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-The Windsor Locks Journal— Thursday, January 4, 1979

What's On Their Minds As '79 Begins

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

THINGS THEY MAY WANT IN 1979

Town of Windsor Locks

A Theater, a few less stoplights, a mild winter, continued success for the civic and fraternal organizations, a new look downtown, with green grass for show, not as the only commodity.

Jack Fahey

“I love New York”...but I'll take Windsor Locks.

Neal Cunningham

How about a championship softball team in town.

Tom Leonard

Running can be fun...join me at 5 a.m. at Spring and Ledyard.

John Scanlon

Where's the next KofC convention?

Jean and Len Senofonte

A good lobster dinner at the cape.

Father Steve Foley

Enthusiastic singing at the 9 o'clock mass.

Joe Flore

How about a full house at the Holy Family Retreat House in June.

Ed Ford

A good year for people, polo and horses.

Jennie Misiek

Physical fitness for all...its worth it.

“Kittie” Nolan

The “good old days” of Windsor Locks.

Frank Campisi

Activity at the Southwest Soccer and Softball fields.

Chief Bill Reilly

The best seats at the Yankee Stadium.

George Hall

Same as the chiefs...only at Fenway.

Judge Bill Leary

Entry for the New England Whalers in the NHL.

Tom Cooney

This cold weather is interrupting my golf practice.

Pat Young

More evenings of songs in 1979.

Pete Couture

To continue being matched with the greats of bowling.

Herb Stearns

To have a few scores as high as Pete's.

Tom Mandirola

A winning season for the

football Raiders.

Coach Pat Scelza

The same wish as Tom's

Vinny Musco

Early golf with friends... Mike, Frankie and John.

Ed Savino

Tenure in the First Selection slot.

Fran Colli

I already have tenure as selectman.

Paul McCarthy

I'd miss those town meetings.

Fran Aniello

Isn't it about time for another world championship?

Bob Oliva

I can't wait til the next election.

Sen Con O'Leary

I'd hate to leave Windsor Locks...but Washington, D.C. would be nice.

Joe Barile

Another Willie Pep among the youth of Windsor Locks.

Dennis Gragnolati

Can I take on Goliath again, Dick?

Dick Williams

Windsor Locks is rough on GOP.

Charlie Rader

Continued supremacy for the Democratic party in town.

Gov Ella Grasso

What's the weather reports for February?

Coach Dan Sullivan

A winning basketball and baseball season...just to be different.

Sy Prell

An upset in the fall election.

Will Gould

An early spring...amen!!

Joe Savage

Keep those Irish eyes smiling.

Jack Redmond

More “Cabbages and kings” interviews...I'm in the book.

Joyce Wojtas

I better check on those dogs in Plainville.

Ed Brazalovich

Another Yankee year.

Jim Lennon

But I enjoy singing “Wild Colonial Boy.”

Billy Mandrola

People should come first.

Jim McKenna

My angels are ready for another season.

Bob Reid and Pat Rafferty

Continued “jock” success in town with the kids.

Bob Harvey

Another successful year for the Lions.

Joe Urso

Big doings for the Knights and the swimming programs in the new year.

Happy New Year To All

For 1979 try this for size... “the great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do.”

Hope Springs Eternal

A NEW YEAR AND TWELVE MONTHS TO BE AN OPTIMIST

By Jack Redmond

I know its been used, but in this new year, it fits...“It was the best of times and the worst of times.”

1979. A new twelve months to make history and try for the optimistic view...be it in Windsor Locks, Conn. or the world surrounding you.

There seems to be enough of dollars around for eating out, drinking or whatever tickles your fancy. On the other hand...we know of unemployment, a scarcity of food in some countries and the curse of war in the Middle East or wherever people disagree on fundamental principles.

I really believe most people are...as the songs says, “I’m just a cockeyed optimist.” We get up in the morning, eat some cornflakes, get in the car and drive to our eight to five job, watch some television after supper, and off to our needed rest in the arms of Morpheus. Sounds boring. To many, it must be that way. That’s when optimism should play an important role in our life.

The town fathers should be optimistic now that the downtown situation is picking up. We have a charter commission working on the details of our town government. We must believe Governor Ella T. Grasso, our native daughter, is optimistic in starting her new four year team. There’s one girl who will make the history books and rightfully so. On the bleak side of the coin...there may be a gas shortage and going to a dollar a gallon and hamburger going up fifty cents a pound. My mother-in-law always said, “guess we’ll have to add a little water to the soup.”

And the winters in New England can be rough. But if you’re a native, you know that. Weather is part of life, just like food and work.

We Red Sox fans are optimistic for 1979. The sporting fathers in town are always hoping for another 1965 championship. We all can dream.

History is an accumulation of events and the people who shape those events. We have folks in Windsor Locks who shape the daily events. People like the Grassos, Savinos, Chiefs, Reilly and Kulas...you know the names...all familiar to readers of the Journal. However, Windsor Locks is made up of fifteen thousand people of all ages and talents. Talent in Windsor Locks is immeasurable. Just read any “Cabbages and Kings.” These outstanding personalities come to you every week. They are all part of the new history of Windsor Locks. Let’s hope I can fill those columns in 1979. Then again...I’m an optimist.

Have a good and healthy 1979. I read the following and...well, I’ll let the author, D. O. Flynn, have the last word...” A pessimist sees only the dark side of the clouds, and mopes; a philosopher sees both sides and shrugs; an optimist doesn’t see the clouds at all...he’s walking on them.”

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

James Patrick O'Boyle, Jr. is a nonpolitical person.

The Scranton, Pennsylvania born teacher is best described as “family orientated.” The family includes his wife Nan and five O'Boyle children, and to Jim they come first. He feels the children are “the building blocks that make up the cornerstone,” as the indispensable force in life. This philosophy of Jim O'Boyle is further demonstrated as an active member of the Enfield “Right to Life Group.”

Jim grew up in Scranton, a town in the coal mining section of his home state, at a time when the industry was slowly being depleted of the black fuel. He had no desire, or inclination, to be a coal miner. Coming from a doctor's family, young Jim, after grammar and high school, where he performed on the track team, decided to stay in the area and attend the University of Scranton. He received his English degree in 1957. His first teaching job in small college in the New York Catskills, where he stayed a year, and discovered teaching was to be his life's work.

Nan Kerrigan, of the Scranton Kerrigans, caught Jim's eye when he first met her by way of introduction by his own sister, a nurse, as was Nan. The young Irish couple were married in 1958. They moved to Connecticut after a visit to Nan's relatives in this area. Jim wanted more than just an English degree. He attended Central Connecticut College for his masters degree

in education and the credentials to teach in the nutmeg state. The past 18 years Jim has been involved in education of grammar school students, mostly in the Hartford region. Currently Jim is the English teacher of the eight grade students at Quirk Middle School.

The twenty years of marriage for Jim and Nan has found five new additions to the O'Boyle clan. Erin, the oldest at 19, is a journalism student at Marywood College in Scranton. Erin has been active in the Retreat movement in and around Scranton with teen-agers. Maureen, 16, is a junior at the Windsor Locks High School. She is a busy gal with cheerleading in football, basketball and soccer. Maureen, like her mother, hopes to be a nurse after high school.

James Patrick O'Boyle the Third, is a sophomore at St. Thomas Seminary in Hartford. Jim plays basketball for the Catholic school. Billy, 12, is a student at St. Gabriels in Windsor and like his brother Jim, plays basketball, not for the Windsor based school but here in Windsor Locks for St. Mary's. Billy was an all-star soccer performer in the town league. To complete the family is young Tim at ten. He attends the Regional Center in Bloomfield for Retarded Children. His dad said, rather proudly, “there are a large group of dedicated neighbors and friends who helped Tim in his therapy in growing up. Jim

and Nan are members of the Northern Connecticut Regional Center for Retarded People. Nan is one of the Vice Presidents of the group.

All five of the O'Boyle children attend schools in different towns. Jim admits things do become hectic at times, but everything works out for the best. When they get together on vacations or holidays, Jim takes them hunting, fishing, hiking or camping just to keep them active. The past two summers the O'Boyle and Kerrigan clans motored to Delaware, talking over the past years experiences. Jim said there's 45 in number for the Irish songs and fun.

Jim has taught night school in Hartford, this year he's in Suffield at the St. Alphonsus College Seminary helping Puerto Rican and Vietnamese seminary students with English as a second language.

When asked for a few New Years resolutions, Jim mentioned cutting down on smoking and not to make any resolutions. On the serious side he hoped to start a “Right to Life Group” in Windsor Locks during 1979. He did add, he felt he should spend more with his children, but doesn't know where he'll find the time. After meeting Jim O'Boyle, he'll find the time. How about the changes in the Catholic Church? “There are many good changes. But we may have lost something in giving up the latin mass. The leadership is excellent. They have brought back the community spirit. I do feel the Pope in Rome has to be gifted in the public relations field.”

EPILOG

James Patrick O'Boyle, Jr. is an active and thoughtful father, teacher and highly concerned member of community life.

Weatherbees-

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Roger and Lorraine Weatherbee are natives of the state northeast of Connecticut, or better known as down-east-ers.

They grew up in Lincoln, Maine...according to Roger, its “just north of Bangor” and according to Lorraine, “not as far as north as Aroostook County.”

Talking to these two congenial down-to-earth individuals you know their roots are in Maine, but the welfare of

people and their adopted town are their primary concern in today's world. They love their Maine background and still spend vacation in a log cabin retreat, however, Lorraine is involved in public and mental health in the community and recently Roger was elected to chairmanship of the Windsor Locks Charter Commission. They take their respective responsibilities seriously... Roger's first date with

Lorraine Bradstreet was on New Year's Eve. He was the “big” senior and she a young sophomore. The wedding bells would not ring until Roger had served his country with the U.S. Air Force for over four years. He enlisted in 1943 and received his fighter pilot training in California and Arizona. With his wings securely in place, he was off to the European Theater of Operations in Italy for nine months with the 15th Air Force. Roger's war career consisted of an excellent record of 50 missions flying P38s as a bomber escort over Germany, Northern Italy and Yugoslavia. With his duty completed the Air Force sent Roger home with enough time to marry his gal from Lincoln, and they were off to Florida for

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Transplanted Folks from Maine

a honeymoon. Lorraine was an Air Force wife for a little over a year, with Roger flying to Korea for another nine months assignment flying P51s...a few years before the start of the Korean conflict. In 1947 Roger was given his discharge and civilian status Lorraine and her husband could begin a normal life again.

It was always Rogers ambition to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The war curtailed his plans temporarily, but once home he realized his dream. He admitted, he could not have done it without Lorraine's help. In 1951 Roger graduated with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. The Weatherbees moved to Connecticut after Roger secured a position with Hamilton-Standard. They lived in Windsor for a year and then moved to Windsor Locks. Today he is a Program Manager with the Windsor Locks based company.

The Weatherbee family has increased by five with daughter Ann, the oldest, living in Florida. She's a grad in biology from the Hartwick

Collège in Oneonta, New York. Taylor is a M.D. in special internal medicine. He graduated from Cornell and the Creighton School of Medicine and lives in Omaha, Nebr. Kristi, a Registered Nurse, is looking forward to next year's assignment at the Choctaw Indian Reservation in Philadelphia, Mississippi. Another doctor in the family is Mark, a graduate of the New England College of Optometry. Doctor Mark and his wife of Windsor Locks, Gail Johnson, live in Lincoln, Maine, where his practice is located. The interview gave me the change not only to meet Roger and Lorraine but also the youngest member of the family...Nancy, ten years old. Nancy is a student at the North Street School and interested in arts and crafts, the Girl Scouts, and plays the flute.

Lorraine's civic involvement has included the Union School PTA, the North Street School PRO, currently the president of the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association, Inc., the Northern Connecticut Regional Mental Health Board. She finds this type of

duty “interesting...enjoys meeting people and looking out for their needs.”

Roger has always followed local activities in town, but admitted a low-key attitude until the recently formed Charter Commission. The commission will have one year in which to study all forms of government and report back to the town with a recommended charter. Windsor Locks has no charter and operates under state statutes. Roger said, “I have an open mind, and feel it wouldn't be fair at his time to comment until we have a chance look into all aspects of the choices available.”

EPILOG

Roger and Lorraine Weatherbee are demonstrating today their civic concerns in community health and the restructure of Windsor Locks' local government. Roger's war record and determination in earlier years - for a high education. Lorraine's assistance and love in his behalf and their children's medical backgrounds have earned them the label of “Yankee Ingenuity”. That's what makes the Weatherbees tick.

Hats Off to Bob Belisle —

One Classy Guy

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Robert Edmond Belisle is one nice guy.

The interview with this native son started off like all “Cabbages and Kings”... where were you born, your schooling...well you know. But not in Bob's case. “I want to help kids.” He proceeded to show the plaque he received from the kids of Newark, New Jersey after the snowy December football game of little boys playing like men. It read...“Presented to Bob Belisle. For his dedication to youth from Ironbound Suns Football Assn. 1978.”

The interview could have ended there...if Bob had his way.

But I believe we should learn more about this man with a hobby; “working with the kids...especially retarded children.”

Bob's life began on State Street, Windsor Locks...and with redevelopment, there just isn't any State Street, Windsor Locks anymore. However, Bob is very much a part of his town. To use his own words...“it would take dynamite to get me out of it.” He's a St. Mary's and local high school grad... class of 1960. Bob served a six year hitch with the National Guard. His first job was with the state at the Spring Street Fish and Game Hatchery and it lasted ten years. He was forced to seek other employment in the private sector due to a former governor's austerity program.

And that's what Bob did...he went into the real estate business. For the past eight years he has been the Bel-Isle Realty on North Street. His advice for anyone...if possible, own your own home...“it's the greatest investment you'll ever make.”

The Green Manor Terrace resident met Donna Salvatore by introduction, of a friend. Their first date was on Easter

Sunday and they naturally went to church. (Can't beat that for an auspicious beginning). The Belisle's returned to church, but this time for their wedding in 1965. Donna and Bob have two children. Gary, at ten, is the oldest and a student at the Middle School in Broad Brook. His mother said, “Gary is a very active child and hard to keep up with.” Corine, at seven is attending the South Street School in town. Little Corinne shows how times have changed...she wanted a doll and calculator for Christmas.

Donna is from Warehouse Point. Her husband remarked when Donna was in another part of the house, “she needed a passport to get into Windsor Locks.” I always wondered about those folks from across the river...but in Donna's case, she's O.K. Donna actually saw Bob a few years before their church visit at an American Legion record hop in her hometown. Bob was working the drums that night and did so for six years as a member of a band called the “Belvetones.”

When you discuss Bob's outside activities today the sound is not the “Belvetones”, but the Knights of Columbus comes out loud and clear. Bob, currently “going through the chairs,” as warden, has served in many capacities at the Elm Street home. Among his chairmanships has been bingo games, Grand Knight club, Christmas party, Retarded Children Fund, a member of the Fourth Degree, the color guard and just about any chore that needs doing. The six year member feels the Knights are, “in my case, a self satisfaction in helping people, especially the kids.” Last month Bob engineered the football game between the Windsor Locks Jets of the local midget league

and the Iron Bound Suns of Newark, New Jersey in a benefit game to raise money for agencies involved with the mentally retarded people in this area. Despite the bad weather the game was a financial success. The added attraction was a spaghetti dinner, after the game at the KofC home, and the biggest surprise to Bob, was over 300 people showed up to dine with the players, coaches and fans.

Both Bob and James Chuhna, of Hillside, New Jersey, coach of the Suns, hoped this could become an annual affair for both towns. Bob said at the interview, “we are working towards that goal.” Bob's dream, and he admits it is long-range, “is to

have facilities, in the community, to house retarded children.” Of course, he is realistic when talking about the project, for it will require an enormous amount of money.

Bob Belisle only wants to work for the kids...and didn't want any praise. He received a big “thank you” from the folks in New Jersey and Windsor

Locks. Bob...it was once written, “real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed. It will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man exhibiting it himself. If may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.” This column is my way of letting it be known. Our hats off to Robert Edmond Belisle.

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond.

Women's sports have blossomed all over the country. Ed. teacher is in charge of the three girls varsity sports...

Karen Ann Collins is field hockey, track and helping Windsor Locks High basketball. Karen and her School with its share of the counterpart, the well known fruits as the girls varsity boys varsity coach, Dan basketball coach. The friendly Sullivan, have a “good and enthusiastic Karen is relationship, a lot of respect doing her thing...and on for each other, and many coaching, she said, “It's what one-to-one discussions,” when I always wanted to do,” since it comes to sports and her own glory days of sports at coaching techniques. the Farmington High School.

A native daughter of the female athletes, who wanted affluent town southwest of the to coach, were aware, if they Locks grew up in an had to break down the barrier atmosphere of girls activities of a dominated sports as a natural way of life. She program for “boys only,” said, “Farmington was ahead their road would be difficult of other towns in the state in and blocked by fans, writers the development of girls and chauvinists by the thou- sports.” Karen was a part of sands. However, times this evolution in grammar and change, attitudes change and high school participating in Karen Collins had that positive field hockey, volleyball, track and basketball. She was a girls sports can survive side by “jock” before her time. Her side. The popularity is grow- personal glories were a 11.8 ing...just read the sports 100-yard dash, third best in pages...the scores are listed the state, and a member of by gender, but if you are state championship volleyball interested, you'll find out how team for three years. The high Billy Jean King, Lee Trevino, school won the crown seven Nancy Lopez or Jimmy years in a row. Connors are doing in their latest tourney. And on the

The female athlete had an early desire to coach and high school scene...all the thinking back, she recalls the needed push was supplied by the teachings of a recently retired coach, Kay Flanagan. Coach Flanagan was Karen's mentor in Farmington Junior High School. school want to be listed that way...but you can't have everything too soon.)

After Karen's high school graduation in 1971, she coaching ranks the govern- entered Southern Connecticut ment had to step in and set the State College. Four years record straight. In 1972 the later, the future coach received her physical education U.S. Congress did their homework by enacting Title degree. Naturally, Karen was IX. It said in part...“a law a part of the basketball, field requiring equability in spending and opportunity for hockey and track teams for the women.” Although each state teachers college in New Haven. has interpreted that law differently, women coaches suddenly had scholarships, facilities and assistance once available only to men.

Even before her graduation from college Karen applied for the available coaching position right here is good old Windsor Locks. Her career started in the fall of 1975. The Physical

★ Karen Collins

When Karen is not coaching or teaching Holly Storms, Judy Van Schelt and the rest of her pupils, she loves to ski in the winter, a little sewing, and in the summer months can be found in the role of life-guarding in Milford or at the Farmington Club. Karen, with the looks of Billy Jean King, but not the disposition, admires the tennis pro and the ability of our state's number one softball player, Joan Joyce. She was looking forward to viewing the Russian gymnasts in New Haven...in other words Karen is a sports fan when she's not calling the shots. On calling the shots, Karen mentioned she wished “more girls would find out how healthy sports can be.” She added, “most of the girls have to be taught the basics,

while boys are more advanced when they arrive at the high school. It makes Karen's job a lot tougher...but with Karen... that's no problem.

EPILOG

Karen Ann Collins, daughter of James and Lois Collins of Farmington, is a new breed in the coaching ranks of high school sports. Karen is happy in her work. The following words of wisdom by Nathaniel Hawthorne, located in a suitable frame on the wall of her apartment in East Granby, caught my eye...Karen Ann Collins, caught the idea a long time ago...“Happiness is as a butterfly, which when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which if you will sit down quietly may alight upon you.”

For the Love of ... “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Where's St. Valentine when you really need him?

Coming up with a Valentine column is rather rough on the hearts strings. So with apologies to a local writer and the creators of “The Sound of Music” here are a few of my favorite things near the love day of St. Valentine:

History books, the old movies, and lovers. San Francisco, Wexford, and Cape Cod.

and Bob Hope. Tea with lemon, ice cream, and grapes.

Dogs, Trees, and birds to feed on winter days. Pitchers, outfielders, and little leaguers.

The TV show...“60 Minutes,” “Eight is Enough”, and “Rockford Files.”

Saturday mornings, early sunrise, and rain, only at night.

Fenway Park, Washington, D.C., and the Mark Hopkins Hotel. Vacations, pay days, and holidays.

Frank Sinatra, John Davidson and Barbara Streisand.

Mail, good neighbors, and long summer nights. Con

O'Leary, Ella Grasso, and Gerry Ford.

People who say “hello,” people who don't complain, and don't gossip. The Popes John Paul, one and two, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, and Walter Cronkite.

People who laugh, people who laugh at themselves, and people who don't take life seriously.

The Old Brooklyn Dodge fans, fans like local Tom Mandirola, and the loyal fans of the Red Sox. Gregory Peck, Alex Guinness, and Shirley Jones.

And especially my wife, daughters, grandchildren and that's...the name of the game. And to St. Valentine, who died, A.D. 270, Christian martyr at Rome. He's the saint who started all this “love” interest. So send that card, before next Wednesday.



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR George Hall is presented with a plaque and autographed football at the Annual Sports Night sponsored by the VFW and held at the K of C on Elm St. [L to R] George Scott, Post Commander, Steve Palermo, American League Umpire, George Hall, Arnold Dean, WTIC Sportscaster, Paul Bucchieri, chairman, Bill Cosker, co-chairman. [Ruggiero photo].

A Night George Hall Will Never Forget

By Jack Redmond

It was George Hall's unforgettable evening of his athletic and coaching career.

The low key Hartford native, was the 1979 recipient of the Smalley Brothers, Post 6123, Veterans of Foreign Wars, annual Sportsman Award. George was the eighteenth sportsman honored by the veteran's organization since the first award back in 1962 to "Doc" Lingua.

George's big evening was ably shared with Arnold Dean, the "dean" of WTIC radio sports, and the young and personable American League umpire Steve Palermo. Palermo will be long remembered as the man who called the last out at Fenway Park last fall at the play-off game between the Red Sox and Yankees. But back to George's evening...in addition the capacity audience at the Fairview Street home of the VFW was entertained with stories from the good-natured Father Steve Foley of St. Robert's Church.

Dean, who was M.C. at the event last year, said "the National Basketball Association is in trouble, due to their no defense play" and that "players like Pete Rose, Yaz and Gordie Howe will last forever," when asked by the sports-minded men of Windsor Locks. He went on to say, "Billy Martin would not be back to manage the Yankees in

1980" and certainly agreed the "excessive salaries of the ballplayers hurt the game." However, he added, "Jim Rice is worth the money."

The principal speaker of the evening was Palermo, the young umpire and resident of Oxford, Massachusetts. His wife is a former Berlin, Connecticut girl so he was familiar with this area. He's also familiar with the antics of Billy Martin and Earl Weaver, the Baltimore manager, to name a few of the famous he has run into in the parks of America. Palermo was asked the salaries of the umpires and said... "the starting salary is \$16 thousand with the highest around 43 grand."

He admitted the quick

decisions of himself and fellow umpires are "viewed by millions on television and 50 thousand fans in the stands, and everyone is looking over our shoulder," but said further, "the instant replays are great and most times bale us out." He said he preferred "natural turf to the artificial stuff." In handling ballplayers... "we have to be psychologists and sometimes even pamper the athletes."

When questioned as to schedules of games and delays, he strongly stated, "Television dictates the schedule." His quick replies and talk, sprinkled with humor, was warmly received. He resembled a trim ballplayer ready for spring training

rather than a energetic umpire. He should last a long time in our national pastime.

Back to the guest of honor...George Hall. His evening recalls my personal association back in the days of the early seventies with the Villa Rose team of the Senior League as an assistant coach to George. I always found him as a man who wanted to boys to play the game right and learn the finer points of the game and to accept victory and defeat the same way.

A good time was had by all on George Hall's big evening. Steve Palermo, Arnold Dean, and Father Steve added that little bit of extra to make it a big success for the committee of the annual sports night.

Center Director Adds Worldly Flavor

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Ellen Wyga Lankhorst had a different story to tell.

The account of her new role as the director of the Senior Citizen Center on Oak Street was my primary concern when I called for an interview last month.

But I miscalculated the story..and frankly I'm glad.

I met her mother, visiting from Holland, her husband Jan, also a native from the Kingdom in western Europe, and found a revealing episode in her life during World War Two as a prisoner of the Japanese.

The complete chronicle of Ellen and her family's experiences started halfway around the world in Indonesia on the island of Sumatra. The Malay archipelago, formerly known as the Netherland East Indies, received its independence from the Netherlands in 1949. Ellen was born there. Her father, Pieter Wyga, now of Connecticut, was employed by the Shell Oil Company. The Wygas, from Holland, were safely entrenched in island living until the outbreak of the war in 1941. Ellen was only three years old at the time and for the next four years, with her sister Leonie, and mother and father, were prisoners of war.

Ellen, and her mother, Mrs. Therese Rosenwald, currently living in the Hague, remember vividly, living under the rule of the Japanese and making the best of a horrible situation. The camps were segregated by the female and male prisoners. Ellen's father was forced to leave the area and work on railroad bridges and other projects as depicted in the war movie "The Bridge on the River Kwai." Ellen recalls turning her back, when it was possible, on the guards. Meeting them face to face meant bowing to them as a sign of respect or obedience. Mrs. Rosenwald, who has since journeyed back to Holland, said the Japanese

were strong as men in charge, but as soon as the war was over they returned to the oriental customs of bowing and hands folded as shown of humbleness. In Ellen's case, even at her young years and incarceration, it was a time better forgotten.

Once the war was over and some normalcy returned, her family was united and a time to look to the future. Ellen, at the age of twelve, with her sister Leonie, traveled to her parents homeland for a higher education. The girls would return to Indonesia for summer vacations. During her boarding school days Ellen met Jan Lankhorst and the "high school sweethearts" were married in 1959. Ellen had received a degree in pre-school education, but it was time for a family.

The young couple decided to leave Holland for a life in the United States. In 1961 they settled in Windsor Locks after Jan secured employment with the Dexter Company. Ellen and Jan have three children. Gisela, the oldest at 19, born in Holland, is a sophomore at the University of Massachusetts and her major is Legal Studies. Marella, 15, is a freshman at the Windsor Locks High School. The youngest Lankhorst is Peter, 12, a seventh grader at the Middle School and like his ancestors before him is an active soccer player.

Ellen's life in Windsor Locks has been a mother raising three active children, church involvement, school concern and caring for others...all before her recent appointment by First Selectman Edward Savino as the director of the Senior Citizen Center.

Her role at the Congregational Church in Windsor Locks is president of the Women's Fellowship and a member of the Board of Trustees. In civic activity Ellen is on the Committee for Day Care in Windsor Locks and the

Union School Renovation Committee. For a two year period she was recreation director at the Bickford Convalescent Hospital Inc. in Windsor Locks.

Her new position as the director at the center began in October and is her latest challenge. Ellen emphasized, "the center is for all persons 60 years or older. It is a multipurpose facility. It's for the needs of these citizens in a complete way providing physical, mental health, social, educational and to further the whole person...not just for recreation." She added her directorship consisted of administrative and coordinating duties. The maintenance of the center is under the direction of Phil Juneau.

The center, located on Oak Street, was constructed at the former fire-police complex, and most of the financing is from federal sources. The center is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Mondays through Fridays for the 1400 or so citizens over 60. Ellen's office is in the Housing Authority area. The Senior Citizen Club, of nearly 800, is an active part of the center.

EPILOG

The Ellen Wyga Lankhorst

story is unique. Her early childhood in far-off Indonesia, the young POW, traveling east to west for higher education, traveling further west to the United States with Jan...and now that her family is growing up seeing for the needs of the senior citizens. The friendly lady on Ahern Avenue when not busy at the center enjoys reading, needlepoint, painting and working at the Human Services degree program at the Asnuntuck Community College in Enfield.

Ellen reminds me of a few words, so ably said by Anne Morrow Lindbergh..."To give without any reward, or any notice, has a special quality of its own. It is like presents made for older people when you were a child. So much went into them...dreams and prayers and hours of knotted fingers and frozen effort and there, only a dirty piece of knotted string came out of it. But you knew, even if they didn't, that you were giving them something worthy of them. There is something of worship or prayer in laying down an offering at someone's feet and then going away quickly. The nicest gifts are those left, nameless and quiet,

—The Windsor Locks Journal—

Thursday, February 15, 1979

This Lady is Committed To American Legion Ideals

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Helen Gessler Pauluh is one dedicated lady...to the ideals of the American Legion.

“This is my life style,” she said, and she has the credentials, contributions, and the past and present positions of responsibilities of the Windsor Locks Gensi-Viola Unit 36, American Legion Auxiliary to substantiate her statements. This month marks her twenty-first year with the auxiliary arm of the veteran organization.

Helen was born in the Wilson part of Windsor and grew up on Dudley Town Road where her dad was a market gardener. During her high school days she met John Pauluh at a dance at the Windsor Hotel. In those days the present Windsor House on Main Street was a hotel owned and operated by the Egan family. Helen was their favorite baby-sitter at that time and she said one of the children is now a judge for the state of Connecticut. John and Helen danced right into matrimony in 1941, a year or so before John had to leave for the U.S. Air Force.

The exact date of John's induction in the armed forces was December 5, 1942 and the separation of the young couple would not be long. His first assignment was the beauty of Salt Lake City, Utah. During his three years in the service he was shipped all over the country, with Helen keeping house in El Paso, Texas, Milwaukee, Wisconsin and at the Wright Air Force Base in Ohio.

They recalled, with a certain amount of fondness, each

location and the hospitable citizens they encountered during the war days of traveling from Texas to Ohio. It was the beginning of their pride in the service of their country and this appreciation has flowed over to John's



Helen Pauluh

membership in the Legion since 1946 and Helen's active participation. John admitted, back in the fifties, he told Helen “it would be a night out with the girls, but I never dreamed how much she would have gotten involved.” However, he added with a smile, “it was worth all the good, you can be sure.”

Helen has a life membership in the auxiliary and quite proudly said “its the highest award you can get.” During the years Helen had to drop out of the action, so to speak, due to other commitments, but is “glad to be back.”

