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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1977

THE WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

## A VISIT WITH SANTA CLAUS

"Excuse me, Mr. Claus."

"Yes, what is it, this is my busy time of the year."

"I realize that, Mr. Claus. I just thought, maybe, you could give me a few minutes of your time. Your wife, Mrs. Claus, said it would be all right."

"O, she did! Well, she's usually right. I do need a break. Every year it gets harder and harder to satisfy the children around the world."

Santa Claus, the real McCoy, was just what I'd imagined. Short, on the heavy side, with the familiar pipe and cherry red nose. He didn't have on the usual red jacket, he wears on long trips. He was working hard, even a reporter could see that.

"Well, sit down. Just don't stand there. Where are you from?"

Quickly taking the invitation...I sat down at one of the chairs next to the man so admired by children all these years at Christmas time.

"Mr. Claus, I'm from the Windsor Locks Journal. That's in Connecticut."

"O yes, right on the Connecticut River. Know the place well. Great little town. One can't miss it. It's the town with the one-sided Main Street. Right?"

"Right. We're trying to correct that. Not the one side. Just the appearance. We'll always have the railroad and canal. They are fixtures."

With this Santa gave out with one of those hearty laughs...that you feel he's known for.

"Now Jack, you can never move the railroad and canal or even the river. They should be part of the beauty of the town. But, enough of that. Like I said, I'm busy, and would appreciate your questions so I could get on with my work. Right now, I'm working on this little doll and I'm having one heck of a time. My little helpers are all out to lunch. Wait till you see those fellows...and the way they work up a storm. You are familiar with little people? That's another story. So much for small talk."

And losing no time...I started in on the old gent. I asked him all the usual questions about his background. He was informative, to a point...as he worked industrially on the doll. He said he didn't know or remember, what year he was born. Came up to the North Pole as a child. He started the

business of making toys for the children and then delivering to all parts of the world.

This was his story... "I received a letter from an old friend in the states. When he wrote that endearing letter, about how the kids in his town didn't have any toys for Christmas...well it broke my heart. But I thought, how could I deliver or make toys for children in his town or any town that may need them. Well, Jac, the secret is in faith. Yes, faith in God. So I just prayed. A miracle happened. The next day I came down to my little workshop and much to my surprise...ten little men were sitting at the big work table, apparently waiting for me for instructions. I could tell from their expressions...they were all eager to work. I didn't have the heart to ask them where they came from...frankly, I was afraid to ask. I felt my prayers were answered. The bigger problem was not only where all the materials to make the toys would come from, but how would I possibly deliver them. The next thing I know outside my window...were several beautiful reindeers tied to a sleigh. Again, I was too excited and happy to ask any questions."

Santa paused to light up his pipe. And I dug into my briefcase for another pencil.

"To continue. Hope I'm not going too fast? O yes, every year the materials just arrive at my home. Between my wife and I, and the little people, the hard work is always accomplished, and just in the nick of time. Every once in a while...I stop my work in this dream world, and try to understand. But who am I to comprehend the world and the wonderful events that happen this time of the year. It's in giving, we receive."

"Right, Mr. Claus."

I wanted to hear his side of the story. Since I was a little kid...I had wondered who made the toys and gifts and then delivered them in the famous sleigh. And those equally famous reindeers. Sometimes it was just too much to believe. Now I know.

"Jack...let it be our secret. You have to believe. You have to have faith. I don't think for a moment there isn't help from above...or even from the parents in all parts of the world. It takes cooperation and love." With these sage remarks...Santa started to close his tired eyes. Mrs. Claus, a small woman with a

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## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

(Continued from Page 5)

ready smile, suggested I had a dream...and received a better leave. Then I woke up. few answers.

Rita came into the room... So to all the kids in Windsor Locks, Connecticut and Marshfield, Massachusetts and all over the world...who believe in Santa...I assure them all...Santa Claus is real and living and working at the North Pole. Indeed it was Christmas morning in Windsor Locks and not the North Pole. I guess I Always stay young at heart...and keep the faith.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1977

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## THINGS THEY MAY WANT IN 1978

**TOWN OF WINDSOR LOCKS:** A theater. A downtown...that the kids of today will remember, like the old timers remember the old downtown. No more stop lights on Elm Street.

**“PAPPY” REEVES:** To star in a remake of “All’s Quiet on the Western Front.”

**EILEEN MEEHAN:** More trips in the new year for the senior citizens...near Atlanta.

**JOSEPH SPALLUTO:** To star on Broadway in “Fiddler on the Roof.”

**LINDA MOST:** More books in 1978...but not talk of any moves.

**CHIEF BERNARD KULAS:** Are you sure Ben DeLieto started this way?

**REV. JOHN SAMSVICK:** Another trip to Israel with Eileen.

**ALDO SARTIRANA:** The good old days at his Oak Street Store.

**MIKE GENTILE:** Some good Havana cigars.

**TOM COONEY:** A new set of thermo-underwear for winter golf.

**“CHIP” CIPARELLI:** For all politicians to “call a spade a spade.”

**JIM FRANKLIN:** Less birds on Fairview Street.

**NICK & GRACE RUGGIERO:** The same as Jim Franklin.

**CY FLANDERS, SR.:** Anyone who wants my youth pills.

**FATHER STEVE FOLEY:** To star in a remake of the “Towering Inferno.”

**LOU NAI:** Isn’t it about time for another St. Louis Cardinal baseball championship.

**SEN CON O’LEARY:** Mr. O’Leary goes to Washington.

**GOV. ELLA GRASSO:** I’m sure of the Windsor Locks vote in 1978...right Charlie?

**CHIEF BILL REILLY:** Tickets to all the York Yankee games.

**GEORGE HALL:** Jane, where’s my American Legion baseball cap?

**ART AFRICANO:** Can’t those American Leaguers stop using those designated hitters.

**SANDRA HEBERT and BOB OLIVA:** Two hand-counting machines for future town meetings.

**FRAN ANIELLO:** How about a baseball diamond downtown?

**CHARLIE RADER:** Well, how about a restaurant and movie...but next to the diamond.

**PAUL MCCARTHY:** Sorry Fran and Charlie...no baseball diamonds downtown.

**COACH DAN SULLIVAN:** Are you sure there’re any Korens, Szykulas, Kings or Shearers in the kids coming up for basketball.

**COACH PAT SCENZA:** I’ll just take another Paul King.

**POSTMASTER JOE FIORE:** Jack, you’re forgetting that zip code again.

**JOE URSO:** Still think jogging is the best exercise.

**JULES & PAM VAN SCHELT:** What new song on the doorbell for 1978?

**DENNIS GRAGNOLATI:** Experience for 1979.

**ED SAVINO:** Teaching Dennis the name of the game.

**SY PRELI:** Tickets for the Masters Golf in Georgia (don’t forget if you have any extra).

**ERMA OLIVI PANE:** Happy retirement from politics.

**JOE MARINONE:** Another town election in 1979?

**FRANK CAMPISI:** No more talk about another commission.

**DICK FRAWLEY:** “Good Guy” award for the new year. (My award, not his).

**LEN SENOFONTE:** Another winner of the “good guy” award. (Same as Dick).

**DICK WILLIAMS:** Forget 1978, how about a candidate for 1979.

**FRANK LEARY:** A hockey team at the high school.

**PAUL AND RITA ROY:** A winning football team for the Raiders.

**CAROLYN BRAVAKIS:** First place in the Boston Marathon.

**RUSS GABRIELSON:** This political game...do it now.

**HAPPY NEW YEARS TO ALL THE CABBAGES AND KINGS.** In 1978, try this for kicks... “the best way to forget your own problems is to help someone else solve theirs.”

# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond



## EDWARD E. MOKRICKI- OUTSTANDING KNIGHT OF COLUMBUS PLUS

Edward E. Mokricki drove the Lions Club ambulance for ten years. It was his way of "helping people."

Ed is a lion, knight, elk and veteran of a foreign war. He has served his native town and country in many capabilities. This articulate gentleman was born at 133 Spring Street. He and his wife, Mary, have traveled west to Hawaii and east to Russia, but "are most happy in this town, even with the one-sided Main Street."

Ed has not only been personally involved in fraternal organizations in Windsor Locks, but active in many civic endeavors. He was one of the original members of the Redevelopment Agency. He served on the School Building Committee of the present site of the high school. He's been Chairman of the Police Commission, Zoning Board of Appeals, the Bicentennial Ball of 1976, a director of St. Mary's Credit Union, Vice President of St. Mary's parish Council, an usher for many years at St. Mary's and the chairman of the dinner held for Father John J. McQueeney on the occasion of his 40th year in the priesthood.

On the fraternal side of life, Ed has been a member of the KofC for 29 years. He holds constituency in the Windsor Elks, the Polish-American Club of Windsor Locks and Hartford, the local Lions and a Life Membership with the Windsor Locks Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Last year he was named the "Outstanding District Deputy" by the Connecticut State Council of the Knights of Columbus. The honor is one of the highest honors bestowed by the Catholic organization. He was cited for his "outstanding leadership in promoting church, community, youth and council activities within his district." Ed's district includes the Riverside Council in Windsor Locks, the St. Catherine Council in East Windsor and the Rev. E.G. Rosenberger Council in South Windsor. Ed has held every chair office in the order and was elected Grand Knight of the local Knights of Columbus in 1971. In 1967, he was honored as the "knight of the year" by the local council.

Before Ed's involvement as an adult...a few significant facts should be mentioned for the record. He attended the Union School and graduated from the local high school in 1936 with 26 local students. His first employment was with his father's brick company located, at that time, on North Street, the present site of his

home with his wife, the former Mary Bass of Enfield. Their son, Kenneth James Mokricki lives at home. Ken has been associated with Eastern Airlines for the past eight years.

In 1944, Ed joined the U.S. Army and served in France, Germany, Austria and Belgium under the famous General Mark Clark. Before the war, Ed worked at Pratt-Whitney and after his discharge from the service he returned to the East Hartford company. In 1962 he joined the State of Connecticut and has been a state employee for 19 years as a Construction Supervisor with the Public Works Department. Among his jobs with the state, which takes him from the Massachusetts line to Cheshire, was the new baggage facility at Bradley Field. Ed recalls that years ago when the state was dismantling the Weathersfield prison he discovered many of the bricks from his own dad's business.

October of the last year was Ed and Mary's 35th wedding anniversary. They celebrated by flying to London, England. They drove all over the countryside of England as far north as Scotland. Ed and Mary can be called...true world travelers. Their trips include countries east and west...Hawaii, Denmark, Russia, the City of Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, Acapulco and an nostalgic trip to his mother's home town in Poland. Their travel itinerary included tours of the entire United States.

Ed's next big assignment for the Knights of Columbus will be on May 9-10-11 at the Howard Johnson Center in Windsor Locks. The 1978 Knights of Columbus Convention will be held here in town and Ed has been honored with the chairmanship. He's looking forward to the big event knowing full well..."there's a lot of hard work ahead." He accepted the honor for the local Knights of Columbus and the town.

## EPILOG

Edward E. Mokricki is another native son who has served his town, state and country in an unselfish manner because he "likes to help people." It is only fitting to repeat...because it says it all...the words in announcing the award as the "Outstanding District Deputy"...spoken by Mr. Louis A. Sidoli, state deputy for the Knights of Columbus..."the reasons cited for Ed Mokricki's selection reflect just a few of the qualities of the man."

# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

## MARIE MCGEE - PUBLIC HEALTH ADMINISTRATOR

Marie Brodeur McGee is a woman who "enjoys her work" and calls the duties as administrative supervisor of the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association, Inc... "stimulating."

The transplanted lady from Canada was born in the little village of St. Hughes, 40 miles from Montreal. She remembers walking a mile or so to the one-room grade school in the first years of her student life. She probably wants to forget the days when it was 40 degrees below zero and the only mode of transportation was a horse-driven sled with an ample supply of blankets for warmth against the frigid weather. The language spoken at her school was French.

When the Brodeur family moved to the states, Marie was only nine on their arrival in Waterbury, Connecticut and she had to learn a new tongue. She mastered the new way of speaking with the help of the school's nuns. Her high school years were spent at the Waterbury Catholic all girl school.

After graduation, Marie entered St. Mary's Hospital for three years of nurses training. Even as a Registered Nurse, Marie did not feel fulfilled. She left the brass city for Boston and two years of additional nurses training at Boston College. She graduated in 1957.

The year before she had met a fellow student...Louis P. McGee. Louis, a Berlin, New Hampshire native, was studying accounting at the Boston school. Their meeting was actually at a wedding...they being in the party. They walked the aisle themselves in 1956. Boston, Hartford and Enfield have been their home bases. In 1966 they moved to Windsor Locks and their Elm Street address. They wouldn't change it for the world now.

The nurse and the accountant...actually, Louis is a Certified Public Accountant... have six children to keep them busy besides their civic and business activities.

Michelle, 20, was the first on the McGee scene. She's a junior at Bates College in Maine as an English major. Luke, 19, the only male offspring, is at UConn at the School of Engineering. Luke is a swimming and skiing enthusiast. Claudette, 18, is a freshman at the Russell Sage College at Troy, New York in the nursing program.

Jeanne, 16, is a junior at the high school. She's the piano player in the family. Let me be the first to write...Jeanne will be playing the ivories this spring at the high school play... "Oliver."

Helen, 15, a sophomore at the high school is the now current athlete in the clan with her swimming, basketball and softball to keep her active in Windsor Locks sports. Laura, 13, an eighth grader at the Middle School, is "mother's helper," and probably can't wait until she reaches high school.

In Windsor Locks, Louis and Marie have been an active pair the past eleven years. Louis is

a member of the Republican town committee and is on the Board of Education. Marie has been associated with the Public Health Nursing Association for over four years. Before her involvement with the association, she practiced her nursing profession at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. Now that her children are of school age she is a busy lady and can't seem to find the time for her sewing, reading and listening to semi-classical music. She wanted the message of the Public Health Nursing Association explained to the people of Windsor Locks. The following is from their brochure... "Community Health Services for All."

Who is your public health nurse? She's a graduate Registered Nurse. She is by education and experience skilled in administering part-time nursing care in your home to anyone who is under the care of a doctor. She's a teacher...instructing family members on how to care for the patient between visits. She's a counselor...who advises people on general health practices. She's a school nurse...being assigned to one or more schools part of the day. Each service has a published fee per visit. Coverage in part or in total is obtainable from Medicare, Medicaid, Blue Cross, private insurance and others. Fee is adjustable according to ability to pay.

The Public Health Agency provides...a physical therapist, speech therapist and home health aides. Social services for the elderly who qualify, such as...homemaker service and delivered meals.

Who can have a public health nurse? Anyone. Poor or rich or in between. Young or old. Regardless of color, race or creed. If you need a nurse, a visit can be arranged. How do you obtain home care?

Consult your physician. Ask about it at the hospital before you are discharged. Call the Windsor Locks Public Nursing Association Inc...at 623-2689 for more information....

## EPILOG

This has been a column on the life of Marie McGee and her family of Elm Street...but also, the benefits of the Public Health Nursing cause. One can not separate Marie McGee from this worthy institution. The soft-spoken lady is dedicated to her profession. She wanted the important message of the association and its many values for all to read, and take advantage of, for a better and more healthy community.

# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

"KITTY" NOLAN. WITH A  
TWINKLE IN HER EYE

"When grace is joined with wrinkles, it is adorable.

There is an unspeakable dawn in happy old age."

Victor Hugo said those words...he was probably thinking of Miss Kathryn "Kittie" of the Spring Street Nolans of Windsor Locks.

There's also a benefit and sometimes beauty in meeting people...especially folks like "Kittie" and her sister Kate...no, I mean Celia. Theresa and Mary were too busy, a night of cold and snow, when I just happened to stop at 66 Spring Street.

There's also a bit of Ireland, Windsor Locks and truly grace when one enters the home of the Nolan sisters and their niece, Mrs. Marjorie Schaefer.

"Kittie" was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts, on February 22. She always teases her family..."we aren't celebrating Washington's birthday...but mine." She'll be eighty years young, next month..."cause I can't get any younger." "Kittie" was the eighth child of the late revered John J. and Hannorah Mannix Nolan. The Nolan family moved to Windsor Locks when "Kittie" was only a child. Their address, for over 65 years, has been 66 Spring Street. There were six brothers and four daughters in the Nolan family. Only one boy married...and now the sisters can spoil their niece, Marjorie.

"Kittie" attended St. Mary's School. At an early age she was fond of drawing, sewing, poetry, reading and ice skating. She was the "Dorothy Hammil" of her day, according to Celia, teaching all the beginners skating and the figure eight.

At St. Mary's school, our versatile student won many honors for writing when the newly introduced "Palmer Method" was first utilized. "Kittie" was destined to use her ability in writing at the high school level. Her senior year at high school she was selected to write and read the class prophesy. In addition she wrote the class song and poem. "Kittie" was voted the "best dressed girl" during the four years at the Windsor Locks High School. Her book-keeping papers were honored, even after graduation, for being the "most perfect set of books" completed at the senior high.

But it was time for "Kittie", with all her honors, to enter the working world, outside Windsor Locks. In 1919 she secured her first position with the E.S. Horton and Sons as a posting clerk, typist and payroll organizer. While employed at Horton she was rewarded an additional fifty cents in her pay...for being on time. (Have times changed).

On March 27, 1922, "Kittie" joined the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company as the first clerk (female) from Windsor Locks. She stayed with the insurance company for 41 years...yes, 41 years.

Even before her retirement, she wanted new horizons to conquer...she enrolled in night school at the Hartford Art School to brush up on one of her favorite pastimes. I can

attest to her fine work...several of her paintings adorn the walls of the Nolan home.

This marvelous woman, of nearly eighty, has worked all her life, and has been equally busy with free time painting in oil, ceramics, sewing, embroidery, needlepoint and floral arrangements. The Nolan homestead is just full of "Kitties" handy work.

During our conversation, Celia remembered her sister also collected bells, spoons and dolls. Some of the dolls are over 65 years old.

For years, "Kittie" found the time to be active with the American Legion Auxiliary. She taught the junior organization the art of making bows. She served on the "Ways and Means" committee and donated posters for the social and money-making events. Her talent was equally divided...working with the Catholic Council and the St. Francis Hospital Auxiliary. For 17 years "Kittie" chaired the membership committee for the hospital organization. She's the only "life time" member of the auxiliary from Windsor Locks and her name is inscribed on an appropriate plaque at the hospital.

From the lively conversation with the "girls" that night...I could feel the love they had for their parents. The spoke with pride and admiration and "Kittie" said, "my father was the head of the household...my mother was its heart."

"Kittie" is a thankful person. In her own way she desired to thank God, her country, loving parents and family...and true and devoted friends. The following expresses her personal thoughts..."the good green earth beneath our feet, the air we breathe, the food we eat, some work to do, a goal to win.. That spurs us on to bigger things, and helps us meet what each day brings...these are the things we should be thankful for. No one can live to himself alone, and no one can win just on his own."

## EPILOG

Kathryn "Kittie" Nolan has a favorite quote for life..."I shall pass through this life but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

All of "Kitties" friends and family would agree...she has lived by these words.

# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond



## "RICH" BROWN - SPECIALIST IN ASSORTED SPHERES

Richard Charles Brown is truthfully a specialist.

Richard, better known as "Rich", specializes in several fields of work and pleasure. Among his endeavors are films and tests on driver education; musical records, with an emphasis on Broadway shows; boating; photography; follower of The New England Whalers and a man with political ambitions.

"Rich" is from Bay City, Michigan. Yes, there is a "bay City". One of the television soap opera pictures it as a fictionalized community. He attended the local schools in the mid-west city, and high school was a special time. He joined the orchestra, and besides learning the art of percussional wizardry, he met Kristine Kraenzlein, a member of the musical group. The high school sweethearts were later married in 1971.

"Rich's" educational training has included an Associate Degree at Delta College, where he majored in television and radio production, a Bachelor of Arts from Michigan State in Communications and a Masters from the University of Hartford. During his service time, he made classes at the American University in Washington, D.C.

This is a man with sufficient background to cover all his working and pleasurable moments. When it comes to the daily routine of working for a living, it can be said, Rich's position with the Aetna Life and Casualty in Hartford is far from routine. His official title is "Program Development Specialist, Driver Education Services" and has been with the "big" insurance company for the past five years. Aetna has several programs that "Rich" is in charge of dealing with driver and safety education. These programs are distributed all over the country by way of instructional films and self-instructional textbooks for high school students. The high school student driver program is an important segment of the films showing a few basic rudiments...dealing with judging time, speed and distance for the new drivers and learning to scan the traffic environment and the concepts and perceptual skills which should provide a basis for understanding and obeying

the many complicated traffic rules.

One of the benefits of his profession is meeting interesting people. A few years ago...to prove a few statistics concerning drinking and driving, he persuaded Miss Peggy Cass, well-known television star, to actually become "tipsy" by taking one of his tests. She proved a worthy subject. The test had some additional compensations for "Rich". He was given a few choices on "What to see" on Broadway while he was staying in the Big Apple. An added treat was his appearance, thanks to Miss Cass, on the show... "To Tell the Truth"...as the man who got Peggy, slightly inebriated. Kevin McCarthy, equally well-known, was another of the "Rich" Brown method of driver education.

His "Broadway" love probably started when he was a member of the Bay City Community Theater.

While stationed in the nation's capital, he handled the lighting at several of the shows at a nearby dinner theater. His record collection of the latest hits, movies and Broadway, from A to Z, fill the air on Heather Lane.

"Rich", before his insurance-related position, was on active duty with the U.S. Coast Guard, stationed in Washington, D.C. He and Kristine were married in Bay City when "Rich" was in the service. After his discharge, the young couple moved to Windsor Locks in January of 1973. He is a member of the Reserve Officer Association, the American Legion, the Windsor Locks Jaycees, the American Driving and Traffic Safety and Education Association, and the American Power Boat Association, just to round out his organizations.

Last fall "Rich" ran for the Board of Education. He was unsuccessful, but not upset. He is confident about his future political plans. He and Kristine are members of the Republican Town Committee. Kristine, a violinist in her high school days, teaches the fifth grade in the Granby school system.

## EPILOG

Richard Charles Brown, whose father was once publicized in a Michigan newspaper as the "original Charlie Brown" is a young executive with one of the problems of the comic strip character. "Rich" is an involved citizen...in work and pleasure. He's been in Windsor Locks only a short time, and some would say...he hasn't paid his dues. I must point out...he's already serving the town with the Jaycees and the GOP. He's a newcomer with the feeling... "when in Rome"...do your share. Rich has two important characteristics...he knows where he's going...and able to persuade other people to go with him.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## RAY COLTON-MEMBER OF AN INSURANCE FAMILY

With Raymond Chase Colton, insurance is his game..but the game is rounded out by family, civic and church activities in his adopted town of Windsor Locks.

Ray grew up in nearby Windsor. During his high school days, he played soccer and basketball. When he wasn't active on the sport scene Ray was elected to the student council. One of the benefits of his high school days was meeting Marjorie Howe. The "high-school sweethearts" were later married in 1967 after Ray attended Northhampton Junior College where he majored in business administration.

The Colton's have a new daughter, just ten months old, named Kerry. Kerry and her parents were just about ready to leave on their annual vacation to Florida a few days before the interview. Marjorie was concerned Kerry wouldn't take to her first plane ride...at that age she would probably be the best passenger on the jet. The Coltons visit Marjorie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Howe, at their Florida home. It's the best way for Ray, an ardent golfer during the summer months at Copper Hill, to practice his favorite game instead of shoveling the white stuff.

But of course, Ray is not all golf or Florida bound...it was vacation time for the Vice President of the Charles D. Colton Insurance Agency, located in Windsor Locks on Old County Road. Insurance has been a Colton family business since 1926 when Ray's grandfather started the agency...and then passed on to Ray's father. Today Ray and his brother Charles are keeping the people of this area insured.

"Why did you get into the business of insurance, Ray?"

"Well honestly, my family, of course, being in the business helped, but I like people, enjoy talking to people and selling... to me, comes easy," Ray replied.

Ray, when not selling insurance or playing golf, or his other sporting fancy, fishing, can be found in church, civic and political activities in and around Windsor Locks and the Hartford area. He's a life member of the Hartford Chapter of DeMolay and on the Board of Trustees of the Congregational Church of Windsor Locks.

When you think of the young, active, civic-minded men in Windsor Locks...the Jaycees come to mind. Ray Colton is no exception. He spoke highly of the organization by saying..."the Jaycees helped my wife and I get to know the town and the folks in Windsor Locks. It was a stepping stone into the community where friendship and the business world was waiting."

Ray has served as Treasurer, external Vice President, Secretary and director and was awarded "Jaycee of the Year" on two occasions. His projects for the past four years have included the "cardio vehicle" and the "haunted house." He has helped in the midget football program and one of his biggest thrills this past Christmas was his role as a Santa Claus. Ray and three other Jaycee members volun-

teered, as men in the red suit, to visit 32 different homes in Windsor Locks treating the young children the ways and cheers of Santa. All donations from the families visited was turned over to Edward Sabotka, Welfare Director of the town. Ray's wife has assisted in the bingo games at the Bickford Convalescent Home in town as part of the Jaycee wife effort.

Ray, vanguard of youthful Republicans in town, "wanting a change in the political life of Windsor Locks." As a member of the Republican Town Committee, he added..."we should give the opposition a run for their money and fight the issues. The GOP should tighten the race in 1979." His opinion on the downtown situation comes from first hand displacement.. of his family's insurance business. Ray said..."in all honesty, the downtown has been cleaned up long enough, we have set on it long enough, something should now be accomplished for all concerned."

On Bradley Field...he said, "the field is an asset to the town, it will have to grow and let's not kid ourselves, it's a convenience, and certainly brings in revenue."

## EPILOG

Raymond Chase Colton, a man who loves to play golf, is a fisherman, is active in town affairs and enjoys playing the role of Santa Claus for his daughter Kerry and the kids of Windsor Locks. Ray has high hopes for "his" Windsor Locks. The following quote by Chalmers says it all for Ray Colton..."the grand essentials of happiness are: something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## LOVE & ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Tuesday, Feb. 14, is Saint Valentine's Day. The day, observed in our country is in honor of the Saint for the exchange of valentines and other tokens of affection.

This is my third year of writing columns during the month of February, with the cold weather, birthdays of some famous gentlemen, and the hopes for an early spring.

In 1976, I personally received a valentine from Dotty Gill, by way of a Cabbages and Kings sketch of myself. Dotty still has that ready wit and thoughtfulness. And that's what St. Valentine's day is all about. It's telling friends and loved ones how you feel...be it in a funny way or loving way.

Last year the “C&K” column was called...“what the world needs now.” The familiar ring of the words are always true. Who can argue the point?

So instead of interviewing a Windsor Locks person...I thought I would express a few feelings on love and varied stages of my life regarding...those four little words.

First: the love of your family when growing up, their love during the hard days of the depression with those slim Christmas mornings, for a little kid growing up in New Haven.

Second: the love of sports. The young days playing football, baseball and hockey. The breaking of a leg playing the role, or at least pretending the heroics of a Larry Kelly of a Clint Frank, two Yale immortals, on the sand lot and the care received from sympathetic parents. The love of watching hockey “in the old days” at the New Haven Arena. The games between the New Haven Eagles and the Springfield Indians, under the

famed Eddie Shore, were always worth the price of admission. Was it one buck or two? Playing hockey at that same arena in my high school days. I know I'll never get those 995 goals to catch Gordie Howe...but I can dream. But, I was always an “assist” man. It was all love ...getting up at 5:50 a.m. just to practice for the next game. I get a kick out of the current hockey fans ...complaining about the rough players, and their actions on the ice. They should have been fans in the “old days”. It was rough then too. But hockey is a rough sport. Of course, you have to love it. But we live in 1978 and it's a different world and a different outlook on love and hockey.

Back to more love: The love of country. Some folks think that's old hat today. Serving my country during the “big one” was great, and a love that is good to reminisce after all the years.

The love of a woman, hopefully, will never go out of style. One of the problems today is the adverse publicity given to many cherished ideals. A family is still the “right” name of the game, with ceremony and the responsibilities. Came across the following on love of a man and woman...“love does not consist of two people looking at each other, but of two people looking in the same direction.”

