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# Barbara Manning: New on Political Scene

Barbara Webster Manning, a new name on the local political scene, has been a fixture in her church and an experienced employee in Windsor business circles.

The mother of three lost by only 30 votes the position of town clerk to Marie Dengenis, the Democratic incumbent, in last November's election.

Admitting to having independent views

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

since she and her husband, Ken Manning, first moved to Windsor Locks in 1963, Barbara is now a staunch Republican.

Her reason for joining the political

arena? "I just wanted to get more involved," said the Baltimore, Md. native. Today, Barbara is a strong part of Windsor, an assistant treasurer of the Peach Tree Fabrics and treasurer of the Windsor Locks Congregational Church. "I wanted to do my part," she said.

In March, 1979, we interviewed Ken and Barbara, before any thought of her political attempt for public office. In those days, the busy twosome were very involved in "Friendship Force," an exchange program of ideas and people.

To bring the Mannings up-to-date: first, the children. Beth, 21, is a senior at Bates, located in Lewiston, Maine. (Isn't that where Cliff Randall comes from?) Her major is chemistry. According to Mom, a part of her education has included a "work cruise," from Woods Hole in Massachusetts to the sunny islands of the Bahamas with the Oceanographic Institute.

Carol, 19, is a second year student at the Gordon College in Wenham, Mass., studying history and education. Kevin, 16, a junior at the local high school, is "natural science" oriented, with hobbies ranging from photography, astrology to the unique "War Games," with other students with the same skills.

Ken, an army veteran in the late forties, has been a fixture, in his own right, for over two decades with Dexters, while Barbara's working career includes the Phildar, Inc., in Windsor, as credit supervisor and the Peach Tree Fabrics, with home offices in Georgia, for the past three years.

**GETTING BACK** to our political neophyte, Barbara had many views on "why" she entered politics. Some of her sincere reasons were gathered at their comfortable home on Stevens Street. "It was an opportunity to expand my (personal) horizons. . .having been familiar with people who are dedicated (especially

at her church), I found in the political trial the same dedication."

What were some of her political steps? "Going door-to-door in town, attending state conferences (Republican, that is) with guest speaker U.S. Representative Nancy Johnson, as a good example." First Selectman Cliff Randall, Selectman Joe Marinone and another political newcomer, still to be heard from, Scott Storms, provided her with help and encouragement.

**SHE WAS AMAZED** at the time spent, the fast foods for supper and the amount of advertising during the campaign. "However, I found it exciting, as did my son Kevin," her only child still home at the time. Ken was "most supportive," Barbara said of her first try.

What about running in 1985? "I'm interested, and really want to stay involved. In looking back, I wouldn't have run if I didn't think I had a chance of winning."

A statement from an individual, who you know says things from the heart.

## EPILOG

Windsor Locks has a new individual on the political horizon. Barbara Webster Manning certainly has the business savvy; she has one election under her belt; and 1985 is only a year away.

Windsor Locks is known throughout the state of Connecticut for providing women campaigners, including Barbara's oponent last November, Marie Smith Dengenis, as well as Erma Olivi Pane, Joyce Wojtas, Ruth Flanagan, Margaret Kelly McCue, and of course, "The Girl from Olive Street," our own Ella Tambussi Grasso.

That's a hard act to follow, Barbara, but as Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole once said at a graduation, it's up to "each of you to become involved in the joy of public service. The panoply of American democracy, contentious and colorful as it is, remains the best way to make better." Barbara has taken up the challenge.



Barbara Manning and family — Kenneth, Beth, Carol and Kevin — at their home.

# George Kron: A Real 'Jack of all Trades'

George Peter Kron is known as a "jack of all trades."

Like the famous character, Johnny Appleseed, George has spread his kindness, knowledge and good deeds over a lifetime, with hard work and dedication.

The likeable native of New Britain has a simple philosophy: "do unto others," because you'll be repaid many ways.

To say he had led a hard life, would be an understatement. George came from a large family, four brothers and four sisters. Due to the Depression and the untimely death of his father, George's family was broken up to many parts of the state. He spent seven years at the state county home in East Windsor. Looking back, he said, "it was awfully strict; highly supervised, however, and the meals were good, and we lived in clean surroundings."

It was a life he accepted, and that probably prepared him for a tough existence and restrictive farm life over more than two decades. Long hours and low wages

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would be the life of George Kron, after leaving the county home at the age of 16.

With a good record at the East Windsor facility, George was given his first chance to see what the outside world had to offer. After a few days he wished he was back at the home. A farm in West Rocky Hill that specialized in dairy farming proved to be, for young George, a bad start with "poor conditions, like sleeping in a barn and the food was as bad." He stayed two months, doing his best under the circumstances. However, even at a young age he realized there must be better places. The state transferred George to the "Medalrock" farm in Suffield.

The farm, with a large dairy business and growing of tobacco, proved to be George's "family" for 23 years. He worked hard (10 to 12 hours a day), was part of the family, but really not involved in the outside world. In 1958 George left the farm to find something other than dairy and tobacco work.

**THE HARD WORK** and long hours continued, but it was a new beginning and different from the bland life of the farm. The smell of bakery food was his first job, lasting three years at a local store. His next job was seeing the state of Connecticut as a construction worker. He recalls working on routes 20 and 91, as well as more than 25 bridges throughout the state.

It was during this period he met Ethel Moshier, a Fairfield, Maine native. Ethel had come to Connecticut in 1959 for a visit to her sister, and also to seek a new start. As a restaurant waitress on Turnpike Road (next to Macaluso's Market, at the time), Ethel got to know most of the customers by name and their favorite order. For George Kron "it was a hamburger and shake." They decided it was probably easier to make up the combination as husband and

wife. So in 1961, George and Ethel were married.

For the past 20 years they have lived on Greenwood Road. They have one son, Michael Peter Kron. Young Michael is 17 and a junior at the high school. "His mother's pride and joy" is a "backyard mechanic," according to Mom.

On the subject of trivia, Ethel and George related in the interview that a "Mr. Greenmanor" built over 250 homes in their area, just off South Elm Street. He named all the streets with the color — you guessed it — Green. Greenwood, Greenfield, Greenview, Greenland and of course, Green Manor Terrace.

**THE CONSTRUCTION JOB** lasted for nine years, when George decided to move indoors for a job with Brookman Ford as a mechanic. After two years, he left Brookman to try his hand at a gas station. His next employment was more of a steady nature, with Stevens Paper Mill in Poquonock, for 15 years, until retirement in 1980.

With George Kron, retirement meant only leaving organized employment to doing things that any "jack of all trades" would do. He's a maker of things. Probably "things" is not the correct description. George makes toys, picnic tables, chairs, cabinets and tables, with many of his projects around their home on Greenwood. Remember the booths at the St. Robert's annual fair in June? George made those. According to Ethel, "he makes everything." Obviously, a handy man to have around the house. And Ethel was quick to point out that "behind every successful man stands a woman telling him that he is wrong." (A plaque in their kitchen notes these profound words of wisdom).

**DOES THIS BUSY** man have time for sports, as a spectator? How about the Red Sox or the Yankees? "No, I'm not a sport fan. Not interested, but I do follow wrestling on television and used to attend the bouts in Hartford and Springfield. I wrestl-

ed a bit, as a kid, it was my only try at sports."

When George is puttering around the house early in the morning, Ethel is working (5:30 to 11:00 a.m.) at the Sheraton Tobacco Valley Inn serving breakfast to the "VIPs." The past two years Ethel has made their early program work. She said it is called "GMG, for Good Morning Guaranteed." She enjoys the work, the surroundings, meeting the different people, and, believe or not — the hours.

### EPILOG

George Peter Kron, a very human individual. Not only strong in body, but in spirit of the human kind. He was never daunted by his adverse start in life, he was forced to live. Today, George is a most happy "jack of all trades." Ethel gave him the kindest compliment: "he's a good Christian."

# Bob Newbury: Future Deacon of the Church

*One of the requirements for admission as permanent deacon of the Catholic Church is that "the candidate should be: authentic, showing a free, prayerful response to a sincerely felt calling."*

Robert Dunn Newbury has the "sincerely felt calling" for the over three-year training period required to become a deacon. Bob, along with Brian Levy, both of St. Robert's Church, took the first step in October 1982 to be an ordained minister of the Catholic Church.

Bob, a native of the Parkville section of Hartford, has lived in Windsor Locks with his wife Alice and son Raymond since 1966. Schooling for this friendly, easy-going resident of Marion Street was church-oriented, with an elementary education beginning at Our Lady of Sorrows School. High school, however, was at the Hartford Public High School, class of 1953. Bob served in the Air National Guard at Bradley for 10 years.

After high school, Bob's future and steady employment was centered around two Hartford-based companies in the insurance and banking fields. For 12 years the Aetna Life and Casualty was Bob's working base. He then switched to banking

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## cabbages and kings

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By JACK REDMOND

with the Colonial Bank. After 17 years, Bob is now a banking officer.

During the 12 years at Aetna, Bob not only was learning the insurance business, but was meeting Alice Bouchard. They decided to take out a marriage license in 1957, before an insurance policy.

Alice, one of 12 children, was born in Maine. Her family left the cold of Maine for Frog Hollow, a section of Hartford, when Alice was only seven. She worked at Aetna for six years.

Bob and Alice are parents of one son, Raymond. As a former Little Leaguer, Raymond attended local grammar schools, but for high school he chose the St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, graduating in 1979. His choice of positions was nearby, joining his father at Colonial Bank.

**WHEN BOB MADE** the important decision to be a part of the training as a church

deacon, he had the complete support of his wife and pastor, Father Thomas Farrell. Alice was quite pleased, and said, "I'm very proud of him." Her weekly support is also a fruitful one for her, as she attends the sessions, held at Our Lady of Fatima Church in Yalesville.

Bob said the program began in 1969, under the guidance and movement of Archbishop John F. Whealon, when Hartford started the program. He added, "Presently the Archdiocese of Hartford has over 200 deacons serving in parishes, hospitals, schools and archdiocesan programs."

The Newbury couple further added the family, your job and then the role of deacon is emphasized. When the full training schedule is completed, one of Bob's main areas will be the Ministry of Liturgy. This includes assisting at Mass; reading the Gospel; preaching the homily; administering baptism; witnessing marriages; officiating at wakes and funerals; administering sacraments and presiding at prayer services.

**THIS NEW CALL** to duty is not new to Bob Newbury. At his home town parish,

Our Lady of Sorrows, Bob was a lector (a person who reads aloud certain of the scriptural passages used in a church service). This covered four years, and for the past 17 years Bob has been a lector at St. Robert's. Once a month, Alice and Bob have been traveling to the Hartford Hospital to give out communion to patients as part of their roles as eucharistic ministers.

It may sound like "all work and no play," but don't count Bob out. He has three forms of relaxation: photography as a hobby, spending time at the Cape or at Hampton Beach, and watching the Red Sox at Fenway (if one could call that a relaxing pastime).

These are the roles of Bob Newbury: family, the church, the job and his new role of deacon. If one were to make a capsule description of Bob, you would have to say he's a person who cares for other people. The new role of deacon still has a few years to be fulfilled. It will be fulfilled, because Bob has always shown a sincere calling, "consistent in thoughts, emotions and behavior."

# The Lescells: Beauty and Black Belt Runner

They say "opposites attract."

Case in point: Cynthia Lee Leddy Lescell and her husband, Bruce Edward Lescell.

Cynthia, former Miss Connecticut entry into the Miss World Contest in 1978, has a wholesome beauty, not only in face, but

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matched by her personality. She was recently wed to Bruce, former first degree/black belt in Tae Kwon Do. Today, Bruce uses his athletic prowess for long-distance running.

Bruce, more on the serious side than Cynthia, was born in Hartford, as was his

wife, and both have lived in Windsor Locks all their lives. Bruce is a graduate of the local high school, class of 1971, while Cynthia has a class ring from 1977.

Cynthia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barton of Windsor Locks. Bruce is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lescell (C&K interviewees, May, 1978).

The young couple are looking forward to a belated honeymoon to "Love Boat's" favorite stop: Puerto Vallarta in April. The easy-to-talk-to man and wife were introduced by a mutual friend, Gary Chant.

**DURING AND AFTER** high school, Cynthia was enrolled in the Hanover School of Modeling. She admitted she "really attended the classes for self improvement," adding that she had no desire to enter any beauty contests. However, her agent persuaded her to go for the Miss Connecticut World. She had placed third runner-up in the Connecticut version of the Miss Universe Contest.

Cynthia explained, "There are three contests: Miss USA, Miss Universe and Miss World. These contests stress poise, beauty and, of course, bathing suit competition."

Miss America is, according to Cynthia, all that, plus a different category: talent. She chose Miss World and said, "I wasn't nervous."

She won the Miss Connecticut at the West Hartford location and then traveled to Huntsville, Ala. for the finals.

After her whirl of beauty contests, Cynthia did various modeling jobs in Connecticut and New York City. Her portfolio would spin any agent's head. It did mine. Cynthia is very photogenic.

Bruce admits "It's my favorite photo album." Now she is settling down to domestic chores and keeping her new husband happy.

**AND FOR THE MAN** in her life — Bruce has always been on the go, so to speak; he has driven an ambulance for the local Lions Club (four years), has driven cross-country on a motorcycle, has lived in the New Mexico hills for three months, just to see what it was all about.

Recently, leaving the world of black



Bruce Lescell and his wife Cindy may be proof that opposites attract.

belts, he entered the running world, which included entry in the Windsor Shad Derby race and this past Labor Day finished the New Haven 20k race.

Admitting it "will take a lot of hard work and commitment," one of his ambitions is to enter the Boston and New York City Marathon, all 26 miles and 385 yards.

Employment for this "go for it" guy has been a 13-year stay with Air LaCarte at Bradley. He is now currently employed by the Spencer Turbine Co. in Windsor.

Admiration for others and a personal philosophy of life are not two topics discussed on a daily basis. So after a little soul-searching, Bruce and Cynthia came up with the thoughts that Bruce admires his

former instructor, Moo Young Lee, "who always took his time" explaining the movements of Tae Kwon Do.

The philosophy for this energetic guy is "go for it and keep moving." Cynthia felt one should "live for today," and has admiration for the late singer John Lennon. "He was a good man."

**EPILOG:**

And that's what Cynthia Lee Leddy Lescell, one of the Miss Connecticut Worlds, Universes, et.al., is doing today. She now is a housewife who enjoys cooking and "living for today," and one who never took herself too seriously, knowing beauty is only skin-deep, it's what's inside that really matters.



Mrs. Bruce Lescell  
(the former Cynthia Lee Leddy)

# Matt Active On Youth, Police Commissions

Loreto Laurence Mattachione.

The town of Windsor Locks only knows the well-known youth and police commissioner as Larry Matt.

The Bronx, N.Y. native is easy to talk to, has that grandfather look (and is, seven times over), and is a product of the old school with its hard work. When it was time to name a hobby, he said, "I guess you'd call me an organization man. I love to involve myself."

Involvement has been Larry's life work. American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Knights of Columbus, union activity, member of the Democratic Town Committee, advisor to the town's youth and a dedicated Police Commissioner. "I believe in the rank and file police," he said.

THE NOW RETIRED Hamilton Standard employee — he left in 1976 — grew up

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sion Association and over the years has attended several seminars on police commission educational techniques.

TODAY, LARRY'S family consists of his two sons and six grandchildren. A grandson, Joseph J. Mattachione was one of the U.S. Marines killed in Beirut, Lebanon, last October.

Young Joseph was the son of Laurence, a U.S. Navy veteran, who now lives in East Hartford. He has a daughter, Ann Marie, and three sons, Tony, Nick and Vinnie.

Larry's other son is Ronald, a Senior Chief Petty Officer in the Navy. He lives in Groton and expected to be a career Navy man. He has two daughters, Gina and Paula.

Reflecting on the untimely death of young Joseph, Larry only had fond memories, and said he was just a "normal kid."

As to the business of the marines in Lebanon, Larry pointed out that "it is a shame we had to lose so many boys. The President must have good reasons for why we are there. I have always backed my

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in the Bronx, but in the days before "Fort Apache" (as portrayed in the movies and in real life), played sandlot baseball and stick-ball in the streets, not far from the famous Yankee Stadium.

The area was his home front, which he called "beautiful stomping grounds where ethnic groups of all types lived." He attended grammar school and graduated from high school in the mid-'30s.

Did he start his working career after high school?

"I was working at 11 years old in the leather goods industry for my father." He emphasized it was only part-time;

Presidents, but in the case of Lebanon, something slipped, and now something has to be done. It was all poorly executed."

And now more on Larry Matt. From his days in Mansfield, he's been active in military and fraternal organizations, as member of the American Legion, V.F.W. and Knights of Columbus. Other memberships include a decade with the town's Democratic Committee.

And when it came to admiration, he recalled two old politicians, Jimmy Walker and Fiorello H. LaGuardia, both famous mayors of New York City.

### EPILOG:

Larry Matt has had good and bad years. He has also held out his hand to help people for a new start in life. He is both complex and easy to understand. It was recently written about a public figure, "the man himself is an enigma, by turns idealistic and coolly calculating. But there is a constant in his rise from obscurity: the ability to confound those who underestimate him."

To me, that's only one way to describe Loreto Laurence Mattachione, or as we know him in Windsor Locks, Larry Matt.

however, after high school, it became a steady job.

Larry was married at 19 in 1937 to Ann Stinel. "We were childhood sweethearts," he said. There were two sons from the union: Laurence and Ronald.

In February 1944, Larry received greetings from the U.S. Navy. After only six short weeks at boot camp, the young sailor was off to England on the Queen Mary.

When the time was right, Larry was part of the Normandy invasion (June 1944) transporting troops from England to the beaches in France, called Omaha. A few months after total victory over Germany and Japan, Larry was back in civilian clothes by December 1945.

HE RETURNED TO his family and home in New York as a veteran and considered what new or old career to pursue. He decided to change from leather to working on construction in the New York area. But work in those years was slowing down.

A friend persuaded Larry to try Connecticut, where employment was a little more plentiful. In 1950, the Matt family left the top part of the Big Apple for more quieter environment in the town of Willimantic.

During the next few years Larry's residence changed to the town of Mansfield with employment at the American Screw Co., until its liquidation.

In 1961 Larry and his sons suffered a personal tragedy when Ann was killed in an auto accident. Soon after, Larry secured a position with Hamilton Standard. For eight years he traveled back and forth to Windsor Locks and in 1969 he had had enough. A logical move to Windsor Locks.

In 1976 Larry retired from the aircraft company and tried his hand at the restaurant business. This lasted a few years at the American Legion Club in town and Wish's in East Hartford. Today he



Larry Matt

devotes most of his time to serving the community on two commissions, Youth and Police.

The town's Youth Commission has had Larry's support as adviser for the past two years. "The monthly meetings at the town hall are to help the youth of Windsor Locks who may need guidance in any situation," Larry said.

In 1976, he, a Democrat, was elected to the Police Commission. Due to the restaurant involvement he was forced to resign his role on the commission.

When John Egan left the commission due to his health, Larry was available and asked to be John's replacement. In last November's election, Commissioner Matt was re-elected to a six-year term.

The commission, made up of three from both of the major parties, meets once a month and, as Larry pointed out, "The commission promotes the proper way of administrating the police department." Larry is a member of the Police Commis-

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# Walter White: Squire with Baseball Memories

They called him Wally, Whizzer, or just plain Walter back in the days when he played baseball for the local high school with kids by the name of Pete Lingua, Tom Cooney and Fran Colli, to name a few.

Today, he is one of the many squires of Elm Street, along with names like Sy Preli, Dick Blackburn and Armando Bianchi, to name a few.

I found him refreshing, friendly and still an active hunter and fisherman. His full name is Walter Gillespie White.

A catcher on the diamond, and of deer and salmon, Walter's fond memories of all three sports go way back. One might call him a native son, except for the first three years of his seven decades were spent at his birthplace in Richmond, Vt., a town located 18 miles from Burlington. He was one of four boys and two girls, children of Mary and Charles White.

The patriarch of the White family was from Jonesville, Vt. He met his future wife, Mary, who had come to Canada from her native Scotland, at an early age to be part of the gold rush of 1905. Walter said with a smile, "My father had left Vermont to try his luck at running a travel agency in Edmonton capital of Alberta, Canada) where he met my mother, a waitress at the time." They were married, and returned to Vermont to raise a family and all was forgotten about any gold rush. He highly praised his father whom, he said, excelled in everything he tried, including farming, carpentry and teaching.

**WHEN IT WAS TIME** for the Whites to leave Vermont, they decided that Connecticut might just be the place. They picked out Windsor Locks and a house at 95 Oak St. When old enough, Walter began his education at the grammar school level and eventually graduated from the high school, Class of 1929 with 17 students. Other members of the '29 baseball team included "Babe" Kennedy, Joe Gatti (a recent C&K interviewee), and Bobby Conner. One of Walt's prize possessions is a picture of the team that had won three championships in a row. His wife Eva reminded her husband, and myself, "Walt was only 16 when he graduated, and headed his class as

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valedictorian."

The class of '29 had their troubles. It was the height of the Depression. Walt's father, now a full-time carpenter and part-time farmer, decided to move the family across the river to Warehouse Point to a farm so the Whites could work and eat off the homestead.

**WITH SEVERAL YEARS** working on the farm and playing some semi-pro baseball in this area, Walter made his own decision in 1938, securing a job at the Morre Drop Forge in Springfield, Mass. as a die-sinker journeyman. The year before he had met and married a local girl, Esther Quagliaroli. Walter and Esther have two children, Marsha and Allan. Marsha is married to Herman True. They live in town and have two children. Allan and his wife Glenda live in Poquonock. They have three children which makes Walter a five-time grandpa. Mrs. Esther White passed away in 1981. A few years later Walter married a Brattleboro, Vt. native, Eva Boyce.

Back to Walter's employment record. In 1948 he being an accomplished carpenter, like his father before him, and left the factory to work on his own in the area. He did subcontract work for the Roncari Company, which led to a full-time job, lasting 13 years until a 1978 retirement party for Walter by his friends and co-workers. Another proud possession of Walter's is the home on 211 Elm Street, because he built it himself.

**THERE HAVE BEEN** many rewarding pursuits for Walter White during his lifetime. Two were a civic responsibility and the love of sports like hunting and fishing. The former, now complete, for he has paid his dues to the town. The latter is in full swing. "I love hunting," said the man with a career high of 39 deer. Last year, now get this, for you hunters of note, Walter bagged two deer and Eva, an avid

hunter in her own right, killed one for the car fender. How's that for togetherness? Three deer for the freezer, or whatever they do with deer. Since 1949, Walter and a "gang of friends" have hunted in New England; unfortunately, he reported, the gang is getting smaller, for the obvious reasons, but the fun and thrills are still there.

When you talk of fishing, you're talking about Maine and trips to Lake Ontario for salmon or whatever is biting, for Walter's other sport love. When it came to spectator sports, he listed the Red Sox (a fan since the '30s), football Giants and UConn in basketball.

When vacations were being discussed, Eva added that for their honeymoon they went to sunny Aruba. And we shouldn't forget memorable trips to California, Las Vegas, Maryland and Delaware.

In the past, Walter's civic duties have included the Police Commission, Housing Code Committee, Building Committee for both the Oak and Elm Street fire and police complex, a try at political office and a member of the Republican Town Committee.

Worthy of note is Walter's service on the Police Commission. During his participation (1948-1954), the infamous Bridgeport Herald ran the following headline: "Three Cops; Six Bosses." The oldtimers in town surely remember the southern New England newspaper as the "National Inquirer" of its day.

Well, according to Walter, the six commissioners got the message. Soon after, more police applications were taken. By the time Walter had served the town there were eight regulars and 16 supernumeraries. During the time period, Walter recalled the appointment of James H. Whitten as chief. The present chief, Bernard C. Kulus was a regular at the time. (Both men were C&K interviewees, Mr. Kulus in April, 1977, and Mr. Whitten in June, 1981.)

**IN 1950, WALTER,** a lifetime GOP member, ran for the General Assembly, along with J. Paul Dowd against Edward J.



Walter White in his earlier days

Lally and Margaret Kelley McCue. Walter and Mr. Dowd lost by 200 votes to Mr. Lally and Mrs. McCue, the town's first female legislator. And speaking of C&K, Mrs. McCue was our subject during November, 1976. On the political scene, to Walter, Ella T. Grasso was to him a "regular and good conversationalist." He keeps up with the local elections and has rooted for Cliff Randall from the start.

### EPILOG:

Walter Gillespie White is a real throwback to the complete individual: sportsman, handyman, politician, and he knows full well, "You can't win them all; be a good loser." Taught by his own father (a "tough taskmaster") he has tested life to the fullest. He might agree with actor Hume Cronyn: "I don't understand life, but I think the key, if not the answer, to it is affirmation. We can't figure it out, any of us, but if we can embrace the mystery, it can be quite wonderful."

# Phil Famiglietti — A New Park Commissioner

When you mention names about town, with volunteer contributions to their credit, Phil Famiglietti is a name near the top of the list.

The Waterbury native was recently elected to the Park Commission. The Scout movement has been one of Phil's major involvements, which began decades ago as a Boy Scout in his home town. The father of five and grandfather of the same number, he has been employed as an engineer at the Hamilton-Standard for 35 years, come this July.

Phil and his wife Catherine have lived on Bristol Road for the same period of time. Their five children, Phil, Joan, Donna and Linda (twins) and Charles, have left marks on the sport scene as well as in the nursing profession.

The father of these five active kids graduated from Leaverworth High School in 1946. The spring of that year Phil had high hopes of making the baseball team. He was an outfielder. Left field was already taken by some bright star. Center field was also sewed up, by a young junior by the name of Jim Piersall. Phil and seven others tried out for the open right field spot. Phil didn't make it. But he remembers the future big league star (Piersall) as not only a great baseball player but a star on the basketball court and for one game of football he played for the old alma mater. Phil said that Jimmy's biggest rooter, and a

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pusher for excellence, was his father. The rest is history, with Mr. Piersall still making headlines, one way or the other.

AS FOR THE HISTORY of Philip Frederick Famiglietti after high school, let's write on, Phil did manage to play sandlot baseball, outdoor basketball and pickup football before Uncle Sam wanted him during the summer of '46. He left the sandlots of his industrial town for the sunny state of Alabama and army basic training. Soon after, the new G.I. was off to the far east for the army of occupation, Japanese style, under the famous General MacArthur. He was only a young boy at the time and the wonders of Tokyo and Yokohama were quite a contrast to the hills of Waterbury. But he did his good soldier routine, and by December, 1947 was back home in Connecticut and a civilian again. What to do? he took advantage of the "G.I. Bill," with its schooling, by attending the New York University in the big city. In 1952, Phil was a degree-carrying engineer.

On July 1, 1952, Phil entered the world of Hamilton-Standard (at the time in East Hartford) and come this summer the project engineer will have three decades at the engineering table, now in Windsor Locks.

That same year, October to be exact, Phil and Catherine Romaniello were married. Catherine, also a native of Waterbury, was a graduate of Wilby, the crosstown rival of Phil's school. They had met through mutual friends. Phil had no trouble remembering the date of their marriage. It was on his birthday.

THEIR SON PHILIP, is the oldest. He is married to Sue McDowell and they have a boy and girl. The Windsor Locks resident works for Hamilton-Standard in the manufacturing engineering department. Phil attended UConn and received a degree from Hartford Tech. He is a former little



Phil Famiglietti

leaguer and softball player in town. Joan, married to John Bologna, lives in Enfield, and they have a daughter. Joan is a Licensed Practical Nurse. The next addition to the family came in as twins, Donna and Linda. Both are Registered Nurses. Donna lives in California, while Linda, married to Jim DiNicola, lives on Long Island. They have a girl and boy, making five grandchildren for Phil and Catherine to spoil. The youngest, Charles, is a senior at the high school. He played little league and at the Raider School has had the responsibility of co-captain of both the football and track teams. He is looking forward to college in the fall.

Catherine, the quiet one in the family, and mother of this brood, formerly worked for the Phoenix Insurance Company. Today, she is employed at the Middle School Cafeteria. Catherine has served on the St. Robert's Parish Council, a role now occupied by her husband. Another role of Phil

has been a two decade membership with the local Knights of Columbus. His active involvement with the scout movement includes the Cub, Boy and the Girl Scouts from Waterbury to Windsor Locks. Today, Troop 263 receives his expert guidance as chairman and treasurer.

AND WHY DID Phil join other town folks on the Park Commission? Always ready with a reply. . .to do "what's best for the kids and adults in Windsor Locks." Last November Pat Kenney was reelected to the commission, along with Phil for a six-year term. Pat is a Democrat while Phil is on the GOP side. They join Lou LaTorra, Tom Quinn, Ray Masera and perennial Fran Aniello, as chairperson, and incidentally all are C & K former interviewees.

