer points of the game. He said... "I loved the game, and what better way than to coach." He even tried his hand at umpire a few seasons. He was connected with the Little League program in town for ten years...coaching the K of C team.

Three young boys stick in this mind as outstanding...Billy Lash, Don Timko and Tom O'Neil. While on the subject of baseball... Lou is a St. Louis Cardinal fan...and you just don't find too many Cardinal fans in this area. In fact...his own sons have different loves when it comes to baseball. Mark is for the Yankees, Scott is a Met fan and only Damon roots for the Missouri team. When it comes to sport Heroes...Lou sticks with the great St. Louis Stan Musial and "Country" Slaughter. Speaking of heroes...on the historical pages...Lou admires the English statesman...Winston Churchill.

Lou Nai has his serious side...when I asked this soft-spoken fellow what were his feelings regarding the many changes in the Catholic Church... "I feel they are all great and wonderful." However, he's a sentimentalist when he was questioned as to his old downtown area... "Sorry to see it go...I realize the change was needed."

### EPILOGUE

Louis F. Nai...is a busy K of C official, a former coach and umpire, an electrical supervisor for the state and with his wife have a real "down-to-earth" feeling... "live for your kids." Lou was involved in the little league program in Windsor Locks. I believe the following from "Sport and Society" may agree with his philosophy... "Work today has lost many traditional characteristics; so has play. Play has increasingly been transformed into organized sports, and sports, in turn, increasingly resemble work in the arduous practice and preparation, in the intense involvement of coaches and athletes (in the spirit of work), and in actual economic productivity. In a final paradox, only those sports which began as work...that is, hunting and fishing...are now dominated by the "Spirit of play."

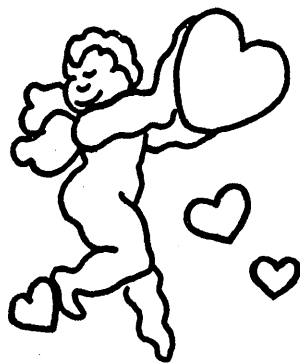
THE WINDSOR JOURNAL

THE BLOOMFIELD JOURNAL

THE WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 10, 1977

*Happy*



# VALENTINE'S DAY

## *What The World Needs Now Is ----*

BY JACK REDMOND

LOVE...armor, affection, attachment, devotion...its meaning is endless, but love shouldn't be.

On Monday, February 14...we in America put aside the ordinary things of life and observe St. Valentine's Day as a day for the exchange of valentines and other tokens of affection.

So all you men...forget women's lib for a day...buy your wife, girlfriend or even friend, a card, some candy, or better...maybe flowers in a heart shape. The florist business will love it. It will be appreciated by all the recipients. Listen you guys...all women want and need attention.. another word for love.

There are many definitions of LOVE...“an insatiate thirst of enjoying a greedily desired object.” If that is a little too gross...how about, “the heart's immortal thirst to be completely known and all forgiven.” The Bible says...“the fulfilling of the law.” Emerson wrote...“the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men.” There are two sayings that may sound great to you would-be-lovers...“two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that

beat as one.” Or how about...“a spiritual coupling of two souls.” Rather heavy stuff for a Thursday...not really.

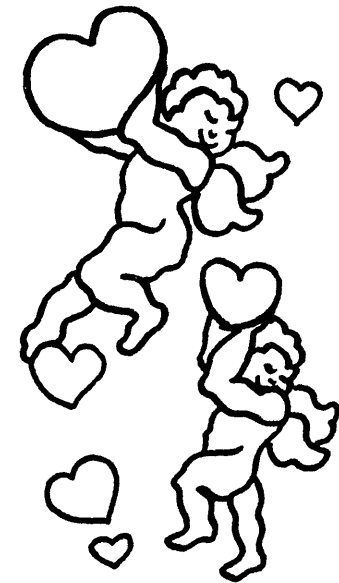
How about a little comedy...one of the best loved comics... Fred Allen...said, “what makes the world go round, with that worried expression.” Now all we men must admit secretly...when we fall in love...worried was the only way we felt on our wedding day. Some of the biggest names...be it in sports, government or the movies or just a young man married at St. Robert's...the day of the wedding...worried and nervous was the name of the game.