The love of your children... grandchildren. And man for woman. The full cycle...from childhood to grandparent status.. and all the love in between.

Next Tuesday is the day. Remember your parents, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren and your mate. Send them all your affections. And remember the words from the song...“love isn't love, until you give it away.”

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## PHIL SCOTT-FOUR LETTERS AND MORE

Philip Richard Scott was a four-letter sportsman in high school and college. The real Phil Scott story began on a tragic note . . . he, three brothers and a sister, were left without home or parents. Due to death, the Scott children were separated into different foster homes and a reunion did not occur for another forty years.

Phil was only six when he was taken from his hometown of Littleton, Massachusetts, for a journey to a new life and home in Northboro. He was now a “ward of the state.”

It was not a normal growing up period, but Phil has no regret, only to say in reminiscing about the past, “it was a difficult time, but I was really too young to know what I was missing at the time.” Today, Phil Scott is a strong family man and with his attractive wife, Natalie have formed a loving family which includes two children, Barbara and Richard.

In 1936, at the age of 14, Phil left the surrogate home and entered the “Wayside Inn Boys School”, in Sudbury, a private institution, funded by the Henry Ford Foundation. Phil described it, “as a high school for underprivileged children from foster homes.” The boys were there to secure an education in the classroom for four hours a day and another four hours learning how to farm, carpentry, garage work and poultry as future occupations in later years. Phil said, “the school equipped the boys to go out into the world and earn a living. He laughingly added, “I received \$4.29 a month for working in the different parts of the school. The money was used for clothes, hygiene, and if there was some left . . . maybe a new glove or ice skates.”

Sudbury, in northern Massachusetts, was the ideal location for a boy to learn the art of ice hockey or skiing. Phil, in his spare time, put on the skates and became the goalie for the ice hockey team. Even today, he still remembers how to ski and probably could fill in for the Whalers on the ice. In the summer months Phil performed on the baseball field and on the track paths. At the time, he held the state high school record for pole vaulting . . . eleven feet.

The four-letter young man left the school in 1940 to see what life was all about in the big city of Worcester. He recalls arriving in the city with only the clothes on his back, plus a few cents he had saved from the monthly allowance. It didn't take long . . . he went to work for a “drop forge shop” and stayed until 1942 when he was old enough to join the service.

Phil found out . . . there was a great deal to life from the school in Sudbury and then the shop in Worcester.

He joined the U.S. Air Force and his three years were spent mostly overseas as a flight engineer on B-24s for the 13th Air Force. His service stops included . . . the Philippines, Guam and the Marshall Islands.

After his discharge, Phil entered the Worcester Junior College. There wasn't a sports program at the school so Phil

played semi-pro baseball with the Worcester Black Knights. This was not enough for Phil Scott. He transferred to the Clark University for additional education, and performed on the track team, baseball, hockey and the ski slopes.

One of Phil's ambitions was to return to “Wayside” as a teacher. He had realized the “fantastic” training he received at the boys school and he wanted to repay them. Unfortunately, when Phil was in the South Pacific, the school burned down.

He was now ready for the working world . . . he applied to the Institute of Living in Hartford for a position. He came to Connecticut with only fifty cents in his pocket and then had to use a quarter to cross the bridge at East Hartford. He got the job . . . as Director of Physical Education at the noted Hartford establishment. He was starting a new life and one of the nurses caught his eye. There she was . . . in white uniform . . . Natalie Czelusniak. They were married in 1951. Natalie, a registered nurse, is from East Hampton, Massachusetts.

In 1956, Phil left the “Institute” to become a salesman for the Oakite Products Company. He was associated with the industrial firm for 15 years and in 1971, he realized a “childhood dream” and opened a sports store. Today Phil can be found behind the counter at the “Scott's Sports Supplied” in Windsor. Phil owns and operates the store and said, “I'm building the business for my son, Richard.” Speaking of the children . . . Richard, 19, is a sophomore at the Lyndon State College in Vermont. Rich was a “little leaguer” in Windsor Locks and two years ago was high scorer for the Dan Sullivan court team. At Lyndon State he's the captain of the basketball team. His sister Barbara, 24, is a Navy Ensign, stationed in Iceland. Barbara graduated from the University of Connecticut, Magna Cum Laude, and Phi Beta Kappa. Phil visited his daughter for ten days, last year, in Iceland and said, “the island was just beautiful and the fishing is great.” Natalie also visited her daughter for a European trip.

Phil served nine years as a coach and manager for the local little league program. He said, “the little league builds comradery between the boys, it's great for them, but not for the parents, unless they actively are involved in coaching.”

## EPILOG

Phil Scott, at an early age, found himself in strange surroundings. He weathered the new and sometimes stormy existence. Without the normal family connections, Phil received an education, served his country, raised a family of his own and forty years later picked up the pieces of his early heritage. Phil, always anxious to locate his brothers and sister, left his name at the Kennedy Center in Boston. A miracle . . . his brother Charles, on the same mission as phil, caught the name “Philip Scott” and made inquires. The rest was a very happy reunion with Phil, Charles, John, Robert and Laura Scott.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## LEANDER ARRIGHINI MAN FROM PADERNA

“If you are nice to people . . . they will be nice to you.”

This has been the principle . . . Leander Arrighini has lived by for 67 years.

In line with this feeling . . . and to paraphrase something I recently read, “sometimes you wonder about this whole business of living. What does it really mean? The working. The ups and downs. The results. The questions. The answers. The whole bit.” Then you meet someone like Mr. Arrighini and everything seems a little better. Mr. Arrighini is a retired senior citizen. I have seen him in action on two occasions at town meetings. Always from a distance. Never too close. It was not until he agreed to be interviewed that we had a chance to meet . . . eye to eye. Now, I hope I can call him a friend. Let me tell you his story:

Leander Arrighini was born in Paderna . . . a town in northern Italy.

When he was only a young boy . . . the year was 1913 . . . his father, Edward, left the homeland for America. The America, with the gold in the streets fantasy. His father wanted to see what the other side of the ocean had to offer for his boy and wife. During the years of separation . . . Leander was growing up, attending schools in Milan and Genoa, helping his mother, who was a tailor, and it would be a long 15 years before he and his mother would enter the harbor of New York City and view the Statue of Liberty for the first time.

Leander, during his youthful years, became a student, on his own, by reading and learning all he could concerning “this land of America.”

“I loved America before I ever set foot on its shore,” he recalled with pride. “I knew of the famous institutions and the many freedoms America had to offer.”

He attended the local schools and during his “high school” years traveled to Genoa to work and learn at the “St. Mary’s of the Castle School.” He remembers walking down the street and passing the house where the great Italian navigator and discoverer of America . . . Christopher Columbus was born.

Another Italian of note . . . but for different reasons . . . Benito Mussolini, during his popular years, was in Leander’s hometown for a speech and the young Arrighini was a witness to the former premier.

Finally, in January 1928, Leander and his mother sailed for the new country on the USS Rome from Genoa arriving on the 20th of the month. The next day, this boy of 17, unable to speak the language, was in Windsor Locks. His first residence was at 33 North Street. His family moved to 123 Center Street and in 1942 he purchased his present home at 25 North Street.

Edward Arrighini was employed at the George P. Clark Company in town. Leander recalls his father as one of the founders of the Italian Progressive Club on Suffield Street.

Leander attended several schools in the area . . . night school in Enfield, with rides

from Angelo Roncari . . . taking the bus to Hartford learning the new language and as a twenty year old going to the Windsor Locks grammar school with the fifth graders. He said, with a laugh . . . “I skipped the sixth, seventh and eighth grade and had one year of high school. At the time, the depression was on, and no work in these parts.”

When work came available, Leander was employed by the Clark Company, the Horton Company and became a bartender at the “Brass Rail” in Suffield. In 1939 he went to work at Pratt and Whitney and stayed 33 years with the aircraft as a “turret lathe” operator and as he says . . . “A specialist at that.”

Leander, always a fellow ready for a dance, just happened to attend a local function at the “Pine Point Hall” and there he met his future wife Sophie Suleski, who was originally from Pittsburgh. Sophie and Leander were married in 1938 and have two children and three grandchildren. Their son, Edmond, and his wife Janice, live in Enfield with their children, David and Christine. The Arrighini daughter, Rosalee Shonty, lives in Windsor Locks with her daughter, Lisa. Edmond played baseball and basketball at the high school and in his younger years was a member of the Little League All-Stars.

It wasn’t long before Leander, as his father before him, became active in the Italian Progressive Club serving as secretary and president. He was also listed as treasurer of the Italian American Society. He’s a life member of the local Knights of Columbus. Three sports, he learned in his native land, bocce, skiing and soccer have been his recreational activities. Skiing was always “one of my first loves” and Stowe, Vermont was where the action took place for the boy who skied in northern Italy, France and Switzerland. He felt he showed the way in Windsor Locks by playing soccer when it wasn’t the accepted sport in these parts. He played soccer in Springfield and Hartford with numerous clubs.

In 1953 the Arrighini family drove cross-country to visit relatives in California. Since 1958, Leander has revisited his native country several times.

On the political scene . . . Leader, a registered member of the Democratic party, said, “don’t be afraid to speak up on local issues, go right to the chairman of each committee in town if you feel you need more answers on important matters. Windsor Locks is not a country town anymore, its truly cosmopolitan. I feel the people of Windsor Locks are wonderful people. I would like to thank them for being so well received when I first came over from Italy. Windsor Locks has a great feeling for me . . . of belonging.”

Leander is one of the directors of the “Drop In Center” at the Senior Citizens Club. On the recent issue of the “elderly housing” he remarked, “a vote is a vote. I hope we can find a suitable place for the housing, but not on Main Street. I hold no animosity towards anyone on the housing question.” On the

(Please turn to Page 6)

# 50 Years Service Honored

By Jack Redmond

James J. Franklin added another tribute last week to his collection of certificates and plaques honoring his years of service to the town of Windsor Locks.

The Windsor Locks Savings and Loan Association presented Mr. Franklin with a plaque for his fifty years of service as a member of its Board of Directors. He joined the Board of Directors in 1927 when the Association's assets totaled \$50,000. Today the Association lists \$17,382,262 in assets.

Not only did he watch Windsor Locks grow, but he helped the town grow during his 58 years as a resident. Born in Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania, 84 years ago, his family moved to Portland. After varied jobs with toys, candy and ice cream, Mr. Franklin joined A&P as a trainee and afterwards was assigned to an East Hampton store.

Transferred from East Hampton, Mr. Franklin arrived in Windsor Locks on January 5, 1920. His late wife, Margaret Catherine Hayes, was from Windsor Locks, and they were married in 1925. He served as manager for the local A&P until his retirement in 1963.

His first A&P grocery store was in the Zaccheo building opposite the bridge crossing on Main Street. Later, the store moved to the Coogan block, just north of Church Street. It occupied the entire first floor of the three-story



**HALF A CENTURY OF SERVICE:** Attorney Anthony Ward [right] presents a plaque honoring James J. Franklin [left] for his fifty years of service as a director of the Windsor Locks Savings and Loan Association. [Photo by D. J. Ruggiero]

frame building. Mr. Franklin said that it was the first combination grocery and meat store of his company in a town of this size.

After moving to another site north of the Coogan block, Mr. Franklin's A&P finally settled into a site across from the Windsor Locks Railroad Station. Redevelopment has since removed the old Main Street shops.

Mr. Franklin was responsible for the creation of the A&P Employees Federal Credit Union during those years. A certificate noting that fact is in his collection at home.

He was also instrumental in

starting the St. Mary's Federal Credit Union during World War II. The credit union made loans possible on cars, home improvements, and vacations for its local members. At that time, Windsor Locks had a population of 3500 to 4000 people.

As a civic leader, his accomplishments include being past president of the Rotary Club, past Grand Knight for the Knights of Columbus and charter member and director of the Knights Building Association, past president of the Italian American Club, a director of the

(Please turn to page 4)

The Windsor Locks Journal  
Vol. 98 - No. 42  
February 23, 1978

## 50 Years Service

(Continued from page 1)  
Windsor Locks Public Health the Boys Scouts Finance one 47-day drive, the town  
Nursing Association for 30 Committee. raised \$177,564 which was  
years, honorary life member of During World War II, Mr. used by the U.S. War  
the Chamber of Commerce, Franklin was chairman of the Department to purchase a  
and local district chairman for local War Bond Sales drive. In bomber, the "Spirit of Wind-

After his retirement from  
A&P in 1963, Mr. Franklin  
served as permittee for the  
Knights of Columbus Hall.  
During his six years as  
permittee, the \$175,000 mort-  
gage was paid off.

## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

(Continued from Page 5)  
downtown situation . . . "a  
great many cities in the United  
States have demolished their  
centers . . . it's like taking the

roots out, and it's tough to  
replace roots."

### EPILOG

First the boy in Italy . . . the  
dreams of a returning father,  
the "America" he knew so  
well . . . it all came true,  
Leander Arrighini is what this  
country is all about. The story  
started with one of his  
thoughts . . . it will end the  
same way . . . "try to be  
cheerful to others, then you  
are cheerful yourself."

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## JENNIE MISIEK-YOUR FRIENDLY EXERCISE LADY

Jennie Misiek always has a smile on her pretty face.

Jennie Misiek even smiles when she's teaching "exercise can be interesting" to her obedient, but sometimes reluctant, classes three times a week. The Hartford-born lady has been advocating "exercise and you will feel mentally better" for the past five years . . . two nights, Monday and Tuesday, at the high school for women and at 3:00 p.m. Tuesdays, for the senior citizens. She said with a twinkle . . . "there's plenty of room at the North Street School for any newcomers at the Tuesday afternoon classes." Jennie loves the senior citizens and said "they are a joy to teach." She added, "By helping of people with this art of exercise, I'm doing my thing." She's certainly a devoted lady to the health of the body and mind.

Of course, to all that know her, there's a great deal more to Jennie Misiek than elbows and knee bends. Jennie is a mother of two grown children, a widow these past four years, and a remembrance of "the beautiful thing . . . my marriage to Joe. A nice, gentle and good father and husband." There were no tears . . . only the goodness left as a legacy by her Joe.

Jennie grew up in Hartford and graduated from the Hartford High School. There were more pretty girls at the Wojkowitz home of John and Stella. Jennie said, "my parents were from the old country and both hard workers. They used to call my dad the Eddie Cantor of Hartford because of his five daughters."

Jennie's sisters . . . "are all a joy to me. The oldest is "Fifi" Tyskewicz, now retired from the Internal Revenue Service. Camille Wojtyna is employed by the Travelers, Irene Hubinger is a IRS agent and in Windsor Locks . . . Mary Cressotti, working for the Social Security Service. Mary is the mother of Patty, John and Bob Cressotti. They boys, you'll remember were former little leaguers of note. John is married to Linda Giannoccaro."

Jennie's children . . . Mary Lou is 16, and a junior at the high school. For nearly a year Mary Lou has been "really enjoying her work" at the Kimberly Hall in Windsor as a nursing aide. Mary Lou does not participate in the girls sports . . . but is slightly different . . . she keeps score at the high school baseball games. Probably her love for the diamond goes back to the glory days of her brother Dale. Who can forget the big (5'10") twelve year old at 185 pounds playing first base for the town's World Champs of 1965. His homer was the delight to the town, his teammates and the millions on television fans that memorable day at Williamsport. Jennie also has a few memories of that day . . . "how did you feel when Dale hit the tape measure job?" A proud mother, always eager to tell the story . . . "Joe and I were assigned a special place . . . for just such an eruption . . . Joe, the talker in the family, was speechless, I stayed rather calm and did the monologue for the two of us. It

was a thrill of a lifetime. The boys all took their victory in stride, it was just a happy occasion. Dale, never felt any pressure. He just played the game. My husband was a coach for many years in the program. Even today, it doesn't matter who you meet, or where you go, everyone remembers."

Dale, instead of winning baseball games, is learning the art of dentistry as a senior at the University of Connecticut Dental School in Farmington. He and his wife, Patricia Munson, now living in Bristol, are anxiously waiting for June, a trip, and a new home in New Orleans, where Dale will enroll at the Louisiana State University for further dental training.

Jennie, in addition to her teaching of "how to exercise" has been employed at the Connecticut National Guard in Windsor Locks as a secretary for four years. Before her marriage in 1952 she was with the IRS in Hartford. She retired for 17 years to raise her children. She worked part-time with the Civil Service Commission until her new position with the Guard.

## EPILOG

Jennie Misiek . . . always smiling . . . always giving of herself for the exercise of body and mind . . . and a lady with courage.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## JOEL LEVIN-PLANNER EXTRAORDINARY

Many men fantasize about becoming involved in politics. Others dream of boating on Long Island Sound. Some hope to become expert skiers.

Joel Levin is all three . . . and a great deal more . . . to round out a style of behavior where “being involved is my life.” And involved he is . . . in sports and civic responsibilities and working for the State of Connecticut as Transit Manager, in the capitol region and parts of the shoreline, for nearly 25 years. One word to describe . . . after meeting this forceful individual . . . would be a planner . . . planner as Mr. Fix-it, around the house, or building a bridge at Routes 91 and 95 for the State of Connecticut.

Joel was born in New Haven, Connecticut. Before Windsor Locks, his family lived in Stamford, Devon, Bridgeport and Hartford. He’s now settled down in the lock town, in fact has been for the past 21 years. He attended schools in the nutmeg cities mentioned, and received a high school diploma at Weaver in Hartford. At an early age Joel showed he possessed fortitude by going out for the high school football team as a 120-pound tail-back. But much to his chagrin, the 200-pound guards were too much for young Joel. He decided tennis would be a better sport with less problems.

After graduation from high school, Joel entered the University of Connecticut Engineering School, was there two years. His first employment was in Manchester where he got his feet wet in the housing development field and admits gaining experience in a three year stint. He then went into state service with the highway department as a road inspector. His additional training during the quarter century of service has included seminars and courses in Materials and Testing, Traffic Engineering and Transit Operation at Northwestern, and even back to UConn, for a Management Training course. Joel is a firm believer in education.

Several years ago a situation regarding the connection of Routes 91 and 95 at New Haven was giving the state highway a real problem. Their problem was . . . what type of bridge to be built? Joel, who enjoys “making things work,” read up on everything he could on bridges, their construction and other information he could lay his hands on. He suggested a certain type of bridge as the most practical and economical, and they put his idea into reality. And when Joel says...“I invented a bridge,” he’s right.

Speaking of bridges . . . of the human kind . . . Joel feels, as a member of the Town Republican Committee, his party should connect the accomplishments of the many workers on committees in town with the voters at election time. He said, “many members of my party are doing a great deal of work for Windsor Locks, they all work hard . . . the Finance and Park Committee are examples. Their involvement should be recognized by the people of Windsor Locks.” Joel himself, has no personal political ambitions, but has shown the way by being active on the Windsor Locks Community Development Action Plan, the Economic and Industrial Development Commission, the Waste Disposal Committee and the 1976 Bicentennial Committee. He is a former president of the local Jaycees and presently on the Board of Directors of the Beth Ahm in Windsor, also their Chairman of the Youth Activities.

Joel is married to the former Barbara Helfand, a Woonsocket, Rhode Island pretty lady. The Levin family on Fernwood Drive have five active children with careers ranging from music to skiing. The skiing comes from the teaching of Joel . . . “all the kids love to ski . . . it’s a family outing.” The oldest is Allen, 23, who is employed at the Imperial Catering Service in East Windsor. Marla, 21, is a senior at Smith College in Massachusetts, interested in photography and majors in philosophy. Maxine, 17, is a senior at the high school and will pursue a career in law or political science. Debbie, an 8th grader at the Middle School, is the “social director of the family,” according to her father. Eric, a junior at the high school is into music . . . playing the drums for the high school band. When it comes to jazz . . . Eric has a combo working after school.

When Joel, an energetic individual by anyone’s standards, is not at home working on a project involving wood-working, photography, model airplanes or in Vermont as a self-described “Ski-nut”, his additional civic duties include the chairmanship of the Union School Citizen Study Commission. The goal of the committee, according to Joel, “is to develop a plan for the use of the school providing a minimum return to the town.” When asked his opinion concerning the downtown situation . . . “it’s a unique problem. We must move slowly . . . to have established business locate, not in any fast manner . . . it tends to end up as just so many pizza parlors.” On Windsor Locks taxes . . . “there’re low, because of a good industrial base, the airport, volunteers in the government and thank goodness Windsor Locks is a very participatory town.”

## EPILOG

Joel Levin is listed in “Who’s Who in the East” and no wonder, he’s a planner extraordinary, enjoys his family, work and civic duties. Jerry Della Femina, advertising man, in his comments on success . . . which Joel has had . . . said it all . . . “I love all the trappings, all the things that people told me to watch out for. I love the fact that it’s gone to my head. I think that’s the best part of it. That’s the most delicious part. People say they wish they could go back to the days when their lives were simple. No, my life is complicated and it should be complicated. There’s a lot to do, to enjoy, to have, to see.”

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**TOM QUINN**  
**FORMER MUSIC MAKER WITH FOUR DAUGHTERS**

Thomas S. Quinn is a man who “loves doing things for people.”

This has been Tom's way since the days of Clay Hill, the Irish district of Hartford, where he grew up.

Tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day. Erin go Bragh.

It is proper the interviewee be a person with an Irish name like Quinn. Tom's grandfather came from the old sod, where hard work, being a family man and processing a humorous attitude, traits of the Emerald Isle, have rubbed off on Tom Quinn of Briar Cliff Drive and with four lovely colleens, no less.

Tom was born in Hartford and spent the first years of his life in East Hartford. When he was only eight . . . the infamous flood of 1938 destroyed the family home on James Street, located in the “old meadows” section. The Quinns . . . father, mother and the five boys, moved to higher ground, so to speak, to the big city of Hartford.

After grammar school Tom entered the Holy Trinity High School. It is no longer in existence. In those days Tom played basketball and baseball, as his brothers before him, and Windsor Locks remembers one of those boys . . . Joe Quinn, the late and respected selectman.

In 1947 Tom entered the U.S. Army. The next three years, according to Tom, were spent between Fort Dix, New Jersey and Fort Lee, Va. Before the service hitch Joe had his eye on one . . . notably a cheerleader, by the name of Edna Cote. Tom was not the biggest star on the court . . . but he got the girl from St. Joe . . . and they were married a few years later in 1952.

Edna and Tom can both claim the credit for their pretty daughters. The oldest is Karen, 24, who graduated from the Texas Women's University in Denton, Texas. Denton is famous for all the pretty girls and Karen fits right in. She's in “Occupational Therapy” at the Hartford Rehabilitation Center. The work with the handicapped was a career she fostered as a young girl scout in the Connecticut Valley Girl Scout Council.

Nancy, 19, a 1976 Windsor Locks High School grad, has just recently finished her schooling at the Creative School of Hairdressing. Donna, 16, a junior at the high school, is a girl scout, a swimmer on the town team and high school. Her proud father said . . . “Donna is rated among the top 16 swimmers in the state.” Pamela, 13, is an eighth grader at the Middle School. She's another Quinn girl in the girl scouts and also a swimmer, with field hockey another sport she excels.

The Quinn girls have at one time or another been active in the scouting program . . . all because father Tom figured he had to join them. Tom's been an adult leader for the past 15

years. In 1969 he received the cherished trophy given by the Girl Scouts . . . the “Thanks Badge.” As part of his leader's role he was chairman of the glass drive in town.

Tom's involvement in scouting and the swimming program came after a career of band enthusiasm. His playing of drums and horns started in grammar school and high school. After the service he joined the American Legion and one of the reasons he was the Connecticut Yankees of Stratford, the famous Drum and Bugle Corp. The Yankees are a part of the American Legion Anderson-Dunn-Kockiss, Post 42. Their band work gave Tom a chance to see the country, and Tom recalls the drum corp winning the national championships in 1946 and 1951.

Tom had to give up the band and joined the scouting movement and to add additional workload he became a member of the town's Park Commission. His 12 years with the commission had been spent pushing the swimming program. At one time the town team performed in the water from May to August. Tom and Dick Walsh had other ideas . . . a winter program was instituted so the kids could swim like fishes from September to March.

Tom's first employment, after Uncle Sam, was Pratt and Whitney in East Hartford. He was with the giant aircraft for four years as a welder. In 1956 he joined the Delta Corporation in East Granby, a firm making component parts for aircraft engines. Thursday evenings Tom can be found playing at Copper Hill for the company team. That's right . . . he never mentioned his handicap.

When you talk about the Windsor Knights of Columbus . . . the name of Tom Quinn will come to the top as a former Grand Knight. In 1970 he was honored as “the Knight of the Year.” Another Quinn by the name of Joseph will also be remembered. Tom said, “no one could take the place of my brother Joe. He was a great guy and a great baseball player. He was an honest politician, he believed in what he said . . . he was for the town people.” Tom has three other brothers . . . John of Westfield, Massachusetts, James of East Hartford and Francis, who lives in Baltimore, Maryland.

When it comes to vacations . . . the Quinns just pack up the car and make sure their pet dog, “Pierre” is set, and they're off to their cottage, called “Bee Hive,” in Winsted, Connecticut.

This happy family of Quinns have been in Windsor Locks for twenty years and Tom has been a music maker, scout leader, Knight and park commissioner.

A.W.E. O'Shaughnessy said it all for the Irish and Tom Quinn . . . “We are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams . . . yet we are the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems.”



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH ELLA GRASSO, GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT

We people of Windsor Locks are special.

Why so special? Special in this way . . . the Governor of the great state of Connecticut is the town's pride and joy. The local gal who made good.

The words from my Smith-Corona could never do this woman of the town, state and world real justice. Its been done before from coast to coast.

So why am I writing about her? That's easy. Everyone asks me . . . "when are you interviewing Governor Grasso?" Me, the "Cabbages and Kings" man, interview the Governor. What can I say? So I'll try.

My wife and I have been in her company, Ella Grasso, the politician, that is, on three different occasions.

Three times, you say. Yes, three. The first time . . . I forget the year, she was a member of the House of Representatives. We took the 7:30 a.m. Allegheny to the nation's number one city and before we could digest the eggs and coffee we were there in Washington, D.C. . . . the city of Washington, Lincoln, Kennedy and Carter. O' that's right . . . Jimmy hadn't arrived yet.

Being new in town . . . the first place we stopped was Ella's office. Of course, being from Windsor Locks we received the red-carpet treatment and appreciated the cozy home-like feeling generated

by Mrs. Grasso and her staff. They were just great to the visiting citizens from Connecticut. We were given tickets for the White House. The occupant was Richard Nixon, but the White House is still the White House. We left her office in a happy mood and a feeling of being from the right town in the right city. We waltzed into the house on Pennsylvania Avenue, the Senate and the House . . . all thanks to Mrs. Grasso.

We saw her again on the night of her biggest triumph, the winning of the governorship of her own state. We probably can't count that time . . . there were a lot of her friends that night at the Howard Johnson affair.

But we'll count it anyway. Now I remember the next time . . . even the date. May 20, 1976. How come I remember the date? It was the arrival of the giant jet from Poland at Bradley Field. Governor Grasso was there and even Ed Savino. Later that week I wrote an article for the Journal . . . it was a big event for Bradley, the state and the Polish people.

The next time we rubbed elbows with the Governor was a cocktail party at her home in town. There again . . . a few hundred at the gala affair . . . all friends of Senator Con O'Leary, helping in his campaign.

As you can see, my . . . or I should say, our, association with the Governor has been rather spotted. But we can still say . . . we were in her company on three occasions.

So just visualize me . . .

sitting at the mansion . . . paper and pencil ready . . .

"Governor Grasso. Thank you for the interview time. I'm from the Windsor Locks Journal."

"O, yes, the Journal. How's George Wallace and Mrs. Lee?"

"Just fine . . . still putting out the oldest weekly newspaper in Connecticut. You probably don't remember me . . . but I met, and my wife too, you on three different occasions."

"Is that right? Well Jack, I do remember. Let's see . . . Washington, D.C., Bradley Field and at the O'Leary party."

"Your memory is phenomenal. No wonder you're in politics with a memory like that."