The list of Helen's positions with the auxiliary sounds like a “Who's Who” for any organization. For openers...she's

been president three years, historian four years, secretary one year, treasurer four years, district treasurer and currently the publicity chairman. She has received numerous local, state and national awards. Among one of her unsung duties was a monthly visit to the State Receiving Home in East Windsor loaded down with 300 cookies for the children. In her neighborhood the busy gal has collected for the Heart Fund and the drive for expansion of the local library. Helen is also associated with the Windsor Locks Polish Club and recently joined the Windsor Locks Womens Club.

One of John's wife's pet project is the funding of the auxiliary's scholarship in the memory of Mabel Smith, a charter member and first president of the unit. Mrs. Smith and Helen were close friends. Helen said the auxiliary established the Smith Memorial Scholarship as a permanent memorial to help veteran's children in town continue their education. Contributions to the fund may be sent to Helen's house on Webb Street.

When veteran names appear on the honor roles for past duty to their country the names of Pauluh and Gessler are well represented. Helen's brothers...Mike, an army vet and Albert of the Navy, both served during World War Two, and are now living in Windsor. John's brother Mike served under General Patton in Europe, his nephews, Ron and Richie, are in the Air Force and his son James, the oldest of their two sons, at 28, is a former U.S. Marine with four years service and one year in vietnam. James has a daughter, Colleen. For the past five years he has been employed by the Aetna Life Insurance Company. The youngest Pauluh is William at 26, and when not listening to his large record collection is employed as a Recording Engineer at the Galley in East Hartford.

EPILOG

Dedication and loyalty are two words sometimes lost in today's permissive society. In Helen Pauluh's world the two words are her life to the ideals of the American Legion. Helen is constantly in pursuit of American history lessons for the town and students of Windsor Locks.

The Pauluh and Gessler families have given their share to Uncle Sam in the form of young men in the service. The following poem written by Bessie Kingsbury seems to sum it all up...

“Uncle Sam, I give my son to you,

A tall young lad, whom you'll find loyal, true;

He joins brave men who've come from far and wide

To keep aloft our heritage and pride.

These eighteen years, my boy has laughed and played;

Grew to young manhood eager, unafraid.

A way of life, blessed by the one above,

That he will guard with all his strength and love.

Uncle Sam, my son belongs to you,

Now proudly clad in uniform of blue;

When Victory's won, and men again are free,

God willing, you will give him back to me.”

Baseball's Fun, But Art Endures Forever

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Francis L. Grogan, Jr. is a former pitcher of baseball.

Today its Coach Grogan who supervises the little leaguers with their pitches.

His three sons have followed in their dad's basepaths by performing as Windsor Locks little leaguers. Fran, known as “Lefty” when he was striking out the opposition, was born in Hartford, attended St. Augustine until his family moved to Wethersfield. He was the “Lefty Grove”, incidentally his idol, for four years at the Wethersfield High School. Fran played soccer a few years, but it takes second place to diamond talk when he recalls the glory days at good old Wethersfield.

Fran's life is divided into three categories...his baseball career, service with the U.S. Marines and family life of three sons and baseball and soccer as a coach.

The Wethersfield High School baseball of the middle forties was in Fran's words... “winners with a great team of only 13 players who later went on to pro ball and college

success.” The team faced all classes of schools and received the nickname of “farmers from Wethersfield” with a reputation known all over the area.

Fran was the right age for a military call. In June 1946 he exchanged his cap and gown for the green of the Parris Island, South Carolina boots. A baseball tryout with the Dodgers was postponed due to his draft status. Fran's first tour of duty with the marines lasted ten months. He was discharged and returned to civilian clothes for a few years, attending the Hartford Art School, now a part of the University of Hartford, until the Korean conflict once again dressed him in the colors of the gyrenes.

For the next three years he traveled from Virginia to California and then a year in Korea. The infantry sergeant was stationed near Pamnumjom, the site of the truce talks. Pamnumjom, a small but famous community was situated along the boundary between North and South Korea. The second tour of duty for Fran did not lack for baseball especially in Virginia with one of the better service teams that included several major and minor league players.

Once again “Lefty” was back in Connecticut and this time the uniform of a student at UConn for two years. His first step towards a career in the business world started with the State of Connecticut lasting for two years. He then changed gears and became an insurance worker. Insurance was for five seasons and the baseball seasons were always filled with pitching in the Hartford Twilight and Farmington Valley leagues.

During his first civilian employment Fran met Loretta Martowski, a Meriden girl, on the unlikely Block Island ferry. The ferry ride floated the young couple down the aisle of matrimony in 1957. Loretta and Fran have had their own version of the television series, “My Three Sons,” with Fran, the third, Terence and Christopher. The boys have all played the national sport of Windsor Locks...little league. Francis L. Grogan, III, is twenty, and attends the Manchester Community College and hopes someday to be a journalist. At the local high school Fran played baseball and soccer and Terence, 17, is following in this footsteps along with the current basketball team. Christopher, 13, is a Middle School 8th grader and besides little league, kicks the ball around on the soccer fields of town. Terence and Christopher were members of the annual sixth grade basketball teams making the Maryland trip.

While the boys were growing up their father switched from the insurance business in 1963 to the city of Hartford and worked as a housing inspector for four years. In 1968 Fran went into a new field when he assumed the duties of Director of

Rodent Control for the city's Health Department.

Fran has been associated with the local little league for six seasons. He's been on the board for four years and is currently the league secretary. He feels, “little league, without a doubt, is good for the kids,” and admits, “sometimes, the parents are the real problems, not the players.”

After the baseball season Fran has coached soccer with each of his three sons. The Grogans are all Red Sox rooters and Fran has followed the action at Fenway since the days of Lefty Grove. During the football year Fran watches the New York Giants on television and hasn't had much to cheer about lately.

A few years back, between seasons, Fran played golf and for a small guy, hit a mighty long ball. Dick Williams and Dana Bartley, Raymond Road neighbors, both have been out driven by Fran and they can't wait until Fran takes up the game again.

The Grogans have lived in Hartford, Meriden and since 1968 have called Windsor Locks their home. When Fran isn't coaching, working or busy around the house, he loves to read and do his artistic thing. His works are in full view at their Raymond Road home.

EPILOG

Francis L. Grogan, Jr. has led three lives. The years of glory pitching as a youth, the years in the Marines and the years coaching his three sons. However, Fran is an artist and realizes the pitching and coaching are fun but do not last as art endures forever. I came across a few words by American painter Georgia O'Keeffe and I believe Fran Grogan would agree... “I get out my work and have a show for myself before I have it publicly. I make up my own mind about it...how good or bad or indifferent it is. After that the critics can write what they please. I have already settled it for myself, so flattery and criticism go down the same drain and I am quite free.”

Traveling a way of life for Ken and Barbara “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

At Yale, the school motto is...“For God, Country and Yale.”

At the Ken Mannings...it's God, country, family and a added twist, traveling. Ken and his wife Barbara are active members of the Windsor Locks Congregation Church. He's an army veteran with a family of three children and a foreign exchange student, and traveling to Germany, Scotland, England and yearly trips to Cape Cod has been their family motto.

The Southbury, Mass. native is also a hard working individual at the Dexter Company since 1963. However, as with all narratives the events and experiences of one Kenneth Wilbur Manning will have to start at the beginning.

Ken's family moved from Southbury to Springfield where Ken attended the Tech High School, graduating in 1945. The service of his country was calling and Ken, waiting for his own summons, enrolled at UConn. His call came in a few months and after a quick basic training program in sunny Alabama the raw soldier was off to cold Germany. He laughingly recalled being chosen for the military police because of his height. He was trained for heavy weapons but anyone with prior service knows the army usually makes cooks out of drivers and vice versa. The time in Germany gave Ken his first taste of traveling. He explored the sections of Germany he could, and trips to Switzerland during this 18 months in Europe. Once the fighting stopped...Ken's outfit were the only police available in Heidelberg. The MPs acted as peace makers for the Polish, French and American soldiers in addition to the civilians.

The return to the states meant Ken could continue his education. He chose American International College. In sports, again his size helping, he joined the crew team. The four years on the waters of the Connecticut River was in Ken's words, “tough and pure work, especially in training sessions.” Ken added, with a certain amount of justable pride...“its the last class sport.”

With a degree in biology in hand after graduation in 1952 Ken entered the working world with the Hercules Powder Company in Chicopee as an analyst. Ken was living in East Springfield and on

encyclopedias and is science oriented.

The Manning family are great believers in exchange of ideas and people. In January, 1978, the first “Friendship Force” from Israel arrived in the United States. The Mannings entertained Ofra Schani and her 14 year old daughter, Irit, for a five day visit. Irit attended school a few days and they all traveled to Boston for the historical sights and a shopping spree. The girls still correspond with Irit and someday Israel will be on the Manning trip agenda. Just to be a part of the exchange of ideas and people...the Mannings were “Friendship Force” ambassadors with a trip to Germany. Their ten day visit included living with a German family and a side trip to Austria.

On the local scene their church is a “very important part of our life.” Ken is on the Board of Deacons at the Congregation Church. He is on the Library Board in town and a director in the North Central Connecticut Mental Health Services.

EPILOG

Barbara and Ken have three children at home. For a year they have been surrogate parents to Maria Xavier of Brazil, a foreign exchange student. This month they will add another female to their ranks when Ursula Klose of Germany arrives in the states.

The Manning's three children are Beth, 16, Carol, 14, and Kevin, 11. Beth is a junior at the high school. She is a devotee of mathematics. Carol hopes to return Ursul's trip by traveling to Germany as an exchange student. She's another of the clan who loves to travel, and thinks the “cape is great.” She is a freshman at the high school and besides the piano and reading...cooking is her hobby. Kevin, the other male in the family, is in the sixth grade at Southwest. He's an avid reader of

Ken and Barbara Manning are an active couple traveling and exchanging ideas with people as a part of life. Their participation in the “Friendship Force” is the real force between people of other nations. They accomplish more with their quick and happy attitudes than all the ambassadors in the United Nations. They become involved because they enjoy, and realize “you only go this way once.”

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

"Pie vivere et deum et patriam diligere."

Translated...the motto of the Redmond family... "To live piously and love God and our country."

They say Irish are "the music-makers and the dreamers of dreams." In 1973, my wife Rita and I decided to investigate for ourselves what makes the natives of the green isle tick.

Two days before St. Patrick's Day, when everyone is Irish, it seemed proper to recall in print our journey to the Emerald Isle of my roots.

Sit back, you with the Irish names of O'Leary, Reilly, Savage, Leary and Fahey, and we mustn't forget the O'Grassos and O'Gragnolatis, and hopefully enjoy the trip with words of a visit to the land of the little people.

After a quickie trip to Boston and a few hours for a drink and the darkness to set in, the Irish Air Lines jumbo jet left Logan Airport at nine o'clock sharp. (A natural place to leave, being so near South Boston. Shannon Airport

Ireland will be the first stop in five and a half hours. The five hours difference nearly match in the time zone and there'll be no sleep for the two anxious passengers. (Try to read this with an Irish brogue.)

The darkness of the Atlantic is slowly changed to a beautiful red glow from the new sunrise in the east. The sight of a new day is worth the trip. Arrival in Shannon is for 8:30 a.m. (Irish time.)

Land was sighted. As the jet glides over the land for the first time the green fields hit your eyes as the hallmark of this island and in a few moments we landed. Shannon Airport, on the western part of Ireland, is about the size of Bradley Field, if I remember, but frankly we were so excited just being on the green side of the world the details were lost. There would be a short delay, due to fog over Dublin, so we looked for a cup of coffee. There was coffee...but I was impressed...the bar was open. It was quarter to nine, or so, but in Ireland, anytime is time for a little nip. Refreshed, we

went about taking a few pictures to show the relatives back home. About ten o'clock we boarded the plane and were off across the countryside and Dublin was the next stop.

The Dublin airport was a busy place that Saturday morning, and after the usual delay of baggage, we hopped into a taxi to go to our hotel, located a few miles from the city on Dublin Bay. The taxi ride was a quickie tour of the city and a city filled with homes, factories and smoke. After the usual hotel formalities, we decided to take a bus to town and see some of the sights of Dublin. We walked the famous O'Connell Street, had my picture taken at the famous O'Connell statue, and while mixing with the people after a lunch of a very bad hamburger...was faced with a real live "Charles Dickens" character. As we were crossing the famous street a little boy, who looked like the "artful dodger" asked me for a pound. In this delightful way he said, "I've lost my pound, I've lost my pound." I doubt if the little street urchin had ever seen a pound, but, being a nice guy, I gave him a half of a pound, worth probably a dollar seventy-five at that time. He spotted us, as American tourists, probably due to our casual dress. The usual dress of the citizens of Dublin does not resemble

Arnold or Betsy Palmer. It was a great day, however, mixing up the busy people of Dublin on their Saturday shopping day.

Sunday was a quiet day with church and a bus trip south of Dublin to a village called Dun Laochaire. We watched the lawn bowlers, a little lunch and returned to our hotel for the big Monday ahead for the train ride to Wexford, the town of my grandfather.

Time for the

to sit back--enjoy good old

We woke early. A bus ride to the train station and an Irish breakfast of eggs, tea and toast. The trains were modern and far better than our American ones. We were off to Wexford. Wexford is located on the eastern coast of Ireland. Its approximately 75 miles from Dublin, directly south. The ride was uneventful, except for the scenery of farms and a coastline, often gauzed over by a light rain and fog. It wasn't the best of days for travel, but the schedule was...if it's Monday, and you're in Wexford.

And it was worth the trip, especially if your name is Redmond.

Once off the train we looked around and to our amazement we were on Redmond Circle, with statue to past and famous Redmonds, Redmond Place and Redmond Way. Rita was ready to leave...she had married a Redmond, and this was too much. I felt ten feet

tall. Made her take my picture everywhere the name appeared. We had come three thousand miles and I wasn't going to miss the chance to record this for my personal history lesson...even if I was the only one who would appreciate it later. It was a great feeling and certainly helps the ego...of course most Irishmen need this type of assurance. (sic)

We walked the streets of my paternal grandfather, the same streets he walked the last century. I wanted to look up my roots...of the family tree, that is. We found the hall of records and unfortunately, the records did not go back that far to list him. Redmond, obviously, a well known name in Wexford, and there were many with the surname, the records did not list names that far back in the last century. From talks with my late father, his father was born about 1833 and left for the new country during the potato famine of the 1850s.

All was not lost. After a walk around the town and lunch at the local hotel we had to leave the birthplace of the Kennedys, Fitzgeralds and Redmonds. We had an hour before the ride back to Dublin and what to do? It was four in the afternoon and we could use the time for a cool drink. We couldn't have picked a better place. Near the railroad station



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was Monch Street and the Crown Bar, formerly Kelly's Crown Hotel. The owner was Aidan Redmond Kelly, his mother, we found out, was a Redmond and proud of it. Rita captured the event with pictures of Aidan, his wife and the tourist. Mr. Kelly had a card, used for advertisement, that stated the following: "Kelly's Bar has been in the Kelly family since 1841 and was then a stage coach inn. It was from the window over the door that John Redmond, M.P., the famous Irish Statesman, made his historic speech for his return to the British Parliament." Since our meeting with the Kellys we have received St. Patrick's and Christmas cards from Wexford.

The visit to Ireland was over and we were off to see the Queen in London. Our memories of Dublin, Wexford and Crown Bar will always be a beautiful memory. I certainly found my roots in Wexford. I would like to end this travelogue with a saying by another famous Irishman Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. When asked on the difference between baloney and blarney, he said, "Baloney is flattery laid on so thick that it cannot be true. Blarney is flattery laid on so thin we like it." I hoped this has been blarney to all who read it. Happy St. Patrick's Day. Erin go bragh.

Irish

Rodolfo-Masera a man on the go “CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Raymond Rodolfo-Masera.
Now that's a name.

The Fernwood Drive native son of Windsor Locks is a man on the go. His hectic schedule of civic and sporting activities may not be as romantic as his name, but it adds up to a husband, father and citizen par excellence.

Ray, born on Church Street, educated locally, is married to a girl from Whiton Street, or is it “Easy Street”, Barbara Pinatti. His dad, Peter, came from a small town in northern Italy, called Gombolo, located near the area where Gov. Ella Grasso's folks grew up. His mother, the former Emma Pellegrini, was born in Argentina.

He attended the Union School and in 1958 graduated from the local high school where he performed on the baseball diamond and basketball court under the direction of coaches Al and Spud Shapiro. Today Ray keeps the pulse of the sporting community, hopefully, under control as a member of the Park Commission. His five years with the commission has been a challenge. He said, “politics have never played a part in shaping the basic policy of making laws for the parks in town.”

The youthful looking father of two sons has had a good mix in town activities encompassing sports and civic duty. Of course, the duty as a working father came first with employment at Hamilton-Standard, Kaman, Dunn and Bush, Culter-Hammer and for the past six years traveling the state for the Electrical Wholesalers firm of Hartford as their Industrial Sales Manager. After high school Ray attended the Wentworth Institute and UConn for engineering studies before his first job at Hamilton-Standard.

On the local sport scene Ray has been a member of the indoor hockey league, a coach of the Boys Saturday Morning basketball league at the high school and manager and umpire of little league for five years. Speaking of Saturday mornings, Ray has organized a skiing trip to the northern states under the direction of the Park Commission. Flying down the white stuff is among Ray's hobbies along with fishing and boating.

In the civic department he is

the same league as his friend Bill Mandrola, as a past president of the Union School PTA. Ray was a member of the Drug Task Force, on the Review Board for the Wage and Salaries of town employees and the Review Board for the State of Connecticut in connection with local schools and their curriculum.

Ray hasn't any personal political ambitions for himself, however, as a member of the Republican Town Committee for the past seven years he has kept in touch with town government. He admitted he hadn't seen enough information to make a judgment on the current charter commission study.

Even with his full schedule Ray finds time to be with his sons, David and Mark, and his pretty wife Barbara. The young couple were classmates at the high school but Ray said, “we were not sweethearts at the time.” Barbara was a student at Baypath when they met at a dance at Pesci Park. Ray has never been far from the parks of Windsor Locks....its where it all

started...the life of Ray and Barbara. Both of their boys have played little league with David at 15, leading the way. He is a sophomore at the high school and besides baseball, performs on the track, court and soccer field. Mark, 13, a student at the Middle School, is playing CYO basketball these days and in the summer months it will be baseball and soccer.

We must add an additional position in the community for Raymond Rodolfo-Masera.... Justice of the Peace. He has been a “marrying sam” for the past five years and he said, with a smile, “I always end up attending the receptions.”

Speaking of serious events.. Ray believes Bradley Field is an advantage to the town of Windsor Locks, the school system is excellent and the downtown situation is another story. His views, often expressed by others, were the upgrading of the buildings, worth saving and replacing others not worth the effort.

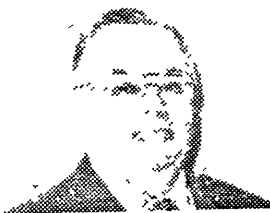
EPILOG

Raymond Rodolfo-Masera is definitely a man on the go. His list of credentials covers the sporting world and civic responsibilities. Why does he do it all? Only Ray could say why. Maybe Ray, as Longfellow said, “Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, but in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.”

K of C is fourth love to John Scanlon

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond



If its the second or fourth Tuesday of any month...you can be certain the Knights of Columbus will have one of their faithful attending the meeting.

The past Grand Knight by name...John Augustine Scanlon...by his own admission, 1941. says the KofC is a fourth love after God, Country and family.

John, born and raised in the steel country around Pittsburgh, calls North Braddock, Pennsylvania his hometown. He was the oldest of four children. His school life was surrounded by saints with the familiar names of Thomas, William, Augustine and Brendan. John, today a devout churchgoer, was given a saintly education, but managed to

find his way to a local gym as an amateur boxer. He made friends with the famous Zivic and Billy Conn. For John moving around in the Pittsburgh area was a fact of life until Uncle Sam made him a buck private on October 23, 1941. For his eventful four years in the service John traveled from Provincetown, Massachusetts to Leyte in the Philippines and while listening to Sunday music, probably before mass, heard the news of Pearl Harbor. The war was on and so was John. Ft. Dix, New Jersey was the start of his signal corps training and his outfit, not content to stay in one place, moved to the Cape.

John and Arline met at a USO Community Center and the courtship led to a January 5, 1944 wedding. The young couple set up a neat apartment in Provincetown, but the honeymoon was over in October when John received his orders for shipment to the west coast.

His company left the states under the Golden Gate in San

Francisco and the next stop would be the Philippines. As a radar technician the next ten months were strictly war time until the news of V-J Day and John keeping up with his travels, was off to Japan and a little sightseeing. A happy John Scanlon was again a civilian after his discharge at Ft. Devens in November of 1945.

The Scanlons picked up the pieces and resumed the normal life and the raising of a family. John was employed in the Provincetown area for a few years until 1952 when he had enough of the Cape and transported his family to East Hartford and work with Hamilton-Standard. The division moved to Windsor Locks and John and Arline have been residents of the town ever since. When the strike hit the aircraft John moved to Combustion Engineering for a five year tour of duty. He then returned to a uniform of Uncle Sam as employee of the Post Office working with Joe Fiore

and the men on Main Street since 1966.

John and Arline have five children...Mary Theresa Lawrence, Kathleen Ann Smith, John Raymond Scanlon, Martha Rita Scanlon and Veronica Judith Scanlon. There are also four grandchildren to spoil for the Litchfield Drive couple married these 35 years. John is equally proud of his family in Pennsylvania. He has a sister Mary Margaret Clement of Pittsburgh, a brother Bill of Turtlecreek and a brother... Father Thomas of Fairless Hills.

John's career in the KofC began in March of 1943 when he joined during his service at the Cape. His long tenure with the Knights was highlighted by being named the "Knight of the Year" in 1972. In 1976 John assumed the title of Grand Knight of the Riverside Council in Windsor Locks. John, "always fraternal mind-

ed", is a member of the fourth degree of the order. He was only 26 when he received the

higher degree membership, and at the time, the youngest in the country. Last year he and his wife were delegates to the National Convention of the Knights in New Orleans.

With the Pittsburgh background its no wonder he still roots for the Pirates and the Steelers. When the Scanlon family takes to the road for vacations its usually the Cape or Pittsburgh to visit their families.

EPILOG

John Augustine Scanlon, the little knight with the saintly names, indeed believes in his church and family. He came from the steel country of Pennsylvania, served his country from Massachusetts to the far east and retained that Irish twinkle in his eye. God has played a large part in his life.

Plenty of life remains for Angelo Marconi

Angelo Francis Marconi has experienced the full life as ballplayer and boxer in his youth, a store owner, civic servant in later years and today his life is crowded with activity, at 68 years young, working in the Windsor Circuit Court.

The trip down memory lane, with this dapper man with the constant twinkle in his eye, recalls happily the town of Windsor Locks as it was, and why Grove Street "was the most important street in town."

Angelo has lived 67 of those years in Windsor Locks. He was not born here...and fondly describes it as "a good town." His parents Adam and Jennie Marconi traveled home to Italy so the child could be born in their native town of Fonzazo.

August 21, 1910 the Marconi family had a new son. After a year the Marconis returned to the United States. Angelo said their home in Windsor Locks was located on the river bank, at the lowest point, near the Dexter Co.

Young Angelo was a St. Mary's student and one of his classmates was another well-known personality in town...Sy Preli. High school was Angelo's next step with baseball, basketball and boxing playing a big part of his early youth. To pay for books, and because, "I like the sport," Angelo entered the boxing ring and he added, with a smile, "my mother never knew it."

In those days the bouts were held at the Central Hall gym at

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Oak and Main streets. Angelo also boxed in Hartford and Meriden a few times. His weight was 117 with a career of twelve fights.

As for baseball, Angelo recalls playing in the only park for the kids in town, on the site where Pesci Park is today. Basketball games were held at the Central Hall. Angelo was a guard and made the All-Star team in the Central Valley League.

He laughingly referred to a one year try at football by the boys in the high school. They traveled to Windsor to play Loomis School, without permission of the school authorities, just to see if they could beat Sy Preli's team.

Angelo did mention the trip to the school principal...after it was over. Angelo always had a lot of spunk...even in those days.

With his sporting career at an end, Angelo entered the field of business after graduation in 1928. The graduation class that year had 28...the largest class up to that time. His first job was on construction. He then joined the George P. Clark Company. One of his fellow workers during his year with Clark was another C&K interviewee...Leander Arrighini.

Angelo wanted to be "his own man" and entered the newspaper (selling that it.) business, by opening a newstand on Oak and Main streets. As today, papers from Boston, New York, Springfield, Hartford and of course, the Windsor Locks Journal, were featured. The year was 1937, and with his brothers Louie and John, as partners, they then opened a confectionery store in the theater building on Main and Spring. It was the former Leo Viola store.

The brothers were in business until 1974. The only break came during World War Two when Louis and John went into the service. The years saw the brothers operate a meat market, package store and the well-known stop for all local residents.

One of those residents of Windsor Locks gained national attention...Governor Ella Grasso. Angelo said, "Governor Grasso was not only a good customer but a friend." The store became a victim of the redevelopment. Angelo holds the best...Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Roger Hornsby and George Sisler."



Angelo Marconi

What about the old days in Windsor Locks. When you were a boy? "As I told you...Windsor Locks is a good town. As for the days of my youth. It was fun. We ice-skated on the upper basin. Our swimming pools were the Connecticut River, the Windsor Locks Canal, Cannon and Mill ponds. The trolley tracks run up and down the main street. In the summer months we all walked to the baseball games at a field located on the Windsor-Windsor Locks line, near Route 91, past the overpass on Route 159. In those days the major leagues were not permitted to play games on Sundays. So the teams would stop in Windsor Locks to play exhibition games, usually against the Holy Cross College team who represented the town. We saw the best...Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Roger Hornsby and George Sisler."

What's this about the most important street in Windsor

Locks? "That's easy, Grove Street. It had everything we wanted. Let's see, there was the chinese laundry, a blacksmith, even a bootlegger, a theater, a King family, and a Queen family and then St. Mary's convent, school, and the park. See what I mean?" Who could argue?

EPILOG

Angelo and the former Alice Boldway of Holyoke, have been married since 1934. Alice's folks moved to Windsor Locks when she was only three. As a seventh grader Alice noticed Angelo, the high school star player, and she played the role of a female "John Alden" for a friend. But as the story goes...she got her man.

The Wedemeyer Street couple have three children. Their oldest is Alice Clack, married to T. Dean Clack, living in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The Clacks have a daughter Dianna. Alice is a teacher in the Ann Arbor school system and her husband is a professor at the University of Michigan. The Marconis have two sons...Raymond, married to Patricia Root, a son Raymond, Jr., and is employed at the Windsor Locks Savings and Loan. Joseph is married to Linda Cinaski, a member of the Air National Guard with two sons, John and Jason.

Angelo is a member of the Windsor Locks Chamber of Commerce for the past thirty years. He's been a Knight of Columbus since 1942 and

served on the town Planning and Zoning. Commissioner Marconi has been a charter member of the Connecticut Federation of Planning and Zoning agencies since the panel was created in 1947.

Angelo Francis Marconi is all Windsor Locks...a fixture, if you will, a legend in his own time. Back in 1976 the Hartford Times wrote an editorial on the town of Windsor Locks about rejecting further participation in certain federal funds. It said, in part, "Windsor Locks is not a wealthy community. It is a community comprised of hard-working middle-class individuals, many the sons and daughters of immigrants, who have had to struggle, on a daily basis, for everything they have received." Mr. Marconi is a part of the community and he made those words come alive. Fred Allen, noted humorist, said it all for Angelo.. "You only live once. But if you work it right, once is enough."

Traverso's life spans 77 artistic years

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Attilio Enrico Traverso is a Irish neighbors. He did admit, man of enormous talents and the Traverso boys had loves. The talents range from a their share of fights at the garden at his home on North beginning, but it wasn't long Street, the restoration of furni- before the Italian kids were an- ture by caning and a personal integrated part of the neigh- mark in the world of art. The borhood. Till said, “we all love affair with these ambi- became fast friends with the tious hobbies covers the 77 Irish boys. We even were part years since his birth in Fran- of the St. Patrick's parade in cavilla, a town in northern South Boston.” Today Till remembers, with a certain

Mr. Traverso, better known amount of fondness, the early to his many friends as “Till,” days in Boston and is still a was only five years old when Red Sox rooster attending sev- he and his brothers reached eral games a year at Fenway. the United States. Their par- Baseball was never one of ents had left the old country, his arts. However, he man- leaving the boys in care of aged to try his hand at the art their grandmother, to set up a of boxing with the Boston home and find employment in Athletic Association. After a the new country across the few fights under his belt he sea. dragged his father to the arena

The Traversos lived in Taun- one night in order to persuade ton, North Plymouth, Saga- him to approve of his latest more and Dorchester, Massa- activity. His father witnessed chusetts during Till's growing the first fight of the evening up years. He best recalls and in the opening session one the happy times in Dorchester, of the fighters was knocked a section of Boston, with his cold. Mr. Traverso, Sr., had

seen enough. “You want to do this...no more!” Needless to say, it was the end of Till's pugilistic career.

Till finished grammar school and, as in those years, seeking work was more important than a few years in high school. Till, being the persistent type, managed to attend night school for thirteen years learning his first art lessons in mechancial drawing and draftsmanship. This all led to artwork and his “love.” During the day Till worked on different types of toil...During World War One, he was at the Boston shipyards, working on destroyers, and was then employed as a draftsman and machine operator.

The heavy and dirty work was given up at the age of 25 when he left Boston to live in Springfield to try his hand as a serviceman with the Marchants Company, makers of adding machines and calculators. A transfer in 1928 to Hartford gave him a chance to live in Windsor Locks and a permanent home. Till stayed with the Marchant firm for six years. In 1932 he switched companies, but the same type of business.

For Friden, Till became one of their top salesman. He was

connected with the world-wide company for 47 years until his retirement in 1969. He philosophically remarked, “I entered the machine business field when it first came into its own, and I left when it was winding down, with computers and hand-held calculators flooding the market.”