Although new in the position, Phil was of the opinion that "the facilities in Windsor Locks' parks are adequate, however, there is always an attempt for improvement." Among the projects to be undertaken in the new year is "the repairing of the town pool," and he added, "Spring Park is coming along." He also said that the little league parks are enough to fit the needs, if "they are maintained."

Sports for the big guy is not confined to just watching the Red Sox. . .he bowls the big pins and "one of these days I'm going to break 90" at the sport, Arnold Palmer made famous. At his comfortable home on Bristol Road, Phil is a "putterer around the house," with a knack of making fancy lamps or whatever. The summer months are devoted to the family garden and vacations, which have included camping trips to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina and the World's Fair in Tennessee.

## EPILOG

Phil Famiglietti "tells it like it is" and for town involvement. . ."a person has to be available" to help others. His mentor was a father, who at 16, came from across the sea from Italy, to Phil, "a great guy."

Someone once wrote. . ."everytime man makes a new experiment, he always learns more". . .Phil begins a new experiment as a Park Commissioner.

# Dave Farr: Baseball Is His Game

When you think of Little League, Babe Ruth and American Legion baseball, there's probably only one man who has played all three and coached at the three local levels of the national pastime.

David Lewis Farr is our man, the father of three boys to carry on this personal tradition.

Dave was picked as the VFW Sportsman of the Year in 1980. For over two decades he has played and coached in addition to a teaching profession, now currently at the local high school.

The quiet and easy-going husband of Susan and father of Michael, Anthony and Mark, is a native of Hartford. When he was eight the family moved to Windsor Locks. He has two brothers, Peter and Steve.

Dave's schooling began at a Catholic grammar school in the capital city, then a local mix at Southwest, Union and North Street Schools before entering high school. He graduated from the Raider school in 1966 and four years later was awarded a math degree from Central State College. At the high school, under Coach Dan Sullivan, Dave played for two championship teams, on the diamond and soccer field.

**HIS BASEBALL CAREER** began as a first-baseman in the little league circuit, high school, Babe Ruth and then the American Legion. Like many who play the game of baseball, and dream of playing pro ball, Dave decided to stay in the area, coach and attend college.

There was a slight interruption, as he spent nine months on active duty with the

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

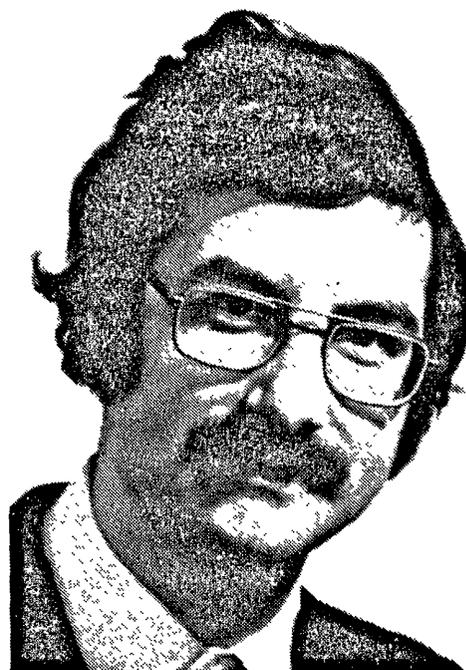
Army. He got to see part of the country with stops in Kentucky, Texas and Massachusetts. He had received x-ray training in Texas and was assigned to an army hospital near Fort Devens. One of the highlights of Dave's stay in Texas was viewing and watching a baseball game at the famed Houston's Astrodome.

Dave's first teaching job was at the Suffield Middle School. The Suffield stay was short, due to joining the teaching staff at the St. Joseph's grammar school, downstate in New Britain. For four years, the 7th, 8th and 9th graders had to solve Dave's math problems. As a sidelight, but an enjoyable one, Dave coached the girl's basketball team for two seasons.

He left New Britain for his adopted town of Windsor Locks, and a Middle School position teaching 8th grade. After a year he was advanced to the job of math teacher at the high school. He has spent six years teaching and four years as the Junior Varsity Baseball coach.

Eleven years ago Dave took a different step — not in the classroom or on the sports scene, but down the marriage path with Susan Goldsmith. Susan is from Windsor. She met Dave by way of introduction by a few mutual friends. The Farrs live on BriarCliff with their sons. Michael is the oldest at 10, a student at South Street School. He plays Little League, swims for the "Water Jets," and aspires to play the trumpet like Harry James. Anthony, 8, goes to school with his brother and also swims for the "Jets." Baseball has been confined to the role of batboy, but wait until he starts, another Farr on the Locks paths. Mark is only one, and won't be ready for baseball until the '90s.

**STUDENTS AND PLAYERS** who have had the dedication of teacher and coach Farr may be surprised to learn he is involved in another sport: long distance running. For the past few years his name has been



David L. Farr

Dave has had a "lot of satisfying moments" when it comes to baseball. One that comes readily to mind was coaching the local American Legion team to victory over East Hartford in the Zone Eight title game.

Membership in the town's organizations is confined to the American Legion. But Dave has started a new career, this time in the political area, as newly elected Democratic Sewer Commissioner. (One gets the feeling he would rather be the baseball commissioner.)

He is the son of Louis Farr and Edith D'Abato Farr of Windsor Locks. When asked to name someone he most admired, Dave said, "My mother. She was with the times (especially when we were growing up) and, best of all, a good mother."

### EPILOG

Baseball, baseball, baseball.

For David Lewis Farr, it's been baseball, fatherhood, apple pie and the American Flag; because, for him, it's the game of life.

listed with the runners at the Manchester (five miles) and Glastonbury (six miles) yearly events. When time permits he intends to pursue this difficult conditioning career.

Coaching, however, has occupied most of Dave's spare time. The past 10 years he's been a part of American Legion baseball. He and George Hall (he of the political world), are co-chairmen of the Legion program in town. In addition, Dave has several administrative duties for the Zone Eight area, the past four years. For the record, he coached basketball in the town rec league for six years, Little League for two summers and Babe Ruth for half a decade. One year, "I decided not to coach. It was the longest summer I ever put in," he sadly related. He admits to the "fierce competition" of coaching, however, this man who "loves baseball" and aspires to be a baseball scout. Experience from both sides of the diamond certainly qualifies him. Someday, the dream may come true.

# Jake Colli — One of Windsor Locks' Treasures

John Richard Colli, Sr.

Wait a minute. . .to the folks in Windsor Locks, it's just plain Jake Colli.

Talking to this energetic individual of 87 years, you find a friendly man who made the world of electricity his career. He is well-known from Bull Run Corners, Clay Hill to the south end of town. Jake and his late wife, Sadie, had six children. Today, Jake is called granddad by 11 and great-granddad by four children.

He retired in 1970 from the world of an electrician, due to an injury while working on a job. Jake was born on the corner of Whiton Street and Center Street, August 23, 1896. His father, Angelo, and mother, Madeline, had come to the new country from their native Italy before Jake was born, with two of their children, Delia and Greeno. Jake had three brothers and seven sisters, living on Spring Street, after the move from Whiton.

Jake now lives on Center Street with his daughter Dorothy. Of Jake's immediate family, there are only two left besides him, sisters Pauline and Loretta, both living in Florida.

Jake and Sadie's family began with Dorothy, followed by John, Jr., our town's fire chief, and Barbara, who lives in Plattsburgh, N.Y. Bobby is in Los Angeles, Ray in Wethersfield. During World War Two, their youngest son, Kenneth, was killed over Europe as a gunner with the Army Air Force. Kenneth is buried in Louisville, Ky.

**JAKE IS A VETERAN** of World War I, "the war to end all wars," so they said. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy on July 16, 1918. On May 7, 1919, Jake was discharged. He had spent the time in New London, servicing ships returning from action in the Atlantic, requiring electrical work.

Schooling for the young Colli boy was confined to Union School. Jake's first formal job was assistant shipping clerk at the Horton Chuck Company in town. After two years of factory work he joined his father on the family farm, consisting of two acres on land where Bradley Field is today. To be more specific, he said, it was "located at Bull Run Corners," today's Route 75, now

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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known as Ella Grasso Turnpike, and Spring Street.

He finally decided the farm was not for him and with his brother, George, opened up an electrical service in the area. The time in the service interrupted the business. On Jake's return he continued the local business, while George moved to Thompsonville. The business was located on Main Street with Jake and a crew of electricians working on projects in town and north to the Massachusetts border.

The injury that curtailed Jake's electrical activity was responsible for a two-year stay in the hospital. The so-called retirement of this busy guy around town is mostly supplemented by fishing in the spring and hunting in the fall.

Before he discussed the two favorite hobbies he was asked about the old days in Windsor Locks. "How far do you want to go back?" was his quick reply. He remembers well the old days, when horse and buggy was the only means of transportation. He did not participate in any organized sports as a boy because he "was always too busy working for a living." But, he said, he has no regrets. He never joined the local fire department, and still gives his son John, Jr. a hard time about it in a kidding way. He did some electrical work for the voluntary good guys on Elm Street.

**ONE OF JAKE'S** proudest moments was the presentation of his American Legion membership for 65 years of continued service, which also included some electrical work. In addition to his interest in the Legion, Jake is a member of the Suffield Fish and Game Club. The hunting and fishing have been pet hobbies all of his life, be it Vermont, Maine or near the Canadian border.

Jake has many favorite expressions as part of his vocabulary. One is, when referring to someone special, "a great scout."

Not of the Boy or Girl Scout type. For Jake it means a regular person. There were two individuals who were given the most attention, when it came to "great scouts," Jake's own mother and a girl from Olive Street, Ella Grasso. He had a special admiration for his mother; and as for Ella, "I knew her well," he said.

A third woman, also very important in Jake's life, was his Sadie, to him, "a wonderful girl." Sadie Elizabeth Cusick Colli was from Tariffville. Her family moved to Suffield when she was quite young. The twosome were introduced to one another by one of Jake's sisters. The happy couple were married at the Sacred Heart Church in Suffield by Father O'Meara on March 4, 1919. Sadie and Jake had 21 years together until her untimely death in 1940.

Ever been involved in politics, Jake? "No, but for 10 years I did have the title of dog warden in town, and enjoyed the work."

Even after his recent setback in the hospital, Jake said, "I feel like a top." Some of the younger generation might have trouble keeping up with Jake's sprinkling of old sayings from the "good old days."

### EPILOG

John Richard Colli Sr., but "Jake" to everyone, is indeed a native son. Jake has spent a lifetime electrifying the area structures in his noble profession, but also by words, actions and deeds; truly one of Windsor Locks' treasures.



John 'Jake' Colli

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

## Sue Tremblay — An All-Star on Any Court

Susan Jean Tremblay leads two lives: one, as the quiet scholarly honor student; the other, the "driving in" basketball star of the Windsor Locks High School girls' team, under coach Brian McKeown.

The Windsor Locks native, daughter of Roland Roger Tremblay and Rachel Brodeur Tremblay, is in her last year of high school, completing a successful career on the court, which began back in the seventh grade at the Middle School.

At the Tremblay home on Fernwood, there's a basketball hoop over the driveway for the girl named Sue, to practice her favorite shots that have made her the "top player in the CVC (Central Valley Conference) this year." Also at the Tremblay home you find a great deal of dedication, understanding and genuine love for the three children of Roland and Rachel.

The natives of Southbridge, Mass. were married in 1955 and have been residents of town since 1962. Sue has an older brother,

Ronald, and an older sister, Diane. Ronald is 25 and while at the local high school played some basketball himself and became an all-star soccer player in 1977. Diane, 23, also a graduate of the Raider school, confined her sporting activity to tennis, especially while attending Bentley College.

Sue's parents were not basketball players in their younger days, but like Diane, now play tennis along with bike-riding to keep fit in this modern age of exercise. Sue, not one to confine her exercise to the court, attends the "Sporting House" in Enfield where she plays tennis, racketball and some basketball.

Sue, a 5-foot-9, positive young lady, said her coach, Brian McKeown, has always "helped me a lot" in discussing her basketball talents. Sue is not one to really talk much in any glowing terms about her talents; it is not her style. Actually she doesn't have to, not with her personal statistics on the record book.

AND WHO KEEPS the records at home? Why, mother of course. Mrs. Tremblay, the outgoing one in the family, is also the "most vocal" at the games she and her husband have faithfully attended throughout their children's careers. Sue said that during the games she is so concerned with the game, she doesn't hear the cheers or whatever basketball fans are yelling during the contest. In Connecticut we have our own brand of "Hoosier (Indiana) Hysteria."

Some statistics on Sue: her high game was 37 points (breaking the school record of 33, set by Wendy Davies in 1982-83). In the current season she is averaging 25 points a game and 13 rebounds. To strengthen her game Sue has attended two summer camps, Cathy Rucsh's all-star camp in Pennsylvania and, closer to home, the camp in Windsor at the Loomis Chaffee School.

Last Saturday she scored her 1,000th career point, ending with exactly that many, as her Raiders lost 54-32 to St. Thomas Aquinas of New Britain in the second round of the state Class M tournament.

Sue intends to continue her schooling at a college, but hasn't made up her mind at this time. Yes, she will play basketball at college. Another yes, when it came to watching basketball on television. Favorites in the pros? That was easy: Larry Bird and Dr. J. (Erving).

The Tremblays do manage to get away from work and watching/playing basketball by spending days at the cape in the summer and some cross-country skiing in the winter, up in Vermont and

Massachusetts and as Sue said, "even in our backyard." Her father, a U.S. Navy veteran of two years, employed at the Taylor/Fenn Company in Windsor for the past 30 years, echoed the sentiments of his family by saying, "we are very satisfied in living in the town of Windsor Locks."

HER COACH HAS called her a "marvelous athlete." After meeting her for the first time, I would say she is also a very humble young lady. She didn't want me to forget to mention her teammates, so here goes: Cathy Flanders, Gina Mattachione, Marianne Sadowski, Laurie Brooks and Paula Garvey. Sue said some of the junior varsity play, once in a while. I checked the box score a few days later, and found Terri Tenerowicz and Missy Mandrola in the lineup for the Raiders, in addition to the regulars. Oh yes, it was another 25-point production for the girl named Sue,

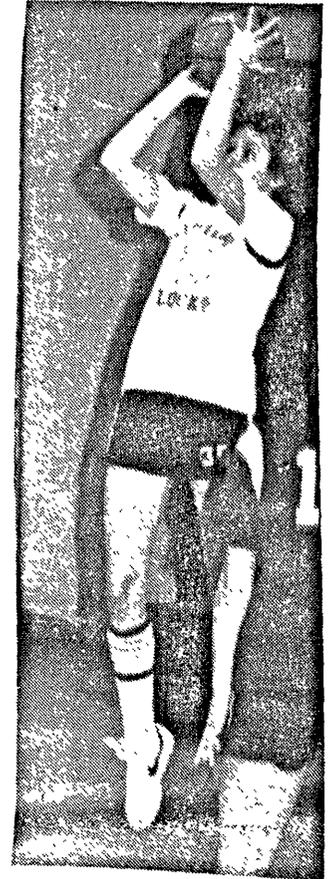
as in Susan.

In late February Sue scored 37 points to break the school season scoring record, set last year by Wendy Davies, when the Raiders recorded a 75-40 non-league victory over Stafford.

Susan Jean Tremblay leads two lives and appears comfortable in both. The role as student is easily changed to spearhead with the girls' basketball team.

Sue does everything right on the court and will be remembered, along with Wendy Davies, as one of the town's premier high school athletes of the 1980s. Sue is the type of player that makes the coach's day.

Today, March 9, is Sue's 18th birthday. So a happy birthday to one nice girl, who just happens to play her favorite sport like Larry Bird and Dr. J.



Locks

## Star of the Court

Windsor High School student Susan Tremblay is the subject of Jack Redmond's Cabbages and Kings column this week on page 5. The basketball player has been named top player in the Central Valley Conference.

# Bill Cosker's VFW and Irish Connections

By JACK REDMOND

Bill Cosker knows the answer to the line in the popular song, "Did your mother come from Ireland?" She didn't, but her name was Murphy and you just can't be closer on the day before St. Patrick's Day.

The friendly guy, with an Irish smile and sense of humor, has strong ties to the local Veterans of Foreign Wars, the U.S. Postal service, and "loves to sing Irish songs." His grandparents did have birthplaces in Ireland.

Bill's parents, William J. Cosker Sr. of Hartford and Agnes Murphy Cosker of East Hartford, had two sons and four daughters. Bill and his wife, Shirley, continued the large family tradition with four colleens and three Irish lads.

William J. Cosker, Jr., was born in Hartford, but feels "home is where the heart is," and now considers Windsor Locks the family home town. Bill grew up in the capital city attending grammar school and the St. Joseph's Cathedral Junior High.

In 1943, three months after graduation from the Hartford Public High School, he became a part of the U.S. Navy. The year before, Bill had worked in the local post office and with this experience the navy gave him a year's assignment with the Fleet Post Office in San Francisco. The navy

Continued from page 6

share in civic activity. He had the position of treasurer for the now disbanded Old County Manor Homeowners Association, organized in the southwst part of town for those who needed the essentials like lighting, schools and mail delivery to the newly developed section. On the sport scene he took an active role as secretary and umpire in the Little League program for three summers.

WHEN IT COMES to the local Veterans of Foreign Wars, Bill Cosker is truly an active guy, be it the annual sports night (he's been on the committee since 1965, and is a former chairman for a special evening that they shouldn't do away with) of as commander, senior and junior vice commander, quartermaster, adjutant, surgeon, you name it, Billw as there to fill the position.

Probably the biggest moment or event that Bill considers the personal highlight

of an illustrious career of over 20 years, was being chairman of the 1972 State VFW Loyalty Day Parade. Bill recalled, "It was the biggest parade the town had ever seen," until it was surpassed by the 1976 Bicentennial event.

The Greenfield Drive resident, who now operates a computer tax service on Spring Street, looks forward to the summer for trips to the Cape. A North Eastham location will someday be Shirley and Bill's retirement hideaway, or probably the family get-together.

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## cabbages and kings

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then decided he had enough of the city by the golden gate and shipped him off to serve on two destroyers in the Korea and China seas. In May of 1946, Bill was back in Hartford and resumed work at the post office.

FOR BILL it meant another new assignment, the Railway Mail Service. For the next 17 years Bill sorted mail on various train trips. The majority of time was spent between Springfield and New York City. Another combination was the Hartford to Montreal run. He felt being on the trains was the main reason against any real involvement in organizations, obviously due to the irregular hours. In 1965 he was transferred to the Bradley Field Airport Traffic Office until his retirement in March of 1981. Nine years prior to his days in the sun, Bill was promoted to Foreman of Mails.

In the year 1948, Bill was transferred to the railroad mails, and he met Shirley Ann Dehm of New Britain. Shirley, a grad of St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing, shared a soda at one of the shops near the hospital. After

The man with the Irish smile has carried this special trademark since high school. Under his classbook picture was written, "Give us laughter." For a philosophy of life, Bill turned to an old favorite of television, Arthur Godfrey, who once said, "I'm proud to pay taxes in the USA, but just as proud to pay half as

much." It sort of goes with Bill's new career.

### EPILOG

Bill Cosker has lived the full life: family, steady employment and participation in the veteran program. One of these days the Cape will be the mailing address of Shirley and her Irish husband. He said he "loves to sing" the songs of his heritage, especially on the day before they honor the famed St. Patrick. Honors have been Bill's, as a leader of men who have served their country overseas. Just to complete the Bill Cosker story — Erin go bragh!

that she would be his nurse and he would deliver the mail. They lived in New Britain and Hartford until 1955 when they decided to try Windsor Locks and raise their seven children.

SEVEN AND FIVE make 12 the children and grandchildren of Shirley and Bill Cosker. Let us begin: Kathleen Rosenzweig of Scarsdale, N.Y.; Pamela Miano of Hebron; William in Suffield; Kevin in Windsor Locks; Suzanne in Windsor; David in Broad Brook, with Carolyn at home.

For the married ones, Kevin is married to the former Lisa Connor of Windsor Locks and David's bride is the former Laureen Sqazey of town. Kathleen has two children, a boy and girl, Aaron and Alison. Pamela has two children, also a boy and girl, Paul and Gina. Kevin is the father of a daughter, Meaghan. Seven children and five grandchildren for Shirley and Bill to be proud of and spoil, as in the case of the little ones.

Bill did manage to find the time, after leaving the rails of the postal system, to join fraternal organizations and do his

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## Cosker's Irish Connections

# The Skrabel Family: Soccer Is Their Game

Soccer is their game; add togetherness and dedication, and that's Walt and Pat Skrabel's life style. But first, take a girl from Skowhegan, Maine and a boy from Queens, N.Y. mix well with five children and then you have the family that plays soccer, ride seven bikes, skis downhill and swim at the Cape. And just to complete the picture, add a dog named "Patches," and that's what the Skrabel family of Northwood is all about.

Walter Frank Skrabel, son of Joseph and Augusta Skrabel, grew up in the Woodside Section of Queens, one of the five boroughs of New York City. The ironic part of the story of Walt and Patricia Booth Skrabel was the move from Maine, by the Booth family, when Pat was only two, to New York City's Bronx. Their paths never crossed at that young age in the big city.

Pat was nine when the folks from Maine had enough of the Bronx and moved to Windsor Locks on Church Street. Today, Pat feels she is nearly a native. Walt attended Brooklyn Tech High School, where his sport was gymnastics. He went on to college, Cooper-Union in Manhattan, graduating in 1957 with a bachelor of science degree in Mechanical Engineering. Three years later, Walt received his masters at RPI. Pat attended St. Mary's and her class at the local high school was of the 1956 vintage.

LAST AUGUST the energetic couple celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. They were married at St. Mary's Church. When Walt left the big city he joined Hamilton-Standard in East Hartford in 1957. This coming June makes 27 years with the aircraft corporation. After their wedding in 1958 the newlyweds lived in the city, east of the capital, until 1960, when they moved to Windsor Locks on Church Street, where Pat had grown up. Two years later they purchased their present home on Northwood.

Walt's more than two decades at Hamilton-Standard has been in the country's space program. He is a design project engineer, with "responsibility of spacecraft propulsion systems." After Walt and Pat were married, she entered the work force with the local telephone

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

company on Spring Street, until the birth of their first child. Once the family was grown and off to school, Pat resumed work and is currently at the high school cafeteria. During the summer months Pat can be found at the town park serving the best of the snack bar.



Continued from page 8

Democratic Party in town, has met a great number of people in the past five years as the town's election chief moderator, at both the Union School and high school.

### EPILOG

Take a girl from near the Canadian border, add the city kid and who can argue, and the combination has been a success. The mixture developed into a sports-

AND NOW FOR the Skrabel soccer players. Walter, better known as "Skip," is 23 and married to Valerie Castie of New Hampshire. The young couple live in the state above Massachusetts and have a son, David Walter Skrabel, Walt and Pat's only grandchild. "Skip" played Little League, major and senior baseball, CYO basketball and was a soccer player under Coach Dan Sullivan at the high school. Debbie, 22, graduated from Enicott College in Massachusetts with a medical secretary degree. She is currently employed at Mt.

Sinai.

Karen, 20, followed Debbie in soccer and excelled, ending up as an All-Stater. She attends Manchester Community College and is studying food service management. The next soccer player was John, 17, a senior at Northwest Catholic High School. The youngest in the family is "DeeDee," 14, a freshman at Northwest and is involved in all sports. All the kids played soccer in the town rec league under the tutelage of their father.

The father of these "Pele" enthusiasts admits to not being a great "spectator fan." A decade ago, when "Skip" was starting as a soccer player, Walt would stand on the side lines observing his son and others kick the ball around. He said, with a smile, "I got to be an expert, just watching, so they asked me to coach."

All he could see were boys playing and with three girls in the family he believed the young ladies should participate in the game, at least by themselves. It became sort of a crusade to include girls in some organized soccer program. So he helped organize an association to bring the girls into the town's soccer activity. With the help of Gene Chapman, they persuaded the high school to make girl's soccer a part of the sports department.

But it was not the end for Walt Skrabel, not by a long shot. He decided, with the girls in mind, to get involved in softball. He and Pat, for the past three years, have coached a girl's softball team. So for a man who doesn't follow the Red Sox or Yankees, as the rest of the family does, he has made softball and soccer a steady family tradition, be it coaching or playing.

The former Jaycee, in his younger days, a self-possessed "handy man around the house" and family gardener, when quizzed on who he most admired, said, "when I was growing up, it was my brother Robert." Pat, whose father, Raymond Booth lives in town, has fond memories of her mother, Doris, and added, "we were very good friends." Speaking of friends and fellow workers, Pat, a registered member of the

Please turn to page 9

centered family, aided by five children who kept mom and dad hopping with a continued "young at heart" attitude. Walt and Pat have both done their share in the civic, sporting and space community of Windsor Locks. They both "love the town; that's why we stayed," they said. "It's been good to us. We have made a lot of friends."

Well, Walt and Pat and the Skrabel kids — you too have been good for the town.

# Lunn's Active in Business and Veteran Affairs

Ivan Roger Lunn has lived the diversified life since leaving the small town of Andes, N.Y., located in the beautiful Catskill Mountains.

He began as a farm hand, drove a truck through the mountains of New York State, was a deck hand on a tug boat, joined the navy Seabees in World War II, was a vending machine supplier, worked for a refrigeration company and was active in veteran affairs. His current employment is as a "trouble-shooter" for Sweet Light Foods in Suffield. These are his claim to fame, and you find he has a "jolly" personality when you discuss his different sources of livelihood for the past six decades.

The former commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in town and the American Legion (Middletown, N.Y.) has been married to his high school sweetheart, Oril Faulkner Lunn, since January of 1947. The registered nurse and the navy man have two children, Sandra and Dennis, and three granddaughters. Oril and Ivan have lived in Windsor Locks since 1966, always playing active roles in local veteran organizations and the business life of the community.

The happy-go-lucky resident of Glendale Circle grew up on a small family farm in Andes. When asked if he played sports, Ivan said, "No way. We lived about seven miles from the school, had to get up at five in the morning, and after school the chores had to be done. There was no time for sports."

**HE LEFT SCHOOL**, located in nearby Margaretville, N.Y. in his junior year to find a better way to make a few bucks and decided on Newark, N.J. where some friends and relatives lived. One of the relatives got him a job on a tug boat in New York Harbor as a deck hand.

He joined the International Longshoremen's Union and for the next three and one-half years Ivan viewed the skyline of New York City, New Jersey to Brooklyn, from the deck of a tug boat.

The harbor and tug boat duties were all forgotten on Jan. 10, 1942, a little over a month after Pearl Harbor, when Ivan join-

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

ed the U.S. Navy. He became a part of the sometimes unknown Seabees, a section of the navy during World War II used as construction forces, especially in the Pacific Theater of Operations. Ivan said, "The navy was in such a hurry to organize the Seabees, they didn't take the time to train us as regular seamen."

After leaving Virginia for the Panama Canal, "our first stop was about 300 miles north of New Zealand, on some friendly islands," according to Ivan. The assignments covered building air fields and transporting the U.S. Marines to battles with places called Tarawa, Eniwetok and the island of Guam. (Ivan and this writer were on Guam at the same time in 1945, but army and navy paths did not cross.) Ivan spent over three years in the sunny Pacific and discharge came in November of 1945.

**FOR IVAN**, IT was back to the tug boat life in New York Harbor. On the island of Manhattan was Oril Faulker, who had left her hometown of New Kingston, N.Y. for a nurse's job at the Doctor's Hospital. Oril had attended and graduated from Vassar Brothers School of Nursing in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The young man on the tug boat and the pretty nurse decided (or least the nurse had the feeling) not to live in New York City, and that New York state would be the place to live and raise a family. So it was back to Margaretville, with a wedding in January of 1947, a nursing position for Oril and seven years in the cigarette vending business for Ivan.

Their daughter, Sandra Lunn Gifford, lives in Windsor Locks with her husband, William "Bill" Gifford of the local police department and her two daughters, Dawn and Valerie. Sandra is also employed by the local police as a dispatcher. Her brother, Dennis Lunn, a graduate of Clarkson University in New York state, lives in Beverly, Mass. with his wife



Ivan Roger Lunn

Commander Lunn paid his dues, be it the annual VFW Sports Night or just for the good of the organization. He's a Life Member of the VFW and has been on the membership roles of the American Legion for 36 years.

Fishing is his active sport, with football and basketball the spectator sports. New York, Delaware and Lake Ontario are Ivan's favorite "fly fishing" locations. When it comes to visiting other states, Arizona and Nevada are their places for sun and fun.

### EPILOG

Ivan Roger Lunn, a man with Welsh and German heritage, has a ready laugh and jolly disposition. It helped, when he was farming, truck-driving, in the vending business, as a Seabee and veteran connections. He admired his late mother-in-law, Helen Faulkner, who was understanding. "When people were throwing rocks, she had feelings for me. . . she was an awful nice person."

And Commander Lunn has never forgot "a good laugh is sunshine in a house."

Christine and daughter Erin. Dennis is the controller for GCA in North Andover, Mass.