"To tell the truth, and we politicians always try to . . . I'm rather busy Jack and will have to cut this short. I have to dedicate a new bridge in an hour or so."

"I understand Governor. Frankly, I just wanted to say I interviewed you and this makes four times. Right?" Before she could answer . . . "see you next Thursday at the Howard Johnson's."

"That's right, the Lions roast. Should be a great time for all."

"See you there . . . for the fifth time. And all kidding aside, Governor Grasso, it's nice to live in the same town. You're OK."

I did interview the first lady of the state, The Honorable Ella Grasso, Governor of Connecticut . . . even if it was in my imagination.

Have a good time next Thursday, Governor, and an equally better time in November. I want to keep saying and writing . . . the Governor lives in my town. We people in Windsor Locks are rather special.



Gov. Ella Grasso

FIFTH ANNUAL  
LIONS CLUB TESTIMONIAL ROAST  
"Roastee" Gov. Ella Grasso  
MARCH 30, 1978 7:00 P. M.  
Howard Johnson's Conf. Center  
So. Center St., Windsor Locks, Ct.  
Donation \$11.00



# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

-The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, March 30, 1978

## BOB HARVEY—WORLD WAR VETERAN AND LIONS TOO

Robert E. Harvey, transplanted Pennsylvanian, came to Windsor Locks in 1941 as part of the first U.S. Air Force cadre at Bradley Field.

Bob recalls crossing the bridge from Warehouse Point, (he had driven from Virginia) and his first view of Windsor Locks was the one-sided Main Street and all those bars. However, looking back, Bob said, "the town and people grow on you." He married a native girl, Catherine McKenna, raised three boys, and has inscribed a lasting imprint on the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Lions Club and the sport scene in Windsor Locks.

This friendly and energetic individual is from "Beaver Valley," located west of Pittsburgh, and a town called New Brighton...in the heart of "steel" country.

The following is not from the movie... "Best Years of Our Life"...but from the life and times of Bob Harvey. Jobs were not easy to find in the late thirties, so young Bob Harvey decided, after graduation from high school, to enlist in the military. He chose the Air Force and for the next six years and four days served his country from the hills of Virginia to the shores of historic Europe with a stop-over in Windsor Locks, Conn.

His basic training was at Langley Field, in the land for "lovers only." He received additional preparation at Wright Field in Ohio and snowy Denver, Colo. In 1941 cadres were formed and Bob, a man with three stripes, applied for duty in Louisville, land of horses and mint-juleps. But fate stepped in...his orders read, "Windsor Locks." He admitted he had never heard of the town. When he arrived at Bradley it was just a large vacant field without fences and no resemblance to the international status of today. Bob Harvey had arrived...in the land of tobacco fields.

The year and few months based in Connecticut were full for the young Air Force sergeant...work with his favo-

rite P-47's and time for romance. In 1942 Bob attended a local carnival with a few of the boys...he didn't win at any of the wheels...only the heart of Miss McKenna. On November 24 at St. Mary's Church the airman and his girl were married. Their early married life was short-lived, the war picked up and Bob was called to foreign duty. On January 6, 1943 he left his young bride.

At least he went first-class...leaving the states on the famous Queen Elizabeth. The service being what it is...the rumors were flying thick and fast that the ship was headed for North Africa. Bob said, "I guess it was to confuse the enemy and the men on board." The true port of entry was Glasgow, a seaport in southwestern Scotland.

Tech Sgt. Bob Harvey served on several bases in England and made flying trips over France and Belgium. Looking back, he said, "it was a long time in a man's life." The war ended in 1945 and Bob returned to Windsor Locks to his "Kay" and Robert, Jr., the son he had never seen. It was time for the Harveys to pick up the pieces and live the normal life.

There were two other sons born to the Harveys...David and Paul. Robert, Jr., eldest, was the first to play little league. Today he's an apprentice optician with Harvey and Lewis of Hartford. David, 28, is also in the eye glass business with Arthur Drug. Dave was always interested in swimming and hockey. Paul, 25, is a salesman for O'Brien Industries. He's a grad of Central Connecticut where he co-captained the soccer team and in 1974 made the All-American team. His scoring record at Central still stands.

After the service Bob attended the University of Hartford and for a few years was employed by Roncari, the New Haven Railroad and Globe Air Freight. In 1948 he found his true line...salesman. He's been with S. Vogel and

Sons the past ten years.

Three organizations in town...the V.F.W., Lions and Little League have been Bob's involvement for social and civic betterment. He joined the Veterans in 1946, a charter member, and has held local and state offices. In 1948 he appeared on the Lions list of workers and has not missed a meeting in 30 years. Bob served as President in 1955-1956. Being Treasurer of the Lions for tonight's roast of Governor Ella Grasso, at the Howard Johnson's in town, has kept his phone busy the past month arranging tickets for all interested in viewing the town's number one celebrity at the Lion's annual bash. All the Harvey sons were active in Little League and father Bob was equally involved as the Vice President for five years. Bob felt the program was good for the boys but added a note... "the parents should be involved by supporting the teams." Speaking of sports...Bob is all Pittsburgh...the Steelers, Pirates and Panthers.

He manages to find the time to bowl duck pins three nights a week. On Sundays, Kay and Bob are in a mixed league, Bob on Mondays hits the pins in the town league and Fridays he's a member of a commercial team. He feels the ducks are "more of a challenge and skill is needed if one wants to discuss ducks versus big pins." At vacation time the Harvey's love the warm climate with the sun, water, and good food.

### EPILOG

Bob Harvey left the "steel country" of Pennsylvania and the service to his country sent him to the "tobacco country" of Connecticut. Bob found the area grew on him and Bob's involvement in town has grown many times over. It's like the famous writer said, "People are like stained glass windows; they sparkle and shine when the sun is out, but when the darkness sets in, their true beauty is revealed only if there is light from within."



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

DICK WALSH AND HIS  
AQUATIC FAMILY

Dick Walsh loves to fish. His wife Sue is a former devotee of the art of swimming. One would say they are both water oriented. Their sons, Marty and Jamie, are swimmers who set a pace for all future Windsor Locks performers willing to practice for excellence and achievement in the best “Mark Spitz” tradition.

These days Dick and Sue are wrapped up in the town swimming program of which they jointly said, “it’s the best way to develop high school swimmers and provide recreation and body conditioner.”

By way of example...the Walsh boys practice six days a week in the high school pool...and some of those practice sessions are at 6:30 a.m. (that will wake anyone up in the morning). The results of this hard work has paid off in the boys personal swimming marks. They have been at it since their seventh birthday. Sue recalls the boys first swimming at the tender age of three months and they “loved it.” When the boys were two...the Walsh family had a pool in the backyard...it was the beginning of the family love affair with the water.

Let’s get back to the father of these champions. Dick was born in Hartford. When he was eight years old his widowed mother was transferred, with many workers of the Pratt and Whitney Aircraft, to Kansas City, Miss., after, Mrs. Walsh and son returned to Connecticut and resided in Coventry. Dick graduated from Windham High School where he excelled in football. For a year he attended the University of Connecticut until Uncle Sam called for service time. Dick found himself traveling nine thousand miles from home to the sunny island in the Pacific...Guam. (Know it well)

The stay on the island paradise lasted eighteen months, then it was eventually home to Connecticut. Dick picked up where he left off at UConn and in 1959 received a degree in Business Administration. Dick admitted...his boyhood dreams included attendance at Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana and perform for the “fighting Irish.” So he roots for the football power and the Boston Red Sox by way of the radio when he’s fishing and waiting for the catch. But back to reality...Dick joined the Travelers of Hartford and recently finished twenty years with the insurance company as the Assistant Director of Group Accounting.

A few years after settling in with Travelers he met “one of the girls in the office” by the name of Sue McClintock of West Hartford. His comment as to their working and get-together was...“I used to be her boss, now you know who’s the boss.” The wedding date was 1960 and two years later Marty, now 16, the first son, arrived on the scene.

Marty, a junior at the high

school, and his brother, Jamie, 14, a freshman, are both members of the school and town swimming teams. They have performed at several championship meets. Jamie, also on the school soccer team, at ten years old, was a member of the Connecticut All-Stars who traveled to Puerto Rico for a competitive program. The Walsh boys specialize in the 500-yard free style event.

They became involved fully in swimming when their father, Tom Quinn, and Bob D’Agostino organized the town team. Dick said the first practice was called at the school pool and 195 eager lovers of the water showed up. Dick remarked, “we didn’t visualize the interest generated and we mustn’t forget the program is for the kids with the parents guidance always in mind.”

He added, “swimming takes complete dedication. It’s the real honest sport, the training can be boring at times, but most of the boys and girls want to better themselves each time they take to the water.” He went on, “we mustn’t overlook the fine girl swimmers...Missy Klaus, the first girl on the original town team and Donna Quinn. The practice sessions are family affairs...social and hard work for the kids.”

Dick, himself always one to compete, has been involved in the Cub and Boy Scouts in town, the Little League as an umpire for two years and secretary for the Babe Ruth baseball team.

As mentioned, Dick loves to fish. In fact, he related...“I would rather fish than...do anything around the house,” also said with a smile on his face.

The Walsh family, for the past ten years, have traveled to Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire where dad fishes, Sue swims and the boys water ski.

## EPILOG

Richard Wayne Walsh, dedicated to the swimming program in Windsor Locks, looks at life as an adventure with competition the name of the game. The following written by Tom Hetzel, marathon swimmer says it all for Dick. “The English Channel has a reverence to it; to swim it is the last pure adventure. Nothing contaminates it, no commercials, no prize money, and it is open to everyone. The Channel is without prejudice; it does not ask me what color I am, or what religion I believe in. It only says, ‘If you are good enough, you can have me, but you must prove it yourself.’ Crossing the Channel has allowed me to say, ‘Yes, I can!’ It’s like this: someone tells a kid he’ll never graduate from college, but he hangs in there until he does. Another person may have to overcome a particular handicap: an alcoholic, or a paraplegic. Everyone has an English Channel. Mine happens to be between England and France.”

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

JOE UCHNEAT—ORGANIZER IN VARIED FIELDS

Joseph M. Uchneat has been an organizer in faraway places such as the Persian Gulf, during World War Two, and in his adopted town of Windsor Locks on the sports scene and the long-awaited redevelopment of Main Street.

Joe, born in nearby Hadley, Mass., was educated at the Hopkins Academy and is a grad of the Northampton Commercial College. He entered the insurance field and has been, in one way or another, guarding the country, town and citizenry in the true sense of insurability.

In 1940, Joe requested and received a leave of absence from the Hartford Group in order to enter government work with the Selective Service Commission. After a year or so he joined the U.S. Army and was shipped halfway around the world to the Persian Gulf, located between southwestern Iran and Arabia. This section of Asia was used by the Allies during the war as a port of embarkation with emphasis on supplies needed in the European theatre of operations. Joe's background gave him many important assignments and each one had a flair of intelligence, that made the job most interesting.

Joe spent a year in this area and they transferred to Europe with duty in France, Belgium and Germany. His outfit was still needed after V-E Day. The war in the Pacific was winding down when supplies had to be forwarded to make the victory complete over the Axis nations. But Joe was one GI who was anxious to come home and finally was discharged on December 24, 1945, the warrant officer regained his civilian status.

He returned to the insurance world. In 1949, he moved to Syracuse, N.Y. with his bride of two years...Miss Jean Ahern. Their first meeting was in dubious conditions. He recalled the chance encounter when they both were in college. But it took a train ride from Hartford for another meeting...and with a few reminders, Miss Ahern remembered her college chum and the rest was a wedding date for the girl from Holyoke and the boy from Hadley.

Joe and Jean are parents of four children...ages ranging from 28 to 23. Barbara, the eldest, is married to Bob Pico, an engineer at Hamilton-Standard, living in Manchester. Barbara, a UConn grad, will be remembered as the swimming instructor at the town pool for five years. Currently she's the Assistant Product Manager at the Scovill Manufacturing Company. Joseph, an Eastern Connecticut grad,

works for the Airfield Service Company. James, like his brother, is in the tour business with the Arrow Bus Lines as a marketing representative. Jim graduated from UConn as did Susan, the youngest of the clan. Susan is a recreational therapist at the St. Mary's Home in West Hartford.

Joe Uchneat has always operated on a full agenda...be it in his profession or his involvement for the town of Windsor Locks in varied capacities. To name a few...the Windsor Locks Housing Authority since 1969, the Windsor Locks Insurance Committee, Housing inspector, member of the Democratic Town Committee, President of the Little League in 1963, helping to reorganize the League, President of the Babe Ruth League in 1966 and a faithful member of the Lions and KofC.

Joe left the insurance business, after thirty years, to work for the local housing where his main function is the maintenance of federal housing which includes low-income rental units and the elderly housing on Main Street.

Speaking of the main artery of Windsor Locks...Joe has always been an advocate of the redevelopment of downtown. He's been a member of the agency, that is in charge of the renewal project, for over fourteen years. Joe is very optimistic in the project succeeding and said, "the main street of our town will be restored as a retail offering to the public in the not too distant future. I firmly believe Windsor Locks will improve its image as a shopping area." He further added, "Windsor Locks is a nice town to live in and one should be active in town affairs and hopefully see things accomplished."

Joe is not all work and civic improvement oriented...he enjoys gardening and a few years back played a lot of tennis for the insurance league in Hartford. The Uchneat family travels to Nantucket or Stowe, Vermont when they want to get away for a few days.

## EPILOG

Joseph M. Uchneat, quiet, unassuming and a man with several talents that are always in use for the good of his family, town and country. Margaret Mead said it this way...and I feel Joe's sentiments run along this path of life...“to some, success is your name in neon lights. Or it's the accumulation of money. To me, success is the freedom to pursue your own goal.” And one goal of Joe Uchneat is a better Windsor Locks for the young and old.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

POSTSCRIPT OF THE  
LAST THREE YEARS

A postscript is “any addition or supplement, as one appended by a writer to a book”...but in this case, a weekly column on people.

People...just to jog your memory...“is the whole body of persons constituting a community, etc.” Of course, need you ask, the community is Windsor Locks.

Three years of writing on one of my favorite topics, the people of Windsor Locks...be they newcomers, or born in the smallest town in the state. But, “small” is used only for the size of the area, not the viewpoint, preference or abilities for making news in town or across the 48 states or as Bob Steele would say...“without the contiguous states.”

Back to postscript. My anniversary, a column, or supplement, to “Cabbages and Kings,” will be about some of the folks you have read about the past three years. The first name that comes to my mind is actually a boy from Maine who lives in Windsor, but works at Bradley Lanes, Peter Couture. And if you watch the Saturday afternoon bowling on ABC...you have seen Pete win a few thousand dollars this year. Pete ranks right up with the top of the professional bowlers’ tour.

Ed Savino, Paul McCarthy and Charlie Rader are always in the news...their positions call for it, and they are equal to the situation.

Governor Ella Grasso; well, she made the column in March. It was my little way of saying have a good roast and glad to know she lives in our town. The Governor is always page one news and that’s the life of a politician.

Fire Chief Billy Reilly, Joe Urso and Joe Fiore...now there’s a good group...doing their level best for the safety of the town, teaching the handicapped to swim and the delivery of mail every day.

Erma Oliva Pane, now retired, will always be a part of the Windsor Locks town hall scene. Big Nick Ruggiero’s pictures can be seen every week...the best the camera can catch. Con O’Leary is now a State Senator and Joyce Wojtas has made Stae Representative. (See what exposure did for them.)

Howard White and Tom Lilliendahl are active at the “Historical Society”...keeping the past bright and worth remembering. Carolyn Bravakis is still running around Pershing Road. Perseverance has paid off for this young

mother and wife. Herb Stearns is not on TV these days, but is still knocking down all those duck pins. Ron Storms is still skiing, but what ever happened to skater Diane Runde?

Bob Masse is still looking for another picnic and Coach Pete Sarant wishes he had some more Leary boys for his track team. Henry Michalewicz is still the Raiders number one fan along with Len Senofonte. Tom Johnson is now involved in politics an cyrus G. Flanders is still showing his youth, and my number one reader and “supplier” of names to interview.

Franklin

Jim Franko, 50 years here and 50 years there, is one sweet guy and a pleasure to know along with Leander Arrighini and “Chip” Ciparelli. Francis Colli...selectman personified, keeps the town of Windsor Locks always on his mind and pocketbook. Brian McKeown and Jean Glazier, both with Windsor Locks on different roads...they are strong individuals.

Aldo Sartirana, Angelo Alfano and “Pappy” Reeves probably longing for the good old days.” Marie Dengenis, Town Clerk, is now all wrapped int he paper work of the town hall and Dennis Gragnolati is wrapped up in the political game. Tom Cooney and Bill Asseline are anxiously waiting for Cooper Hill to open on the first tee.

George Wallace keeps reminding us of “yesteryear” and it’s good to know who made the headlines then. Dr. Peter Lingua is still waiting for another football powerhouse at Holy Cross and Jim Rumbold can’t wait for outdoor tennis and baseball...it’s just around the corner Jim. Mike Gentile and Ed Mokricki are waiting for next month’s state KofC convention. “Kittie” Nolan, of the Spring Street Nolans, reminded me she was a member of the Windsor Locks Women’s Club for many years...sorry about that “Kittie.”

## EPILOG

There you have only a few of my interviewees over the last three years...and what a pleasure and education for me. I’m sure there’s a few more willing souls out there in locktown for interviews...because people is what life is all about. I would like to paraphrase a little note Robert Benchley once wrote...“it took me three years to discover I had no talent for writing, but I couldn’t give it up because by that time I was too famous. (sic).”

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## KEEPING UP WITH THE RUNNING FAMILY OF LEONARDS

The Tom Leonard, Jr. family “runs for fun.”

There's Tom, the father; Tom the third; Kathy, “Missy,” Ann and Nancy...all runners. Eleanor, the mother, “drives the kids to practice,” plays bridge, and is a member of the Democratic Town Committee...but she's not a runner.

Tom began the Leonard dynasty a few years back at Bulkeley High School, in Hartford, where he was captain of the cross country and track teams. He admits running the mile at Bulkeley at 4:30, and only reluctantly revealed his time in praise of the kids running the 5280 feet in 15 to 20 seconds less, in today's track events.

When you talk about “today's track” in New England...the oldest of the Leonard clan are right up there running with the best in the college ranks. Kathy and her brother Tom are track standouts at Bates College in Maine. For the record...Tom, a senior, is among the all-time Bates distance runners.

A four-time All-Maine selection in cross-country, Tom has been instrumental in helping the Bobcats to a 54-6 record during his four years of participation in that sport. Incidentally, cross-country is long distance running in the fall, track includes field events in the spring. Tom, Jr. supplied this information to the writer...baseball being my sport. But back to young Tom. He's the number two two-miler on his college team, with a personal best time of 9:15.3.

Kathy, a freshman, competes in several events for the women's track team, which is in its first year as a varsity sport. In a recent meet with Harvard, Kathy placed in both the long jump and 50-yard dash. Brother Tom has been elected a captain of the 1978 outdoor track squad. He is a 1974 grad of Suffield Academy and in addition to his All-Maine selection, he was also named to the All-Eastern and All-ICAAA teams.

Tom and Eleanor, with the maiden name of Hunt, are both Hartford natives. The residents of Windsor Locks for the past eighteen years met during their high school days. She was a lowly freshman, and he the big senior athlete and their paths would not meet for a few years. Tom entered the U.S. Army in 1952 and spent the next two years of his young life in Korea. Tom and Eleanor pick up where their high school days left off and were married in 1955.

As mentioned...Tom the third and Kathy are the oldest with “Missy” at 15, the next in line, as a student at the Windsor Locks High School. She is following the Leonard trait with her track and cross country activities. When she is not running around the track she is a hard working junior Achiever. Ann, 13, is a seventh grader at the Middle School. Her sport is gymnastics, on the parallel bars, (i.e. an apparatus consisting of two wooden bars on uprights adjustable in height and distance apart and used for exercising) vaulting horse and...all those events made popular on television by Olga Korb, the Russian gymnast.

The youngest of the group is Nancy, 9, a student at the North Street School. Yes, Nancy is a runner, just like her brother and big sisters...and everyone watch out...Nancy is a comer. Mustn't forget...all the Leonards have been Windsor Locks Journal carriers and the girls have, or are, taking dance lessons. Talk about physical fitness...the Leonard family is a great advertisement for the rest of us and a plug for the President's fitness program, started years ago by the late John F. Kennedy.

Father Tom was a star in his high school days, but with the army and wedding bells, he had more important things to do than run, up until ten years ago when Bob O'Connor started the “run for your life”

Continued on Page 8

## ★ Cabbages

Continued from Page 4

program in town. He joined Bob and the rest of the exercise performers and has been a steady participant. Tom really didn't need exercise...being a postal employee for 22 years. He had walked the streets of West Hartford for 20 years, but the past two years drives one of Uncle Sam's Mail Trucks. Eleanor said the West Hartford people call Tom... “the running mailman.” Even when Tom Walks...he's a runner. To keep in shape...and just for kicks...Tom is up bright and early most mornings about 5:00 a.m. and runs a few miles, before the dogs come out, around Ledyard and Spring Streets, and into the cemetery. So if you are an early riser and see a figure running out of the cemetery on one of these bright spring

mornings...don't be alarmed...it's only Tom Leonard. Tom and his son have participated in several local races in Hartford and Manchester and one of these years, maybe the twosome will join Carolyn Bravakis in the Boston marathon???

### EPILOG

Thomas Joseph Jr., is one happy, busy, healthy and proud father...and rightfully so. Tom is a member of the local KofC and the Hartford Track Club, and when not delivering mail and running, enjoys a card game of cribbage and bowling “big pins.”

At the Leonard home on Ledyard, there is a small plaque, located strategically, in their living room...it reads... “God made the Irish number one.” The Tom Leonard family is always running...for exercise and health...and maybe for number one...but always “for fun.”

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## ED FORD-EQUESTRIAN

Edward Denis Ford...a quiet lion of a man...is somewhat special. He's an equestrian by his own choice. Now any follower of the famous polo champion Billy Hitchcock knows what the term means. But for the record...pertaining to horsemen or horsemanship, mounted on horseback or in simpler terms...a person who rides horses. (Even the dictionary can be easy at times.)

Ed, a native of Brockton, Mass., and an active member of the local Lions Club, has his own horse, and up to a few years ago, actively participated in weekend polo matches at the Shallowbrook Hunt and Horsemanship School in nearby Somers.

Before Ed's interest in horses and polo came his schooling, the service and wedding bells to a Texas girl from Hatchell. Miss Jean Forgey was from Hatchell, Texas, located 40 miles south of Abilene...childhood home of President Dwight Eisenhower.

Ed and Jean met during his service time with the Air Force. Ed said his first impression of Hatchell...“it was a step back in time,” a cowboy town resembling a John Wayne movie.

Ed spent most of his three years, ten months and 27 days in Texas as an airman with the rank of sergeant. In recalling those days two individuals were part of his life. They both made it big in two different worlds. The physical training officer was the now-legendary Lt. Ben Hogan. The company clerk...Aaron Spelling. Today he's one of the top television producers. Aaron told the boys he would make it big. Lt. Hogan, always the silent gentlemen, never probably imagined his golfing victories would be the talk of the world of green, the “Masters” in Georgia. Ed said Ben when he did talk, would attempt to make golf a part of the training program. Ed admits he'd probably be hitting golf balls for a living instead of riding horses if he had taken a few expert pointers from the great one.



The Fords moved to New England after his discharge. However, employment was scarcer than a Ben Hogan bogey in 1946 so the young couple returned to Texas. But this time to the big city of Fort Worth. Ed worked with General Dynamics for eight years in the warm climate of Texas. It was time for a change...so the Fords packed up their bags and returned to the east...this time for work

with Kaman in Bloomfield. They lived in Springfield for a few years and in 1968 moved to Pershing Road in Windsor Locks. Ed was associated with Kaman for 22 years and admitted being “shocked” when a cutback was made and many veteran workers were dismissed. He's currently employed by Rockbestos in East Granby as a Quality Supervisor.

The Fords have a daughter, a granddaughter and yes...a son-in-law. Sheila, the now Mrs. Walter Rapp III of Wethersfield. The Rapps have a daughter Samantha Marie, a little over a year old, with a brother or sister due in September.

When Ed Ford speaks of horses and polo his true personality surfaces as a dedicated lover of the animal who made the “sport of kings.”

Ed said, “I have never enjoyed anything more and my greatest thrill is horsemanship and my horse, “Dandy.” He added, “there should be a bond between a man and his animal. With “Dandy” there is no question. Of course the training is important. “Dandy” is a Morgan breed, 15 years old and years ago excelled as a horse member of the U. Conn. Polo team. I feed him daily at the Leary Farm on Suffield Street. His morning feeding is accomplished with equal love by Mrs. Wilhelmina Leary.”

He went on to say...“the sport of polo (a game played on horseback between two teams of four players each, who score points by driving a wooden ball into the opponent's goal with a long-handled mallet) can be dangerous. The

rider should be skillful in the art of horsemanship. Of course, all polo players know.. the key to polo is the horse. The animal is trained to follow the ball. It is a contact sport, the horse and rider battling the opponent for the score. In Somers the players, from all walks of life, have a certain amount of comradeship for the sport. I have four brothers... John, Joseph, Arthur and Bob, and a sister Ann. John and Joseph have played polo. I owe any riding ability I may possess to my brother John. In 1972, one of my biggest thrills was beating John in a match.”

“During the summer months I played polo matches in Farmington, Darien, and Suffield. The winter matches are at Somers, location of the largest indoor field in this part of the country.”

In addition to the Lions Club, Ed has been a member of the Elks in Springfield, for over ten years. As for the local Lions...he's an active member, and received the “Special Lions Award” for his steady work on several projects. He said, “The Lions, in addition to sight conservation, are helpful in community projects, for the elderly, and underprivileged children.” Ed's been an officer and director of the Lions for the past three years.

## EPILOG

Ed Ford, the gentleman rider, has a great interest in “Lions” working for people, polo and horses. A writer wrote...“true friendship comes when silence between two people is comfortable.” In talking to Ed...you can visualize the love and friendship he has for his horse. His own analogy...“Jack, you and your dog. You know what that meant.” How right he was.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## THE LESCELL FAMILY- and my four sons

Julia Lescell grew up in the coal regions of West Virginia and Ohio. She remembers “the hard times.” However, her happy and matter of fact attitude comes on strong...all developed due to her background and growing up in a family of nine children. The parents were Charles and Mary Sapp of Glen Robbins, Ohio.

Julia's father, now 84 and chippy, and her mother at 74, are still going strong in the small town located in the southeastern part of the Buckeye State. Her dad, in the coal mines at the age of 13, spent forty years digging the black gold. Julia's sympathy went out to the miners during the recent strike. She recalls, as a child, picking up coal in the family wagon from the “Throw aways” of coal near the mine, and bringing the haul home for use in the kitchen stove. Everytime the whistle blew...it was the sound of trouble for some miner. Many times she witnessed bodies being carried out and praying it wasn't her own father.

She was born in Rosemont, W. Va., a coal town, and at the age of six the family moved to Ohio to another mining town so that the bread winner would have work. On a happier vein...Julia remembers having enough food on the table because of the family garden, but she did say, with a smile, she and some of her friends would enter the soup line, during the thirties, to get their share. It was “hard times” for all America. Then World War Two for America and Julia.

She joined the Army's Womens Corp in 1944. The service found her in a different locale...Iowa. She just about had time to know the area and was shipped back east to Fort Devens, Mass., outside Boston. At the camp she met Peter J. Lescell, native of Windsor, and a veteran of five years in the army, serving mostly in the South Pacific with the 208th Division. Pete's locale was not friendly Iowa... but New Guinea.

Julia and Pete left the service and were married in 1945 and decided to remain in the east. In 1950 they came to Windsor Locks to raise their family. The Lescell story...can be called, and rightfully so, Julia and Pete and “My four sons”...Michael, Bruce, Druex and Court.

Michael, the oldest at 28, is the manager of the Jack August Restaurant in town. Bruce, 25, works at Choice-Vend in Windsor Locks and Druex, 21, is employed by Air Kaman in Bloomfield. Court, the youngest at 14, is an eighth grader at the Middle School.