So fellows...be a Casanova, Romeo or even a Don Juan on next Monday...buy that gal a gift...and plant a kiss on her...cause, that's the name of the game.

On a recent television talk show...each star was asked... “What was love to them?” One of the younger members of the talkers said...“love is different to each of us...we all have our own definition.” How true. So be different...show a little love in this crazy mixed up world. Not knowing the true meaning of the

following...“love is never having to say you're sorry” from the recent movie...we ponder further in specific meanings. There's certainly...parental love....and “what greater love has men to lay down his life...” There's quite a few. The benevolent affection of God for His creatures, or the reverent affection due from them to God. Men and women are all God's creatures. Before we get too deep...don't forget St. Valentine's Day...put a little love in your life...that's what the world needs.

Happy St. Valentine's Day!  
Editor's Note: When Jack Redmond isn't spreading the message of love for a happy Valentine's Day, he is busy writing “Cabbages and Kings,” a weekly column for the Windsor Locks Journal.



## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

Thomas J. Lilliendahl is a young man...who knows what he's doing and where he is going.

His credentials range from athletic director of a fashionable girls' school, special services with the army in View Nam to president of the Windsor Locks Historical Society.

When one reads in the local press...the saving of the railroad station, housing for the elderly in connection with the historical society's involvement.....Tom's name usually appears. Not that notoriety is his way...he's in the middle of happenings and he meets these challenges with the same finesse he has shown from boy scout to soldier and now the Division Manager of Marketing with the New England Division of the Pierce Business Archives.

His background is in the Horatio Alger mold.

Tom grew up in the small community of East Hartland where he attended the grammar school and the Gilbert High School. At the right age, Tom entered the Boy Scout movement and during his seven years attained the rank of Life Scout and won the outstanding scouting award called "Order of the Arrow." In high school he won a varsity letter in cross-country.

His higher education was fostered in the state...at UConn.. where he majored in political science (comparative governments) and minored in history, graduating in 1969. In addition to his high scholastic marks, Tom was a member of the varsity wrestling team. While at UConn, he organized a scouting troop at the Mansfield State Training School and was awarded a service trophy. When time permitted he was vice president of the Shakespeare Club at UConn that specialized in literature.

The next chapter in Tom's life began with the military. He entered the U.S. Army serving one year stateside as an intelligence officer. He completed his tour of duty as special services officer in Long Binh, Viet Nam. While in the far east Tom traveled to Hong Kong and Thailand. It was at this junction of his life he became interested in oriental culture, with special emphasis towards Chinese. After his discharge from the service Tom entered Northeastern Illinois University where in 1972 he received his masters in Sino-American (Chinese) Relations.

In 1973 Tom made another decision...he had enough of the service and seeking additional education...so he used his knowledge in securing employment at a school in Rhode Island. He taught American History and a dual role as the Athletic Director at the Newport School for Girls. Part of the curriculum was softball, volleyball, and work at gymnastics...and it probably was not considered work.

March of 1974 found Tom entering the main stream of the

American business world by helping form the New England Division of Pierce Business Archives, just over the town line in Suffield. The Pierce company stores historical files for businesses and institutions.

Among his Windsor Locks involvements...Tom is the Co-Chairman of the "Save the Railroad Station" committee and has worked long hours on its improvement. He has chaired the Denslow Rededication Memorial and the Bicentennial Transportation Celebration.

On the political spectrum Tom was the delegate for Jimmy Carter at the State Congressional Convention and later the town coordinator for the newly elected president. He admits at this time not to have any political ambitions. Last year he pulled out of the race for the town's representative. His current activities are many with a regular position and other committees taking up the day, he's not anticipated any changes at the moment. Someday the right role will present itself he said...and that time isn't now. He's a member of the local Jaycees and recently was the delegate to the State Jaycee Model Legislature.