All those years working and making art a hobby of love he had at his constant side his bride Rose Castellini, a native sister of Windsor Locks. Rose and Till were married in St. Mary's Church. Next April, 1980 it will be 50 happy and artful years since their walk down the aisle.

The congenial couple live at 5 North Street, the house Rose was born in. They have raised two children who have remarkable records in the field of education and the arts. Joan is an art teacher at Quick School in Hartford. She studied at the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, and earned her masters in education and art at the University of Hartford. Joan emulates her father in the love and skill of art. A few years back Joan's first public showing of personal paintings and art work were exhibited in West Hartford with Governor and Tom Gras-

so among the dignitaries attending.

Henry Traverso is currently the Director of Curriculum for the Harwinton and Burlington school systems. Locally Henry will be remembered as the first principal of Windsor Locks High School at the South Elm Street location. He's a grad of Loomis, Holy Cross, with a masters at Trinity. He and his wife Elaine have two daughters...Jill and Amy.

Till said he inherited his artistic ability from his own father. His paintings can be seen a the local KofC Hall on Elm Street, where a painting of Christopher Columbus covers a place of honor and at the VFW hall where the two Smalley Brothers pictures are exhibited and revered as the veterans' organization namesakes. The Traverso home is filled with portraits and scenes masterly done by Till and his daughter Joan.

The quiet gentle person is a life member of the local KofC, a former member of the Lions Club and the National Association of Accountants. The accounting organization still uses his sketch of buildings as part of their letterhead.

Windsor Locks has always been another love for Till Traverso. In his own words...

“Windsor Locks is a lovely town where everyone knows everyone. Governor Grasso has always been a great friend of the family.” Till even had his artful hands in politics... but only for a short time. He was elected the second selectman for a year just before World War Two and truthfully, he'd “rather be an artist than a politician”, he added with a smile on his face.

EPILOG

Attilio Enrico Traverso is a man of artistic tendency...be it the canvas, working on a chair, or his garden of vegetables, silhouetted by a vinery of grapes. I believe Mr. Traverso would agree with the following words, written by a Hartford woman, Besty Holland Gehman: “Genesis reads: And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.” It may well be that every making of a garden is an attempt to return to Eden. It even may be that every garden is an Eden in itself; that for the while we are immersed in it we can retain a vision of what we were meant to be.”

Thursday, April 12, 1979 — The Windsor Locks Journal —

My Fair Lady great-- but we're used to that

By Jack Redmond

"My Fair Lady" opened at the Shubert Theatre in New Haven February 4, 1956, at the Erlanger Theatre in Philadelphia on February 15, and at the Mark Hellinger Theater in New York on March 15.

"My Fair Lady" closed at the Windsor Locks High School on Saturday, April 7, after a successful four night run. On the last night the audience left singing "I Could Have Danced All Night." The audience could have listened to the words and music of this fine high school group far into the night.

The production certainly rates up at the top of past Broadway shows put on by senior classes. The show, directed supremely by James C. Gatto, with the musical direction under Neil Rinaldi, produced by Linda Colo and choreography by Valeria Mc-

Roberts all blended into the fine performances by the leading players, Janet Frawley, as Eliza Doolittle, Mark Lillibridge as Henry Higgins and Jim Sullivan as Colonel Pickering. The supporting actors and actresses added to a first-class show for the local theater goer.

"My Fair Lady" is a musical adaptation of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." The senior class would have made Lerner and Loewe and the great Shaw

proud on those four memorable nights of music, dancing, unbelievable sets and the laughter will be remembered by the students, parents and just plain citizens of our town who love this type of Broadway.

Janet, Mark and Jim made you forget Julie, Rex and Robert Coote from the original cast. Julie Andrews and Rex Harrison were always stars... after the local show Janet, Mark and Jim and the entire cast will be stars when we look back and reminisce.

Thanks again, senior class of 1979. We've grown accustomed to the fine music of the Windsor Locks High School.

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Rio a sightseeing paradise

Nine hours and 5,000 miles from Boston and the soft, moist air ripples in from the sea greeting the visitors from the eastern part of the United States.

The sand is warm, the beaches are filled with bodies...chocolate, coffee, bronze, mahogany, every shade of tan. Little patches of fabric covering strategic spots are all that keep this from being a nude place. The place....the land of cruzeiros, Fred Astaire movies and Carmen Miranda...the words could come from a travel folder...its all true. You're in Rio de Janeiro!

As you leave the giant airport, the newcomer is aware of the beauty and scope of the city. However, very close, and part, is a brutal world of poverty, crime and vice. My wife and I were passengers on a Trans International Airline DC-10 to the beautiful city of Rio, but you can't miss the other world surrounding the glamour. The charter flight from Bradley last month, by way of Boston, was made up of educators, lawyers, doctors, and more Knights (Columus, that is) than King Arthur had at his round table, from all over New England, Ohio, New York and Maryland.

How many places in the world get these kinds of testimonials? "Brazil", "They've Got an Awful Lot of Coffee in Brazil", and the famous song, "The Girl from Ipanema". Any place that has inspired as much music as Brazil has to be considered among the great place in the world.

In Rio there are two kinds of seasons.. hot and very hot. March is hot, at least the eight days plus two, thanks to mechanical troubles of our plane. We lived in the land of sun and pretty girls. If you kept covered, you wouldn't get that fifty dollar, I mean cruzeiros, tan. Spend a week in Rio, and you soon found out your dollar is worth 22.58 cruzeiros.

‘‘CABBAGES AND KINGS’’

With Jack Redmond

For history buffs...the Portuguese colonialists built this "happy city" on a knob of land that juts into the mouth of Guanabara Bay, then sprawls south and west along the Atlantic Coast forming such distinctive and famous beach communities as Ipanema and Copacabana. The "girls from Ipanema" are the beauties on the travel posters with bodies to envy and appreciate and lure the tourists from all over the world. Our group was not disappointed...we took in all the sights....stationary and physical.

Rio de Janeiro (meaning: River of January) covers an area of 580 square miles with a population of over five million. It is a mixture of poor and rich. The ocean-front condominiums (some go as high as \$250,000) line the beaches. However, the beaches are public where the rich mingle with busboys, maids, truck driver, and janitors from a poor section call Zona Norte, to spend free time sunning, playing soccer, or just people watching.

As with most trips to a tropical city, your time is divided into three easy-to-take categories. sightseeing, eating (and drinking) and swimming in the fancy pools of your hotel. The group was booked into two of the newest...(Rita and I) Hotel Inter Continental Rio and the Hotel Nacional.

As few words on the public beaches...only for walking and sunning. The enormous waves, great for the young surfers, was just too rough for us amateur swimmers. Tourists were alerted and warned constantly to be on the watch

for the so-called "beach magicians". They seem to be invisible and specialized in making watches, radios, purses and cameras disappear. It was wise to leave your valuables and room keys with the hotel in order to enjoy a safe walk. Like all cities, Rio has crime and unfortunately, a part of the price you pay as a visitor, be it New York or Rio. But, Rio is a still a sightseeing paradise.

After a day of relaxing from the trip and familiarizing ourselves with the lay of the land, we took on the city of Rio, via a tour bus. This included the famous beaches of Ipanema and Copacabana. Sugar Loaf Mountain with cable cars for a fabulous view from new found heights, the palace and estate of Brazil's emperors, the Maracanan Soccer Stadium, the largest in the world with a capacity of holding over 200,000 cheering fans for their national sport. The traffic jams were part of the tour. The five o'clock rush in Rio make Route 91, and even New York City, seem like a piece of cake.

One of the "must" stops is the top of Corcovado Mountain, where, standing at the foot of a 100-ft. high statue of Christ the Redeemer, which looks down at the city with outspread arms, we were given one of the most beautiful panoramic views in the tour. The next night we were on a tour of Rio lights and the view of the city and the statue was equally breathtaking.

An all-day tour included a bus trip to Petropolis, Rio's summer resort up a winding highway 90 minutes from the city. This city, of over 200,000,

embraces the Emperor's palace and crown jewels, antiques, and treasurers of the past. The ride up the mountain and down again was not for the faint of heart. I was amazed... everything in Petropolis had to be carried up that mountain... that's a marvel in itself.

New Orleans has its Mardi gras...Rio has it carnival. The carnival show at the beautiful Rio Sheraton Hotel was an evening in how they celebrate the day before lent starts. WE were wine and danced...and showed the elaborate carnival costumes worn by men and women who were prize winners.

All good things must come to an end. Our trip was over... at least we thought.

The 364 passengers were scheduled to leave Rio on Sunday, March 25, for arrival at Bradley the next morning at 2:30 a.m. It just didn't work out....due to mechanical trouble with the plane, we spent twelve hours biting our nails, listening to rumours and visions of returning on a Concorde, we saw arrive from Paris. Wishful thinking. After a late dinner at the airport, at the airline's expense, we were bused back to the Rio Sheraton. The airlines was paying, and they picked a nice spot. We ate, drank, and went swimming until Tuesday afternoon and then the vacation was over. We left at six Rio time. The only hairy time was Sunday evening when we surrendered our passports. In retrospect, it was the only time things got out of hand. It resembled a Hitchcock movie as we were catted into a small opening...it was everyone for himself. On an occasion life that, husbands and wives are separated and even little children are on their own. For a few minutes it was hectic, but once on the bus things were right with the world again.

I believe you meet some of the nicest folks on vacation. Some quickly form a strong

bond of comradeship. Everyone is in a spirit of friendliness. This is probably due to no worries for a week or so, some even speak to perfect strangers. The end result, hopefully is a lot of fun, good food and drink, and a new adventure to talk about for months.

Among the passengers we rubbed elbows with and experienced our trip to Rio, was a fellow Knight, Russ Lose and his wife Agnes. Russ recently retired after 30 years with the Connecticut Air National Guard. Then there was a couple from New Britain...a dentist, Les Krackowsky and his wife, Marilyn, who is a noted marathon runner in their area of the state. Must not forget the happy-go-lucky two-some from Somers, the Klugs of the baking family. One of the oldest passengers on the trip was lovely Mrs. Anna Morrie, accompanied by her daughter, former Vermont State Senator, Mrs. Helen Acebo. Mrs. Morrie is from Barrie and the sister of Mrs. Andrew Merli of Windsor Locks.

To put this all in the proper perspective...the words of British actor Robert Morley seem appropriate. "I shall publish the definite guide on what not to see or do abroad. Avoid plays acted in a foreign language, and buildings entirely rebuilt since the war. Beware of government-sponsored stores and light operas. Limit yourself to one cathedral, one picture gallery, and one giant Buddha a week. Remember, a tourist accepts, a traveler selects." I believe the Loses, Krackowskys, Klugs, Morris, Acebos, and Redmonds now fall into that category. The nicest part of the trip was our arrival at Bradley...an airline worker opened the door on the plane and said, "Welcome Home!"

But, I must not forget... OBRIGADO (thank you) Rio de Janeiro!

Career, family and sports makes her tick

Patricia Moylan Keney can surely be called a "good sport". As a member of the town's Park Commission, Pat is concerned with sports, but feels we shouldn't neglect the over 30 citizens in their recreational endeavors. She emphasized, recreation should be for "everyone in town". Pat, a friendly and bubbling personality, is a native of Hartford, as her husband, Alan C. Keney, and the mother for five active and normal sports-minded children. She has that sense of humor...that reminds one of Erma Bombeck...and even the stories to go with it.

Pat Moylan was a snappy seventh grader when her head was turned slightly, for an eighth grader, Alan Keney. Her brother was Alan's best friend, so an introduction was easy. The young couple advanced in their togetherness right up to the Hartford Public High School. They were both active in the sports department...Alan in track and Pat participating in softball and basketball in years before girl's sports was standard

policy in high schools.

Wedding bells came in 1959. The Keney's lived in Hartford a few years and then their final move a little north on Route 91 to Windsor Locks in 1966. During those years, Alan was employed at Pratt & Whitney and Hamilton-Standard covering 19 summers. Two years ago he ventured into insurance with the Connecticut General Company as a Project Analyst in systems and programming.

Their home on Stone Drive is a beehive of activity with five students busy with school functions, sporting projects and not forsaking the chores at home without answering to the queen bee.

With smiles on their faces...Pat and Alan agreed their twin daughters, Kim and Karen, have been at times, "double trouble". Alan, when asked, "What was your initial reaction to the twin birth, 18 years ago," was only, "O my God".

Kim is the oldest, by five minutes, and with her sister

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Karen, are former cheerleaders for the Raiders and just recently completed their acting parts in the senior class play, "My Fair Lady". Pat and Alan were proud to say... Karen is the student representative on the St. Mary's Parish Council. But two was not enough.

The twins were followed by Lisa, 16, a student at the Suffield Academy. Lisa plays at all sports...track, basketball, and cross-country. Alison, 13, a seventh grader at the Middle School...with field hockey and cheering for the Dallas Cowboys her sporting contribution. Oh, yes, she also makes a good cup of coffee. (Thanks again Alison). The other male in the house Pat and Alan built...is Alan T., 11 years old, a student at the North Street School, and

according to his parents, "plays all the sports". The little leaguer of summer is now preparing for the annual Maryland game on the court of the sixth graders. Father Alan has assisted his son the past three years as a coach in the local little league program. Now it can be said...five is enough.

Pat Keney, when not keeping track of her five energetic children, sits on the Park Commission. She was appointed last year to fill a vacancy and feels "with five kids, I was not only interested in Windsor Locks sports, but also in the recreation for all age groups, that would include cultural events."

Were you picked for the commission because you were a woman? "No. My record of six years on the Democratic

Town Committee showed I cared and faced all the issues and intend to do the same on the Park Commission". Do you feel women have a fair share in sports? "In Windsor Locks they do, now. At the high school the varsity sport programs has a lot to offer, if the girls take advantage of them."

What about ERA and women's rights? "Well, I'll never join an ERA movement. Frankly, I never felt I needed liberation...I like being a woman and want to be treated like a woman". She went on the say..."I'm also against abortion. I plan to become involved in the "right to live" program in town."

What about the changes in the Catholic Church? "I have taught CCD classes, been active in the social affairs at St. Mary's and I expected the changes would come some day. But you might say, I'm just an old traditional Catholic girl. However, I do believe in the ecumenical movement.

When you aren't working at Connecticut General (started a few month ago) and busy at town meetings, what do you

enjoy in your free time? That's if there is any left? "I love to read, follow the Red Sox. We're all for the boys from Boston. During the summer, I love to go to the Greater Hartford Golf tournament and you might say...people are my hobby." What about vacations for the Keney's? "The Connecticut shore takes up a lot of the summer. We did go to Disney World in Florida, but it's a lot with five kids, but a lot of fun."

EPILOG

Patricia Moylan Keney, mother of five children, park commissioner, loyal Democrat, active in her church, staunch advocate of people's rights...faces life with a smile and a firm disposition. With Pat the smile comes first...the rest only surfaced when asked. I believe Pat Keney will tell her children the following French saying...before they tackle the world..."What! No star, and you are going out to sea? Marching, and you have no music? Traveling, and you have no book? What! No love, and you are going out to live?

He loves the town--and everything else, too

If you look into the heart of Guido Joseph Montemerlo... the town of Windsor Locks would be suitably etched with equal love for his wife, children and grandchildren.

This energetic, involved and zealous native son has always remembered his mother's words... "if you can't say something good about someone, don't say anything."

After an hour or so with the police commissioner... I can only say good things about this man who is a veteran of World War II, aircraft worker, firefighter, Knight of Columbus member and staunch supporter of Republican ideals and concerned citizen of his hometown.

Guido was born on Spring Street, the son of Silvio and Rena Montemerlo. His mother is still going strong at 89 years, living in town. In fact, Guido's four brothers and two sisters reside in their town and Montemerlo Avenue was named for the family.

As a young boy attending grammar and high school he delivered the big city newspapers right along with the Windsor Locks Journal. He recalls, in his day, no organized sports in high school, except baseball, and being a member of the St. Mary's Young Men's Club was the

place to have a good time. Dancing and roller skating were a big thing is those days and young Guido met a girl from Oak Street... in high school, Barbara Silk. Their wedding bells would not ring until Guido came marching home, or I should say flying home, after the war.

He graduated with the class of 1939. Before starting off on a career, he decided to try the Cheney-Howlett Trade School in Manchester for a year and then secured a job with Pratt and Whitney. This lasted two years until Uncle Sam called him up for the U.S. Army Air Force.

Guido's service during "the big one" began in North Carolina with cadet training. He moved around the states with Florida his next stop for gunnery school. Overseas training meant traveling across country to Arizona, then finally with enough school, Guido was off to war in North Africa and Italy. Plenty of war was seen by the boy from Spring Street.

As a gunnery sergeant he participated in 50 missions with raids over Germany and Rumania, and invasion of southern France. In 1945 he was discharged, and the same year arrived home to marry his Barbara.

The Montemerlos have four

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children... Francis, the oldest, is a Boston University grad, living in Vermont with wife Dianna and their four children. Corinne is married to Douglas Gilbert, lives in Windsor Locks, with two children.

Ann Marie is a Physical Education graduate of the Russell Sage College in Troy, New York, and is currently attending the Greater Hartford Community College for a June date with the role of Register Nurse. The youngest Montemerlo is David. He and his wife Donna, have one child and live in Windsor Locks. The Montemerlo home on James Street is well stocked with pictures of children and grandchildren. When time permits.. Guido complies photo albums of all the kids and with him, the camera is always ready for action.

Barbara, the proud grandma, is employed at the Police station as dispatcher and her familiar voice has been on the radio for eleven years.

As for the "pharoah" of this

clan, the return to civilian life in 1945, meant a new beginning and what career path to pursue? Guido experienced on-the-job-training, funded by the Veteran Administration, at the George P. Clark Company in town. His nights were filled with classes at the University of Connecticut extension in Hartford. His association with the Clark Company lasted four years. At this point of time... the aircraft industry became his way of life. In 1950 he joined Pratt and Whitney and has been a fixture all these years. Today, his title reads... Senior Process Planner in the Assembly Test Department.

It's difficult to pinpoint Guido's activities in Windsor Locks. He has been involved with all types of volunteer work in Windsor Locks. Service includes two years with the Zoning Board, a fireman for 35 years, answering his required calls, a task worth mentioning, considering he works in East Hartford. The year with the Reillymen have

been, in his words, "pure enjoyment."

As a past commander of the local VFW, Guido served on the committee building the new home on Fairview Street. The experience afforded him the opportunity to serve on building committees of the new Town Office Building and Police and Fire Complex on Elm Street.

With Guido Montemerlo, one of his fondest volunteer work is with the VFW. Since World War Two he has placed flowers and flags on the graves of Windsor Locks service men and women who paid the supreme sacrifice for their country. In town, the VFW and the American Legion have, for years, sponsored a veteran holiday committee. Working with Guido is Ed Sabotka, of the Legion, in organizing parades for the Memorial and Veteran Day celebrations.

Rounding out Guido's town activities is the Police Commission and the Republican Town Committee. For the past 12 years he has served in setting the policy of the Police Department as a commissioner. He said, the 25 years with the GOP has not interfered with police matters. "There is not political interplay. The

commission is doing the best for the town and the expanded department is one of the major contributions."

On local issues... Guido said, "the downtown redevelopment was one of the best things that ever happened in Windsor Locks. I'm a little disappointed because more positive action hasn't been taken. We should have only the best in the downtown area, we mustn't forget to keep up with the times." On Bradley Field and town taxes, he gave a quick, "you can't beat them, our town is the best in the state."

Guido and Barbara are not all work and no play. They enjoyed camping with the kids, when they were younger. Today the summers are spent on the Connecticut shores. Speaking of the children... the busy couple have both been involved in the boy and girl scout movement. Traveling to far off places like Hawaii, Florida and Acapulco have been a part of their fun life style. For Guido and Barbara Montemerlo... it's not how far you've come; but have you enjoyed the trip? They have!!

Education and family mean the most to her

"God thought to give the sweetest thing in His almighty power

To earth; and deeply wondering What it should be...one hour

In fondest joy and love of heart Outweighing every other

He moved the gates of heaven apart And gave to earth...a Mother!"

The author of the above is anonymous. The familiar name I interview for today's column wanted to remain anonymous, because she felt I could fill a column of her life. How wrong she was. Dorothy Dowd Flanders is a mother. She represents all mothers. The hour we spent together will prove the poem's fine words and why mothers should sometimes get the headlines.

Dorothy, mother of four active sports-minded kids, is the wife of C. Glenn Flanders, perennial member of the Windsor Locks Board of Education.

With Dorothy, a soft-spoken lady, education has also been an intricate part of her life Style since the days at St. Mary's School in her native town of Windsor Locks. After grammar school, it was on to the local high school, and later higher education, down south, at the Albertus Magnus College in New Haven. She graduated...cum laude.

Glenn and Dorothy, Church Street residents, were married in 1954. She recalls, with a certain amount of affection, "growing up in Windsor Locks, meant you knew everyone in town. As far as when I met Glenn...I feel I always knew him." Her indoctrination with Brown University came from Glenn. They could be called college sweethearts. They knew each other, but college was the place for girls from New Haven to watch the Brown baseball team beat Yale. Glenn excelled on the diamond for his old alma mater. The high school days of Glenn were

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond.

equally filled with outstanding games in baseball and on the basketball court.

With Dorothy Flanders...it was first the education, Glenn and Brown University and then marriage and motherhood. The Flanders' children range from nine to twenty-one. She laughingly said, her routine goes from college activity with John, the oldest boy, at Brown, naturally, to girl scouts cookies with the youngest, nine year old, Cathy sandwiched in between is a busy schedule as a part-time teacher at the East Windsor High School. Her teaching career began "between children" substituting at the town's high school.

Now for the men and daughter in Dorothy's life.

When Brown University is mentioned...there's always a Flanders waving the school banner of the Rhode Island Ivy League school. Another C&K interviewee, "Mr. Nice Guy," Cyrus Flanders, was the first Flanders with a beanie cap at Brown. He was followed by son, Glenn, and now grandson, John. Next month is graduation for John. His sport is rugby and he recently returned from the Bahamas, after a spring tourney. There are three Flanders waiting in the wings. Jim, 17, is a junior at the high school. He played varsity basketball and tennis for the Raiders. Last summer he taught the "Jimmy Connors" sport to the Park Department hopefuls. Then comes C. Glenn Flanders, the

third. He's 13 and a student at the Middle School. Another baseball and basketball player, young Glenn is beginning little league ball as his brothers before him. Cathy, the girl scout in the family, is in the fourth grade and true to the family tradition is now taking up softball.

Its time for a few facts on Dorothy's college sweetheart.. Glenn, the second. He was at Brown when the classes were interrupted to serve in the U.S. Army. After a short career for Uncle Sam Glenn returned to campus and marriage to Dorothy. Glenn's first employment was at Hamilton-Standard. He switched to insurance at Travelers for a six year period. Went into business for himself and today its called the Brett-Flanders Insurance Agency, located on North Street. He's been a hard working member of the Windsor Locks Board of Education for the past 17 years.

When first married the young couple lived in West Hartford, but returned to their home town and Church Street. This lasted a short time and then to Briar Cliff for 15 year stay. The Flanders' moved again, to the street where it all started....Church Street, and fixtures in their town.

EPILOG

Dorothy Dowd Flanders is a devoted mother. The biggest thrill in her life has been "watching the kids grow up." When she's not "going to a lot of games," reading is her enjoyable hobby. In the summer months the Flanders all take off for the family cottage at Martha's Vineyard, the island off Massachusetts.

With Dorothy its been education and motherhood... and as the poem says..."he moved the gates of heaven apart and gave to earth...a Mother." A Happy Mother's Day on Sunday to Dorothy and all mothers. Where would we be without them?

Correction ①

In the "Cabbages & Kings" item in last Thursday's Journal regarding Sonja Macierowski, there was a typographical error in mentioning her bowling average as 179. It should have read 279.

—The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, May 17, 1979

Correction ②

In the "Cabbages And Kings" article in The Journal of May 17, regarding the bowling record of Sonja-Macierowski, the high average in a three-game series should have read 279 instead of the 179 as it was printed.

Local bowler ranks with New England's best

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

SONJA MACIEROWSKI- WINDSOR LOCKS OTHER LEADING BOWLER

When you think of men's professional bowling...the names of Roth, Anthony and Windsor Locks' Pete Couture grab the headlines and perform on national television.

In the world of women's bowling in New England, especially in Connecticut, Windsor Locks has another star, a native girl, Sonja Pohorylo Macierowski. Sonja has been making her own headlines, even some statewide television, and ranks with the best in the east.

The friendly, congenial lady has been consistently in the top ten, average wise, in state bowling circles, with close to 50,000 women all rolling to knock down the big pins. She bowls in three leagues in the area. At the Bloomfield Bowling Center, her average is at 193, at South Windsor Ten-Pin Bowl, a hearty 190, and at Bradley Bowl, a healthy 184. For more statistical information on Sonja...her high three games series has been 729, 720 and 716. Her high single was a large 179.

The Dexter Road resident in the daughter of the late Walter Pohorylo, who was a 30-year Dexter employee, and Mrs. Ann Banas Pohorylo. Sonja attended St. Mary's School and is a graduate of the

Windsor Locks High School, class of 1956. Before bowling captured her fancy and time she twirled a baton for the St. Mary's Brigade. At the high school her four years, when not performing in girl's spoets, was leading the school band as drum majorette.

As the girl who lead the band, now leads the female bowlers of Connecticut and New England. Sonja has been bowling the past 18 years... she said, "I just got interested by watching others bowl." She rolled her first strike, the rest is history.

Her working career has covered Canada Dry Ginger Ale, to a secretary position with Combustion Engineering in Windsor in nuclear energy. A widow now, Sonja is raising two active boys in sports activity. Their bowling averages are close to and over their mother. Ted, 19, an honor student at the high school, is an engineering student at the Hartford branch of UConn. In college Ted plays basketball and at lanes sports a 180 average. Rich, 17, is a junior at the high school and has just entered adult bowling competition. And I think he's ready...his average is 199 and rolled a high triple of 778 and a single game of 288. His mother said, with justified pride, "Rich has aspirations of one day joining the pro tour." Watch out Pete, Mark and Earl. His mother added, "working part time at Bradley Bowl is helping his game."

Both boys played little league in town and were all-stars before the bowling ball became the main event. Ted and Rich started bowling at six years old. (no wonder they have high averages.) (jealous editorial note.)

Sonja wanted to help the sixth grader basketball team in 1974 when Rich was a part of the Maryland/Windsor Locks series. Dollars were needed to pay the expenses on the trip... so Sonja came up with the idea of an exhibition bowling match against another local favorite bowler, Larry Lichstein. Larry was on the pro tour at the time and gratefully accepted the challenge. Parents of the boys contacted some local merchants as sponsors to donate a dollar for each strike Larry and Sonja bowled. The Maryland trip was enriched by \$550.

Her bowling association not only covers performing, but working with organizations all over New England. In 1971-72 she was named the New England Women's Bowler of the Year. For five years she's been the tournament director of the New England Women's Bowling Association. She keeps bowlers informed, by her columns, in "Ten-Pin Tattler" in Massachusetts and the "Sports Reporter" in New Jersey. Her personal records sounds as if she wrote the record book, with local and state championships in team, doubles, single and all-events and a two-time champ in the Connecticut Cancer Bowlathon and the New England Scotch Doubles. As a member of the Women's All-Star Association (semi-pro group) she is instrumental in bringing tournaments in the eastern seaboard. Local residents will have an opportunity on June 16 to see the best women bowlers in action at the Bradley Bowl.

For the past six years the Professional Bowlers Association have conducted their tournament in Windsor Locks. The event has been on national television and last month the country viewed the best with Pete Couture in the final five. Sonja has played a role (backstage, that is, she probably should have been on the lanes) in the enormous paper work connected with the tourney and pro-am. The tabulating and posting scores is an important part and requires many hours of hard work. She has met all the big stars and had kind words for all of them...a great bunch of guys and always ready to help with hints on how to roll those strikes. One of her helpers has been Kathy Clark, who sports a 190 average, and Sonja's double partners in women tournaments. Kathy is also an employee of Combustion Engineering.

EPILOG

The exact origin of bowling seems to be obscure. In Germany, and in the monasteries there, to relieve the boredom of their cloistered lives, German monks set up rows of kegels...or clubs...and rolled big, rounded stones at the clubs to knock them over. Soon, German laymen discovered the pastime and by the fourteenth century bowling in alleys has become a universal sport in Germany. Well right in Windsor Locks we have Bradley Bowl, Villa Rose, Pete Couture and Sonja Macierowski. I'm sure Sonja is never bored with bowling and she would be the first to say... bowling is great exercise. Bowling is a sport where you can build yourself up by knocking things down. (sorry Sonja ...I read that somewhere) High scores to Sonja and her two sons. Don't forget Sonja... when the boys ask for their bowling fees, its just pin money.

"You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade..."

These historic words spoken by General Dwight Eisenhower was the beginning of the Normandy invasion for thousands of GIs who were waiting impatiently and nervously for their orders those faithful days of June, 1944.

Russell Dominick Lose heard those words on a L.S.T. (landing ship tank), Number 392, as part of the Allied Expeditionary Force.

These "longest days" were told with pride by Russ and the days following, during World War Two, and his recent retirement after 30 years of service in the U.S. Army and the Connecticut Air National Guard.

The Lose home on Circle Drive is complete with maps, books, diaries and other memorabilia of his months and days in England and the European continent.

Russ, waiting in the cold waters off England during those dark days of June, 35 years ago, probably reminisced of happier times in New Britain. Working in his dad's confectionary store dishing out ice cream and soda to the high school and college kids. His high school days were filled with books, helping in the

family store and much time for sports. He did manage one year at New Britain Teachers College (now Central) and two years at Morse College in Hartford where he captained the basketball team. He entered the working world for a year at the New Britain Machine Company in the cost department. He switched jobs on February 6, 1941 when he joined the army with stateside duty in Rhode Island, Virginia, Florida and Governors Island, New York City.

He managed a short furlough during the eastern stay and date another New Britain native...Agnes Behling. They had met before the war. Shortly, their only contact would be letters to the familiar war-time APO (Army Post Office.) His stay on the island was short...just enough time for the First Army to be activated. In World War One, General "Black-Jack" Pershing was the top man of this famous unit...in this war names like Bradley and Hodges would make history.