Julia admits the boys have been a challenge, but added, “it's been very rewarding, they're great kids. But without their father's cooperation it would of been a lot tougher.”

When the boys are not working or going to school they fill their time with interesting hobbies and worthwhile activities. For example.. Bruce and Druex are involved in the Emergency Medical Training courses in Enfield. They have had some practical experiences in the hospitals in Hartford and the Bay State Medical Center. For the past five years Bruce has been a student at the Korean Marshal Art of Self Defense in East Hartford. Next month he hopes to receive his First

Degree Black Belt in the “United Tae Kwon Do Inc.” Bruce convinced his brother Court to join him and today...Court after a year's effort is in the Brown Belt class.

Pete is a veteran worker at Hamilton-Standard in Windsor Locks. He too has been active in other activities...as a member of the Connecticut State Police Auxiliary for 15 years. He also served in the Fire Marshal office in Hartford. Julia has not been home watching television she's as active as her husband and four sons. For the record...six years as a school crossing guard, 12 years sewing and baking goodies as a volunteer at the Mountain View Convalescent Home in Windsor. There's more...for years active with the Southwest PTO and president for four years. To round out some days she taught religion at the Southwest School and was Chairperson of the St. Robert's Altar Society. Recently she joined the ranks of the Republican Town Committee. She has always followed the political scene in town and feels the GOP is “gaining strength all the time.”

Julia has one hobby; and even learned another while waiting for the right numbers. No, not the lottery...bingo. She admits being a bingo freak in nearby Springfield and Chicopee. “I was taught a little poker by the girls the nights before the games started. I really enjoy the games and win once in a while to make it more fun.” The Lescells usually go to Ohio on vacations to visit the grandparents in Glen Robbins. Julia calls that little nook of the world...“little God's Country.”

Julia Lescell is an outspoken person with the attitude... “when I think I'm right, I say what's on my mind.” (They could use some of Julia's spunk in the GOP ranks.)

So to Julia Lescell...a very happy Mother's Day on Sunday. From your four sons and to your mother in Ohio. To all mothers...real or surrogate. They all “Light up our lives.”

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# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Irene Erickson Landry has been leading the full life since her childhood days in the cold states of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

She was born of strong Scandinavian parents in a little town called Toivola, Minnesota. She remembers the thirty below zero weather, working on the family dairy farm, driving a tractor at seven and pitching hay for the hard winters ahead. Irene was in the navy, a cross-country traveler, American Legion Commander, presently a state employee, organizer of the Good Shepard Lutheran Church and was recently named to the Republican town committee. Yes, Irene started her early life as an active girl...and today, the mother of two sons, is still leading the full life.

The Erickson family left the iron ore mine country of the "gopher" state for the farm life of Wisconsin. Irene, when not helping on the farm, attended school until the tenth grade. For a change of scenery she was off to California. She lived with relatives and graduated from high school in Santa Anne. Irene, with a nursing career always in the back of her mind, but too young at the time, joined the defense work of world war two. This time in Seattle, Washington, with the Boeing Aircraft Company as another member of the famous "Rosy the Riveter" gang of wonderful women workers. Just to share her talents...Irene went south after a time to join the Douglas Aircraft in California.

She was now old enough to go into nurse's training. She returned to Milwaukee, Wisconsin and the Mount Zion Hospital School of Nursing. When the schooling was over...Irene was off again. This time the American Red Cross, with service in Texas, Missouri and Colorado. She said her duty included a blizzard in the Dakotas.

In 1950 Irene enlisted in the Navy Nurses Corp. Ensign Erickson was on the traveling kick with stops at San Diego, California and cross-country to Long Island, N.Y. one of her stops meant romance. She met enlisted man...Ernest B. Landry of Enfield. Of course it was taboo for an officer to fraternize with an enlisted person...but love has a way. Irene and Ernie were married on August 9, 1952. He left the service that year and Irene would not be discharged until July of 1954. Their service time included schooling at Southern Cal and San Diego Junior College.

With Irene still in uniform, Ernie was out doing some traveling and working in Arabia for 14 months, where the thermometer was 145 degrees above. He left the middle east and journeyed to Caracas, Venezuela...both stops were jobs with the American Oil Company as a pipe welder and steam fitter, the same type of work Ernie is involved with today.

When they finally were together as civilians...their homes have been in Wisconsin and Connecticut. In 1955 they had a "great experience"...driving a house trailer from Wisconsin to Connecticut. It was the same year the first of their two sons were born. Tom, now 23, is also a veteran of the navy with two years as a gob. Tom played soccer at the

Windsor Locks High School and the Norwich University in Vermont. His brother David, 17, is a senior at the local high school. David hopes to attend the University of Bridgeport School of Engineering Computers this coming fall. He's getting his share of computer time these mornings by working from 4:30 a.m. to 7:30 a.m. at the Northern Connecticut National Bank in this highly specialized field. Both of the Landry boys were eagle scouts.

Speaking of higher education...Irene Landry has, in her spare time, attended the University of Hartford, UConn, U of New Hampshire, Central Connecticut, University of Minnesota and this fall, like her son David, will be going to school for additional studies at St. Joseph's in Hartford. The Landry family is a traveling and learning unit. In spite of Irene and Ernie's vast traveling junkets, due to service and job opportunities, they have managed to tour Europe, Mexico, Canada, Nassau and the east coast from Jersey to Florida.

Irene has been employed by the State of Connecticut for eight years as an inspector and consultant of nursing homes, rest homes, clinics and general hospitals around the state. Before her appointment to the state she had worked with Air-Kaman, Hamilton-Standard and the Mt. Zion Hospital.

One of Irene's most notable achievements was her assuming the commandship of the local American Legion Post 36. She had been the second woman chosen for the role...the first was Dottie Reveruzzi. It was rather ironic...Commander Irene Landry had for a vice commander...Ernest Landry. Ernie has been associated with the legion for over 22 years. On the state level Irene has been a vice commander of the Woman Department of Connecticut American Legion. She is also a member of the Connecticut Nursing Association and has served with the Heart Association of Greater Hartford. In 1976, Irene was a member of the town Bicentennial committee and co-chairperson of the ball that year.



Last week the Journal inadvertently ran the Cabbages and Kings Column on Irene Landry without including a photo we are sure the readers would have enjoyed seeing. So here it is...Irene and Ernie Landry as they appeared back in May, 1952

Irene has just entered the political arena...and said, "a change is necessary in the type of government for Windsor Locks. However, we must look into all phases before any decisions can be made. She added, "the Republican party in Windsor Locks needs some new blood and an upgrading with modernization, and hopefully get out of the rut. I have no personal ambitions due to by state job, only to serve the committee and town."

## EPILOGUE

Irene Erickson Landry is one lady who cares. She came from hard work of the farm, served her country, is serving her state and now wants to serve her town. This lady, who along with her husband, has led a very colorful life, has one project for the future..."to do something for the elderly. We should appreciate this great group of individuals. They should be given a greater chance to exercise their energies." Yes, Irene Landry is a lady with a never-ending purpose to serve everyone she comes in contact with in her daily routine.



—The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, May 25, 1978

# VIEWS OF THE JOURNAL

## Town Meetings

By Jack Redmond

A recent story in the Boston Globe caught my quizzical eye. No, it wasn't on the Boston Red Sox and their chances for a pennant this fall. It's called... "Apathy and Town Meetings."

It must be the time of the year or the time of the decade that prompts the political type individuals to feel the pulse of the citizenry to find out their feelings concerning dropping the historic town meetings.

Right here in Windsor Locks the town meeting is under discussion. Is our town on the Connecticut River too big? Is Union School too small? Those, to some, may not be fair questions. I'm sure there is more to the complex problem facing all towns in this land of New Englanders. The Globe article said, "two hundred years ago, political philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau spoke of the New England town meeting: 'so perfect a government does not suit human beings.'"

Who can truthfully say, or admit, they only go to a town meeting when the issue affects them. Of course, the town meetings in Windsor Locks affects us all, be it a new road, a stop-light or elderly housing. Another quote...this one from a Massachusetts town clerk... "the people holler when the tax rate comes out but they won't go to a town meeting to do anything about it. They just aren't interested in local government anymore. It's getting like this all over."

On the other hand some officials say the town meetings would work if more residents took them seriously. I'm sure the Charlie Raders and Ed Savinos hope the people take it seriously, the workings of the town, and naturally, their Republican counterpart... Dick Williams.

In Windsor Locks I read recently where "a charter study committee aimed at finding a more efficient and streamlined form of government has been proposed by town Democrats, who said that the current system may be inadequate."

Here's another example for you to digest...Prof. David Booth of the University of Massachusetts, said, "it's government by amateurs. People in New England have traditionally preferred the mistakes of amateurs to the efficiency of professionals."

And how does that go with your Thursday night reading?

Mr. Rader said recently that he wants any charter study effort to be apolitical and intends to discuss it with Mr. Williams. Unaffiliated voters also should be a part of a study effort. Changing the town government could cost taxpayers more...it would be worth the extra expense.

Mr. Savino has been reported as saying that regardless of the form of government used, he believes the town needs a charter providing guidelines for municipal officials. A charter would give the town government more power to get things done.

It appears the shortcomings of town meetings are recognized by most town officials. Another item from the Globe said, "if you want a light, you get 100 people from the neighborhood to go to a town meeting and you are going to get your light. No matter what the cost."

Sad to say, but true...today, it's government by the vocal few.

My reasons for writing this...was to state one person's opinion and bring the issue to light, with food for thought, and hopefully a complete and better digestion by the voters of Windsor Locks. I firmly believe...Messrs. Rader, Savino and Williams only have the town of Windsor Locks in their hearts when they discuss this important issue concerning the future of this grand old town.

I just wanted to ask...what's around the corner for Windsor Locks? The town meeting is an American institution. Let's not forsake it for just the change. The choices must fit out requirements.

In 1976 Windsor Locks rejected participation in the federal Community Development Act...an editorial in the now defunct Hartford Times talked about this town... "Windsor Locks is not a wealthy community. It is a community comprised of hard-work middle-class individuals, many the sons and daughters of immigrants, who have had to struggle, on a daily basis, for everything they have received. Their stance is reminiscent of the old Yankee tradition of independence that for so many years marked Connecticut and the whole of New England, and it is both refreshing and reassuring to know that that ancient tradition remains alive and well somewhere within the Capitol Region today."

—The Windsor Locks Journal—June 1, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**DR. JACK DEL FAVERO—  
ANIMALS, RESEARCH AND  
ARMY DUTY**

Dr. John E. Favero is a lover of animals. He probably doesn't even "talk to the animals" as Dr. Doolittle did in the movie, but I'm sure the animals and animal lovers are in good hands at the Springfield Animal Hospital.

The other doctor in the house at Springfield is Jack's uncle...the one and only Dr. Peter Lingua, the well-known native son and former Holy Cross Football Star.

Jack's life did not start in Windsor Locks or Springfield. He's a New Jersey boy...but always considered Windsor Locks his home. To fill you in...he was born in East Orange, N.J., the son of former principal Mario and Irene Del Favero, she of the Lingua family. His dad is from the "Garden State" and met the Connecticut girl when they were both teaching in Newark, N.J. Jack recalls as a boy always "coming home to Windsor Locks to spend his vacations in the town of his mother and grandparents. It was only naturally, after the service, when the time came to settle down, he chose Windsor Locks.

Jack was educated in New Jersey and Pennsylvania schools. He attended high school in Newark, at St. Benedict Prep. At the preparatory school he performed on the football field and wrestling mats. However, college was too important...so study was the name of the game instead of the roar of the crowd. He would only hear the bark of dogs as his applause. With a love of animals he entered Rutgers University for pre-veterinary training. After graduation from Rutgers he enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania for four years of veterinary school work.

After college, it was Jack's turn for the military life. His army career covered nine and one half years of research from Maryland to India. He did stop traveling for two years, receiving his masters at Ohio State University in pathology. Before leaving for the far east, he did some service time in food inspection and procurement with a heavy diet of medical research in a Maryland camp. In looking back to his four years in Taiwan, Jack said, "they were my best years in the service."

During his college days at Pennsylvania he met Miss Carol Bethune of Scott Plains, New Jersey, and married the University of Penn. grad in 1960. Carol is an artist in her own right...and the beautiful handiwork is proudly displayed at the Del Favero home on Taft Lane.

Carol and Jack have three children. John R. was born in Maryland. He's now 17 and a junior at the high school. John is interested in scouting, camping, hiking, skiing and just about all the outdoor sports, and studying to be an engineer.

Jane, 15, was born in Columbus, Oh. when her dad was working on his masters. She is a freshman at the Loomis-Chaffee School in Windsor. The young lady is interested in marine biology and veterinary medicine. The youngest of the family, and only one born outside the United States, is Billy, ten, a

fifth graded at the South School. Billy saw his first light of day on far off Taiwan, in the city of Taiping. He's a typical boy...cheering for the Red Sox, "Star Wars" and the scouts, probably in that order.

The four years of Jack's time in Taiwan was chiefly spent with a Naval Medical Research Unit. The busy officer made several exploratory trips to the Philippines, Viet Nam, India and Malaysia to deal in infectious disease. Because the area he visited, with its vast jungle environment, animals such as snakes, monkeys and bats were experimented on to learn about disease in hopes it would benefit mankind. His last year and a half in the service was in comfortable conditions at the Walter Reed Army Medical center.

When asked the question... what's the difference between working in civilian veterinary practice and research in the military. Doctor Jack said, "research can be a grind. It is not as glamorous as portrayed, say in the movies. But it can be very fulfilling...with good results. However, there are always a few disappointments." He added, "in civilian veterinary work things are happening every day, and quickly too. You serve 30 to 40 animals in one day. We are concerned with the health of the animal. We come in contact with people from all walks of life and hopefully our treatments will satisfy the owners. To them the animals are special."

The vacations that Jack took as a young boy were not all play. At 13 he started a veterinary career, and didn't realize it, by helping with his Uncle Pete's practice. He certainly was encouraged to be a veterinarian and after discharge from the army in 1969 the Del Favero family settled down to the so-called normal life as an animal doctor in Springfield.

He did settle down to his animal world. But in addition...there's a lot more to Jack Del Favero. He became involved in the Boy Scout movement as an advisor for the past eight years. He's the committee chairman for local troop 262, and a member of the local KofC and the Massachusetts Veterinarian Association.

Jack was recently made a member of the Republican Town Committee. His political philosophy was direct and simple. "I'm basically a conservative person and believe in personal liberties. The local Republican party fills the bill. I have no personal ambitions for myself. By joining the GOP committee it will give me a chance to say something if I want to be heard."

## EPILOG

Dr. John E. Del Favero... soldier of medical research. Today, a doctor of animals. His highly technical work, during the war years, could someday benefit mankind. The animals in those far-off jungles played a major part in his work. Now he's caring for animals. You might say he's their best friend. And after an hour with Dr. Del Favero...I'm sure he does talk to the animals.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**JOE BARILE—VETERAN  
OF THREE DIFFERENT  
ARENAS OF LIFE**

Joseph A. Barile is a veteran of a foreign war, a veteran prize fight enthusiast and veteran of over 25 years service with the U.S. Post Office in Hartford.

The capital city native, although never a professional boxer himself, has been around the ring world since his days in the CCC camps back in the thirties. His war record, highly commendable, and long service to the mails...always play a secondary role with Joe...he loves to talk about boxing and hopefully a bright future in Windsor Locks, his adopted town of 17 years.

Joe has been a “licensed second” for years and seen the “agony of defeat and thrill of victory” in many a corner of well-known fighters. When you talk to Joe...the name of Willie Pep is always upper in the discussion. “Who was the greatest in the ring, Joe?” Joe’s quick reply...“the champ, Willie Pep.”

Joe grew up in the depression years. He left school at 16 to work (he was one of nine children, four girls and five boys). He worked in groceries in the area and then, as a lot of young men were doing, joined the C.C.C., a government work force. (The full name was Civilian Conservation Corps.) The young men were kept busy chopping down trees and clearing wooded areas around the state. They received thirty dollars a month...five for each man and twenty-five was sent to their families. It was during those days that Joe became interested in the “Marquis of Queensberry rules” or in other words...boxing. The CCC time lasted for a year and Joe worked again on odd jobs and in 1941 joined the army.

The army in those days was preparing for eventual war, in hopes it might not come. In fact, after some make-believe maneuvers with the 43rd Tank Corps of Hartford, Joe was ready for discharge. December 7 came and Joe would be a soldier for four more years.

The war was for real. The tiresome and hot maneuvers in far-off Louisiana and California were also real for Joe. He and his fellow GIs were anxious to go “where the action was.” They had to wait their turn. Joe’s outfit left the states and landed in England, but stayed only a few days; didn’t even have a chance to see the Queen. They were uprooted and were off to Iceland for eleven months training for the eventual invasion of Europe.

It finally came...D-Day, plus two, and all the horrors of the French coast and Joe’s... longest day. The former CCC boy had landed with thousands of soldiers for the march across France...the difference now...Joe was a man. In telling the story Joe was rather modest. He did speak of his experiences as matter-of-fact...the crossing of France and Germany, an episode of being blown up in a tank by the Germans and participation in the “Battle of the Bulge.” The crowning irony was the halting

of all Allied troops just twelve miles from Berlin. Due to political pressures...the Russians had to be the first into the destroyed city.

He returned to civilian life and employment was found at Royal Underwood Allen Manufacturing, Colts...ran a flower shop until his acceptance in the U.S. Post Office. He’s been with the postal group a little over 25 years.

In 1953 Joe married Phyllis Moffatt, a Hartford girl. Phyllis has been the director of the Windsor Locks Nursery School for nearly ten years. The Bariles have lived in Windsor Locks for 17 years and raised four sons. Danny, 23, works for an industrial firm in East Windsor. He played American Legion baseball and some basketball around town. Mike, 22, has four years in the army and will be discharged shortly, after duty in Hawaii. He’s another baseball player of note...being a member of the All-Stars in the Little League. Jimmy, 19, is a freshman at Eastern Connecticut, a National Honor student and a performer on the track team. The youngest is Joseph, 15, a junior at the high school and like Mike is a member of the Senior Little League.

As mentioned Joe received his first boxing lessons as a member of the CCC. Actually his real experiences came at the Charter Oak gym in Hartford. Joe enjoys training fighters. He recalls the past as a “licensed second” in the towns of Springfield, Hartford and White Plains, New York. He did spar with the great Willie Pep. The former champ was Joe’s type of fighter...the quickness of moving about the ring, making the other fellow miss and keep him off balance. That is Joe’s theory and added, “to outsmart the other guy is most important.” When you talk of the “big men of boxing” the name of Joe Louis always is number one with Joe Barile. No, Ali was not second...Jersey Joe Walcott.

Joe’s latest boxing lessons are reserved for some local boys at the high school four nights a week. One of his prize pupils is 18-year old Alan Berkowitz, Joe said, “Alan has the heart to be a fighter, trains hard and is not afraid of anyone.” He feels the boxing at the high school is a great training ground and a way to build up the bodies of the youth of today. Their workouts consist of loosening exercises, jumping rope and calisthenics. Joe is hoping for more support from the Park and Recreation Departments and better facilities in which to continue training the young man in the sport of boxing.

## EPILOG

Joseph A. Barile has paid his dues to his country as a soldier and postal worker. He loves the sport made popular by Dempsey, Pep, Louis and Sugar Ray and just wants the youth of today to learn the correct methods and not in some musty gym. This is a sincere man who needs a chance to prove the true value of self-defense.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**BRUCE HOLCOMB**  
**THREE DAUGHTERS PLUS**  
Sunday, June 18, is Father's Day.

At six Gantley Road, Windsor Locks, everyday is Father's Day for Bruce Franklin Holcomb.

Bruce, a New Britain native, is surrounded by three active and adoring daughters and plus...making the harem complete, is a pretty wife and high school sweetheart, the former Jill Murray of Wethersfield. Bruce met Jill at the New Britain High School. The Murrys had moved to the central Connecticut city, the Holcomb family called it home. He was the basketball and baseball star and on Saturday nights at the local “Y” the church basketball was not the only game in town it was also the place to meet the “gitls.”

As many of the young men before him Bruce entered the service in 1954 as a member of the U.S. Air Force. For three and one half years airman Holcomb called home...New York, the sunny state of Mississippi and merry old England. Bruce was stationed 100 miles north of London and managed, during his two years there, to see many of the historic places of England. Among the stops was the famous Sherwood Forest...the home of the legendary English outlaw of the 12th century, Robin Hood, who robbed the rich to give to the poor. I wonder what they would call Robin Hood today?

Bruce left rainy but, he admitted, sunny at times, Britain, for home and Connecticut and eventual discharge from the Air Corps. It was a big year for Bruce... 1958...he became a civilian and a husband. The high school “kids” got together and three daughters have come from the union. The oldest is Lorna, 18, a freshman at Springfield Technical Community College. She hopes to become a medical lab technician. The middle girl is Lisa, 16, a sophomore at the local high school. Her “claim to fame” is the fun of big pin bowling for the past five years. Lisa has an average of 140 and her “big game” was a remarkable 219. (Pete Couture move over.) The

youngest member of the Holcomb family is Lynn, 12. She's at the middle school and in her fourth year of the “Ginger Rogers” way of dancing across the room. The Holcomb clan are all hot Red Sox fans. Actually Bruce was a Yankee follower back in New Britain...but just couldn't fight the popularity of the Sox in his own family.

After his marriage to Jill...Bruce became the bread winner. His first position, after leaving the service, was with Combustion Engineering Inc. in Windsor. Bruce stayed with the boiler firm for two years. In 1960 he joined Kaman and after four years with the aircraft company moved on to Rexall Chain in Holyoke for a year. He then secured a position with Dexter in town. He's been with the local company for 13 years as a foreman and is currently involved in pollution control equipment.

The Holcombs have lived in Windsor Locks for 18 years. Bruce recently was picked as a member of the Republican Town Committee. He said he

had no personal political ambitions only to “gain some insight on town government and hopefully change a few things.”

He added, “the town meetings may be getting too big for the size of Windsor Locks, and we will have to look into a possible change.” On other Windsor Locks items... he remarked, “as for Bradley Field, it's great for the town. The schools are plus and we receive our money's worth from the taxes.”

On the domestic scene... Bruce admits “the girls and I share the duties around the house. There are no real problems.” The Holcombs usually travel together in the family trailer. They have gone from Nova Scotia to Florida. For the past two seasons the family trailer was located at the Huntington Beach State Park in South Carolina. The park is a part of the vast Myrtle Beach sixty miles of beaches, parks, hotels and golfing. Bruce and Jill did admit they had a second honeymoon when they

boarded a jet for San Francisco. They consider the California city as the greatest place to visit in the states.

On the personal side of Bruce Holcomb...he's been hitting the golf ball since his high school days. He sports a nine handicap at the Dexter League in East Windsor. Now that the girls are getting bigger and finding things to occupy their time...Jill is taking up golf in a serious vain so she can join hubby on the links. Bruce has been associated with the Junior Achievement program for the past year. Daughters Lorna and Lisa were both members of the high school JA industrial company sponsored by the local firm.

## EPILOG

Bruce Franklin Holcomb... to you a very Happy Father's Day from Jill and the girls. They felt you deserved the honor of the day. Fathers with only girls know there is something special when it comes to their little girls. You hate to see them grow up, but it's a fact of life. Bruce, it will start all over again...when you become a grandfather.

Happy Father's Day to all the fathers and grandfathers. By the way, call your dad, if possible, on this Sunday... you'll make two people happy.

-The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, June 15, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

NEAL CUNNINGHAM  
SOFTBALL, SPRINT CARS AND SYSTEMS

Neal Francis Cunningham has been involved in speedy activities since his youth in the Rainbow section of Windsor.

Fast-pitch softball, sprint cars on the race tracks as hobbies; and the speed of computers, in a professional way, have marked his life style.

Neal, a Hartford native, was only five when his family moved from the capital city to northwestern part of our neighboring town of Windsor. He now calls Windsor Locks his home with wife, the former Barbara Ostendorf of Windsor, and their three children.

His dad, Francis Cunningham, now retired, taught Neal the fundamentals of the game of baseball when little league was starting to generate interest in this part of the country. Mr. Cunningham, former mayor of Windsor, and member of the Board of Education years ago, was from the old school of baseball and basketball. Neal recalls his father scoring the points with great set-shots, a lost art today, on the courts of Windsor. The former politician played until he was fifty years old.

The rate Neal is going in softball...he'll be the Gordie Howe of the Connecticut scene. He's realistic about the age factor...being 37, but said, "I do enjoy the sport, love to play, and will take one year at a time." Neal now performs for the Reed Construction Company in the New Britain Softball League. He started on the softball kick back in his high school days with a group called "The Professional Barber Shop." Last year the Reed team won the state championship and traveled to Nashville, Tennessee to play in the National Class A Fast Pitch tourney. Neal was named to the All-Tournament team as catcher and received numerous awards to go with the many plaques and trophies he has won during his years on the diamonds over all the east coast. For twelve years Neal was the star catcher of the well-known East Hartford Dovelettes under equally renowned Ray McKenna. The Dovelettes challenged the best clubs all over New England and the Atlantic seacoast.

Among their opponents were the national champs from the Stratford, Connecticut...the Raybestos Cardinals.

When asked for his opinion concerning the difference, if any, of fast-pitch versus, the now popular, slow-pitch...Neal said, "Slow-pitch is a different type of game. Softball is a team sport, however, in fast-pitch there is a confrontation between the pitcher and batter. In slow-pitch there is no such challenge." Neal has played against the "greats" of softball and named Eddie Feigner as one of the best. Feigner, a showman, and known all over the country as the pitcher with only four players as his backup whose skill in the art of hurling the ball past the batters has paid off and earned him the reputation as one of the quickest and trickiest in the sport. On many occasions he has beaten the best in this area. However, Neal remembers the Dovelettes as his lone adversary in several games. Neal has been a part of a great sport and just for a few facts...softball is one of the most popular team sports in

America. There are more than 27.4 million men, women, boys and girls playing. The slow-pitch games have ten on a team, pitcher, catcher, four infielders and four outfielders. Fast-pitch has nine on a team. For the first time softball will be on the official program of the Pan American Games next year. The amateur Softball Association of America has a goal...a team sport in the next Olympics.

Neal has been interested in other sports...basketball and race cars. He played on the court...but when it came to the race cars, he owned and maintained the fast cars on the tracks of America. He became involved, since his younger days at Riverside Park, as an enthusiast in the sport that made Indianapolis famous. In 1962, along with a friend, he purchased a "stock" and then a "sprint" car. They raced their car from North Carolina to Canada. This hobby lasted for five years and his career with the cars ended with the 1969 "Indy" when he participated as a mechanic for a week before the big race. The next time he traveled to Indiana it was as a spectator. Neal said..."racing can get in your blood." But it required too much time away from home and softball was for him.

Neal is a family man with a garden and all...on Pershing Road. He and Barbara were married in 1964. The "high school sweatshirts" have two girls...Karen, 12, a student at the middle school, with first honors and Lisa, ten, a Southwest student. The next catcher in the family is Mike, six, also at the southwest complex. Neal and Mike and the girls are all Boston Red Sox fans and show an interest in playing ball like their dad.

Since 1960 Neal has been with the Travelers Insurance Company and today his title is..."Systems Manager." Another title is Vice President of the Men's Club and with a "great sports program with 65 softball teams and 30 basketball squads." Neal even with softball, cars and work served with the Air National Guard for six years.

In Neal's backyard the town of Windsor Locks is in the process of installing a soccer field and softball diamond. The irony of the situation is that Neal's yard is located on the right field line and Neal might be catching some foul balls these summer evenings. He admitted he was apprehensive at first, but the town has assured him the drainage is proper and meets all the legal requirements. Someday little Mike Cunningham will probably be out there catching and father Neal will be proud as a peacock. I suggest to the town's fathers...when the day of dedication is held...you have Neal Cunningham catch the first ball pitched by either Ed Savino or Frank Campisi. It would be good public relations...Neal Cunningham has been one of the steady super-stars of the great sport of softball.

