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Dante Foster: A Man Always in Character

Dante Francis Foster.

Sounds like some author, or someone related to that Italian poet, but the people who may know his full moniker, know him best as just Danny Foster, currently the permittee of the local Veterans of Foreign Wars on Fairview Street.

And Dante (I prefer Dante; Danny is rather ordinary for this extraordinary man) certainly qualifies as a veteran of foreign wars, serving in World War Two, the Korean War — and other wars of serving others.

To say Dante has been around would be an understatement. Born in Lawrence, Mass. to William and Kay Foster, with an Irish, Scottish and Italian heritage, he attended local schools performing on the track and football fields for old Lawrence High. Dante had two brothers and one sister. His mother, Dante recalls with a certain amount of pride, was on the New York stage in the musical hits "Broadway Melodies" (1933-36 vintage) as a singer.

DANTE HAD wanderlust during those high school days. He left before graduation (making up for it in later years), traveling throughout the 48 seeing how the other half was facing those Depression years. He ended up in Hartford, deciding to stay, but it was short lived. In May of 1940 he joined the U.S. Army. His basic training was in Texas; then came Pearl Harbor, time overseas, and D-Day, plus one, all in Dante's service record. After a soldier's tour of Europe, Dante was re-assigned to the Pacific; however, Japan's defeat changed his travel plans. He was discharged in August of 1945. During the European campaign Dante served with honor, receiving numerous medals and storing memories of fallen buddies he will never forget.

He returned to Hartford with high hopes and ambitions, with the familiar pin of the veteran, known as the "ruptured duck," proudly displayed. He and a friend ventured into the butter, egg and chicken business, mainly in the south end of the capital city. They sold door-to-door,

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

building up a customer listing of over 300. But things didn't work out. After only three months Dante and friend separated. What to do? Dante took a job as a prison guard at the State Prison in Wethersfield.

He had joined the National Guard after discharge, and when the Korean War broke out Dante left the life of a prison guard, back in the uniform of a different cut. He finally got to see the Pacific, with duty in Okinawa.

BACK HOME, Dante returned to guard duty at the prison. In 1955 his life turned around, beginning with National Guard commitments, which gave him the opportunity to receive that long-awaited high school diploma. In addition, he took classes at Fort Bliss, Texas and Fort Sill, Okla. by attending radar school, taking correspondence courses from the University of Maryland. This earned the boy from Lawrence a B.S. degree. The business world could wait.

Dante signed up for active duty with the army. He was shipped a second time to Europe, with Germany as base of operation. This time he toured Europe, but not in battle fatigues. For the record, Dante was discharged in 1967, and given credit for 26 years' service. He began as a raw recruit with the rank of private, was given a direct commission ("which should tell you something") and at the discharge ceremonies it was Maj. Dante Francis Foster.

He admitted, "there were bad times and there were good times, but if you put them all in a hat, it was pretty good," referring to the years in the service.

On his return to Connecticut it was decided that Dante, his wife Madeleine Carter Foster, a native of Maine, their two children, Richard and Mary, along with the family dog, would jump into the family car



Dante F. Foster

for a trip to Florida. The Fosters tried it for three weeks, and as someone once said, the best laid plans . . . it wasn't for them, said Dante. He added, "The weather was not what we thought it would be, so we just returned to Connecticut."

The next several years for Dante was a series of different positions, all in the business of manager or cook at area clubs or restaurants. He admitted, rather matter-of-factly, that he's a good cook, or as he expressed it, "a half-gourmet."

FOR THOSE who are not aware, Dante opened a luncheonette in Warehouse Point and the Bradley Bowling Lanes, had two years at Rosewood in Simsbury, moved to the Hop Meadow Country Club for another two summers, tried Hardee's in town and also in Glastonbury, the Knights of Columbus in town, and Raffa's in Glastonbury. For the past year or so, you've found Dante

at the VFW.

Dante Foster is a man of many talents (in addition to cooking) with bowling and golf as his hobbies, and (don't forget to mention) he's "the set-back king of the KofC." He is a former commander of the VFW in Glastonbury, and holds memberships in the KofC and the American Legion. When veteran days roll around, Dante can be seen in full uniform ("it still fits"). He says, "I wear it for the less fortunate . . . those who gave their lives and are not here to celebrate."

He is also a grandfather eight times. Richard, who lives in Seattle, Wash., has six and Mary, who resides in Pennsylvania, has two children.

When asked who he most admired, the military came first with names like Patton and Marshall. Then he said, "after those two great generals, I admire Dr. Christian Barnard, who performed the first human heart transplant."

The interview with the former soldier was at the VFW club rooms. We were surrounded by pictures of local sport figures, with such well-known names as Bob O'Connor, Fran Aniello, Doc Linqua, Mike Heneghan, Jim Rumbold and Dan Sullivan, to name a few. Included in those pictures were the guest speakers with names such as Rocky Marciano, Frankie Frisch, Mel Allen, Ron Francis and Bobby Thomson. I was informed by Dante (and Joe Marinone) that the popular sports night for 1985 will be held sometime in the early spring.

EPILOG

Dante Francis Foster, no author or poet, but soldier and restaurateur most of his life. A life with the normal ups and downs. He can be happy-go-lucky and yet has a serious side. "When I wake up in the morning I thank God for the day . . . and may I be worthy of it."

Another old soldier said, "Old soldiers never die . . . they just fade away." Not with Mr. Foster. He is always in character.

Manny and Mary,

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Manny Mandirola and Mary Meade: high school sweethearts in the early '40s. Manny Mandirola and Mary Mandirola: happily married in the middle '80s.

They have raised a family of four daughters and now can spoil four grandchildren. Manny and Mary have earned the right. Manny with the formal name of Charles John Mandirola was born on Center Street. Mary first saw the light of day on School Street. She attended St. Mary's and a year ahead was Manny at the Union School.

In the late '30s and early '40s the only sport played at the high school was baseball. Manny and some familiar names played four years for the old Raiders. The names: Lou Nai, Ed Malec, Tom Silk, John Durnan, Bob Quialivan, John Carnevale, Jack McCue, Tony Christian and how about Fred Krause. After high school most of those fellows played either with the AA's or Kettle Brooks, the two semi-pro teams in

town. Manny remembers the large crowds that came to see the boys of summer play the only game in town.

As for the family background, Manny's parents, Charles and Louise Mandirola, came from Italy. He has three brothers: Tom, who also lives on Stevens, a former C&K interviewee; John, who resides on Center Street and Ray, a resident of Long Island. The only girl in the family is Rose Pespi, another well-known name in town. A nephew, Bill, was another C&K column from a few years back.

Mary's folks were Francis Meade and Katherine Fleming Meade. Mrs. Meade will be 90 years old Jan. 17.