The father and mother of Sandra and Dennis left the mountains of New York for hills and valleys of Connecticut in July, 1966 when Ivan joined Frank Preli in the refrigeration business locally. In later years the Preli-Lunn trademark (then with Frank's son Albert) was a familiar name on the Main Street of town. It all disappeared with the redevelopment program.

Ivan is "semi-retired" these days. For the past 11 years he has been a "trouble-shooter" for the Sweet Life Foods in Suffield. Oril has worked at the Bulkley Convalescent Home in Hartford as director of nurses and presently, on a part-time basis, at the Wintonbury Manor in Bloomfield.

Ivan's career with veterans has covered the entire spectrum of dedication and service, be it the VFW or American Legion.

# 'Babe' Oliva — a Man Who 'Likes People'

William Robert Oliva is a native son, from the "old school," who enjoys retirement, his grandchildren.

Probably the most accurate way to describe the man called "Babe," is that he "likes people." It doesn't take long to find out why people like him.

On Feb. 1, this man, who is easy to talk to, celebrated the 50th wedding anniversary with his bride, Frances Tornielli Oliva.

The friendly and down-to-earth couple have always lived on Whiton Street. They have two sons, Robert and Donald, eight grandchildren, and soon will be called great-grandparents. Babe's other claim to fame is that the girl from Olive Street, Ella Tambussi Grasso, was his first cousin. Babe's father and Ella's mother were brother and sister.

Babe's father, Joseph Oliva, came to America from his native Italy, in 1902, followed by his wife, Pasqualina Sacchi Oliva, four years later, with the three first born. Joseph and Pasqualina were parents of five sons and five daughters. The family lived on Oak Street, "among the Irish," Babe said with a smile, but adding, never a problem.

His wife, Frances was born in Enfield, coming to Windsor Locks for her sixth grade education. Babe and Frances were in the same class. But they soon parted.

At nine years old, Frances's mother passed away. Her father decided to go back to the old country for a while, taking Frances with him. They stayed nine months, returning to the States. She recalls seeing her grandparents and other relatives and the rough crossing of the Atlantic.

**YEARS LATER,** Frances's friendship with one of Babe's sisters led to a formal introduction and marriage in 1934.

After leaving Union School, Babe worked a few years on the tobacco fields, where Bradley Field is today. One day he was told there was temporary work at Dexter's.

"I went there for two weeks . . . and stayed 42 years," Babe said. He retired in 1976.

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Babe's first job was that of "floor boy." Upon leaving the established Main Street company at the age of 65, he was foreman of the quality control department.

Both he and Frances are members of the local Senior Citizens Club. What about retirement . . . what keeps you busy? Babe didn't hesitate.

"I take the grandchildren where they want to go . . . be it the bowling alley or ballpark . . . we baby sit . . . help out where we can . . . do odd jobs," all said in a very proud way.

Their two sons, Robert and Donald Oliva have kept the Oliva name going strong. Robert, better known as Bob, has five children. Bob is married to Alice McCarthy Oliva. Both are employed at the high school and live in town. Donald, employed by Kaman, is married to Gertrude Bednarz Oliva. They also reside in town and have three children.

**THE PATRIARCH OF** the Windsor Locks Olivas, has always involved himself in fraternal, church and civic responsibilities. Babe has been a member of the Knights of Columbus for three decades, the Italian Progressive Club, St. Mary's and St. Robert's churches.

At St. Robert's, Babe has been a familiar figure when it was time to pass the basket for the weekly offering. He has given time to the religious education, under the Rev. Thomas F. Farrell, by transporting the seminarians from St. Alphonsus College in Suffield.

His political affiliation has been serving as sewer commissioner for the past 10 years. (He, like his famous cousin, is on the Democratic roles.)

How about his steady partner for 50 years? Frances was a den mother with the Cub Scout program and is past president of the Italian Progressive Auxiliary for many years.



Mr. and Mrs. William R. Oliva

**BABE REMEMBERS** the "old days" of his town. "We knew everyone . . . today, despite the growth, (Windsor Locks) is still a family-type community."

When it came to "fun," in those days, "we had sing-a-longs and dances at the public park."

Babe and Frances both agreed . . . it didn't take too much to enjoy oneself. Babe played some baseball as a kid. All it took was for some boys to choose up sides, find a bat and ball and hope the ball didn't go over some cranky lady's fence or the game would be over.

He never took up a hobby. "I didn't have the time, after school or as an adult." Today, Babe's hobby is his grandchildren.

Speaking of baseball, for Babe there is only one team — the New York Yankees. The days of glory . . . with Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Bill Dickey and Tony Lazzeri, who he idolized.

Babe and Frances, might be called home bodies . . . with vacations limited to the

New England area, with the Cape as a special place.

After 50 years as a team, what's their secret of success? "Do it together . . . then there is no misunderstanding . . . a 50-50 team must be able to communicate."

Babe added some of his own wisdom. "Give the little woman the envelope (containing the week's pay.)"

Admiration, for Frances, Babe's mother — "she was a jewel of a mother-in-law." For Mr. Oliva... "if you saw Babe, you'd see Lou and if you saw Lou, you'd see Babe." The "Lou" was his old buddy, Louie Defocie.

### EPILOG

William Robert "Babe" Oliva, a man who "likes people." A very proud family-orientated person, with a simple but beautiful philosophy — "to have a friend, you have to be a friend."

The man from Whiton Street...just a friendly grandfather, with a lot of friends.

"I'm the young boy you came to see."  
The greeting was Alexander Sam Draghi's instinctive way of welcoming me to his home on Grove Street. Known to his many Windsor Locks friends and relatives as just "Sam," the 98-year-old gentleman quickly pointed out, "In 1955, the doctor said I had two months to live. . .but I'm still here."

I hadn't sat down yet, and already had two characteristic remarks from Sam, setting the stage for an easy and enjoyable trip over nine or more decades of this father of four, grandfather of seven and great-grandfather of eight.

Sam was born in the northern part of Italy Jan. 1, 1886. After a few years of schooling, Sam left home for America. The year was 1902. The 16-year-old was not alone on the boat trip to the States. He was accompanied by two boyhood friends, Tomasso Gongni and Carlo Biroci, and two adults, Olindo and Marie Preli, friends of Sam's family. After the entry at Ellis Island, located in upper New York Bay, the immigration center, Sam was taken to a totally new world. . .Export, Pa., near Pittsburgh, to work in the coal mines.

**THE BOY WORKED HARD** digging coal for 37 cents a ton. Sam, who could not speak any English, said his week's pay was usually six to eight dollars (that's a lot of coal). Sam survived the mine and broke the language barrier during the next two years in the States. Back in Italy, his mother was worried about her son and when she heard of his new life style, she decided a change was needed for Sam. She convinced a friend in Windsor Locks, Sam's future mother-in-law, to take Sam into her home on Oak Street.

In Windsor Locks, he found a new home and slightly different world, to say the least. The pay wasn't much different, however; he got a dollar a day as a "cutter-boy" at Dexters. The first stint at Dexters lasted five years, when he left the factory for the local tobacco fields. Before his return to Dexter, Sam had two other jobs: three summers with Clark's and the other with the D. L. Dettenborn Woodworking company in Hartford.

It was at Dettenborn he learned to master the woodworking trade. One problem was the daily trip by train to the capital city and several miles' walk to work. But for Sam, he made the best of the situation. For seven years, he rode the train and did his share of walking and soon became a woodworking expert.

In 1914, he married Irene "Lena" Quagliaroli. At the time of Sam's arrival in Windsor Locks, Lena was just a young girl. They were married in St. Mary's Church. Lena passed away in 1970. Looking back, Sam reflected on their wonderful life together, saying, "There wasn't a better woman in the country."

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

**SAM AND LENA** had four children, Malvina, Alexander, Elida and Elaine. Malvina is married to former police chief James H. Whitten. The Whittens live on West Street, as does Alexander and his wife Josephine Barbieri. Elida, (who was most helpful during the interview) lives with her dad on Grove Street. (Not that Sam needed much help.) Elaine and her husband Bill Satterwhite are the only ones not living in town. They reside in El Paso, Texas.

Back to Sam's memories. Whenever we inquired about Sam's work, he would invariably say, "Coffins." Elida would clarify it, by saying, he really means Dexters. It was probably his long time friendship with Mr. Herb Coffin, especially after their long association and his personal long tenure at Dexter from 1920 to 1955, that made him say it. He retired at the age of 70.

He was a specialist at Dexter in the woodworking field. At their home on Grove, you find many beautiful examples of Sam's handiwork. One interesting fact is that while at Dettenborn, Sam worked on several pieces of furniture that were used in the Traveler's Insurance building in Hartford.

**SAM HAS LIVED** on Oak Street, Center Street, and for the past six decades the Grove Street address has been their home. He remembers the "old days" in Windsor Locks with horse and buggy, graduating to trolley cars and motor cars, the first radio and then television. He came here when none of the modern conveniences as we know today existed. Teddy Roosevelt was President. Sam has seen the horse and buggy time up to man on the moon, with a lot of memories in between.

Among the clubs that showed Sam as a member included the Italian Progressive Club, the Senior Citizens and the Suffield Hunting Club. Hunting, traveling and baseball have been Sam's other loves, after his Lena.

"I have hunted all over the area," he said, for rabbits and all types of birds. Elida told him not to forget the "hunting for mushrooms everywhere." He smiled and agreed; he was a mushroomer from way back. As for travels, Sam has made several trips back to the old country. The last time, he was a young 95 years old. Elida said their usual itinerary was to land in Switzerland, rent a car and drive to Italy. After a visit to the old town and some relatives still there, Sam and his party would see the sights of France, Germany, Austria, (where Sam said the best beer was made) Luxembourg and little old Liechtenstein. Sam did not forget to travel in the states and beyond, seeing Florida,



Alexander 'Sam' Draghi

Texas, Canada and Mexico. His daughter added, "Dad just loves to travel."

**SAVING THE BEST** to last: Sam's "best" hobby is baseball, especially the New York Yankees, be it radio or television. He recalls seeing games at the old Polo Grounds, before the Stadium was built and they had to share the park with the hated New York Giants. When was the

stadium built? Sam quickly said, "in 1923." His favorite player was nobody else but Joe DiMaggio. Sam doesn't watch much television these days, except when baseball is on, with or without his daughter's permission. (Elida added, he also watches game shows.)

On his 95th birthday, President and Mrs. Carter sent a special note. As for politics, it was not his way, but he said he was good friends with Ella Grasso, Jim Rabbitt and John Fitzpatrick, just to name a few.

Mr. Draghi was asked, What do you think contributed most to your longevity?

The answers came quickly. "Take everyday as it comes; not to worry. I don't worry about anything, never have." Elida quietly commented, "He's always been a clean-living man." He hasn't smoked in years, and pointed out he only wears glasses to read; his eyes, he said, actually improved with age. One gets the feeling the biggest factor to his long life has been his ability not to worry. Elida added, "I worry for both of us."

### EPILOG

Sam Draghi has seen 98 calendar year pages turned over. He still can be seen working in the family garden on Grove Street. With fondness, Sam remembers his late wife Lena; "We were two people in one." He came from a large family, five brothers and a sister. He has worked hard all his life. He enjoys the "Yankees." I found a saying that probably best describes this gentle man's feeling: "There is no fate that plans our lives. Whatever comes to us, good or bad, is usually the result of our own action or lack of action."

# Sam Draghi: Memories of a Gentle Man

# Shirley Horan: Our Down-To-Earth Lady

Everyone knows Shirley Horan.

Shirley, to many, is the town's resident down-to-earth lady. Kids of all ages know Shirley. For years she has driven the school and mini-bus, worked in the Union School cafeteria, is the custodian at the town hall and still safely crosses the young students to the other side of the street.

The Hartford native was reared in Manchester, and has been a local resident since 1967. She admits to be "out-going." It takes only a few minutes, after meeting Shirley, to find a person who is warm, sincere and always ready to help others. A lady without a middle name, it could easily be "H" for helpful. Her entire adult life has been serving others.

At five years old, Shirley moved from the capital city to Manchester with her foster parents. School began at St. James and continued into high school at Barnard, with graduation in 1937. For two years Shirley attended Manchester Trade School, where she took up woodworking. Figuring variety was the spice of life, she left Connecticut for New York City. She entered Bellville Hospital where, after two years, she received the title of Licensed Practical Nurse.

During World War II she did her part with the American Red Cross transporting wounded servicemen from hospitals in Connecticut to New York and New Jersey. For four years Shirley was a part of the war effort.

THE NEXT TWO decades might be entitled "the good and bad times" for this hard-working lady. Shirley's life became the world of convalescent homes in Bloomfield and Glastonbury. It was a time for her nursing talents to bloom. Looking back, Shirley said, "I always loved nursing."

Another highlight of her career, helping others, was working at the St. Mary's Home in West Hartford. She performed several different jobs while there. One that stands out was driving Archbishop John F. Whealon on several occasions. He still remembers Shirley at the holidays.

Shirley's first job, after locating in Windsor Locks, was also driving, but for dif-

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By JACK REDMOND

ferent passengers: students in a school bus. Other bus jobs came her way; the senior citizen's mini-bus was one of her delights. The driving covered a 12-year period. Her talents then took Shirley to the Union School cafeteria and school-crossing, where she always found the "kids to be great; never found any fault with them." Currently, in addition to the "crossing," Shirley is the custodian at the town hall and is in charge of building security.

SHIRLEY IS A joiner, with memberships in the local Historical Society, the American Red Cross, West Hartford and West Suffield granges. She is a dedicated worker for Civic Preparedness and the Conservation Commission of Windsor Locks. Politics has been to her liking. As a member of the Republican Town Committee she is currently the assistant Registrar of Voters for the GOP. A part of her activity included bingo parties to raise funds for her party.

Shirley was married in 1953. Her husband, Joseph, passed away in 1959. They had a son, John Paul, who now lives in New York state.

Time goes on and Shirley found satisfying hobbies to keep her busy: collecting and distributing dolls, collecting salt and pepper shakers and lamps of all shapes and sizes. Never one to slow down, Shirley has learned to play the drums, piano, accordion, clarinet and guitar, and admits she can't read a note of music. Shirley has been known to sing along to complete a multi-talented repertoire. She has performed at the local Senior Citizen club and in the area convalescent homes.

Shirley was asked whom she most admired. It didn't take long, to remember kindness. "My cousin, Valeria Boland of Manchester. When I was little, she was always there. . . someone I could talk to," she said. And others include a couple from Glastonbury. "I should always mention



Shirley Horan entertains at the senior citizen center while Lester Russell accompanies her on piano.

Larry and Sue Wilder. Sue is a nurse and Larry is administrator at Mt. Sinai Hospital."

She has high hopes of one day "going to Ireland." However, she has traveled a bit, to Florida, Bermuda, New York and New Jersey on vacations.

### EPILOG

Shirley Horan, our resident down-to-earth lady. She was asked about the town of Windsor Locks. "It's my second home. I love the people and the town. I guess (it has given me) the chance to be active and to help others."

It is appropriate that Shirley's story of love and kindness to others be told on this "Good Friday." She has experienced the darkness of Fridays, only to find on Sunday a bright and new day. To Shirley and all the folks in town, a happy Easter.

# Nine Years Spent Writing 'The Right Stuff'

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

"It is just about (nine years) since great, living, fearless, human literature started appearing in this space (Windsor Locks Journal) as a regular (weekly) feature."

With apologies to the late and great writer, Mr. "Red" Smith. The words seem right for this type of column.

Yes, its been nine years since the first "Cabbages and Kings" first saw the light of print on May 1, 1975. The subject was then-fire chief Bill Reilly.

I decided to use the movie title, "The Right Stuff," in depicting the nine-year period, because the folks in town and a few outsiders were of that human ingredient, long before someone felt the astronauts should have a movie with a title that seemed so right.

The more than 375 individuals, couples and families that appeared the last nine years were the real providers of the written (or typed) words. They just told the details and we put them on paper, and not to overdo the theme, they were of the "right stuff."

**THERE IS ONE PERSON** who deserves a lot of credit for this nine-year tour of duty. My wife, Rita. Her name never is seen in the paper; however, without her constant help, patience and understanding, it just wouldn't have happened. She edits, proof-reads and informs the writer when pieces are not up to standards. Also keeps the writer off the clouds of self-esteem.

I have written an anniversary column at the five- and seven-year mark. And because I enjoy anniversaries, the nine-year period seems like a good spot to remember a few of those folks. So here goes:

The sincerity of Joe Fiore and John Scanlon, the choice words of Fathers Leclair, Farrell, Raczynski and the Rev. John Samsvick, the political views of Con



Cabbages and Kings columnist Jack Redmond poses alongside the portrait of himself that was painted by the town's resident artist, Peter Tria of Grove Street. Mr. Tria's portraits of past and present town officials, and former Governor Ella Grasso, are on display at the town hall.

Staff Photo by Nancy Steffens

O'Leary, Dave Wenc, Cliff Randall and George Hall, the talents of Peter Tria, the dedication of Bob and Alice Oliva, the love of life by Jake Colli, nice people like Betty and Joe Marinone, the musical world of Seb Shonty, other nice folks like Russ and Agnes Lose, the sisters of Kittie Nolan, motherhood with Eileen Meehan, Bob Masse, Evelyn Williams, Jules VanSchelt, Julia Lee, Frank Africano, Doc Lingua, Jim Franklin, Brian McKeown, Paul Callahan, Nate Tambussi. . .and hundreds more.

Many times we have read words with a special meaning. This past Christmas I received as a gift the book, "The Red Smith Reader." I highly recommend it for sport fans or all who admire in-depth writing. Mr. Smith covered not only the sports scene, but wherever travels took him.

**BACK TO THE "right stuff":** it was easy to capture the character of the people in town because they were of the real thing. To explain further with someone's famous words: "So listen to me! Television is not

the truth! Television is a goddamned amusement park. . .a circus. But you people sit there, all of you, day after day, night after night, all ages, colors, creeds. You're beginning to think the tube is reality and your own lives are unreal. This is mass madness, you maniacs! In God's name, you people are the real thing! We're the illusions!" (From Paddy Chayefsky' movie, "Network.")

See what I mean? You folks are the real thing.

I began the "right stuff" column with words from Mr. Smith. How about some more, while we are on the subject. "It's not very often that I feel gratified with a piece I've just written. Very often I feel. . .well, this one is okay, or this one will get by. The next day when I read it in print, clean and in two-column measure, it often looks better. But sometimes I'm disappointed. If I think I've written a clinker, I'm terribly depressed for 24 hours. But when you write a good one, you feel set up, the adrenalin is flowing."

Adrenaline or not, the town is made up of the "the right stuff," whether the column is good or bad. I'm proud to bring it to the readers. Thanks for nine years of the "right stuff."

# A Conversation With 'Doe' and Phil O'Keefe

The husband and wife team of "Doe" and Phil O'Keefe are the aviation enthusiasts behind the newly named "New England Air Museum." For nearly a quarter of a century the local attraction was called the "Bradley Air Museum." Phil is the museum director, and Doe was recently named secretary to the Connecticut Aeronautical Historical Association, which owns and operates the museum.

The congenial couple are not only enthusiasts of the popular museum, but their personal hobbies, travels and civic involvement makes for a busy, interesting and worthwhile life style.

Keeping with the theme of the renamed museum of "Discover Aviation: Past, Present and Future," the following was gathered at their comfortable home on Center Street.

Dolores Swett O'Keefe was born in Wichita, Kansas. At age four, after the passing of her father, she and her mother moved to the Bangor, Maine area (East Eddington). Her schooling began in East Eddington; however, high school was in the city of Bangor. Dolores, known to her acquaintances as "Doe," earned her education degree at the University of Hartford and master's degree as a reading consultant at Central State University.

Philip Charles O'Keefe took a different road before his marriage to Doe in 1980. Phil was born and raised in Belmont, N.Y. (Western part, south of Buffalo). He said with a smile, "Both grammar and high school was in the same building." The undergraduate years were spent in Hoosier land at Tri-State University in Angola Indiana.

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## cabbages and kings

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By JACK REDMOND

FOR PHIL THE runway to the local museum was delayed a few years with jobs from coast-to-coast. After leaving Tri-State, he traveled west to Seattle, Wash. for an aeronautical engineer position with Boeing. Four years later he worked himself back to the Midwest and a job with Honeywell in Minneapolis, Minn. Apparently, the east coast was more to his liking, as he joined United Aircraft, a job which lasted 11 years.

The role for Phil at the Bradley Museum began on a volunteer basis. In 1976, he left the aircraft business to become a full-time director exhibiting aircraft, instead of having a hand in their design. As one of their brochures states, "The New England Air Museum brings... the history of aviation with its comprehensive collection of more than 30 historic aircraft." This was the place for the man who said, "I have loved aviation all my life."

For his pretty wife, Doe, personal roads or runways were closer to their present home when it came to employment. After her college years she joined the telephone company here in Windsor Locks for a four-year stay. In 1972 she decided to pursue her rightful career, the field of education. She taught at both Southwest and the Middle schools. Currently, Doe is involved with the "gifted and talented" program at the middle and grammar school level.

AND HOW DID the engineer and teacher meet? At a Middle School Open House. Doe has a daughter, Debbie, a senior at the Suffield Academy and Phil has two sons, Glen and Phil Jr. and a daughter, Colleen. Glen is employed part time at the Suffield Savings and is a full-time student at the University of Hartford, studying to be a musician. Phil Jr. and the girl with the Irish name live in Alabama.

Doe, in addition to her secretarial duties with the aeronautical association, is the education director of the museum. Phil and Doe are members of the Windsor Locks Historical Society. They admit to being "history buffs," and enjoy just traveling through small towns in search of history. Doe is a member of educational and architectural organizations. Phil manages to cover both sides of the street. He is chairman of the Charter Revision Committee in town, member of the Republican Town Committee and has served on the Economic and Industrial Development Commission. During the mid '50's Phil served his country for over three years in Naval Intelligence, overseas at Guam and in the Philippines.

PHIL KEEPS UP with the latest in museum organization, as member of the International Association of Transportation Museums, American Association of Museums and the U.S. Aviation Museum Committee. Due to the many connections with museum affiliates, Phil has traveled over Europe, Canada and has covered probably 45 of the 50 states.

To Phil, aviation is a serious business. He feels the "wheel, religion and (you can add) aviation" have had the greatest impact on the life of mankind. He describes himself as "an aggressive person," but seeks no personal glory, only to leave something of value. The museum is the value intended. He has admired many men: Mark Twain, Ben Franklin, Winston Churchill and World War II aviation hero, Jimmy Doolittle.

To Doe, life can be a serious, but enjoyable business. "Consider that day lost, in which you learned nothing." Her philosophy? It would be a "thirst for knowledge." Her favorite is the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

### EPILOG

It was a double pleasure interviewing Dolores and Phil. The best way to describe them is that they live the full life; their actions verify the fact. All poetry and aviation aside, they manage to follow the Yankees and Giants, love to travel and play golf. Around the house, there's a family garden, and Doe paints with oil and builds miniature houses. They go about their business and pleasure for goodness and "thirst for knowledge." They have found it the best and safest way. To put it into the proper perspective, the words of Doe's favorite poet:

*Fame is a bee,  
It has a song,  
It has a sting,  
Ah, too, it has a wing.*

Emily Dickinson

# Joe Spalluto — A Rich Man in Many Ways

"If I were a rich man. . ."

The year, 1977. Place, Windsor Locks High School. The play, "Fiddler On The Roof," and the student, Joseph John Spalluto, as Tevye, the dairyman in the hit show of many Broadway performances.

"The play was a lot of fun," recalled Joe; "it brought the class closer together." And now seven years later, Joe again remembers the play, the songs, the lines and probably most of all, everyone connected with the annual show staged by the seniors.

Today, he is indeed a rich man, in many ways: friends, family, memories with the beginning of a successful life, mixed with work and play.

Life itself began for the clean-cut young man in Bristol. Joe's father, Patrick Spalluto, born and raised in Windsor Locks, met his future wife on a trip to Italy. Joe's mother, Lucrezia Chiarella Spalluto, came to America after the wedding. She passed away last October. Patrick has two other sons, Jack and Patrick Jr. Jack lives in town and Pat the younger is a student at UConn.

Joe, who has lived in town since he was only a year old, resides with his father on Center Street. The property is where the old Clover Dairy was located and Patrick Sr. was a dairy employee for many years.

**SCHOOLING FOR JOE** began at Union and South Schools. He graduated from the high school in 1977. At the high school, for over three years, he was on the janitorial staff, in addition to being statistician and manager of Dan Sullivan's baseball and basketball teams. Other duties included the Year Book staff and president of the Junior Class. During high school Joe was active with the local Fire Department in the Civil Defense program.

Joe spoke highly of the continue friendship with several classmates after graduation. Today, they meet socially when possible to discuss what's happening; and what is happening, according to Joe, is careers in accounting, banking and the priesthood.

Probably the highlight of the class of 1977

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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for Joe was the senior class play, "Fiddler." Looking back, Joe felt, "it was a nice way to end the four years at high school." He made no theatrical plans for the future. He knew it would be too time consuming at college, so he never pursued it further.

Joe entered college the fall of 1977 at Amherst College in Massachusetts. In 1981 he graduated with a bachelor of arts in Economics. He did manage a little singing with the college glee club. Joe was president of his fraternity.

Asked later about any plans for travel, he casually mentioned, "Monaco." Why Monaco? For a very good reason: to visit an old friend from college and fraternity days, Prince Albert. You know, the son of Prince Rainier and the late Grace Kelly. Prince Albert. . . well, leave it to a Windsor Locks boy. The prince has broken bread with Joe and his father on Center Street. Joe spoke in glowing terms in meeting the family of the Prince at a college function. He recalled Princess Grace Kelly conversing with Joe's mother in her native tongue. Real down-to-earth folks, according to Joe, who took the news in stride, meeting a prince and the royal family of such prominence.

**WHAT WAS YOUR** first job after college? "Only had one since graduation, the Keefe Bruyette and Woods, Inc. investment banking house in Hartford." Joe has traveled extensively for the investment house, which has New York City headquarters.

Knowing about all work and no play, Joe is involved in local politics, just for starters. He recently was picked to be a member of the Democratic Town Committee. He has worked in past campaigns for both Con O'Leary and Dave Wenc. Joe shows an "interest" in the political world, be it local or national.

Admitting to be "an outdoorsman," Joe is into golf, tennis, skiing and sailing on the sound. Spectator sports are fully covered: the Yankees in baseball, the Giants in football and the Whalers, "just for something to do in the winter," besides skiing. At home, reading and some photography occupy some of any leisure time left over.

Joe is a traveler. For example, he's been to Islands, Canada, Europe and this year hopes to return to his mother's hometown in Italy, for the fifth time.

Joe's mother was an important part of his life, as is his father today. "I have gained inspiration from a lot of different people," he said. "My mother would be one."

Joe doesn't give one the impression of be-

ing too outspoken, but said, "It's important to let people know how you feel. . . and where you stand."

### EPILOG

"Tradition." "To Life." "If I Were A Rich Man." They're songs from "Fiddler," and the seniors at the local high school have kept the tradition going with the best of Broadway.

The Joseph John Spalluto story is another "where are they today?" He is indeed a rich man in many ways, with a bright future, sharing the good life with friends, mostly from the class of '77. That was the year of "You Light Up My Life." Joe was the local light that spring. His star is still shining.

# Lois Buckley of the Town Clerk's Office

Lois Colombi Buckley has been an important part of the Town Clerk's office staff since 1975. Lois has served under "two excellent bosses," Erma Olivia Pane and Marie Smith Dengenis. (Both are past C&K interviewees, Erma in '75 and Marie in '77.)

The Fern Street resident holds the position of assistant town clerk and treasurer, under Marie, who has held the post since 1977.

Success sometimes is not far from home, as Lois is a native, who lived on Whiton Street during her days at St. Mary's School and the local high school, class of 1957.

The days of school were a part of Lois' life in Windsor Locks, where she found "a great town to grow up in, and we made our own fun," during the quiet '50s.

Before settling down with her duties at the town hall, Lois worked at Aetna (the little one), Trans-Ocean at Bradley, the Air-National Guard and part-time jobs with the school system.

The above positions were interrupted by raising two children, Jim, 19, and Elizabeth (Beth), 20. Beth, a grad of the local high school, class of 1982, is currently employed at the Ramada Inn. Her brother also works at the Route 75 Inn. Young Jim, a Boy Scout as a youngster, had his share

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of sports in town: Little League, soccer, basketball and Park Department hockey.

LOIS IS THE DAUGHTER of Edward Colombi and Teresa Draghi Colombi. Mr. Columbi, who was born near Boston and came to Windsor Locks at the age of nine, passed away many years ago. Mrs. Colombi, born in Italy, resides in Windsor Locks. Lois has a brother Fred Columbi and a sister, Shirley Columbi Sapoznik.