On October 12, 1943 the beautiful ocean liner Queen Elizabeth, converted to a troop carrier, sailed out of New York harbor with 40,000 young Americans off to fight the Nazi armies of Hitler. The trip

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lasted only five days. It was crowded, to say the least. Russ said even the fancy swimming pools were drained in order to accommodate the men's sleeping quarters. Their port of call was Scotland...with the mystical name of Firth of Clyde. Russ and other field artillery soldiers didn't stay around long enough to find out about Scotland. They were swiftly loaded on buses for Bristol, England. It would be their home and training base until late May, 1944.

The First Army and the field artillery unit of Russ Lose made their historic entrance into France at Omaha Beach. Their march across Europe included such spots as St. Lo and Paris, France...Belgium, Holland and Germany. Six months after D-Day and rough war duty, Russ and the U.S. Army saw first hand the

Battle of the Bulge. Early in 1945 his unit hit Germany and the towns of Aachen and Remagen. Remagen and the famous bridge, later became a popular movie in Hollywood. During these campaigns Russ traveled by truck, however, foxholes, C and K rations were the order of the day.

The fighting stopped...the Nazi were beaten...V-E-Day, the war was over for the First Army and Russ Lose. He came home to New Britain and a wedding to his Agnes. He was discharged from the Army on August 6, 1945.

EPILOG

Russell Dominick Lose has served his country faithfully for 30 years. The memories of D-Day and his tour of Europe as a GI were his part of the "Great Crusade." It is only fitting on the Thursday before Memorial Day (Monday, May 28) to relive the story of Russ who came home. Some of his buddies paid the supreme sacrifice...we honor them all...living and dead...where would we be without them?



Sgt. Russell D. Lose

Among his many mementos of World War Two is the high honor given in 1944 by General Charles De Gaulle. The honor said in part..."for being a deserving American soldier in contributions towards the liberation of France," and is

called the French Croix de Guerve medal.

Now it was time for Russ and Agnes to begin a family and married life. They have two children...Larry and Cynthia. Larry is a lieutenant in the Fire Department at the Westover Air Force Base. Larry and wife Sharon live in Huntington, Massachusetts. Cynthia, a graduate of Southern Connecticut, was a teacher in the Windsor Locks school system for two years. She now teaches a special education class in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Thursday, May 24, 1979—The Windsor Locks Journal—

Russ and Agnes moved to Windsor Locks in the middle fifties. Agnes is a well-known figure in the school system as a secretary the past 19 years for the Board of Education at the old Union School and now at the high school. Since the war days Russ has had the traveling bug, and with Agnes as companion, they have seen the sights of Acapulco, most of the countries of Europe and the recent trip to Rio de Janeiro. Russ has been an active member of the 4th Degree of the local KOFC and holds the rank of Faithful Navigator.

Russ returned to his father's business in New Britain for a ten year period. It seemed to be his lot in life to keep the college and high school kids supplied in ice cream and soda. In 1953 it all changed...he became a "week-end soldier" at Bradley Field. He made up his mind...it would be the Air National Guard and uniform for him. Two years later he joined the guard on a full time basis and civil service work. The Department of the Air Force recognized his years of service at retirement time with the Meritorious Service Award. Russ retired as a Senior Master Sergeant.

Retired Sergeant shares memories

Helen, Bill Hawley recall the joys of a vacation

—The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, May 31, 1979

Helen and Bill Hawley traveled by jet plane around the world last November and “are ready to go again.”

Their itinerary covered Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Germany, England and an unscheduled stop in troubled Iran.

Wherever they rubbed elbows with the natives of these cities, the Hawleys felt at home. During their stay in the imperial city of Japan, they visited the Dexter Company, which had no officials there. They enjoyed themselves, had no trouble with the difference in languages and the people were just great.” They both agreed, “it was a great adventure.”

The Hawleys, natives of Dalton, located in the Massachusetts Berkshires, have been residents of Windsor Locks since the early fifties. Helen, employed at Dexter for 28 years, and the International Traffic Coordinator for the past twelve years, was on a busmen’s holiday with Bill. He is employed at Kaman in Bloomfield the last 19 summers. It was their first trip to such far-off places.

Where did your trip start? Ask a dumb question... “Bradley Field.” Can’t beat that for a good and true answer. Actually the big trip started at Kennedy on a Saturday morning. The 15½ hour flight over Hudson Bay, Canada, Alaska, the blue Pacific ocean and on to Tokyo, Japan by Sunday afternoon.

Their arrival at Narita Air Port, located 40 miles from Japan’s main city, was under tight security. It had only been opened for six months. If you followed the world news...the field had been under contested construction for eleven years. If memory serves me, the environmentalists were against the start of the air field and small battles between the police and the opposition were well known. The only persons allowed near the terminal, or the airport, were passengers coming or going.

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With Jack Redmond

Their stay in the imperial city lasted three days. During the visit the Dexter Company showed them the high capital city. Another plane ride...to the city of Osaka, a bus ride to Tyoto, the cultural center of Japan.

Helen said, “I never took off my shoes so much...visiting all those temples.” They mentioned the fast ride on the famous “bullet train”, that Bill said, “goes like...” Their closing comment on Japan... “we were treated royally by everyone at Dexter and by the people of Japan.”

Back on their favorite 747 SP, the same plane that left Kennedy, for a five hour trip to Hong Kong. They had arrived at the British crown colony bordering southeastern China, and its 3,750,000 inhabitants. Their first impression was “crowded and busy.” Bill and Helen viewed the sights and even went on shopping spree at Kowloon, where the airport is located.

The four day visit in Hong Kong was over and the travelers’ next stop was Bangkok, the capital of Thailand and the land of “The King and I.” The Hawleys could only say...“under developed, not ready for tourists.” It was very hot and the only ones who didn’t mind the heat were the water buffalos and the elephants who do all the heavy work. Helen did say...“the orchids are beautiful and grow everywhere and cost about twenty cents apiece.” It must be a florists dream city.

There was one place the Hawleys felt at home while in Bangkok. Situated in the heart of the city was an American Steak House with the natives serving food in cowboy outfits, with country music, sung phonetically, to fill the night air.

As many travelers have found out in the past...mechanical problems with any plane can be a part of any trip. The Hawleys were given an additional two day stay in Thailand, at the airlines expense, but were on a two hour notice. The notice came, and departure from Bangkok meant leaving a hot 95 degrees to an uncomfortable 38, with an unscheduled landing in troubled Teheran, Iran. Fortunately, they stayed in the terminal with armed guards everywhere, and to the Hawleys, just a look-see at the middle east...certainly not a place for visitors.

Leaving Teheran meant a change of planes, and a nine hour ride to friendly Frankfurt, Germany. However, the luggage did not come along for the ride. Another problem you may have to get used to traveling the world. They were not dressed for Germany either...but had to do with their “Thailand things.” Helen had a good excuse to shop and picked up a warm sweater. They did manage to enjoy their stay in Germany with a tour of Frankfurt and Wiesbaden.

The luggage caught up with the Hawleys in London and a welcome sight it was, as well as all the historic landmarks in

the British city where the Queen lives. Their three days in London town included a Thanksgiving dinner, in an Italian restaurant no less.

It was time for the final leg of the trip...on to New York and home. The nicest sound was the custom inspector greeting Helen and Bill... “welcome home.” They agreed...“it was good to be back.”

Some background on Helen and Bill are in order. Both are natives of Dalton...home of paper mill country. The paper is used in making our country’s currency. Bill met Helen when they were employed at the Crane Paper Company. Bill is a veteran of three years in the U.S. Army during World War Two. He traveled into France D-Day, plus three, at the Omaha Beach, about the same time as a previous interviewee, Russ Lose. Bill said his field artillery outfit “fought the war right up to Berlin.” After his discharge in November, 1945, he returned to the mill and after a short period decided to change his life work. He enrolled in a GI Bill aircraft school in California. On his return east, he joined the Trans Ocean Airlines and married his Helen, the hometown girl.

Bill, a nineteen year veteran at Kaman, is a volunteer fireman in town. He’s been with the Reillymen for the last 22 years. Helen is associated with the auxiliary arm of the firemen. When they aren’t going around the world...they spend their vacations in Vermont...in their second home up north.

Around the world in twenty-one days was something special for Helen and Bill Hawley...they enjoyed themselves, saw many wonders of the east and west. There is an old saying...I’m sure the Hawleys would agree.. “If you come home as happy as you leave, you had a good vacation.”

Annual retreat relaxing

To the Editor:

On June 15-17 the men of retreats in the past would St. Robert's and St. Mary's probably answer this most Church will attend their annual provocative question in these annual retreat at the Holy Family troubled times...like this:

Monastery in West Hartford, Connecticut.

Because we are inviting you

The retreat begins on Friday to: Have an opportunity to evening and concludes after stand aside and get a clear the noon meal on Sunday. For perspective of your life, your more information concerning family, your career and your any of the details contact the future. Get away from the parish chairmen Bill Stratton daily grind, pressures, and of St. Mary's of Jack Redmond million distractions of our of St. Robert's. modern lives. Relax on the

The benefits of a retreat are beautiful grounds of the Holy many. Someone asked the Family Retreat House, a spirit-question...“Why take three ual oasis where you can invest days out of a year to make a in your present and future. retreat?”

Jack Redmond
Windsor Locks

The men who have made

Alumni Notes

Insight is published ten times per year, monthly except June and July, by the University of New Haven, 300 Orange Avenue, West Haven Connecticut 06516.

1955

. . John P. Redmond is employed with Combustion Engineering Inc. in Windsor as senior supervisor of accounting. His hobby includes writing a weekly column called “Cab-bages and Kings” in the Windsor Locks *Journal*. The column covers interviews on people from all walks of life including such things as conventions and the Greater Hartford Open.

Confirmed bachelor

Adrian Francis Keevers had a twinkle in his Irish eyes, when he said, "I'm still an old bachelor, but still looking and hoping."

A native son, born on Center Street, corner of Grove Street he'll be 81 young come this September first. The dapper gentleman still resembles the role he played as an executive at the George P. Clark Company and the Windsor Locks Lumber Company for over fifty years.

Mr. Keevers is an active senior citizen and was instrumental in helping to form the very active local club on Oak Street. He lives at 58 Grove Street. In point of fact, it's been his home since the house was built in 1906. He was the son of Mary Donegan, a native daughter of Windsor Locks, and John W. Keevers, a Warehouse Point son.

Adrian didn't have far to run when classes were over at St. Mary's Parochial School. The school was just across the street from the Grove Street home of the Keevers. The year was 1913 when he graduated and entered the Windsor Locks High School. He was to begin the third year of high school, but, due to his sister's polio attack, he was not permitted to attend school. At this point Adrian admitted discouragement.

The school's loss was the George P. Clark Company's gain. Adrian went to work... first as a clerk. Soon enough, Adrian realized he needed additional education. Not one to stand still...young Adrian went to night school and took correspondence courses the next few years. He gained credits at the Vannias Accounting Institute, Morse Business College and the Springfield Business College. His refresher courses included the LaSalle Extension Institute and the Walton School of Commerce.

At the Clark Company he served in different capacities.. trainee in the factory for a year or so, the production control department, cost accounting, purchasing agent,

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

paymaster, office manager, chief accountant and eventually the assistant treasurer. While Adrian was advancing up the ladder at Clark, his father was stricken with a critical case of arthritis. He assumed support of the family and devoted his life to this end.

The years rolled on for Adrian Keevers. World War Two changed everyone and he was no exception. During the "big one" he saw his duty and served on the ration board, district warning center, Jim Franklin's War-Saving Bond Committee, the Defense Council and was chairman of the Salvage Committee.

The salvage program to Adrian, Windsor Locks and the war effort was an important and worthwhile endeavor. He mentioned the following, "it was a hard job. The project was not done by one person, I had an excellent staff. Some of the people are no longer with us. I would like to pay tribute to the committee. They were a very important part of my life and wonderful people."

The committee was made up of Arthur Fields (deceased), who was the vice-chairman. His widow, Mary Fields, lives on West Street. Mr. Field's niece, Mary Perotti, was secretary. The balance of the committee members were Bessie Bidwell (deceased), Bill Rabbett, former postmaster in Windsor Locks, Danny Gabarino, George Paganelli, and John Gantley.

Keevers, after the war years, became active in the town's civic activities. Among positions held were memberships of the Board of Finance, Welfare Committee, the Windsor Locks School Building Committees and the Fire and Police Building Committee.

In 1955 he was elected secretary and treasurer and to the Board of Directors of the Clark Company. However, three years later, the company was merged with a firm from Massachusetts. Due to the change Mr. Keevers left Clark after 42 years service. Retirement was not in his plans...he

joined the Windsor Locks Lumber Company as paymaster, cashier and accountant. He was associated with the lumber company for ten years, the last few on a part time basis.

Keevers was the second chairman of the Senior Citizen Association in town. He was one of the chief organizers of the local club. During the years he has served on varied jobs including publicity chairman and was in charge of the Drop-In Center on Grove Street over a five year period. In 1973 this active man was elected chairman of the Windsor Locks Advisory Committee on Aging. (the name was later changed to the Committee on the Needs of the Aging...Mr. Keevers is still a member.) Today he works with the mini-bus for senior citizens business on its day to day operation.

EPILOG

Adrian Francis Keevers saw his duty to family and did it. Later in life he served his country in war and then his town, and now as an active senior citizen. The dapper gentlemen of Grove Street never has traveled on an airplane, but thinks Bradley Field is good for Windsor Locks, never had a car in his life, but has traveled his eighty years as a concerned and active loyal person. Years ago he would jump on a trolley at Main Street for a trip to Springfield or Hartford, but now uses the trains or bus. He's been a Democrat all his life and believes Governor Ella Grasso "has been an excellent governor and a very

fine person."

Keevers had a kind work for everyone and really exemplified true love of family, town, country and his fellowman. The following words are Arabic...it describes Mr. Keevers..."When you see an older

man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous, and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past, nor dread the future, he is like the evening of a fine day."

active in local politics, life

Family of nine will help Bill Stratton celebrate Sunday

"A father is neither an anchor to hold us back, nor a sail to take us there, but always a guiding light, whose love shows us the way." —George Webster Douglas

William Asa Stratton has been the guiding light for his seven children.

He and his wife of nearly 30 years, Jackie Cousineau Stratton, a Windsor Locks girl, agree the large family has "kept life interesting, kept us both young, and there's never a dull moment."

Bill and Jackie, with their five girls and two boys, have lived in Windsor Locks since their marriage in 1949. He was a Suffield native, who just happened to cross the town line after his World War Two service duty, to meet Jackie at a local soda shop located not far from their present home on North Main St.

Jackie describes her husband as a "hard-working man." Bill's life has been filled with all sorts of jobs...from the depression days of farm work, tobacco field, factory positions and facing the responsibilities of a clan of nine.

Bill attended grammar school in Suffield and the well-known academy in that town. The year was 1939. "Jobs were scarce in those days...you couldn't buy a job," Bill reminded this interviewer. When the war started he managed to secure a position at Pratt and Whitney in East Hartford for nearly two years until Uncle Sam called him into the Air Force.

Bill's career in the U.S. Air Force was to him... "no big deal, I never left the states." He entered the blue of the flight boys in October of 1943. During his two and one half years he was a cadet in the training program on B-32s stationed in the sunny states of Mississippi, Alabama and short time in Pennsylvania.

Bill was discharged from the service in '46. For the next three years his range of employment went from retail tobacco in Suffield, attending the University of Connecticut, (for two years) in their agricultural program, running on the J. V. cross-country team, to delivering milk. He met Jackie...life changed, and he got a steady job at the Hartford Machine Screw (now Stanadyne). Steady Bill Stratton has been with the same firm for the past 28 years.

In his own humble way of saying the right words...Bill had these kind words for his children... "Jackie and I are proud of them. They are responsible and always ready to help family or friends."

Let's see...there are seven Stratton children. The first, Carol Ann, now 29. She lives in Amesbury, Mass. with her husband Derek Maxwell and their daughter Katey. According to the proud grandparents, the Maxwells are expecting an addition in December. Carol is a graduate of Becker Junior College. The first son was William A. Stratton, Jr. Young Bill is 27, married to Luanne Dalla

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Pegorara. The Suffield couple are expecting their first child in September.

Next is Linda...and her husband Edward Kozloski. She's a registered nurse at Johnson Memorial Hospital, will give up nursing this December, and just like her sisters, is expecting a baby. (this has to be the year of the grandchild for the Strattons)

Ed and Linda are grads of Western Connecticut College. Linda is 25 and was followed by Nancy at 24. She is married to Bill Bagley. They live in Enfield. Next is Kathy at 23 and a senior at Western Connecticut. Ellen, 21, is in

the accounting department of nearby Sweetlife Company. the youngest in the family is Tom at 20. Like his dad, he is employed at Stanadyne. He is the skier in the family. All the children attended St. Mary's and the Windsor Locks High School. Both of the boys are fishermen, hunters and love to work on cars.

Speaking of fishermen...the father of the clan has been a faithful retreatant at the Holy Family Retreat House in West Hartford, for the past 25 years. This weekend he and Tom will spend the time with other St. Mary's parishioners on retreat from Friday evening to Sunday

noon. Bill will get home in time to celebrate Father's Day with the family. He has been the chairman the past three years of the St. Mary's group. On the subject of the church, he said, "frankly, I understand the mass a lot better these days and get more out of it." He added, "the church is something to believe in and a great way to keep one's sanity."

EPILOG

William Ana Stratton certainly deserves the attention this Thursday, before we honor fathers Sunday. Bill's one comment on his large family, was "have a good time." And the Stratton's have a good time...rooting for the Red Sox, eating all the fine food from Bill's garden and all helping clear the land up in Vermont where they own a piece of land. (Someday, Bill Stratton might just build his dreamhouse.) The article on this most humble man began

with a poem and it would be fitting to end it by a few lines from "Portrait of Dad" by Maurice J. Ronayne... "True he'll never win an Oscar. Never taste undying fame; He will earn no banner headlines. Never set the world aflame. But we children run to greet him when his car turns in the drive, And our chanted: "Here comes Daddy!" Brings the twilight glad alive...in this devoted circle, He is master. lord, and King."



STANDARD AUTO BODY

1st row: Ann Marie Dube, Steve Despard, Bill Deimaine, Garrett Ludden
2nd row: Glen Ludden, Bill Sideravage, Jerry McDonald, John Loughran, Peter Montecalvo, Steve Jackson

3rd row: Coach Bob Creech, Joe LaPierre, Tom Kupec, Tony Burke, Scorekeeper Kim Reid, Manager Bill O'Brien.

—The Windsor Locks Journal—Thursday, June 21, 1979

Ann Marie Dube - a girl amidst a boy's league; holding her own

CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

The month is May. The scene is the same...Pesci Park. The new "boys of summer" are playing the national pastime. Its little league time in Windsor Locks.

favorite...Carl Yastrzemski. After her turn...she volunteers for coaching duty at first base. She's part of the Standard Auto team.

One of the coaches is on the side lines. Fourteen years ago he was running the bases and learning how to play baseball. He now teaches twelve boys and one girl the fundamentals of the game he loves. One girl? Yes, a girl in Windsor Locks playing baseball in the same park as the 1965 World Champions.

Times have changed. The girl...Ann Marie Dube. Daughter of Milford and Constance Dube. The coach... Bob Greech, Jr. You remember him. But Ann Marie will be remembered too. She plays right field...stands up at the plate trying to emulate her

I had the pleasure of watching the boys and girl of his team practice and play one of their better games. I was impressed. There's a few future champions on the club. Coach Creech is ably assisted by Billy O'Brien in the coaching duties. The team was coached by Bob Reid, but he has retired to the spectator group. His daughter Kim is the official score-keeper...has been since her dad's time as coach.

As for Ann Marie Dube... she just like to play ball. How about playing baseball with the boys? "I never thought much about it...I like to play." And when Ann Marie talks...

you listen. She knows what she wants to do. The ten year old is a fifth grader at North Street School. Did the boys accept you right away? "Once they got to know me...no problems." What about your parents...what did they think of you playing? "It was all right with them...see what happens." Ann also has a sister playing little league... nine year old Elizabeth. So maybe the Dube family is starting a trend.

When the team is on the field or at bat...with those batting helmets and skin-tight golf gloves to help grip the bat...Ann Marie...excuse the

description...looks like one of the boys. Kids in the little league all yell encouragement to the other players at bat with...come on Joe or Peter or Steve. Its a little strange when everone yells...come on Ann Marie. I told you times are changing. Speaking of the other players...boys, that is...the Standard Auto roster is made up of Tony Burke, Bill Demaine, Steve Despard, Steve Jackson, Tom Kupec, Joe LaPierre, John Loughran, Garrett Ludden, Glen Ludden, Gerry McDonald, Peter Montecalvo, Bill Sideravage and one of the boys...Ann Marie Dube.

Ann Marie was quick to point out...there's another girl playing little league...Carol Methot of the Knights of Columbus club. Ann Marie

was easy to interview at Pesci Park...she was with her peers. There was only one question she refused to answer...how much she weighed. You see Ann Marie Dube may be playing baseball...but she's still a lady at heart. So move over Yaz, Reggie and big Jim Rice...the girls are coming and maybe right from good old Windsor Locks.

I read recently an article on little league...girls playing the game were part of the story and it said in part..."if the girls take some lumps from the boys on the field, they will have a lifetime to get even in another arena." How true. Best of luck to Coaches Creech and O'Brien and the Standard Auto team of twelve boys and one very nice little girl.

'65 World champs; what they're doing

Editor's Note: It's summertime and one of the things that summertime means is Little League. This week the Windsor Locks Journal begins a look at Little League in town. Pictures and stories about some of the teams appear on pages eight, nine, and 10 in addition to special story for this week by Jack Redmond in Cabbages and Kings on page four. Here we bring you a follow up on the World Champion team of 1965 and we will continue with coverage of more teams with interviews with coaches next week. [Photos are by John Montemerlo.]

By Richard Stanziale

Nearly 14 years ago the Windsor Locks Little League All-Stars defeated Stoney Creek, Canada 3-1 in the Little League World Series before a record crowd of 21,000 in Williamsport, Pa. to be crowned world champions.

Today a trophy rests in the Windsor Locks Public Library to remind the town of the team that beat the odds in 1965. After trouncing over its District 8 opponents, the team triumphed over the Stamford All-Stars in a hard-played 1-0 game to be state champions.

The Connecticut champions from Windsor Locks then entered the national elimination playoffs, beating every team it faced included the South American champions from Maricabo, Venezuela.

In the World Championship game against the Canadian team, Windsor Locks' pitching ace Michael Roche and first baseman Dale Misiek starred. Roche allowed only one run on three hits while striking out 14. He retired the side in the final inning. Misiek hit a two-run shot in the fourth inning to power Windsor Locks into the lead and world championship.

Over 300 local fans watched from the stands after flying or taking a chartered bus to the game. Families and friends in Windsor Locks watched the game on television.

"When we started we were only one team in 6280 Little League teams competing in the world. When we finished we were the only undefeated team. It was a great thrill to beat everybody in the world," team manager Robert O'Connor said in a recent interview.

The 16 member championship team was chosen by the managers and coaches from the 8 team Windsor Locks Little League. "We had the best pitchers in the world," O'Connor said in reference to Bill Boardman and Michael Roche, who combined for over 40 strikeouts in the 5 game national playoffs.

In a follow-up The Journal decided to see what some of the former champs are up to today. Francis Aniello, Jr., centerfielder for the All-Stars in 1965, is now married and has a two month old baby daughter whom he said he hopes will "stick to basketball or soccer." Besides being a physical education instructor at Suffield High School, Aniello coached the basketball team there to the league championship. Presently he plays for the Blue Devils in the Windsor Locks Slow Pitch Softball League.

"The people didn't bother me then but now the pressure would be on," Aniello said recalling another championship 14 years ago.

Michael Roche, world champion pitcher in 1965, also plays in the softball league but at a new position, first base for Marotta Real Estate.

"I enjoy the game much

Continued on Page 10

★ Little League

[Continued from page one]

more now than then (1965). The crowd was overwhelming. It made me nervous and I felt pretty strange," Roche said.

Bob "the Creature" Creech, who played second base for the All-Stars, still plays softball for a team at Hamilton Standard, where he is a personnel recruiter. He coaches Standard Auto Little League team in town.

"I'll never forget it. It was a thrilling, once in a lifetime experience. I can remember every play," the married Creech said. He took the championship philosophically for an eleven year old. "I wasn't nervous. Anything we won was gravy." He continued by saying that he was just as impressed with the pre-game activities when Captain Ked flew over the field with his jet pack as he was with winning the world championship.

Other members of the team are spread out throughout the country. Al Barrett, who played third base, is now an electrical systems engineer for Canaberra Industries in Meriden. He still plays softball in

the Meriden industrial league.

Michael O'Connor, son of the team manager, is a first lieutenant in the Marine Corps stationed in Yuma, Arizona as a flight navigator for a F-14 jet fighter.

Steve Scheerer, is believed to be working for a trucking concern in New Jersey.

Bob Rumbold is married and also living in New Jersey. He attends Temple University, does sports writing for a local newspaper, and news broadcasting for a radio station.

Phil Devlin is married and no longer lives in the area.

Ted Holmes is also married.

Dale Misiek is studying to be an orthodontist and Bill Boardman was last seen playing for a barnstorming softball team called the "California Cuties."

Wayne Arent, described by former league president Francis Aniello, Sr. as "the nicest boy on the tea," died from Hodgkin's disease several years ago.

Thomas Billick, Howard Tersavich, Bruce Akerlind, Ted Holmes, and Dennis Dakin were unable to be reached.

Tambussi's ventures range from baker to cigar maker

Natale Victori Tambussi has been highly successful in the diversified ventures of a lifetime. The hard working native of Perleto, Italy, and resident of Windsor Locks for over 70 years, has made his own "American Dream" come true. The activities of Nate, 82 years old, have covered cigar-making, the bakery and tavern business, theater owner and a lumber company.

The Tambussi family migrated from their northern Italian farming community located in the providence of Alexandria. Josephine and Louis Tambussi were parents of four sons and two daughters. Three of the sons and one daughter came to the United States, after the turn of the century, when Nate was only eleven years old. His parents had come to the states four years ahead of the children to earn enough money in order to establish a new life and home for the Tambussi family.

Nate had completed the third grade in the local school when it was time to pack up and leave for American and "the streets lined with gold." He recalls the ship covered the ocean voyage in fourteen days. His first impression of America? The retired gentleman, sitting in his home on Olive Street, with his lovely wife Rose, said, with a proud smile, "I was impressed by the Statue of Liberty in the New York City harbor."

The young Tambussi child-

ren numbered four among the newcomers...Nate, Leon, Giacomo and sister Claudine. Giacomo would have a daughter years later, Ella Tambussi Grasso. The children were united with their parents and set up home on Oak Street, then Suffield Street, and finally to Olive Street where all the Tambussi families made their new home and prospered.

I asked, looking back, what were your first impressions of Windsor Locks?

"Just like the old country, no paved streets." The year was 1907 and Nate entered Union School. He had completed the third grade in Italy, however, was enrolled in the first grade at Union School. At the age of fifteen, with the finish of the fifth grade, Nate decided to work and earn his keep. He secured a job at the Montgomery Compnay on Main Street.

"The pay was five dollars a week, with a ten hour day. Because I was only 15 at the time, whenever anyone came around to check ages, (because of the child labor laws) I was hid in a large box, until the coast was clear."

When Nate was sixteen, he had enough of the hiding, and joined the other members of the family in Windsor to work for General Electric. The family had to look for other work, after a year, as the entire factory was moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Nate went from motors to cigar

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

making as an apprentice in the Suffield tobacco fields. He was learning a new trade, as there was a three year period before joining the union. Nate added, "the cigar making union is one of the oldest in the country."

Nate was at the stage of life when he wasn't sure where he wanted to live or work. He now had his union card. New Haven and the Graves Cigar Company seemed like a good place to start. His time in New Haven lasted five months. The union went on strike...Nate returned to Windsor Locks. The time was ripe and Nate set up his first business venture. He opened a cigar making shop on Main Street with a large window for passers-by to watch a new master at work. If cigars weren't their fancy, there were pool tables in the back.

With a taste of business in his blood and the sweet smell of success...Nate and his brother Giacomo (English translation: James) entered the world of a better smell; that of doughnuts, cakes and bread. Giacomo did the baking and Nate delivered the bakery products by truck. The business flourished for twenty

years on Spring Street near Main.

Nate had taken a wife in 1923. Rose Ferretti was born in Italy, near the town where the Tambussi family lived. She came to America with her family at the age of three and lived on Elm, North and Oak Streets. Nate and Rose have two sons, Richard and Robert. Both men are well known in town and operate the R-C Construction Company. The Tambussi grandparents have five granddaughters...Richard and Toby Tambussi have two...Robert and Phyllis have three.

Why did he leave the bakery business?

"I guess I had enough of driving that truck," he said with a smile. So Nate, not to let any grass grow under his feet, decided to undertake another field of endeavor...operating a movie show on Main Street. The name of the theater...the Rialto. For two years he ran the picture show by himself. For the next eight years he rented the business of making people laugh or cry, to another individual. This game him time to enter another field...operating a local

tavern. Back to the movies... what were the biggest hits you remember in those days? "That's easy...Gone With the Wind." Rose added, "don't forget Alexander's Ragtime Band." Oh yes, the price in those days...a quarter.

Nate and Giacomo were partners again...this time a tavern on Oak Street selling only draft beer. This venture lasted ten years. Nate completed his business enterprises at the Windsor Locks Lumber Company until his retirement in 1960.

Nate Tambussi, a businessman all his life, has settled down these days talking business (naturally) with his sons, and playing cards at the Italian Progressive Club on Suffield Street on Sundays. He joined the club in 1928 and has served as president and treasurer. Four years before he had been made a member of the Societa Di Mutuo Soccorso D'Annunzio and served as treasurer for a period of six years. His hobbies have been playing cards, taking care of his garden on Olive Street, and following the stock market. He admits he likes that team in Boston (Red Sox), watching pro football on television and has been a Republican all of his life.