LADIES FIRST as to careers. Mary, fresh out of high school, joined the Southern New England Telephone local office for a eight-year hello record. The family of girls came next and mother stayed home. Once the girls were in school, Mary decided to try the working force once again. It turned out to be quite a steady position. The St. Mary's Credit Union has had her smiling face for the past two decades. She's even into computers these days.

For Manny, it was a trifle different. In December of 1942, Charles Mandirola became Private Mandirola, U.S. Army. After training in Missouri, Manny, as part of the Engineer's Corps, left the states for the island of Kwajalein (a small atoll in the Marshall Islands, Pacific Theater of Operations). The engineers were part of the invasion forces and after the securing of the island, it was a six-month tour of duty on the sunny atoll for Manny and his outfit. He was shipped back to Hawaii and the eventual discharge from the Army in July of 1945. Every day a letter was postmarked at the Windsor Locks Post Office from Mary to Manny's APO number (Army Post Office). Their only contact during the two years and several months were these letters, so important to any soldier, sailor or marine during those World War II days.

Manny and Mary were back together

the war was over. The following year (1946) they were married at St. Mary's Church. Their first daughter was Rita, now Mrs. Glenn Smoak of Virginia. They have one daughter, Erin. The next blessed event came in twos: Kathy and Karen. Kathy is now Mrs. Dennis St. James, living in Phoenix, Ariz. with their two sons, Justin and Ryan. Her sister is now Karen Rabbett and lives in nearby Tucson. The youngest is Susan Abbate, living at home with her tiny son, Salvatore Jr.

AFTER THE WAR, and during the growth of the Mandirola family, Manny was employed by the Connecticut Light and Power Co. The supplying of power to Connecticut residents was his life's work for 33 years. He retired in 1979, but only for three months. As a lark, he took the postal exam for letter carrier. He passed with flying colored post cards. For the past five years, Manny has been a well-known postal employee around West Hartford, now supplying letters, checks and the recent rush of Christmas cards.

Manny has many talents, the normal ones, but not as a "Mr. Fixit" around the house. The yard, that's his domain. Golf has been a summer hobby for years, when not listening to sports or reading the newspaper about baseball's St. Louis Cards. Years ago, Manny, Lou Nai and other local Card fans, traveled to Ebbets Field to see their heroes play the Brooklyn team. Back to golf: even May has taken up the game, but didn't mention if she was ever a Card fan.

There's one fellow she is a fan of. Her Manny. Especially when she speaks of the long eight-year night school grind of college, with Manny earning a bachelor of science degree in business administration at the University of Hartford. During the

years Manny has managed to find the time for the Knights of Columbus, Veterans of Foreign Wars and to serve on the board of directors for the St. Mary's Credit Union.

It is sometimes hard to define who one admires. However, Mary's father was her first and last choice, while for Manny, it's "my sister Rose. She's there when you need her," he said, thinking over the possibilities.

EPILOG

Charles "Manny" Mandirola and Mary Meade Mandirola are individuals who "take one day at a time." You can expect ready smiles whenever a newcomer enters their comfortable home on Stevens Street. They are just normal folks, and could not understand how a story with them as the main players could become a "Cabbages and Kings" column for the week. I have news (or a story) for them: they supplied the facts, and with nice folks like Manny and Mary, it was a piece of cake.

High School Sweethearts

Kevin Oliva, '85 Senior Class President

The family name of Oliva has been a household word in Windsor Locks throughout the years.

There's "Babe," Bob and Alice, and now Kevin Charles Oliva, the 1985 Senior Class President of the high school.

Young Kevin, like his father and grandfather before him, is a native son. With the mix of Italian and Irish blood (Alice is a McCarthy), he was bound to be outgoing, to know his own mind, looking to the future and a leader among his peers. That's Kevin, or as he is also known, "Leaves," an unlikely moniker given him during Little League days, under Coach Mike Heneghan.

The high school senior began the education cycle at the Union School (kindergarten and first grade), and second to eighth grade at St. Gabriel's Parochial School in Windsor. Kevin's musical talents came at an early age, as member of the St. Gabriel band (playing drums). This continued as a freshman in high school. Kevin's involvement in sports consisted of Little League, basketball in grammar school, track in his freshman year and the past two falls as a member of the school's football team.

KEVIN IS ONE OF five children, with one brother and three sisters. The oldest of the Oliva family, on Sutton Drive, are twins Robert and Lisa, 20 years old, followed by

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Kelly, 18, and Maria, 12. Robert is a student at Western Connecticut, Lisa attends Holy Cross in Worcester; Kelly, Our Lady of the Elms in Chicopee, and Maria is an eighth grader at St. Gabriel's. Both of their parents are active in the educational field at the local high school. Bob Oliva is a history teacher, while Alice provides reading techniques to the freshmen, right up to the senior class. Yes, Kevin had both of his parents at the blackboard. (He admitted, his mother was somewhat stricter as a teacher.)

Kevin's high school political career (if that's what it's called) started when he was elected treasurer of the Junior Class. This year, as president, with the able assistance of the officers, special plans are already under way and they are hoping for a banner year. The officers? Vice President, Carol Desovich; treasurer, Tammy Chapman, and secretary, Gail Paganelli. (Gee, Kevin and three girls . . . times have changed since my high school days.)

Since September, the Senior Class has been busy on the following projects: the magazine drive, plans for the Senior Ball in



Kevin Oliva

May, the Patron's Drive, under way soon, and the Class Play (Windsor Locks' answer to Broadway) to be presented in mid-March. The play? "Annie Get Your Gun."

The Senior Class Outing and Graduation will wind up the years at high school for Kevin and his classmates.

NEXT FALL, Kevin will enter the Wentworth Institute in Boston to major in business (sales management). Kevin, not one to stay put, recently enrolled in the "on-the-job" training at Hamilton-Standard and is learning what factory and machine work is all about.

Some thoughtful comments from Kevin: in the real world of politics (which his father has been known to tread), Kevin said he's "not involved . . . I stay away." He does enjoy "action movies and slow rock" (not too much heavy metal, he added, which really confused me). His parents? "Great." Grandparents (the Olivas and McCarthys) are "fun to be with."

Kevin, who admits "I take after my father," is a Yankee fan in baseball, roots for Boston College in football and for the LA Lakers in basketball. His hobbies are "having a good time with my friends."

How's this for loyalty? "Kevin, what's your opinion of Windsor Locks?"

"The town does as much as they can for the youth. I'd like to spend the rest of my life here; go to college, get a good education, marry and raise kids, right here." Adding, "it's a good community, everyone knows everyone." That's Bob and Alice's boy, Kevin.