The role of assistant town clerk and treasurer is a full-time job, recording deeds, issuing fish and game licenses, dog licenses, keeping up with the vital statics, such as births, deaths and marriages. In addition is the registration of voters, Democratic, Republican or unaffiliated. Lois said, "We are in the office to serve the people (of Windsor Locks), regardless of party affiliation, or independence," adding, "in this position, we meet a lot of people and I certainly enjoy the work."

Lois has made getting to work an advantage of sorts. One day she was seen skiing to the Church Street office on a snowy day, and has taken the family bike, when the family car is being used. And Fern Street to Church wouldn't be a bad walk on these spring days.

The diminutive pretty lady admits "not being a joiner." The only exceptions during her life have been the Catholic Women's Council, years ago, and as a young lady, a member of the St. Mary's Brigade Senior Drill Team.

When Lois leaves the paper work at the office, you may find her painting landscapes and doing some woodworking projects, both acquired skills at the high school adult education program. When it comes to evenings, reading historical and biographical articles are to her liking. During the winter months, Lois can be found cross-country skiing "in the backyard or anywhere." (West Suffield and the town's parks are favorites.) Spectator sports is

limited to watching the many skills of ice-skating on television, as with the recent Olympics. Her children, not to be left out, said about their mother's talents, "You forgot to mention you painted the house." (And she agreed, but said she didn't paint the peaks — can't blame her for that.)

WINTER USUALLY takes care of itself for this energetic lady; however, the hot days of July and August means cooling off at the Cape or at the Connecticut or Rhode Island beaches.

Admiration was no problem for Lois. She especially admires her mother, calling her

"a very warm, loving person, always with a smile; a wonderful outlook and a fantastic lady." Obviously taught by her caring mother, Lois has a simple, but profound philosophy: "Do the best job you can."

### EPILOG

Lois Colombi Buckley does the best job she can, at home or the office. Lois deserves credit for raising two children and holding a full-time position in the town government. Her biggest asset is the inherited wonderful outlook, at home or the office, or just skiing to work on a snow day. Lois enjoys being part of Windsor Locks and the town enjoys having her.

# Albert K. MacDonald: Resident Poet Laureate

A poet laureate is a "poet honored for excellence."

Giving credit where it is due, we have in our midst a poet laureate: Albert Kenneth MacDonald.

The full story of this sensitive, caring man is often reflected in the poems he writes, be it about his wife or a poem for a special occasion, a wedding in the family.

However, Al, as he is known to brothers, sisters and wife, Joyce, and Big Mac to friends at the V.F.W., KofC or American Legion, has led an interesting life as soldier in World War II, activist in veteran affairs, employment at Hamilton-Standard for over three decades and certainly proves the point, "you can't judge a book by its cover."

Are poets born or made? Big Mac was born in Easthampton, Mass. The MacDonald family was 10 children strong. At the height of the Depression Mac left school because it made more sense, at the time, to help out with the family expenses instead of pursuing additional education. Mac made up for any deficiencies in education, later in life, with a long list of schooling credits from colleges in England and Connecticut.

The enlistment of Albert MacDonald, shortly after Pearl Harbor (on Jan. 2, 1942), into the army was the beginning of a new advantage, in more ways than one. As New England boys found, in those early days of World War II, Fort Devens would be their baptism into a different world that they had never known before. Mac left the cold January of Devens to serve 47 months for his country, of which 39 months were overseas in England, France and Germany. He advanced to the rank of technical sergeant. When Mac left the service in December of 1945, with an honorable discharge he was wearing a battle star on his "Ike" jacket.

**WHILE IN ENGLAND**, Mac took part in two events, neither of which he ever contemplated before entry into the European Theater of Operations. Mac was given the opportunity, over many hundreds of GIs, to attend a course of Bailliol College, a part of the famous Oxford University. The second

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was of the heart, not of the mind. Mac met and married an English girl, Joyce Burrell of St. Albans, a community 20 miles north of London. At the time (May 6, 1944, only a month before D-Day) Mac and Joyce were given a limited honeymoon; he was issued one-day passes, because the date for the impending invasion was only known to the man called "Ike."

Joyce, a genuine "war bride," left her native land for the States soon after Mac was discharged, joining her new husband and new country all at the same time. When asked of any difference she may have found, between her country and the States, she said, "Actually not too much. . . I found the food and language (there could be an argument there) the same, which helped out a lot. I even discovered how to make spaghetti," she added with a smile.

Their first home together in the States was in Mac's neighborhood, in Easthampton. They moved to Enfield in 1957, but for the past 21 years home has been in Windsor Locks. Mac and Joyce have five children, David, James, Katherine, Nancy and Joseph. Dave, Joe and Katherine live in town, James in Suffield and Nancy resides in the capital city.

**BACK TO THEIR** busy dad. . . before the war Big Mac was given a lesson in hard work, as a member of the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps, a work force set up by the government during the Depression years.) After the war, until his retirement last October, employment was mostly with the Hamilton-Standard company in town. In 1951 he began as a security guard, advancing to the rank of sergeant, lieutenant, captain and chief in charge of security. Further schooling covered a wide range for Big Mac, at the Tunxis Community College, and other study of police science and administration, employee relations, supervisory training and police training.

As with employment, Mac has served in

many capacities in veteran and town committees: past post commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Smalley Brothers Post No. 6123; the annual sports night of the VFW; member of the Knights of Columbus, American Legion, Juvenile Review Board of Windsor Locks; Interstate Police Officer's Association; member of the Democratic Town Committee; elected constable in the town and many other posts in the VFW.

Today, Mac and Joyce have much more time for each other, a close-knit relationship. They enjoy the family garden, and going out for a drive or spending time, during the summer, at the Cape.

## EPILOG

Are poets born or made? Again, the question arises.

After talking to this gentleman, who has the look of a football player, but the finesse to poetize words in over 140 poems, here's one special poem about his partner of 40 years. It begins with these words: "I can not cook, I can not sew; Loving you is all I know" (followed by 10 four-line tributes, ending with these words: "I will thank God for all my life, He gave me you, my loving wife").

Yes, I believe some men are born poets. One is our poet laureate, Albert Kenneth MacDonald.

# Larry Ochinko: Our Resident Flight Instructor

Want to learn how to fly an airplane?

Just drive the family car past Bradley Field to the East Granby/Simsbury town line, and you'll find a much smaller airport, but just the man to teach you to fly one of their Beechcrafts: our resident flight instructor, Lawrence Peter Ochinko.

Larry, Windsor Locks High School class of 1970, Woodland Street resident, has been instructing eager beginners how to fly at the Beechcraft Aero Center, a part of the Valley Airways, Inc., at the Simsbury Airport, for the past two years.

Our young Lindbergh, Doolittle and Rickenbacker, all rolled into one, was born in Frankfort, Germany, the "army brat" of Walter and Evelyn Ochinko. Mr. Ochinko, a veteran of 23 years in the U.S. Army and Air Force, came to Connecticut to represent the Air Force at the local Air National Guard in 1957. The World War II serviceman was a native of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., retiring in 1959. His wife, Evelyn Havanich Ochinko, was originally from Bridgeport. They have another son, Walter, Jr., a graduate of the local high school (1965) and currently in Frankfort, Germany with the General Accounting Office of the American Embassy.

LARRY CAME TO the states at the age of two, with short stays in Grand Island, New York and near the Westover Air Base before moving to Windsor Locks with his parents. Schooling in town was at Southwest, North, Middle and graduation from the high school. In 1971, he joined the U.S. Marines to continue the family tradition of service to the country. He saw service in Japan, the Philippines and Thailand during the Vietnam War.

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With discharge from the Marines, Larry decided to try college. He took advantage of the GI Bill by attending the Springfield Technical College for two years. At this point in his life, the future was uncertain. He tried a "couple of jobs" selling cars and then working for a freight company. It was not satisfying to this energetic young man. Feeling, "My father was in the air force; I always wanted to fly," Larry stopped one day, rather unceremoniously, at the Bradley Air Kaman facility, inquiring about lessons on flying or a flight, or whatever. He wasn't sure. The instructor said he was busy, to come back, but one might say Fate stepped in. The man changed his mind and Larry had his first lesson or spin in the sky over Windsor Locks.

The rest of his story is the world of flying. With a confident, "I never had any doubt" about flying, he was on the way to something he really enjoys. When questioned, how long before you solo? "About 10 hours of instructions," he answered.

Today, Larry is a flight instructor and commercial pilot. With training and eventual expertise, Larry specializes in instruction of beginners, some charter work and co-pilots for Hartford's based companies with airplanes.

LARRY HAD SEVERAL comments on what kind of person wants to fly. "Some people (according to Larry, 99 percent men) are in business and others in factory

work. Ages range from late 20s to middle 40s. Some incorporate the flying with their business and pleasure. Most of the pupils end up with a private license." He added, "Flying can be a means to gain a lot of self-confidence." Larry derives "the greatest satisfaction in knowing people (his pupils) can do the job (of flying)." Larry doesn't take the world of flying lightly. To him it is a very serious business.

The day of our interview was rainy and foggy. He wanted me to take a spin, if the weather had been better. We did manage to spend a few minutes sitting in one of the Beechcrafts, to get the feeling of the cockpit. (I more or less implied I'll stick to being a passenger on one of those commercial jets.)

Larry's future plans consists of employment by some Corporate Flight Depart-

ment, saying he preferred flying a small plane, than one of those large 747s.

### EPILOG

Larry Ochinko is not a man with the so-called usual hobbies of golf, tennis and the like. "I just like flying. As for sports, I don't enjoy being a spectator. On vacations I have flown to Florida, the Midwest, to the airports in New York City, all in the line of work." However, he is looking forward to a "vacation this year to Europe."

Not a complex individual, he's just a man who enjoys being in the clouds with steady hands on the controls. He said flying a plane probably was only two percent of the task, but the role of pilot involves much more: radio, weather and knowing where you are and where you are going. I found in Larry a certain amount of consecration, dedication and no doubt, a love of flying.

# Ann Ferrucci Bollea — One Dynamic Lady

Ann Ferrucci Bollea typifies the kind of lady that makes Windsor Locks such a friendly, compassionate and church-going community. The Waterbury-born resident of Oak Street has lived in town over forty years, and "feels like a native." You probably will have no argument with her genuine feelings, this out-going wife of Sebastian "Buzz" Bollea.

"Want a cup of coffee? . . . how about some rice pudding?" greets the lady, who admits, "I'm the talker. . . Buzz is the quiet one." At the Bollea home you sit down at the kitchen table, immediately made to feel at home, and no problems with conversation or getting acquainted.

Now in the August of their years, Ann and Buzz can look back with tons of memories, some of hard work with successful employment at various jobs.

First the talker in the family: Ann's career in the business world covered the making of clocks, what makes tobacco grow, medical terms and the workings of the church. The mother of two was one of seven children, whose parents came to America from Italy, settling in Connecticut. Buzz and Ann have a daughter, Madelyn Bollea Pesci, a son, Father Richard Bollea and four grandchildren.

**THE DYNAMIC LADY** was born in Waterbury, moving to Middlebury at a very young age. She attended grammar school in Middlebury, Wilby High School in Waterbury and graduated from the Perry Business School where she found out how to be a cracker-jack secretary.

With her talents, as a full-fledged secretary, Ann has had the opportunity and satisfaction of working in four diverse types of business: in Waterbury, the clock business; as a secretary at the Fuller-Griffin Tobacco company; with Dr. Heublein in radiology, right here in town, and lastly, 17 years as secretary at St. Mary's School and Rectory. While at St. Mary's, Ann said she worked for a "wonderful man," the popular Father John J. McQueeney. He now lives in Bridgeport in retirement.

Now for Buzz, the quiet one. He came from New Bedford, Mass. in 1942 to work on construction at Bradley Field, soon after Pearl Harbor. He retired four years ago, saying in his quiet manner, but rather proudly, "I was in the construction business for 53 years." Speaking of five decades, Buzz and Ann were married in 1935, making next year their golden anniversary. How did a girl from Middlebury and a boy from New Bedford meet? That was easy, according to Ann. "His uncle lived in Middlebury and we just met." The rest is nearly 50 years of happiness and two children.

**THEIR DAUGHTER**, Madelyn, works at the St. Mary's Credit Union. She is married to James Pesci, who is employed by Traveler's. Madelyn and Jim live in town with their four children, Lisa, David, Jay

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and Jennifer. Lisa, a grad of St. Joseph's College, is now employed at Traveler's. Dave is a UConn student, Jay is enrolled at Central University, and completing her high school education this month is Jennifer.

Their son, Father Richard Bollea, is paster at the St. Mary's Church in Derby, Connecticut. Father Bollea was ordained in 1962 at the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, France. Buzz and Ann attended the ceremonies and later made a visit to Italy and Switzerland. Ann, in looking back said, "Richard always wanted to be a priest, even at a very young age." Ann added, with pride, "At the time of his pastorship at St. Mary's, our son was the youngest pastor in the Hartford Diocese." When questioned about an old friend of the family, the late Ella Grasso, Ann remarked, "Father Richard said mass at Ella's own St. Mary's on the day of her first day as Governor. Father gave her a rose and she carried it the entire day."

The church has always meant something special for Ann Bollea. In addition to her duties at the school and rectory, Ann was always active in the affairs, such as the Catholic Women's organization, the Church's 100th Anniversary, the taking of the census and working on the local cancer drive. Both Buzz and Ann are members of the local Senior Citizen Club. Buzz holds a membership in the Knights of Columbus. He wanted to mention how Ann helped out, for many years, at the weekly dinner put on by the Lions Club.

We knew why Buzz came to Windsor Locks, but why did they choose to live here? Ann said, "We picked Windsor Locks despite the rumors of folks back home in Waterbury, who said Windsor Locks would be the first town bombed, because of Bradley Field." Buzz said, "The first night in town we both woke up at a loud noise. I told Ann, 'Go back to sleep, it's just the nightly train.'" After that, Windsor Locks was their town. "We feel like natives. We love the people, especially the ones who come to the house," they added.

**BUZZ AND ANN** are ready for the smiles of life, as well as the serious discussions. Case in point: Ann said, "You were put on this earth, not to think of yourself, but to do and think of others," adding, "And we get pleasure out of doing." As I looked at Buzz, he said, "And we do."

Ann loves to knit and play cards, Buzz "would rather play golf than eat," a pastime he recently took up. Ann, the talker, talked of many things and when it was time for admiration for others, she took only a second and said, "My husband, Frank Pesci and John Colapietro."

### EPILOG

The story of Ann and Buzz Bollea is filled with the Church, family, love, good food and conversation. They were a joy to meet. To paraphrase words by Thomas Paine, for the Bolleas, "The town is our world, all residents our brethren, and to do good is our religion."

# Dave Sarrasin — As in Golf's Gene Sarazen

For the past 11 years David William Sarrasin has had one thing on his young mind. . . golf, golf and more golf. The sixteen year-old Windsor Locks High School junior picked up his first club at five, played a round of golf at eight and today is one of the outstanding high school golfers in the state. His golfing coach, Fran Beaudry, had these kind words. . . "the best I ever coached."

So Elmer Jones, Ed Olisky and Tom Cooney (three of our top resident golfers) move over, Dave is coming up for his turn on the tee. Dave sports a six handicap, hits 250 yards off the tee and is getting ready for a summer of tournament golf.

Dave is the son of William and Joyce Sarrasin. The boy with the last name that sounds like the famous "Gene Sarazen," but spelled differently, was born in Enfield,

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moving to Windsor Locks at the age of ten. Dave attended Southwest and Middle Schools and will graduate with the class of 1985 at the high school.

THE QUIET, SINCERE student of the game, admires another student of the game. . . Jack Nicklaus. Dave has been a spectator at a few tournaments, but prefers playing and at times has watched the game on television.

Dave never took a lesson in his life, but feels beginners should go to a pro for advise. He was nurtured in the beginning by his father. Today's tips are offered to Dave by the resident pro at Cedar Knob in Somers, Bob Lennon.

Dave's talents at golf have been exposed the past three years as a member of the high school team, coached by Mr. Beaudry. The team plays two times a week during its season. Their home course is Oak Ridge in nearby Feeding Hills, Massachusetts. Other members of the team include: Jay McKenna, Jim Kurmaskie, Glenn Flanders, Mark DiDomenico, Mike Keene, Paul Skinner, John Baker and Scott Petrelli.

Coach Beaudry, contacted after Dave and I shared golf experiences, mine never matching his, was very complimentary to his star player. Some of the remarks included. . . "very coachable, natural swing, great outlook on the sport. . . and a super person." Adding, for the record, and Dave would certainly agree, " (golf) that's his life."

In golf, scoring is the name of the game. Dave shot in the 80s as a freshman and the team was ranked tenth in the state. He dropped into the high seventies, his second year, and the team ended up sixth. This spring, his average is 78 and the team has high hope for a higher finish. Coach Beaudry's team has made the state tournament the past two years.

One score every golfer remembers is their lowest. For Dave it was a 69 at his favorite course, Cedar Knob. He does ad-



David Sarrasin

mit to some weakness, putting and the short iron game, but is working on it.

ANY SECRET TO the game? "Yes, management of your game. . . stay within your game, no crazy shots." The six foot one athlete, admits a professional career on the tour is a future priority, but realizes, "you have to be good."

During the summer Dave's job will be where every young golfer wants to be. . . working at the Pro Shop at Cedar Knob (close to the first tee). Dave hopes to be in the state tournament, but said he had to get the handicap down to a five. He is also enrolled in the Sammy Davis, Jr. Junior Golf Program, for the second year, this month and next. Last year Dave finish-

ed second in the 14-15 division.

The future plans for Dave, besides the game of golf, includes college, where he will major in computer science and accounting, probably a minor (sic) in golf. Dave surely wants to play golf in college. His coach felt nearby Central State University should be Dave's choice. (He said it had a great golf team.)

### EPILOG

Dave Sarrasin has what it takes to be a future champion. He is a dedicated student and purest of the game.

Remember the name. . . Dave Sarrasin (sounds like Sarazen). After Elmer, Ed and Tom move over, Jack, Arnold and Fuzzy better watch out.

# Bill Fournier, Jr. is First Marine Constable

Being appointed by the town's Board of Selectmen as the first marine constable was to this young and busy man, William Joseph Fournier, Jr., just another challenge.

Known to so many as just Bill, he's a native of the River Road section of town, along the winding Connecticut River. Bill has had several jobs in the area work force and was educated at three colleges.

Bill is the son of William Fournier Sr. and Baptistina Fournier. His grandfather built the "family homestead" on the road, once well-travelled as Route 5A. Bill added, "My grandfather had a bakery business around town many years ago," knowing some of the old-timers might well remember him. Bill has a brother, Douglas and two sisters, Darline and Denise.

The 1962 local high school grad has attended UConn, Northwestern Community College and the Hartford State Technical College. He received a degree in Science-

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Mathematics.

Today, he's a self-employed graphic artist. Bill is on the faculty of the Springfield Technical College. Bill's business card has the unique words "Capricorn Group." Before settling down to the life on the river and the world of graphic art, Bill had quite a mix of jobs: Combustion Engineering, Inc. (1962-66), where he began the graphic art career; Emhart (two years); Torin Corporation (four years); a different game as manager of a Dairy Mart and then an engineer for the Kollmorgan Optical Systems for three years.

**BEFORE WE GO** into detail, as to Bill's new challenge, a few facts on his family, who live only a few feet from the river. Bill has a son, William III, 20, who works on construction jobs in the area. Bill III married Lori Jensen Fournier in 1979. Bill and Lori have three sons of their own, Benjamin, "Ned" and Jonathan. Lori, a native of Enfield, is a graduate of the Bridgeport Hospital School of Nursing. For the past three years the registered nurse has been employed at the Mount Sinai Hospital in Hartford.

Back to the busy world of Bill Fournier. One of his most satisfying positions has been teaching graphic art to handicapped students, over a two-year period, in the Berkshires.

A diversified career in the market place has been aligned with some community affairs: two years with the Rotary, Connecticut River Watershed Council, National Wildlife Federation, Windsor Locks Municipal Resources Recovery Authority, and, to complete the activity, a member of the Republican Town Committee.

Bill gives new acquaintances the instant impression that he is a man who takes his job most seriously. However, he enjoys the life on the river. He sought the additional post (just became a constable last November) "to ensure boating safety" on

the river. He told of several instances where people (boaters) were in trouble, running out of gas, etc. He added, "Activity on the river has increased quite a bit in the last few years and a number of times I've seen people out there without life preservers. The big thing is safety, making sure people have the proper safety equipment on board and checking to see if everything is registered." The area patrolled by Bill is from the Suffield line to the Windsor line (also the East Windsor side of the bank).

**THE CONNECTICUT DEPARTMENT** of Environmental Protection has issued 10 tips on survival of hunters, fishermen, canoeists and all small boat users. Bill feels if boaters on the river followed these tips, the roll of marine constables would be much easier. For anyone who is ready to take to the river this summer, here are the tips: Boating and excess boozing don't mix. Watch your hunting dog (a rowdy retriever can capsize a skiff). Know your boat. Go ashore (if you got to go, go ashore). What is your life worth? (Keep your activity close to the shore). Stay inside. Don't anchor from the stern. Watch the weather. Don't rock the boat. And lastly, and very important, learn to swim. The department has also issued a digest of Connecticut boating laws. Bill Fournier would be glad to explain further.

And a few notes to explain Bill further. When asked, "What are your hobbies?" no baseball or golf was mentioned. Fishing and scuba diving for this river man. Bill's choice for vacation, when not on the familiar Connecticut River, is camping in Maine, and you guessed it, "right on the ocean." He just likes the life on the water, ocean or river.

When admiration was discussed, he said, "I have a lot of respect for my father. There's a family unit here (on River Road) and he is one of the main contributors." But Bill wasn't finished. "I must add my good neighbor and friend, Bill Sizer," another river man like Bill.

### EPILOG

Someone once said, "All men are equal before fish." I'm sure Bill Fournier would add, "are equal before the waters of the

Connecticut River." The Board of Selectmen made a wise choice for marine constable. He'll be there to make sure the 10 tips are the routine of most boaters. If not, Bill is ready to assist. It appears that's what he was cut out for, on the town's portion of the 407-mile long river called the Connecticut.

### POSTSCRIPT

The "Flood of 84" hit Connecticut and our area, after the interview with Bill Fournier. We talked when the situation was settled and the families on River Road could return to some kind of normalcy. Bill stayed at his home during the height of the flood, as did the other men, while their families were moved to safer surroundings. There was considerable damage to the homes. Bill said, "We had five inches of water on our first floor, and a job cleaning up the mud."

So the Fournier family and their neighbors weathered the "flood of 84" and were soon faced with the "heatwave of 84."

"Yes, we're still going to live on River Road," Bill added.

# Lisa DeMichele, 1984 Class Valedictorian

Lisa Marie DeMichele is serious in school performance, but knows in her young life it also takes a mix of business with pleasure. The All-American girl enjoys hiking, dancing and rafting as her pleasures, sticking to the business at hand,

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and was named the valedictorian of this year's graduating class at Windsor Locks High School.

The daughter of William and Betty DeMichele, Lisa was born in Hartford, her parent's hometown, moving to Windsor Locks 10 years ago. She attended Southwest School and St. Joseph's in Enfield before her arrival at the local high school.

Admitting she has striven for a high scholastic standing "since the freshman year," Lisa was pleased at being named valedictorian. "It was one of my goals." Her parents expressed pleasure at their daughter's success, saying "she worked hard, we're both very proud."

Lisa has two brothers, Jim, 14, an eighth grader, and Tony, 7, in the first grade. Jim, a former Cub Scout, is the midget football player in the family. More on Lisa's folks: her dad, William DeMichele, is a former Navy man, serving (1961-62) mostly in Europe. Bill is employed by the National Paint Company in East Hartford for the past seven years. Lisa's mother, Betty Given DeMichele, is a cardiac secretary at the Hartford Hospital with a nine-year record.

**THERE HAVE BEEN** numerous honors and awards to Lisa during her high school career. Two non-scholastic awards of a different nature, are worth mentioning. She was on the set crew of the recent successful class play, "Anything Goes," and for two years was a member of the school's swim team.

Now the others: she has been a member of the National Honor Society and a National Merit Commended Scholar, a Model U.N. member, a participant at Talcott Mountain Science Center, and a member of the Mathematics Team.



Lisa Marie DeMichele

Another winner of honors and awards is a past C&K interviewee, Paul Callahan. Paul was named salutatorian of this year's class. He is the son of the late William Callahan and Jean Callahan Chipman.

Does Lisa have any regrets about leaving high school? "Not really. . . I'm ready and excited about college," she replied. Has she chosen a college? "Yes, Boston College," was her answer, aided by a big smile. Lisa intends to major in finance (banking and business).

**COULD SHE NAME** a few of her favorite teachers? After a thoughtful moment of two, she said, "My Spanish teacher, Mrs. Charbra Jestin and math teacher, Mr. Howard Buckley."

More on the personal side, any comments on music or television? "Can't say I watch too much television, but I go to the

movies sometimes. As for music, my favorite would have to be the J. Geil's Band." (A rock band, now you didn't expect her to say Glenn Miller, did you?) By her own admission, Lisa is outgoing with friends, and shy with new acquaintances.

### EPILOG

Lisa, Paul and their associates, best of luck in the months and years ahead. But today is your day. Make the best of it. It is another memory to keep in your personal memory bank.

We have examined, in a small way, the personality of the high school valedictorian. She, like Paul and the other grads, enter a world of increasing complexity, at college or the working world.

A few years back, the president of Bucknell University, Dennis O'Brien, said, in part, "You go forth into a world of performance, of doing tasks, of keeping up with computers, but don't worry that your humanity will ever be made obsolete. Humanity's value is that it not only performs, it enjoys knowledge of the world."

# Mitchell Michael Staszko

Mitchell Michael Staszko believes in three philosophies to live by. . . "be young at heart, enjoy life," and lastly, one that has obviously carried him the last four years, "try to apply the ways of Christ to life's relationships and situations.

The Hatfield, Massachusetts native can rightfully be called the "Good Samaritan," whose everyday is filled, in one way or another, with some good deeds. He appears younger than his years, distinguished is a better description, who enjoys the game of golf and, as we will find out, applies the ways of Christ with many acts of kindness and love.

Known to many as Mitch, he grew up with eight brothers on their parent's farm in Hatfield. His Poland-born parents, had nine sons to help them run the dairy, tobacco and vegetable farm. As Mitch too well remembers, "we all had to do our share of

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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work, be it in the house or around the farm." With a smile, he added, "we pitched in, even with the cooking to help our mother. . . some of us became pretty good cooks."

MITCH ATTENDED Smith Academy for three years. Due to the flood of 1936, when the Connecticut River over flowed and wiped out the farm, the family moved to Feeding Hills. Mitch completed his high school days at Agawam, graduating in 1937.

Jobs were mighty scarce during the depression years after graduation, and college was out of the question. After a few

years on the farm, and some odd jobs, Mitch was fortunate to be picked for the Pratt & Whitney Apprentice Course, which was a combination of on-the-job training and class work, mostly at UConn. The four-year course taught Mitch all phases of manufacturing, certainly paying off the powerful aircraft company and Mitch personally.

World War Two was in full swing, as well as at Pratt, doing their share for the war effort. Service for his country called. . . Mitch entered the U.S. Navy. From May 1944 to May 1946, he served on a special Task Force in the Atlantic patrolling the seas for German Subs. ("Yes, we sank a few.") The latter months of his tour of duty was spent in Panama.

Back home, meant a return to Pratt & Whitney. Mitch was a 38-year veteran, retiring in 1977. He held positions of

foreman, general foreman and Manufacturing Divisional Superintendent.

In 1950, Mitch attended a party at Hamilton-Standard. There he met Grace Evarts of East Hartford. She was employed by the Windsor Locks company for seven years in the Insulation Engineering Section. For Mitch and Grace it was the beginning of a positive and loving relationship. Most of the interview was Mitch's reminiscing of their thirty years together, and what he has done since her passing in 1980. He felt "very fortunate" in having such a "brilliant woman" as a partner. She was a "warm and special person."

Mitch, with the "warm" Grace, lived in Warehouse Point, moving to his current residence on Circle Drive in 1952. They raised a family of three daughters, a son,

and received the gift of three grandchildren.

THE FOUR CHILDREN of this happy twosome are "all college educated." Raymond, living in Montreal, Canada, operates his own business, "EdTech," offering technical manuals. According to Mitch, Raymond is the poet and writer in the family, and father of two. Patricia Kozik resides in South Windsor and is employed at the Connecticut Health Department. Jean Fearon lives in town, has one child, and works at Aetna. Ann, who is home with her dad, is an employee at Travelers.

At Mitch's comfortable home, one has the feeling that Grace's presence is always there, at least in spirit. Grace was a grad of St. Joseph's receiving a degree in Biology. She added a Masters, at the same institution, in Child Development. Grace taught religion at St. Mary's, was principal of the CCD program at St. Mary's, also teaching English (7 & 8 graders) four four years. For eight seasons Grace was teacher of Adult Religion at St. Mary's in town, St. Rose's in East Hartford and St. Mary's in Newington. A full life of religion and teaching.