EPILOG

Nate (which means

Christmas in Italian, he was born on Christmas Eve) Tambussi remembers the Windsor Locks downtown area and said, "it was quite a place." He remembers the "fights between the Irish and Italian immigrants. We all learned to live together." He remembers the day Ella Tambussi was born on 12 Olive Street. He said Ella's father, "didn't say much, but he was very proud of his daughter." Needless to say Nate and Rose are equally proud of their niece Ella.

Natale Tambussi has been a businessman for all seasons and a credit to his race, family and adopted town and country.



Natale Tambussi

THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Dear Jack -

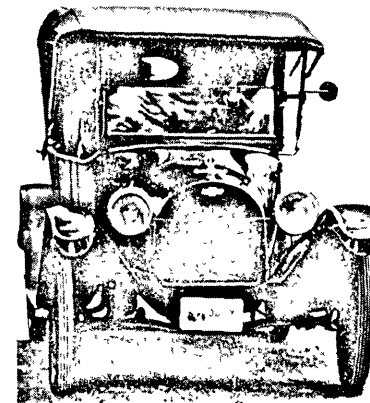
The article about
Uncle Nat was wonderful.
He lived with us until
he married Auntie Rose —
and then we shared all
those wonderful years on
Olive Street.

It is nice to walk on
memory lane. Fondly Deep

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

An active Paul Hanson, library director and family man



1917 “490” Touring
The oldest Chevrolet in Connecticut
Owned by Paul Hanson

Paul Hanson is an engineer involved in directing the quietness of the town's library, and owning, and maintaining and enjoying antique cars.

The articulate and soft-spoken man from Hollis, Maine, is equally at home in the library discussing the state of the art, or sitting in his 1928 Chevrolet.

The Bel-Aire Circle father of three, was born in southern Maine and received his schooling at the Hollis elementary and high school, with graduation from the University of Maine, class of 1959. Paul has a degree in Mechanical Engineering.

Paul's wife, Marie Lailer, is from Windham, Maine. A few days in the middle of June, 1959, where hectic, happy and time for selection of a new home port in Connecticut. On June 10 Paul graduated from college. June 20, Marie and Paul were married, and on June 26 he was notified to begin work at a Windsor Locks Company...Hamilton-Stanard.

It's been twenty years since those happy and hectic days. The Hanson family are well settled in Windsor Locks with school, sports, library, church, employment and pleasureable objectives.

Paul is established at Hamilton these days as a Product Support Engineer. His job covers the assembly and testing of jet engines. Before the advent of jets, Paul worked on fuel controls and air-conditioning.

The Hansom family grew by three children in the past two decades with Donna the oldest at 18. This fall she will begin her second year at Baypath College.

She's a 1978 grad of the local high school, where at graduation time gave the “Honor Essay Speech.” At Baypath, Donna is studying

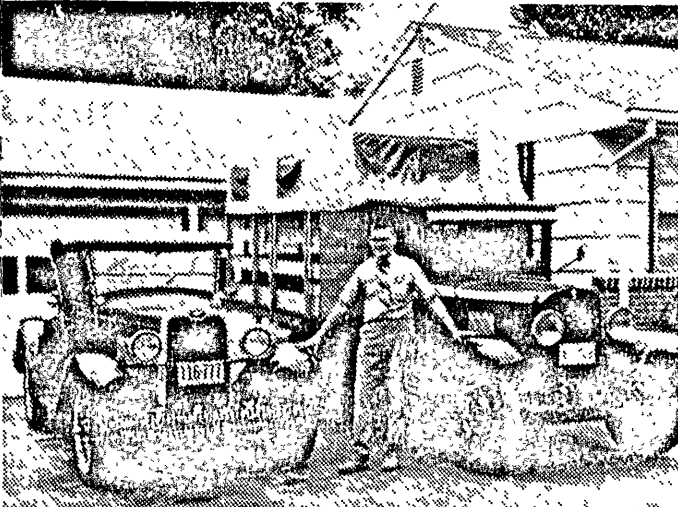
travel administration.

Tom, 17, is a junior at the high school. He is the sport-minded one in the family, participating in JV basketball and varsity golf...shooting in the high eighties.

Brian, 14, will be at the high school this fall. According to his dad, Brian is the writer and student in the family. Brian was the recent winner at the Middle School for designing the cover of the 1979 Year Book. Not to be outdone by her children in the student field of endeavor...Marie Hanson is taking a liberal arts course at

facility. Is a new library in the future of Windsor Locks? Is there a need?

“Yes, the library is in need of more area to function. We will probably build a new library on the same site. Citizens do need a change, the town could grow more.” How did you get started in library work? “I was a member of the Windsor Locks Jaycees for over ten years and served as president in 1962. I guess it was my involvement with the Jaycees that got me started in the Board of Directors of the Library.” You mentioned the



the Manchester Community College.

Paul Hansom is a multiple talented and concerned individual in his church, his adopted town and hobbies. At the Windsor Locks Congregational Church he has served in many capacities. Paul has chaired the Board of Financed, been on the building committee, a Deacon, Clerk of the Church and moderator (chairman of the church council.)

For the Windsor Locks Public Library, Inc. Paul is currently the acting chairman and vice-president. For the past ten years he has helped direct and operate the Main Street

How did you become interested in antique cars? “About fourteen years ago we were on vacation in Maine. At an

auction, we come across a 1928 Chevy and purchased it. That's how it all started.” In 1968 the Southern New England Region Vintage Chevrolet Club of America was formed and Paul was director in 1974.

In addition to his 1928 Chevy and a vintage truck Paul has the “oldest” Chevrolet in Connecticut, a 1917 “490” touring car. He said the “490” was given the car because at the time it cost \$490. He admitted, it would be difficult in today's market to ascertain a true value on any of his cars. Both the 28 and 17 models are under cover, the newer family van and car take a second place when it comes to Paul's masterpieces.

EPILOG

There has been many unmeasured benefits in writing a weekly column about the people in Windsor Locks. In meeting and writing a story on Paul Hansom I was given an added treat. He said, after the interview, to jump into his 1928 Chevrolet and we'll take a spin around the streets of Windsor Locks. As in all their trips from Maine to Florida the Hansom family are greeted with friendly waves from folks, mostly in admiration.

Sometimes in looking back at things made in the past we really are seeing the beauty we sometimes take for granted. Individuals, made in the mole of Paul Hanson, will talk about cars at the drop of a jack... because he knows, as it was written, “wisdom doesn't automatically come with old age. Nothing does, except wrinkles. It's true, some wines improve with age. But only if the grapes were good in the first place.” In Paul's case, his cars, they were good in the first place.

A journey to China with Debra Hannon

Debra Hannon has viewed Hotel Friendship. (The hotel and walked the Great Wall, was built in the fifties, used entered the Forbidden City mainly by foreign experts, and observed the people and Russians, to assist China in their customs on her recent trip to the People's Republic of China and other countries of the Far East.) Debra said the accommodations were mini-mum by United States standards.

The June graduate of Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, and daughter of James F. Hannon of Stevens Street, was greeted mostly by small part of a group of numbering children who clapped them on twenty-four students and one their way. In the afternoon the professor, as the trip leaders, group visited the Pekin invited to mainland China. The University. One of the high-visit came after nearly four lights was talking English to years of negotiations by Chinese students. Their first Professor George C. Fetter, day in China ended with the chairman of Bates' sociology opera, however, most eyes and anthropology department were on Henry Kissinger, a ments, who was also accom- member of the audience. panied by his wife. (Debra said the Chinese greatly admired Kissinger and schools, a native of Windsor Locks, and graduated from the high school in 1975. Last month she received her degree in sociology from Bates. The trip to China, which she called "fantastic," began on April 24 from JFK airport in New York.

ITINERARY making quite a contrast in the China's terrain. At the end of stop being at Anchorage, the ride...there was the Great Alaska. Time of trip: fourteen hours. Stayed over in Tokyo probably a little known fact, only one night. Left the next morning for Peking by China witness one of the "Wonders Air Lines however, due to of the World", the wall is mechanical problems with one falling apart. They walked on wheel, left by Iran Air Lines the reconstructed portion of instead. Trip took three hours. Arrived in the capital city, with buffs..The Great Wall of no bus or guide to the hotel. China, a system of walls Had to wait for Chinese constructed as a defense for authorities, finally went to the China against the nomads of

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

the regions that are now Mongolia and Manchuria; completed in the third century B.C., but later repeatedly modified and rebuilt. It is 2,000 miles long.) No wonder it is falling apart. Debra said there were many groups of Americans touring the wall that day...even some from Ivy schools of Yale and Harvard.

Next on their agenda was a bus trip to a "Friendship Store." The store was set up for foreign visitors in order to purchase Chinese products. Debra picked up a few vases and a tea pot for her mother, and a blue hat for brother Tom. (the hat was a typical Chinese head gear worn by the natives...could not use as a substitute Red Sox hat.) The items were very inexpensive. (The Chinese use Yuan as their paper money and monetary unit. Each Yuan is worth sixty cents, American.)

The last night in Peking the group were treated to a large banquet, sponsored by the China Travel Service. The menu included duck, fish, shark, with a toast before the meal call Mao Tai. (Debra wasn't too fond of the food or

the toast, which was clear liquor.)

The next city on their travels was Siam...Debra's favorite in China. The city afforded them free time to shop and walk the streets to observe. They encountered college teachers who were interested in how American save money, (sic) what Americans do in their spare time, where they vacation, the sports, dancing and who pays for their college tuition? On the serious side the groups was asked...why was the United States involved in the Vietnam War? Their explanation for China's recent war with Vietnam was...they were only defending their land. The discussion seemed to be one-sided because the teachers said the United States had no right to come halfway around the world to fight a war. Debra said no answers were given and the Chinese seemed to make their point. However, Debra had kind words for the friendship shown by the Chinese people.

In Siam they came across a "street clinic". Apparently people are treated on the street...with acupuncture

(Chinese folk medicine of attempting to cure illness by puncturing specified areas of the skin by needles) and herb medicine. Debra said one of the doctors diagnosed illness by reading a person's pulse.

May the first is a big holiday in China, as in all Communist countries. The citizens put on their best Mao jackets to watch the parades, fireworks, and flowing banners everywhere and visit their relatives. Off again...to Nanking...saw Henry Kissinger in the Airport. Visited Sun Yat Sen Tomb. (famous Chinese political and revolutionary leader). On May 4th another train ride...to Shanghai, largest city in China. The "most western city" in China. Stayed at the "Peace Hotel." Visited the zoo where the big attraction was the famous panda bears. The tour of Shanghai included apartments shared by three families, a nursery school and clinic, two factories and a school with 14-18 year old students. Even got to see a circus and industrial exhibition.

Plane ride again...to southern China (very hot) and Canton. Visited another zoo and on last day in China observed the workings of a commune. It was May 9th...a farwell banquet was given to end the travels in mainland China. A quick train ride to the border...a walk across the famous bridge...and they were in the so-called "free world" and Hong Kong. The British

colony, Debra said, was attempting to cure illness by "modern and a cultural stock" after leaving China. Stayed four days eating American food, riding in a sampan and swimming in the south China sea.

Left Hong Kong for Tokyo and the last leg of the journey. They spent two and a half days in the imperial city. Was good to be back eating pizza, McDonald's and southern chicken, fried like at home. They rode the famous "bullet train" and viewed the Nikko Shrine. Debra said... "there's a big difference between China and Japan, Tokyo is as modern as New York City." On May 18th the group left the Far East for their flight to the east coast of the United States and home. It was their final leg of a long and observing twenty-six day-trip.

EPILOG

For Debra Hannon's future plans...a move to Boston and a working career and probably observation of what makes the great town of Boston click. As for her China trip...she made the big step forward to a real life sociology project. She witnessed first hand, the customs, feelings, and life style of her own...and as the Chinese have said in the past...a journey begins with the first step. Debra Hannon will take many a step during her life...the China trip was the first big one.

Vacations need not be forgot even with gas crisis

by Jack Redmond

"Think we'll get gas?"

"Why not, we're even people, aren't we?"

And so the vacation plans of Rita and Jack started on this pessimistic and optimistic note.

Looked at Rielly's on the way over Route 91 and he was closed. So on to the Mass Pike. Got to Sturbridge, and a gas line, at 11:15 a.m. I left Mrs. R in the car. (just in case she had to move the Regal.)

I counted the cars ahead of me. Thirty-five would be the number before us. Noon was the magic time for six dollars of my OPEC allotment. But in small print...only if you have less than a half-tank of gas. No problem. We had filled up at Rielly's on Thursday and used up one half of the golden stuff.

Then a burly guy informed everyone in line...make three lines. What a break. Now we were only eleventh in the middle line. We made it. Six dollars and enough to get to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. (Sorry Ella, but we had made reservations).

Up 290...to 495...then to 95...a Saturday night stay at Andover and on Sunday, we arrived to a foggy noon arrival at "Wentworth By the Sea."

A beautiful place, but sort of a remake of the movie... "Separate Tables." Golf, good food and mixing with the rich, high-muck-a-muck, older ladies and people who just read the ad in the Courant.

Up early Monday morning, golf would have to wait. Gas was the main thing on our minds. Trouble? Are you kidding? The Texaco man with the star even washed our windows and asked me "want me to check the oil?" No kidding. I said, "yes."

We were all set. Then the golf, good food, swimming and in a few days we were off for Duxbury, Massachusetts and a visit to the kids. (Mr. and Mrs. Frank DeShaies (Nancy Redmond, Class of 1965 (WLHS) and grandchildren...Patty and Mike.)

By this time its the Fourth of July. A parade at Duxbury is the high-light of any 4th. Great display of firemen. (sort of a Windsor Locks and the Riellymen) a few local bands, old cars, and guess who was there? Miss Massachusetts in a special car. I yelled to her...see you on TV in September. (I'm a faithful fan of this American event.)

The Fourth of July would not be complete without fireworks. So the DeShaies drove us to nearby Plymouth. In the shadow of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock we watched the best of the noise and glorious fireworks...compliment of the local fathers...be it firemen, KofC, or the Masons. Our 4th of July was noisy, great and traditional.

On the 5th of July...Boston and the Pops. More gas. (my son-in-law drove) and we were

sitting at the famous place where Arthur Fiedler has done his thing for fifty years. Arthur has been ill and the sing-along-man Mitch Miller took his place at the podium. The boys and girls in the orchestra played "Rakoczi March From the Damnation of Faust." Great. (I think.) After Tchaikovsky, Wieniawski and Dnicu-Heifitz with "Hora Staccato" they finally played my songs... "Send in the Clowns"

Continued on Page 8

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★ Vacation

Continued from Page 4

and music of Harold Arlen. The show ended with Mr. Fiedler's own "Stars and Stripes Forever." A flag came down over the orchestra to add a patriotic note to a grand evening. (the flag was American, naturally.)

Up again on the sixth to find gas. No problem, the mass pike and six dollars. Now its back to Rielly and hope for the best.

The morale of this story is, if you stay home, gas can be a problem. Go north and you have no trouble.

Its sort of strange, gas in the north, why is Connecticut running into trouble? Maybe we have more cars and more people. We took the chance, and ended up with plenty of gas...music...fireworks...and a good time.

Cooper came a long way, from soldier to doctor

"Doctor Cooper, please lives lost. They died for report to the emergency nothing. If it had been done room."

These daily and steady have been in there to win. requests are heard at Hartford Today, Vietnam is not a free Hospital whenever medical country."

help is needed. One of the new Bryan spoke softly and doctors on duty...who could calmly of the war and the pass for "Doctor Kildare," is buddies who died. He was not Bryan Cooper, a Windsor bitter, just speaking his mind. Locks native, and recent grad He had spent a year and a day from the Tufts Medical School in the war torn country during in Medford, Massachusetts. 1970 and 1971 serving on a He began his internship at the special project in association capital city hospital on July with American advisors and the "mountain people called 1st.

As a veteran of the Vietnam Rhade." The army had set up War, Bryan was awarded two small terms of GIs trained in bronze stars, two air medals tracking down the Viet Cong and a unit citation. In looking as to movement and hiding back to those war years he was places. This select group both frank and honest as to his would radio back the position assessment of the United of the enemy to the advisor States involyment In his own and the "mountain people." words, and freely given... Bryan spoke fondly of these "there were too many political hard fighters, who he said, involvements, and not enough resembled American Indians, military. There were 55,000 just the opposite of the ethnic

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

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Vietnamese.

Before Bryan Cooper became involved in the "different war" he had lived the so-called normal boyhood. He was born in a Hartford Hospital, lived in Windsor Locks for a year or so and then the family moved to East Windsor. The Coopers returned to the locktown and Bryan entered the third grade.

The future doctor completed his years at Union School and graduated from the local high school in 1968. His sporting activity consisted of swimming at the Pesci Park pool and the Hartford YMCA. His normal

life changed...he enlisted in the U.S. Army.

Bryan's basic training was in the deep south...Fort Gordon, Georgia. The new soldier then moved to Fort Benning, Georgia to specialize in jump school and became a parachutist. During his army career he jumped on 27 occasions. How is it to jump form a plane? (the interviewer asked out of fear)

"Well the first time, I admit I was a little scared, but then it was a lot of fun." (Fun, he says)

Bryan's next assignment was at Fort Bragg, North Carolina at the JFK Center for Special Warfare. The center meant a hard six months of guerrilla training. At this point Bryan was an expert in light weapons. To specialize further, Bryan became a medic, and went through another five months of training. As it turned out the medic training would become his life work after Vietnam.

With training behind him, it was time for overseas duty. In January 1970 Bryan left Fort Lewis, Washington for short stops in Alaska and Japan. He admitted to slight nervousness

on his arrival in Vietnam. However, he said he was looking forward to action. Action he got.

"It was quite an experience, and in a year and a day I saw a lot of Vietnam." He managed a few days of R&R (rest and relaxation) in Taipei, Taiwan and in the city of Singapore.

His time was up. Bryan Cooper became a civilian in 1971. However, memories lingered on, a new life was ahead and decisions were to be made. He had seen death and it was a time for healing. He didn't decide to be a doctor right off. College came first. He attended the Hartford Community College for two years, then UConn where he earned his degree in biology.

At first he had visions of becoming a teacher...but the medic training in the service became number one and a doctor he was to be.

Last month Bryan Cooper graduated as a doctor after four years at the Tufts Medical School. He will intern for a three year period in internal medicine at the Hartford Hospital.

How does your wife (Dawn Nally of Enfield) feel about your medical career?

"She's all for it...Dawn is a nurse at Mount Sinai in Hartford." Bryan and Dawn have a ten month old son Chris. They were married in 1971 and currently live in Broad Brook, East Windsor. Bryan is the son of William

and Marjorie Cooper of North Main Street, Windsor Locks. Bill Cooper is a veteran of World War Two with the U.S. Marines. Bryan has one brother Brad, a computer specialist at Aetna and a sister, Nancy, a junior at Southern Connecticut State College in New Haven.

EPILOG

The young Doctor Bryan Cooper begins a new career at the age of 28. The Hartford Hospital will fill his hours with learning and work. The hunting, fishing, writing short stories, and golf (He's just starting) will have to be reserved for Wednesdays only.

The Vietnam experiences were a part of his young life. The scarring of those months in "an unwanted war" will always be with him. The next months and years will hopefully be filled with the scars of healing.

As seen from 36 Grove Street

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Bill and Alice Sheehan live at 36 Grove Street.

Everyone in Windsor Locks is familiar with Grove Street...and everyone in town, if they have lived here any length of time, have come in contact with this friendly and quiet couple, be it at St. Mary's, the post office, or Dexter.

Bill is a native son. Alice, a Hartford girl. They have been married 33 years and all those hard, happy and eventful years were spent at 36 Grove Street. Bill was even born on Grove Street in the heart of old Windsor Locks.

A few notes on the early life of William James Sheehan. He attended St. Mary's and the local high school. Graduation in 1932 found 28 boys and girls with new diplomas and a depression facing their eager faces. Bill recalls a few of the boys...Tom Cooney, Ed Connolly, Sy Bianchi and Ald Sicbaldi.

The silver-haired Irish gentleman, now retired, had an employment record as long as some of the gas lines last month. The many jobs were due partly to the

depression years when Bill, after graduation from high school, worked on the W. P. A., Montgomery's, the aircraft, First National stores and the Veterans Hospital in Newington. In 1937 he secured a steady job by joining the U.S. Post Office. In those days the post office was located in the old theater building on Main Street.

The steadiness of the post office was interrupted in August of 1943 when he changed uniforms...this time as a private in the U.S. Army. The army shipped young Bill to Camp Lee, Virginia for his basic training. The service had their own idea what Bill would be doing...postal school in Pennsylvania. (It's the first time the army ever assigned a soldier to his civilian position...usually a cook is made a driver, etc.) In January, 1944, with his latest postal rules in hand, Bill took off for Birmingham in Central England. He admitted working nights for the Army Post Office was not his idea of overseas duty. He figured on his return to Windsor Locks was time enough for the mails. He

asked for and received a transfer to the artillery. After the Battle of the Bulge, in December of 44, Bill got his wish. He was to fill the ranks of the many losses incurred by the final major German counteroffensive of the war.

Bill's hearing was damaged due to the constant explosions of the big guns and spent a year in army hospitals. He returned to the U.S.A. and celebrated Christmas of '45 at home. His discharge from the army came in February of 1946.

In April of that year he married Alice Henson. They had met several years before Bill went into the service and this time...Alice had him pop the question and he wouldn't get away from her this time. Bill and Alice have a daughter Alice, married to Robert A. Egan. The Egans have three children...Lauren, Eileen and a son Robert. They live in nearby Enfield.

Bill continued his postal duties in town until 1968 with 31 faithful years of service. During his years on Main Street, Bill, always a busy individual, also delivered the old Hartford Times to the local carriers. After leaving

the post office he joined the Dexter Company for an eight year period...that's right, working on their mail deliveries.

Life for Bill Sheehan has not been all work and no play. He's been active with the American Legion, VFW and the KofC. The Fourth Degree Knight held the office of Grand Knight for the Riverside Council. The KofC, according to Bill, "does a lot of fine work in the community, especially for the retired and the special kids in the swimming program."

The former altar boy at St. Mary's has been a familiar face in the role of usher for the past 25 years. As a member of the parish council he feels the many changes in the church "have been great and frankly I follow the mass better these days." Bill is the current president of the St. Mary's Credit Union and has served many years on their Board of Directors.

When asked for his comments on the many changes in his town of Windsor Locks...he said, "Bradley Field has been an asset to the town and

Hamilton-Standard. But sometimes I miss the old downtown area. I must add, the townspeople didn't have much choice in what they did as to redevelopment."

As many of the old-timers of Windsor Locks...Bill and Alice have known Governor Ella Grasso all their life and "she's doing the best she can."

Who do you admire the most? "Other than my wife...probably the new pope," he said, with a smile like a true Irishman.

The Sheehans have managed to enjoy several cruising holidays to Bermuda, Nassau, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Bill is a avid bowler in the Senior Citizen Club. When he is not busy at his garden these summer evenings he helps Alice wash the windows. (again he added with a smile.) When sports are mentioned...Bill only follows the Detroit Tigers and said Al Kaline was the greatest of the old timers.

Bill and Alice said it all..."Windsor Locks, why, we wouldn't live anywhere else," probably only on Grove Street. At their Grove

Street home Bill, as mentioned, has a garden. He didn't say so, but I believe the following words by Phyllis Therous, on gardening, sums up Bill Sheehan: "It all began with a plot of earth and a packet of seeds. I felt a contained excitement, jacketed like a seed within the soil. Looking at that brown raked square, laid out with string. I realized that I was nothing more than a custodian to a mystery beyond my comprehension. I think this is what hooks one on gardening: it is the closest one can come to being present at the Creation."

David Joseph Wenc, a brand spanking new lawyer in town, is getting his feet wet early in his career with involvement in the Knights of Columbus, the Board of Finance, the Public Health and Nursing Association and the Democratic Town Committee.

The Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts native, son of Joseph and Mildred Wenc of Windsor Locks, has the distinction of being the oldest and only son in the family with six younger sisters, and he admits, "being overly protective."

Dave, with local offices on North and Suffield Streets, quickly became interested in civil rights and working for the public after graduation from Law School. His first challenges were with the State of Connecticut and the Vista Program.

Dave's family made a few moves from Enfield and Chicopee Falls until they

settled permanently in Windsor Locks in 1957. He began his town education in the first grade, then on to the Middle School and two years at the high school. His final two years of high school were at the Suffield Academy. During his high school days he played soccer, baseball and basketball. At Holy Cross in Worcester, Dave performed on the varsity soccer team until graduation with a Political Science degree in 1973. His barrister degree was earned at the New England School of Law in Springfield, class of 1976.

New lawyer, David Wenc, Esquire, joined the legal staff of the State of Connecticut on the Commission of Human Rights and Opportunities. For a little over a year the young "Perry Mason" specialized in administrative and research into civil rights. His Hartford base was transferred for two months to New Haven and the Vista Pro-

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

gram. (Volunteer in Service to America) The period was spent investigating public housing in the Elm City.

He returned to the northern part of Connecticut when he entered private practice in Enfield for a year with fellow attorney Gary Nicholson. Looking for broader horizons and trial work he became associated with Burke and Burke of Hartford and maintains two addresses. . . in the capital city and Windsor Locks.

As mentioned Dave comes from a large family with seven children. After Dave came six girls. . . three K's and three L's. The oldest is Kathy (by a minute) over her twin Karen. The twin sisters live and work in Boston with sister Linda. The girls all attended school in the Boston area and now live in Red Sox country. Leslie, a June grad of the local high school, will be going east to Boston in the fall for her further schooling. Laurie will be a junior this year, followed by Kristine, a sophomore, at the high school. You see. . . 3K's and 3 L's.

Now back to the boy who grew up with his own harem. Dave, when not working or not involved in civic or fraternal duties, is a jogger running on a daily basis. In the winter months cross-country skiing is his way of enjoyment. Another type of relaxation and one that is important to him is Yoga and mediation. According to Dave, "its a great way to keep in shape, both physically and mentally."

1978 was the start of something big for Dave Wenc. He was appointed to fill the vacancy left by William Fitzpatrick on the

Board of Finance. I guess you could say Dave is the "lawyer on the board." To add to his activity he joined the Democratic Town Committee. In the recent campaign of State Senator Con O'Leary Dave had been the coordinator. He views politics as "a positive experience." Any political ambitions for yourself?

"If the opportunity arose, I would consider all options." He added, "I have always been interested in politics... better said, in public life." Speaking of public... Dave is on the Board of Directors of the Windsor Locks Public Health and Nursing Association. At the local K of C Dave is the Council advocate. What's your feelings concerning the many changes in the Catholic Church? "The mass is certainly more liberal, there's much more communal warm feeling. That's what religion is all about... a community of people." people."

Back to the community of politics. Who's going to be the candidates in the 1980 elections? After much discussion... he would answer a question like that, "the probable candidates will be Carter against Reagan." If you had a personal choice, who would it be? "Kennedy vs George Bush." (This is not the first time I have talked to people and the name of Mr. Bush has been mentioned.)

EPILOG

David Joseph Wenc is a young man on the go. He's facing life with work, play and civic involvement. The serious-minded lawyer has the attitude that Russ Johnston was talking about when he wrote the following... "Get the right perspective. When Goliath came against the Israelites, the soldiers all thought, "He's so big we can never kill him." David looked at the same giant and thought, "He's so big I can't miss."

New lawyer getting

Thursday, August 2, 1979—The Windsor Locks Journal—

involved in the Locks

Murray Erwin Gold has been an active man in Windsor Locks' civic affairs, in his religious beliefs, and in playing baseball in the younger days...but what makes him the proudest is his Shriner involvement in the treatment of underprivileged children.

The Avon, Connecticut native, and local resident for twenty years, wears with a certain amount of pride, the hat of the famous Shriner Drum Corps. For the past four years Murray has played the glockenspiel for the Sphinx Temple in Hartford.

The man with the ready smile attended grammar schools in Avon and the Canton High School. He participated in football for two years and four years on the diamonds of Canton High as captain in his senior year. In 1948, until his entry into the army, Murray performed on the baseball paths in the Farmington Valley League. He recalls playing against fellows like Windsor Locks' own Fire Chief Bill Reilly and the Sascali brothers, Vic and John.

Murray joined the National Guard in 1948 and when the Korean conflict broke out two years later his unit was federalized. He related to the question of "where did you serve?", "I went to Georgia and stayed there. But the nineteen months weren't too bad. I served in a cadre and the MPs." The army time interrupted the plans of Ruth Kaplan and Murray who were married on July 30, 1950. In August the former guardsman was stationed in the red clay of Georgia. Ruth, a Hartford girl, joined her husband down south, so all was not lost. How did you meet your wife?

Murray, always ready with the answers, said, "I met Ruth at a get-together in Hartford at the Jewish Center, but our first date was at a dance, get this, at the Polish Home."

Ruth and Murray had three bundles of gold.

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Sharon, their only daughter, is married to Richard Godden. They live in Hartford and have a son named Richard. The Golds have two sons...Mark, a programmer with the State of Connecticut, and Steven, inbetween positions. They are graduates of the local high school.

Murray's first full time job, after his Georgia campaign, was with the State of Connecticut as an Engineer's Aid. After two years he secured a position with a consulting firm surveying the building of the Connecticut Turnpike. In 1957 Murray returned to state work with the Metropolitan District Commission. The commission is chartered by the state. Murray has been in their employment for the past 22 years. He is a Senior Construction Inspector, covering the towns of Windsor, Hartford, Bloomfield, Newington, Rocky Hill, East Hartford and Wethersfield.

In Windsor Locks affairs Murray has always been a concerned citizen in his duties to the town and the children. During the period from 1961 to 1965 he served as Chairman of the Planning and Zoning Commission. For ten years he was connected with Howard White in the local boy scout movement. He recalls with much delight the trip to the 1967 Montreal Expo with the boys and even the older boys...Mr. White, George Scott, Tex Gill and Ron Storms to name a few. Murray served on the advancement committee and sat in on the "Eagle" board of the scouts.