And their boy had this to say: "I admire both of my parents . . . they are always there when I need them."

EPILOG

Someone famous once said, "It's too bad that youth is wasted on the young."

Probably true, in some cases. Notwithstanding the famous with their tainted views, youthful Kevin Oliva has not been standing still (Bob and Alice will verify that) and has an idea of what the future may hold, be it in Windsor Locks, which is his Utopia.

Let me be the first to say, good luck to Kevin and the Class of 1985.

Bob Marsh — Helping To Do Things Right



Robert Marsh

"People always remember me. . . I'm six-foot eight," said Robert Ainley Marsh. He is so right. The Greenwich, Connecticut native is a giant of a nice guy who was recently appointed a product line marketing manager for the Stanley Hardware Division of the Stanley Works.

Bob is into the the Stanley motto of "Help to Do Things Right." He not only lives by those catchy words at the workplace, but at home with his pretty wife Jan. Bob lived in town two years before their wedding, which took place in November of 1983. (At the time Jan was working in New York City). They now have found Windsor Locks to be "convenient to their many friends in the area."

BOB GREW UP in the affluent part of Connecticut, graduating from the Greenwich High School in 1973. He played some basketball (naturally) on the varsity level, but really preferred playing the game with friends, and not in competition. College days were spent up in Henniker, N.H. (near Concord) at the New England College, receiving a bachelor of arts in 1977. Again basketball was confined to fraternity friends; however he did earn a letter when he performed on the lacrosse field. Bob is now enrolled in the MBA program of Hartford Graduate Center.

Bob and Janice Wooldridge, of West Hartford, met at the wedding of Jan's cousin in 1979. The miles between West Hartford and Greenwich did not speed up Cupid's job until four years later. Jan is a grad of Northwest Catholic High School and until recently was employed by the Conning Company in Hartford, a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Her retirement. . .? Only because in February the Marshes are expecting their first child.

BEFORE SETTLING down at the Stanley institution, Bob's employment record began at Peerless Nuclear in Stamford as sales administrator for government contracts. After three summers, Bob came up to this area, when he joined Combustion Engineering, Inc. in Windsor, as a member of the Contract Administration Department. Variety became the spice of life. . . Bob left C-E for General Electric becoming their New England Sales Representative.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Last year Stanley offered a better mousetrap and hired Bob as manager, with the responsibilities for the division's line of fasteners, plumbing and floor care products.

When he entered Stanley, after the necessary filling out of forms, he was asked two questions. . . "What is your handicap in golf and do you play softball?" Yes, he said, I play softball (last year in the Windsor Town League, but Windsor Locks is looking into a trade. . . what a first baseman he must make). And affirmative to the golf question, without divulging any actual handicap. (Probably hits the ball a mile.)

Bob and Jan are the outdoor type. They both ski. For starters, when not up in Vermont, they have traveled to Austria for the snow pleasure and far out to Utah. In the summer Bob can be found at the Hartford Tennis Club and is a non-resident member of the Greenwich Country Club. Like all of us, he has a few favorites in the spectator sports. . . Yankees, Giants and Whalers.

AROUND THE HOUSE, Bob has accomplished several remodeling tasks, all with the genuine approval of Jan. Probably

at six foot, eight inches, he's handy to have around the house for those high places. And how about being so tall? Taking it all in stride, he said, "actually it is an asset. . . everyone sure remembers you." Any specific problems? "Yes, in clothes. For example, my shirts have to be made specially, especially with a 17½ neck and sleeve length of 39."

EPILOG

Bob and Jan Marsh, an All-American couple, with their classy sporting backgrounds, are now well settled in Windsor Locks. It took a few years and diversified positions before Bob latched on to this new career at Stanley helping to do things right.

1985: a new year for this outgoing twosome and a whole new life coming up with the addition of a baby soon.

The following seem so right for Bob and Jan. "May you always have these blessings: a soft summer breeze when summer comes, a warm fireside in winter (when not skiing) and always the warm, soft smile of a friend."

How Does It Feel to Be Retired?

"How does it feel to be retired?"

"I can't really say, today is my first day."

"Your first day?"

"Yes, February first. I worked yesterday. Well to tell the truth, I didn't do much. Said my goodbyes. That's the toughest part. Leaving so many great guys and gals. After 20 years, seven months and 16 days, a person is bound to know a few people who fall into the category of friends."

"So what are you going to do with your time?"

"I find a few things to do. . . the dishes, raking, taking out the papers and garbage. There's a million things to do around the house."

"I know, but the dishes and those other jobs. . . come on."

"I'm serious. All right. I intend to write a few columns, as I have been doing the past nine years, 10 months and four days."

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

"Wait a minute. How come you know the exact years, months and days?"

"Well, you have to have a mind that counts those things. Maybe not important to some, but to me, they are."

"That's right, you're a writer. Any novels in the future? You know, the great American novel?"

"Isn't that funny. I do have one already typed. I wrote it about nine years, 10 months and five days ago."

"Here we go again, with the time machine."

"Sorry about that. What else do you want to know?"

"What about the summer months?"

"That's the easy part. Swimming, the GHO and more swimming."

"The GHO. That's right, you usually spend a week of your vacation at Wethersfield, or better said, at Cromwell. Right?"

"Yes."

"HOW ABOUT the lowdown on retirement?"

"What do you mean? When someone retires, or why?"

"Yes."

"Well it isn't an easy decision. Of course, money is a factor. But is it the most important? Some people think so. You have to have enough for the essentials. You may have to go from Heinken to Bud. But that's no big deal. Instead of eating out at night, you eat at noontime, a lot cheaper and they usually serve the same as at night. I guess the most important thing to remember is that a person must have something to keep them active. After 40. . . well, I'll forget that."

"I have been active for many years and the body just can't stop. You can stop and sit all day and watch the tube, but that's not the way to be happy. One thing, stay out of your wife's way. She runs the house and even helping with the dishes and the other necessary routine tasks add up; keeping your distance is probably the first requisite for a happy home with your wife of . . . shouldn't mention the years. Women have a phobia about time and ages. What else can I say?"

"I suppose you'll be playing a lot of golf?"

"Yes. Even my wife is into the game. There's nothing as relaxing as being on the fairway trying to be Arnold Palmer, but playing like Betsy (I use that every chance I get)."

"Do you have any regrets?"

"If you mean, that I never became president of my company, no. You have to know your limitations. I've enjoyed the years

and the few companies I have been connected with since leaving the service. I met many types of individuals. Someone once said, 'You have to know the good guys and the bad guys.' I always figured I knew the difference."

"WOULD YOU CONSIDER yourself a success?"