Mitch's list of "good Samaritan" roles is endless, and he would not want it any other way. . . staff member of the Retreat Team for high school students at the St. Thomas Seminary for seven years; ("a lot of beautiful kids") St. Mary's Parish Council, three years, one year as president; three years as principal of the School of Religion (high school level); staff member of the retreat team for the Somers Prison; Cooperative Parish Sharing; three years an Extraordinary Minister of the Holy Eucharist at St. Mary's for three years; Connecticut Prison Association for two years, visiting inmates; for six years on the Pastoral Staff of the Hartford Correction Facility (praying with the inmates) and under the leadership of Sue Cannon, for the last seven years, transferring of sick people to hospitals.



Mitchell Staszko

In his younger years, Mitch was a charter member of the town's Junior Chamber of Commerce. In his retirement, the game of golf is a pastime he enjoys, especially when he shoots in the low 40s. In sports, he follows the Red Sox, Celtics and the Giants in football, apparently cheering for the underdog, in some cases. Mitch had other reasons for retiring. . . "we both loved to travel." Grace and Mitch had their share of trips to Canada and spending the summer hot days at the seashore.

I could not get away from this man without my two usual questions: your philosophy of life and who did you most admire? Not difficult for Mitch. "Of course after Grace, I would have to say, my old friend, Father Pierre Wolff, a Jesuit, from France, who comes to the States once a year, giving retreats. He is a very humble individual and has given me a (spiritual) meaning to life." And as we began his

story: "Try to apply the ways of Christ to life's relationships and situations."

### EPILOG

Mitchell Michael Staszko lives the words of Luke 10:30-37, a person who gratuitously gives help or sympathy of someone in distress. Mitch has suffered "a void in life," but Grace's example is "what keeps (him) going." He truly is the "good Samaritan."

# 'Good Samaritan'

# Linda Sartori: A Lady Who 'Likes to Help'

Linda DelMonte Sartori has two sons, four grandchildren and wonderful memories of her late husband, Michael Sartori, who served as town's First Selectman from 1959 to 1967.

The native-born resident of Pearl Street keeps mighty busy these days as a volunteer worker at her favorite place in town, the Windsor Locks Senior Citizen Club.

Known to many as just Lin, she was born on Center Street and lived as a child on North and Hickory Streets, before moving to her permanent address on Pearl. Lin attended Union School and soon after the 8th grade traveled to the capital city for a two-year clerical course at the Hartford Secretarial School.

After completing her secretarial and bookkeeping course, Lin immediately went to work for her father, Raymond DelMonte. Mr. DelMonte owned and operated his own ice and fuel business from his Pearl Street home. The ice house was on Cannon Road.

**SHE WAS THE** only child of Raymond DelMonte and Rose Piaggi DelMonte, who both came from Italy at early ages. Lin recalls "even delivering ice for Dad, on hot summer days," and also remembered, like the carpenter's sons, "Sometimes we ran out of ice or oil at home."

Mike Sartori was one of the better baseball players in town before the war, and according to his proud wife, "Mike hit one of the longest homeruns ever seen at Pesci Park." Lin added Mike was also a golfer, hunter and fisherman.

When it came to politics, Lin said, "I was never interested; however, after I married Mike, I became involved, but was always in the background." As for Mike's career in town, "He loved Windsor Locks, and was one to help others. He was loved by everyone." He became selectman on the death of Henry O'Leary, father of State Sen. Cornelius "Con" O'Leary, and was closely connected with John Fitzpatrick, the town's Democratic leader. Like all old-timers in town, Lin said, "we were close to Ella Grasso and of course, the running mate of Mike, Fran Colli."

**HOW DID** she meet Mike? "He was playing baseball. A ball came over the backstop and hit my dad's car, and Mike came to get the ball." I guess you would have to say, got the ball and the girl. They were married two years later, after the initial meeting at the park. Mike came from a well-known family in town, which included John, his brother, a former postal employee, and three sisters, Julia Lee, Mary Tria and Helen Starinovitch.

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## cabbages and kings

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By JACK REDMOND

Mike and Lin were parents of two sons, Richard and Joseph. Lin's eyes sparkle when she talks of her sons, Dick and Joe. Dick is married to Sheila LaForge, a Suffield girl. They live on Harrison and have two children, Sharon and Michael. Dick is employed by the Veeder-Root company. Joe has been a Windsor Locks policeman for 16 years. He and his wife, Carol Celatko, a local girl, live on Reed Avenue with their son John and daughter Sandra.

Lin may not have gotten too involved with political activities, but made up for it in other endeavors. For close to seven years, she was the president of the Italian Progressive Club. And in her current involvement, the local Senior Citizen's Club, Lin has been president and treasurer.

**IN ADDITION** to the volunteer work at the Senior's Club, a position Lin "loves," she manages to keep an active life in other fields. She is a big-pin bowler (with a high game of 198) and has a few trophies for display. Lin plays some games of poker and bingo, swims and is an ardent Red Sox fan. Also, she has a voice that is best expressed when the club's chorale group is entertaining.

Traveling to Italy with her mother at the age 13, she has fond memories of their six-month visit. In 1969, she returned to her parent's homeland, and has seen the sunny states of California and Florida.

Lin admired the late John F. Kennedy. "He was young; when he talked, you listened; and he was a man with charisma."

### EPILOG

Ladies like Linda DelMonte Sartori have their own special brand of charisma. She admits to the philosophy, "Take one day at a time." Lin is a pretty lady who likes to help others. She is a gem. Isn't it strange, she lives on Pearl Street.

# Charles Simonetta and Our Three Sons

Charles Primo (the first-born son) Simonetta has been an educator in Enfield and Windsor Locks for more than 20 years. The easy-going native of Hartford has also had nearly 20 years (next month) of a happy marriage to Patricia Baggetta Simonetta with their three sons, whose good Bible names are John, Paul and Mark.

Charlie was born in Hartford, coming to town at the age of seven. He has two sisters, children of John and Sylvia Simonetta. His father passed away; his mother, "a spry lady from the old school," resides in town near the home of her son who lives on Mulberry Street.

The son of Italian immigrants, Charlie only spoke his parent's native tongue. English was something new for Charlie, as he entered the Union School. Obviously, he was a fast learner. Charlie not only mastered the words spoken, but also the local sports, playing baseball and basketball when he entered the high school. Graduation must have been a proud moment for Charlie and his parents, when he received the diploma with the class of 1957.

DEGREES AND MORE were to be earned

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## cabbages and kings

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By JACK REDMOND

ed by this dedicated individual in his quest for additional education. When asked why he decided to become a teacher, Charlie said, "I guess it was my parents. They had worked hard all their lives. I didn't want to end up working in a factory; I wanted a professional position." From the University of Hartford he received an Elementary Education degree, a master's and the sixth year CAGS (Certificate of Advanced Graduate Study).

His professional career began when Charlie accepted a position with the Enfield school system. His first stop (four years) was a social studies teacher at the junior high. Before coming to Windsor Locks in 1966, Charlie spent time as a teacher-principal at the Bernard School. In Windsor Locks, he was a fourth-grade teacher at Union, followed by sixth grade roles at the Southwest and South schools. From 1971 up to the present time, he has

performed the role of guidance counselor.

In ADDITION TO this full-time schedule, Charlie has been involved in the local Adult Education Program as career counselor advising individuals after they have earned graduate equivalent diplomas.

One of his educational highlights was a 1983 fall trip to Annapolis, Md. at the U.S. Naval Academy. The visit was a working agenda to gather information for educators in order to advise students who may desire to attend the academy. While there, Charlie met a local boy, Joseph Stewart, a midshipman. One of the impressive sights for Charlie was sitting down to dinner with 4,500 midshipmen, all in the same hall.

And now the family of Charlie and Pat: their Mulberry home may not be as crowded now, but certainly is a busy place, keeping everyone's schedule up to date. This most congenial couple met while Charlie was making some fancy steps at a Mountain Park Ball Room Dance, back in 1963. He met Pat, a Springfield girl, and on Aug. 8, 1964, they danced at their own wedding. They lived on South Main Street for a year, before moving to their present home.

And our three sons: John 18, graduated last month from the local high school, where he performed well in class, on the track and cross country teams, and the class play. John enters Holy Cross this fall, and will take part in the Navy ROTC program. The proud parents said, "John was chosen one of four, out of 800 applicants." Charlie added, "the main ingredient was leadership and scholastic ability." John will spend one day a week while at Holy Cross devoting his time to military assignments, and the summer will include a cruise.

PAUL, 16, a senior this fall at the high school, is a member of the National Honor Society. Like his brother John, Paul is on the track and cross-country teams. He's a member of the stage band and just for a change of pace, participated in nine sessions at Yale, in New Haven, for their science seminars.

Mark, 12, enters the seventh grade this September at the Middle School. He's the baseball player in the family (Little League for three years) and also performs

Please turn to page 13

## Simonettas: 'We're a Family-Oriented Unit'

Continued from page 12

on the basketball court. Not to be outdone by Paul, Mark was in the class play band. Mark's father, for his change of pace, coached Little League and with his wife's help was involved in the local Scout movement when John (an Eagle Scout) and Paul

were in the program.

Just before concluding the interview, Charlie requested a few comments about his better half, a lady who just happens to be going for her own personal degree at the Manchester Community College in occupational therapy. Another role Pat recently

took up is assisting the Visiting Nurse Association in Suffield, as a Home-Health Aid.

WHAT OTHER activities fill the lives of Pat and Charlie? This family of New York Yankee fans has enjoyed its share of traveling from Canada to the Cape to Florida. With three sons, all interested in attending college, Charlie said, "as part of our vacation plans, we have visited several colleges the past few years," to give their sons some idea of the life on a college campus. He also plans to visit the U.S. Naval Academy again, this time with the family, so they'll find out what father saw on the educational trip last fall.

Charlie has been a member of the local

Knights of Columbus for two decades, and has served on the St. Robert's Parish Council, as did Pat. Both are involved in the "Renew" group, as co-chairpersons at St. Robert's of one of the committees. For relaxation, the father of the house keeps up the family garden and sports a 168 average in the Big Pin K of C bowling league.

### EPILOG

When I asked both Charlie and Pat for their philosophies of life, there was a short hesitation, before any singular or combined decision was reached.

The result was a combined feeling. "We're a family-oriented unit," they said. Short and to the point. However, words that really tell the story of Charlie, Pat and their three sons.

# Pros Will Do Better, for Sure

By JACK REDMOND

On the first day of summer, a young (or older) man's fancy turns to golf, for a revised saying to fit the season.

With a set of golf clubs, with many strokes to their credit, we were off to the annual media golf outing at the "new" Tournament Players Club of Connecticut, in nearby Cromwell.

The media was invited to see first hand what the professional golfer would face, come the first day of the tournament (July 26), at the new location for the 33th Sammy Davis, Jr., Greater Hartford Open.

I for one know the pros will do better than most of the media, because it's the name of their game. We write about their birdies and pars, but when it comes to birdies and pars, we'd better stick to writing. . . its the name of our game.

**DON'T GET ME WRONG.** . . enjoyment was all over the grounds (at the time "98

percent complete"), especially when one plays with two gentlemen, with handicaps higher than mine. One was a sports editor from Worcester and the other a radio executive from down the road in Middletown. I used the old joke, to get our round off to a good start. . . we all look like Arnold Palmer, but will probably play like Betsy. (It seems to fit).

It was a so-called shotgun affair. . . four-somes or threesomes, as we were, would begin play at each of the 18 holes, at the sound of a shot-gun. Our blast started on the 17th hole, the water hole.

A well placed five-iron shot to a safe area at another corner of the pond, made for an easy chip to the green. I asked one of my partners. . . where are the blue tees?

(For the Pros) . . . Up there on the hill, he pointed, towards his home in Middletown. But its the pros game and for some, a piece of cake. Players like Fred Couples or Fuzzy Zoeller, two of the longest hitters on the tour, should have no trouble.

After making bogeys on the 17th, the special "stadium" concept awaited our second challenge. According to those who know, the "stadium" will accomodate more than 40,000 fans, for a perfect view of the 18th.

A narrow fairway with rolling hills on both sides was the golfer's view from the tee. I did OK, until my shot to the green, landing in a pot bunker, a familiar Pete Dye trademark. Forget the double bogey, I could visualize the thousands cheering on the last day of the tournament.

**THE FRONT NINE** for us began on the second. From there to the ninth were not as hilly as the back nine, we found later when we tackled the 10th to the 16th. It would complete our near perfect day on this "you won't believe it," until you see it course.

On holes 10 through 16 were a few lost balls, high grassa, (to be cut dramatically for the pros) mixed with a feww good shots, that even the masters of the game would be proud of on archiect Peter Dye's playground.

On our "scouting mission", as one writer put it, driving the carts over the many yards (only 5,745 for the media, the regular distance will be 6,995 for the pros), I tried to imagine the crowds.

**A LOOK AT THE COURSE** finds several hilltop vantage points to view the play, in addition to the 18th. One such spot, was to me, spectacular, overlooking the 17th with its water hole. I can picture the pros hitting from a lofty tee, down to the fairway, along the water and then over to the green. They probably will not be concerned with the big pond, but the pond may play a major role in many of the scores.

To sum up, the day for playing was next to perfect and a success. We were there to see and play the course and not to worry about the final shot total, because as Bobby Jones said, "golf was never meant to be a fair game." The pros may not find the TPC fair, we'll have to wait and see.

## Course Dyed Just Right

In making the decision to relocate the GHO, the Greater Hartford Jaycees engaged the professional services of architect Peter Dye, who has designed such courses Harbour Town Golf Links, Crooked Stick, Oak Tree, Plum Creek and the Tournament Players Club in Ponte Vedra, Fla.

Dye evaluated many courses in Greater Hartford, looking for one which could draw spectators while meeting PGA Tour requirements. He finally concluded that Edgewood Golf Club in Cromwell, now called the Tournament Players Club of Connecticut, could be redesigned as such.

His plans have used a Scottish style and included the introduction of spectator golf amenities through the construction of large, grassy mounds for spectator seating.

From many of the large spectator mounds, or natural amphitheaters, you will be able to view three to five different holes simultaneously.

TPC is built on a gravel pit which promotes excellent water drainage. Also, the natural hills helped Dye reduce construction costs and use the course's natural potential in planning for redesign.

## Guide to Golf

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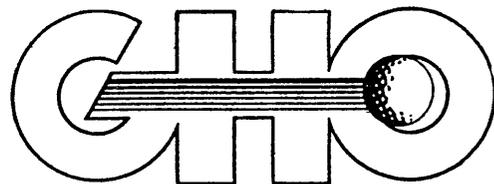
By JACK REDMOND

The 1984 Sammy Davis, Jr.- Greater Hartford Open golf tournament has a new location. . .the Tournament Players Club in Cromwell, just down the road apiece from the 33-year location at Wethersfield.

Can you imagine a golf fan who has been out of the state for a few years and returning in July and anxious to attend. . .

"What do you mean. . .the GHO is not at Wethersfield?"

"That's right. You'll have to go further down Route 91, turn at the Caldor exit and continue down Route 99 to Cromwell."



"You have got to be kidding."

"No. A new course, a new name."

"You mean, it's no longer the Sammy Davis, Jr. GHO?"

"Oh, it's still the Davis GHO, but now at the new Tournament Players Club, the old Cromwell Country Club."

"Sounds rather high-class."

"Well, I don't know about that. But my wife and I stopped one Sunday in May, just to find out what the place looked like, and we were impressed. Found a few workers there, even for a Sunday, putting the final touches on areas around the greens. I asked one of the young fellows where was the so-called spot where 35,000 fans could view the action."

"Right over there," he pointed.

"Thanks, we were just wondering," as we walked over to see, remembering as one magazine article stated. . ."for the first time, thanks to the design of the course, the colorfully striped corporate hospitality tents will not be tucked away, out of sight. . .a dozen of them will guard one side of the 600-yard 18th fairway, overlooking the action from the best seats in the stadium. . .across the way will be 35,000 golf fans, standing on natural earthen bleachers, soaking in their unobstructed view of the proceedings."

TO THE SURPRISED late-comer to Connecticut. . ."Gee, that certainly sounds high-class."

"It does and knowing the work by the Jaycees at Wethersfield. . .you'll not only see great golf on a new course and the usual first-class showing of the best golfers in the world, but that extra special something that the Jaycees are noted for the past thirty years."

"When is it and who is coming?" asked our golf fan.

"July 23 through 29," figuring this guy is

really been out of town. Who is coming? Well, how about the names of Ben Crenshaw, Fuzzy Zoeller, Craig Stadler, Fred Couples and Hubie Green, to name a few."

"You mean Crenshaw, the Masters' winner is coming?"

"Yes, and many more, as far as I can tell. Wait until they go to the next tourney and tell the Watsons, Palmers and Nicklaus what kind of a course the Tournament Players Club is like up in the hills of Connecticut."

"You have convinced me. . .I'm getting a ticket today."

Another satisfied golf fan.

THE NEW GHO. . .will it be the same? I know, it's still the Jaycees Sammy Davis affair, but with a bigger cast and new backyard. More on our tour that Sunday. . .the greens and fairways were in great shape. We walked the back nine, or least what we felt was the back nine. The big water hole is going to be something to

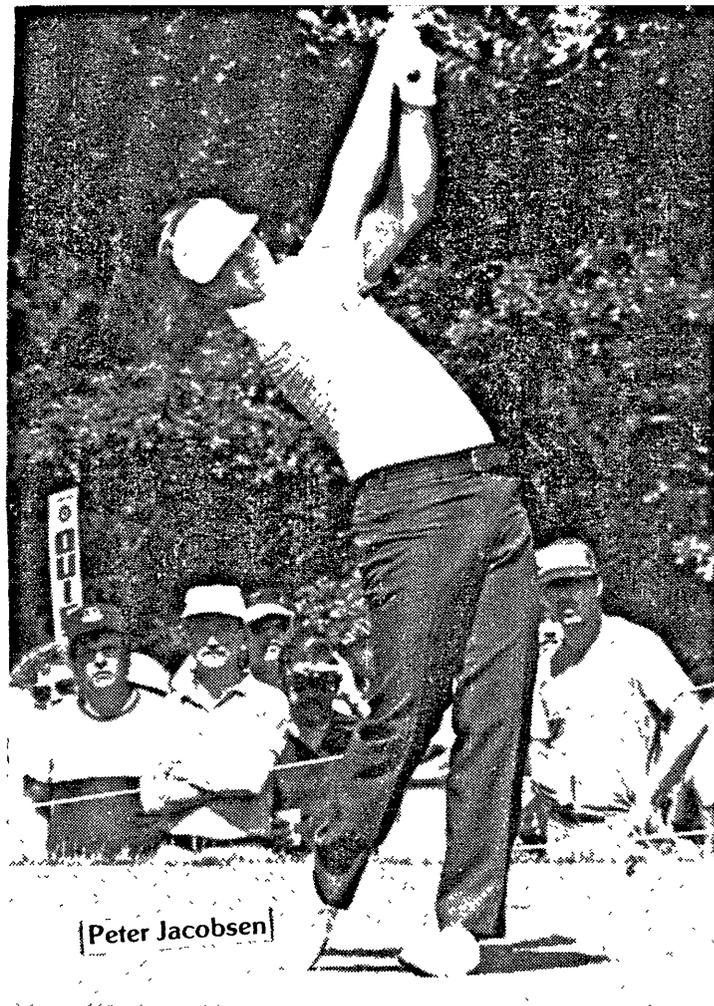
talk about and maneuver over. But these guys will probably find it a piece of cake or a few lost balls. Golf can be like that, even to these guys.

I covered the GHO the past several years and to me a great way to see the best in golf and be a small part of the scene. Can't wait until it is all a reality.

I admit, I will miss Wethersfield. The Tournament Players Club is what progress is all about. A new place, hopefully a lot of new faces to match the roster at a Masters, Open or PGA Championship. Rest assured, the Hartford Jaycees will get the big names to Cromwell. Wethersfield had its day and years. . .welcome to Cromwell. See you all on the 18th. . .Sunday, July 29.

## Cromwell Course

## Sign of Area Progress



## Jacobsen Wins GHO Before Crowd of 64,000

### FINAL SCORES

Peter Jacobsen \$72,000	67-69-63-70	—269
Mark O'Meara \$43,200	70-67-63-71	—271
Gary Hallberg \$23,200	70-72-67-64	—273
Bill Kratzert \$23,200	70-68-64-71	—273
George Burns \$15,200	65-73-68-70	—276
Curtis Strange \$15,200	69-72-69-66	—276
Mark Lye \$12,900	70-69-68-70	—277
Mike Reid \$12,900	69-69-70-69	—277
Chi Chi Rodriguez \$11,200	70-69-69-70	—278
Lance Ten Broeck \$11,200	67-70-72-69	—278
Woody Blackburn \$8,480	71-72-68-68	—279
Bill Calfee \$8,480	73-70-68-68	—279
Jay Haas \$8,480	69-72-70-68	—279
Mike Nicolette \$8,480	68-68-72-71	—279
Larry Rinker \$8,480	69-72-69-69	—279
Bobby Clampett \$6,200	69-71-67-73	—280
John Fought \$6,200	67-74-71-68	—280
Hubert Green \$6,200	70-71-71-68	—280
Pat McGowan \$6,200	72-72-69-67	—280

Golf. . . n. A game played on a large outdoor obstacle course having a series of nine or eighteen holes spaced far apart, the object being to propel a small ball with the use of a club into each hole with as few strokes as possible. . .

The large outdoor obstacle course. . . The Tournament Players Club of Connecticut (TPC), in Cromwell.

Who managed as few strokes as possible. . . Peter Jacobsen, with a 72-hole total of 15-under 269 and a two-score victory over Mark O'Meara.

Last year, the Wethersfield Country Club had a Strange (Curtis, that is) ending, while the inaugural at the TPC, a Jacobsen victory in the annual Sammy Davis, Jr. Greater Hartford Open (GHO), which concluded Sunday.

Over the five-day event (the Pro-Am and four days of tournament play) more than 200,000 fans passed through the gates making it the biggest in GHO history. It is also believed to be a PGA tour record.

Before we tell our version of the Jacobsen victory, the stadium and the crowd at the GHO, let's wander back a few days of watching the best golfers in the world.

The 33rd GHO began July 23 with the inaugural Pro-Am. The weatherman cooperated with a 90-degree day. For a few

#### THE TOURNAMENT

**First round:** Opening day had 27,000 eager fans watching the action. (actually a large turnout for the GHO Thursday event) At the end of the day, George Burns (not the one with the cigar) and gentle Ben Crenshaw, this year's Masters winner, were tied at 65. Ben's best shot of the day was on the 18th, when he holed a 142-yard, 9-iron blast, which he later called "freak" for an eagle two.



**PETER JACOBSEN**

Born and lives in Portland, OR Age 30  
 Joined TOUR in 1977 two career  
 victories 1980 Buick open, 1984 Colonial  
 NIT having best year with \$172,594,  
 previous best '83 with \$158,765 This  
 year has made 17 cuts Four top-ten  
 finishes T4 Bob Hope, T7 U S Open, T9  
 Kemper Open aside from win Attended  
 U of Oregon 6'3", 190 lbs

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

of the pros, Tim Norris (1982 winner), Ken Green, the only Connecticut golfer on the tour and Bill Kratzert (1977 winner), it was a first look at the Peter Dye course and opportunity for some amateurs to play with the men who make the birds and pars for a living.

When the scores were tallied, Kratzert and Joey Sindelar were low with 67s. Green and three others, came in at 68 and Norris has a card of even par of 71. Tuesday was a practice day for the pros, just to find what Mr. Dye had conjured up at Cromwell, nicknamed "the new hot-spot on the PGA tour."

**WEDNESDAY**, the day of the popular celebrity pro-am was held under sunny skies showing off stars from the stage, television and the sports world, plus a former president of the United States, the perennial visitor to the Connecticut Jaycee event, Gerald R. Ford (a much better politician than golfer).

Other celebrities included Emile Francis, Gordie Howe and Chris Kotsopoulos of the Whalers, comedian George Kirby, ex-

**Second round:** Sports editor Paul Burton and Bill Linn of the Imprint sports department, just had to agree with me. . . Friday was "umbrella day." We met on this rainy, cool day at the 18th, just in time to catch Fuzzy Zoeller, Jacobsen and Keith Kergus play the now famous Peter Dye "amphitheater" hole. The weather didn't help Fuzzy's tender back problems, as he shot a 73 and three over par for the two days. Jacobsen took the lead, tied with Mike Nicolette, with 136, six-under. During the press conference one word caught my pen. . . "awkward," when Jacobsen referred to the back nine of Mr. Dye. (On Sunday, the "awkward," was not mentioned, not with a \$72,000 check in your pocket.)

**Third round:** Another Jacobsen day. The Portland, Ore. native ended with a great round of 63, for 199, one stroke less than O'Meara. The attendance was estimated at 52,000, bringing the four-day crowds to 136,000.

Celtic Tom Heinsohn, Bryant Gumbel of NBC, Scatman Crothers, Ken Howard and 47,000 enjoying every shot, good or bad. I commended George Kirby on a recent television show, seen in this area, "On Stage America."

Oh yes, the traffic jam off I-91 into Rte. 99 was something to be in, but once into the area, most people forget the inconvenience and enjoy themselves.

For the pros, on the day before the real action begins, Mark O'Meara and Jerry Pate used the day as a tune-up with 66s, five-under, with Scott Simpson finishing with a 67, one shot ahead of Jacobsen and Andy Bean. I'll have to say, the mob scene at the first tee will have to be corrected next year, the initial tee just can not take 10,000 fans trying for a look at Ford or Sammy.

**Final round:** The best day of all. Sunny skies, with a crowd of 64,000, mostly at the 18th when Mr. Jacobsen was the winner of the 1984 event at the TPC.

The "amphitheater" was a sight to see. We were there. (Rita and I located two chairs on the left side of the bank overlooking the green about 9 a.m., returning about 3 p.m.) We were there to watch Chi Chi Rodriguez go into his comedy act, to the delight of thousands and Sammy Davis, Jr. A round of 70 for Chi Chi gave him a finish of nine strokes back at 278.

We have been to the Masters, U.S. Open and Heritage tournaments, but none of them will compare to the feelings on the 18th when Peter Jacobsen, the 30-year old, with two victories to his credit, walked up the Peter Dye fairway with the thousands standing and cheering. We were all part of the success at the 33rd Jaycee event.

For one shining moment the GHO was the center of the golfing world. "Words can not describe," Jacobsen's reply to the press after the win. And my words can only say, it was the best, especially for Jacobsen with the win, second place for O'Meara at 271, and our 77 winner Bill Kratzert, who was tied for third with Gary Hallberg at 273.

#### ANALYSIS:

Stadium golf at the TPC is here to stay. . . nothing compares to it, for the viewing public. The week proved several things. . . Fuzzy Zoeller is still the most popular. . . Chi Chi the most entertaining. . . most likely to succeed. . . Corey Pavin. . . Best comeback. . . Bill Kratzert. . . Most likely favorite to win the 1984 GHO (but didn't). . . Ben Crenshaw. . . and the tour comedian and the 84 champ. . . Peter Jacobsen. It was his triumph over another Peter and the new course.

# TPC: This was Peter (Jacobsen's) Course

# Joe Fenz: Hall of Famer's Colorful Career

Joseph Fenz has been handling people all of his life as an umpire in baseball, referee on the basketball court, recreation director in the service and as one of the best known mixologists in the area.

A Heather Lane resident for more than two decades, he was recently honored when inducted into the Greater Hartford Twilight League Hall of Fame. Joe's award was given in the Veteran Umpires Division.

Born in New Britain, Joe was only a year or two old when his folks moved to Hartford. Joe graduated from Weaver High

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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School in 1936, where he played baseball and later played for several area teams.

After high school and before World War II, Joe went to work for Colt's. In 1940 he married Anna Kvadus of Bloomfield. Three years later, Joe had to leave Anna for the U.S. Navy. He first served in France, going ashore several days after D-Day.

After a few months in Europe, Joe was sent half way around the world to Attu, the westernmost of the Aleutian Islands in the North Pacific, occupied by Japan in 1942 and recaptured by U.S. Forces in 1943. Joe was a welterweight boxer before the war, fighting several of the big time names in New Haven, Hartford and Bridgeport. So he was chosen recreation director for his unit. Joe handled many of the boxing matches between the services, and at one time, had for a referee the famous Joe Louis, who at the time was in the army.