Murray has been in the advanced Scottish Rite of the Mason order, 32nd degree, for over 25 years. In 1968 he

attained the rank of Worshipful Master. A part of the order is the Shriners and their charitable endeavor. The Shriners contributions to underprivileged children is known over the world. Murray is the Windsor Locks representative for the Shriners Hospital in Springfield, Mass. His duties include the applications for all children who are in need of assistance. He's been in the drum corps for four years with hat and glockenspiel. He and his wife Ruth recently returned from Minneapolis where they attended the national convention.

EPILOG

Murray Erwin Gold...his life has touched all walks of life. He has spread cheer among children, men of the same and different faith, performed on the diamond, rooted for the Yankees and Joe DiMaggio and now wears the hat of the Shriner with love and pride.

Murray Erwin Gold knows we only go through life once. He's doing his thing for others. The following tells it all..."In the last century, a

The funds, Murray said, for the hospitals and other famous Shrine Circus. Murray has been a part of the Maple Sugar Bowl held at the Dartmouth College Stadium where the Shriners and Dartmouth College Stadium where the Shriners and Knights of Columbus perform at a Maine and New Hampshire football game.

The Knights of Columbus has played an important role in Murray's life. In 1968 his lodge was honored by 60 members of the local K of C and awarded an American flag, in what Murray said was a "good will gesture." This came about because of the many friendships between Murray and the local knights. I too recall a few years ago when Murray was, himself, honored by the K of C at one of the communion breakfasts in the true ecumenical gesture of friendship.

tourist from America paid a visit to a renowned Polish rabbi, Hofetz Chaim. He was astonished to see that the rabbi's home was only a simple room filled with books, plus a table and a bench. "Rabbi," asked the tourist, "where is your furniture?" "Where is yours?" replied Hofetz Chaim. "Mine?" asked the puzzled American. "But I'm only a visitor here. I'm only passing through." "So am I," said the rabbi.

Murray Gold - Shriner,

Thursday, August 9, 1979—The Windsor Locks Journal—

family man and civic leader

Jack at GHO: still a child at heart

With Jack Redmond

On Wednesday, Aug. 8, the celebrity Pro-Am Tournament of the Sammy Davis, Jr. Greater Hartford Open was a success, due mainly to steady Bob Hope and Former President Gerry Ford.

Mr. Hope, probably the most popular man on the earth, including China, charmed his way, once again, into the hearts of the thousands of golf fans and just plain folks who enjoy coming out to Wethersfield every year. Surrounded by his secret service security force, Mr. Ford, always a gentleman, thrilled the crowd with his fine golf and give the press his latest verbal blast against the Carter administration.

President, comic or golf pro...they all start on the practice tee and here are a few comments given freely and overheard:

Gerry Ford, "Hi Gordie, (Gordie of the famous hockey Howe family) how are you?" All this took place before the former resident of the White House, sat on the grass to change his shoes. I stood near, in awe, watching a former president change his gear just like you and me. I got my answer quickly... when I mentioned it to the fellow standing over him, he

said, rather curtly, "that's the way he wanted it."

Bob Hope arrives. He speaks to everyone in general. The former president greets him, and calls out, "Here comes Bob Hope. Boooo." Bob, not to be put down, drove his cart over the presidential tee box and said, "Use these, (a dozen golf balls) the balls yell, here I am."

The Pro-Am was off and running.

Bob sings as he drives a few long ones and quickly says, "I should have saved that one for the first tee."

Another good hit. "Ah, are there any other games I can conquer?"

He hits a few more and relates to the press... "such a simple game." It's all Hope and who can not love him after all those years on the stage, movies and television. The first tee calls for the two stars, and we are left with only the golf stars.

Now there's one, **Fuzzy Zoeller**. For you non-golfing fans, Fuzzy, from New Albany, Ind., is the 1979 Master's champion, who incidentally got his start in Wethersfield.

Here are a few random remarks by the man who has inherited the crown of golf's new Lee Trevino with charm and wit.

"Golf, to me, is like a fishing trip."

He goes on, "ask me anything you want, if you ask me a question, I'll answer it."

This is his way. The press and fans love him. Fuzzy then said, "Some golfers are like computers. The master's? It took a lot out of me."

When asked about the easy shooting course at Wethersfield, "It's not a turkey shot, actually, it's a fun course and a great place for birds." (one stroke under par on a hole.)

Standing next to Fuzzy was his partner for the day, the great basketball player of the Houston Rockets, **Rick Barry**, wearing candy stripe pants covering half of his six-eight frame. In his golf bag, the woods were covered with fur tops from, would you believe, Dicker and Dicker of California. Other celebrities hitting the little white balls were **Dennis James**, popular master of ceremonies of television, **Bob Cousy**, famous court star of the Boston Celtics for thirteen years, and **Al Freeman, Jr.**, actor of stage and television.

And Mr. **Sammy Davis, Jr.** He played the 18 holes on Wednesday, a first for him. He walked the fairways, greeting the crowd after the Ford and Hope clans had captured the audience. When it's Wednesday at the

GHO, lately, it's the Hope, Ford and Davis show.

More moments to remember: asked **Gordie Howe** about his old hockey friend, **Wayne Carleton**, the former Whaler "He's back at his home town in Canada. But I heard he contacted **Jack Kelley** (official of the Whaler.) about a job."

I asked **Hubert Green** "Where's **Homero Blancas** this year?" The quick reply, "He's in Phoenix, Arizona working as a Pro."

You meet the nicest people at the GHO. I bumped into...**Sy Preli**, golfer and well known GOP man around Windsor Locks; **Nick Ruggiero**, photographer, watching the Hopes and Fords for the first time; **Henry Michalewicz**, sports enthusiast in Windsor Locks and permanent marshal on the first hole; **Paul Burton**, former writer for the Journals, working for the West Hartford papers and viewing the GHO for the first time. Paul and I sat together for the Ford press conference and it went something like this...

The former president, with a record of Pro-Ams dating back to 1971 and in his second appearance at the GHO, looked tired and warm. He looked at the fancy chairs waiting for the VIPs and said, "If I sit there, I'll never get up."

He got comfortable, "I had a nice day, shot an 87, only

two bad holes. Want to say it's nice to be back and see all your faces again." (he must have remembered me from last year!)

With the golf talk over, someone asked a political question, and being a politician, Mr. Ford was on his way.

"Who do you prefer for the Republican presidential nomination?"

"There are a lot of good candidates," he responded, "and they're working very hard. I want to stay out of endorsing any of them, but I hope one of them wins."

And if a draft develops for Gerald R. Ford?

"I'm not sitting around planning or conniving, but if that happens, I won't dodge my responsibilities."

The questions and answers were quite a contrast from last year, when Mr. Ford reluctantly answered a few questions on politics and then said, "let's talk golf."

This year he added something about golf...he praised **Jack Nicklaus** and **Tom Watson** for converting his golf swing from "flat" to "upright".

The big story of the press conference was his description of the Carter administration on an "economic course that has been catastrophic." **Paul Burton** asked the former head of state...did he feel the recent change of the president's cabinet resemble in any way the Nixon Saturday night massacre.

He felt it did, and added the changes by Carter were only cosmetic.

Just a footnote to the

people you meet at the GHO: In my walk to the car, had the pleasure of meeting **Phil Steele**, of WTIC, the son of **Bob Steele**, who has been waking us up for years. Phil was at the GHO, casing the fairways for his coverage the rest of the week.

Just for the record...the Pro-Am is a fun day. But the officials for the Jaycees better beef up their celebrity attendance with a few more stars and bigger golf names in order to continue the successful run at Wethersfield. The Hopes and Fords can't come every year. The field this year contains only three of the top ten money winners.

The field are all pros. However, the fans of Connecticut deserve to see a **Watson**, **Lietzke**, **Irwin**, **Crenshaw** or **Wadkins** to name only a few. All and all, a good time was had by all...and I managed to get President Ford to autograph my golf hat. (You see, I've never grown up and I hope I never do.)

Grand Knight Kania an asset to Lockstown

By Jack Redmond

Thomas Donald Kania is Grand Knight of the local Knights of Columbus...and a great deal more.

In his own words, "the day when I would reach the top of the pyramid," by being named the Grand Knight and editor of the "K of C Flash," "I wondered how it would

in the heartland of middle America.

Tom returned with new energy and a wider perspective of life. He decided to follow in his dad's footsteps. He entered the American Academy McAllister Institute of Funeral Service in New York City.

He said, "I was learning the business of embalming

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With Jack Redmond

feel." Tom already felt the rewards of his varied other Knights affairs, his dad's funeral business, bowling activity and with his pretty wife Laura, sailing down the Connecticut River on their boat, the "Honey-Bunny Two."

Tom was ready for his new role. He had been preparing for it a long time. One of the hats he wore as editor was well known. The past four years he has been the catalyst of the newsletter keeping members informed on what's going on at the Elm Street Riverside Council.

Tom was born in Hartford. The first seven years were spent on Alden Street near Colt's Park. The Kania family of three moved to Bloomfield in 1953. His schooling of 13 years were at the Robinson Prep School in West Hartford. It was at Robinson he became interested in writing and being involved. For two years Tom was the business editor of the school paper and in addition a writer on the senior year book staff.

After graduation from Robinson Prep, Tom, young and impatient, "wanted to just get away." He did just that...by attending the St. Ambrose College in far-off Davenport, Iowa. During his two years he studied biology. He also learned the customs, what hard work was, and of the gentleness of the people

but on the off hours, for a change of pace, I also learned the fun and business of big pin bowling."

With degree in hand, Tom found, "much of the knowledge of this business comes afterward with serving an apprenticeship for two years." Actually Tom was involved in the funeral business working with his father during summer vacations. Tom's father, Donald Kania, has been a funeral director for over 40 years. In Windsor Locks the Johnson-Kania Funeral Home on Oak Street was a known establishment. Today it is the Kania Funeral Home, operated by Mr. Kania and assisted by Tom.

Tom's father and mother, Helaine, still live in Bloomfield. Tom is married to Laura Senofonte. Their wedding in 1977 came about after a chance meeting at a local eatery. Tom recalls knowing Laura's father, Len Senofonte, at the K of C, before they met.

When asked, does it take a special type of individual or knowledge to pursue a lifetime career in your type of business?

Tom said, "not everyone can be in this business. Probably only sixty percent of the men and women who started with me in college completed the full terms." In talking to Tom, you see the

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Continued from Page 3

serious side of the man. To illustrate, when asked, what is your job with other people, he replied, "if you mean the people left behind, people want something at that time, when they really don't know what they want under distressed conditions." He added, "the more we can do for others, the more complete a person we will be."

In 1971, at the invitation of former Postmaster Joe Raccone, Tom Kania joined the Knights of Columbus. His life hasn't been the same since achieving the 3rd and 4th degrees.

Tom said, "the K of C has the ability to help others, especially people with troubles, and we help the Church." On the sporting side of the Knights, Tom is chairman of their bowling activities, as district committeeman of the K of C Bowling Association.

Tom received the "jewels of the Grand Knight," at the recent installation of new members at St. Robert's

Church. It was the first time the K of C officers were installed inside the church. Tom was deeply appreciative of the help of Father Thomas Farrell, pastor of St. Robert's, Father Michael DeVito, the Council Chaplain, K of C officers, John Coleman and James Powers, Veronica Rachel and the St. Robert's choir.

Tom and Laura have a new toy...a 16-footer, with an outboard motor, for the scenic trip down the Connecticut River to Saybrook. Laura is "Honey-Bunny One," the boat is number two. As mentioned, Tom is a bowling enthusiast, and proves it by bowling once a week, all year round.

The 190 average was earned during summers at Bloomfield and during winters with the K of C league at Bradley. When not knocking the big pins Tom enjoys finishing old furniture and "Just to get away" Tom and Laura travel to the White Mountains to seek their "Shangrila." Their more

realistic dream is to build a log home in the area...all in early American.

What about the town of Windsor Locks? "Windsor Locks is what we like. The people are so close and friendly. To sum it up, its great to be a member of the community and be able to identify."

One last question...and by the way, its the first time I interviewed anyone sitting on their porch on Oak Street. Oak Street...in the heart of old Windsor Locks, Oak and Chestnut...what could be better on a hot summer evening. Oh yes, the question. Who do you most admire?

"My father. He worked night and day for 25 years, so I would have it a little bit easier when I grew up."

Tom Kania has grown up from those experimental days back in Iowa to the days here in Windsor Locks where he and his father own a business and are a credit to the community. Donald Kania's work was not in vain.

When you talk baseball at the Gerry Ludden house...its either, "the Sox" or "did the kids win?" They all enter the conversation, even Judith, the statistical wizard of the family. Gerry and his wife Judith are from Maine... proud of it, and possess the good "horse sense" and American beliefs of the folks from "down East."

There are six Luddens at their South Center Street home. Mother and father, softball playing daughter "Kim", and her brothers Duane, Glen and Garrett with baseball ability inherited from both sides of the Luddens and Browns of Brooks and Jackson, Maine.

Big Gerry Ludden, tough on the outside, sensitive on the inside. That is the paradox of this fellow with a ready opinion on "the Sox" or what the children should accomplish with their lives. "The kids come first. The family is a together unit," he said, and this was strongly echoed by his steady influence of twenty years.

Gerry and Judith both were brought up in an atmosphere of hard work and family togetherness. Judith and her brother Roger Brown, today a physical education teacher in Newton, Mass., were destined to excell in sports. Their father named Roger after the great baseball player, Rogers Hornsby. The Brown mother kept the "stats" on her performing kids. It was obvious Judith would retain her mother's love for facts and figures on her own children.

Probably the only difference between Gerry and Judith is that he firmly believes in "learning the value of sports and feelings."

He said, with a smile, "the stats sometimes are a waste of time." Gerry grew up on the farm and his dad's feelings were that farm work was more important than pitching a baseball to someone at the batter's box.

He had met Judith Brown of Brooks, Maine during their high school days and while in the service they were married. Duane, actually Gerry Jr., was born 17 years ago in Alabama during his dad's days in uniform. The oldest of the boys is a junior at the high school. He played little league as an all-star, varsity football, baseball and JV basketball. (His mother added that he's also an honor student.)

Kimberly, 15, better known as "Kim," is a sophomore at the Raider school. Another honor student and the artist in the family, has performed on the varsity field hockey team,

softball and basketball. Her parents agreed, she probably has "the most natural ability" in the family and they added, "with no coach."

the recent Creech-O'Brien coached winners of the 1979 title. Garrett, who his dad feels "looks and plays like George Brett of the Kansas

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ing" as with the boys.

The two younger Ludden boys...Glen 12, and Garrett, 9, were members of the Standard Auto League team,

City Royals" is only nine and certainly a comer.

Glen, who I feel plays short like Burleson of the "Sox," is a fellow to watch,

Thursday, August 30, 1979 — The Windsor Locks Journal -

Gerry Ludden had his own moments of glory, despite his father, in high school as a pitcher. While in the service he made the "All-Europe Team of 1961." Major league baseball scout Willard Nixon of the Boston Red Sox (Gerry's Sox) wanted to look-see at the big burly guy from Maine. However, it wasn't in the cards or sox. Gerry's transfer from one location to another interfered with the tryout and he lost his chance.

The boy from Maine had spent five years with the Air Force. He was now a man who had traveled to Texas, Alabama, Georgia, North Africa, all over Europe and the Middle East as a radio operator.

and Coach Sullivan to use in years to come. Glen, a seventh grader at the Middle School, plays three sports and was a member of the 6th grade basketball team that played the state of Maryland. Garrett, a South School student, follows everyone, playing three sports.

The father of them all had entered the service in 1958 and upon his discharge in 1963 returned to Maine with his wife and son "to visit the folks and have a good time." The good time over, the Luddens came south to Connecticut to visit more relatives in Rockville and also for Gerry to get a steady job. In 1969 they moved to Windsor Locks. Gerry has been a licensed electrician in this area for the past ten years.

Why did you come to Windsor Locks? Gerry always ready with the quick reply, said, rather matter of fact, "it was four years after Windsor Locks won the World's Little League Championship and I decided this town had a great system and I wanted the best coaching opportunities for my children." (How's that for an endorsement of the Little League program...Mr. Fran Aniello?)

While Gerry is busy as an electrician earning the money for all those gloves, Judith, for the past seven seasons, has driven a school bus. She said, "I haven't had any trouble on the bus and I love the kids, all ages." She has followed sports in their adopted town since their

oldest started in the little league.

The Luddens are, as they say, "just ordinary folks." Gerry, a born again philosopher, said, "nobody ever wrote a book saying how to bring up kids, not even that famous child doctor, Spock."

He added, "I always tell my kids...nobody is better than you are and you are not better than anyone else."

Gerry Duane Ludden, Sr., wants his children to be good at their field of endeavor. He feels goodness is success. Being good in sports, in his eyes, is success.

The entire Ludden family are Boston Red Sox fans. Who could deny that? However, the recent untimely death of Thurman Munson, of the sometimes hated New York Yankees, was felt by Gerry Ludden.

"Munson had one request when a reporter interviewed him at length three years ago, in the calm before the Yankee storm. He might have repeated it Thursday "Don't write anything mushy," he said."

Gerry Ludden story

Nothing mushy about the

A Full and satisfying life

Paul Nicholas Mona enjoys life...filled with travels with his wife Peg, their three children in California, Florida, and Windsor Locks, the eight grandchildren, (two on the way), his Knights of Columbus years of devotion and duty, and the so-called normal hobbies of woodworking, bowling, golf and collecting another person's treasure at some flea market. Who could argue with Paul and Peg's credentials for a full and happy life style?

Paul and Peg have lived in Windsor Locks for 26 years, coming from Hartford, their hometown. Peg, the former Miss Reiser, married the big guy in 1942 after a meeting conveniently arranged by her sister.

Paul comes from "Behind the Rock," near Trinity College, known to all capital city dwellers. His 87-year old mother still lives in the same neighborhood. He attended grammar school and Hartford High School where his sport was the cross-country team. In 1942 he enlisted with the U.S. Air Force. He said, "I spent most of my 27 months in the state of Florida as a gunnery instructor." Paul and Peg were married the year he entered the service and both were bitten

by the bug of traveling with past itineraries to Europe to Hawaii.

The life of Paul Mona, former Grand Knight of the K of C, would only be complete with a full run-down of his three children and eight grandchildren living near both oceans of the United States. Michael is the oldest, enjoying the warmth of Tarpen Springs, Florida with his wife Nelly and their three children...Matthew, Michael and Marissa. Their dad is a graduate of the local high school and was a student at Catholic University.

Mary Lou, also a graduate of the Raider school, earned her degree at the College of New Rochelle. Another of the Mona children enjoying the sun...but in California, in the state capital city of Sacramento. Mary Lou and her husband, Robert Gillis, have two daughters...Jackie and Elizabeth. The Gillis family is expecting an addition in November. A week after the interview Paul and Peg were off to California and a three week rest and golden sun.

Mark, the youngest of the

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Mona clan, stayed right here in Windsor Locks and married Linda Pfaffenbichler. Like his brother Mike...Mark has three children, all girls, with the first names of "M"...Melanie, Melissa, Megan. They expect another "M" shortly. Mark, a K of C member as his dad, attended Fairfield University.

Paul has been a dedicated member of the Riverside Council of the K of C for the past 25 years. In 1969 he attained the high rank of Grand Knight. The following year he sat in the chair of Faithful Navigator of the 4th Degree, where locally he was a charter member. Paul's been the President of the K of C Board of Directors and

he served on the building committee of the Elm Street home. In 1964 he was chosen the Knight of the Year. Today he keeps active as the District Deputy of three councils.

As a bowler for the past 20 years with the Knights his personal high single set was 732, giving him the Eastern Seaboard Championship in a tournament held in Worcester, Mass.

He said, besides the great charitable work of the Knights he personally has made a "lot of good friends." He was quite proud of the ten year duty of running the teen-age dances with Joe Urso and other volunteers. Another first for Paul Mona was the gradua-

tion parties held for the seniors each June. He said when his daughter Mary Lou was a grad he wanted something different so he organized a party for her and each year the seniors have a party, thanks to the Knights.

Paul's employment record has covered the past 38 years with Hamilton Standard. Most of the years were spent in the shop as a machinist until several months ago he left his supervisor's position to join the purchasing department with the Windsor Locks based firm. He said, "it was a different ballgame than I was used to, but now I buy what I use to work with, and it has proved very interesting."

Besides his bowling career, Paul has played the Copper Hill links in East Granby for years, and just to round out his so-called free time he became involved in the scouting program. His son Mark was an Eagle Scout.

Paul Nicholas Mona enjoys life. His active and steady years in Windsor Locks and the K of C have made for a well-rounded life style. Paul and his wife Peg love to travel, with trips to Europe, Hawaii and cruises to the islands in the Caribbean. They have tasted "the good life." However, he looked back to his Hartford days and said he admired one man, a druggist, Mr. Moe Bernstein, who helped him as a young lad.

Paul put it this way, "he treated me as a son." I believe the following words by Martin Buxbaum, on success, would be Paul Mona's philosophy: "You can use most any measure when you're speaking of success. You can measure it in fancy home, expensive car or dress. But the measure of your real success is one you cannot spend. It's the way your son describes you when he's talking to a friend."

Hugh Joseph Donagher, Jr., son of Irish-born parents, is building a family room and garage at his home, with the capable help of his pretty wife Barbara, but more important, because of their concern and love, they're also building bridges between this country and France. The traditionally close knit family on Hughes Lane recently participated in the North Atlantic Cultural Exchange League providing a home for a French student.

The student, Christophe Morin, left for his native country just last month, and Barbara admitted the young boy had become a close member of the family, during his stay, and got along just fine with their daughter Krista and son, Hugh, the third, who is the French speaking expert in the family.

Their own son hopes to travel to the land of Charles de Gaulle, LaFayette and Napoleon in 1981 during his junior and senior years. He will probably find Christophe, land different than he pictured, however, because his inquisitive mind will adapt as fast as did his visitor to Windsor Locks. The traveling plans of the young is known as NACEL, the program of a summer homestay; sharing one's home with a French teenager.

Let's get to know the Donaghers and why they took on this responsibility. The father of the clan, Hugh Jr., is a Bronx, New York native, but only lived near the Yankee Stadium for ten months when his family decided to move to Hartford. His bride of 15 years, Barbara Robitaille is a native of the capital city. They met during the U.S. Senator Abe Ribicoff campaign, when life was easy for young Democrats and the action was at the Hilton and Bushnell. Then the wedding in 1964 and the Donagher family was four and living the normal life.

Hugh J. Donagher, III, is 15 years old this month and a sophomore at the high school. Besides his avid study of French, young Hugh is a photographer, member of the Pine Meadow Players (the high school drama club), a summer volunteer for the Park Department in town and is in the "most active scout troop in town...the 57." His father has been in the scouting movement all his

life. Being a chip off the old block, Hugh the third, hopes someday to be a scoutmaster and his first goal is becoming an Eagle Scout.

Krista, 13, an eight grader at the Middle School, loves horseback riding, and like her brother, is a member of the school's drama club.

More on Hugh, Jr...he spent six years with the Army National Guard. Six months were at Fort Dix, New Jersey as an infantry soldier, ending up as a mess sergeant. The former member of the local Jaycees said he, "enjoys working with his hands," on the family car, and the latest family project, the family room and garage. He's a grad of Hartford Public with Barbara still talking of the glory days of

Weaver with Johnny Egan.

Hugh, Jr. played sandlot baseball and football around the Hartford area and his only connection with the golf game was many years as a caddy. Currently he's employed at Stanadyne, as a machine operator for the past two years. His previous experience included the management of a muffler shop in West Hartford. He said, rather candidly, "I have tackled everything in my life, that's why I'm taking on our latest project at home." His wife has been a busy gal working in the personnel department as a secretary for the Covenant Insurance Company for the past four and one-half years. The Donagher family rounds out their activities by following the Red Sox and Yaz.

When Windsor Locks is discussed...the family views run something like this..."it was the best move we ever made (moved to Windsor Locks on St. Patrick's Day, 1966), the education has been great for the children, the tax structure is just fine and the planes don't scare us." In other words, the Donaghers couldn't be more pleased with a town.

What about your guest for a month? Christophe, 15 years old, has been all over Europe, under the NACEL program, since he was only six years old. The Donaghers said their visitor was surprised at the single family units in town and their vast differences in style. He spoke very good English, however, he did become confused with "American slang." Hugh, the third, had already planned a week at

scout camp, so being good hosts, Christophe attended the same camp. He enjoyed himself and the week helped him understand the use of slang in everyday conversations. He even earned a Boy Scout merit badge for canoeing and a certificate for swimming a mile. As for certificates...First Selectman Edward Savino presented the French lad with the honorary citizenship of Windsor Locks.

While here in the United States Christophe traveled to New York City and Boston with Hugh, the third, and his "biggest kick" was buying the American flag as a souvenir to go along with other flags of nations he visited. Barbara said during his stay, he was treated like one of the family and he even entertained them on many an evening with his piano playing. One thing he enjoyed was listening to the fine music on the FM dial of the radio.

EPILOG

The Hugh Donagher family is doing their thing...in terms of American slang. Included in their busy and enjoyable life, was the exchange of a student's life to a foreign country. Hopefully, Hugh, the third, will be jetting over to France, in a few years, with his eyes wide open, eager to learn and will have a "warm, enriching and meaningful experience," as did his French counterpart.

The Donaghers are builders...not only of family projects, but bridges across the oceans with an exchange of one boy for another, the future they know, is in the

hands of today's children. And Hugh, the third, will find the following so true... by Dr. S. Johnson..."All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own."

— The Windsor Locks Journal — Thursday, September 13, 1979

Building a bridge to France "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

-Togetherness through the decades-

George and Dot Woolweaver, Pennsylvanians by birth, have enjoyed their life in Windsor Locks since 1955 working, playing golf, raising a son and being thrilled to live in a town with "a great system" that satisfies the citizenry.

The togetherness of this couple of South Elm Street, is as close as their Connecticut license...GEO-DOT.

Their hometown, Saltsburg, located just 29 miles from smoky Pittsburgh, is better associated with its close proximity to Arnold Palmer country in Latrobe. This closeness to "Mr. Golf's" hometown has surely rubbed off on both George and Dot with golf as their main hobby and exercise these days.

George Woolweaver and Dorothy Erban attended the same grammar and high school in Saltsburg. George played varsity baseball and basketball in high school with Dot cheerleading him on the court with additional duty as cheerleader on the gridiron. She added, before it was fashionable and nationwide, the girls in Saltsburg played basketball and she was one of the performers.

The steady sweethearts were broken up by the second world war. In early 1943 George was wearing the sailor whites at bootcamp at Sampson, New York. After the training period George was back in school at Norfolk, Virginia learning the art of torpedoman. He left the east coast for sunny California and assignment on a destroyer. George served all over the Pacific Ocean area with nine battle stars on his dress whites.

The highlight of George's tour of the blue Pacific was on September 2, 1945, when he and thousands of servicemen, were in Tokyo Bay to bear witness to the signing of the peace treaty on the Battle Missouri. Of course, the star signer for the United States was General Douglas MacArthur.

The three years away from home were made a little easier to bear, with his gal Dot waiting for him to come marching home, (like the

song says.) Dot spent the time writing V-Mail, (type of mail system used by U.S. armed forces during the war, in which a microfilm of a letter was forwarded for printing in full size on photographic paper before delivery) and working in Cleveland, Ohio. George didn't waste any time, once his discharge was final. He was off for the land of the Indians and a quick exit to their hometown for the wedding day. The big day came on August 10, 1946.

His first civilian job was with the Dravo Corporation, lasting one year, building a bridge over the Monongahela River. George's employment record shows a slow migration from Pennsylvania to finally working and living in Connecticut. He has been associated with several projects of the engineering variety, up and down the eastern coast. After leaving Dravo he joined the Savin Construction Company of East Hartford, Connecticut building a dam over the Connemaugh River. He said the chief reason for joining Savin was better pay and the job was only four miles from home. During those years George, as an engineer, assisted in building other dams in eastern Pennsylvania. The idea of staying around home quickly vanished. His next assignment took him further north to Ravena, New York, south of Albany, where Savin built 26 miles of the New York Turnpike.

In keeping up with the latest engineering techniques George, in addition to learning on the job, completed a course whereby he earned his Associate Engineering Degree.

The Woolweavers finally made it to Connecticut in 1955 when the Savin company secured the work on Route 91 from Hartford to Windsor. They just kept going a few miles up the road and settled in Windsor Locks.

Their son Larry was born during his dad's east coast working projects. Today Larry follows a different path...that of accountant...and lives in Cedar Rapids,

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Iowa with his wife Sue, of Springfield, Illinois and their two daughters, Heather, six, and Hillary, two years old. The younger Woolweaver couple met as students at the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Illinois.

Now back to the wandering engineer...he had built dams in Vermont and Massachusetts, bridges in New York and Connecticut, in addition to the super highways, but it took some jet fuel to settle him down to the so-called normal life.

George, with his ready smile, tells it this way..."The Air Force needed jet fuel in Westover, but to truck it 90 miles from New Haven harbor to the air base was just too much time wasted."

Call it Yankee or Pennsylvania ingenuity...the answer was a pipe line. Today George is the manager of the line and is associated with the Jet Line Inc. and Buckeye Pipe Company...or is it the other way around. So after 27 years with Savin...George Woolweaver is now guiding the valuable gas to the air force and Windsor Locks is better for it.

After their son Larry entered school, Dot joined Combustion Engineering Inc. and today, after 21 years with the Windsor based firm is an executive secretary. On the local scene George is a life member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and past adjutant, with Dot as member of the VFW Auxiliary.

George is a past master of the Masonic Temple in town, a Shriner with the Sphinx Temple in Hartford.

In civic affairs George is Vice President of the Sewer Commission with reappointment on three terms of two years. A Republican for many years, George feels the taxes "are fantastic," the school system, "super," and snow and trash removal, "great, in fact all the services are equal or better than any town around."