"What is success? An understanding wife; two daughters, the tops; three grandchildren; lots of fun. Emily Dickinson once said, 'Success is counted sweetest/By those who never succeed.' You figure it out. A little too deep for me."

"If you mean, that I never became a major league baseball player, or made millions on the stock market, owned a home on Hilton Head or was nominated for the U.S. Senate or the Grand Marshal at the Rose Bowl Parade — if that's what you mean, I guess I never made it. You have to remember, I have known cabbages and kings. In fact, I write about them all the time. I believe one is given what best suits them, be it knowledge, money or some understanding of others. I'm sorry. The guy who owns the Cadillac may be the most successful, but first find out how he got the big car. We are all successful in our own way. Frankly, I didn't think this would turn out to be so philosophical."

"Well, you are doing all the talking."

"Yes, I guess I say too much. But some writers are like that. We have to express ourselves and the typewriter is our relief valve."

"See you on the course."

"Sure. By the way, are you retired?"

"Of course. I retired years ago. Best thing I ever did."

Columnist Jack Redmond is retiring from Combustion Engineering, Inc. after 20 years. He will continue to write his "Cabbages and Kings" column, which he has authored for 10 years.

Everyone Knows Friendly Maudie Karp

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

If you think of Maude, of the television show, Auntie Mame of the Broadway show, add a sweet disposition and a ready smile, you'll come real close to Windsor Locks' own Mary Young Karp. As everyone knows, its just plain Maudie to her friends and business associates.

When it comes to names, she lets you know right off, the name Maudie was given her by young Billy Malec, son of her good friends, Gen and Vic Malec of Windsor Locks.

Maudie was not born in town, she is a Boston (Dorchester) native. At the age of three, she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young of Windsor Locks. The little girl's life changed for the better with her new found normal life with this surrogate couple, a fact she was proud to relate. Maudie is proud of many things since her early days at 88 North Main: The Youngs for instance, who, for all intentions, were her parents. Mr. Young was a well-known resident in the '30s and '40s, attaining vice-

presidency of the Bidwell Company.

Mary Young attended the Union School in town, McDuffie School for Girls in Springfield and the local high school. She was married to James Karp of Suffield. They lived in Suffield many years, where Mr. Karp was involved in politics.

When you mention Maudie's girls, her face lights up. There's Janice, Cheryl and Gail. And six grandchildren for her to spoil. Her oldest daughter is Janice McConnell, married to William McConnell. The McConnells live in Suffield, with their two children, Kelly and Billy.

Mr. McConnell has his own business, the Flow Equipment Co., while Janice is in the nursing profession. Billy and Kelly are both into skiing; however, Billy has added

golf, tennis and hockey to his sports activity.

Cheryl is married to Brian Ward. They live in Broadbrook, with their two children, Danny and Sarah. Cheryl and Brian are teachers in the Windsor Locks Middle School. Gail is the wife of Art Shinnars. They live in Stowe, Vt., where skiing is their business, as well as teaching their sons, A.J. and Forest, the art of the slopes.

Speaking of art, Maudie's working career, in most cases, involved a closeness to people, which is an art in itself. One must have the right personality, if geared to serve people, and that is Maudie Karp. For example, she was employed at the following "old" Main Street establishments: Marconi's, Garbarino's and Modern Drug. She tried her hand at office work at Kaman for four years. She was a nurse's aid in private practice. For the past five years she has been into real estate, saying, "I love it, because I like people."

Another people activity she is quite proud of, was the 10 years as volunteer for the American Red Cross in the Hartford area. She was recipient of an award from an old friend, then-Governor Ella Grasso, all with proper ceremonies at the mansion. Maudie said it was her proudest moment. Other volunteer services included work with the local Democratic party. They could always depend on Maudie, especially when Ella was running for office. A decade of volunteer work should also be noted, with the VFW Auxiliary in Suffield.

Maudie has two hobbies: watching television — "I'm crazy about golf and ten-

nis, the nightly soap operas" — and listening to country music, by her favorites Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton, to name a few. She has had her share of vacationing on the islands, namely Puerto Rico, the Bahamas and Marco Islands in Florida.

Neighbors (like the Dave Peelers) and friends, whom she calls "golden," are the Malecs, Joan Larson, and Julie and Francis Gorka, who are special to Maudie. Across the river and down the road, East Windsor Restuarant is a very special place for this lady, who holds court (my words, not hers) on weekends with yet another group of friends, whom in this case, she calls "super. . . a group of folks I happen to share breakfast with." A cheery "Hi," greets everyone from Maudie, who makes a habit of eggs and home fries at that popular eatery.

All who know this friendly lady, probably will not be surprised to find that when she was asked to state her philosophy, she said, "Be kind to people. . . be nice to the elderly. . . and be yourself." Admiration, beyond her "golden and super" friends, was for the individuals who struggle, make their mark and remain the same person, as to their treatment for others. In other words, success doesn't spoil them.

Epilog

Mary Young Karp is all these things. She doesn't realize her contribution to society. What a place this world would be if we all used some of Maudie's friendly smiles and sweeter disposition when we meet others during our daily routines.

I'm glad I know and met Maudie Karp.

Ted Kone: Big Pin Bowling Is His Game

The setting was perfect: Earl Anthony's Bloomfield Bowling Center. The interviewee was a bowler with 15 perfect scores, Ted Kone. The subject, on a perfect, cold, windy January evening was, of course, bowling.

When you talk to Ted, Windsor Locks' other Big Pin Bowler, (Pete Couture of another C&K column, June 1977, is the other), bowling is the only game in town. Be it Bloomfield, Windsor Locks or Garden City, N.Y.

Ted, son of Al and Rose Kone, gave the professional tour a true test for two years (1978-1979) developing strong opinions on all phases of the game. As a 10-year-old student, he was exposed to the game for the first time. It was duck pins, but when he took up the game seriously, Bradley Lanes and the big pins were more to his liking than the ducks at the Villa Rose Lanes.

AT THE AGE of eight Ted's family moved from Hartford to Windsor Locks. Al (a C&K column in November 1980) is the owner of the popular Villa Rose Restaurant on Spring Street. Young Ted attended Union, Southwest and the High School in town (Class of 1966). Two days after graduation, he joined the U.S. Air Force.

Four years later (June 1970) he was discharged after service in Texas, South Carolina and the war in Vietnam. Ted was reluctant to discuss the political or actual conditions of his stay in "Nam." He did leave the service with a record of 135 combat missions to his credit. The mail from home usually included copies of the Windsor Locks Journal, for Ted to keep up with the latest local news and sports and obviously, the bowling scene.