The Historical Society is certainly one of Tom's main interest as part of his involvement in Windsor Locks. He said the society should be the "focal point for the town's nostalgia." He added, "there are future plans for the society and in all instances for the benefit of the town."

Tom was outspoken when the downtown situation was discussed. The young executive realized the whys and reasons for the changes to the downtown area, but in his own words..."the downtown had a special character. "The old buildings were of a period in American architecture that blended into this industrial town with the canal and railroad. It's a great loss and really sad." He went on..."Windsor Locks has a great community spirit and I realize getting involved is part of being a resident."

### EPILOG

Tomas J. Lilliendahl has been involved for a young man so new to this area. Who can argue...in this day and age...we can use all men and women with persistence. Tom has enormous amounts. Former President Calvin Coolidge was a man of few words, but on one occasion he said the following...it's what Tom Lilliendahl is all about: "Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan "press on" has solved, and always will solve, the problems of the human race."

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

Robert M. Burk...pronounced "Burke" with the e silent...is into antiques, civil preparedness and redevelopment.

The Hartford native handles these diverse categories with devoted enthusiasm. His collection of antiques is only one of his hobbies...the preparedness and redevelopment activities are his way of being involved in Windsor Locks. He pointed out..."getting involved in my adopted town is my way of appreciation for the fine educational system...and I have three daughters in school."

Bob's hobbies are not limited to a praiser of times past...he may be referred to as a "gun nut", an avid C-B radio user, with the handle "ramrod," and a few years back enjoyed the dangerous scuba diving art. He admitted, in these hectic days, work and civic duties have to come first.

Bob was appointed Director of Civil Preparedness by the Board of Selectmen to replace Joyce Wojtas who last fall was elected the town's state representative.

His new position calls for the coordination of all aspects of emergency service in town including auxiliary fire and police and special emergency equipment. Bob said one of the town's needs is more volunteers...such as "ham operators" and all individuals, men and women, who are willing to be trained for all jobs in case of any problems. "Trying to make a workable team...when completed...will be an added asset in connection with preparedness," Bob emphasized.

After his army duty and finding the "gal next door," Bob settled down and for the past 19 years has been employed in the "aero space program" as a foreman with the Birkin Manufacturing Company in Bloomfield.

The Burk's have been blessed with three daughters...Linda, 16, is a junior at the high school. She hopes to become a teacher someday and today is developing some tricks of the trade by tutoring first graders at the Southwest School.

Lisa, 15, and a freshman raider, is the "sports minded" in the family, according to her father. Softball and basketball

are her contributions to the sporting world. Laura at 12, is a sixth grader and to complete the girl's varied abilities...is the "tomboy" in the family. The Burk girls run the gambit and sound...all-American.

Bob and Patricia both have a love for colonial decor. Their home on Copper Drive has a touch of "early American" from the kitchen to the vast family room with a glowing fire place. The night of the interview was one of those cold middle January nights when the temperature was down to zero and the Burk home was a comfortable place to enjoy the many fascinating items Bob and Pat have accumulated during their years at auctions and tag sales. Bob's collection of clocks is timeless...in that there's a clock for every wall. The clocks...on the hour harmoniously are together...like clockwork...not all in running order, that would be a full time job. I'm sure Bob has his hands and the hands of the clocks full at the daylight saving time of the calendar.

Just to add another important committee function for Bob...he's a member of the Solid Waste Disposal Task Force. He considers his work on this committee as another complex problem when it comes to land use and just another reason for his civic involvement. When questioned as to the importance of Bradley Field... "It put Windsor Locks on the map...it helps the town financially and for 17 years the planes have gone over my house...and I consider that as part of having a field in town." On the downtown redevelopment..."the change was needed, definitely a plus for the town and the right approach to a delicate situation. If the court house is approved...it will be the first step in getting something going downtown."

### EPILOG

A favorite and possibly true axiom in the committees, civic endeavors and just the ordinary people of this town...if you scratch a typical Windsor Locker...you'll find a so-called newcomer underneath. Bob Burk is relatively a newcomer...like most of us...but his involvement is native...he just likes Windsor Locks and shows it all the time.