EPILOG

George Donald Woolweaver got his start at the

Foster School of Survey in Pittsburgh and he ended up building dams, bridges and roads over the east and now looks over a valuable pipe line of gas for our Jet Planes of the U.S. Air Force.

George's understanding partner all those years has been his girl Dot, since their days in Saltsburg. George and Dot have the right philosophy...because they "take the time to play, it is the secret of perpetual youth...", they "take the time to be friendly, it is the road to happiness," and they "take the time to live."

A couple's years together just like the American dream—

Richard Labbe met Elaine Magnani during their junior year at the local high school.

Today the congenial couple's life is quite different than those days of the middle sixties, raising three active children and restoring their, 100 year old home on North Street.

Known as "Rich" to his many friends and fellow sportsmen in town, in addition to his duties as and handyman, he is active in the Knights of Columbus, the Little League and soccer programs, and stills plays a steady softball and basketball game with his peers.

Elaine is equally busy with the three children...Richard David, Anthony and little Nicole, who is entering kindergarten this month, and is a full time teacher at the Congregational Church Nursery School. The past five years Elaine was a substitute teacher at the Windsor Locks facility.

Rich was born in a little town called Eagle Lake in Maine, which he describes as being as far north as you can get without being in Canada. Rich was only a young lad of seven or so when his parents moved to Connecticut. Even with his 26 year residency with four years in the army, he is always reminded Elaine is a native daughter.

Before the service call, Rich left the comfort of home and decided to try college. His year at Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois proved to him..."I was not ready for college." During his try at college, Elaine was attending Southern Connecticut in New Haven.

In September of 1966 it was time for the army call. The new recruit arrived at Fort Dix, New Jersey for his basic training. With the drudgery out of the way, Rich found the Army had much better plans for him than the infiltration course or peeling potatoes.

Private Richard Labbe didn't disappoint the Army. The assignment called for a trip to California and the Army Defense Language Institute in fashionable Monterey on the Pacific Ocean. The scenery was beautiful, the work was different. Rich said, kiddingly, "The Army took this French boy, taught him Polish, and then shipped him to Germany." But, however, no regrets.

The German trip was postponed for six months and enough time at Fort Devens, Massachusetts for Rich to pop the question to Elaine. The young couple was mar-

ried in 1968. After his arrival in Germany, with the time being right, he sent for his bride.

Elaine's memories of Germany are probably two-fold. The country, she said, was "just beautiful." The other beautiful description would be the birth of their two sons

during Rich and Elaine's stay in West Germany. The boys, Richard David and Anthony were born in Nuremberg, a city in central Bavaria. The boys have dual citizenship. The parents admit the boys are rather proud to say... when asked, for instance, at little league...where were you boys born? Windsor Locks? "No, Nuremberg, Germany."

Little five year old Nicole, cute as a button, is a native of Windsor Locks, as is her mother. She is attending North Street School, for the first time, with her brothers. Nicole is the only daughter and only granddaughter in the family, so she is referred to as "the queen."

But, her parents added, "she wants to be like one of the boys." Speaking of the boys...the oldest, Richard David is ten and a fifth grader. He's into little league soccer and basketball and "the only Yankee fan in the family." Anthony, nine, is a fourth grader and "the artist in the family." Like his brother, he is involved in three sports. Their mother is a piano player, from way back, and is teaching all the children the skill and fun of hitting the ivories. She said Nicole plays by ear and, considering her age, really picks it up fast. Nicole will organize a backyard parade at a minute's notice and is only sorry she can't take the piano along as a musical partner.

Rich, Elaine and the boys returned to Windsor Locks in 1970 for a new life. Rich was eager to complete his college credits and now was ready.

At times life can be difficult. Rich had his share. He attended classes at the Greater Hartford Community College during the days, with nights at the high school as a janitor. The difficult days paid off...he later earned his accounting degree at Central Connecticut College. For a year he was employed by local accountant Lou McGee, and then entered industrial accounting with the LaPointe Industries. After a year or so he joined the State of Connecticut as an auditor of public accounts. His work day covers assignments at state prisons, state and com-

munity colleges.

In town Rich has been a member of the Riverside Council of the K of C for the past eight years. He is currently a trustee. In the sporting end of the K of C he helps organize the softball and basketball programs. In the town soccer league Rich will manage a team of boys from ten to twelve with Bill O'Brien. Twenty years ago Rich played little league and today is manager of a minor league team. He feels all sports in town are excellent for the kids. Should girls play little league? "Sure." We had Elizabeth Dube on our club last year, she's the sister of Ann Marie Dube who played for Standard Auto."

EPILOG

Rich and Elaine Labbe met as students in high school. Rich served his country for four years. Today he is serving his town in several ways, just as Elaine is a teacher of the young. You might say its like the American dream, or better, a movie script...boy meets girl...boy leaves for the army...boy marries girl...have children...now living happily ever after in the American town of Windsor Locks. The movie could be called..."Mr. Nice Guy Marries High School Sweetheart."

Thursday, September 27, 1979 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

Native son follows the footsteps

Robert Thomas Norris is following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather.

The youthful soccer and basketball referee, as the Norrismen before him, is an active member of the Republican party in his town. His grandfather was the late Charles A. Norris, a former first selectman of Windsor Locks during the thirties. Bob lives on Fernwood Avenue with his mother Katherine Kenny Norris, formerly of Forestville, Connecticut, and his brother Charles R. Norris.

Before his involvement in politics, Bob was first a student, second a sport participant and the holder of a college degree leading to an insurance position, with always a hand in refereeing soccer and basketball.

A native son, Bob attended St. Mary's, graduated from the local high school in 1961 and four years later earned his Business Administration degree from the University of Hartford. In high school and at Hartford Bob was a track and field member specializing in sprints, broadjump and the discus.

Bob spent six years with the Connecticut National Guard. He said he recalled the Bobby Seale Riots in New Haven during those years as probably the highlight of his service career.

He joined the local K of C eight years ago. He is looking forward to helping in the Knights' "special children" program. As a young member of the K of C he has played in their softball program enjoying the sport and staying in shape, so important in the role of referee.

When you talk with Bob Norris about sports...officiating is the main topic. He's been involved in soccer, as a referee, since 1964 and is a member of the Central Connecticut Soccer Officials Association. He calls the action in high school and community college games. (He, of course, can not be the man with the whistle at the local high school)

When talk turns to basketball Bob speaks of being on the courts since 1966, and today he usually can be found running up and down the courts of the college junior varsity games.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

When asked to compare the playing skills in soccer of a few years ago...he said, "the soccer today is much better. This came about with the improvement in coaching techniques, and the game is gaining popularity through the fine town programs." When asked...who was the best basketball player he ever saw on the high school courts...Bob talked about Tom Roy of South Windsor and Corny Thompson of Middletown, currently the star of UCONN. He felt Thompson was probably the most outstanding player of the two.

When you talk sports with Bob Norris...both sports are his life work. Not to give the wrong impression...Bob has been a full-time insurance worker for the Hartford Insurance Group for the past 13 years. His official title is

Control Analysis Accountant. The first years with Hartford were spent as a traveling auditor and collection supervisor.

Bob's other active participation is in Windsor Locks Republican circles. He's been on the GOP town committee for several years. He firmly believes, "in primary struggles within all parties, favors open caucus, this leads to open government, and active people in town affairs makes for a healthy and well-rounded life." When asked...what do you think of the Democratic domination of Windsor Locks politics? Bob, felt, "any switch control can come about if the Republicans get out the vote and decide they can win."

With Bob Norris it seems you can't get away from

sports. When he is not refereeing or working at insurance problems you can find him during the summer months coaching Babe Ruth baseball. He's the treasurer of the North Connecticut Babe Ruth Baseball league. He's been with the league since 1966. He has coached Park Department basketball in town for the past ten years. Just to complete any good week's work...Bob is an usher at St. Mary's Church... and roots for the Yankees.

(Wonder what he does in his spare time?)

EPILOG

Robert Thomas Norris is a bundle of energy when it comes to sports, business or politics. The happy-go-lucky native son of Windsor Locks is a dedicated man in different walks of life. When asked if he had any hobbies...I should have forgotten that one...his hobbies are many. This fits Bob..."people rarely succeed at anything unless they have fun doing it."

Commentary

What the nation needs now

by Jack Redmond

In these days of instant news and panic-threatening items affecting the general public, it was a source of relief to hear the news of Senator Ted Kennedy's latest admission that he may run for his brother's sometimes neglected position.

The news of President Kennedy, I mean Senator Kennedy's decision to seek the job of head of the White House and government, several months before the New Hampshire primary, has given the not-so-news-hungry public the time to reflect and decide if they really want the golden boy from Massachusetts to be their president. Mr. Kennedy is clearly both a good candidate and an experienced politician.

The eighties coming up for Americans will probably be lalapaloozas, compared to the drug and war-torn sixties and the "you name it" seventies. The important problems of life have to be straightened out...the economy, the middle-east, gas and oil supply and prices, the salt talks, the trouble with Carlton Fisk, and the rest facing the world.

The 1981 occupant of the White House must be strong. It needs a Roosevelt and Truman mixture. An experienced politician and back-home no nonsense individual who will make critical decisions is what the country needs. As for me...I always liked Gerry Ford. But we have had enough Fords...we need a cadillac.

Speaking of possible candidates of the Grand Old Party (Republicans, that is) they as a body hope good old boy Jimmy Carter runs again. Even Ronald Reagan or Howard Baker could beat him today. To make a point... I read recently in the Boston Globe, an article by David B. Wilson. It went like this... "Carter, the President of dollar gas, and two-dollar hamburgers, of Billy and Bert and Biblical sanctioniousness, of Andrew Young and Soviet brigades, the man who would never lie to you, is of course, the candidate the Republicans would prefer to run against."

Too bad for the GOP...Ted is the man of the hour, the next hour and yes, next year's hour. Who can delay this rush to the White House? Mr. Carter? I believe he would only be fooling himself.

If you think Senator Kennedy deserves the most impossible job in the world

by heritage...you may be right. But he has been studying for the position many years and has the right and faithful crowd behind him every working day.

With the Democratic convention nearly a year away and the election nearly 13 months off, all this excitement may seem to be a bit premature. It is not. It is pretty certain that a successful candidate, even a Kennedy, needs to start early.

Just thought I'd wake up everyone this Thursday evening and say who I believe is the man for the job in 1981. (All contrary opinions are to be written to the editor).

The next year will be a big year for Windsor Locks, the state of Connecticut and the United States...so get with it. Voice your opinion. But remember the song...with a few words changed to fit the time...What the nation needs now...is Ted, Ted, Ted.

Loughran could be called "a Jack of all trades"

Jack Loughran, President of the Windsor Locks Little League, is a low-key individual who believes in the Grandland Rice theory... "it's not who wins the game, but how you play the game." But in the back of his mind is the ever seeking idea, that, just maybe, someday, the world championship flag can fly again in Windsor Locks as the best little league team in the world. Jack said, rather coyly, "if you get the breaks, you can go all the way...I'd love to see it."

Jack, a resident of the Lockstown since 1965, is a native of Cranston, Rhode Island. He attended grammar and high school in the Cranston area and in 1961 graduated from Bryant College with a Bachelor of Science in Business Administration. After college he spent the next three years in the army with duty in New Jersey, Nebraska and a year of travel in Germany. He saw, "as much as I could of Europe" with trips to England, Ireland, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, France and Holland...and there wasn't much else to see.

On one of his side trips Jack managed to secure a pass across "Checkpoint Charlie" to East Berlin, beyond the Iron Curtain, and recalls a "cloud of gloom over the city." He said you could feel the difference between the east and west. Another day he remembered while stationed in Frankfurt, was in November, 1963. The late news woke everyone up with the sad news of the assassination of President Jack Kennedy. That night and for days after...West Berlin had their own type of gloom.

The Loughran family, of Darian Drive, with Jack and his wife Eleanor heading the clan, have five children, all active at the Middle and High School. The oldest are Johnny and Kenny, both 15. Johnny is a sophomore and member of the school band and last year performed for the freshman football squad. Kenny, a three sport guy with basketball, baseball and soccer as a student at the Landmark School in Boston's south shore. Another member of the school band is Jimmy, a 14 year old

freshman. All the boys played little league in the summer, with midget football on their fall schedule. The middle school students are the two girls of the Loughran family...Jacqueline, 13, and Leslie, 12.

An added note on Johnny.. he was born in Frankfurt,

years as a member of the Italian-American Club of Windsor Locks. Jack could rightly be called... "a Jack of all trades"... with his handy work around the family home and sales career with the Narragansett Brewery, the Borden Chemical Company, Wickes Lumber, J.M. Ben-

him. He stated the current league has eight teams in the minor and major leagues with six teams in the senior division.

He spoke highly of the dedicated coaches and board members of the league. He added, for the board members, its a year round job, meeting once a month. They keep up with the latest edits from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, the capital city of little league baseball. He emphasized the latest rules of playing the boys or girls at least two innings and said "naturally this gives everyone a chance to play...the name of the game."

As for the future of Windsor Locks little league.. Jack said, "we have a good group of kids coming up, but there may be fewer teams in a few years, because of the decline in population growth in town."

Jack had a few words for the parents... "I urge the parents to start their kids at a young age playing little league." As for new coaches and managers... "we always need new blood in the league and continued support from

the town and parents."

EPILOG

Jack Loughran has taken on a big responsibility as President of the Windsor Locks Little League. The 1965 victory was the epitome of success for this town. Another victory will be hard to come by, especially with the continued wins by Taiwan, with their apparent year-round playing. However, with the dedication and hard work of the Fran Aniello, Mike Heneghans, Pat Raffertys, Bill Mandrolas, to name only a few.. maybe the gods will shine again on Windsor Locks and Jack Loughran hopes to be there when that day comes.

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Germany, while his dad was in the service. He recently spent three weeks in the land of his birth with 25 other students of the high school in an exchange program. Johnny lived with a German family during his stay. A tour of the Ford Factory, visiting a coal mine and a boat ride down the Rhine River were the highlights of the trip.

Jack, besides his active participation in little league, has been a volunteer fireman in town for 13 years with two

son and for the past four years with the Battistoni Lumber Company of Southwick, Massachusetts.

The quiet mannered Jack Loughran "likes doing his part" in the little league program as president, inherited from the popular Pat Rafferty. Jack played sandlot and intramural baseball in college. In talking to Jack... you can sense his serious role-taking as head of a very dedicated league in state circles, as the men before

The day disaster struck

BY JACK REDMOND

Rain was in the forecast. What happened wasn't in the forecast, or in the wildest dreams of local residents of Windsor Locks, Windsor or Suffield.

To most folks, it was just another Wednesday. The middle of the week. But that Wednesday, October 3, 1979, will be long remembered by the merchants, homeless, hotel guests, truck drivers, families of the injured and the dead, and just plain people who were on Route 75, that three in the afternoon, as the day the tornado hit Windsor Locks, Windsor and Suffield.

As for me, I was lucky. At three in the afternoon I was at work (Combustion Engineering, Inc.) in East Granby. The power went off. As I looked out the windows, with my fellow employees, I recalled, to myself, the hurricanes I had experienced, but that Wednesday, the rain couldn't have been harder or the winds stronger. Naturally, work stopped. About three-thirty or so, someone figured it was about time to go home and call it a day. The sun was shining and the rain had stopped.

In my car I heard the 4 o'clock news and the unbelievable...a tornado had hit Routes 20 and 75, the Ramada Inn was badly damaged. I said to myself.. (that's the way I go home.) I guess my only problem was picking up my wife at the Combustion-Windsor office. For once I drove the way my feelings said to...straight to Route 91, off Kennedy Road and to Old County Road on to Pershing and home. We really didn't know the serious situation at Route 20 and 75.

Arrived home and immediately watched the baseball game on television. But the constant reminders on the bottom of the TV screen concerning the plight of Windsor Locks was too much for me to ignore. I wanted to be there and see for myself. My wife volunteered to stay put and if any relatives or friends called, because of the storm hitting our town, she could give them the details. (At that point we didn't know any of the details.) I would soon find out. (It was a nice feeling on my return home to find both friends and relatives called when the bad news hit the national television screens. Even an old friend in Indiana called, and it makes one feel good.)

We live approximately a mile and a half from Route 75 and Bradley Field. I decided to drive over to Denslow Street and walk to Old County Road. As I turned the corner on to Old County, my first impression was of people walking to and from an area and they weren't sure what they saw or will see. The Koala Inn on Route 75 was my first disaster in

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★ The day disaster struck

Continued from Page 1

view, with broken windows, walls, glass and metal from the roof spread over its frontal area and on to Route 75. The First National Store was a sea of water for parking cars. The popular eatery, McDonald's was in darkness, with the big sign on the ground in two billion pieces.

Managed to walk to the corner of Elm and Route 75. Vinny Musco's Texaco station was in ruins. I nodded to Vinny...and he gave his usual smile. What can anyone say at a time like that? People were all over the place inspecting, watching and just being a part of a bad dream. I stopped to talk to Tommy Frechette, Dave Scotto, George and Dot Woolweaver and Eddie Katzebeck and we all shared the horror of the bad dream.

My inquisitive nature took over when I "sort of became" a part of the Channel Three coverage at the Musco station. The Hartford based television crew, led by Gerry Toney, was there recording the events. Flying overhead the new "Sky Three" helicopter was in touch with Mr. Toney. I could see there was a problem...where did Governor Grasso live? I volunteered the directions. (Couldn't pass up the story.) Unfortunately, the busy and helpful Governor was not at home. She was in her own helicopter viewing the area. The television reporter, who came with me and the driver, was a bit disappointed. It was my pleasure at a time when everyone was concern-

ed. Channel Three at eleven had their interview with the Governor, so the story was completed, one way or another.

On Thursday morning, my wife who hadn't seen the disastrous Route 75, wanted me to drive there on our way to work. To tell the truth, I never figured we would make it, but we did. At Halfway-house and Old County Road I told the National Guard soldier stationed there, I was going to work and had to use Route 75. He said, if we wanted to try it, go ahead. It was not a pleasing sight at seven in the morning. It gave us a strange feeling. Twenty-four hours before we had driven the same road, like any other morning, but on Thursday, October 4, 1979, destruction was in the air. We arrived at Route Twenty but our adventure, if you call it that, was over. It was for the best. The businesses were gone on the Windsor Locks side, but on the Windsor side...homes were gone.

Our view of the tornado that hit these towns was from the non-casualty side. I usually write articles about people and enjoy it...there wasn't any joy to write this article. However, we have all been touched by the storm.

Some of the victims are our neighbors or co-workers, relatives, friends, merchants we deal with on a daily basis. My own son-in-law, Frank Deshaies, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, informed me on Saturday that his cousin's home in Colonial Village and his aunt's home on Route 75 were completely destroyed. Mrs. Carole Dembkoski, who was killed by the tornado, was a former employee of Combustion Engineering in Windsor and worked in the accounting department with us a few years ago. Only our kindest thoughts and prayers go out to Mr. Dembkoski and his family, and all the residents in that area of Windsor. It was a sad Wednesday for Windsor Locks and her sister town of Windsor.

Governor Ella Grasso was "absolutely horrified," and she went to work to help where it was most needed. The pieces will be picked up, but the memories of many citizens will be long remembered of the day...disaster hit the towns of Windsor Locks, Windsor and Suffield.

Richard Paul Tassistro has a lifestyle resembling Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." Of course, in Dick's case, one is the town of Windsor Locks and the other the big city of Hartford.

Dick is a native of West Springfield, however, his family moved to Hartford when he was very young. He and his wife, the former Caroline Buczek, who was born in New York City, have lived in Windsor Locks since 1965. When he leaves his job ten miles south of home, he said, with a grin, "it's very relaxing leaving Hartford." Dick put out fires as a member of the Hartford Fire Department for four years, until an injury caused him to change from fires to park maintenance.

For twenty-three years Dick has been employed by the capital city Park Department and answers to the call of Foreman in charge of maintenance. This includes Dillon Stadium and all the change-overs at the civic center..

Before the parks of Hartford became his occupation, Dick was into other more pressing duties. He graduated from Buckley High School in 1950 and the next year was wearing the U.S. Army uniform in Germany. For 15 months Dick spent his time, besides being a soldier, visiting France and Italy. A side trip, for a skiing holiday, at Berchtasgaden (Hilter's fortified mountain chalet) was one of the highlights of his European duty.

Dick and Caroline were married in January of 1955 and have two children. Kim Ann, 20, is a student at the Asnuntuck Community College. Kim was a member of the Windsor Locks High School tennis team for four years and was named captain in her senior year. In 1975 she won the town tennis championship. Her brother, Richard, Jr., 19, is also a grad of the local high school where he played football and basketball. He is currently working at Hamilton-Standard under the newly offered machinist program. Young Richard played little league and was named an all-star in the senior division.

Their parents met when dad was at Fire Company Number One of Hartford and their mother would pass by the fire house on her way to school.(Hartford High) In those days Dick Tassistro had one eye on the fire apparatus and the other eye

on pretty Caroline. After the wedding day the young couple lived in Hartford, East Windsor and finally settled in Windsor Locks.

during his army days, enjoying the mass the "old way" and feels today, something is lost.

When it comes to personal

“CABBAGES AND KINGS”

With Jack Redmond

Dick's position with the park department covers the football, baseball and soccer fields. They must be made ready for active, sports-minded youth of the city. There has been other events, such as rock concerts, leaving Dillon Stadium in disarray. The maintenance is a full time job cleaning up.

One of the biggest operations Dick and his crew face is the rapid change over of the floor at the civic center; from ice hockey of the Whalers, to the hardwood floor, for the Boston Celtics. Of course, this tricky maneuver took place before the roof came crumbling down. Come 1980, Dick and his boys will be back at the new and better civic center with the same old problems. He said the conversion from the basketball floor to the ice is the most difficult. So when you attend a game in the afternoon to watch the stars of the court, and then the ice hockey performers...Dick Tassistro and his hard working staff had a hand in the changeover.

When Dick came to Windsor Locks he joined the Knights of Columbus. He is currently the Deputy Grand Knight and next year will step into the chief chair of the order. Dick feels the KofC, "helps the needs of people...is a great way to meet people socially, and I enjoy participating in their many activities, especially the bowling."

Dick and Caroline have hit the big pins in the mixed KofC league for several years. One of his duties include being the Instructional Representative for the KofC sponsored Boy Scout Troop Number 263 in town.

Dick's feelings on the changes in the Catholic Church are mixed. He said, "I always liked it the so-called old way, it was, to me, more religious.

"As kids we had to learn latin and that meant studying harder." He recalls, while visiting churches in Italy,

sports, Dick has managed to do his share of coaching and umpiring in the little league in town. When he talks of bowling...he's not in the class of Pete Couture...but is near the 200 average. The only problem for Dick is the night work in Hartford...the sports activity is limited.

To Dick, vacation time is going to North Wood Lake in Vermont, only three miles from Canada, and hunting deer. For twenty years Dick and his friends have gone north and Caroline said, rather coyly, "he hasn't caught deer in all those years." Dick agreed, with a

sad smile on his face.

EPILOG

Richard Paul Tassistro is one busy guy keeping the parks ready for the sports of Hartford. He has always been as busy in his adopted town in the scouts, KofC and little league programs. After a hard day's night...he likes to relax in his comfortable home on Denslow but realizes there's things to be done and in Dick's case...he does what is expected of him. Dick has probably found out that..."There are few, if any, jobs in which ability alone is sufficient. Needed also are loyalty, sincerity, enthusiasm, and cooperation."

Thursday, October 18, 1979 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Life is a tale of two cities

Julia Lee is into everything with love

Julia Lee...outgoing, warm mother of four grown sons, can be best characterized as a person who "just loves people." Her entire 68 years has been dedicated to this end...filled with hard work for her family and everyone who comes in contact with this happy grandmother.

The Chestnut Street resident feels and acts like a true native of Windsor Locks, but actually was born in New York City on Roosevelt Street, "right near Chinatown." For over a half a century Julia and her family, the Sartoris, have left their mark on Windsor Locks.

The Sartori family moved from the big city to Windsor Locks when Julia was only eleven years old. She said, "we lived on a farm, where Route 159 and 91 are now located." One of the problems was the long walk from their home to St. Mary's School. Many times the Sartori children did not attend school because of the severe weather conditions. Her father requested transportation and Julia was transferred to Union School.

She was one of five children...Mike Sartori, now deceased, was the First Selectman of Windsor Locks, Mary Tria, of Windsor Locks, John Sartori, retired from the local post office, and Helen Sterarinovich, also of Windsor Locks, a former police-woman.

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Julia met Albert Lee, a native of Maine, while he was working in the Hartford area. They were married in 1934. After their marriage they lived in Boston and Pawtucket, Rhode Island until 1939 when the young couple returned to Windsor Locks at 28 Chestnut Street. The local address has been home for the Sartori family for 52 years. The duplex house is over a hundred years old. Mr. Lee, now deceased, and Julia were blessed with four active sons. Julia refers to her boys as No. one, two, etc. (all in good nature).

Robert, the oldest, lives in Norwalk, Connecticut, with his wife Diana, and their four children, twin daughters, Debby and Diana, and sons Mark and Bob. Robert is employed by Combustion Engineering, Inc. in Stamford, Connecticut. No. two son, is big John Lee of Windsor Locks. John and Donna have four children... Timmy, Sherri and twin girls Tracy and Gina. John is the well known Lion Club member and is employed at the Windsor Locks Funeral

Home.

No. three is Albert, living in West Suffield, with his wife Linda. Albert is employed at WTC Air Freight Company. Dana, the youngest, and his wife Angela, live in Waterloo, Iowa and will be soon moving to Tulsa, Oklahoma. Dana is employed by the Kroblin Transportation Systems. Dana was a former soccer player in town while his brother Albert excelled in soccer, basketball and swimming. According to his proud mother, he is also an avid tuna fisherman.

In looking back Julia said, "it was wonderful raising four boys." Before her marriage, and just out of Union School, Julia went to work across the river in Warehouse Point at the silk mill. She later came back over the river, so to speak, to work at the Medcott Company where she said, "I was a pressor of union suits."

While the boys were growing up Julia was employed at Dexter for 25 years on the night shift. For a six year period she did double duty with a noon shift at the school cafeteria and then

three to ten o'clock at Dexter. She reminisced about those hard days and wondered how she ever did it...it was for her boys. She said it was so they could go to schools for higher learning.

Julia Lee, with memories of her husband and the boys growing up, and now her grandchildren, said she has to keep busy..."you can't sit around the house all day." And she doesn't. A quick walk down the block and its daily mass at St. Mary's. The job of monitor for two hours at the North Street School. The trips to so many places with the Senior Citizen club and she loves to dance and play cards.

One of her "into everything routine," is the Christian Service, she and several local women are involved in working with local convalescent homes. These dedicated women visit the sick, at the Windsor and Windsor Locks homes, and hopefully add something a little extra to their idle hours.

Julia is a member of the St. Mary's Parish Council, the church's yearly picnic committee and when asked her opinions of the many changes in the Catholic Church...she said, rather candidly, "it was hard to get use to, but frankly, I like it now." She felt the recent visit of the Pope in the United States was "wonderful, moving and he's such a sincere man."

Next month's election will find Julia active in the Democratic camp. Oh yes, she's been a member of the Democratic Town Committee for the past three years, just to be "into everything."

EPILOG

Julia Sartori Lee...a woman into everything with love. She faces her life today with gusto and the right attitude. I believe Julia Lee, if familiar with the following story, knowingly or unknowingly...feels it has assisted her like so many...

There was a man who had just died and he reviewed the footprints he had taken in his life. He looked down and noticed all over the mountains and difficult places he had traveled there was one set of footprints. On the smooth and easy paths, there were two sets of footprints.

He turned to Christ and said, "There is something I don't understand. Why is it that down the hills and over the smooth and easy places, I see two sets of footprints for you have walked by my side, but here on the rough and difficult places, I see just one set of footprints. Have I walked alone?"

Christ turned to the man and said, "It is that while your life was easy I walked along at your side, but here when the walking was hard and the paths difficult, I realized you needed me most, and I carried you."

Bob Sheehan Has No Regrets

Robert James Sheehan looks like he should go out to the mound, check which pitch to throw with his old battery mate, Bill Reilly, and throw it right past the batter. However, those days are gone. The memories and clippings may be a little yellow, but Bob recalls the semi-pro baseball games around the area and the dreams of making it big.

This native son was all baseball as a kid. Playing catch with Bill Reilly, he can recall the future fire chief running off at the first sign of the fire alarm. Bob's hopes of a major league career were never realized. In 1952 he was off to the army and service in Korea.

Bob and his wife, the former June Fitzpatrick, live on Grove Street, next to the house where Bob grew up. His mother, Mary Sheehan, still resides on Grove Street. His father, Arthur Sheehan, is deceased.

His schooling included St. Mary's and graduation from the local high school in 1947. He excelled in baseball and basketball. Besides Chief Reilly, his future brother-in-law, Joe Fitzpatrick, was among his teammates. Bob went on to play American Legion baseball and semi-pro around the state. In the summer of 1947, Bob and Al Shapiro went north to Canada to try their skills in towns near Montreal. Al's brother Lou Shapiro was the manager. It was quite an experience for the young Windsor Locks player but he felt his size may have been against him.

"Several scouts from the Major Leagues talked to me about a career, but nothing ever materialized," said Bob.

Bob and June were high school sweethearts. June, a native of Windsor Locks, is the daughter of the late and

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respected John Fitzpatrick, the former Democratic Town Chairman, former Chairman of the School Board and Vice President of the Montgomery Company in town.

The young couple were married in 1950, two years before Bob was drafted into the army. They now have five children...John, the oldest at 26, lives in West Suffield with his wife Sue. John is in the auto repair business.

"John was always interested in repairing cars and never took up my interest in playing baseball," said Bob. June had three daughters, before their youngest son, Tim, was born. Karen, 23, lives on James Street in town with her husband, Donald Bouchard, and their two children Keith and Kelley.

Theresa, 22, lives at home, is employed by the State of Connecticut in the claims section of the Lottery Division. Robin, 21, and her husband, Kenneth Sabine, reside on Spring Street in town. Robin, also works for the state as a secretary in the Department of Transportation.