On his return to Windsor Locks, he joined his parents at the Villa Rose. This post-war employment lasted only two years. Ted wanted a change, and it meant picking up and moving to Florida for a three-year period. Two of the years were spent at Miami-Dade College, where he earned a degree. In 1975 he moved back to Connecticut. It was then he decided to take up bowling as a second career. Up to the present time Ted has worked at the restaurant, a year at Hamilton-Standard and last summer he began his own lawn care business.

DURING TED'S high school days, bowling weekends at Bradley Lanes turned into more than a hobby. He became friendly with another local boy, Larry Lichstein (who was serious about becoming a professional), who he credits for "giving me my start" in bowling. Just to keep it in the neighborhood, Ted said, "Pete Couture showed me how to stay in bowling." When you think about it, both Larry and Pete were mentors of Ted Kone.

Looking back to the tour, Ted said, "You have to learn to bowl all over. Due to the surroundings and lanes, your home average (say at Bradley) is a lot different than on the road." The left-handed shooter was just a "rookie" on the tour, with his body doing the bowling, but his heart and mind were concerned about financial considerations,

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which could be the biggest factor on staying or going home.

However, Ted does have a few good memories . . . like at Garden City, having a 300 game and being the alternate (sixth man) for the national television show. Speaking of those Saturday afternoon shows, he said, "Yes, I still watch the show." He follows the tour closely and remembers the Roths, Anthonys and Pete Couture, who he calls "the most determined individual I have ever met."

Ted hasn't put the bowling ball in the closet, not by any means; he bowls locally in three leagues, Commercial, Steak Club and Bradley Mixed Classic. He maintains a professional 215-218 average. Come April (8-13) the Bradley Lanes will again host the (newly named) Pat Boone GHO Bowling Tournament on national television.

Looking forward to the GHO, Ted?

"Yes," he said with a smile, "but I still will have to qualify."

WHEN ONE SPEAKS of the bowling tournament at Bradley, there are names synonymous with this annual event and with the state of the art for bowling in this area. Men like Red Burnham (who writes "Knock on Wood" weekly for the Journal Inquirer), Ken West, Jack Callahan and others. "They and others are involved," according to Ted, who is close to the scene. He added, "those men are responsible for bringing national television to Bradley and this area. Bowling has come a long way since I started."

Bowling is not the only sport in town for Ted. He also plays a respectable game of golf at Oak Ridge and Copper Hill, with an eight handicap for 18. The left-handed golfer

admires Jack Nicklaus on the links, Lawrence Taylor (Giants) on the gridiron, when not rooting for the Yankees and Celtics.

An injury to his shoulder curtailed Ted's bowling career in the past; however, when asked about the tour (remember, he's only in his middle 30s), he said, "maybe the winter tour (January-April)." His personal philosophy has always been "take opportunity (or gamble)." And as he said, "maybe."

When he was on tour, the understanding of his parents was a factor which he is grateful for.

EPILOG

"Ted set a torrid pace with games of 267-279-226 for a 700 series," a recent Red Burnham column stated. With scores like that, Roth and Couture can move over. However, as Ted pointed out, it's an entirely different ball game on the road, especially away from the friendly confines of Bradley Lanes. When the opportunity presents itself, a Ted Kone may just pick up his favorite ball and join the Roths and Coutures. Ted is still in the prime of life, and bowling is his game.

Darryl LeFebrve: Active Rotarian and Realtor

There is a great deal behind the name of LeFebrve, as in the real estate firm of Merrigan and LeFebrve.

Darryl James LeFebrve is a man in motion. Not as the soccer star he was back in the Sixties, but perpetual motion with constant dedication, be it the Rotary Club, real estate organizations, the Catholic Church, father of two small girls, or the husband of pretty Dale Merrigan LeFebrve; and just to top it off, he performs at the family organ with a rendition of "Memories," from "Cats," with a sound and motion which is strictly Broadway.

The South Elm resident was born in Rockville, but feels like a native for many reasons, one being he came to Windsor Locks at the age of one year. Darryl attended Union School and graduated from the local high school in 1965. He played soccer for three seasons under Coach Dan Sullivan, one year as the state champs. People like Charlie Zein, Albert Lee, Ernie Sadowski and Bill O'Neill were just some of his teammates.

A YEAR OR SO after leaving high school in 1966, Darryl joined the U.S. Air Force. He served nearly four years in Texas, Arizona, Florida and 18 months overseas during the Viet Nam War. Darryl was an aircraft crew chief for strikes in Viet Nam, operating from Thailand. In addition, he saw the sights and sounds of Okinawa and the Philippines.

Once back home, Darryl decided to take advantage of the G.I. Bill. His first move was to sign up at the Northwest Community College, where he earned a degree. During those college days, he had it in the back of his mind to enter the field of real estate. The first chance he got, the young veteran passed the requirements and secured his license. The first job was with another local firm, Colli and Wagner.

Today, Darryl is the LeFebrve in the Halfway House Road Real Estate firm of Merrigan (Raymond & Gary) and LeFebrve.

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He is also the LeFebrve in another union with the Merrigan family. He is wed to Dale Merrigan LeFebrve. Dale, a native of town, was a hairdresser by trade (10 years in the business). She is a graduate of the Creative School of Hairdressing. When she was about eight years old, Dale experienced a different culture, when she and her parents (Dad had a business venture in mind), traveled to Puerto Rico to live. They were there three years.

SEVERAL YEARS LATER Dale met Darryl at one of those Friday night dances for the youth of the town that were held at the Knights of Columbus. They have been dancing together ever since. Dale is a grad of the local high school, class of 1968. The active couple have two daughters, Amanda and Adrienne. Amanda, seven and one-half, attends South School, and is into gymnastics and tap dancing. Her sister, Adrienne, five, is also a tap dancer and nursery school takes up her time before she enters the kindergarten in the fall.

The LeFebrves are a closely knit family. Dale said the girls are always sharing pleasures with their parents: bowling, going to the movies and trips to the Bahama Islands, Florida (Disney World) and all of New England. "The kids love to travel as much as we do," added Dale.

That's Darryl's family, and business. . .now for Darryl the active man in motion. He was president (1984-85) of Windsor Locks Rotary Club, has served on the North Central Connecticut Board of Realtors as president of the board in 1983, and has also served on the Legislative Committee. He was named 1984 Realtor of the Year and is a former president of the St. Robert's Parish Council, and with his wife, Dale, has been active in the following

movements: Marriage Encounter, RENEW and Cursillo.

AT ONE TIME Darryl's sporting activities included tennis. Scuba diving, woodworking ("a playroom for the kids") and teaching Amanda the sounds of Broadway on the family organ are now occupying his leisure time. Dale, on the other hand, just enjoys being home with time for reading and cooking, and a mixture of exercise in the Jane Fonda tradition.

The congenial couple were in complete agreement as to their personal philosophy and strong opinions on the town of Windsor Locks.