The Windsor Locks Journal  
Vol. 99-No. 6  
June 22, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

The coming month of July should be hectic, busy and very newsworthy for the followers of the political game, the golfing fans at the Greater Hartford Open and the latest Yankee-Red Sox series at Fenway Park.

Probably this year the celebration of July 4th will be just another day off for most workers and vacationers. No big bicentennial show, plus two, to keep their interest, only the usual outdoor picnics and probable fireworks at the park that Yawkey built. I'm sure most of New England will be glued to the radio or watching television because of the rivalry between the Billy Martin superstars and the loveable Boston team when they square off Monday, July 3 and 4. (Only by magic and good planning...Rita, Patti, Bob and yours truly have tickets for Monday, right behind home plate.)

On July 21 and 22 Ella Grasso, Governor of our fair state, will be fighting for her political life against the slings and arrows of her own Lt. Governor Bob Killian. If our crystal ball is working...Ella should be victorious and show her opponents in the Democratic party and the GOP, she's still the number one person in the state. On July 28 and 29, in between the golf shots at Wethersfield, the Grand Old Party will determine who will run against Ella. Will Sarasin, Rome or Stevens

get the nod? The experts say...Sarasin. Before the winner of the Sammy Davis show is crowned on Sunday, June 30, the nod will be picked.

It's a lot tougher picking the winner of the GHO. The Trevinos, Greens and Players all will be there to show their skill with the big windup on local television. The real golf starts on Thursday...with the pros and the amateurs mixing it up on Wednesday with former President Ford and Bob Hope, et al, to warm the hearts of the golfing world and a peek at celebrity playing the pros. Connecticut is honored and pleased to host the world's best in golfing.

So without giving all the results...the month of July should be a great time for politics and sports. And Connecticut still has the water of the sound to swim, the best plays at the theaters around the state, if your taste isn't golf, baseball or politics. Don't miss the fun, action and Americana at its height. God willing, I'll be at Fenway, Bushnell and Wethersfield Country Club and write up a few choice words about the Kings and Queens of golf, baseball and the political round table.

Where, but in America, could you see Ella, Arnold and Reggie doing their thing. A better government, better golf and even better candy bars at lower prices? Well we can dream...have a great month.

-The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, June 29, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**BOB REID—PURCHASING,** studying or practicing, she's **POLICE, PENNANTS AND** the number one rooter of her **PEOPLE** dad's Little League team.

Robert William Reid enjoys Before Bob and his family moved to Windsor Locks he umpired Little League in Windsor. After settling in locktown he became involved in the sport, where world Standard, the Little League champions were born, and activity and a supernumerary decided to try his hand at policeman status, in his manager. Today he handles an hometown of Windsor, are additional duty as vice president of the league.

A bubbly personality mixed with a mild sternness, when needed, Bob is a family man first, then his job at Hamilton-Standard, the Little League activity and a supernumerary policeman status, in his hometown of Windsor, are next in line. He faces these diverse involvements with the true Irish good nature and understanding.

Bob's first view of life was a little bizarre, to say the least, being delivered by his grandmother during the flood of 1938. The doctor wasn't playing golf that day...his rowboat couldn't maneuver the waters of Wilson Avenue, near the old firehouse, but Bob arrived safe and sound.

This father of three growing daughters grew up himself in Windsor. He graduated from the high school where he admits being a "jock" playing baseball and basketball. He recalls, with a smile, beating Windsor Locks in baseball, but never in basketball. Today he considers Windsor Locks his home and feels "a part of the town" with his wife, the former Joyce Dorothy Buchavich, also from the town south of the locktown.

The three girls Tracy, Kimberly and Karen are all excellent students according to their proud father. He said, in a realistic sense...the girls were no problem and added... "it's pretty nice having girls." Tracy Ann, 15, is a sophomore at the high school. She plays the piano and assists Joe Urso with the handicapped at the swimming pool. Kimberly Ann, 14, is an 8th grader at the Middle School who plays the accordian. Her dad said she was "athletically inclined," and to be near the action, keeps score for his little league team. Karen Elizabeth, 12, a 7th grader at the middle school...right, she plays the guitar...just for diversification among the girls. When not

ing in his junior year of high school. One of his opponents was the former big leaguer... Moe Drabowsky. At Hamilton Bob was a catcher for the company team and Ray Crone, another player from the big time, and living in Texas these days, was on the mound throwing to Bob behind the plate.

With Little League, Bob has mixed emotions. He said, rather philosophically, "as long as the kids enjoy themselves and are having a good time the game is great. Managers and coaches should teach the fundamentals, and above all, teach the kids the fun of the game and get the pressure off them. The men in charge should not be negative. We should praise their actions and the actions of the opponents. A good attitude is important."

Should girls play Little League? "Yes, only if they are good enough to meet the competition." He added, "I'm always interested in kids, having three of my own, and receive great satisfaction in managing, especially with young men like Bob Creech and Billy O'Brien."

When the Little League season is over the Reid family, in years past, has packed up the trailer and camped out in New Hampshire and went south to Florida to see the wonders of Disney World. For 15 years, Bob, when not purchasing for Hamilton or calling the next pitch at Pesci Park, is a hard-working supernumerary policeman in Windsor. Bob is president of the Windsor Police Benefit Mutual Association. When speaking of services to towns...Bob was in high praise of the Windsor Locks Police and Fire Departments.

## EPILOG

Bob Reid, with the friendly smile for everyone, has been a "jock" in more ways than he knows. His police work, purchasing at Hamilton, hopping for a pennant for the Little Leaguers, but how the game is played is more important, and involvement in people, makes him a "jock" in the true sense of the word. In my friendly college dictionary the following is listed...JOCK (jok) n. Scot and Irish Eng. an innocent lad; a country boy. More power to people like Robert William Reid.



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## RAY CHARLAND - DRUGGIST EMERITUS

Raymond James Charland, with “service to others” his lifetime creed, is semi-retired from the pharmaceutical profession he has been involved in since graduating from the University of Connecticut in 1951.

Ray, a native of Lyndonville, Vermont, had dreams of becoming a doctor. In 1933 his dreams were shattered. He completed three years as a pre-med student at the University of Vermont when the depression changed his highly placed plans. Ray left the serenity of Vermont for work in the Chicago steel country. The reluctant steel worker's career was cut short when he suffered an injury, which cost Ray the sight of one of his eyes. He returned to Vermont just in time for World War Two, but due to his impairment was ineligible for direct combat duty. Ray, with that old-fashioned yankee ingenuity as a guide, joined the U.S. Army Ordinance.

When the war ended he returned to industry but his inert concern for medicine soon won out and he enrolled in pharmacy school. Ray completed his requirements in only three years and received his degree at UConn. It was well earned. . . Ray, in addition to class attendance, worked a full time job leaving only weekends for study. His instructors, he said, . . . “were understanding and very cooperative.”

The newly trained pharmacist spent the first few years of his new profession as a trouble shooter and manager for the Liggett Drug Store chain in Stamford, Conn. In 1954 he met Matilda De Martino of nearby Greenwich. Matilda, better known as Tillie, just happened to be the cosmetician at the same store and for Ray and Tillie. . . the chemistry was a perfect mix. They were married in 1956 and today Tillie gives out with the familiar call. . . “Avon Calling.” She's been selling the famous brand of beauty preparations for five years with Ray as her chauffeur.

Ray and Tillie moved to Windsor Locks in 1957 where he opened the Charland Pharmacy at 78 Main Street. Ray's family pharmacy was well known to the local folks and even today prides himself on the service rendered and all the fine people he did business with all those years on Main Street. As part of the Charland policy, during the years, a certain percentage of the receipts were donated to the cancer and heart funds. One year the pharmacy contributed to the playground and little league as another community service.

Ray's pharmacy. . . he figured Main Street, Windsor Locks his last stop. . . was a victim of the redevelopment of the downtown area. Looking back, Ray said, “the redevelopment of the section was certainly needed. I personally have no regrets. However, the entire situation was not handled as agreed upon.” As a footnote to his location on Main Street, Ray remarked. . . “we always had a good relationship with the Modern Drug Store.”

After his pharmacy closed, Ray went to work for the State

of Connecticut, from November, 1972 to January 1976 and then to a “sort of semiretired status.” Ray has always been active in town affairs as a member of the Windsor Locks Chamber of Commerce since 1957 and a director for many of those years.

Ray and Tillie have a daughter Rhea. She's a student at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York. The freshman student is studying computer sciences. Rhea, a 1977 grad of Windsor Locks High School, was a member of the math team at the raider school and gave the graduating speech last year.

The family druggist did not take many vacations during the years on the main drag but did manage, once in awhile, to



RAYMOND J. CHARLAND

Thursday, July 13, 1978 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

visit Vermont and see the folks. His hobby is. . . in his own words, “I would rather play cards, not eat.” He's been member of the Elks since 1946, and recently joined the Republican Town Committee. When asked. . . Ray was in favor of a town council form of government and “has plenty of time to help” the local GOP. He said his philosophy of life has always been. . . “live and let live” and being from Vermont is a natural conservative and independent thinker.

### EPILOG

Raymond James Charland of Vermont, the Chicago mills and Main Street of Windsor Locks, has tasted the good and the tough part of life, and didn't seem to mind the ride. In addition to his “live and let live” way of life. . . he said, “life is only one trip, just once around, don't miss the scenery and don't ruin the scenery for anyone else.” Ray and Tillie's daughter said it all for the Charlands, in her commencement address. . . “as we leave we pave the way with determination and independence, but let us not, in our



# Good Old Fenway!

By Jack Redmond

A nice thing happened on the way to Fenway Park, Boston, U.S.A.

We went to Durgin Park and surrounding great places like Quincy Market and Fanuel Hall where one can eat, and eat, and eat everything from fried dough to fruit salad, that's just out of this world. The Yankee-Red Sox game wasn't going to start until 8:00 p.m. (courtesy of ABC national television coverage and Howard Cosell) so the four of us, for only twenty-five cents each, jumped on the underground trolley system at Kenmore Square, and after 15 minutes or so, were standing at Government Center. The center is wide open spaces, surrounded by a bevy of high concrete buildings, at the taxpayer's expense, leading to this gargantuan market place, and with as many people as different shops, to visit for eating and buying. The complex is called Quincy Market, next to historic Fanuel Hall, and the equally famous Durgin Park. Of course the hungry foursome found the quiet and serene restaurant of Stella on the waterfront for lunch. If you crave Italian food. . .the Stella eatery may cost a few more pennies but its worth the extra steps from the market.

Any foursome could spend several hours at the market watching the people come and go with all the action. The entire place is a stone's throw from the Logan Airport and the water surrounding it. . . called the Boston Harbor. On July the third, the Mayor's Race was in progress and it added to the festive mood of the noon hour. There was even live music, just for the asking, and if you missed it the local TV station would show it again

at 6 o'clock.

It's a fun time. So the next time you're in Boston. . .just ask the natives where Quincy Market is. . .the nicest people in the world live in John and Sam Adams town. They are very helpful to out-of-towners like Rita, Patti and Bob, and of course, yours truly.

That's right. . .we did come to see the Red Sox against the Yankees. (Now to get along with the womenfolk. . .give them a little Quincy Market at noon and then they won't mind

watching the game at Fenway for a few hours.)

The game at Fenway. . .our true reason for the trip. . .was a SRO (Standing room only) game. There were 34,722 on Yawkey Way the night of the Third, with twenty million watching on national television, all with the same idea, see the Red Sox beat the boys from New York. There were a few Yankee rooters. In fact they all sat in our row. We were there. . .in section 22, row ten, four seats, right behind home plate.

The final score was 9-5 in favor of the Sox. The crowd was treated to 22 hits. . .9 doubles, one triple, by super-

star Jim Rice and three homers by the Yankee crew. The Yankees were in the game until the fourth inning, but the doubles off the wall by the Zimmer boys were too much for the boys from the Bronx. During the game Carl Yastrzemski hit a smash off the green monster for his 2800th career hit. Bashful Carl stood on second base, removed his cap, to acknowledge the standing ovation from the Red Sox and Yankee rooters. Carl was truly the hero of the game with three hits and as many runs driven across the plate for a perfect evening for the future hall of famer.

Just as we left the Fenway



rain started to fall. . .and on the way home, July the fourth, we all felt sorry for the ticket holders of the holiday game. It was called off and probably another day at Quincy Market would be less active.

When one spends a day in Boston at such marvelous places as Fenway and Quincy. . .one feels, why can't our own Windsor Locks turn the downtown area into another Quincy Market for all to enjoy with eating and shopping and just spending a few hours with music, laughter and good cheer. We realize Boston had a few years to make a Durgin Park. . .but couldn't this town learn a few tricks from our

ancestors and do the same in redevelopment of downtown.

Enjoy July. . .there's more to come. Hot weather with swimming, golf and politics to keep your mind busy. Of course you could forget all the falderal and drive up to Boston or the cape. This is the month to enjoy. . .enjoy. . .enjoy.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Hollywood has a George Scott.

Boston Red Sox has a George Scott.

Windsor Locks also has a George Scott...plus his effervescent wife Jane. This twosome of energy makes things happen in the local veterans organizations, the Democratic Town Committee, and in past years, the little league and scout movements.

George and Jane are, by their own admission, “Doers, helpers and busy people.” They have the credentials to prove it. The beauty of it all...they really enjoy the activities.

George, no, not the actor or ballplayer, but Windsor Locks's own, was born in Dover, N.H. As a young boy he moved from the farm lands of our neighbor to the north to Ludlow, Mass., Hartford, and then back to Laconia, N.H. The Scotts finally settled for Glastonbury, Conn., where George graduated from high school in 1940. He had an eye on the business world as a young man when he entered the Morse School of Business for a year. He worked a little over a year and was drafted into the U.S. Army in February of 1943. George's career started with the cold weather of Fort Devens, Mass., and luckily, he went south to Texas. The army realized the potential of young Scott and he spent ten months at the University of Illinois. After the college life, he was assigned to the 42nd Rainbow Division for training in Oklahoma. December of 1944 found George on his way to France and the windup of the war in Europe. He said, “the division drove all the way to the fighting at the German border.”

When the war ended George was one of the many GIs who were to stay in Europe for several months to mop up after the Germans and as he said, “to look after things.” He did get a chance to see more of Europe with duty in Vienna on the famous Danube River. But home is home...and George finally made it back to the states in June of 1946. He returned to the Hartford area and enrolled another year at Morse Business School. He secured a position with the Aetna Life and Casualty Insurance Company. Steady George has been with the “Group Division” for 31 years.

And now a few words about the female part of this working team...Jane DuBois Scott, originally from Ludlow, Mass., has three children. Shirley Carlson, lives in California with three of Jane's grandchildren. Alice Goldrick, of East Longmeadow, has two children for Jane to spoil. She has one son...Lionel DuBois, Jr. George has one son, David of Warehouse Point.

George and Jane Scott...their list of active accomplishments could fill several columns of the Journal. Jane was a charter member of the VFW in Windsor, dating back to 1946. She was recently installed as the president of

the Windsor Locks VFW Auxiliary for the third time. She's been the secretary of the local American Legion Auxiliary and the president of the S. Joe Guild in Poquonock. Her reason for being president and serving on the Board of Trustees was simple...“because I love it, wearing two hats that fit.” Her other worthy contribution has been an active role in the Girl Scout movement in town.

George, like his partner, was also installed as the new Commander of the Smalley Brothers VFW Post 6123 in Windsor Locks. The former soldier is also a past commander of the American Legion Post 131 of Hartford Aetna Group.

Do you see any conflict of interest due to the roles you both have in the VFW? “It can only help, never hurt.” What are your duties? “Well, besides running it...attending meetings, banquets, playing bingo at the Rocky Hill Veterans Home and this takes two to organize. Jane and I will do just that.” He added, “we must not forget the youth programs, poppy campaign, and all the community activities that are so important.”

What other organizations have you been connected with? “Can't forget the boy scouts. Spent a few days at the Montreal Expos...but never saw the events or sights. Too busy cooking for the boys. I really have had a ball.” How about your church activities? “Went down to St. Mary's to help organize a drum corp. Stayed ten years,” he said with a typical George Scott smile.

How about little league? “Let's see...13 years in little league as a manager and coach. I always wanted the boys to enjoy the game. They all played under me and that's little league in action.” What about politics? “Been on the Democratic Town Committee for five years. For twenty years, worked at the headquarters getting out the vote on election day.”

Hobbies? Or when you find the time, right? “Right, I just love to cook. I have fun playing golf and I never worry about the score at Millbrook.”

Vacations? “Jane and I just get in the car and when we get to route 75...go north or south...maybe New York State or Maine or even Nova Scotia.” He added, “We have been to California and Hawaii...we just love vacations.”

## EPILOG

George and Jane Scott...two people with dynamic personalities for the betterment of those around them in sports, scouts, politics and veterans organizations. George and Jane enjoy the hectic and busy schedule of their life style. I came across the following words...I believe they would both endorse the theory: “The longest day is in June, they say; the shortest in December. They did not come to me that way: The shortest I remember you came a day with me to stay, and filled my heart with laughter: the longest day...you were away...the very next day after.”

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**JACK FAHEY—BROOKLYN,  
THE BRONX AND NOW  
WINDSOR LOCKS**

John Edward Fahey, a transplanted New Yorker, has settled down to a slower pace in Windsor Locks and along with his wife Lorrie, “really enjoys the drastic change.”

Jack was born in Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. Lorrie, of the Bronx Dolans, met her young handsome Irishman at the baseball game and it was probably the first time the Yankees of the Bronx and the loveable Dodgers of Brooklyn were so close.

Jack's parents, Michael and Mary, are from the old country, he from Galway, and she a native of Tyrone. The older folks moved around the “greatest city in the world”... with stops in Long Island, Brooklyn, Manhattan and up to Harlem where their son graduated from Rice High School. Rice, besides having Fahey as an alumnus, had one of the basketball greats... “Dean the Dream” Memminger on their court team. Memminger went on to fame and glory with the New York Knicks.

When Mary's son John wasn't playing ball he was viewing the Dodgers at Ebbets Field or watching the “bums” tangle with their arch rivals, the New York Giants, at the Polo Grounds. Jack admits he got into the Giant's park on Coogan's Bluff several different ways...not always with the conventional payment of admission.

During the winter months the young sportsman interest turned to hockey at the old Madison Square Garden. In those days the New York Rangers were beating the best Canada had to offer. Jack was considered a “rink rat.” The noble title was earned by attending 69 of the 70 Ranger home games. During this period of his life in New York he became fast friends with one of the hockey stars...Ed Slowinski. They still keep in contact on the holidays.

All this romance with the Dodgers and the Rangers ended in 1952 when the Fahey family moved to Hartford. Today Lorrie's husband follows the Los Angeles Dodgers from afar...but admits, it's not the same Dodgers of Brooklyn. In reminiscing about the old days...Jack said, “nothing could replace the rivalry between the Giants and Dodgers, not even today's Yankees and Red Sox. Their relocation to the west coast could not bring back the glory days of the thirties, forties and fifties.”

Jack accepted the new surroundings of Connecticut and then, for a bigger change of pace, entered the U.S. Navy. Jack laughingly said, “I joined the navy to see the world, like the posters say, but ended up as one of many Caribbean sailors with stops at Puerto Rico, the Dominican

Republic, Cuba and Panama.”

His navy service began in 1953 and lasted until 1957, and he entered still another phase of life...walking down the aisle with the girl from the Bronx. The young couple lived in Hartford and the man in the family secured a job with Sweet Life Foods in Suffield in 1960. He's been with the food company ever since. The long trip up Route 91 every day was too much and the Fahey family moved to Windsor Locks in 1966. There's been three additions to the clan...with Karen the oldest at 19. She's a local high school grad and is currently a secretary at Sweet Life. Keven, 16, will be a senior in the fall and plays for Dan Sullivan's varsity basketball team. Paul, 15, a junior, better known as “P.J.,” is involved with JV baseball and soccer.

One satisfying adjustment to Jack's life came about four years ago when Joe Urso, active leader in local and state Knights of Columbus activities, asked for volunteers to assist handicapped individuals in the swimming program at the high school pool. Jack, who is not a swimmer himself, decided to provide whatever help he could give this worthy endeavor. A member of the KofC for the past seven years, he said...“once a person becomes involved in helping others, as in this case, the complete satisfaction is so great you just can't resist the temptation to continue the program. The ten week sessions for individuals, ages from infants to a few in their fifties, are held on Saturday mornings in the winter.” Jack and Mike Heneghan are local chairmen of the program, with Joe Urso, as the state leader. There are nearly 40 in the swimming program that come from East Hartford, Simsbury, Windsor and Windsor Locks. A film, promoted by the KofC, depicting the program, called “Promise of Life,” has been shown nationally. Jack added that there are several high school students who help in all phases of the program.

## EPILOG

John Edward Fahey made the adjustment from the “sidewalks of New York” to the slower pace of this small New England town. He admitted, “the New York pace is in my blood,” however, after these years in Connecticut, he and Lorrie have raised a family and now are “really enjoying” the change. Sports have always dominated Jack's life...his brother Jim was a minor league pitcher and they both grew up in New York with former baseball star Rocky Colavito.

His Irish eyes are always smiling when he talks of the fine people he has attempted to help in the KofC swim program. I'm sure all those people are smiling because of guys like Joe, Mike and the kid from the “sidewalks of New York.”

# Democratic Convention: View From Windsor Locks

By Jack Redmond

The audience viewing television and the delegates seated at the Bushnell Memorial all saw the large stage, with the American Flag in the background, the speakers, the political kings and queens all seated, rather uncomfortably, in full sight of all eyes. The stage had been set for the Democratic State Convention.

The real confusion and action is in the wings...reserved for the press and all types of media characters. There is noise from typewriters, people being interviewed for radio and television, and the paraphernalia to bring readers and listeners in Connecticut the latest news and stories concerning the convention.

You certainly get the feeling of being part of a select group of society in these feverish surroundings. You meet some interesting folks...like Jack Zaiman of the Hartford Courant. He's been writing about politics for forty years. Then the political novice meets another young reporter...the Journal's own Paul Burton. Paul and I exchanged political information...who was going to win...who was on the political horizon in Windsor Locks...we didn't even need Zaiman...we had all the answers.

Our big moment came, just before Bill O'Neil opened the convention at 8:10 P.M., when Windsor Locks' own Governor Ella Grasso, made a casual stroll around the wing of the media people. Paul and I were given a friendly and warm handshake and you know me...I still tell the Governor...who I am and where I come from...she smiled, and said, "it's good to have someone here from Windsor Locks."

Speaking of meeting people...before entering Bushnell I met a few fellow townspeople...like Ed Savino, Charlie Rader, Ed Connell, Tex and Dotty Gill, who like me, were watching the fife and drum corps of East Hampton, supporting Bill O'Neil, a small brass band for Bob Killian, and a pair of Scottish bagpipes rooting for New Haven's Joe Lieberman

July 27, 1978

Once Bill O'Neil made a few remarks, and Senator Abe Ribicoff offered the delegates a peace pipe as keynote speaker, the Friday night session was history. Saturday would be the big day...all the fun and hoopla to begin at ten o'clock.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE BUSHNELL

By two o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 22, Governor Ella Tambussi Grasso was the majority candidate to run again for the high office this fall. However, her own Lt. Gov Robert K. Killian received the necessary votes to force a primary in September. It was a hollow victory for Governor Grasso, yet in her acceptance speech to the delegates, who have been sitting, talking, and walking around the Bushnell since ten o'clock that morning,

she appeared with her husband Tom, and son James to accept the role. She ended her short talk with the words, "be true to yourself." Certainly in the world of politics...a person has to be true and accept whatever comes their way. Bushnell was a little cooler than the ninety degree weather in the streets of Hartford and Governor Grasso had kept cool, at least publicly, whenever she appeared to mingle with the delegates in and outside of Bushnell.

At nine o'clock Saturday morning this writer parked his car and walked over to the capitol grounds for another cup of coffee and doughnut...all courtesy of Governor Grasso. She walked among the delegates with smiles and handshakes in typical political fashion but... Ella Grasso felt she was with her political friends...and the vote showed her correct.

After the usual opening ceremonies...former Governor John N. Dempsey came to the platform to nominate his old friend and political ally for her second term of office. Mr. Dempsey ended his talk with the following..."I can say with confidence that no one is better qualified to meet the challenges and solve these problems than the candidate I nominate today." The delegates agreed.

State Senator Sandy Cloud of Hartford gave the nominating address for Lt. Gov. Robert Killian. The Killian forces were certainly better prepared with a more spirited demonstration. Sometimes...number two has to try harder.

When it came to the actual vote for governor...Bushnell

was filled with each town and city ringing out their vote for either Ella or Bob. Windsor Locks, near the end of the call, voted eight votes for the next governor of Connecticut so Charlie Rader, chairman of the Democratic town committee called out on the microphone and television camera. Besides Charlie...the other voters were Ed Savino, first selectman Judge William Leary, Ed Connell, Dotty Gill, Arlene Levine, State Senator Con O'Leary, and town representative Joyce Wojtas.

The voting for governor went along smoothly until the call for Torrington was near. To have a primary in September, Lt Gov. Killian needed 20 per cent of the votes of 272 by actual count. The town west of us went for the Hartford native and the place went wild. They knew, his rooters, that is, that their candidate had lost the nomination but not the primary. A few delegates changed their votes but not enough to give Governor Grasso a clear-cut victory at Bushnell.

The battle for the lieutenant governor nomination, which started with nine candidates, was reduced Saturday night to two candidates...State Chairman Bill O'Neil of East Hampton and state Sen Joseph I. Lieberman of New Haven. The seven others withdrew after the first ballot. O'Neil won by a margin of 839-510 over Lieberman.

It was a long and hot convention, and next week more of the same, but this time it will be the Ron Sarasin and Lew Rome show put on by Bob and Ella's counterparts... the Republicans.

# "Love The Ticket!"

August 3, 1978

By Jack Redmond

The Republican party convention opened on Friday afternoon with an air of optimism and in the words of GOP State Chairman Frederick K. Biebel... "we have a dream ticket."

The ticket, headed by U.S. Rep. Ronald A. Sarasin, was considered a dream because the addition of State Sen. Lewis B. Rome, who on the last day, decided to join instead of fight for the nomination.

The scene was not the same as last Friday (July 21) at the Democratic convention, also held at the Bushnell, where noise, disagreements and a call for a primary were the topics of discussion. In that one...our own Gov. Ella Grasso won the fight but not the battle with Lt. Gov. Robert Killian. The Grand Old Party, in contrast with the Democrats, felt a united party would help at the polls in November and Ron got together with Lou.

Windsor Locks was represented at the convention by the Republican Town Chairman Dick Williams, who is running for State Representative this fall, and Suzanne O. Cannon. Sylvio Preli, veteran politician, with the familiar tan and silver-mane, was there for the action as a district delegate. When asked about the so-called dream ticket... Dick Williams said, "love the ticket." When Dick says something...you better believe it.

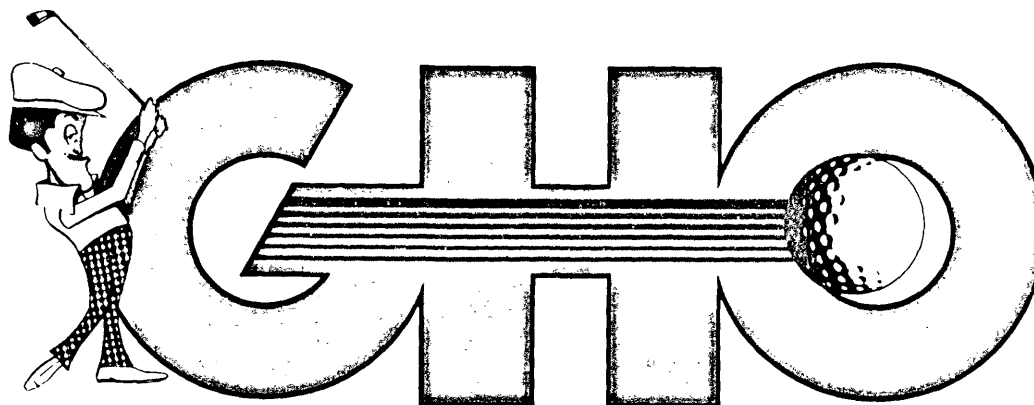
Fred Biebel, the Solomon of the GOP, said in his opening remarks, "we expect to elect the entire ticket because the people of Connecticut want a change. They don't want the same that happened last week

at the Democratic convention. togetherness speech and said, The Republican party is the "Sarasin and Rome are the great hope to fill the void of best by any yardstick, human leadership in the state. or governmental."