**AFTER THE WAR**, not certain of his future but with a love of sports, Joe was advised by a former New York Yankee, "Monk" Dubiel to try umpiring school in Florida. Taking advantage of the G.I. Bill, Joe left Connecticut for the sunny south, for a start in something new. Being a student of the game, the new trade came easy with his first job in the Georgia State League in 1948. At the Florida school, Joe recalled his classmates were a lot of future major league umpires. After a year or so down south, Joe came north to the PONY League (the Pennsylvania-Ontario-New York League). During his minor league career, Joe called a lot of balls and strikes on many future major league players. Two he remembers are Don Zimmer and Charlie Neal.

Joe has a good memory of situations while on the paths or behind the plate. One memory that stands out happened during a game, down south, during a heated conversation with a player. The umpire calling the game with Joe was given some abusive language by one of the players. After the

game, in the calm of the umpire's locker room, Joe asked his partner why he took that abuse from the player.

"What did you say, Joe?" the man asked as Joe tapped him on the shoulder.

So Joe repeated the question, as the man turned on his hearing aid. You see, the hearing aid was off during the game, and he didn't hear a word. Joe never forgot the incident.

**JOE RETURNED** to his home in Connecticut and continued to umpire baseball and referee basketball around the area. For a decade or so Joe earned his Hall of Fame place in history with his expert calling of the plays for the Hartford Twilight League. When Joe wore the mark of the "men in blue," the players were mostly young high school stars and former professional players. Today, he said, the colleges provide the talent for the league. How would you rate the league, as to A, AA or AAA ball? Joe felt the league was "good 'A' ball."

Joe has mixed two careers, one calling balls and strikes and the other as owner of a restaurant and bartender. Today, only on a part-time basis, he is one of the best known mixologists in the area, in many of the best restaurants in northern Connecticut.

Joe said he has been "too involved in sports" for any other activity in civil duty or social clubs. Speaking of clubs, Joe was employed for a few years at the old Edgewood Club in Cromwell. Now the site of this week's Greater Hartford Open, its new name is TPC (Tournament Players Club of Connecticut). While there, on off days, Joe would pick up the golf clubs and play a round. Today, the natural athlete shoots in the high 80s or low 90s.

**ADMIRATION CAME EASY** to Joe in the baseball world he knows so well, including Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr and the great Babe Ruth. Joe was at the Yankee Stadium in 1948 for the honoring of the Babe. He said, "You could probably hear the applause in Bridgeport that day for the immortal Babe."

Nothing surprises the easy-going man. "My jobs as umpire, referee and behind the bar has given me a know-how in hand-

ing all kinds of people. It's been quite an education." He added, "And I take each day as it comes."

Recently a local magazine article appeared telling the story of Steve Palermo, a major league umpire, who lives in Connecticut. Joe would agree with the following quotes: "You don't emphasize the obvious. You've got to be a salesman. You've got to show them you're right. It's tough to question an umpire who is so certain about the call that he nearly dislocates a shoulder proving it."

Joe was that type of umpire, be it down south, in the PONY or Hartford Twilight. Others expressed agreement by electing the likeable Joe Fenz to the Hall of Fame.

# Peter of the Musical Lepak Family

*Percussion instrument: A musical instrument in which sound is produced by striking . . . as a drum."*

When you discuss percussion instruments, especially the drums, the musical family of Peter Joseph Lepak has the right beat.

Young Peter, son of Alexander and Charlotte Lepak of Windsor, is our new musical kid in town. After a decade of traveling the show business circuit and living in sunny, but sometimes strange, Los Angeles, Peter and his wife Betsy, also of our close neighboring town, decided to move back east and we're all happy they picked Windsor Locks, on Montemerlo Avenue.

He's now a computer programmer at Aetna and a brand new father. Betsy and Peter have a son "PJ" and on June 20, their second son was born, Christopher Collin Lepak.

The mother of PJ (PJ is a dynamic three-year-old, following the trade of dad and grandfather) and Christopher is the former Elizabeth Tudan. Her father, George Tudan, is the thirty-year veteran Town Clerk of Windsor, better known as the "Valentine Clerk."

**BETSY AND PETER** were high school sweethearts. After Peter's graduation in 1972, he tried college for little over a year, but a phone call from a friend changed his life. For the next five years Peter went on the road with a Las Vegas show in most of the states, parts of Europe, and the islands. Before he left on the tour, he discussed the situation with his father, Professor Alexander Lepak, of the Hartt College of Music (Uof Hartford), a 30-year veteran percussionist. They agreed he should try the road and see what developed. Additional support came from his girlfriend Betsy. But on the fourth year of the "on the road" story of Peter, the heart took over and they were married here in Connecticut. Betsy joined Peter on the tour and became involved with the backstage operations.

Before resuming work, Peter and Betsy did manage a fashionable honeymoon in Mexico City and Acapulco. The traveling, especially for Peter, was becoming harder

## cabbages and kings

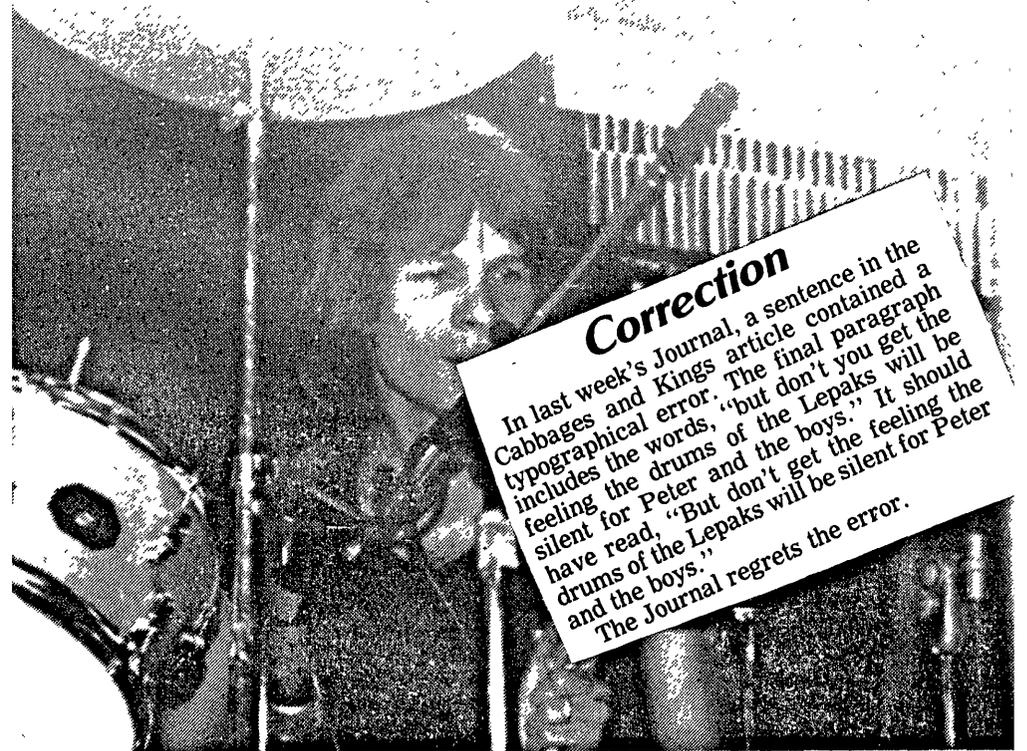
By JACK REDMOND

and harder. The newlyweds decided to stay put for awhile and chose Los Angeles. The five-year stay in the city of stars and everything else still meant performing for Peter. Some of his work included parts in three Walt Disney movies and some work on record albums. Betsy, in the meantime, was not staying at home; she was working for the ABC network on commercials. Although they both "loved" what they were doing, they realized that the California lifestyle was "not the place to raise a family." Peter Joel Lepak was born there and since then is only known as PJ.

**WHILE IN** the city of angels, Peter and Betsy became fast fans of the L.A. Dodgers, attending the games on a regular basis. They met one of the Dodgers, Mark Belanger, formerly of the Baltimore Orioles, through a friend. Mark is a native of Pittsfield, Mass. and to this day, Mark, one of the better fielders during his career, is a great friend of PJ.

Peter has four brothers and five sisters, and remembers "we all took musical courses in school." When he and Betsy were living in California, Peter's parents left Connecticut (father was on a year's sabbatical) to find out how the twosome was doing and better yet, how the musical world was treating one of his proteges. Professor Lepak soon found not only Peter and Betsy busy but several of his former students from Hartt were living there and wanted him to get involved. For a year the talented man from Windsor not only visited Peter and Betsy, but became a part of several projects, working on the sound track of the television hit, "Shogun," the Steve Martin movie, "The Jerk," and the Sinatra record, "Trilogy," to name a few.

**THE RETURN TO** Connecticut for the young Lepaks meant finding a new home and a new job for Peter. For the first year back Peter did what he knew best, playing with a group, this time by the name of "Mr.



Peter Lepak keeping the beat on his drums, something he will be doing less of now that he is a computer programmer at Aetna.

Big." It was a five-night a week gig and a life they wanted to change. The most important element was not spending "enough time with the family." Peter was job hunting during the day and playing at night. He had an interest in computers, and after an extensive search of area companies, the Lepak style took on some sort of normalcy when he landed the position at Aetna.

Has he given up on drums? "No, not when you are born into a family of music," he said. "Since I was 14, all during high school, I played different clubs and was holding a membership in the Hartford International Brotherhood of Musicians." In other words, Peter is into computers, but the sound of the drums are not far from this

talented guy.

How about Betsy? She is one of four daughters of George and Marie Tudan of Windsor. She once took organ lessons for her contribution to the world of music and Lepak ideology.

Peter Joseph Lepak is our talented newcomer to town from California by way of Windsor.

The future for Peter, Betsy, PJ and Christopher Collin Lepak is in a world of computers, but don't you get the feeling the drums of the Lepaks will be silent for Peter and the boys. They have a heritage passed down by a master.

### Correction

In last week's Journal, a sentence in the Cabbages and Kings article contained a typographical error. The final paragraph includes the words, "but don't you get the feeling for Peter and the Lepaks will be silent for Peter and the boys." It should have read, "But don't get the feeling the drums of the Lepaks will be silent for Peter and the boys." The Journal regrets the error.

# The Kearns Family of Suffield Street

Bill and Charlene Kearns, with seven active children and two granddaughters, have lived in the same house since their wedding in 1954.

The house, at 55 Suffield St., is full of love for family life, and was the birthplace of Charlene and her mother, the well-known "Kit" Sheridan.

Charlene's grandparents built the house and began living in it around 1890. They probably would not recognize it today with the new additions and changes since their granddaughter's husband, Bill, took on the renovation job necessitated by the addition of the seven little Kearns.

Eddie Foy had his seven little Foys; Bill Kearns has his seven little Kearns. Cynthia was the first-born, and Eileen, the youngest at 11, has six good examples to pattern her teenage years and schooling programs.

William Francis Kearns was born in Westerly, R.I. He grew up in the smallest state in the Union and graduated from high school in 1950. It was the Korean War year and found young Bill off to the Carolinas for a two-year stay with the U.S. Marines. Bill's only comments on that are, "It was good training. You adjust to the life of a marine." Back home he tried the world of baking, but somehow he

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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couldn't stick to it.

When Bill was home on leave, but not in his fancy marine uniform, he was introduced by mutual friends to Charlene Sheridan, a native-of Windsor Locks who was on vacation in Rhode Island.

**WHEN BILL DECIDED** to find some steady employment he came to Charlene's home town and went to work for Hamilton-Standard. They were soon married, with the road from Suffield Street to Hamilton a daily snap. This routine lasted 15 years, until Bill changed to a new place of operation at the Klock Company, in nearby Manchester, adding a little more on the car mileage.

The past 15 years, Bill has been a successful department manager in the metallurgy field. An additional job he took on for nine years was the role of supernumerary policeman in town under the leadership of the former chief, James

Whitten. Bill, a longtime advocate of education, attended several courses at the University of Hartford.

To Charlene's credit, next spring the mother of seven will receive her degree in economics from St. Joseph's College in West Hartford. Charlene, daughter of Charles and "Kit" Sheridan, attended St. Mary's in town, the Mount St. Joseph High School in Hartford and had two years at college before marriage and raising seven children kept her a bit busy. However, next spring the now-grandmother will wear her cap and gown with a flock of rooters to cheer her to the podium.

**THE CHEERS WILL** be led by Bill and the seven little Kearns (not little anymore) and granddaughters. And this is a good spot to list those seven Kearns with their own educational and employment statistics. (They have all graduated from the local high school, with the exception of Eileen, of course.)

Cynthia is married to Bill Niedbaba. They have a daughter, Megan, 2½. They live in Ivoryton. Cynthia is a

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## Kearn Philosophy: Get Good Education, Work Hard

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grad of St. Joseph College, with a master's from Southern Connecticut and is a consultant-teacher with the Essex School System. During her high school days, she traveled to Mexico City as part of the exchange program.

Maureen, a nurse, is a grad of Manchester Community College. Kevin, a programmer with the Hartford Courant, was on the Raider Cross-Country team and set a record for the five-mile run. He is married to Karen Engel Kearns, from Exeter, N.H. The young couple met while students at St. Anselm's in Manchester, N.H. Their daughter, Ann Marie, is three years old.

Kathy lives in Fairfax, Va., and is employed at AT&T as manager of their Food Service operation. She graduated from Johnson and Wales College of Business in Providence, R.I. John, a resident of Enfield, is employed at Combustion Engineering, Inc. in computer graphics, and is a grad of Porter and Chester Institute.

Kristine, a recent Windsor Locks High School graduate, lists a trip to Germany as an exchange student, CVC (83)

soccer award for "saving most goals," the high school band, a part in the class play, an honor student and former paper carrier, following in her brother's footsteps. And the young girl in the family, Eileen, is in the 5th grade at North Street School. She performs on the softball field, is a Girl Scout, with a great many good examples to follow.

Charlene's mother was a native of town, and her dad was from Enfield. Bill's folks, Agnes and William Kearns Sr., were from Rhode Island. Locally, "Kit" Sheridan, a life-long Democrat, served the town 28 years as secretary to two first selectmen, Henry O'Leary and Mike Sartori.

**MORE ON BILL** and Charlene: he has been a member of the local KofC for two decades and Charlene has served on the St. Mary's Parish Council, and said she was "disappointed with the closing of St. Mary's School," but "glad to see redevelopment downtown the town needed it." On the town of her birth, both agreed it is "a comfortable town to grow up in, small enough to get to know a lot of people; a friendly place."

Charlene's admiration was for her own mother and mother-in-law, while Bill said he admired Ben Franklin, "I guess because I aspire to be industrious." When hobbies are mentioned Charlene says she enjoys sewing, cooking and decorating the house. Her better half is a wood-working man; the house has proven his renovated skills; and years ago he hunted and fished, probably a carry-over from the family camping trips to Maine, New York and the New England states. Charlene and Bill did manage a second honeymoon by visiting Hawaii on their 25th wedding anniversary.

### EPILOG

William and Charlene Kearns, a very normal all-American hard-working married couple, with a large family to worry about, love their children and give good examples.

Charlee's philosophy (not taken lightly by the children) is, "get a good education and work hard." Her Bill said it all — pointing to his Charlene — "You are my philosophy."

## Lowes Share America with French Student

The month of July was quite a different experience for French student Christian Picard. The Dick Lowe family of West Street was host to this quiet, likeable boy who could easily play center for the high school basketball team at 6 feet, five inches tall, if he ever took up the game.

Young Christian came to the United States, and Windsor Locks in particular, for a month's visit as part of the North Atlantic Cultural Exchange League. (NACEL).

The 17-year-old, second year student, is a native of Paris, France. He has two brothers and lives with his parents near the famed Eiffel Tower.

Cathy Lowe, 15-year-old sophomore at Windsor Locks High School, applied to NACEL to have an exchange student for the summer. Cathy's parents, Richard and Jean Lowe, agreed to be the host family. It has been a learning experience for the both the Lowes and Christian.

I'm sure students from other countries must wonder what is in store for them when told someone from the local paper will be over for an interview, especially when told the column is called "Cabbages and Kings." But the interview went just fine. Christian, Jean Lowe, daughter Cathy and myself, sat around the kitchen table

### cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

like old friends, to find out what makes Christian tick.

**HE SPEAKS ENGLISH** "fairly well," but I would say very well. The "fairly well" comes from the questionnaire the students must fill out with personal information for the host family to digest before the arrival of their new guest.

Christian said our language is taught in his school and he has had six years to learn the King's English.

Contrary to common practice of wine served with meals in France, Christian was very emphatic in saying he had no desire for wine or beer, and didn't smoke. When asked about American girls and French girls, he said, much to our surprise, "American girls are too quiet... rather shy," while at home, the French girls, he added, "are not shy, but the boys are."

Some interesting facts on our visiting scholar from Paris: he's a nature lover,

enjoys being around animals, which include dogs, cats, and farm animals and has a special affection for horses. The Picard family spends many weekends at a "country house," not far from their apartment in Paris. Christian said in his letter to the Lowes, "I am very lucky to live outdoors (on the weekends) gardening, playing tennis and riding horses." In addition, Christian reads a great deal, draws, enjoys modern music, photography, our hamburgers and salads. You can say he's just an all-around normal French stu-

dent who has fitted into the Lowe family. Why, he is even teaching Dick a few French words.

**A FEW WORDS** on the Dick and Jean family: Richard and Jean, nee Rear-don, both natives of Jamestown, N.D., were married in 1959. They have lived in Windsor Locks for 18 years, and traveled and lived in many states before settling down in Connecticut, including Minnesota, Colorado, California and New York. Dick is an Air Force veteran and has attended college at the University of

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## The Lowes Treat Visitor Tres Bien

Continued from page 6

Minnesota and North Dakota State University. The Lowe family also includes three other children besides Cathy: Teresa, Patrick and Angela.

Teresa, 24, a Windsor Locks High School grad, class of '78, was born in North Dakota and lives in Portland. She is employed by the Middletown Press. Patrick, a Little Leaguer way back, is 23, a '77 grad of the local high school, where

he played soccer for Dan Sullivan. Pat was born in Minnesota. For the past five years he's been associated with the airlines, currently with Northeastern in their Customer Relations Department.

Angela, 22, lives in town with her husband Tim Flynn. Her high school class is celebrating five years since graduation. At that time she played soccer and was a cheerleader. Cathy was the only one of the Lowes born in Connecticut.

**THE FAMILY ARRIVED** in Connecticut because of Dick's talents as a design engineer, a profession that has taken him all over the country. In our state he has become a job shopper at Combustion Engineering and Hamilton Standard. When he isn't designing or learning French from Christian you'll find him with the banjo. According to Jean, Dick has won many awards strumming on the old banjo. Locally he has performed at the convalescent home in the area with nice guys like Fran Cook, Steve Okon, Charlie Woodhouse and John Sullivan.

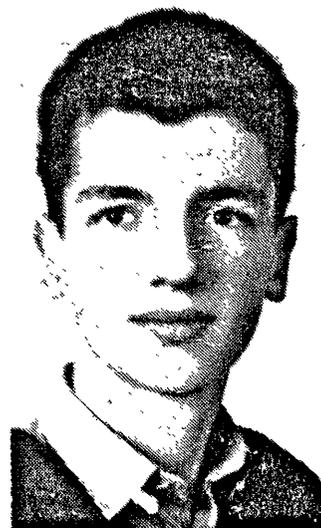
Speaking of nice guys,

Christian made trips to New York City and Boston as part of his visit to our area. The Lowes showed our French visitor Times Square, Chinatown, the United Nations, the Trade Center, the Empire State Building, St. Patrick's Church and his country's gift to our country, the Statue of Liberty, now under restoration. The trip to Boston included the Old North Church, the Kennedy Library, the Boston Commons, Quincy Market (where they ate) and the Prudential Center. Christian said he was not familiar with our malls, not having any at home. According to Jean Lowe, Christian was more

impressed with Boston than New York City.

On July 28, Christian left the States for Paris and home. And true to the Summer Hosting Program for American Families, he was not received as a guest but as a member of the Lowe family, sharing the joys, duties and responsibilities of family life.

Christian Picard said in his opening letter, "I'm looking forward to see you," and the Lowe family was, too. It was a month of sharing and an experience our French visitor will never forget and I believe he left a little bit of himself with the Lowe family of Dick, Jean and Cathy.



Christian Picard

# John Sasali, Horse Trainer and Showman

John Edwin Sasali, son of John L. Sasali and Kay Secor Sasali, has been interested in horses since the age of 13.

The last 12 years of John's free time and vacations have been dedicated to raising, showing and riding horses of his own. At training clinics and horse shows, from New York State to Florida, John earned his share of ribbons and trophies for his hobby and business. John is truly a lover of horses, having a delicate way with them, and his father and mother have often said, "Our son talks to horses."

After high school, class of 1975, and a few jobs in between, John entered Bryant College in Smithfield, R. I., earning a 1982 B.S. in business administration and accounting. He selected the business world, not going the route of his father, who with John's Uncle Victor, owned and operated the popular "Donut Kettle" on Spring Street (years

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before, on Main Street). After 38 years, John L. and Vic decided to try the world of retirement. The twosome is also remembered as quite good baseball players.

JOHN, LIKE HIS parents, is a native of Windsor Locks. His father grew up on Poplar, and his mother was from the Spring Street section. Young John has two sisters, Kathy and Jo Ann. Kathy is married to Steve Martin and they live in Simsbury. Both girls are graduates of the local high school.

Their brother John has had a diversified

employment record. During high school and after graduation, John worked at AAA Aircraft in various positions. For a short period of time he worked at New Britain and Convalescents Associates. It seemed to make more sense to be nearer home and within easy contact with the horses. His next job was much closer: in East Granby with Combustion Engineering, Inc. as part of its accounting department.

When you talk to John at the Sasali residence on West Street, enjoying the pool atmosphere, the conversation is horses and more horses — and what makes John interested in these beauties, be it shows or the race tracks of America. It's a pursuit of "time and dedication" for John. After a normal eight-hour day in the office, it is not unusual for him to devote time with the horses, up to 9 or 10 p.m. even on a work day.

WHEN DID IT ALL start? Two friends had horses in Southwick, Mass. They persuaded him to take a few riding lessons. After a while, John was hooked. At 13, John showed "an interest and decided to stick with it." With this in mind, John's parents purchased his first horse, with the appropriate name of "Sonny."

Still in the learning stage at 14, John worked summers at the barns and other field-hand jobs, just to be near the horses. Today, John, quite matter-of-factly said he's had seven horses, even ex-race horses, under his ownership. During the years, since the start in the business, selling has been part of the role. He said, "You do become attached, but it's good business" if the price is right, and some horses you may outgrow. Probably the biggest thrill for John has been the more than 100 shows he

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## Sasali, Horse Trainer

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has participated in, up and down the East Coast.

Today, at Fox Run in Suffield, John cares for two horses, "Face" and "Gene." Face is a thoroughbred and Gene a race horse. When he makes the daily visit, "Face will actually yell" at him. "I talk to them. It's like having a friend or family dog, and at times they show signs of jealousy."

Other members of the equestrian fraternity in Windsor Locks are both former C&K interviewees: Ed Ford, a close neighbor of mine and the late Jack Quagliaroli. During the recent Olympic Games the beauty of equestrian talents was very evident, as millions watched on television, maybe for the first time. One can appreciate the abili-

ty of men like John Sasali, after viewing what showjumping is all about.

John admires not only the fine horses he has had over the years, but a fellow horse trainer, Bernie Traurig of Wisconsin, who he met at various horse shows. Mr. Traurig is admired for his riding ability and techniques.

John's philosophy has always been "to work hard, make the most of your life. You're as happy as you make up your mind to be."

Most people might say pony rides at childhood carnivals were the limits of their equestrian experience. John Edwin Sasali has had 12 years of experience, and like his philosophy says, will go as far as he makes up his mind.



John Sasali takes a jump on Bold Dennis, Champion Green Hunter.

# Stan Szwed, Sr.: Jeweler, Golfer, Father

## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Some men live a quiet and uninteresting life. With Stanley Anthony Szwed Sr., better known as Stan or Swede, you find a man who still plays a mean game of golf, and most important, "took the time to be with his children," in addition to running a family jewelry business in Windsor Locks and later in Warehouse Point.

Stan was born in Enfield. At the area where he lived as a young boy, now stands Somers Prison. Originally it was the section that the Shakers, a religious sect who practiced communal living, lived and were part of Connecticut history. Stan, a sometime student of history, was anxious for me to mention the Shakers in his story. His first schooling was in the Enfield grammar schools, with additional training at the Hartford Trade School, where he took up the art of being a machinist.

It was during the Depression years that Stan experienced hard times, while earning ten cents an hour on the local farms. His first job in the factory was with the Somerville Manufacturing Company where he found a little over \$12 in his weekly pay envelope. The training at the Trade School paid off with a good job at the Hartford Special Machine Company, doing work for Pratt & Whitney.

**THEN WORLD WAR II** was with us. Stan joined the U.S. Marine Corps and was shipped to Parris Island, N.C. He spent two years, 1943-45, with the fighting leathernecks, seeing action in Okinawa during the invasion, and after the surrender, some months in Japan. Stan is not one to talk about the war, only to say, "Conditions were tough, especially in Okinawa." Boot camp in North Carolina and serving overseas received a "no problem" comment.

On April 21, 1945, Stan came home for a short stay. That stay will be celebrated next spring by Stan, Alice and the family of eight children, seven grandchildren and friends on their 40 years together. Stan took the hand of a native girl, Alice Travaella, at St. Mary's Church. The childhood sweethearts met years before at a square dance in Enfield.

No story of Stan and his wife is complete without a few lines concerning the eight

children. So here goes. Elaine is married to Anthony Ward, residing in Windsor Locks with one child; Elizabeth, married to Bryan Burke, a former C&K interviewee, living in town, with one child; Mary Lou has a child and lives in Farmington; Stanley Jr. (more words later on young Stan) is married to Donna Nolan and lives in town with their three children.

**AFTER YOUNG STAN**, Alice had twin daughters, Judy and Jean. Judy Wilson lives in Shaker Heights, Ohio with her doctor husband, Thomas Wilson. Jean is married to Roger Johnson, and they live in Windsor and have one child. Robert lives in Broadbrook and Ali Lou gets her mail in Suffield with her husband Anthony Colapietro. Oh yes, all the children of Stan and Alice graduated from the local high school and were swimmers of note. (I wonder who keeps track of birthdays, etc).

More on the patriarch of this young and growing family: after Stan was home from the Pacific (incidentally Alice lived in San Diego with Stan for a month before he was sent overseas), he returned to the Hartford Special Machine Company for a year or so. During the time in the service he had attended instrument school, and in the back of his mind was always interested in watches, repairing, and working on timers, etc. In 1946, he took the plunge by opening what he called a "hole in the wall," a shop on Main Street. After a year in crammed quarters, he moved down the street, next to the theater. He stayed at that stand for 28 years.

Redevelopment of the downtown area made the next and final move to Warehouse Point for Stan and the family business. In November of this year, it will be 10 years (for a total of 38) across the river serving the public of Windsor Locks and surrounding towns.

**FOR THOSE 10 YEARS** Stanley, Jr. has been a member of the Swede team. Today,



Stanley Szwed at his jewelry business.

the younger Stanley has earned the title of Certified Gemologist. Before the role, Stan Jr. attended the William Penn College in Iowa and Central Connecticut in New Britain. He is a member of the American Gem Society.

Let's have a word or two about the mother of Stan Jr. and the other seven children. Of course, being Alice, she didn't talk about herself, but about her man, Stan Sr. "He has worked very hard. In a large family one must have patience. Stan always took the time for his children, in their social activities or school work." Alice, with her mother's and grandmother smile, as she left the store on an errand, said, "He's a great guy."

Stan also has given time and energy to four organizations in town: Rotary, American Legion, Knights of Columbus, and Veterans of Foreign Wars, of which he is a past commander. Stan's number one recreation is golf and he still shoots in the middle forties. He reminisced about the times playing golf with old friends Phil

Scott, Frank Merrigan (both C&K interviewees) and the late and popular Joe McMahon. Stan is a member of the Suffield Country Club and the past 24 years has played in the Windsor Locks Golf League.

**STAN AND ALICE** have traveled extensively, with trips down South and two memorable vacations to Europe. Stan, with a taste of travel in the service, combined with the life of businessman, community affairs and as a family man, has developed a personal philosophy. "Do a good job. Serve other people. By doing, benefits will come to your family, which in turns provides an adequate life style."

Stanley Anthony Szwed Sr. with the ready smile, always a family man, has had his sensitive moments. Words do not fail Stan, when it comes to serious matters, such as his view on war and politics, not always popular with his peers. But on the other hand, one thing is sure. Stan is his own man.

# Cori Reardon: Scotland and Back, With Love

Corinne Denise Reardon, pretty as a picture, and a bundle of energy, returned from a trip to Scotland with stories of castles, music of the '50s, plenty of sun, long days, different dress codes, and the friendly people. A place, she said, "where I felt at home. It wasn't like America, but I'm going back."

Known to her classmates at the high school as Cori, the new senior is a young lady with sincere feelings for others. The trip to Scotland in July, and a day in London town, gave her added proof that people are basically the same in Penicuik, Scotland or in her native town of Windsor Locks, or any port of call.