A few catchy phrases covered both subjects. On philosophy, "change with the times; be young at heart; do the best you can each day; I'm part of all that I meet."

Windsor Locks, stand up and listen: "A town that reaches out, has family feelings. It has a secure feeling (police protection) and provides a helping hand. . .(You) are never to far from anything." And last but not least, "We just love this town."

That's Darryl James LeFebrve, Rotarian and realtor and his pretty wife, Dale Merrigan LeFebrve.



Darryl

Pecora and Klein: Partners in Dentistry

"Dentistry: The diagnosis, prevention, and treatment of diseases of the teeth and related structures, including the repair or replacement of defective teeth."

The above description is very clinical, certainly covers all the ground rules of dentistry — but leaves out the human ingredients, especially after meeting two new energetic nice guys, both dentists, doctors Nick Pecora and Dean Klein.

The New York State natives opened their partnership in the general dentistry practice on Halfway House Road in October of 1982.

Their philosophy, in a profession where most folks dread the trip to the dentist, is to "be nice to people. We are very professional, but not in the formal sense." They attempt to make patients feel at ease, be it listening to music (with personal headset to drown out the noise of the drill) with soft comfortable furniture to relax in, and softer colors in their shiny new offices.

THE "DAMON and Pythias" partnership began when they were both students at Harpur College, a part of the State University in Binghamton. Nick was a couple of semesters ahead of Dean at college; their paths crossed in a few years when they decided on Windsor Locks to open their practice.

For some background on the Nick and Dean team: Nicholas John Pecora was born and raised in Rochester, N.Y. Dean Ira Klein was a New Yorker, growing up in Valley Stream on Long Island.

Nick was involved in "school politics" at college, as president of the student council and active in campus clubs. During his high school days Nick spent four months in Germany as an exchange student. In college the friendship of Nick and Dean grew as members of the intramural football team. Dean excelled in hockey, both in college and high school.

After leaving Harpur, Nick attended New York University Dental School, graduating in 1978. The return to more familiar surroundings found him as an intern at St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester. This was followed by three years working

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for the Public Health Department, just outside the city of Buffalo.

The two young dentists always kept in touch during those years. Dean said he always had the idea of being a dentist even as a young boy. Dean received his dental training at Columbia University, graduating in 1981. His internship was spent at St. Joseph's Hospital in Syracuse.

THE AREA OF Rochester, Buffalo or Syracuse was their training ground, known for the cold winters. Dean wanted to return to the New York area; his family was there, he had relatives in Connecticut and had spent summers in Norwich. When they both agreed to open a practice in Connecticut, Dean worked a few days a week in Waterbury and New Haven.

The reason for choosing Windsor Locks? They said the tornado of 1979 actually played an important role in picking out a permanent office space. Property, just off Route 75, and just over the town line in Poquonock, had offices occupied by a dentist. It was destroyed by the storm, and after being rebuilt, was not adequate for their needs. They chose Halfway House Road office space, with assistance from attorney William S. Bromson.

Nick probably summed it all up with the following. "I just wanted to be a dentist in a small town." Dean, in looking back, said in discussing their practice in town, "I love New York. . .but I wouldn't want to live there." The bachelors live in different towns, Nick in Granby and Dean in Windsor. They have found the people of Windsor Locks friendly, warm and willing to just talk over a cup of coffee. Just two big city boys finding a nice place to practice their art.

Dentistry aside, Nick has his own garden, plays the piano, enjoys most kinds of music, ice skates and is a biker. Both are Hartford Whaler fans (Dean grew up rooting for the New York Rangers). Dean



Nick Pecora

Dean Klein

also plays a mean piano, is into photography and is a student of jazz.

In civic and dental organizations, Nick has recently joined the Lions Club in town and both are members of the Hartford Dental Society, Connecticut State Dental Association, the American Dental Association and the Enfield Study Club, where dentists in the area discuss the latest in their profession and do some socializing.

Admiration for the town and its residents is only exceeded by their personal admiration of two men. Nick admires his Uncle

Frank Antonitto, now deceased, who in Nick's words, "was always fair — just a good person." Dean's father, Leopold Klein, heads Dean's list for "what he did (during his life) especially going into business and (surviving) during the Depression years."

EPILOG

The team of Nick Pecora and Dean Klein "takes each day as it comes" and tries to "live by the Golden Rule."

I figured the good guys wouldn't mind a few dentist's jokes:

Dentist: a fellow who bores you to tears.

"How is your sore tooth coming along?"
"Oh, it's driving me to extraction."

"I was so cold last night, I couldn't sleep, I just lay there and shivered."

"Did your teeth chatter?"

"I don't know...we don't sleep together."

Dentist: "That check you gave me on your last visit came back."

Patient: "Sorry Doc, but so did my toothache."

Frank Sutula

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

The best time to catch Frank Peter Sutula at his Passport International Cafe on North Street, is at 8:30 a.m. on a Monday morning. We met last month, at that early hour, spending two hours discussing a personal chronicle of his life, family, time as prisoner of war during World War II, as the police chief in Suffield and now owner of the popular eatery.

After two cups of coffee, a few salesmen and telephone calls (he's a busy guy), I found a most interesting human being with stories of brutality, friendship, admiration and what it takes to run a restaurant. And in addition, the promise he made himself while a prisoner in Germany.

A man with many nicknames (Hy, Rocky, Tulip) he was born in Westfield, Mass. At six months, Frank and his parents, Tommy and Priscilla Sutula, moved to Suffield. He was the oldest of three children. Joe and Frances Wosko came after Frank.

He attended grammar and junior high schools. The family owned a farm (dairy and tobacco) where Frank remembers the early morning and late nights milking the cows. At the age of 16, Frank lost his father. He quit school to help on the farm. With the death of his mother (in the late '30s) Frank moved into the home of his uncle and aunt.

AFTER PEARL HARBOR, Frank so wanted to leave the farm and enlist in the service of his country. However, his uncle, legal guardian at the time, would not sign the proper papers. But in 1942, Frank was

of draft age, joining the U.S. Air Force in October. For the next 42 months Frank got his chance to serve his country.

Frank found himself in sunny Florida, with hundreds of rookie airmen, after the train ride from Fort Devens. Before his adventure overseas Frank attended mechanic school in Florida and gunnery schools in Texas and South Dakota. He was eventually assigned to a bomber crew, leaving the states by boat from Fort Dix to Ireland in early 1944. In the Emerald Isle he underwent six weeks of training in German intelligence. The course consisted of how to survive, who to contact in the underground, what to say and what not to say, if captured.