Friday night U.S. Sen. Lowell Weicker rolled up his sleeves and gave the Democratic party a lesson in a speech by Ron Sarasin. Saturday the Republican convention ended a little ahead of time with a "We'll win for sure," acceptance



Friday Hoopla



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## BOB TARAVELLA—SQUIRE OF FAIRVIEW STREET

Bob Taravella believes the “land and human beings” are America’s greatest resources, but unfortunately, too much emphasis is on technological advances as the answer to the problems of today and tomorrow.

The soft-spoken gentleman farmer of Fairview Street gave out his views on his life and times, in a recent interview only interrupted by a typical mid-July thunderstorm. Our quick entry into his home prolonged the interesting remarks from one of Windsor Locks native sons.

Bob, born on Grove Street, was a product of a large (ten children) Italian family with parents from the old country, with hard work and honesty as their creed.

Andrew and Romilda Taravella were from a small town in northern Italy where farm and community life were the rule...often imitated here in the states. Bob’s mother is 85 and lives on Suffield Street. His mother-in-law, Emma Vandomo, 81 years young, is still active and came from a town in Italy within a stone’s throw from the parents of our own Governor...Ella Grasso.

Bob, not to be confused with the Bob of the banking Taravellas, said, “all the Taravellas are related in one way or another,” the bankers grandfather and Bob’s father were first cousins. Bob, of the Fairview Taravellas, attended St. Mary’s and the local high school, graduating in 1933, in a class of only 33.

Where did you work after leaving high school?

“Where could you go to work in 1933?” Enough of the depression. Bob had made his point. However, he remembers, as a young fellow, delivering the Sunday newspaper all over town with Aldo Sartirana. Aldo’s father would drive the boys in his model T Ford with papers from Boston, Springfield, New York,

Bridgeport and Hartford.

Bob’s real employment did not begin until World War Two as a machine operator at the Pratt and Whitney plant in East Hartford. After the war he tried his hand at the building trades and admits... “the work fell into the class of diversification in many areas of the town.”

He finally settled down to thirteen years with the shade tobacco industry as a “second man” to the superintendent. His next venture was indoors with the W.T. Grant Company as a warehouseman and this lasted seven years. Today, Bob is a part-time self-employed trucker for the Air-Freight business.

During his employment with the aircraft in 1942, he married Delma Vandomo, who was originally from Enfield. Delma and Bob have three children and four grandchildren. Their oldest, Ellen, is in from Los Angeles on vacation with her husband Jack Walsh and their two daughters...Kerri and Shaura. The Walsh family have lived in the golden state for nine years. The night of the interview, they were all off to Riverside Park. (I’m sure their own Disneyland in California doesn’t have to worry about competition.) Their other daughter is Jane, married to Nick Iannone and they live in North Haven, Conn. with their two daughters...Lisa and Jessica. Bob and Delma also have a son Mark, who resides in Waterbury with his wife, Dianne, to complete the genealogy for the present.

As for the squire of Fairview...Bob is not a complicated individual. For instance...he loves all sports, especially on Sundays during the winter and those two games on the television. He’s a rooter for the Cleveland Indians (that’s a little strange in this Red Sox and Yankee country). He and his wife have crossed the country on three different trips and have journeyed to Florida, Pennsylv-

ania, Vermont and Puerto Rico. The former Grnd Knight of the KofC is most at home when he’s minding his garden on Fairview. He admits to having a little bit of Vermont in his backyard where he has constructed his own 40-gallon boiling tank for drawing off maple sap with the end result...the best maple syrup this side of Vermont.

Besides being a member of the KofC since 1948, Bob is a past president of the St. Mary’s Credit Union. He’s a firm believer in the KofC and said, “if the folks lived by the policy of the KofC...there would be a happy bunch of people around.”

From the fraternal to the political...Bob is a self-made conservative man. When asked his views on the downtown situation...“love it the way it is, I firmly believe in growth and progress. Unfortunately, there’s been some dragging of feet in the redevelopment. The situation did not hurt the town.” What about Bradley Field? “Use it and love it.” (I told you he wasn’t complicated.)

On a serious note... Bob said, “There were two men I greatly admired in my life. I had only the highest regard for their honesty and hard work...my own father and Jim Tambussi, father of Governor Ella Grasso. Two outstanding gentlemen.”

## EPILOG

Bob Taravella is outspoken ...when asked. Opinionated... when you want his opinion. Kind to a writer who may ask questions...best left unanswered. I believe Bob takes life as it comes, and the following quote on the imponderables of life by Robert Morley, actor and playwright... fits the squire of Fairview Street, Windsor Locks, U.S.A.

“For all the inexplicable mysteries of life I have a compartment, sort of deed box, which is seldom opened except to add to its contents. Very occasionally I have a rummage around in it. I take out perhaps the mystery of the universe, or even the mystery of survival after death; but they are soon back again. I am not, I tell myself, expected to solve that one, and I am grateful not to have to bother.”

—The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, August 17, 1978

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## ELEANOR HARRIS— SPECIAL EDUCATION TEACHER AND MORE

“Tis with pride of you, my  
America,  
As anyone can clearly see.  
I am an American.  
Tis with pride of you, my  
America,  
my country, my home.”

Eleanor Harris wrote these words. Eleanor Harris is a special kind of individual...not because she is a special education teacher, which she is, but because her life has been filled with america and the teaching of people.

She's a teacher...she's also a poet, writer of children's stories, hiker, swimmer and art enthusiast. Her highly diversified life received its start in Colorado, was developed further as an “army brat,” and the past seventeen years has labored for the needs of a very special group of students in Windsor Locks and surrounding towns.

This talented lady was born in Denver and spent her early youth on a farm in Montrose, located 150 miles from the capital city of the western state. Her father was in the service and as a little girl travelled all over the country with educational stops wherever the service sent her dad. She recalls attending high schools in Texas, Connecticut, New York and Massachusetts. She also, only after a little prodding, remembers meeting a few famous people like General of the Armies... Omar Bradley and a stop at the White House...Mamie Eisenhower was serving tea, or whatever they served that day.

Eleanor managed to stay long enough in her home state to receive a B.A. degree from Colorado State University. Later she would earn her masters in Education from the University of Hartford.

In 1960 she became involved in the special education field with the “super great help” of Harry Costello, principal in town. Today, the education of these students, which Eleanor calls, “dear and beautiful,” is jointly shared by the towns of East Windsor, Suffield, East Granby, Granby and Windsor Locks in a so-called round-robin cooperative in the education process. She went on to say, “these students give more than they take from the schooling. It is, in my opinion, good teaching and I love the children. I try to install in all

children, Jack, my husband, and I, have seven, a desire to create something...we tell them to do something different.”

More on Eleanor...she has written a number of poems, published in “Among the Hills.” Her other works include stories for the younger set on animals. Her personal education began as an art student and the animal illustrations are her own. Being from the wide open spaces of Colorado... she's a born hiker and this past spring she and Jack climbed Mount Washington in New Hampshire. When it comes to vacations the busy Harris twosome divide their free time between Colorado and Jack's homestate of Maine.

In Windsor Locks Eleanor Has been active in the Women's Club, holding gavel of president on two occasions. In the PTO, she's a former president of the South Street organization.

Recently Admiral Rickover, the famous navy submarine leader, spoke to educators on the importance of returning to the teaching of the “Three R's.” When asked for her comments on this subject... she said, “never underestimate the good teaching methods of today. You know, society makes certain demands on education. Ever since World War II our society has been changing and is vastly different. The teaching methods have to change with the times, sometimes not always for the best. There are many influential time-consuming demands on children...one is the television set. Because of these distractions...teaching can be very difficult. I agree, the three r's are important, but the teachers must endeavor to meet all the needs of the students and the demands of society on them.”

## EPILOG

Eleanor Harris...special education is her field, poetry and writing is her joy. To add a quote from Kenneth Clark... words Eleanor would agree fits her in this hectic, but rewarding world...“the thing that gives me, and has always given me, the most happiness in life is writing. As Emerson said, “The mind celebrates a little triumph every time it formulates a thought.” I had one yesterday and it cheered me up all day.”



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**JIM'S ANGELS-THE CONNECTICUT SOFTBALL CHAMPS**

Charlie, of television fame, has nothing on Jim McKenna. Jim has his own team of angels. There're not on television, not yet.

But his bunch of softball angels were recently crowned the Connecticut Class M champs. And like Charlie, Jim is quite proud of his 13 athletically inclined females who won 16 of 23 games this past season.

Their coach, a native of Windsor Locks, had only praise for the players and to the following...how does it feel to coach a group of girls? He said seriously, "It's really not much different than coaching boys, you teach the same game. With us it was a team game. Everyone did their best. They played hard and I must say...they are a very composed bunch of girls."

Jim added, "we saw the girls play some basketball and they were aggressive, well coordinated, and certainly have the desire. When it came time to organize a girls softball team as a varsity sport, I knew these were the girls to play the game for the Raiders."

Who is Jim McKenna? Now everyone in town knows Jim. But for the record: he was born on Center Street, married to Sharon Cooney, of Whinton Street Cooneys, Tom and Ruth. Isn't he a golfer around town? Jim and Sharon have two future little leaguers... Jay, 10, and Tom at 8. The boys attend North Street School and how's this for family feuds...Jay is a Red Sox fan and young Tom cheers for those New York Yankees. Their parents have lived in Windsor Locks all their lives and met at the town pool a few years back. Jim is a grad of the University of Bridgeport, class of 1967. His first teaching assignment was in East Windsor at one of the

elementary schools. Since 1969 Jim has been back home as the physical education teacher at the high school. His activities as teacher and coach are town connected, as his volunteer work with the local firemen for the past twelve years.

That's Jim McKenna. How about his angels.

There are 13 of them on the field of play with four capable managers to assist the only male on the team. The seniors this fall will be...Holly Storms, Judy Van Schelt, Lori Mathvink, Claudia Rachele, Jane Fitzgerald, Tricia Carter, Betty Connors and Sue Thresher. The three juniors...Gigi Masse, Eileen Ferrari and Helen McGee. The two tenth graders are Vicky Nelson and Carole Preli. The managers are Debby Gifford, Anne Malone, Sue Gragnolati and Donna Marione.

"Do the girls expect to repeat the championship next year, coach?"

"Repeat, they have the potential, but as in any single elimination tournament a team need the breaks. We'll start practicing, probably in late March next year, and then see what happens."

Jim has coached the girls for the past three years and the first season reached the quarter finals of the state. Their record was 11-7, the second year a 9 and 9 record and this year...is history, with a record like the Red Sox.

These angels of Windsor Locks won their state championship on their third try... following the basepaths of other town teams. Their skill, knowledge of the game and spirit, helped along by their understanding parents, and loving help from Mr. James McKenna has earned them the title of Angels of Windsor Locks.

Just to bring them back to earth...don't forget to pick up your M & M's girls!!!



Thursday, August 31, 1978—The Windsor Locks Journal—

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**VINNY MUSCO—THE MAN WHO WEARS THE STAR**

Vincent Musco has been wearing the star of “Texaco” for nearly nine years at the same old stand...corner of Elm Street and Turnpike Road (Route 75).

Better known as Vinny to his many friends in Windsor Locks, he is in the highly competitive business of dispensing gas but with a mix of positivism, a smile, good disposition and a good cigar. (But not near the pump.) In it was the first time I ever interviewed someone sitting on the steps of a gas station in the near ninety degree weather. But to know Vinny Musco...is to know he is down to earth. He spoke of his navy career, the hard working of foundry labor back in his hometown of Providence, R.I., and happily speaking of his wife of thirty years, his four children, four grandchildren, his large family and sweet mother of 87.

Vinny and the former Anita Partridge, as in a pear tree, were married in 1948. She's from East Providence and today they make their home in nearby Suffield. They moved from the Providence area to Windsor Locks in 1957 when Vinny was seeking work at Hamilton-Standard. But let's go back a ways to little old Rhode Island and the early life of one Vinny Musco. He graduated from high school in 1941 and the next year joined the Navy. The three years in the service found him on a cruiser (US Omaha) at the invasion of Africa by the allied forces and later duty was searching for foreign subs where he operated from the

Ascension Islands in the Atlantic Ocean.

After leaving the navy, Vinny tried foundry work and he admits...today sitting in the cool breeze, despite the hot weather, “the work wasn't satisfying, and frankly hard work.” He actually came to Windsor Locks for employment at Hamilton but faith stepped in...he met a service buddy at the Bradley Field coffee shop. His friend told him of a job with the Trans-Ocean Airlines as a mechanic. The position with the airlines lasted seven years. Vinny then decided to work for himself, opening up a gas station on Main Street, Windsor Locks with the Esso Company. He was the “only guy in Connecticut with a pit.”

Vinny said he got the news of the downtown redevelopment and saw the handwriting on the street, so to speak, and made his move to Route 75 and the “star” people. Vinny felt the time had come for a change in the downtown area and said, “it was good, you can't knock progress.” However, he said, “Route 75 is the new main drag and the only one we got with a bank, hotels, eateries, the fast and higher priced. I guess the only thing missing is a post office.” Vinny is not a political person...but he did say, “I'm the president at home.” A smile came on his face and another puff on a cigar. Of course Anita wasn't there to verify his statement. They have three girls and one son. David, the oldest, lives in Windsor Locks with his wife Denise and their daughter Dannelle. Susan is married to Dietrich Schoenmann. They live in Enfield with their children...young Dietrich and Anita. Another daughter, Mary, and her husband Robert Kramer, live in Elizabeth Town, Pa. near all those Hershey bars. Mary gets all the candy she desires, as she works for the famous firm. The

Musco's youngest girl lives in Suffield with her husband Wilbur Potemski and their daughter Kayrn.

Speaking of families...Vinny was one of ten children all raised in the city of Providence. His mother, Lucia is 87 and still resides in the Rhode Island city. She and her late husband, Carmello, came from Italy and their ten children all have prospered in their native United States.

Dave Musco is athletic director at the Somers Prison. Guy and Joe both are employed at Hamilton-Standard, Sal is a dentist in Windsor, and the twin boys... Anthony lives in Virginia working for the C.I.A., and Sab lives in sunny California where he operates a factory. The three daughters...Bessie, now retired from the jewelry business in her home state, Pauline is a nurse at the John Hopkins Hospital in Maryland and Carmela, also a nurse, lives in Warwick, R.I.

Vinny, a baseball player in his youth and during his service time, is strickly a golfer these days with the inseparable foursome of Mike Gentile, Frankie Allen, John Macaluso and the “starman.” Down through the years, Anita and Vinny have found time to visit Puerto Rico, Aruba and Hawaii. On these hot summer evenings Vinny roots for the Red Sox and believes Fred Lynn and Butch Hobson are players from the “old school of good players.” In Windsor Locks he's a member of the KofC and the American Legion to round out his activities when he's not working at the same old stand.

## EPILOG

Vincent Musco is a product of a large and happy family, from the big city and has made his own individual mark in the small towns of Windsor Locks and Suffield by hitching his world to a successful star.

-The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, August 31, 1978

## VIEWS OF THE JOURNAL

### People Need Heroes... They Really Do

By Jack Redmond

"Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy."

The words by F. Scott Fitzgerald. The tragedies were written in the history pages of our land. And after the recent tragedies in America there was always a roomful of eager writers who made a mint on the sorrow of a nation.

Do we need heroes? I think the times dictate the necessity. Of course we don't need the tragedies that follow.

Franklin Roosevelt was a hero to many after the depression. General Eisenhower was one of the big heroes of World War Two, and he became our president. Elvis Presley, the Beatles, Joe DiMaggio, Hope and Crosby, John Fitzgerald Kennedy...to name a few of our latest heroes. Must include Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King in the group to show the tragedy of what Fitzgerald speaks. Elvis died as a young and great star, but his records and imitators live on. The Beatles, like Joe D., where have they gone?

Recently a writer wrote a few chosen words on why we don't need heroes. I agree, to a point, we don't need heroes of the month. But looking back in history, the Roosevelt image was needed in those dark and tough times.

"I like Ike," was needed for the country for the conversa-

tive touch. JFK, with his Camelot image, was needed. Elvis and the Beatles, the Sinatra of their times, were needed, for good or bad, depending on your music mood. In the roaring twenties...Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Jack Dempsey were what the country needed.

I like heroes. Who can say, when the morning paper arrives, they don't skip the bad news and troubles and find what's happening to Ted Kennedy, Ella Grasso, Frank Sinatra, Reggie Jackson, Carl Yastrzemski, Arnold Palmer or O. J. Simpson and see how they are doing making news for the country to be either happy or sad.

And then there are the extremes...a Billy Carter. Enough said. His brother President Jimmy and the peanuts of Georgia...really haven't made it big.

To become a hero, a man or woman must have distinguished courage or ability and be admired for his or her brave deeds and noble qualities. Brave deeds and noble qualities? That's a tall order, even for the mentioned few. The deeds and qualities are the dictionary's words. But the glossy qualities make a hero and some fit the pattern.

To put it in the proper prospective...I believe the real heroes are the people who make us feel good inside and the make the adrenalin flow. Think back to FDR and his new deal, the victory in the big war and Ike, the new man in the White House with his children running around the oval office, the charge of Arnold Palmer, a homer by the Babe, the running of O. J. Simpson in the snow, not running for a rental of a car, or that Carlton Fisk homerun at Fenway in the sixth game of the world series.

We need them. It makes us feel good inside in this crazy world. To illustrate the recent events of only a few weeks ago...the death of Pope Paul VI. The Pope was a hero. Did you see the thousand of people cheering him as they carried his body off to St. Peter's. Or heaven? Now, there's a hero. He was the Pope of millions during a very difficult time in history.

Unfortunately, many of the heroes end up in tragic situations. Its the price they sometimes have to pay. We need heroes, because we are all looking for the Camelot or heavenly resting place and if you look close...some of the heroes show us the way.

People need heroes...they really do!!!!!!

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**TOM MANDIROLA—TRUE  
BLUE HIGH SCHOOL FAN**

There are Red Sox fans, and there are Whaler fans. And some Patriot and Celtic fans. And yes, we even have a few fans who religiously follow high school sports.

Tom Mandirola is one of those true blue fans of the players and teams in the sports program at the Windsor Locks High School.

Friendly Tom, a native son, born right on Main Street, has been a pursuer of the play-by-play action of local sports for so many years, he has lost count. He can't quite understand the apathy around the town when it comes to supporting the high school teams. And Tom is no fair weather fan. He follows the Raiders win, lose or draw.

He said frankly, “the performances and prices are right.” To illustrate a point, he added, “paying a buck and a quarter to see these sporting events is just great. And you know...you may be seeing a future star in the making, and when he makes it big, say at the garden, Fenway or Foxboro, the price will probably be ten bucks.”

In thinking back over the good and bad years, he mentioned a few exceptional players he had seen before. Steve Scheerer, who once played with a broken shoulder, and according to Tom, always gave 110%, Tom Koren, Steve Szykula, Vinny Colapietro, Dan Kycia and the Michael-wicz boys.

This super fan, who never played sports as a youngster, contributes his enthusiasm and love of competitive sports to three men. Frank Pesci, his brother-in-law, and a man who “certainly deserved to have a park named after him,” got him started in the art of observer extraordinary.

He recalls working with Frank cutting grass and planting trees and he added, “Frank did a lot for the kids in Windsor Locks.” The gardening chores would be the future Pesci Park.

The other two individuals who helped Tom with his career in the sporting fraternity were well-known sportsmen Charlie Mandirola and Paul Panzio. When Tom was growing up in Windsor Locks, outside of going to a movie on Main Street or having a coke at a local shop, watching the kids play baseball, basketball or football was the thing to do.

Tom attended St. Marys and the high school. He said, with a smile, he was the fourth pick in the military draft of 1941. It was the first time he ever won anything in his life...it you can call that winning. But Tom was in the big war, win or lose, and most of his service time was spent with the U.S. Air Force in the tropical paradise of Hawaii (that's not bad for the fourth pick). When Tom

arrived in Honolulu, he saw first hand “the unbelievable damage” to Pearl Harbor and surrounding area.

At the war's end Tom, also known as “T.J.”, was back in Windsor Locks to stay and enjoy civilian life once again. He worked a few odd jobs around town and in 1947 he settled down when he joined the Travelers Insurance Company. He's been with the Hartford based company for the past 31 years. Today he's a fixture as the the Assistant Supervisor of the Claim Department.

Two years after his insurance position was stable he married Dorothy Panzio, a West Haven Connecticut girl. Dot's uncle, Paul Panzio, introduced Tom to the girl, from the southern part of Connecticut, and the next year the Stevens Street couple will celebrate their 30th anniversary. They have one daughter, Patti. She's a grad of St. Joseph's College and currently the Assistant to the Chief Engineer at the Sepco Company in Windsor Locks.

When Tom is not out watching his favorite players or teams he loves to cook. Not just the ordinary pancake or eggs chef...Tom collects different types of wines for cooking in a strict gourmet style of his own. Tom is..sort of a “Julia Childs” of the homestead.

On the local scene, “T.J.” has been a member of the V.F.W. charter member of the veterans organization, a Knight of Columbus and a former active guy of the local Jaycees. Years ago, he recalls with pride needing a sports night for the Jaycees with the famous New York Yankee, Lefty Gomez as guest of honor, with the late and respected Art McGinley as toastmaster.

Tom may not have played sports himself, but in the early fifties her was onw of the first managers of Little League in town. He feels he was one of the starters of the league that would, in years to come, develop the first world championship for his area. His face lit up like a kid...remembering the fateful trip to Williamsport....“I was there.” His love for sports is also on the national scene..with loyalty to the Dodgers of Los Angeles and the Boston Celtics.

## EPILOG

Thomas John Mandirola began the interview with these words...“I'm just an ordinary guy.” “T.J.” is far from ordinary. Ordinary, the dictionary says...“commonplace, not exceptional.” Tom does not fit the definition. He's an exceptional fan who enjoys sports for their own sake, not for all the glory, but as he stated, “high school sports is the best bargain.” For Tom Mandirola the word that best describes him is “fan, an enthusiastic devotee or follower.”

# JOHN L. QUAGLIAROLI— FROM HORSES TO CHEVROLETS AND BACK TO HORSES

John L. Quagliaroli's interesting and diversified life began on a Windsor Locks farm.

The soft-spoken gentleman of West Street entered the business world, during the height of the depression, by selling cars. During a twenty year period he was also an owner, breeder and elected official in the community of equinity. So it can be said... Jack Quagliaroli started with horses on the farm, went into the automobile life, and then back to horses, where in 1975, he was named the "Morgan Man of the Year," to reach the pinnacle of success in the society of fine horses.

Jack, also known affectionately to his friends in equestrian circles as "Mr. Q" or "Jack Q.," was born on the family's 35-acre farm located at the corner of Elm and South Elm Streets. The farm covered the area where the Bradley apartments and the Police and Fire Complex are now situated. The tobacco and market gardening farmstead was Jack's life until he was 18 and had been schooled at St. Mary's School.

The young farmboy left the horses and the security of home to learn the business of motor cars, coupes, flivvers, jalopies and the greasy work of a mechanic. His first job was with the Louis Stone Garage on Grove Street in Windsor Locks. The experience of five years secured him a service manager job with the Louie Chevrolet Company in Enfield. In 1933, with Louis Preli, Jack entered the business of repairing autos at 252 Main Street in Windsor Locks. The year 1936 saw the opening of their Chevrolet agency. The potential of the new endeavor, according to Jack, was to sell 50 cars. In 1965 when the business was sold to Walter Johnson the potential had risen to 350 in the General Motors top line. Looking back, Jack recalls the devastating 1938 hurricane with the tremendous damage to the town and his business premises. For the trivial nut...Jack said a four-door Chevrolet sedan in 1936, sold for \$736.00, and in 1965 the price was \$3,800.00. Today, you better have six or seven thousand dollars to buy the car that goes with baseball and apple pie.

Jack's 29 years on North Main Street was a record of sorts...in the three-year period, after Johnson Took over the agency, it was sold to the Barry Chevrolet, and then to the present owner, Russo Chevrolet.

When Jack was a struggling mechanic a young lady just happened to pass his shop with a bicycle problem. The girl was Helen Mocek, of Suffield. That's how they met and the happy couple have been married for 38 years. Jack and Helen have a daughter Phyllis. For 12 years she lived in Carmel Valley, California with her husband Phil Schopbell. The Schopbells have a six-year-old daughter with the clever name of Pasiley. The grandparents have made several trips to the golden state to see the beauty

of Carmel and the beauty of their granddaughter.

Jack was always involved in the affairs of his home town. He is a past president of both the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce. For 50 years his name has been on the roles of the Knights of Columbus. He was chairman of the Planning and Zoning Commission and a past chairman of the Board of Finance, where he served for 29 years. In 1972, when he left the board, the following was written about Jack Quagliaroli ..."be it resolved that the Windsor Locks Board of Finance, on its own behalf and on the behalf of the town of Windsor Locks, express sincere appreciation and deep gratitude for the fine and dedicated service rendered to the town of Windsor Locks, and extend to him all the best wishes for the future."

The love of horses started when Jack was on the farm, but it really became a way of life in 1956 when he and his family attended the then "Eastern National" Morgan show in Northampton, Massachusetts. It turned out that Jack and his daughter were looking for a horse they both could share and enjoy.

## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

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Well, the show clinched it. They decided Morgans were for them. Jack became involved and served as president of the Connecticut Morgan Horse Association for four terms. He served on the Blue Ribbon Committee for the First Grand National and the Connecticut Equine Advisory Board and the Connecticut Horse Council.

Morgan horses have always played an important role in Jack's life. Some of the more successful horses in the Quagliaroli family have owned and shown after their first and highly regarded...Bay State Flyon, include Dyberry's Comet, Mr. Robin Applevale, O-Et's Winfire and Jabish of Donmora.

### EPILOG

John L. Quagliaroli is a man for all seasons. He started as a farmboy, developed a successful car agency, served his community in many capacities and for 20 years gave much of his own time and energy toward making the "Morgan" breed a little better. It was said, "although Phyllis and neighbor-companion, Dennis Zdun usually did the riding of Jack's horses, 'he' did the driving. He is positively in his element when he takes the reins in his large hands..."

A further tribute followed in 1976 at the Connecticut Horse Council annual banquet...a little girl passed his place of work many times. The little girl was Ella Grasso.

At the banquet the words of this same little girl were read. She said, "it is a pleasure to join in tribute to an old acquaintance, Jack Quagliaroli. Jack is an outstanding horseman and over the years has been devoted to working on behalf of the horse council. During all of my years of public service I have been continually delighted to witness his deep community involvement and dedicated service in so many areas where his talents have improved the quality of life for all of us..." Ella Grasso, Governor.

## PAT RAFFERTY—HEAD OF A JOCK FAMILY

Patrick William Rafferty has skied in Vermont, fished in Florida, played softball and football for over 15 years, knocked down bowling pins, hit golf balls down the fairway and then became the president of the Windsor Locks Little League "to get involved after my playing days were over."

All these situations created the "jock" image of Pat...the guy with a ready wit, and things on his mind...that should be said.

The father of two active children, along with his cute wife, Edith, he is the catalyst to form a truly "jock" family. A wall in the family rec room is filled with assorted trophies and ribbons that this Irish clan on Leslie Street can be mighty proud to exhibit. The family affair covers winning at baton twirling by Kelley, 16, baseball and football by Tom, 13, and fishing, bowling and golf by father Pat. Mother of the group was a majorette back in her early days at Hall High School in West Hartford.

Where the father and mother left off...Kelley and Tom took over. Kelley, a junior and feature baton twirler at the high school, was the 1977 State Champion in her field. She was also the first runner-up for "Miss Majorette" for the state of Connecticut. Kelley keeps busy during the summer teaching younger boys and girls the art of twirling for the local park department. At the nationals this year, held at St. Paul, Minnesota, Miss Rafferty placed in the top third of the nation.