And she is familiar with other ports of call. This is a well-traveled student, who has shared her church work in Puerto Rico

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and North Carolina; after the Scotland visit, she attended the National Youth Event at the University of Illinois in Champaign.

**CORI IS THE DAUGHTER** of Barbara Perrin Reardon and the late Carl Reardon. Both of her parents were from Hartford. She has a brother, Carl, and a sister, Colleen. Cori attended Union, and Middle School and is a member of the class of 1985. She enjoys all types of sports, but was quick to add, "I'm no jock." In high school, she is a member of the choir and drama groups. She has performed with the well known Pine Meadow Players, where she enjoys "dramatic, as well as musical parts."

The most important part of Cori's young life is her personal involvement in church work. The same goes for her mother, who is a religious educator at the family church, First Church of Windsor.

When it came to the discussion of their church, a most interesting story was told. The First Church of Windsor had its beginning in Windsor, England. In 1630, 140 brave souls left their homeland to cross the Atlantic, for the land of the pilgrims who went before them. Their ship's name was the "Mary and John."

They landed in port at a spot now called Dorchester, a section near Boston. Mrs. Reardon told of the group moving south to Windsor, which she said was originally called Dorchester. (The Dorchester Journal, doesn't seem right, when you say it.) Today, the choir at the Windsor church is called "Mary and John," for sixth graders and up.

**ON JULY 5**, Cori and five teenage girls, from four area towns, left New York City on their YMCA-sponsored trip to "promote world peace and world-mindedness." The girls, accompanied by Ruth Budlong, landed in Prestwick, Scotland to begin their three-week stay. The first week, Cori and the girls spent at a castle in the highlands.



Corinne Reardon

The castle was called Bonskeid House, located in Pitlock. During the week they visited many places. One that everyone knew was the Balmoral Castle, the summer home of Queen Elizabeth. In addition, they had a chance to view the famous Loch Ness, with its familiar stories and legends of a large creature as permanent resident. (No, she didn't see the creature).

The remaining two weeks, Cori stayed at a home called "May View," the name of the host family resident. (All homes in Scotland are given names.) Cori stayed with the Bell family, which included two daughters, the same age, or near to Cori's. The Bell home was in Penicuik, 10 miles from Edinburgh. While there, Cori visited the capital of Scotland, attended dances, and became acquainted with the young people and their customs, dreams and hopes, the same as the kids over here. One day was put aside for a trip to London, which meant a two-hour bus ride. Cori said she saw most of the important sights of London town, but the stay wasn't long

enough.

**AS FOR SCOTLAND**, Cori said it was full of friendly people, the climate was a lot like ours, but not as humid; in town you find pizza and Chinese places to eat, as well as many of the American fast-food operations. One noticeable feature of the country was the lack of trees, making for "plenty of horizons. The sun was five times bigger than at home, which made for long days."

She said the boys were dressed up, more than the girls, and that television was viewed by all; even American favorites like "Dallas," "Hill Street Blues" and "Dynasty" were seen on a weekly basis. Music of the Beatles and the 1950s filled the air. All and all, Cori was impressed.

But all things come to an end. Cori and companions left Scotland for home with the memory of new friends and a flock of stories to tell back home. In their own way, maybe they provided some "world peace and world-mindedness."

Personal superlatives on Scotland were numerous, with emphasis on "gorgeous" and "friendly."

**BACK HOME** only for a short stay, the travelling ambassador of goodwill was off to Illinois and the National Youth Event. Her comment was, "if everyone in the world could have been in the hall of 1,500 youths that night, they would all be for a freeze (of atomic weapons) and no more wars."

This is a young lady with a philosophy of "Judge not, lest you be judged." Also a young lady who collects pins, hats, stuffed animals, and enjoys cooking and taking pictures of others. The piano-playing senior has a wide range of admiration for famous people, including John Kennedy, Helen Keller, Abraham Lincoln and Anne Frank.

If the youth of today have as much energy as Cori Reardon, along with her mix of humor, dedication and plenty of love, the future can be a bright one.

The following words come to mind after meeting the girl who went to Scotland and back with love: "Love wasn't put in your heart to stay; love isn't love 'til you give it away."

# Gloria Rucci: Core Member of 'Renew'

The Gloria and Paul Rucci home on Gaylord Road is a subscriber to the big city newspaper, the weekly Windsor Locks Journal and the Catholic Transcript. Each paper serves a specific purpose in their home: the latest sports and world news, what's happening in town and the church news and views.

One day Gloria was reading the "Transcript," and came across an article detailing the "Renew" program. "I liked the sound of the program," the former teacher said, "and wanted it for my own parish, St. Robert's." Gloria and the parish of Father Thomas Farrell will not have to wait much longer. For the past few weeks Renew has been the topic of conversation; however, on this Sunday, a three-year process of personal and parish renewal begins in earnest.

This mother of two boys has one of the chief positions in the program as a member of the "Core Group," along with Gerry Staves and Glynn Crapo.

For background on Gloria and Paul Rucci, ladies first. Gloria is a Windsor native, and attended local schools there until her high school days. She traveled to Enfield for training at the Our Lady of Angels, class of 1965. Higher education and a degree in teaching were achieved at UConn, four years later.

IN 1969, Gloria Kowalsky married Paul Mark Rucci. Paul, born and raised in Hartford, graduated from Bulkeley High School in 1962. He is now attending the University of Hartford for additional degree work in accounting after completion of degree at the Asnuntuck Community College. While Gloria was in college, the weekends were spent working at one of Sage-Allen stores. One of the regulars was a man by the name of Paul Rucci.

They were both good sales persons. Bottom line, they became husband and wife. Paul worked for Sage-Allen 16 seasons, in Hartford, Avon and Wethersfield. He left the business of selling clothes for an accounting career in industry. For the past two years plus, he's been with Emhart,

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but admitted "It was hard getting used to being in an office, but now can honestly say I enjoy it." After their wedding, Gloria put her education to work by teaching at the Windsor Locks High School in the English Department. After a year or so, she left to have a family.

AND THE FAMILY grew by two sons: Brian, 13, is their oldest and just starting his high school freshman year. At the Middle School, Brian was a member of several clubs; in the Math Club he proved outstanding and members earned honors statewide. His brother Christopher, 10, is a sixth-grader at the Middle School. He's the Little Leaguer in the family, and a Boy Scout like his brother Brian, who is working on Eagle Scout. Both boys are honor students and members of Troop 263, where their father is assistant Scoutmaster. Gloria said, "Don't forget to mention, both sons are altar boys at St. Robert's."

The Ruccis have lived in Windsor Locks since 1971. Paul was active in the local Jaycees, holding the positions of vice-president and treasurer, and one year voted "Jaycee of the Year." Gloria always was there to lend a helping hand as a Jaycee wife. Over a six-year period Paul served in the Army National Guard, seeing service in Texas and South Carolina.

THERE ARE OTHER traits of Gloria and Paul worth mentioning, but at this point, let's hear about Renew.

"The purpose is spiritual growth of the people of St. Robert's as a living faith community. The goal, to promote a coordinated three-year program in all parishes in the Archdiocese of Hartford aimed at renewed Christian living." To Gloria personally, "The basic purpose, in my opinion, is

to get people (back) to having a stronger faith. The church has to be revitalized. Renew grew out of the Second Vatican Council, to bring the community and church a little closer; to think about others, have pot-luck suppers, films, and a day of recollection — and much more. And probably best of all, to form friendships with neighbors and others in the church and community." She added, "Prayer is at the very soul of Renew."

More on Gloria and Paul: Gloria keeps busy sewing, is into crafts, cake making for Paul and the boys, and on special requests for weddings, etc. Paul is an active golfer and now has Gloria taking lessons to make for a twosome on the links. Paul also takes care of the family garden and is jack-of-all-trades around the house. The boys and their dad have made camping a part of the family tradition. Baseball has been confined to watching the New Britain Red Sox.

Gloria says, "Paul has worked hard and taken on a lot, and is very involved with the boys." Paul comments, "Besides my wife, I'd have to say I was taught a great deal by past presidents of the local Jaycees. They changed my life around, and gave me something to shoot for."

Gloria and Paul Rucci have now something else to shoot for: Renew. On their living room wall is a needlepoint design that says, "Love One Another" — probably what Renew is all about.

# If It's Thursday . . . This Must Be Belgium

*Traveler: one who usually returns brag and baggage.*

Several years ago Hollywood made a movie depicting the sometimes hectic life of travelers while on vacation in Europe and rightly called it "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium."

Last month, Rita and I experienced our own 2,500-mile bus trip, covering seven European countries, the only difference being the day we were in the Belgium capital city of Brussels was a Thursday.

The personal chronicle is not intended to be a travelogue, but a 15-day encounter with local customs, the food, the sights and sounds and history of those seven countries (10 hotel stops and over 20 cities and towns) with our last stop in beautiful Paris, by way of London, Rome and cities in between.

For some of us on the tour, the old world was a new world to find out just where our ancestors migrated from, be it England, Germany, France or Italy.

If you have never been to Europe, or if you have, I hope in an informative way, to show what happened to us and our new-found friends, after meeting in London, at the Park Plaza, which was definitely not a four-star hotel. Better ones were to follow.

**DURING THE TRIP,** some circumstances were funny, some serious, but they were always educational. For example: the exchange of money in each country (not really bad once you get the hang of it by the

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second week); the lack of showing passports at each border crossed; the "Water Closet," (a privy or bathroom to Americans); churches; mountains, better known as the Alps; a skillful driver; the tour director; the mix of personnel; what they ate; and shopping. As our director would say: "And there you are . . . right?"

Due to a personal lack of ancient history, I found Europe to be the land where the Romans ruled and conquered from Northern Africa to the highlands of Scotland, with a man called Caesar at the head of each victory. And the history lessons, on the bus, were always eloquently given by the congenial tour director. After a few days, to know him was to appreciate him. If I may say so, a tour of this magnitude is only as good as the director. (The planning is all there in the booklets, but to be successful, the tour requires a catalyst.)

**AS I SAID,** the tour began in London and that's where we met our tour director. He was a six feet, five inches tall, a giant of a nice guy who was a native of Munich, Germany, with several years of tours under his belt. He seemed to know what to say at the right time, whenever action was needed and knew his responsibilities to the 45 Americans. To illustrate, the director has to be a babysitter, kind and considerate

or strict when circumstances demand it, and still keep a tight schedule. Punctuality is a must. We rose at 6:15 a.m., had luggage outside the door at 6:45, ate at 7 and were on the bus to leave by 7:30. Our director was funny at times, serious at others, and a man who knew the history, past and present, of Europe and even American ways of doing things. If one member of the tour was missing, he would break his neck to find the lost sheep.

The Americans were made up of the following: A newlywed couple (always the last ones on the bus), two young girls in their 20s, a young girl by herself, several widowed women, a farmer with his sister and brother-in-law, (she was the talker in the group), many retired couples, one man and woman, retired, she from the antique business and he a former salesman who once ran for Congress, with a sense of humor alongside of Pat O'Brien and the one-liners of Henny Youngman. And, of course, the couple from New Jersey now living in Florida, who made the following true sentence every day: "When through foreign lands you stray, smile, and give the first Good Day." California was well represented, followed by New Jersey, New York, Tennessee and Ohio. Rita and I were the only ones from New England.



Rita and Jack Redmond pose in front of the Eiffel Tower during their stop in Paris.

**AND NOW FOR** some of the more important, conspicuous, memorable and enjoyable moments. London: history is all around, needless to say, and breathtaking. We saw Buckingham Palace (the Queen was out of town), Parliament, Madame Tussaud's wax exhibition, Westminster Abbey and the Cabinet War Rooms which Churchill and his war cabinet and Chiefs of Staff used in 1940. Then on to the White Cliffs of Dover for the hovercraft ride across the English Channel to France, where we picked up our bus for the trip into Europe and the other six countries.

**Brussels:** we went

sightseeing through the grandeur of this great city. The next day was in Cologne, to view the world's largest Gothic cathedral. Next it was Heidelberg, the university town, sightseeing at a Renaissance castle. Our stay at a Holiday Inn in Waldorf, Germany was our only swim on the tour.

**Munich:** Olympic Village and Alpine Ski Resort. Before our arrival in Innsbruck, one of our gang had left her passport on a counter during the morning coffee break. She and her mother-in-law had to return, after the discovery at another location many miles towards our next destination. It required some

friendly locals and taxi driver, and a long train ride before rejoining up with the tour.

Next, the mountains from Austria into Italy were only surpassed by the mountains from Italy to France, several days later. Venice: the land of water and gondolas. Never miss the center of Venetian nightlife, beautiful St. Mark's Square. On to Florence, where we saw another St. Mark's, but a cathedral instead (third largest in the world, after St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London). Next was Rome, or Roma, Michelangelo's magnificent "David," the Coliseum, St.

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# There's No Place Like Home

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Peter's (worth the trip, just being there). And, of course, we had to throw a coin into the Trevi Fountain. Then Milan, which had another mighty cathedral. On to Geneva, Switzerland, and the Aosta Valley to the famed St. Bernard Tunnel.

Concerning our daily — or more than one — visit to the water closets: at the Belgium-German border we were met at the first break by a German lady who demanded money for the use of the facility. She was an incarnation of a Prussian general, so unbelievable in her actions. Other countries had the same custom, but never as demanding. After awhile we took it in stride.

As with the tour director, we were fortunate in having a driver with the skill of a taxi driver and an Indianapolis 500 racer combined. We made good time, stayed on schedule and found the right places to park in some of the quaint towns.

Observing along the roads of Europe, we found high agricultural activity in all countries, with a variety of farm products, including rice, corn, sugar beet, tobacco and grapes. It was not unusual to see the growth of grapes up the mountainsides, row by row, by the thousands. The end use is for the wine tables of the world.

The roads were all in good shape, with speed limits

often over our 55 miles per hour, especially on the famed German autobahn. The countries, to us, looked very prosperous. We did have some rain, but it never took away from the spirit of the Americans.

We had pork, veal and pasta at every meal in Italy, with no complaints from anyone. Oh yes, we had wine with every meal; as they say, when in Rome . . .

London is an institution. Geneva is a classy city. Rome is surrounded by the Church and pasta. The others are full of historical sights, but Paris is a feeling.

Paris with the Eiffel Tower and the Avenue des Champs Elysees on a Saturday night was an experience we will never forget. There was the Arc de Triomphe, with memories of World War II; the River Seine boat ride and the mass at Notre Dame.

**THE LAST NIGHT** in Paris we had a steak dinner and saw a show in the famed section of gay Parea, where the Moulin Rouge is located. At the Concord Plaza we took a look at the site where the French Revolution was at its height, and where the end came for Marie Antoinette and her husband, Louis XVI. (For the history buffs: the guillotine was first officially used in Paris on April 25, 1792. Contrary to popular belief, the device wasn't invented by Dr. Joseph I. Guillotin. He mere-

ly recommended to the constituent assembly the use of a mechanized knife.)

On our last day in Paris, we left at nine in the morning for the Charles de Gaulle Airport for the seven-hour trip to New York City. Among the passengers was Joe Killinger, the first man to cross the Atlantic alone in a balloon, traveling from Caribou, Maine to Italy. But for the ride home, he joined us normal folks.

In 1983, my oldest daughter and family visited Paris. My grandson Michael said it was "awesome." If I may say, for the other 44, all of Europe was awesome. A wise man once said, "All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he or she may learn to improve their own; and if fortune carries them to worse, they may learn to enjoy their own."

## EPILOG

After you have seen London, Paris and Rome, it is still very true, there is no place like home. The memories and companions will be long remembered. And to quote someone very American, our own Dizzy Dean, "If it's so, it ain't braggin'."

## Jack's On Vacation

Jack Redmond, writer of the weekly column Cabbages and Kings, has been traveling around Europe, with his wife Rita for the past two weeks. They've just arrived home, and when they recover from jet lag, or whatever, Jack will resume writing his column and will likely give an inside look at Europe after seeing London, Rome and Paris.

# John Montefusco — Last of a Breed

John Montefusco, the town's only old-time shoe repairman, has gathered over the years other talents, probably unknown to his many customers. Besides an adult lifetime of repairing shoes, John admits he "loves to cook," and maintains a large garden providing the ingredients for the family Italian dishes.

The quiet, easy-going native of Bragigliano, in southern Italy's province of Salerno, has moved his business sites to several area towns, but now has found a permanent home on Spring Street.

John, father of five, lives in Windsor with his wife Julia, who is a native of Springfield. The town over the border has been a special place for John, for it was the birthplace of his late mother, Rose. John's father, Nickolas, still resides there. John's mother was only two when her family moved to Italy, and she did not return until her

50s. John and his two sisters were born in Italy. In 1959, when John was only 19, he decided to leave Italy, as work was not plentiful. His oldest sister had come to Springfield, and John joined her four years later.

**JOHN GREW UP** on the family farm. After grammar school he worked with his father, but had different ideas as what to do for a career. Young John said he hung around the local shoe repair shop in town and became interested in the making and repair, after watching craftsmen at their trade. His father wanted his son to become a farmer, but it was not for John. He had made up his mind when old enough he would become a shoe repairman.

On arrival in the States, he had to settle for a job at Smith-Wesson, working as a machinist. But factory work was not for John. After six months, he took some time off to visit his uncle, Tony Basile, in Windsor Locks. It just so happened that Uncle Tony had his own shoe repair shop on Spring Street, across from St. Mary's Church.

Needless to say, John left Springfield and the factory to begin working with his Uncle Tony. For the next three years he watched, worked and assisted. Two years later, he even opened a shop down the street. Then came another move, this time to Springfield, where a fellow repairman wanted to sell his business. John moved back, repair supplies and all. In 1971, John was back in Windsor Locks, at Uncle Tony's old stand on Spring Street. The permanent home today, on Spring Street, was not reached until John tried repairing shoes in Windsor, Bloomfield and on Route 75 in town.

**THE 1979 TORNADO** (five years ago this past October 3) put an end to John's business for more than a month. The following scenario was given by John of the day, to be long remembered by many local

residents in town and Windsor: "There was no warning. The sky became dark, strong winds, hard rain — power went off in the shop. I looked outside. My car was actually moving a few feet. The front window came in. I went under the nearest machine and prayed to God I would be all right. I could see the cross on the other wall; God was my watchdog. The roof came off, the wall came in; the other wall, the cleaners on the other side, stayed up. The machine I was under toppled over and I was covered from head to foot with ink and other material from the machine.

"In five minutes it was all over. I thought we were at war. My first reaction was to go home. I drove around fallen trees and anything in my path. Luckily I lived near High Street to Rainbow and home on Chestnut, in the Poquonock section of Windsor. I couldn't talk . . . my wife couldn't imagine what had happened, not knowing of the storm, except for the wind and rain. When I told her I had lost the shop, she couldn't believe it. I was out of work for a month, cleaning up and trying to make sense of what happened. The customers were all understanding. Some shoes I found, others were lost, or beyond repair. It was a nightmare."

**IT WAS NOW** time to pick up the pieces and continue his business. John soon recovered from the personal and local disaster. He set up shop on Spring Street and now is a part of the merchants near Smalley Road.

He tells of working 60-hour weeks. He is a man who whistles while he works. I inquired as to prices of shoe repair from years past. Like all inflationary trends, he said, the cost of soles and heels was \$3 in 1959, compared to today at \$20.

John likes what he does. He is a proud man, who takes pride in the work of shoe repairing. He is "very polite to customers," because he knows it is not only good for business, but good manners.

His mother, Rose, taught him to cook at a very early age. John uses this talent to "give my wife a break" in the kitchen. He admired his mother "because she was special and always did things for my sisters and I."

His sports interest is confined to the game of bocci, with many tournaments under his belt. Vacation time — not many over the years — has been to the Connecticut shore for relaxation. John holds memberships in the KofC in Agawam, Sons of Italy and the Italian Sporting Club in Springfield.

## EPILOG

For John Montefusco, it's been a hard-working lifestyle, with long hours, knowing the heartaches of a disaster, but always enjoying the kids.

When it came to defining a philosophy, John said, "If you make someone happy, you make yourself happy."

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By JACK REDMOND



Shoemaker John Montefusco, with a shop on Spring Street, is one of the few old-time shoe repairmen. This week Jack Redmond interviews Mr. Montefusco in Cabbages and Kings. See page 8 for the story.

Staff Photo by Keith Griffin

# Helen Hillary: Likeable Guardian of Students

For the past 16 school years, Helen Colo Hillary has been a street-crossing guard on Spring Street.

The likeable lady of Oak Street, is "proud of the kids" she has met and assisted over the years, doing her part in the town's safety program of our young students.

Helen is truly a native daughter. She is a real Windsor Locks person, in a town, she said matter-of-factly, where "you don't have to go far to find friends."

She was born at 43 Oak St. With her constant smile, she related the following: "I still sleep in the same room I was born in." Helen was the first daughter of Seraphio and Rino Colo. Helen has three sisters, Doris, Ruth and Rena. The younger Rena resides with their mother in town. Doris also lives in town and Ruth, a few miles north in Enfield.

St. Mary's and the local high school (Class of '48) were her stepping stones to the business world. Her first job was with the Windsor Locks Paper Company, lasting a little over a year. She then joined the Southern New England Telephone. This resulted in a steady job for three years with the added benefit of meeting her future husband, Paul Hillary. Paul will complete 37 years with SNETCO this month. The first 35 were spent outdoors and the last two behind a desk.

**PAUL SERVED IN** the U.S. Navy from September, 1944 to June, 1946, with a close view of the war by way of the Panama Canal to Hawaii, Japan and Guam. Speaking of dates to remember, he said, "I joined the Navy on September 13 and ironically, was married to Helen on September 13." Helen continued to work for SNETCO after their wedding day, until the arrival of the first-born, Stephen. Three sons followed — Michael, Brian and Thomas. The youngest member of the clan was a girl, Paula, to join her four active brothers.

And what are they doing today? Stephen is employed at the Sheraton in Hartford, residing in town. Michael is married, living in North Carolina with their one child. He is a worker for the Chem-Seape Company. Brian, also a father, lives in far-off Japan with his wife, is employed by the govern-

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ment, while his wife is in the Navy. Thomas, a mechanic in Springfield, lives in Windsor Locks. Paula resides in New Britain, commutes to Hartford to the Steam Boiler building. All the Hillary children graduated from the local high school, where Michael played football and baseball, Brian on the soccer field.

**MORE ON THE** mother of this clan: Helen has watched over the students of St. Mary's School and the Middle School for 16 years. After the closing of St. Mary's, Helen moved a few hundred feet down Spring to Center, where today, for two hours a day, she watches the traffic flow, so the students will have a safe path to school. She considers herself "very lucky" to serve the youth of her town. The schedule has never interfered with the family while at her post, her own children being in class at the same time. Helen would readily admit you can't beat the hours and there is a certain amount of civic pride as a part of the safety program.

As a veteran, Paul joined the Veterans of Foreign Wars (Smalley Brothers Post No. 6123) and not far behind was Helen, as a working member of the Post's Auxiliary. Paul is also on the roster of the Italian Progressive Club. When he is not at SNET or at one of his clubs, Paul follows the fortune of the Whalers, Red Sox or Patriots, calling himself a "die-hard New England fan." Helen, on the other hand, admits to no hobbies, only keeping house and enjoying the role of mother, grandmother, and crossing the students to the other side of the street. Vacations are usually spent in New Hampshire.

**NOT ONES TO BECOME** involved in politics, they only say they both remember an old friend, Ella Grasso, who was "down to earth." Helen loves her hometown, but sure misses the old downtown.

Speaking of down to earth individuals,



Helen Colo Hillary.

Helen's mother Rino would certainly fit the bill. Helen admires her greatly, a lady who "still works in her garden and cooks," lessons probably learned during the Depression when "times were tough and raising four girls was hard." Helen's philosophy is to "accept things as they are," with Paul adding, probably in the same vein, "don't worry about it."

## EPILOG

Helen Colo Hillary did not seek any spotlight. We wanted her in the spotlight for a story of good deeds by the town's citizenry. For 16 years she has been the spotlight for the kids coming and going to St. Mary's and the Middle School.

Keep up the good work. You have earned the title, "likeable guardian of students."

## Correction

In last week's Journal, the name of Helen and Paul Hillery was spelled incorrectly. The Journal regrets the error.

# Thompsons: Travelers and Theater Devotees

Newton and Chris Thompson have stickers on their luggage from Rome to Hawaii. The congenial Cornwall residents are also devotees of the theater from Broadway to the Hartford Stage.

Their working career covers Newton's 29 years with the Connecticut Natural Gas, while Chris has been an 8 to 5 secretary at Hamilton-Standard for the past 17 summers.

Before the traveling bug hit them, they raised four active boys: Newton III, Jeffery, Mark and Christopher. They are also proud grandparents of two boys to spoil, when time permits.

Newton and Chris's early paths did not cross. Their background reads like this: Newton Howard Thompson is a native of Hartford, Weaver class of 1944. Six months before graduation, Newton was wearing the uniform of the U.S. Army Air Force. The cap and gown would have to wait. Stateside duty included South Dakota, Nebraska, Nevada and Colorado, and a short time in England with the Eighth Air Force.

ON HIS RETURN to the capital city Newton tried several occupations, which included a few years with a printing com-

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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pany, insurance, bread distribution and finally Connecticut Natural Gas, where he is a marketing consultant.

Newton met Christine Mitselis of Watertown, Mass., on a blind date resulting in wedding bells in 1947. Six years later they settled in Windsor Locks on Cornwall, "the first house on the block."

Chris is a former den mother for three of her boys, when they were in the Boy Scouts and one son as a Cub Scout. She is now a full-fledged secretary at the town's Hamilton-Standard office. For the record, Newton is a former member of the Masons and the American Legion.

Now for some details on their four sons: Newton III, grad of Washington and Lee University in Virginia, with a master's from Columbia in New York City, was a member of the 1964 All-Stars of Little League and now resides in Medfield, Mass. with his wife Kathleen Cummings Thompson, formerly of Stoughton, Mass. The younger Newton is employed by an electronic company.

Jeffery, graduate of Trinity, also with a Ph.D. from Northwestern, played some Little League and is married to Cynthia Bristol Thompson, a former Windsor Locks girl. Jeffery is employed in Delaware by DuPont. Cynthia and Jeffery have a son, Benjamin Bristol Thompson.

Mark, a former "folk singer," attends business school in Hartford. Christopher, also a Little Leaguer, attends college at night, lives in Enfield with his wife, Cynthia Soobagian Thompson, and their son Ryan Christopher Thompson.

THE PARENTS of this growing family of Thompsons enjoy the life of traveling and going to the theater. They've made a trip around the free world with stops in Italy, Greece, Spain, Mexico, the islands (on two cruises) and to far-off Hawaii. As for theater, be it on New York's Broadway, New Haven's Long Wharf, or the Hartford Stage, Newton and Chris are veteran wat-

chers and lovers of musicals (some more to the liking of Chris) and drama (more up Newton's way of viewing).

However, they both agreed, their favorite is the big hit of 1965, "Man of La Mancha." Staying at home and watching television, or a night at the movies, are after-supper pastimes.

NOT TO CONFUSE the reader, the Thompsons have additional hobbies to even off their busy life. Newton has the job of being the family gardener, is a photography bug and plays a mean game of racquet ball. Chris, on the other side of the room, "loves to paint," but admits she's "not a good artist." Other hobbies are flower arrangements, reading a great deal, and, when some television is on, she may pick

up her knitting. Newton even admires the Red Sox, with the comment, "isn't everybody a Red Sox fan?"

They agreed their personal philosophy is "live one day at a time . . . and enjoy life." Newton and Chris do enjoy life. The statement is a simple one, but after meeting them and listening to what makes them tick, it takes time and energy to enjoy life.

All followers of the theater know "Man of La Mancha" is an adaptation of "Don Quixote," a fictional creation with high ideals. The musical concerns a man who encounters windmills — or the chasing of them. One might say, the Thompsons found their windmills of life, and like some of us, found strange things along the way, but to them enjoying life, traveling and the theater was not an impossible dream.

# Don Army: The Family Oriented Executive

In a recent "Business People" column, Donald Eugene Army was prominently mentioned as the newly appointed vice president of administration for Kamatics Corp., a subsidiary of Kaman Corp. in Bloomfield.

During a recent interview, we explored the story behind the headline and found a quiet and gentle man, father of five and resident of town since 1960.

Before coming east, while in the service, Don grew up in Ohio farm country, in a small town, appropriately called Ohio City.

Don attended the local high school (16 students in the graduating class of 1956) where, despite a small enrollment, he managed to field a baseball and make the basketball team (Don was on both squads). A month after graduation Don was in the uniform of the U.S. Air Force. He was inducted in July, and four years to the day, July of 1960, he was discharged. The tour of duty included schools in Texas and Wyoming.