In early June, at that historic time, Frank earned his first battle star as a tail gunner and, as he put it, "to soften the beaches of Normandy" for the upcoming invasion. The first mission resulted in being shot down, crashing into the English Channel and being picked up by the British forces. For this, the crew was given a week in London, when Frank became acquainted with Piccadilly Circle and other points of interest.

THE SECOND MISSION was into "the deepest French territory," he said. For the record, the role of tail gunner meant 10

hours in a kneeling position at the rear of the famed aircraft of World War II.

The third mission's target was Hamburg, Germany. On the way "home," the plane was hit by ack-ack (anti-aircraft fire). The plane was slowly losing altitude, the pilot hoping to land in the North Sea, with "bail out or crash landing" imminent, Frank said.

The plane continued on, was hit again, and Frank and two others were told to bail out. They did. As Frank hit the ground he could see the plane level off, with others jumping into the unfriendly ground below. Frank landed in a potato field. The training in Ireland was uppermost in Frank's mind as a bunch of "German youths" were soon close by to capture the American from the sky.

He was soon joined by the other two crewmen who were forced to remove their uniforms and march naked through the small town to the camp where the German youths were stationed. Their short walk was marked by yells of the local women, and people who attempted to beat them with sticks and spat at them. Frank, in looking back, said, "It was a time of war . . . I would probably understand now, if the same ever happened here."

"NAME, RANK and serial number," the all too familiar requirements of prisoners to say at the time of capture. That's all Frank gave the officers, who showed him a bomb crater made by Allied planes. "It will be filled with Americans," they said. It was a scare tactic that didn't work on the boy from Suffield.

The next 11 months meant traveling across Germany in box cars at times, and other times just walking. Berlin and Frankfurt were stops for Frank and the others, until their arrival in East Prussia. Potatoes, and more potatoes were the main food for the POW with an occasional carrot and horsemeat meal. Frank's weight went from 160 to 128 during the 11 months.

In May of 1945 Frank was liberated by the British, and transported by C-47s to Belgium. It was a time to relax, be cleaned up and provided with uniforms for the train ride to France to await shipment home.

They spent time getting used to eating proper food, with Frank explaining, "We received six small meals a day; any more would be a disaster to our systems."

Finally they left Europe by boat to New Jersey and soon Frank was home in Suffield. Not long after a short rest he was on the move to Atlantic City, where the Air Force had plans for B-29 training and to be part of the Pacific War. This did not become a reality for Frank. He was shipped to Myrtle Beach, S.C. and was eventually discharged. He had served his country.

GOING BACK TO SOME SORT of normalcy for the returning veteran meant a variety of jobs, raising tobacco, the roofing business, running a gas station on Turnpike Road in Windsor Locks, and joining the Suffield Police Department.

Soon after becoming a policeman, Frank met Sonia Billey, a Windsor Locks native, at a dance and they were soon married. The Suffield residents have three daughters: Christine, Janice and Dorcey. Christine is married to Jim Horanzys. They have two daughters, Jammie and Erin. Another familiar restaurant, located in Westfield, Mass., "Take Five," is owned and operated by the Horanzys.

Why did he become a police officer? Frank, always candid in his personal story, said, "I was stopped by a Suffield policeman for speeding and it (the actions of the officer) forced me to react in such a way that I figured if this is the treatment (citizens) received, I thought I could do better." He did, joining as a regular in October of 1949. In 1953, Frank was named chief and served until November, 1980 after 27 years of serving the citizens of Suffield. No, Frank doesn't watch the "cop" shows on television or any of the "Hogan's Heroes" shows concerning life in the POW camps.

How did he get started in the restaurant business? As a member of the VFW (Suffield, charter member and former commander), Frank was asked to do some cooking (he had been a POW cook, just to

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keep busy) and with that the Suffield Caterers, Inc. was born. It is now run for weddings and special events by his wife, daughter and sister. In October, 1974 the "Passport" was opened and now is a full-time job for Frank. While he was chief the daughters ran the business, until his retirement. One of his best customers was his late friend, Ella Grasso, who would pull him out of the kitchen to have a cup of coffee.

FRANK, IN ADDITION to the VFW, is a former member of the Windsor Locks Lions and Suffield American Legion. He is a life member of the AmVets of Enfield. He is a member of the POW national organization, the Connecticut and New England Police Chiefs and the International Association of Police Chiefs.

As chief designer of the "Passport," Frank manages to find time to hunt, fish and ski in Vermont. The family vacations have included trips to Europe, California (their honeymoon) and the islands in the Caribbean. As a kid, Frank played baseball

and in later years coached in the junior basketball league in Suffield where one of the boys was young, (now Coach) Danny Sullivan. Speaking of the Sullivans, Frank admired Dan's father, the late and former First Selectman of Suffield, Mr. Daniel Sullivan. Frank said, "a great man . . . he was sincere and told it like it was."

EPILOG

Frank Peter Sutula has served his country, the town of Suffield and now serves the area folks who enjoy good eating.

During his time as prisoner of war Frank gained the friendship of a Georgia boy, William Slater. They shared the unreal experiences of GIs, but never lost hope of returning to their homes.

Frank made a promise when he was captured: "If I work hard after being released and accomplish something of myself, maybe (imprisonment) was worthwhile because I know what freedom means."

He has worked hard all of his life by raising a family, as chief of police or serving food . . . he surely has accomplished his goals.

Chief Designer of 'Passport'

Caroline Quinlivan: 'An Old Fashioned Lady'

What better day to interview a nearly 84-year-old sweetheart . . . than on Valentine's Day. The sweetheart was Caroline Rice Quinlivan.

Next month, on April 3, Caroline, sometimes called "Carrie," will be 80 plus four, born in 1901. Number 77 Oak St. has been the mailing address and happy home for this outspoken, friendly and just an old-fashioned lady for over four decades.

Caroline attended grammar school and one year of high school, saying, "I had to leave and help my parents," Fred Rice of Florence, Mass. and Margaret Rice of Pennsylvania. Her first employment (the only job she held, of course with the exception of raising a family) was with the well-known Bigelow-Stanford Co. in Thompsonville. She worked there about three years.

In 1918 she married Charles Quinlivan, a native of Cohoes, N.Y. Caroline and Charles met at a party in her home town. He was a World War I veteran who served overseas in France. Charles came to Connecticut to work at Dexter. He was employed at the local company for 35 years. He passed away 25 years ago, in 1960.

Today, Caroline has a family any woman would be proud to brag about . . . four children, Marion, Edward, Bob and Joan. She has nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Her own children live close; Marion Dineen in Windsor Locks, Edward in Enfield, Bob in town and Joan Durnin in Rhode Island. However, the grandchildren and their children are spread throughout the United States in Wisconsin, the state of Washington, New Hampshire and in Connecticut.