MARCH 10, 1977

## "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

### RAY OUELLETTE-FIRE MARSHAL AND CAPTAIN

Raymond H. Ouellette can be called an "eager beaver."

This is the impression one receives when you see him in action at his office in the Fire and Police Safety Complex on Elm Street. He has office space as the Town's Fire Marshal along with Chief Bill Reilly and the Fire Commission.

His friendly, courteous and cooperative manner in explaining his duties as marshal benefits the important position he has held for the past seven years. And my impression was right...he's an "eager beaver." Ray has been a volunteer fireman for twelve years and he wears his captain hat as proudly as of the marshal. According to his wife Anna, of 36 years, "he loves his job."

Ray, a native of Lowell, Massachusetts, moved to Windsor Locks as a young boy of seven. His father secured a job with the Montgomery Company and the Ouellettes have made their home in Windsor Locks ever since. Ray...when the time was right...also entered the local firm and has been a steady worker at the Main Street company for the past 39 years.

As a young man before the call of the fire department hit him...Ray performed with the Windsor Locks "Ramblers", a semi-pro football team. He recalls playing on two fields... one behind the St. Mary's School and the area in back of the Middle School on Center Street. He was of the "60 minute" type at tackle or end. "We were a good drawing card in this area and traveled to all the surrounding towns on Sunday Afternoons," he said with a sporting twinkle in his eyes. His only baseball came as a little league coach in the 1960's.

He remembered with rightful pride the setting up of a skating rink with Bob O'Connor on the site where the Denslow Street skating pond is now located. He gave up the golfing game when the promise of a fire proved more appealing.

He married Anna Fitzpatrick of Windsor Locks in 1941. Anna is the sister of the late John Fitzpatrick, one of the most statesmanlike political figures ever produced in Windsor Locks. Ray and Anna were "childhood sweethearts." They met at the old Rialto Theater on Main Street. They don't recall what was playing that Saturday afternoon...probably Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson in some thriller. They have two daughters and six granddaughters. Ray is certainly "king of the walk" with all those females fussing over him. Corinne Normandin has two of the girls and is employed at Combustion Engineering. Elaine MacDougald is mother of four girls and the proud father

Edward...is a lieutenant in the Hartford Fire Department.

Back to his other love...Ray Ouellette as the fire captain and marshal for Windsor Locks...his captain rank is under the chief, however, the Fire Marshal is under the jurisdiction of the Connecticut Department of the State Police. Ray said all fire marshals are responsible for the enforcement of different sections of the Connecticut General Statutes, as well as eight codes which are promulgated under the provision of certain of these statutes. He went on..."the local fire marshal must inspect each calendar year, in the interest of public safety, all buildings and facilities of public service and all occupancies regulated by the Fire Safety Code within his jurisdiction." He added..."this does not include one and two family dwellings. Some of the occupancies which are covered are: churches, halls, club rooms, schools, motels, apartments, shopping centers, nursing homes and factories."

One of the most important duties Ray emphasized...of the marshal was "the investigation of the cause, origin and circumstance of all fires within his jurisdiction. He must, within ten days, report the same to the state Fire Marshal." In addition he must "review the plans and specifications for various occupancies being proposed within the town."

Ray has a vast amount of clerical records in numerous files, to substantiate the recording of all the various regulations. He keeps a neat ship.

Ray and Anna have found the time for several enjoyable vacations traveling to Florida, Hawaii, Canada and a few of the islands off the sunshine state. When questioned...for a hobby or two..."the fire department is my hobby." However, Ray admitted..."I follow baseball each summer with the Yankees as my team and during the football season...I'm for the Giants." Ray is a member of the local Knights of Columbus and several Fire Marshal organizations.

### EPILOG

Raymond H. Ouellette is an intricate part of the town's fire system wearing two hats...equally well. He has combined a home life, working full time and devoting his talents and ability as a volunteer fireman. He leads a full life as an "eager beaver."