Tom, a chip off the old block, attends the Middle School, and is a member of the this year's Little League All-Stars as a third baseman. Next summer Tom will be trying out for the senior group of the Little League program. For the past five years in the fall, Tom's attention has been on the gridiron, in midget football, as a defensive center.

# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

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the bootcamps in the Carolinas. His three and a half years were spent in California, making a Mediterranean cruise, playing football and enjoying the beauty of Japan ...all for the corps.

Pat turned in the uniform of the Marines for wedding togs, to marry Edith Griswold of West Hartford. The year was 1961 and Pat was still a ballplayer at heart. For the next 15 years he performed for the East Hartford Dovelettes and the Beacon Cafe. When the softball season was over he could be found on the football field playing semi-pro ball with the Hartford Spartans. Edith finally put her baton down on Pat...and his days of glory of hitting and catching footballs were over. Looking back...they admit it was an eventful career with Edith and the children watching Pat perform all over the state.

Pat Rafferty, a native of the south end of Hartford, is a grad of the Weaver High School, class of 1957. At the capital city school Pat played football in the role of quarterback and on the baseball diamond he covered the outfield. At Weaver, one of his teammates was the talented Johnny Egan, who later became an outstanding basketball player for several teams in the NBA and coach at Houston. Pat had a short try at the pros himself. After high school he packed up his glove and bat and traveled to Georgia for a chance to play for the Pittsburgh Pirates. He didn't make it...admitting the "competition was tough." One of the famous Alou brothers was at the same camp and was part of the competition.

The tall fellow from Hartford packed away his uniform of baseball for the fancy uniform and tougher competition of the U.S. Marines and

Should girls be permitted to play little league? "Yes, if they have the ability. We had one or two try out in the minor division."

What's in store for the future of little league in this championship town of Windsor Locks? "It should go on and on. There is a strong element in town that keeps it going. Of course the coaches and parents play a major role in this effort." With young Tom playing Little League and midget football, Pat has been involved in both sports...as a coach in football, and currently the President of the Little League.

## EPILOG

Patrick William Rafferty has lived the life of high school player, soldier, bread winner, semi-pro player in two sports, skier, golfer and a familyman with an active wife and two children. Pat calls his family the "jock family," and rightfully so. An hour with the Raffertys is an hour of good talk and happy attitudes.

Pat has settled down to help kids play sports and for the right reasons. I feel he would agree with the following words written by Frank Baum, creator of the Wizard of Oz... "I have learned to regard fame as a will-o'-the-wisp not worth the possession; but to please a child is a sweet and lovely thing that warms one's heart and brings its own reward."

The Rafferty family has lived in Windsor Locks for 12 years. Pat had made his "bread" for the Raymond Baking Company as a route salesman for 17 years. In the winter months the four Raffertys love to ski in Vermont. Pat is an "old movie fan and collector of the big band sound on records." After the Little League season the foursome usually drive to the Rhode Island beaches for swimming and fishing. Speaking of the Little League...Pat feels, "the program is great for the kids. It's an ideal way to teach sportsmanship and the will to win."

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

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## THE MALONES OF PERSHING ROAD

The Mike Malone family of Pershing Road, all seven of them, are active in politics, the Knights of Columbus, all phases of sports and recently their son, Michael, saw first hand the operations of government of our nation's capital.

Mike and his energetic wife Nancy, with the maiden name of Awdziejewicz, are natives of Meriden, Ct. For the past 15 years Windsor Locks has been their home and involvement their way of life. Mike in the K of C, Nancy on the political side, and all five children playing basketball, track, soccer and softball. Whenever sports are played...girls or boys...there's a Malone in the line-up or watching the action. Anne, the oldest girl, was one of the managers of Jim McKenna's angels, the softball champs this past spring.

The head of the versatile clan was born in the small farming community of Salt Point, located a hundred miles or so from Poughkeepsie, N.Y. His family moved to Meriden and Mike's schooling was in the city south of Hartford. In 1953 Mike joined the U.S. Navy. His four years as a radarman were spent on board ship shuttling from South America to Africa, and was a great experience at the Arctic Circle. After an eventful career with Uncle Sam Mike was discharged and went back to normal living in Meriden.

In the Dutch Hill section of Meriden there was a slender girl, admittedly a “tomboy,” who played baseball and softball with other girls so that the boys could field an entire team. The little bundle of energy was Nancy. The children have followed here steps, the athletic way of life. Mike, their number one fan, supported the idea of the kids playing, what better teacher than their mother.

Nancy recalls certain friends, knowing of her skills as a player...kiddingly inquired ...“was a baseball glove an adequate shower gift?” It was. Mike and Nancy were married in 1960. They moved to Windsor Locks and have been an active pair for the past fifteen years.

In this time period there has been five Malones—added to the family tree. Michael, Jr. is the oldest. He has four sisters. Whether young Michael spoils his sisters, or the other way around, is debatable. Girls will be girls, sports or no sports, and some nights, the young ladies desire to watch Donny and Marie. Michael would rather see the Red Sox...the answer was a second television.

The past few months Michael had time to watch it all, due to a broken knee cap, suffered in the spring playing soccer. He's on the mend now, and hopes to be ready for the varsity soccer team. In August he attended the Dan Sullivan soccer camp at the University of Hartford. As for his athletic background...Michael played Little League, freshman basketball at the high school, two years with the Connecticut Junior Soccer Association and the court team of St. Robert's

under Coach Father Stephen Foley.

This young man, crutches and all, was one of 43 high school juniors who journeyed to Washington, D.C., in July for a week of intensive exposure to the operation of government as part of the 8th annual Congressional Summer Intern Program, sponsored by U.S. Senator Lowell P. Weicker and Congressman Stewart McKinney and Ron Sarasin. The program was started in 1971 when the Connecticut federal legislators felt an increasing need to provide a meaningful bridge between young people and their elected officials. Michael was picked for writing the best reply to the question... “Would our founding fathers agree or disagree with the change of our government today?” Michael's reply was an unqualified...Yes! The young students stayed at the Mt. Vernon College in Georgetown, a section of Washington, D.C. Michael met most of the Connecticut officials and viewed the Senate in action with Goldwater, Kennedy and Muskie speaking on special items in the Senate. Despite the hot weather and the crutches, he enjoyed himself.

But we mustn't forget the girls...Anne, 16, is a junior at the high school, and co-captain of the Girls' Cross-Country team. She's plays softball on the town softball team and her sister Joyce, 14, a freshman at the high school, follow her on the softball and soccer teams in the town league.

The younger set is made up of Ellen, 13, a soccer, softball, track and basketball player in the town league and for the Middle school. Gail, 11, a student at the Southwest School, just like her sisters... plays soccer, track and basketball. I'm sure Mike Malone has his hands full as to who to watch and where the action is on any given night.

Mike, who works for the Jones Freight Lines in South Windsor, has been a member of the K of C for fourteen years. He's a past president of the Building Association and in 1977...was picked as the Knight of the Year. His wife, Nancy, a member of the Republican Town Committee, has been active in the GOP for the past ten years. She “enjoys the policy making of politics.” Last year Nancy was the campaign manager for Selectman Dennis Gragnolati, and for three years the GOP Registrar of Voters in Windsor Locks. For the past five years Nancy could be found working at the State Capitol as a secretary in the House Minority Office...hoping to become a secretary for the House Majority office, after the fall election. She had held positions with the appropriation and transition pools.

## EPILOG

The Malones of Pershing Road are playing their part in fraternal affairs, politics and have a health bunch of kids in all-American sports. Will Rogers said, “We can't all be heroes because somebody has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by.” Mike and Nancy, proud as a peacock, sit on the curb cheering those young and effervescent Malones.

-The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, October 5, 1978

### MIKE & COOKIE JORDAN-CHILDREN, LITTLE LEAGUE AND BOSTON COLLEGE

Mike and "Cookie" Jordan are forthright in their opinions and have a happy-go-lucky outlook on life.

They enjoy sports, enjoy talking about sports and enjoy the real sports-minded in the family, their four children. Father and mother are gung ho in discussing the discipline of children, the school system, changes in the Catholic Church, the little league program, rooting for the Red Sox and Mike's alma mater. . . the Eagles of Boston College.

In other words . . . the interview with the Deborah Road couple, residents of Windsor Locks for the past fourteen years, covered several topics. Mike and his wife "Cookie", both natives of Hartford, relish their children's activities and to prove the point are both involved in the little league program and endorse the benefits of the All-American game.

Mike, a veteran of nineteen years at the Aetna Life and Casualty, has been jogging

since April. He admits running three to four miles a day "clears the head, keeps my mind off smoking, which I gave up recently, and is a great way to relax after a tough day at the office."

The pretty lady, who answers to "Cookie," and probably not to Angela Cordo, says her husband Mike is the disciplinarian in the family. "Cookie" and her man, with the Vandyke beard were married in 1961. There has been four Jordans since then, the oldest is Lisa at 16. The junior at the high school, with honors, is a varsity cheerleader in three sports. Lisa, in addition to her cheering for the Raiders, tutors grammar school students. For the past two years, during the season, she assisted in the swim program for the "special" type of people, under the able guidance of Joe Urso, Mike Heneghan and company.

Michael, Jr., at 13 is the "jock" of the family. The weekends in the fall you'll find Mike running halfback in the midget football program. His dad feels he's another Charlie O'Rourke of Boston College. The eighth grader at the Middle School was a little league all-star for two years.

As a sixth grader he journeyed to Maryland with the other town boys to play basketball.

Speaking of the sixth grade . . . the next Jordan in line is Fran, eleven years old, and a guy who can play little league, soccer in the town league, and still be called the "resident brain" of the family, and a devotee of all reading materials. The youngest of the

Economics upon graduation in 1959. After settling down in Windsor Locks, Mike again became active in little league as an umpire. When little Mike came on the scene, big Mike became a manager and has submitted the line-up for the past five years. He firmly believes "the program is good for the kids, provided . . . they are permitted to play." He

Jordans have been in Windsor Locks for 14 years . . . what are your feelings on the downtown situation? Mike said, "build elderly housing on Main Street. As far as the "Reed" property . . . leave it alone. Let it stay as a place for picnics and nature lovers. Frankly, the town is too small to support any more retail industries in that part of town." What about Bradley Field? "It should be expanded. The airport is the main reason for the town's low tax rate."

## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

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family loves ice cream and his school hours are spent in the second grade at North Street School. His name is Joe, this past season he was the bat boy of his dad's team. Lisa got into the act by keeping score.

Mike Jordan, Sr. has been involved in little league since 1954 when he called balls and strikes in Hartford. He tried his hand at managing, until the time came to pack his bags for college in Boston. While at BC Mike participated in intramural sports. He received his Bachelor's degree in

added, "parents should take an active role as spectators by supporting the teams." As for girls playing . . . "if they can compete without any special consideration, they should be allowed to play. Why not?"

The interview with Mike and "Cookie" covered a wide range of topics. When asked . . . what do you think of the changes in the Catholic Church since Vatican Two? "I feel it has been all for the good of the practicing Catholics. In fact, it was too long in coming and at times, not as far-reaching as it should be." The

The Jordan family enjoys the Cape and the Red Sox in the summer. The winters are busy rooting for the Whalers, Bruins and the Celtics. Needless to say, football is all . . . BOSTON COLLEGE. Mike's well rounded life-style begins each day as a Manager in the Expense Administration at Aetna, the summers in Little League, and for the past six years as a teacher in the CCD program at St. Mary's. Mike and "Cookie" and their children are active in school, work, auxiliary help in town, recreation and church affairs. They see their duty and enjoy the times and smell the roses . . . as Michael Francis Jordan, Sr. said, "To each his own."



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

**PAT YOUNG AND AN EVENING THROUGH AMERICA'S MUSICAL HERITAGE**

How does an evening of songs from the “roaring twenties,” or the sounds of the “big bands,” or some Civil War tunes, the hits of George M. Cohan, or whatever your musical fancy is seem to say...well join in the family entertainment night at the high school auditorium next Friday, (Oct. 20) and you'll hear them all.

It should be a music-loving night and it's called...“Memorable Melodies—A Tour Through American Musical History.”

The show with the long title, is directed by a small girl, with a lot of talent, by the name of Patricia Ann Young. Miss Young, or better still...Pat, with the sponsorship of the Windsor Locks Historical Society, will direct some forty individuals from Enfield, Granby, East Windsor and Windsor Locks in twenty different acts with music, comedy and dancing covering the early days of America up to the present sounds.

Pat, enthusiastic as her performers, said, “There will be selections recalling America's musical heritage with music for all ages. Even our cast covers all groups...from ten to sixty. There is some wonderful talent in town, and the immediate area, and the best way to show it off will be on the stage at the high school.” Pat added, “we'll have performers portraying the songs of the fifties...grease and all.” to give credit, where it is due, Pat wanted it noted, “directing a variety show of this size is not a one person effort, it has taken all the cooperation of the Historical Society and people like Paul O'Donnell and Tom

Lilliendahl assisting on special projects that, hopefully, will make the show a success.”

Pat, working outside Windsor Locks and attending college, was, in her own words, “no way to meet people and know the town.” So she joined the Historical Society and met people and really got to know her adopted town and what better way than through the hard-working society on West Street.

For a little information on this bundle of energy...Pat, a native of Hartford, has lived in town for 18 years with her family. She's a grad of Our Lady of Angels in Enfield. She has studied at UConn, majoring in history. Currently she is employed in Hartford, with one of the insurance companies, after three years with Lomas and Nettleton, Real Estate Managers. She hopes to continue at UConn in order to secure her full degree.

Her career in the theatre started with the Suffield Players. Pat had the female lead in the play “Dirty Work at the Crossroads” and also did the play “Picnic.” She also joined the Enfield Stage Company and acted in “Finishing Touches.” Pat is one girl who loves the theater and her previous work was one reason she was picked to direct the first production of the society. She's been active in the society as membership chairperson and this year she is the Vice President. In town she has been involved in the St. Mary's picnic, the publicity chairperson of the Windsor Locks Heart Fund and is on the Consumer Advisory Panel of the Windsor Locks Public Nursing Association. The young lady keeps her calendar full with civic and theatre work, plus all the reading she can put her hands on, and just to round out her activities...

Pat is a hiker, leisurely, that is.

So don't forget the night... Friday, October 20...time 8:15 p.m...the Windsor Locks High School. It will be a show with people you probably know. There will be tickets at the door, but you can call 623-4215 for reservations.

After the show everyone will probably leave singing their favorite...be it early American, turn of the century American or just today's American. It's where the sounds will be in Windsor Locks that night with Pat Young and friends.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## SHIRLEY HESPELT- WOMEN'S CLUB PRESI- DENT AND OTHER CIVIC INVOLVEMENT

Shirley Hespelt is a woman who loves bridge..but doesn't neglect her civic duties.

The friendly former school teacher was born in Waterbury, lived in Bristol most of her childhood, and moved to Windsor Locks in 1964 to teach at the Union School. She's a graduate of St. Joseph College, had previously taught school in Bristol for eight years before coming north to her adopted town. To Shirley, Windsor Locks is "a small town you can enjoy living in, knowing your neighbors and all the friendly atmosphere. I like the size of Windsor Locks," she said in her own sincere manner of speaking.

Her first job after graduation was rather difficult for a new instructor in the education field. However, Miss Hespelt accepted the challenge at the Southbury Training School for "special children." After this duty she entered the Bristol school system as a fifth and eighth grade teacher. This lasted for eight years until her move to Windsor Locks. After thirteen years teaching she wanted a change of pace. With still the idea of meeting new people, but his time the older generation, she entered the real estate field. In 1969 she took the big step and joined the Michael G. Nosal Realty firm in Enfield. She said, "I enjoy the busy life of selling, especially meeting people, seeing new and old homes. It's most interesting." She's on the Board of Northern Connecticut Realtors just to add to her busy life style.

When her work day is done Shirley becomes active in her new "home" town as a member of the Windsor Locks Women's Club. And Shirley is right on top of things as president for a second year. Shirley noted the many civic functions of the club...raising funds of the yearly scholarships toward the further education of Windsor Locks seniors, the Ambulance Fund, playing bingo and sing-a-long for the patients at the Bickford Convalescent Home on Main Street. The local women, with 52 in number, are currently involved in a new project called, "Community Improvement Program." The president said this program will involve the entire community when all the wheels are set in motion. Shirley, in her eight years with the Women's Club, when she is not working with the current community, shares her time with the Windsor Locks Historical Society helping to remember the past.

She's a charter member and Chriaperson of the Finance Committee.

Shirley is not all work...as mentioned, she loves her bridge games. She belongs to a group of women, made of fourteen teams, call "Girls Marathon Bridge." The girls not only play their favorite game but give for the L. Jackson Scholarship. At her home Shirley had an organ, and it isn't there for show, she plays it for enjoyment. She reads as much as she can get her hands on...just to keep up with the times. In the recent primary for the selection of the Democratic choice of Governor ...Shirley was named the local coordinator for Gov. Ella T. Grasso's campaign. She said she had no political ambitions for herself, only interested in politics as an educated voter.

Now let's see...Shirley Hespelt is president of the local Women's Club, active in the historical society, was involved in the last campaign, loves to play bridge, reads a lot, plays the organ..o yes, almost forgot, she's a writer of a weekly column for the Northern Connecticut Bazaar. She's been writing the local news for a year and receives her items of interest by phone or mail.

When asked a few questions about Windsor Locks Shirley felt the Main Street area of redevelopment should be built up again in keeping with the town's growth. On Bradley Field she said, "no expansion was necessary." She was sympathetic to the school teachers in their latest wage problems around the state. She knows the difficult times of the teachers and said they had a right to a fair salary in today's spiring inflation. On the subject of the Catholic Church..Shirley, "misses the latin liturgy. I believe more women should take an active role in church affairs, the church is too man-orientate."

## EPILOG

Shirley Hespelt is another example of a citizen involvement with her club and historical society activities. Shirley is a firm believer in education. I'm sure she would agree with this hypothesis... education comes in many forms, at school, at home, at work, at play and just meeting people. Dean Henry Rosovsky of Harvard said, when asked, "Why become an educated person?"

"Education gives you a better understanding of yourself and the World. You aren't necessarily better at driving a car or doing you income tax. But the hope is that education will allow you, by understanding, to enjoy life more, because understanding life contributes to its meaning."

William Michael Mandrola, well known and active man about town, is one hard guy to pin down.

Not to interview and ask all sorts of questions, once you get him, but a schedule, so crammed with practice sessions and games during the baseball and soccer seasons, it's almost an impossible task.

I finally caught him over a late supper one evening in September. Billy has been on my list of interviewees for many months, ever since he stepped into a reluctant role, and the dubious spotlight, during his reign as President of the Union School P.T.A... the former president and school, that is.

Billy is one friendly guy, who did not seek the spotlight. He's just a normal hard working father of four, but the time was right, as leader of the now disbanded group, to speak out on the issues in closing Union School last year.

So let's see what makes Billy Mandrola tick. He's a native son. As a young boy he attended St. Mary's School in town. His higher education was at Cathedral High School in Springfield and Worcester Poly Tech. At the high school Billy excelled, as a pitcher, under Coach Billy Wise. The 1954 grad played in the state championship game, but on the losing end. Billy never feels he loses; if the game is played well, and this feeling rounds true in the Mandrola family on Center Street. The family of six is made up of Billy, his wife Joan, three sons and one daughter. Billy met the former Joan Eisnor of Hartford, on a double date, however they were not together that night. It was some years later when Billy was working and living in New York City, on his way home one week-end, he stopped for a cup of coffee on the turnpike. Joan, an x-ray technician at the St. Luke's Hospital in New York, was also on her way home, and stopped for coffee. The coffee was the right mix for this congenial couple. They were married in 1962. A year later John was the first addition to the family. He's a sophomore at the high school and plays a good game of tennis, according to his father, and also some soccer in the town league. Tom, 12, a seventh grader at the Middle School, was on the little league all-star team, a soccer player and as a sixth grader journeyed to Maryland with the basketball town team.

— The Windsor Locks Journal — Thursday, October 26, 1978

## “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

# People Come First-Mandrola

The young lady of the clan in “Missy” at ten, and a student at the South School. “Missy” plays basketball, taking after John in the tennis department, a good student, girl scout and learning to play the flute. The youngest is Anthony at five, and a kindergarten student. Anthony's grandfather, John Mandrola, who lives next to his son, is teaching the grandson the finer points of baseball. Speaking of baseball the male part of the Mandrola family is all over the map when it comes to team loyalty. Billy is for the Yankees, John is a Detroit fan, Tom roots for

Baltimore, and Anthony is happy when the Red Sox win.

When Billy is not coaching little league, or soccer, he has vacationed with the family camping in the woods of Maine, or sightseeing in Washington D.C., and New Hampshire. Last year the entire clan motored to the shores of North and South Carolina. So we don't create the wrong impression...Billy is not all coach and vacation minded. He's been with the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company for eight years as Assistant Director of Financial Systems.

At St. Mary's Church in town, Billy has been a confirmation teacher for high school freshman for the past three years. As a former parish chairman he was instrumental in organizing the first picnic at the Catholic Church on Spring Street. In discussing religion he says, “the changes in the church have been good. I enjoy the singing and having the mass in English. It gives everyone a feeling of greater participation.”

Last year the closing of Union School was in Billy's words, “a very difficult time.” He was the principal spokesman for the Union School P.T.A. and “disappointed,” when the referendum was over, with a majority “yes” vote to close the school. He said, in looking back, “we did the best we could, the people had spoken. There were a great many people who worked hard to emphasize our position.” He added, “the closing of Union School meant a loss of that neighborhood touch.” At a later date Billy and other townspeople were chosen by the first selectman to form a Citizen's Advisory Committee on “what to do” with Union School.

When asked...should Windsor Locks keep the town meeting or go to a council form of government...he said, “I believe the town meeting is good, voters can express their views. I personally would hate to see it abolished, the town meeting, that is.” On the downtown situation...Billy said, “too bad it turned out the way it is today. I really miss the downtown as I knew it as a young boy. It was a great place to go after a basketball game...especially “Marconi's,” and during the day to the “Donut Kettle.” It was a shame the businessmen had to relocate.”

### EPILOG

William Michael Mandrola is concerned for his family, the school situation, his church, and his town. He did not seek the spotlight...only to lead a group of dedicated citizens in a cause they all felt just. In losing Union School and the “old” downtown Billy said it all...“a loss of that neighborhood touch.” The “touch” is always lost for the sake of progress or maybe just changing times.

People, in the mold of Billy Mandrola, are needed to remind all of us not to lose touch with people...they should come first.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## JIM LENNON AND HIS BONNY LASS

Jim and Alice Lennon retain their colorful Scotch-Irish accents, and fond memories of Scotland, but are as “Americanized” as the Lennon Sisters.

Jim was born in southwestern Scotland in the seaport city of Glasgow, while his pretty wife first saw the light of day in the unlikely state of New Jersey. Alice, at the tender age of three, was packed off by her parents for a trip to their native Scotland, hopefully for a better economic life than the depression times in the states, only to find, in a few short years, the horrors of World War Two and the daily bombings Jim and Alice remember vividly.

As a young lad Jim attended school in his native Glasgow, the largest city in Scotland, with close to a million people, and for Jim soccer was his sport. While American boys were learning to play baseball and football, the boys in Scotland were students in the art of the national sport of soccer. Jim excelled in grammar and high school soccer and had a fling at the “pro” game. After his arrival in the states in 1955 Jim continued to play soccer in the Connecticut Soccer League, the industrial league in Hartford, for a Swedish team and as a coach in the Windsor Locks Park Department.

But we must return to Scotland...the Carragher family located in Glasgow on their

return, and found a home on the same street as the Lennon clan. Alice Carragher and Jim Lennon were to meet in a few years. In reminiscing of their early childhood, the days of 1940 were recalled, because of the daily bombing by the Germans. Glasgow, with its major shipyards, were the main target by the Nazi and it was not unusual for a steady rain of bombs for a six hour period. The school children were all required to wear gas masks on their walks to school. In those times many of the school days were spent at home, especially after a midnight raid. The Lennons and Carraghers “grew up in a hectic time.”

Jim was too young to don a uniform and after the war became a pattern maker on a five year apprenticeship. His learning period was divided between work and schooling at the Royal Tech College. During this period the Lennon boy and Carragher lass met and in 1954 Alice married the soccer star. In 1955 the young couple left for the United States. After a great trip on the Queen Mary the new arrivals saw New York City for the first time. They admitted, quite frankly, not being too impressed by the “big apple,” their Glasgow was also a large city. They were used to large crowds and buildings...then Windsor Locks. Alice recalls being at the corner of Main and Elm Streets...and saying, “this is Windsor Locks?” It took them some time to get

used to the slow pace and lack of transportation. (time hasn’t changed much) But now after 23 years...have learned to love Windsor Locks and the people and said, “it is home for us, we have grown accustomed to the pace.”

The Lennons have also grown in the family way...with four children. Elaine at 21 is the oldest. She is a graduate of UConn with a degree in biology and is currently at Storrs in the School of Nursing. Jacqueline is 20 and studies Early Childhood Education at UConn. Jacqueline and Elaine both attended Our Lady of the Angels in Enfield. Then the Lennons had two sons...Jim, Jr. at 18 and John, 16 years old. Jim was a June grad of Windsor Locks High School, played little league and just started to work at Taylor-Fenn. John, a junior at the Raider school, is playing...you guessed it...varsity soccer. John also was a little leaguer and one of the sixth grade basketball players who played in Maryland.

Jim and Alice have been active in their adopted town. Jim’s hobby, as his wife says, is the Knights of Columbus. He’s Past Grand Knight (1965) and Knight of the Year (1966), eight years as rental agent, on the Board of Directors, was on the New Home Building Committee and a 4th Degree Knight. Jim said he joined the K of C to “help people,” and added, “the K of C is a great organization with charity as their main function.” Jim has also been a steady employee at the Taylor-Fenn Company for 23 years. His title today is Foundry Engineer. For twenty years he has collected at the St. Mary’s church and a past picnic chairman. Alice is employed at the Windsor Locks Middle School as a

Reading Consultant. For seven years she was a Middle school teacher, after four years at St. Mary’s and four years teaching in Scotland. She had graduated from college in Scotland and received her masters’ degree at Central Connecticut College.

When the Lennon and Carragher families get together locally...you better hire hall. For some statistics...Al Lennon has six children, John Lennon has four, Alice’s brother Jack Carragher is a father of five, her sister Rene McKinstry of Enfield is a mother of six. So its a great day for the Scotch and Irish when they get together and especially when Jim Lennon starts singing ten verses of “Wild Colonial Boy.” Also included is Jim’s mother of Windsor Locks...Elizabeth Lennon at a young 84. And

Alice’s mother Margaret Carragher, at a spry 69, will be singing along with Jim.

In 1972 Jim and Alice packed all their bags, dressed the kids in their best and they all took off for Scotland. They spent three weeks exploring the cities and life in Jim’s and Alice’s real first home. “The kids loved it and want to go back,” so said Alice. To Jim

and Alice the following seems to fit: “when we know how to read our own hearts, we acquire wisdom of the hearts of others.”

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Edward Paul Brazalovich was in his glory. . . the time: 11:15 p.m., the date October 17. His New York Yankees became the baseball World Champs for the second year in a row. I just know he was in front of the television set, and probably needled sons Ed, Jr. and Steven, two stalwart Boston Red Sox rooters, when Thurman Munson caught the last out and the boys from the big apple showed the boys of blue and sunny California what baseball is all about.

Ed's loyalty for the Yankees flows over to his family and the little league of Windsor Locks, where he has guided the young boys for the past eleven years.

The interview with this friendly guy just happened to be the Tuesday night of the Yankee triumph and the day after the Cardinals of the Catholic Church chose the first Polish Pope. Ed and his wife Mary Ann were both thrilled and surprised by the selection. Ed said, kiddingly, "maybe this will be the end of Polish jokes."