When stationed at Westover Air Force Base, he met Barbara Davis on a blind date. It wasn't long before Don said the right phrase. They were married five months later (Nov. 16, 1957) and the Springfield native was quickly an Air Force bride. (So, happy anniversary one week early to Barbara and Don.)

DON SPENT a great deal of time in the personnel department of the Air Force, and realizing his unusual name of Army, related that he had interviewed a new recruit with the name of Navy, I guess just

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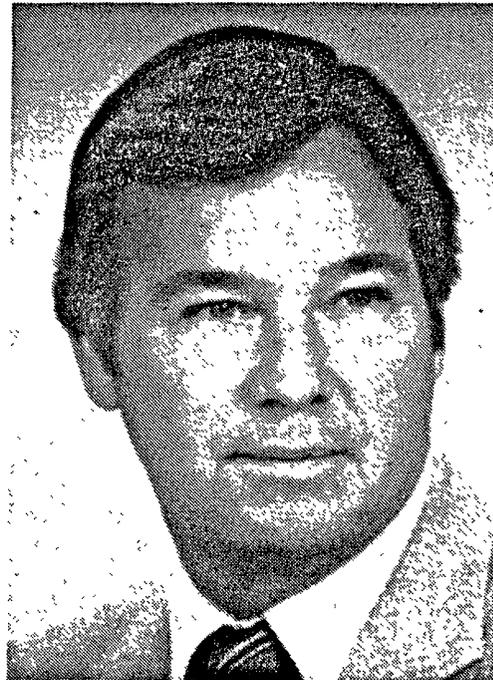
to even the representation. (All they needed was an airman with the name of Marine.)

Don's parents raised a large family on their Ohio farm, three girls and five boys. Barbara and Don managed a mixed basketball team: two boys, Donald, Jr. and Christopher, followed by three girls, Mary-Beth, Maureen and Beverly.

Donald Jr. is employed at Hamilton-Standard, married to Margaret Sevigny Army of Enfield. They live in Springfield. The younger Don graduated from Western New England (magna cum laude). At the town's high school he excelled at track and swimming. The 26-year-old is a former Eagle Scout. His brother Christopher, 21, also achieved the highest rank in the Scout program. The Springfield Tech grad lives in town with his wife, Loreta Bradley Army, and their new son Steven Donald Army. Steven's dad was on the golf team during his high school days and is now employed in the audio-visual business.

MARY-BETH, 20, is a junior at UConn, studying the books of accounting. While at the Raider School she performed on the track team. Maureen, 17, is a senior at the town's high school and called by her parents the "athlete of the family." She's been a state champ in track events and is captain of the school's field hockey team. Beverly, 15, is in her second year at the high school and keeping up with the family tradition, performs on the track team. However, she has a different talent from the rest; she is "the writer in the family." That's a lot of talent for one family. Mom and Pop are proud of the whole gang.

And speaking of Barbara and Don, here's some mention of his employment record. After the Air Force years, Don joined Kaman Aerospace in 1960 and continued at the Bloomfield facility until August of 1976.



Don Army

At that time, he wanted a change. He became involved in the cable television business. He returned, after a little over a year, to Kaman's subsidiary, Kamatics, as a purchasing agent.

Don has always been material oriented with wide experience in the buying end of business and has worked in MIS (Management Information Service). Recently he was appointed the vice president of Administration. He has come a long way from Ohio City, Ohio.

DON RELAXES in two ways. Saturdays (during the season) he plays golf and on Saturday nights (all seasons) takes his best girl "round dancing," not to be confused with the square kind. Mr. Webster describes it this way: "round dance . . . a folk dance performed with the dancers arranged in a circle . . . a ballroom dance performed with circular movements around the room." They are members of the Connecticut Valley Round Dance Club

performing (my words, not theirs) at the local Polish National Home and the South Street School. Don calls it "modern dancing cued, with a partner." Barbara and her mother, Jenny Davis, spend their Saturday mornings going bargain hunting at the area's tag sales. Vacation time for the family is either at the Cape or visiting relatives in the Midwest.

Don admires his father, Bernard Army, for "his way of dealing with people . . . direct, but soft-spoken," (a trait passed down to son Don). Barbara, on the other hand, admires her husband Don. Why? "His gentleness . . . you know, all the good stuff."

### EPILOG

Donald Eugene Army handles life in a very serious way, but knows full well "all work and no play" doesn't make for a well-adjusted life. He works hard, plays golf, listens to the nightly news (good or bad) and is the round dance partner of Barbara, this family-oriented man from South Center Street.

# Richard Of Daley's:



Richard Valente Jr.

"I always knew what I wanted to do."

These crisp and direct words of Richard Dominick Valente Jr., were put into action with good deeds, at the tender age of 11.

Yes, 11 years old. Richard, son of Charlotte and Richard Valente, Sr., became a student of the floral business in a very indirect way. To explain further, Richard used newspaper earnings from his job as a paperboy to buy flowers, make arrangements, then give them to friends or relatives as gifts, just because he enjoyed doing it. Daley's Florist, in town, where all of Richard's purchases were made, wondered what this boy was doing with the roses, carnations, etc. at this age. After he confided in them, they must have figured he was for real, for they decided to show Richard the ropes — or whatever they say in floral terminology.

HE WATCHED, listened, and learned, and today, after seven years, runs the Daley's Hall Hill Gardens on Halfway House Road. (It was quickly pointed out, "My parents own the business.")

Richard, born in Hartford, came to Windsor Locks at the age of one, but considers himself a native. He attended Southwest and the high school, just for the fundamentals. The business world, combined with instinct, may just classify Richard as a boy wonder.

"Very intelligent." "Very mature for his age." "A lot of potential . . . sharp little boy." These are statements from folks closely associated with Richard on a day-to-day basis.

He didn't always know what he wanted. The idea of the life of a doctor or priest is now out of the way. The world of flowers is his oyster.

IT WAS IN October, when he entered the busy back room of Daley's. The sounds of Christmas music filled the air, as Richard and associates were making floral arrangements. Christmas music in October? "It's my favorite time of the year and I can listen to the music, even in June," he said. Christmas, according to Richard, is the busiest time for the florists, followed by Mother's Day and Valentine's Day. I asked about some costs, say, roses. In 1973, they

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were \$18.50 a dozen; today you might have to pay up to \$30. Where do all the flowers come from? "We import directly from Holland; or, in the States, from California and Florida."

Lately the television screens have been showing Merlin Olsen, former football player and now commentator, selling flowers and telling why we should send the latest arrangement to our best girl, wife or sister. Richard, who could pass as a professional football player (but admits to not being your average sports fan) knows full well the value of a man of Olsen's reputation pushing flowers at the macho athlete.

When Richard is not in the store (some weeks it's 70 hours), he enjoys "going north," stamp-collecting, eating and watching television. Another way of showing off his talents to the public has been

demonstrations of floral arrangements. When asked why he does them, he said, "because someone asked me."

ONE DAY A WEEK he finds the time to teach catechism to fifth graders at St. Robert's, a church where he's been an altar boy for the past 10 years.

Admiration came easily for one of his fellow florists, a man called Hugo, a wholesaler, who "is good at his business, and knows what he is doing." That's something Richard can relate to. He added, "I try to learn something new every day."

I learned something new about the floral business and Richard of Daley's and some lines to think about: "If folks only knew how many hours of thinking, hours of digging, days of sunshine, weeks of coaxing, oodles of headaches, pounds of fertilizer, bushels of rich dirt, gallons of water, and oodles of backaches it takes to produce a pretty flower, they would gladly pay the price."

# 'Flower Is His Oyster'

# Bob Rumbold: Sports Announcer On the Rise

Everyone knows Bobby Rumbold. He's the son of Jim Rumbold. He plays basketball and softball around the area. Bob was even a member of the 1965 Little League World Champs.

Well, maybe you better listen a little closer to radio and television sports, because the same Bob Rumbold, talented son of James and Isabel Rumbold, is the area's up and coming sports announcer of basketball, sport talk shows and has recently entered the world of television.

Bob, born in Schenectady, N. Y., came to Connecticut as a young boy, the family first living in Coventry, then East Windsor, before settling down in Windsor Locks. Education for Bob began in East Windsor and continued in town where he graduated from the high school (class of 1971). His college years were spent in Boston at Emerson College, Southern State in New Haven (B.S. degree, 1976) and Temple University in Philadelphia. (Jim and Isabel were grads of Temple).

Admitting to "always having the broadcasting bug," Bob chose Emerson for his initial training for a now-steadily growing career. At Southern he received a physical education degree. While at Temple and Emerson he majored in broadcasting journalism. While in the Philadelphia-New Jersey area, Bob received on-the-job training, writing sports for a weekly newspaper, radio spots and everything that was needed at the station, which was located in Princeton, N. J.

A VERY FAMILIAR name and voice in this area is George Ehrlich. Bob and George go way back, whether George knows it or not. As a young boy, with only sports on his mind, Bob would spend hours listening to the radio, with George calling the plays at the UConn basketball games. It was Bob's first on-the-air experience with sport broadcasting, so you might say Mr. Ehrlich set the stage for Bob and is rightly called his mentor.

They first met in 1975, Bob doing statistical work as his baptism, with George and Scott Grey (now of WTIC) on the Manchester station WINF. In 1981, Bob returned from the Philadelphia and New

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Jersey area, with much more experience and looked up his friend George. Today at the station, now with the call letters WKHT, Bob assists George in calling the University of Hartford basketball games. A few times, Bob has filled in on George's popular evening talk shows. Knowing a sense of humor helps, Bob called himself the "Joan Rivers of the talk show." (For those who are not Johnny Carson fans, Joan Rivers is Johnny's perennial substitute.)

IN ADDITION, Bob has been involved in calling high school games from the court side plus interviews with some of the world's best golfers at the yearly Greater Hartford Open, for the Manchester station. On the television screen, Bob has been seen on the Cable Channel in Simsbury and recently at Springfield's Channel 22 sports portion on weekends. Not one to be pinned down and rightfully so, Bob said he "likes certain aspects of both" radio and television. In radio, the announcer sets the scene, provides all the play-by-play; while in television the screen tells the story, with far less commentary, of course depending on the announcers. They're two different ball games, but Bob enjoys doing both, and for him, he's doing what he "knows best."

The golfing world isn't the only place Bob has held a microphone in front of an interviewee. A few years back he covered the World Series and asked a few questions of Pete Rose, Mike Schmidt, George Brett and his favorite player, Brooks Robinson, to name only a few.

The six-year former Air National Guardsman is married to Cathy Miller Rumbold. The young couple live in Simsbury, which is close to both of their base operations, Cathy being a system analyst for the Hartford Insurance Group.

AS MENTIONED, Bob still plays a mean game of softball in Windsor Locks and



Bob Rumbold (left) and George Erlich.

Simsbury. During basketball season you'll find Bob in Windsor Locks playing with some of his old teammates from high school days and also some tennis, when he finds the time, especially with the old pro, his father, Jim. (Can't forget to mention Jim Rumbold was one of my first interviewees back in June of 1975.)

Bob has many strong feelings when it comes to announcing; be it basketball, talk shows, or at the press tent during GHO week. He believes in reporting "fair play and no root," although at times, he will admit, he can get wrapped up in the local team's score or winning the game. Did he have any favorite announcers (of course, after George)? Football: on television was Pat Summerall, on the radio, Jack Buck. For baseball, it's Harry Kalis in Philadelphia and in Baltimore, Jon Miller, former Red Sox announcer.

### Epilog

Robert Alan Rumbold, son of father, knows "a good laugh is sunshine in a house." Bob has come a long way from the little league days of nearly 20 years ago. He has found what he does best: broadcasting.

Bob has found in his years of talking and

writing about sports the following to be true, said by Bob Toski, noted teacher of golf. "I remember reading once that a basic human drive of all people is to be appreciated and recognized." Referring to Arnold Palmer, he said, "Palmer wants to be appreciated and recognized like everyone else, but he knows that you first must appreciate and recognize others."

# Peg and Art Runde Would Rather Be Sailing

'I'd rather be sailing' could be the motto or bumper sticker for Peg and Art Runde. When the sailing Rundes are not on the Sound, Long Island that is, she's the active Windsor Locks Women's Club president and Art is at Combustion Engineering, Inc., as a manager in the Nuclear Division.

Margaret Dennis Runde, known to the many members of the Women's Club for more than 20 years as just Peg, was born in Providence, R.I., growing up in Deep River. She attended schools there, graduating from the high school in 1954. Peg earned an associate degree from the University of Hartford in medical secretarial sciences.

Peg's first job was working for a doctor in Middletown. She met H. Arthur Runde at a skating rink. She laughingly related the following. "I caught Art on the rink, because I was a faster skater." They were married in 1957.

Art was born on Long Island, lived in Manchester, Stratford (where he graduated from high school) and after another move, back to Manchester. He went on to UConn and graduated with an engineering degree. College was interrupted for a year when the Korean War broke out, with Art serving in Georgia, New Jersey and six months in Germany. He returned to college and his first job was with Electric Boat in Groton. He stayed there for a year before moving to this area to join Kaman.

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PEG AND ART have lived on Woodland Street since 1957. The job at Kaman lasted eight years, until Combustion Engineering looked like a better position. Next April, Art will receive his 20-year service award.

Peg and Art have one daughter, Diana. Readers of "Cabbages and Kings" may just remember, back in February of 1976 we interviewed Miss Runde, now married to Scott Wisner, living in Iowa City, Ia. At the time Diana was sort of the toast of the town, as a rising young figure skater on the area's ice rinks and in the role of Dolly in the senior class play that year, "Hello Dolly."

Diana graduated from Bentley College in Waltham, Mass., did some teaching of young skaters, but is now well settled in Iowa, attending the University of Iowa, studying for her doctorate in economics.

It wasn't hard for Diana to put on ice skates. Her mother was some skater herself. She has nearly as many awards and trophies as young Diana for her skating accomplishments. Peg has steadily kept up with the world of skating. As a member of the Hartford Skating Club, she served on the steering committee in bringing the 1977 Nationals in Figure Skating to the Hartford Civic Center.

In addition, Peg is into oil painting, sewing, plants and gardening. She and Art do "a lot of sailing, after many travels to vacation spots." The sailing Rundes have named their boat "Thistle-Dew Two."

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the active lady's schedule is, of course, the Women's Club. She's the president for the 1984-85 year, with the normal duties of setting up agendas for meetings, following through on the committees and watching the state and national level of the Women's Clubs. She said the board meets once a month, and the membership once a month (the third Tuesday of the month) at the KofC on Elm



Peg Runde

more. In September the club organized the first "Ella Grasso Week." Peg said, "It was a huge success ... the town was behind it."

### EPILOG

Margaret Dennis Runde is her own woman, admitting, "I have not patterned myself after anyone. I guess you would say I march to the beat of my own drum." The mother, skater and activist in civic affairs, summed it up when she said, "Everyday you have to play your picnic." (Make an attempt to make every day an easy task or pleasant experience.)

Street. Peg is assisted by Alice Lennon, first vice president; Cindy A'Arrigo, second vice president; Linda Chappie, recording secretary; Diane Wribel, assistant recording secretary; Ellie Leonard, corresponding secretary; Alice Rosario, treasurer and Kas Kowalski, assistant treasurer.

The Windsor Locks Women's club has continued its good deeds under the leadership of Peg Runde, with projects that provide financial assistance to high school students, in the form of scholarships in music, art and homemaking. The junior high students receive awards in music and art. The club's projects have included the annual Craft Show (for 13 years) and the Spring Fashion Show. In addition to students' aid, the club assists the Lions Ambulance Fund, the Historical Society, Senior Class Play, state projects, welfare/community affairs and several

# It's a Real Family Affair

Take a veteran teacher, an accountant, a chef and one young physical education teacher; put them all together, give it a Greek name, and you have Pegasus, the newest specialty food store in town.

The Torromeo and Corcoran families have combined to be the first tenants at the "new" downtown along "old" Main Street.

A food basket business, with its start at the home of Peg and Guy Torromeo, opened for the public view in early October. Behind this family affair are real people working together in a spanking new store. Peg summed it all up with the following reasons. "We liked the location, the high visibility, and we wanted to stay in Windsor Locks."

Guy Gaetano Torromeo is the accountant in the crowd; Margaret Corcoran Torromeo, the former physical education teacher; her father, Joseph Corcoran is the former high school teacher, and the new chef on the block is Angelo Torromeo, retired from the St. Francis Hospital.

The varied careers are all hoping for a successful future for their store, specializing in bakery, deli, fruit baskets and gourmet food items. Peg quickly pointed out it's a family store.

**SOME BACKGROUND** on the management: Guy was born in Italy. At the age of three, his mother Eleanor and father Angelo left their hometown of San Marco,

40 miles from Naples, for the new country, settling in Hartford. Guy received an associate degree in accounting from the Manchester Community College. Before Pegasus, Guy was employed by a large grocery store in Hartford. He's been a member of the U.S. Army Reserves for the past 13 years.

Guy married Peg Corcoran in 1972. They have two daughters, Kathy, five, and Michelle, 12, a student at the middle school. Peg, daughter of Joe and Marnie Grassa Corcoran, is a native of Windsor Locks, attending Southwest and the high school for three years. She graduated from the Enrico Fermi High School in Enfield in 1973, and earned an associate degree from Asnuntuck Community College. Five years later Peg received her B.S. in physical education from Central Connecticut State University. She taught gymnastics for three years around the area.

Her father, Joe, will be remembered as the former business teacher at the high school from 1952 to 1970. He then entered the state Department of Education as consultant for community and teachers colleges. He retired in 1982, but is back adding

to the family affair. For years, in fact since 1955, Joe has shown another side as an actor in local shows. He's been in "Born Yesterday," "Arsenic and Old Lace," and "The Odd Couple," which he co-starred with Paul O'Donnell. The shows were part of the Mark Twain Masquers and the local Pine Meadow Players. Joe, a native of Lynn, Mass., is a graduate of Boston University (B.S. and master's) and the University of Hartford, advance study certificate.

**FOUR HARD-WORKING** individuals, with diverse backgrounds but with a family bond, closer than most stores or businesses. It all began with the assembly of fruit baskets at the home of Peg and Guy. And how did they advertise? In the yellow pages. Luckily, business was getting too big, so they took the plunge into the

downtown scene. On the social side, Peg said, "the families get along well; we're lucky."

And how did they ever pick the name of Pegasus? Joe tells of a television show Peg watched as a child, where a piece of furniture was given the name of Pegasus. (You can look up the name, or the meaning of Pegasus, but not the television show.)

Pegasus, in Greek mythology, was a winged horse, created from the blood of Medusa, that opened the spring of Hippocrene with a stroke of its hoof (it's all Greek to me).

The local foursome at Pegasus probably have the following philosophy: "No enterprise can exist for itself alone. It ministers to some great need, it performs some great service, not for itself, but for others: failing therein, it ceases to be profitable and ceases to exist." (Calvin Coolidge)

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## at the Pegasus

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

# Tony Mazza: Grand Knight and Much More

Anthony Thomas Mazza is currently the Knights of Columbus Grand Knight, at the local club on Elm Street.

But his involvement in other organizations is also worthy of note. He manages to fit in this important role in addition to the National Guard, State Police Auxiliary, many years at the Metropolitan Water District, being father of four and being called grandfather by six.

Known to his fellow knights and other associates as just Tony, he's a Hartford native, and takes all the responsibilities in an easy-going manner. He has a tough exterior, but after an hour or so, one of his daughters, Lynn, assured me he's a nice guy and a softie at heart. I had to agree.

**TONY GREW UP** in the capital city. He attended school, but left before graduation in order to help support the family. The family of Joseph and Louise Mazza (both born in Italy) consisted of four sons and two daughters: Joe of Windsor Locks, John and Mike of East Windsor, Jane Ratcliff of Windsor Locks and Mary Belval of East

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Windsor. (Jane was a C&K interviewee in December of 1980.)

The Cypress Road resident never found the time for any type of organized sports, saying only, "I did play some sandlot football . . . it was rough, with no gear. We just went out and played." Years later, Tony managed softball teams in Hartford and some Little League in town.

He supported the family with hard work on area farms and in some construction jobs until the U.S. Army called for his services in 1950. After training in Virginia, Tony was made a member of the Army's military police units. He served nearly two years, mostly in Germany, before returning to civilian life in 1952. For the past 14 years, Tony has been a member of the National Guard with what he calls "two-week vacations" each summer, as part of the Guard's requirements.

**AFTER A YEAR** out of the Army, Tony decided he'd better settle down to a steady job. He certainly did. Next month, Tony will have been with the Metropolitan Water District in Hartford for 31 years. Spending 29 of those years on the road driving, he finally decided he'd had enough and now works in the yard.

In April 1961, Tony married Roseann Cafazzo of East Hartford. They met through a mutual friend and have lived in town for more than 20 years. Roseann, also better known as Sue, and Tony have four children: Steven, Denise, Lynn and Susan. Steven of Windsor Locks and Denise of Windsor, both have three children for Sue and Tony to spoil. Lynn, a sophomore at the high school, plays softball and manages the soccer team. Her sister Susan, an eighth

grader at the middle school, plays softball and soccer and is the manager of basketball. Lynn calls the Mazzas a "sporting family." Following in her dad's bowling shoes, Lynn is now a learner in the art of big pins at the Bradley Lanes. Tony has been a steady 180 bowler at the same lanes for years.

**IN ADDITION** to the many activities of Tony, we must include a lifetime membership in the AmVets of Enfield, being a fan of the Dallas Cowboys on television, and helping Lynn and Susan with their daily delivery of the big city newspaper for the past five years. Camping at the Connecticut shore has been a family tradition. Sue and Tony have also enjoyed a journey to Hawaii, a few days in Bermuda and a cruise to the Bahamas.

When it comes to the discussion of the KofC, Tony Mazza is all business. The 15-year member (also Fourth Degree) was selected last June for the role of Grand Knight. He conducts the monthly meetings on the second and fourth Tuesday of the month, and will until June of 1985.

Next year the Riverside Council No. 26 will celebrate its 100th Anniversary. It all began in August 1885. Committees have been set up for next October, covering a fashion show, dinner dance, talent night and other events for a full week of community and KofC celebration.

### EPILOG:

Tony Mazza is a family man, however manages to keep his hands in other activities to round out a busy schedule. He includes his daughters and wife, whenever possible. And Sue has her own little business venture, Ma's Place on Old County Road, with deli sandwiches as the main dish. Tony was asked who he most admires and there was no question. "Sue. She is a fantastic lady." Tony wasn't sure of his

personal philosophy, but with Lynn's help it was agreed: "To be needed is love; to be loved is needed."

# Please Excuse His Crotchety Old Friend

'Twas the Friday before Christmas and a column was due.

So with apologies to Jim Murray. . .

I woke up Friday morning and went to look in the mirror. The guy in there was having a birthday next week. I won't tell you which one. Sufficient to say, he's much older than I.

I check on him every year or so. I can't seem to get rid of him. He keeps getting older while it's well known I'm growing young. I'm somewhere between 45 and 62. He's God-knows-what.

He's got these pouches under his eyes. His skin is kind of blotchy. (I'd call it jungle-rot.) God knows, my skin is clear.

This guy in the mirror has another birthday . . . and with Christmas the next day. Not sure it's a good time to be born, even for him. The world celebrates a bigger birthday, and that's fine with him and me.

This guy in the mirror, he's always getting heartburn while it's well known I can eat spicy spaghetti and polish it off with a quart of beer. His hair is getting white around the edges while mine is a light brown, say, like Paul Newman. He's always trying to get me to go to bed early, but I fool him. I stay up clear through the 11 p.m. news some nights.

HE USES a wood for an approach shot to the green. I, on the other hand, choke down on a wedge. He creaks when he walks. I cross a room like a panther. I notice he's put on a lot of weight, but I can still get into my army uniform. He can't even putt. Me, I'm deadly at 30 feet.

I keep young. You never hear me, when Craig Nettles boots a ball at third, say, "Pie Traynor would've got two!" When a guy makes a leaping catch in the outfield, I never say "DiMaggio would've been waiting for it." I don't look at Larry Holmes and say, "Dempsey would have killed him." The guy in the mirror sticks to the past. I don't. I have to throttle him to keep him from saying to Walter Payton, "You're not a patch on Jim Brown, kid." Or that Otto Graham has it all over Dan Marino.

You date yourself with that kind of talk. This guy actually boasts he saw Babe Ruth hit a home run once. Personally, I like to ask people if there really was a Babe Ruth or if he, like Santa Claus, is a grown-ups' lie.

He's always complaining the nights are darker than they used to be and he wonders why everybody has started to whisper and not talk up like they used to. He plays television so loud you can hardly hear

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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yourself drink. Personally, I can hear snow falling. Or a cat crossing a rug. Upstairs.

HE LISTENS TO Frank Sinatra. He wears ties. I'm into break dancing myself, I wear a gold chain once in awhile, and none of my shirts button.

He's always going through the dictionary. I could write one. I remember every word ever written. He's always wondering how to spell "obsolescent." It's listed on page 918 of the Random House College Dictionary.

He tries to tell me to be my age. I tell him to shut up and get me a 10-speed bike for Christmas. His teeth are bothering him. I eat corn just to annoy him.

My sister and her husband, Alice and Lenny of the Branford Jacksons, have sent me a birthday card for him culled from an old Bob Steele radio program. It's perfect for him:

"You know you're getting old," it said, "when the following happens."

1. Almost everything hurts . . . what doesn't hurt doesn't work anymore.
2. It feels like the morning after the night before . . . but you haven't been anywhere.
3. All the names in your little black book end in M.D.
4. You look forward to a dull evening.
5. Your knees buckle, but your belt won't.
6. You're 16 around the neck, 38 around the waist, and 105 around the golf course.
7. You sink your teeth into a steak. And they stay there.
8. You try to straighten the wrinkles in your stockings . . . and find out you're not wearing any.
9. A little old lady has to help you across the street. She's your wife.

Well, those are some of his problems. To tell you the truth, he keeps me young. Whatever he tells me to do, I do the opposite. If he says, go to bed, I go to the weekly dance at the Polish National Home. If he says, write nice about Windsor Locks . . . or New York City, or Yale . . . I tear into them. If this old geezer thinks he owns me, he's got another thing coming.

Merry Christmas to him in the mirror, his family, his friends and to the town of Windsor Locks, the city of New York and to Yale.

# Some New Year

*"Let us walk kindly, friend;  
We cannot tell how long this life shall  
last,  
How soon these precious years be over  
past;  
Let love walk with us, friend."*

Let's have a little fun with our friends in town, with some of their hopes for 1985.

Peter Tria: A trip to Italy and a visit to the Trevi Fountain.

Shirley Horan: Direct traffic at the local election in the fall.

Sam Draghi: Continue to give pleasure to others, just being yourself.

Sue Tremblay: Is pro basketball in the cards for this talented young girl?

Bob Newbury: Proves again that good guys finish first, contrary to what Leo Durocher said.

Bob Rumbold: To beat Jim Rumbold on the tennis circuit.

Ziggy Bednarz: Keep up the hard work, the world needs guys like you.

Hugh Montgomery Jr.: Keep those letters to the editors coming.

John Montefusco: A new system to find my black boots.

Gloria Rucci: Continued Renew feelings at St. Robert's.

Stan Szwed: A putter with diamonds like the one Bill Savitt has.

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## cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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Peter Lepak: Continued drum activity, and drum lessons for P.J.

VFW Sports Night: Continued success. How about honoring the 1965 Little League World Champs? (It's been 20 years.)

Dave Sarrasin: To play the GHO at Cromwell in '85.

And how about the boys and girls in the smoke filled rooms?

Ed Ferrari: Don't forget about me.

Scott Storms: Another try in '86. It comes around fast.

Barbara Manning: Another local election coming up. Better get started.

Bob Oliva: Who will be your campaign manager for First Selectman?

Marie Dengenis: That-a-girl; stick to the two-party system.

George Hall: We are what we say; the buck stops here.

Cliff Randall: Another year, another election, another victory?

Con O'Leary: Washington, D.C. is looking for young Democrats.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, DECEMBER 28, 1984

# Wishes for 1985

Dave Wenc: Keep telling Windsor it really does need a new Route 91.

K of C: Successful 100th birthday celebration.

Len and Jean Senofonte: A big trip in the fall.

Russ Lose: Speaking of travelers, what country to visit next?

John E. Sasali: A horse in the Derby.

Joe Corcoran: Another appearance on the local stage.

Ray Ouellette: Is this what John and Bill did all those years?

Red Sox and Whaler Fans: As much as things change, things never really change.

Maybe 1985 will be different, because in the past, those teams broke your heart.

Senior Class (1985) WLHS: Add another "Broadway" hit to the school's fine stage record.

Town of Windsor Locks: Let's change the following: "New Year Resolutions: something that proves most of our weaknesses are too strong for us."

Bill Poggi: Plenty of early spring golf for this retired nice guy.

John Scanlon: How about a name for March 17?

To all the readers of the Journal: Happy New Year and Good Health in 1985.