# "Cabbages and Kings"

With *Jack Redmond*

## A VISIT WITH ST. PATRICK

Today is March 17...St. Patrick's Day in Ireland, the United States and wherever Irish fanciers congregate to raise their glasses, have a parade or do an Irish jig.

Today is also for the little people...the leprechauns...who come out of hiding to celebrate the festive celebration of the patron saint of Ireland.

In fact, I met St. Patrick just the other day...really did...maybe it was a dream...or was it on any Main Street in America or Dublin?

"Hi, St. Pat...always wanted to meet you. How about an interview for the Journal. Here in Windsor Locks, in fact all of Connecticut and the United States, everyone remembers you and celebrates your day. Most of the men wear green ties."

"Green ties? What is a tie?"

"Well it's a long story, St. Pat. It's part of the wearing gear we men have to put up with these days. The younger generation is changing customs and sometimes for the better, at least in the clothes line. But I don't want to interview you about clothes...you do look rather magnificent in those robes...but just a few facts on your life. OK?"

"O.K., whatever that means."

"Where were you born?"

"That's a good question. There's a mix-up in the records. Some people say I was born in Scotland, or England, or Wales or even France. Take your pick. It wasn't Ireland, that's for sure."

"What year?"

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March 17, 1977

"That's another mystery. Let's see...It was 373 or was it 395? The town clerk didn't keep very good records. In fact they aren't sure when I died. It was either 461 or 492. But really is this so important? I lived and hoped I did a little good."

"You certainly did, St. Pat. Did you ever see the beautiful church on Fifth Avenue in New York City, named after you?"

"No. Maybe someday I'll get there. Well, enough of this talk...let's go back...when I was 16, I was captured by the Gaels and taken by boat to Ireland where I was sold as a slave. My six years of captivity were spent tending flocks. During this time I experienced a spiritual awakening and began to have dreams and visions which I considered to be divinely inspired. One of those dreams contained a message to escape, telling me that a ship would be ready for me. I made the escape and traveled two hundred miles to find the ship. Three days later I landed in either Britain or Brittany. It seems at that age I was always having dreams. The latest one was about a man coming towards me with a letter from the people of Ireland urging me to free them from slavery. The letter said, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, to come and walk once more amongst us.'"

"That's all fine, St. Patrick.. but what about Ireland and the snakes?"

"I have to leave now...do some research, Jack."

He was gone...from my dream or was I on Main Street? So I turned into the Windsor Locks Library and decided to see what they had on St. Patrick.

He was right. The books aren't sure...when he was born or when he died. But they are sure of what St. Patrick did...I guess. After becoming an ordained deacon, he was a candidate for the vacancy in the Irish episcopate. Palladius was the first bishop of Ireland and after his death Patrick was

made a priest and then a bishop. He went to Ireland and spent the rest of his life there. Many thousands of Irishmen were converted through his labors. He founded churches and schools, at least one college, and generally organized the Church in Ireland.

One of the stories concerning St. Patrick which is often judged authentic, probably because of its simplicity and basis in human ingenuity, is the tale of the shamrock and the Trinity. The doctrine of Three Gods in One, each separate and distinct, yet each totally God, is claimed by Christians to be a mystery and is accepted on faith. In trying to teach his converts about the Trinity, St. Patrick held up a shamrock explaining the three leaves represented the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, while the stem was the Godhead itself from which they proceeded. This is said to be the origin of the use of the shamrock which is customarily worn on St. Patrick's day.

As for the snakes...St. Patrick drove them to the sea...as a favorite Irish song puts it: "There's not a mile in Ireland's isle where dirty varmin musters; but there he put his dear fore-foot and murdered them in clusters. The toads went pop, the frogs went hop, slap-dash into the water, and the snakes committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter." And as the story goes, St. Patrick preached the sermon that drove the snakes and vermin from Ireland.

And so that's my story and interview with St. Patrick.

And I think the best way to end his story and the day of the Irish is the familiar Irish blessing:

"May the road rise to meet you.

May the wind be always at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
the rain fall soft upon your fields.

And, until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of his hand. Amen."