Mary Ann Mancino and her husband of 23 years, are both Hartford natives. They lived in the same neighborhood of the capital city and met after their high school days. Ed's sporting love began on the diamond and court teams of Hartford High School. After graduation Ed played some baseball and basketball for Colt's. In fact, Colt's was the first job Ed had after his senior year. After a year or so he joined the Underwood Company and lasted there for nine years. However, the factory life was not for big Ed. He took to the road, so to speak, by securing a route salesman job with the ITT Continental Baking Company, makers of Wonder Bread, Hostess Cup Cakes and as Mary Ann called him. . . "the Twinkie Man."

Steven Brazalovich, 12, is the only one home these days to argue with his dad over the difference between the Red

Sox and the Yankees. Steven is at the Middle School. He was one of the sixth grade boys who made the Maryland basketball trip and an All-Star little leaguer. This fall he performed on one of the traveling soccer teams of the town.

The female of the union of Ed and Mary Ann is Jane, a grad of the Windsor Locks High School, and at 22 a recent bride. . . the lucky guy was Richard DeLuco of town. Edward, Jr., at 19, is a sophomore at Eastern Connecticut State College in Willimantic. During his Raider days Ed played football, baseball and basketball. The former little leaguer was the recipient of the James Downes Memorial Sports Award from the local Lions Club. The plaque has a place of honor at the Brazalovich home on Raymond Road.

If you want to meet a Yankee fan. . . Ed is the man. He's been cheering for the boys in the pin strips since he was a kid. . . there is no other team. He recalls with great love the days of Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle. Today his favorite is catcher Thurman Munson. He admits not being happy with the dismissal of Billy Martin. However, his Yankees won under Bob Lemon for all the marbles and the Sox fans can wait another year. On the subject of baseball. . . and in Ed's home baseball is "the subject." — This past summer, along with Coach Bob Murray, Ed was manager of the Little League All Stars. .

He feels "the little league is great for the kids, if we let them enjoy the game." He speaks with eleven years of experience. Every year he feels "maybe this will be the last one," but come spring, the weather is warmer and the thrill of working with the kids is just too much to pass up. He enjoys what he does and fits right in on Raymond Road. He calls the street. . . "the street of coaches." Besides Ed. . . the following call the street off Center their home plate. . . Larry Moore, Bob Martin, Fran Grogan and Bob Heim. It will be a long winter for Ed. But have no fear. . . there's always pro football on Sundays and Mondays. Ed is glued to the set. Just to keep his coaching skills sharp Ed has been involved in midget football in town for three or four seasons.

## EPILOG

Edward Paul Brazalovich is mighty proud of his family. He speaks affectionately of his wife Mary Ann who, he said, "is always there to assist him. She makes us toe the mark. A great woman." Ed and his family have lived in Windsor Locks for 17 years. He has coached baseball for eleven of those growing years. Its only fitting to quote an old baseball immortal Connie Mack. . . and I feel it fits this friendly guy: "I've seen boys on my baseball team go into slumps and never come out of them, and I've see others snap right out and come back better than ever. I guess more players lick themselves than are ever licked by an opposing team. The first thing any man has to know is how to handle himself."

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# "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond



**ERNST FREVEL-LIFE AND TIMES OF OUR MAN AT THE OPERA**

Today, Ernst Otto Frevel feels the opera is a "different world." Yesterday, Ernst, German born, lived in a different world as a youth and found living in the United States was "not what I expected, the people were great and open," and admits to "never getting homesick" for his native country.

The Cologne, Germany Ernst knew as a boy tells of the memories of Hitler's Youth

Corps, the bombings and returning after the war to a torn city. He spoke openly of joining the youth corps of his Germany at the age of eleven...loving the challenge, the sports activities, the bike trips and remembering his parents as anti-Hitler. They didn't want their son to join...but it was a different world and a different time. Ernst said the youth corps, in all truth, was "politically oriented and the boys were being brainwashed" for a future loyalty to Hitler and his cause. He recalls in 1937 seeing "der Fuhrer" in his hometown and "was in awe of him...for he was a man of power."

At 18 Ernst join the "Luftwaffe" (German Air Force during the Nazi regime) as a pilot trainee, however, never got off the ground. By 1943 the "Luftwaffe" had run out of gas, so to speak, Ernst was relegated to a foot soldier and saw service in East Prussia, cleaning up after the air raids. He was then shipped to

Holland where the troops marched at night...the day was saved for resting and ducking the British fighters, who were always a hazard. The Dutch people knew the war was winding down. The Germans knew it too...Ernst and his company of young soldiers marched all over Holland and finally back to Bonn, Germany.

One of the interesting episodes in Ernst's military career occurred in the hospital while he was recuperating from an accident. An attempt on the life of Adolf Hitler had been foiled during a meeting of high level officials and a few days later Hitler came to visit the injured officers. Ernst, and the other patients, unaware of the attempted assassination, noticed Hitler had one arm in a sling and cotton in one ear. It wasn't until later, Ernst and the other patients realized the reason for the visit of Hitler.

In August of 1945 Ernst finally arrived home...to a battered city on the beautiful Rhine River. He had managed to hitch a ride on a truck from Bonn...his marching days were over. Ernst said, as a boy, he was impressed by Hitler, but as the war dragged on and what he had seen and heard in Prussia

and Holland...the doubts became a reality. He spoke to many of the soldiers returning from the eastern front and the picture was clear...history was written and World War Two was over for the young boy who accepted the challenge of his country...just like the millions of American young boys had done, after Pearl Harbor.

And now part two of Ernst Otto Frevel...his new home in the United States, his marriage to Inge and his love for opera.

Ernst Frevel had to start a new way life and pick up the pieces of a broken country. Due to the Hitler influence on the high school curriculum, during the years before the war Ernst was forced to return to high school for six months in order to receive a qualified diploma. A shortage of teachers gave Ernst a chance to teach at the high school while he was attending the University of Cologne. He spent the next three years at the university in a liberal arts course.

The next decision for Ernst was what to do. His uncle Franz Kurth, of New York City, had come to visit relatives in Germany and told Ernst of a new life awaiting him in America. Ernst said, "I'll give it a try, but I'm convinced I won't like it." He

admitted a distorted picture of the United States as being all stone, metals and out west, nothing but cowboys. After his arrival in New York, it took a few miles of the car ride to convince Ernst of the trees, green grass and homes of all sizes. He stayed in New York learning the air conditioning business from his uncle and then moved to Hartford. In April of 1954, with three years as a transplant in a new country, he met Inge Todte, who was born in Stettin, Germany. They met at the Hartford German Club. Ernst moved to the capital city and remembers his first home at the "Y" across from Bushnell Park. Inge, as a young girl in Berlin, also recalls the war and the all-night bombings. Spending a night in a bunker was a way of life for young Inge and Ernst. The young couple were married in 1957 and have three children. The oldest is Ellen 21, Karen is 18, and Peter 12. Ellen and Karen are both students at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Penna. Karen is the bowler of the family while young Peter takes after his father in the soccer department.

And now the opera life of Ernst. He was first exposed to the opera as a youth by his

parents in the old country. In 1960 the Frevels moved to Windsor Locks and joined the Good Shepard Lutheran Church in Suffield. A few years later he joined the Connecticut Opera Association singing in the chorus. He had been active in the Hartford Saengerbund (singing society) since 1955 and a few church friends convinced him to join the opera cast.

Ernst has been a steady participant in each of the operas at the Bushnell since 1964 with the recently completed "Il Trovatore", "Carmen" and other great "dramatic composition in which all parts are sung to instrumental accompaniment."

Peter Frevel is one up on his dad...in 1972 Peter was selected to be the son of world famous singer Beverly Sills in "Norma." Ernst is very enthusiastic when he tells of the life in the opera, and said all the members of the Connecticut Opera Association are volunteers. There are numerous practice sessions before each performance of the opera with the local talent joining the world's best at the Bushnell. In December the Bushnell will present "Don Pasquale", and in March the "Magic Flute".

**epilog:** Ernst Otto Frevel, born in Germany, spent his youth in the service of his country, and enjoys the "different" and better world of the opera. Since 1961 Ernst has been employed at the North and Judd Manufacturing Company in Middletown, Connecticut. His time has been divided between his work, his family, the world of soccer in Windsor Locks, his church and the world of opera at the famous Bushnell. Ernst supports the stars of the opera...in our book Ernst Otto Frevel has reached for the star and found it in his new country, his family and his beloved opera.

# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Thanksgiving...Vintage,1978 love you.”

On November 28, 1863, the nation observed the first Thanksgiving day set aside by national proclamation.

Food, not turkey, for thought.

“Thanksgiving, to be truly Thanksgiving, is first thanks, then giving.”

Count our blessings, eat turkey, fight with the grand-

kids because they want to watch the Macy's parade,

because it may run into the football game on TV and everyone runs off and leaves grandma with a sink full of dirty dishes.

Better if everyone was in Windsor watching the Raiders play the neighbors to the south. (Maybe my few words about a football game on Thanksgiving Day was heard by the powers to be.)

If you're grandma, you can be thankful because you don't have to put up with that mob again until Christmas.

Aren't you thankful you aren't the turkey being basted in the oven?

“America, America, God shed His grace on thee.” Is there a better place to live?

There's plenty to be thankful about, Just take a little thought.

I read the following and it all fits...Nobody has outlawed dreams.

Not one American soldier will die on a foreign battlefield today.

Those new shoes may be a little tight, but what about the fellow who has no shoes at all?

Your bankroll may be a little small but remember when you didn't have any bankroll at all?

Thanksgiving Day, 1978! What's to celebrate?

Well, you made it, didn't you?

Somebody today will say “I

Be thankful you have someone to love in return.

Smell the roses! We live in a town of peace and freedom

where there is not need to fear the midnight knock on the

door, prejudice and bigotry are being overcome every day.

The old car is breaking down. It needs an overhaul

and you can't afford it.

Remember when you couldn't afford a car?

It's all here this Thanksgiving Day. Love and peace, happiness and togetherness, the Boston Red Sox, Notre Dame, New England Whalers, high school kids playing football instead of soldier, grandmother baking pie, snow is coming, and God is watching over it all.

Even Tom Turkey should be pleased today. Think how many people he will make happy.

Thanksgiving

by Josephine M. Powers

“I'm thankful, dear Lord , with all my heart,

For the gifts through the year, which You did impart;

Thankful I live in the land of the free,

With its peace, vast wealth and prosperity.

Thankful for graces You've sent, rich and rare,

The fruits, the flowers, the birds in the air;

Thankful I live in this prosperous age,

Where science has written a great full page

Of wonderful feats for us to employ

To lessen our labors, increase our joy.

I'm thankful for home with its loving ties,

Where they truly love, care, and sympathize.”

HAPPY THANKSGIVING  
EVERYONE!!!!



# “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

## JOE SAVAGE- ONE OF THE “FINAST” IRISHMEN AROUND

“God made a special  
people...with a twinkle in their  
eyes...”

And with smiles upon their  
faces...

A people strong and wise.

He called these folk “The  
Irish” And gave them

His green sod...A bit of  
o’heaven here on earth

Where they commune with  
God.”

Joseph Michael Savage is  
one of the Irish...with all the  
twinkles and smiles.

Joe reminds you of Pat  
O’Brien, because of his  
football playing sons, but  
when his melodious tones  
flow...it’s like a facsimile of  
Barry Fitzgerald.

The Irish are a happy lot.  
Joe and his colleen...Bernadette  
are no exception. The  
two Ireland-born couple grew  
up in Warren Point, a seaside  
resort, in the northern troubl-  
ed area, 45 miles from Belfast.

The early childhood sweet-  
hearts recall the stationed  
American GIs of World War  
Two in their area and the  
bombings of the nearby  
shipyards. Joe attended the  
St. Peters grammar school and  
the Christian Brothers High  
School with pretty Bernadette  
O’Hanlon a student at “Star of  
the Sea” grammar school.

After schooling completed,  
Joe had to think of his future  
and marrying his neighbor-  
hood girl. He began a five year  
apprenticeship in the world of  
carpentry. When he wasn’t  
playing Gaelic football (a cross  
between soccer and our form  
of football) he was leading a  
family dance band featuring...  
no, not the Irish jig, but good  
old American Dixieland and  
pop music. His brother, sister,  
cousins and friends made up  
the band with twelve years of  
traveling all over Ireland.

In 1960, during the dance

band days, Joe married his  
Bernadette. The next year the  
Savages left their native  
Warren Point and arrived, by  
plane, in the Irish city of  
Boston, with a genuine New  
England rainy day. Joe  
remembers the weather quite  
well, and said, “the rain was  
pouring out of the heavens.”  
Their arrival in the new world  
may have been a wet one but  
since then the Savages have  
found only sunny weather and  
five children born in the  
U.S.A. Tom is the oldest at  
16, followed by Mark, 15,  
Steve 13, Mike 11 and the  
second colleen in the family...  
little Debbie at nine. Tom and  
Mark are both outstanding  
football players for the Raiders  
with double duty on defense  
and offense. All the boys have  
played, or are playing, in the  
town midget football program.  
Like their father before them  
all the kids play instruments  
and probably one of these days  
they’ll form another Dixieland  
and pop group and history will  
be repeated.

Joe has been connected with  
the Finast food chain for  
eleven years. The family lived  
in Hartford for eight years, but  
in 1969 found Windsor Locks  
to their fancy and are glad for  
the move. Joe is a member of  
the local KofC and the  
Irish-American Club in Glas-  
tonbury. Joe and his family  
have been back to the old  
country on four trips. Their  
families still live in the  
northern Ireland area of  
Warren Point. Joe has a sister,  
brother and mother...Sarah  
Savage at 85, recent visitor to  
Windsor Locks in July.  
Bernadette’s family of four  
brothers and four sisters live  
in England and Ireland. Her  
mother Elizabeth is 68, and  
dad James O’Hanlon is a spry  
75, both living in Ireland. One  
year, instead of flying to the  
old country, they went south to  
visit the wonderful Disney-  
world in Florida. Joe and  
Bernadette still have music in  
their hearts, and many a  
Saturday night is spent  
dancing to the latest steps at  
the Irish-American Club. Once  
the Raider football season is  
over, the family follows the  
games of the New England  
Patriots. Mike is a little  
different...rooting for Dallas,  
while Debbie, not to be left  
out, is a cheerleader for the  
Windsor Locks Eagles.

## EPILOG

There you are...the family  
of Joe and Bernadette Savage.  
We started with an Irish  
poem...it’s only fitting to end  
our interview with one I’m  
sure they would appreciate.  
Then again, I’m sure the nice  
people of Warren Point would  
like it too.

“May the road rise to meet  
you. May the wind be always  
at your back. May the sun  
shine warm upon your face,  
the rains fall soft upon your  
fields and...until we meet  
again may God hold you in the  
palm of his hands.” ERIN GO  
BRAGH!!!

When you meet Carla Cerrato and Maria Xavier you assume they are two ordinary teen-agers in blue jeans and lettered T-shirts.

Their slight accents may give them away, however, they know our movie stars, television shows, political figures, our music, the latest dance steps and even the "junk" foods of America.

I had the pleasure of their company for an informal interview at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bertrand of Elm Street. Two nicer young ladies would be hard to find.

Carla is from a town in Northern Italy, near the French border, called Pinero-lo. Maria's home is in Patos De Minas, Brazil.

Both girls are 18 and senior year students at the Windsor Locks High School as part of

On so-called "junk" foods... Carla said she disliked them. Probably because of her love for cookies. Maria liked the "big macs" of her own country. Italy hasn't been exposed to the MacDonaid craze as yet.

How about dress codes back home...the girls wear blue jeans, but not at school. Carla said the "levis" are popular, but the students do "dress up." Maria wears a type of uniform at her school in Brazil. How about the American boys? Carla felt "they were different," but added, "rather like a child." Maria only said, "the boys here are different than the boys at home."

Christmas time at home. Carla's Christmas is the same as here...with the Santa Claus figure, the tree and gifts and even with some snow. Our visitor from Brazil agreed... gifts, Santa, but...sadly no snow.

Why did you become exchange students and how were you chosen? Carla and Maria were both given extensive tests and interviews in order to qualify for the trip to the United States. Carla frankly admitted, she wanted "to meet people." Maria wanted to learn the English language and get to know new people. Her language at home is Portuguese, and when asked to describe the United States in one or two words, she hesitated for a minute, in her native tongue... "sonho." (Translation...a dream.) Carla did not use Italian to describe the United States.

the exchange program of the American Field Service.

Carla arrived in this country in August after a flight from Rome, a stop in Spain, and began in the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro...a quick stopover in Puerto Rico and then to the "big apple". Both girls were temporarily briefed

## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

12/7/78 With Jack Redmond

then on to New York City. She's staying at the Frank Borchetta home on Reed Avenue. The Borchettas have two children...Theresa and David. Maria came to the United States a month before Carla, and is staying with the Ken Mannings of Stevens Street. The Mannings have three children...Elizabeth, Carol and Kevin. Maria's trip

at the C.W. Post College on Long Island before their bus rides to Hartford, and meetings with new families and a year of new friends, new home, new school and some old ideas of modern day America.

How do you interview two eager, but at times shy, young girls with such different backgrounds? It's easy...ask

## Girls Finding Out What Makes Us Tick

"A mixture of nice people," was her way of characterizing her new friends in America. They both agreed...American slang is difficult. Neither of the girls miss their homes, they wanted the experience of the trips here in the United States.

What do they intend to do with their years after schooling? In Maria's case she is employed as a secretary during the day and attends high school at night. She likes this arrangement...because of the money which she hopes to use in college and someday study dentistry. Carla will have to repeat the senior year of high school and someday... but "it's only a dream" to study anthropology.

### EPILOG

The Windsor Locks chapter of the American Field Service-adult and student-are hosts to these students from a foreign land. The funds are raised during the year to provide the necessary expenses.

Carla Cerrato and Maria Xavier are very fortunate young girls. The exchange program has given them the opportunity, not available to all their country's students, to learn first hand, what makes the United States of America

them questions about the United States and any differences between their homelands...and wait for the surprises. Frankly, it's amazing how much they knew about us before they even hit our shores.

On television...Carla said, "good to learn English, but I don't like it." Maria's answer was..."I like it, but don't really watch it that much." Incidentally, both girls did not speak English when they arrived this summer, but they have certainly advanced in the knowledge of the king's English in a short time. They were both perspective to my questions and the only time I confused them was when I tried to tell a joke and then they backed off. Actually I was trying to put them at ease. I talked a little too fast for them

to catch everything I had to say or ask. But we got along fairly well.

American movies...they both agreed...too expensive. The movies in Italy and Brazil were more or less, segregated by age groups. Prices in the United States...both agreed, costs of everything back home was higher. American sports.. Carla likes our football, but felt it was too violent. Maria likes tennis.

Political figures of the past few years...John F. Kennedy was still a popular man in their countries. Jimmy Carter... meant president and peanuts. Nixon...only one thing...Watergate. They both have heard of Ted Kennedy and knew Ella Grasso was recently elected Governor of Connecticut and lived only a few blocks away. On elections...they both

heard a lot of Mr. Carter winning the presidency of 1976. In their countries the voting age is 18.

tick. Magazines, movies and television sometimes are misleading when telling the real story of our country. The true worth is found in the Borchetta and Manning family unit, the local school system and people who provide the little extra ingredient...called love.

## Glories Of Past Weaver Sports

Robert Turley Murray does not live in the past.

The high school days of the Woodland Street resident were filled with glories in cross-country and basketball. Today the friendly mail carrier stays active on the Windsor Locks sports scene with little league and midget football.

Bob, father of two girls, doesn't mind discussing his running on the tracks of Weaver, the court action of the fifties, or on the diamond and

basketball. Today he sells insurance in Houston, Texas.

Young Bob left Weaver for a 17 month stay in Korea and admitted, "nothing spectacular happened in that horrible country." His discharge came in 1958 and not soon enough for a guy who just wanted to participate in sports.

The returning veteran met Madeleine Blain, originally from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on a blind date. As fast as he ran in high school...Bob

girl" in little league.

In 1965, a year before the Murrys moved to Windsor Locks, Bob joined the U.S. Postal Service and he's been delivering mail in the north end of Hartford and West Hartford. Speaking of his move to Windsor Locks, Bob said, "we should have come sooner, we love it."

The celebrated high school performer first saw the light of day in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His family moved to Cromwell, Connecticut when he was only a year old and finally the Murrys settled for Hartford. Bob attended Weaver High School where he left a string of excellent performances behind. His greatest feat was being crowned the Greater Hartford Cross Country Champion three years in a row in the two and one half mile meet. His best time was 12:44. Bob placed third in state contests. On the diamond he played third base.

His coaching little league and involvement in midget football came after a long career in playing softball all over the state with the Beacon and Spigot Cafe teams. First base was his position and one of his team mates was another little league coach, big Pat Rafferty. When asked his opinion on the value of little league...he felt, "the system is good for the kids. Anything competitive is worth the trouble." He's also a man with two daughters and added, "sometimes it's good when there's no personal involvement." This past summer, his third year as a coach, was a big one, he assisted Ed Brazalovich with the all-star team.

Christmas, only a few days away, and a time to remember...we asked Bob of his early recollections of this happy time of the year as a boy in Hartford. Bob's parents...his father, the late James Murray, and his mother, Katherine Murray, now living in East Hartford, had seven children to make happy in those days. (Bob has three sisters and three brothers.) The parents role of Santa Claus was on the 24th of December, with shopping for toys and clothes, getting the right tree, and then trimming it all after the children were, hopefully, fast asleep. With a smile on his face...Bob recalls his parents finishing their many chores of love and, about 2 o'clock, going to bed with a job well done. Then, like all kids, up at two thirty, to see what Santa had left at their tree. "Christmas was a great time as a kid...it was a time of family enjoyment...and still is today," Bob added, as a parent himself.

### EPILOG

Robert Turley Murray remembers the past as a boy growing up in Hartford, his days at Weaver, and today his involvement with the kids of Windsor Locks, playing his role as Santa for his two daughters. As a mail carrier I'm sure he will enjoy the following and the joy he brings during this season..."Christmas would mean nothing if it were not shared with someone. It is a festival which cannot be indulged in alone. The gaudy red ribbon about the simplest gift causes that gift to take on a merit which it did not possess before; and just as a single rose may light up a room, so one word on a card, written in sincerity, may brighten the dimmest winter day."

## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

While on the court his position was guard along with the famous Johnny Egan. Egan was instrumental in winning the state championship for the Weaver club in 1956. Johnny and Bob grew up together in Hartford. Egan went on to greater heights in the professional ranks of midget football or as the "bat

caught his girl and they were married in 1960.

Madeleine and Bob have two daughters. Susan at 14 is the oldest and a freshman at the high school. Karen at nine, is a third grader at the Southwest School. Karen is her dad's shadow...be it midget football or as the "bat

# Reflections on Christmas Past

**CHRISTMAS, THIS YEAR  
AND EVERY YEAR AND  
SOME REASONS**  
Christmas Day...next Mon-  
day, December 25, 1978.

**CHRISTMAS** It wasn't until  
354 A.D. the Bishop of Rome  
declared December 25 to be  
the anniversary of the birth of  
Christ. Previously to that time

to the various saints. Each  
saint had his own particular  
mass. The abbreviation Xmas  
had its origin in the fact that  
the Greek letter chi was  
written as an "X".

**CHRISTMAS CARDS** In  
1843, Henry Cole of London  
dreamed up the idea of  
sending a Christmas greeting  
card to his friends, and  
originated the first Christmas  
card. It was a three-panel card  
showing a family party in the  
center. The side panels  
depicted the old tradition of  
feeding and clothing the  
needy. The wording, "A  
Merry Christmas and a Happy  
New Year," has never been  
surpassed.

**christmas carols** The origin  
of carols was in Italy in the  
thirteenth century. The idea  
became popular and was taken  
up in France, Spain, Germany,  
England and other countries.  
Early carols were folk songs  
and legendary lore; the sacred

or hymnal type carol did not  
develop fully until the eigh-  
teenth century.

**CHRISTMAS SEAL** The  
seal we use now to fight  
tuberculosis had its origin with  
Einar Holboell, a Danish  
postmaster, in 1903. He had  
the idea of issuing seals to  
support some worthy cause. In  
1904 the first seals to be sold  
as an official project in  
Denmark carried the portrait  
of Queen Louis. The seal idea  
has spread around the world.  
(Have you sent in your  
Christmas Seal dollars? Its not  
too late.

**CHRISTMAS TREE** There  
are many legends as to the  
origin of the Christmas tree.  
Reports have it that it first  
appeared in Strassburg, Ger-  
many, in 1608, and the custom  
was kept along the Rhine for  
208 years and then spread all  
over Germany. The Germans  
are generally regarded as  
originators of the Christmas

tree, but the history can also  
be traced back to several  
pagan traditions.

**CHRISTMAS TREE  
LIGHTS** There are several  
ideas as to the origin of lights  
on Christmas trees. It is said  
that Martin Luther, while  
strolling the countryside one  
Christmas eve, was taken with  
the brilliance of the sky and  
the reflection of the stars on  
the snow-flecked evergreen  
trees.

I believe Edgar A. Guest  
said it all...in his poem, "A  
Christmas Wish"...  
...And a Christmas Day that's  
merry.

But the richest man now  
living,  
Hasn't gold enough to buy it,  
Only God above can grant it,  
And His blessing must supply  
it."

And as the cards say...A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

## "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

We all accept the day, in our own way, with a joy of giving and receiving. it was unthinkable to celebrate the birth of Christ. It was suggested the word derived from the Greco-Latin words

Have you ever wondered the origin of the word "Christ-  
mas?" christos, meaning "anoint-  
ed", and mass, meaning "to  
send." These two words taken  
together developed into the  
Old English Cristes Maesse,  
or "Christ's Mass," denoting  
the six o'clock the Incarnation. "Christ's  
news. As Casey Stengel used Mass," was so named because  
to say..."you can look it up in about this time the Catholic  
the record books"...so I did. Church began to ascribe feasts

I, of the quizmaster kind of individual, looked up and found a few interesting facts. So sit back, put down the drink, forget the six o'clock the Incarnation. "Christ's  
news. As Casey Stengel used Mass," was so named because  
to say..."you can look it up in about this time the Catholic  
the record books"...so I did. Church began to ascribe feasts

**Wholesale**

**Thursday, December 21, 1978**

**20 cents**

**Merry Christmas  
To All**

Maritz Metroschid  
Geo. F. Wiersma

Paul F. Burton

Paul  
David  
David  
David

Jo Bone  
Dana

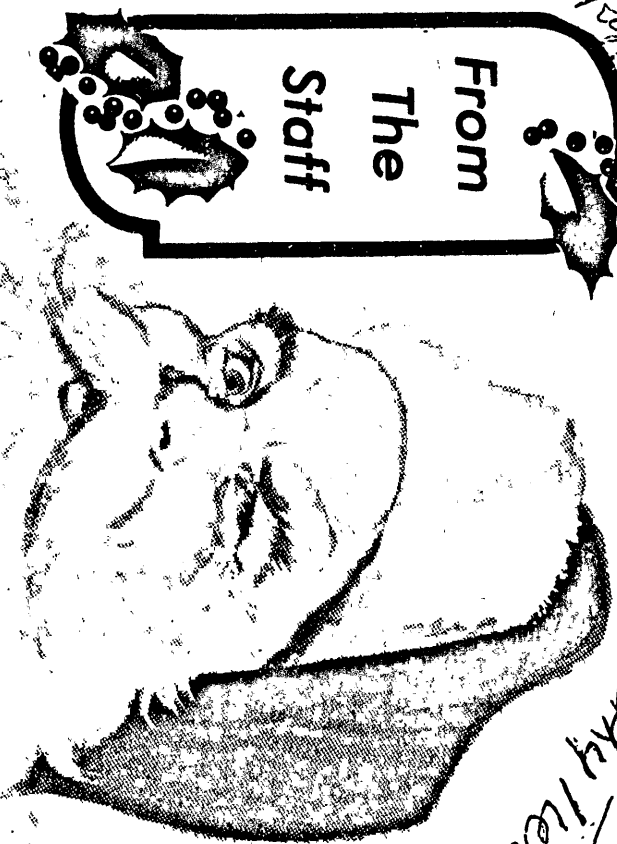
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# From The Staff



Kathy Newman