The athlete in the family is Tim, 18, recent grad of the local high school. He is now attending Williston Prep in East Hampton, Massachusetts. Tim played varsity basketball for two years, baseball three years and four years for Dan Sullivan's soccer teams. Tim was a little leaguer during his father's coaching and managing years in the town's program.

In the fall of 1952 Bob was

shipped off to Korea, to be stationed just outside Seoul as a draftsman of strategic maps. The army figured Bob could not read maps full time, so, as a part of the special services program, gave him a seven day tour of Yokohama, Japan to study the art of umpiring a baseball game.

Bob, being an ardent lover of the game, jumped at the chance to call balls and strikes. It was on his return to a baseball game in Korea, when behind the catcher as umpire, another local boy, Patsy Ruggiero, stepped to the plate. The native sons had quite a talk after the game and the questionable calls Bob made against Patsy.

Bob returned to civilian status in January, 1954, and steady work with the Department of Transportation. He recently completed 31 years with the state as a Programmer Scheduler and System Engineer.

The soft spoken guy from Grove Street names his hobbies as cheering for the Boston Red Sox and keeping busy around his home. The Sheehan's vacations are spent in New Hampshire in what he calls, "our second home, in the woods, a sort of retreat and we love it."

On Wednesday, October the third, Bob and June were

in Simsbury hoping to watch their son, Tim play soccer. The rainstorm postponed the game. The Sheehans drove off to Windsor Locks. Tim and his teammates drove off to Massachusetts and their school. The bus ride took two hours. Bob and June made good time, even with the heavy rains.

Bob recalls, "we drove right into the thick of things, and didn't know it at the time. The trees along Rainbow Road in Windsor were cut off at the top. We received the shock of our lives when we finally reached Route 75 and realized Rice Hardward and the bank building were completely destroyed. We couldn't drive south down 75. We went north and were rerouted around the wrecked buildings. It was about 3:40 p.m. We stopped to check on June's mother and found everything in order and then went home and were glad we made it."

EPILOG

Robert James Sheehan has fond memories of his boyhood baseball days. He's another example of the caliber of "good" players from Windsor Locks and this area before Uncle Sam changed their uniforms.

Bob has no regrets on not making it big...but feels, in his day, size was a big factor, today speed, regardless of size, is a sure way of making it big in the majors. Bob is a hard working father of five children and knows you can't turn back the clock, but that it is nice to think about the "old days." Someone once said, "what we see depends mainly on what we look for."

What Makes Patsy Ruggiero Run?

Paschal Francis Ruggiero, better known in Windsor Locks as just plain Patsy... was running for selectman in this month's election.

What made Patsy Ruggiero run? "I like the town of Windsor Locks. I want to be more active. I firmly believe the selectmen should be

At the high school Patsy excelled on the baseball diamond at third base with players, during his four years of varsity playing, Bob Sheehan, Chief Bill Reilly and the Wezowicz boys.

Patsy, like many aspiring baseball players in the area, was hoping to pursue a

At one of the games in Korea, when he was at bat, the first pitch was to Patsy, rather on the high side. Probably just to inform him who was boss...it was called a strike by the umpire. Patsy, ready to say what was on his mind, turned and who was the umpire...Bob Sheehan, of Windsor Locks. Small world. Speaking of Windsor Locks, another native son stationed in Korea was Fire Chief Bill Reilly. The two never actually met...only talked on the army phone connection. Bill was in charge of the prisoners at Pusan and their paths never crossed, however, the phone call was all about home. The war was over and Patsy, Bob and Bill were back in Windsor Locks.

Patsy and Marion were together again. During his Korean stay, his first of four daughters was born. Now Linda Hagist of Windsor Locks, she has two children of her own...a son, Charles, known as "Scooter," and a daughter named "Mandy." Leslie, 22, works for Dr. John J. Kennedy in town. Lee, 20, known as "Dede," is employed by the auditing firm of Arthur Anderson, of

Hartford. The youngest of the Ruggiero girls is Tracy, 12, a student at the Middle School and the artist in the family.

On his return to civilian life the father of this growing family went right to work for the State of Connecticut at Bradley Field with the U.S. Property Fiscal Office. After three years Patsy joined the Dexter Company and has 22 years of service there today, he is quite proud of the record of safety at the local company.

On the political front Patsy is a staunch Republican and was ready for the role of selectman. He feels, "the day of the political machine is over. The people have to be included."

He went on, "I firmly believe in the town meeting concept of government." On other issues, "the taxes in town, I love them, even would like to see them lower. Any surplus, should go back to the people, who put it there to begin with." On the downtown situation, "it was an awful let down, seeing only grass growing. We certainly need new business

to come in, and that would mean more tax revenue." Patsy felt, "the schools are the best in the state and the student's academic record speaks for itself."

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more active, available and for the people of Windsor Locks," he answered in a firm and concerned manner.

He made it a point to emphasize he campaigned for second selectman and running mate of Dennis Gragnolati, the current selectman. Dennis was making his second run for the roses and hoped to upseat First Selectman Edward Savino. November the sixth was the showdown for the Republican team of Gragnolati and Ruggiero in their attempt to change the steady stream of Democratic rule under Savino and Fran Colli for these many years.

Patsy is new to the "Cabbages and Kings" column, the other candidates have already been exposed, if that is the right word, through these channels of information.

However, Patsy Ruggiero is not new to Windsor Locks. For the record...he is secretary of the Police Commission...secretary of the Lions Ambulance

Ambulance Committee... former member of the Windsor Locks Police Department...former member of the Windsor Locks Fire Department...former Supervisor at Dexter Corporation.. and today the safety director at Dexter and long-time constable for the town.

A native son, born at 75 Oak Street..."in the house... and right on the kitchen table." His first schooling was at Union. He recalls, with a mischievous eye...a few encounters with then, Principal Leander Jackson.

professional career after high school. His hopes were diminished when fate took a different road for a full time job with Bidwell Hardware in town. It didn't mean an end to baseball for Patsy, he managed to continue playing and remembers the names of Moe Drabowsky and Vic Raschi, as opponents who later went on to distinguished pitching records in the big time.

When Patsy was a senior at the high school a pretty sophomore by the name of Marion Kupec caught his eye, when he wasn't catching hot grounders down the third base line. The high school sweethearts were married in April, 1952, just two weeks before he was inducted into the army.

Patsy had to leave his bride, and his town, for training in Maryland. In January, 1953 the young soldier was in Korea, stationed in Seoul, driving the famous General Mark Clark, who had made his military mark as a leader in the Italian campaign. Patsy and the General became fast friends with many trips from the capital city to Panmunjom, site of the truce talks following the actual fighting.

During his Korean stay Patsy never forgot his baseball. In point of fact, on his trip overseas by ship... one of his fellow passengers was the noted Boston Red Sox hitter, Ted Williams. Patsy still admires "the greatest ballplayer" and recalls many of the favors he did for him and the other GIs.

EPILOG

Paschal Francis Ruggiero...native son, with the happy full life of play, work and civic involvement. Patsy and Marion have traveled "everywhere," the highlight being their 25th wedding anniversary trip to Aruba. The close twosome have bowled big pins in the Mixed Couples League at Bradley and have won the high average championship. Patsy admits to being a "sports nut," following all sports, especially the Red Sox.

He's a member of the Windsor Locks Lion Club and hoped to join the exclusive club of selectman. Patsy hopes he can rise to the task before him and that the voters will do the same. The following by Robert Frost could be what he feels... "All men are born free and equal, free at least in their right to be different. Some people want to homogenize society everywhere. I'm against the homogenizers in art, in politics, in every walk of life. I want the cream to rise."

Flynns Are Rightly Proud Of Family

Thursday, November 15, 1979 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Robert Francis Flynn has followed his brothers in the sporting and presidential fraternity of the Windsor Locks High School.

Currently, president of his own senior class and captain of Dan Sullivan's soccer Raiders, Bob, 17, said rather candidly, he was not pursuing the same path because his brothers Joe and Dan wore the robes of president of their respective classes.

You only have to spend a short time with Bob Flynn, and you find a young man... sure of himself, rightly proud of his family, serious minded, ready with a quick Irish smile, and high ambitions in sports, law and politics.

Bob, son of Daniel and Marilyn Flynn, has five brothers and one sister, Kathleen. The Flynn home, probably since the days of their oldest son Joseph, has been a constant beehive of activity in sports, school projects and programs.

For example, Bob, as president of the senior class, has on his mind besides playing soccer, stimulating his fellow students in becoming involved with setting up the senior ball next May, the class play in April, various fund raising projects and most important graduation next June, 1980. Bob knows, the months fly, and coordination of many students is needed for a successful class year.

Bob received his baptism, and added, "good advice from his brothers," during his freshman and sophomore years on the student council. His second year he was elected treasurer, vice president in the junior class and the top job this year as president. When Bob lays down the crown he is all sports at the high school.

He said, "since I was only six, sports has been my main

activity." After little league baseball, and into high school, Bob could be found playing varsity soccer and basketball. He is captain of both sports at the Raider school. He admits soccer is his favorite. Last year, helping his team to the finals, Bob made All-Conference and All-Area in the all star picks.

Daniel and his wife, the former Marilyn Andrews, are both Hartford natives. Dan is in the insurance business. Marilyn admitted leaving Hartford for the small town of Windsor Locks was at first thought wrong, however, they wouldn't live anywhere else now. All their children are on the active side in sports and scholastic achievement. It all began with Joseph, 24.

A UConn grad, Joe is in Missouri at the St. Louis University studying for a law degree. Just to keep his books, no sports for him, said his brother Bob. Joe was captain of the Raider soccer team and also played basketball and baseball. He was an all-star in the little league divisions. Kathleen, 22, is a grad of the high school and the Becker Junior College. She is a doctor's medical assistant.

Daniel, III, 20, graduated from the high school, president of his class, and captain of the soccer team. Dan is a humanities major at Providence College. At the end of September he left for Switzerland to spend a year in the college's "Providence In-Europe" program, which provides an opportunity for qualified students to spend a year studying at an European institution of higher education. He will be studying at the University of Fribourg in Fribourg, Switzerland.

Thomas, 19, is a 1978 grad

of the high school and now attends the University of Hartford. Tom was an outstanding soccer player for Dan Sullivan's team as his brothers before him.

Michael, 14, is at the Middle School in the eighth grade. True to the Flynn tradition, he's into soccer and little league.

grow, and disciplines when we need it."

Bob hopes to attend a four-year college, somewhere in the east. His major will be political science and then to study for a law degree. He added, he wanted to continue his sports participation in college. His ultimate goal is law and

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Patrick, the youngest at ten, is a student at the South School and...you guessed it, plays soccer in the town league. Mother and Dad will be following Windsor Locks sports for a few more years. They keep soccer players coming to everyone's satisfaction.

Some more on Bob Flynn...he really gets a kick (excuse that) out of soccer and actually used the word "fun" in this connection... practicing six days a week.

No practice on Saturday, but Sunday starts the weekly sessions. He, like the Flynn brothers before him, said Coach Sullivan is tough, but added, "he teaches us to

politics. He has always had an interest in politics ever since he assisted Rep. Joyce Wojtas in one of her recent campaigns.

Any political heroes? Bob said he admired the late John

F. Kennedy and Franklin Roosevelt. As for big time baseball...he's a Baltimore fan, and waited a few years for them to win and then the Pirates came along. Well Bob, you can't win them all.

EPILOG

Robert Francis Flynn had a great deal to live up to...following Joe, Dan and Tom Flynn in their active and outstanding high school careers. Bob Flynn can hold his own...be it as president of his class or facing the stiff competition on the soccer field.

Bob probably never realized the following pertained to him..."People are generally better persuaded by the reasons which they have themselves discovered than by those which have come from the minds of others."

Something Special To Be Thankful For

by Jack Redmond

The communities of Windsor Locks, Windsor and Suffield have something special, in fact, extra special, to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving day of 1979.

The tornado of October 3, 1979 is history. A history lesson we will not soon forget. The stories have been written. Thanksgiving will have three less places at the dinner tables. The homes are gone...now there are trailers. Route 75 is not the same...and never will be...in Windsor Locks or Windsor.

Thanksgiving Day. This is the day we count our

blessings. There's plenty to be thankful about in this area. Without being facetious...let's say...well, you made it, didn't you?

It's amazing how the past and the people who didn't make it play a major role in our life.

Arthur Fiedler and his music.

John Wayne and his movies.

The baseball season with the Red Sox and Yankees not making it big, like the Orioles and Pirates.

It's equally amazing how the present and the people who make it play a major role

in our life.

The local snow removal teams clearing the winter storms from our streets. The trash pickup, every week, as if a magic wand goes over every street while we are working or playing.

Turning off Howard Co-sell...what a pleasure.

Tuning in Jim Garner on Friday television...what a pleasure.

Turning off Jerry Lewis after Labor Day...but thankful that his efforts, for his kids are not wasted.

There's plenty to be thankful for...it just takes a little thought.

Not to prolong the tornado and its aftermath...we should be thankful for folks like John Basile, Mario Gatti, Fred Miclon, Robert Burk, Ed Savino, Governor Ella Grasso, Dennis Gagnolati, the workers at the town hall, the policement and firemen and other volunteers, who just helped at a time when valor was normal in everyday life. I'm sure there are unsung heroes, men and women, who will never be known, who managed unselfish deeds during the storm. Those people...we are thankful for too.

Some history on this day

before Thanksgiving...the Mayflower and the pilgrims, sailing from England in 1620 were all thankful to reach the new shores of Massachusetts. They started a new life and a town. There are many today, in our towns, who have to start new lives. We don't have to look for a new "Plymouth"; it's right here in Windsor Locks, Windsor and Suffield.

The Rev. Steven J. McKinley, who so eloquently said the kind words at the service to those people affected by the tornado... "We have come together also to give thanks together...the loss of

a home is a sad thing, but its tragedy pales into insignificance next to the loss of a life...we thank God that the cost in human life was not greater...we cannot offer you answers to questions about why disasters happen. But we can, and do, promise you the love of God, and offer you our love. Amen."

The Reverend McKinley was so right...love was offered by so many.

Thanksgiving Day, 1979...Windsor Locks, Windsor and Suffield indeed have something extra special to be thankful for this year.

Windsor Locks Journal

November 21, 1979

*A Happy
Thanksgiving
To All*

*From The
Journal Staff*



Tony Colapietro Remembers The Past

Thursday, November 29, 1979 - The Windsor Locks Journal

Anthony Joseph Colapietro "remembers the past," with a sharp recollection of Windsor Locks as it once was; the family business; his own entrepreneurship; the second World War; thirty-two years of marriage; his three sons and the big bands of the wonderful thirties and forties.

Tony C. or Tony Coly, as he is known, is a man of many talents and he is filled with assorted stories of the town, "he loves," Windsor Locks.

Tony was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts, as was his brother Angelo. The Colapietro family moved to Windsor Locks when Tony was only two years old in 1915. His brothers John and Leo, and sister Lena Montemerlo were born at 84 Oak Street, the present home of Tony and his wife Amelia. John lives in Broad Brook, Angelo and Leo reside in California. Lena, former teacher at the Junior High, lives in Windsor Locks. Tony's parents came

from southern Italy. Vito and Anna Colapietro were natives of Turi in the province of Bari.

Union School was Tony's first taste of education. He graduated from the local high school in 1934 and he remembered a few of his classmates...John Molyn, was president of the class, Johnny Marconi, Lucy Sfreddo, Ted Tenero and my old friend, Aldo Sartirana.

Vito Colapietro's confectionary store on Main Street was the start of the family business. Young Tony helped his father during high

school days. The Windsor Locks Hotel on Main St., was another venture of the family. Tony called the hotel "a home away from home." After graduation from high school Tony went on his own in the business world with a soda shop featuring ice cream and juke box. His

father was then operating a tavern. The Colapietro enterprises were opposite the Railroad Station, his father's tavern was next to

Saipan, an island in the Marianas. (At the time I was serving in Guam and even

made a stop at Saipan, but Tony and I were not town-mates at the time.) Tony served on the Pacific island for fourteen months. After the war, and just before his

discharge and homeward bound, Tony served on Iwo Jimi. He did meet a local boy on Iwo...Jim Dursa, a Navy man at the time.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS"

With Jack Redmond

the Burnep building. This building was a mixture of dancing, sprots and the telephone company.

The first floor contained the telephone equipment, the second floor was filled on Saturday nights with the dancing feet of the locals. The third floor offered basketball or professional prize fights.

Tony operated his "soda shoppe" for eight years until Uncle Sam needed him for the Air Force and World War Two. Tony said goodbye to his family and Windsor Locks. His father ran the business during Tony's absence.

The absence lasted four years with Tony traveling across the country from Connecticut to Oklahoma to Oregon to California and finally across the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii and duty in

The year after Tony's return to civilian status he married Amelia Peters, of Windsor. Amelia and Tony knew each other before the war, meeting at her brother's wedding. The Colapietros have three sons...Vito, 31, Vincent, 26, and Anthony, 25. They also have four grandchildren to spoil. Vito and Vincent are teachers at

the Marian College at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Basketball fans, during the sixties, at the height of the Raiders best years, will surely remember the ball-handling and scoring efforts of Vinnie Colapietro.

Tony returned to his business on Main Street after his service career. For the next twenty years he operated the "shoppe" with many innovations. The shop grew in merchandise, Tony

was keeping up with the times. He received numerous awards, especially in the window dressing field, which he said, is now, "a lost art." Tony prided himself on the type of business he was involved with over the years. His father and uncles were all well-known businessmen around the area.

When the time was right... Tony left Main Street and tried his hand in the package store business. Speaking frankly, Tony said, "I got out of the package store when the law allowed 18 year olds to purchase the goods." In 1974 he joined the Dexter Company and retired after five years service.

As for local involvement Tony was a charter member of the V.F.W. Smalley Brothers Post 6123, and served as the First Adjutant. He's a Knight of Columbus who enjoys dancing and art, he's a collector and devotee of music, be it slow or fast. He first became interested in music during his high school days.

Tony said, during the thirties, he and some local boys, played at park dances and it proved successful when people came from surrounding towns to enjoy the "big band" sounds. Tony is a drum man...and never taking a lesson, did not

hamper him in mastering the Buddy Rich instruments. While at Oklahoma City, during his Air Force days, Tony was a member of a 14-piece band with two WAC singers, playing local clubs and at the camps. He admits to be an admirer of the big band sounds of Glenn Miller,

the Dorsey brothers and Guy Lombardo.

On Wednesday evenings, Tony C. leads the Senior Citizens Club in the latest steps on the dancing floor with his local band.

EPILOG

Anthony Joseph Colapietro believes in remembering the past...when it comes to his early business ventures, the way Windsor Locks was in the "good old days," the big one... "WW2", and his life with Amelia and their three sons.

Tony C. now is retired. He keeps active and happy playing the sounds of music at the Senior Citizens Club because, as Shakespeare said, "If music be the food of love, play on: Give me excess of it..."

Briere Leads An Abundant Life

George Briere leads an abundant life jogging, playing tennis, an involvement in Cub scouting, a four-gallon blood donor and church affairs. A handyman around the house and family car, just to complete a full schedule, he classifies them as hobbies.

He also visits the sick at the Bickford Convalescent Hospital in town. This is all in addition to his United Airlines position of traveling throughout Connecticut and Vermont convincing folks to fly the "friendly skies."

The Fall River, Mass. native has lived in Windsor Locks since 1963 with his wife George, also from the Massachusetts city. The energetic, congenial and service conscious couple were married in 1950 and have four children.

Georgette Parent was a friend of George's sister and needed a date for her high school prom. George not only filled the bill but he filled Georgette's dance card that night and it was all G and G for the next twenty-nine years.

With George's full itinerary Georgette keeps active as a "Health Aide," at the South School in town. Their youngest...John Paul, ten, is a fifth grader at the North Street School and he also keeps his parents hopping with little league and cub scouts...the Webelos of Windsor Locks. The Briere's oldest son is Ron, 28, another member of the United Airlines family at Bradley. Ron is a grad of St. Mary's, the high school and the University of Hartford and veteran of two years in the U.S. Navy.

The middle of the Briere family are their two daughters...Susan, 26, and Janet, 21. As their brother before them, the girls graduated from St. Mary's and the local high school. However, they both stayed on the ground and earned their Registered Nurse cap at St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing and now do their bedside manner at the St. Francis Hospital in Hartford.

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His first role was as station manager in New Bedford for a local airlines. After several years "doing everything, but fly the planes," he became a reservation manager for a Fall River Travel Bureau. He admitted missing the airlines...so in 1958 joined the United Airlines and has been with the largest airline in the free world for the past 21 years. During the early days George obtained a commercial pilot license and control tower license.

Today, George's title with United is Account Executive specializing in sales, calling on Connecticut and Vermont companies with travel departments. He meets a "lot of interesting people and we try to help them with any problems they may have in travel plans."

Now for some background on the man who can even find the time to read the stories on the lives of saints and the history lessons from these, sometimes, unsung heroes or heroines.

George Briere grew up in Fall River attending Catholic schools with graduation from the Monsignor Prevost High School in 1945. A few months after receiving his diploma he joined the navy to see the world. And the far east he saw...Hawaii, Guam, Japan, China (before the Communists took over) and the Philippines.

It's difficult to separate the many talents and hobbies of this most unusual individual. Jogging every night for a mile and a half is not enough..George will soon join the over 35 age group to play some basketball at the Middle School. With his wife at his side, George will be square-dancing in Windsor with the "Old Timers."

Years ago George attended the University of Rhode Island and after moving to Connecticut the University of Hartford for a few business courses. In Windsor Locks George learned the difference between a fuel pump and a carburetor at the high school night sessions. At their Dale Street home George added a breezeway and garage with the knowledge he acquired from his

own father as a youth.

George, a devout person, has been a lector at St. Mary's Church for the past 12 years. A few years back he was the Vice President of the then St. Mary's Parish Club. Today, as a member of the Parish Council, he is co-chairperson, along with Bob Oliva, of the Activities Committee. (He is well versed in the activity field.) He has "accepted the many changes in the Catholic Church." He added, "there's no problems, my beliefs haven't changed."

EPILOG

George Briere is a man of many hobbies and talents. Just to show he's like you and I...he roots for the Boston Red Sox and is an admirer of Jim Rice and Fred Lynn. However, when he recalled his real hero of yesteryear...one name came very quickly...Lou Gehrig, the New York Yankee Ironman of thirty years ago.

Just to show the value of traveling...the Briere family has seen London, Paris, Mexico City, Rome, Acapulco and several visits to relatives in Florida and California. The following could be what George Briere is saying..."Experienced travelers learn how much baggage is just enough. They take what they need and leave behind the non-essentials that would only be a burden. To move freely, they travel light. Visitor, traveler, pilgrim...whatever word we use...each one of us is passing through.

"How we go through life depends a lot on what each of us decides is essential in the things we own, the attachments we form, the ideas that shape our lives."

Charles Joseph Stoppa, Jr. is still young in spirit when it comes to Jaycee involvement, but must assume the role of "exhausted rooster" next year.

An "exhausted rooster," according to Charlie, is a role given men who have reached the age of 35 and must pass on to younger (sic) men, the duties of the Jaycees and sit in the background as advisors during this period. Charlie, however, will become an associate member of the local unit, next June.

When you converse with the Hartford native and resident of Windsor Locks, for the past ten years, the local Jaycees is what he believes in, especially when it comes to youth oriented projects, namely midget football. His nine years with the Jaycees was appreciated by his peers with a life-time membership and the honor of the "JCI Senatorship."

Charlie graduated from Bulkeley High School in 1962. The football season's of Charlies were filled with flying pigskins. Among his teammates was the well-known Hartford politician Bill DiBella. One of their opponents was the current Raider football coach, Pat Scelza. Two weeks after the cap and gown ceremony Charlie was off to the U.S. Air Force and a four-year hitch. The airfields of Texas, Ohio and nearby Otis Air Force Base, at the Cape, were his duty assignments.

Immediately upon his discharge from the Air Force, Charlie joined the Connecti-

cut Natural Gas Company in Hartford. His initial position was with the company's street department. Today, Charlie is involved in the Planning and Engineering Department. For two years

personal development, the ability to speak up, the positive attitude and meeting so many fine people in Windsor Locks."

He added, "the Jaycees helped me achieve these

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he played the role of bachelor until he met Terry Roraback, also of Hartford, while bowling. In 1968 he rolled a strike down the wedding aisle and its been a busy eleven years ever since.

Terry and Charlie have a son Chris, and a daughter, Melissa. Chris is nine, a fourth grader at the South Street School. The young Stoppa lad has played Little League and midget football...and even roots for the Yankees. Little Melissa, 7, is a second grader at the South School and enjoys twirling the baton and all sorts of gymnastics.

'Charlie, the proud father of these two active children, is a member of the local Italian-American Club and the Hartford Management Industrial Club. His Jaycee activities are winding down now, and he looks back remembering the days since 1970, when he was president, secretary and on the board of directors. The benefits of Jaycee work were many for Charlie Stoppa... "the internal programs, the

goals." His better half...Terry...is president of the Jaycee Wives. However, Charlie is rather philosophical when it comes to women actually joining the Jaycees. He said, "Someday, all organizations may have women as members. As for the Jaycees, when the women can compete with the men, then they should be allowed

to join." He did have high praise for the help given by the Jaycee auxiliary unit. Terry added, "the only bad feature of the Jaycee wives was that a woman could not join unless her husband was a member." Charlie and Terry certainly agreed on the value of the Jaycees...the men and women working together on their mutual programs.

As for the youth of Windsor Locks, Charlie is all "gung ho." He has been a vital link in the success of the midget football program. He said, "I've been in it since it was running." Charlie is one of those fellows in the background...manning the concession stands and setting up the fields for each game. This year he tried his hand at coaching the boys, along with son Chris, and "totally enjoyed the responsibility."

When it comes to Sunday

afternoon football, when the midgets are finished, and all the gear is picked up, Charlie is faithfully tuned into the games involving the New York Giants. On today's team...young Simms at quarterback and veteran lineman Van Pelt are his favorites.

Charlie has been so involved in Jaycee work the past nine years he hasn't had a chance to think of politics. But he said rather matter of fact..."I have no personal political ambitions, only to say, more people should get out to vote."

On town related subjects, he said, "the local taxes are to our advantage, the school system is great, and I feel we better get some buildings downtown to replace the loss in revenue." Terry echoed her husband's sentiments... "we never plan to leave Windsor Locks...love the place."

EPILOG

Charles Joseph Stoppa, Jr., is one of those dads who follows his son on the football field and then they go skiing for a change of scenery, because he knows variety is the spice of life. Young Chris has been going down the slopes since he was five years old. Charlie had found the time, regardless of the many commitments, to take his family to Disneyworld in Florida on two different occasions.

Charlie and Terry were only childs. They both remember Christmas in their youth...and today make it a family affair for Chris and Melissa. Charlie and Terry know..."the most valuable gift you can give another is a good example."

They have been given this to their town and their children all these years.

Thursday, December 13, 1979 - The Windsor Locks Journal -

Stoppa Rolls

Strike Down Aisle Of Life

What The Christmas Stockings May Hold

Another Christmas season...and we made it. The season when we give the children something for their father to play with...when the radios keep us awake till three in the morning playing "Silent Night." Another New Years...may all your troubles during the coming year be as short-lived as your New Year's resolutions.

Let's see what the Christmas stockings around Windsor Locks may hold for its residents...from Santa and the new decade coming up...

GERRY LUDDEN, A 1980 pennant for his Sox.

BILL AND ALICE SHEEHAN, A new year with everything rosy around Gove Street.

RUSS AND AGNES LOSE, Tickets for another trip to Rio.

SONJA MACIEROWSKI, A championship bowling year for her sons.

JOE SAVAGE, A few wins for the football raiders.

BOB REID, Enjoying Little League from the side lines with a new set of binoculars.

NATE TAMBUSI, A bumper crop on Olive Street.

ED BRAZALOVICH, The Yankees to come back. (But

no Billy Martin doll in the stocking.)

SEN. CON O'LEARY, Train ticket to Washington, D.C. and the House of

sion.

PAUL McCARTHY, A new set of zoning regulations.

JOHN SCANLON, List of twenty men for next June's

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Representatives.

PETE COUTURE, Winning bowling score on Saturday afternoon televi-

retreat.

GEORGE HALL, A new set of baseball hats (the old ones are out of date)

JENNIE MISIEK, A new set of exercise helpers for the older set.

JACK REDMOND, List of prospective interviewees.

WILL GOULD, A revised "Farmer's Almanac", showing an early spring.

GOV. ELLA GRASSO, A big "thank you" note from the three towns affected by the October storm. (Ella doesn't seek it, she deserves it.)

ANN MARIE DUBE, A baseball doll...female, that is.

ADRIAN KEEVERS, A new schedule of trips for the senior citizens.

CAROLYN BRAVAKIS, Tickets to the 1980 Moscow Olympics Games...as a runner for the United States.

PAT YOUNG, New set of "old pictures" of Windsor Locks for the Historical Society.

PAT RAFFERTY, Midget football players who are really small "jocks" from the old days.

BILL MANDROLA, Subscription to "People" magazine.

TOM MANDIROLA, A winning schedule for all high school sports.

BOB OLIVA, An invitation as guest speaker to the Toastmasters' International Conference.

RENA URSO, A new road map with a shorter route to Cape Cod.

JOHN QUAGLIAROLI, A new Morgan to cheer about. (That's a horse, you nonequestrian followers.)

ALDO SARTIRANA, Location of a grocery store..like the "old" days.

FOR THE POLITICIAN'S STOCKINGS:

ED SAVINO, Auto-graphed picture of Dennis Gragnolati cutting wood.

DENNIS GRAGNOLATI, A new sleeping bag.

DICK WILLIAMS, The book entitled "The Power Broker"...and how to stay that way.

And to all the citizens of Windsor Locks...a stocking filled with good health, happiness and plenty of what the Savior represented on the first Christmas...LOVE for everyone. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY 1980!!!