TRAVEL IS NOW very limited, but a few years back Caroline made six trips to California when she visited her daughter Joan. How did she get there? "Well, the first time was by train, but that was too long; the remainder of the visits were by plane." (Which she enjoyed; you may have seen more on the train, she said, but it's much too long getting there.)

Caroline's comfortable home on Oak Street is where she spends her time, saying, "I do my own housework, I shop when I

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have to and, if I want to, I just get up and walk down the street."

How about hobbies? "My hands don't work like they used to when I was doing my crewel" (a type of loosely twisted worsted yarn used for fancy work and embroidery). One of her walls shows off her fancy work, at least the examples she has kept. Others were given away. A fine collection of "Hummels," gathered over the years, fills one of her showcases.

How about the "olden days"? The years are more than just a memory for Caroline. She recalled the Sunday nights when the family sat around listening to music provided by her family with instruments that included the piano, banjo and violin. When the radio came into vogue, she remembers the crystal sets, "with the wire out of the window and headset over the ears to hear what was going on in the outside world." The winters, with sled rides, were always cold and the summers hot.

TODAY, SHE'S an avid reader of the newspapers. After the world news, she never misses the comics with her favorite, "Garfield." Television is mostly on when the old movies are being shown. She tried the new movies and found them "rowdy." In fact, one time, the people were walking out. It wasn't for her eyes or ears. She felt there's a time and place for everything and the movies was not the place.

Windsor Locks has had a lot of changes since her early days in town. Downtown? "They really shouldn't have done it, there was no reason for the changes . . . why, we don't even have a movie in town." (Not that she would go.)

She wondered what I thought of President Reagan? With no answer forthcoming, she said, "Well, Hoover . . . there was nothing to eat . . . and Roosevelt, he gave us Social Security." A lifetime Democrat, Caroline remembers the late Ella Grasso. "I loved Ella, she was a sweetheart . . . I

worked for her every election day. One year, after she voted, she hugged me and it was on the six o'clock news . . . I received a calendar from her and even a thank-you letter when she ran for Governor." She remembers the old days best.

"I have a lot of good friends in town. My good friend, Dottie Colli, now in West Hartford but formerly of town; Carol Creech and Doris Quagliaroli of Oak Street are very close," she said with fondness.

EPILOG

Caroline Rice Quinlivan's smile makes your day. The lady from Oak Street takes life as it comes.

Instead of discriminating against her family or friends, when asked who she most admired, Caroline said with a smile, "Myself . . . for lasting so long."

There's an old Arabic saying, paraphrased for this old-fashioned lady: "When you see an older woman and she is amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-natured, be sure that in her youth she has been just, generous, and forbearing. In her later years she does not lament the past, nor dread the future; she is like the evening of a fine day."



Caroline

Jack Redmond, writer of Cabbages and Kings called the office to say that 85-year-old Caroline Quinlivan — who was written up in the Journal last week — had received lots of compliments on Jack's article. Only problem was, Jack thought she said her husband's name was Charles. His name, however, was George. Jack told her he'd set the record straight.

Al and Joan Hartwig -

"Let me count the ways," not in the literary sense, but in the life and times of Al and Joan Hartwig. Their numerous acts of dedication, cooperation, involvement and friendship have led to, what Al jokingly called "a confusing life ... but interesting."

Counting the ways of this kind couple of Reed Avenue, reads like a town's activity schedule: the Girl Scouts, American Red Cross, Little League, American Legion, Italian American Club, the restaurant and catering business, girls' softball and personal sport participation in golf, bowling and skiing.

Where did this Herculean twosome come from? Alfred Ernest Hartwig was born in New Britain, raised in Hartford. Joan Fontana Hartwig first saw the light of day in Manchester, Conn. They have lived in Windsor Locks for 22 summers, with a few years in Hartford and Agawam, after their wedding day in May of 1956.

Al was a product of the Hartford school system in the popular North End of the city, with two other of our town's personalities, Al Kone (Villa Rose) and John Macaluso (of the market bearing his name). Al's sport scene at Weaver (class of 1946) was as a high jumper on the track team.

WHAT WAS HIS first job? "I started work at 12, delivering groceries, until I was about 19. Deli food was my life (for earning money)." Other employers know Al's dedication was Underwood, Hamilton-Standard and 38 years with Air National Guard.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

The ANG had a rather funny beginning for Al Hartwig. According to him, "a few friends and I didn't have anything to do (on Tuesday and Thursday nights) so we joined the ANG." It turned out to be most of his working career. In 1950, during the Korean war, Al was called to active duty, spending two years on Long Island (good duty), replacing regular units for duty in the Far East. He is now quasi-retired.

Just so we don't miss any of Al and Joan's interesting ventures ... while residents of Agawam they operated a restaurant and catering business on the town's Main Street. For five years they provided "coffee and," with, I'm sure, plenty of good conversation.

For Joan, her other employment was followed by work at Hamilton-Standard, HiG, Windsor Manufacturing and Redington in Windsor. After her graduation from Manchester High School (class of 1944), she worked at Hartford Hospital as a member of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps. At Hamilton, Joan worked days. Al was on the night shift. At a weekend dance, Joan's sister Rose introduced Joan to Al, with wedding bells waiting for a future weekend.

Al and Joan have a son, David. He is employed at Dexter. Young Dave has two sons, David Robert and Jason Allan. Their father is

a grad of the local high school (1977) where he starred in football and basketball. During his youth Dave played Little League where his father provided management of the kids for five seasons. Just to keep it even, Joan was an active president of the Little League Auxiliary.

AL HAS KEPT the management activities alive for the past three years as coach of the Women's Softball Team in town for girls over 18. Reflecting on his Little League experiences, Al had this to say: "The kids who were involved in the program gained so much ... even today, they remember me and it gives me a kick just to see them all grown and still playing at sports they enjoy."

Another person he is quite proud of is Joan. Where she finds the time, we aren't sure, but Joan is a two-day a week student at the Asnuntuck Community College with "liberal studies" on her agenda. She said her college days began just 40 years after high school (June 1944-June 1984), proving it is never too late for education.

The next involvement is one of many years ... the Girl Scouts. Joan had her start in this worthwhile program back in Agawam, receiving a well earned 20-year pin. And guess what ... Al worked for 15 years with the Scouts.

Joan said, "He was always

- Happily Involved with Life



Joan and Al Hartwig

there when we needed him." Al would set up the day camps, talk to groups in order to raise money and just be a handy man to have around. Back in 1967, Peggy Bout, Ann Burrington, Joan and, old faithful, Al, chaperoned 22 girls for a tour of Washington, D.C. Fond memories were discussed, of the girls and their assistants on the trip.

LAST JUNE, at the height of the floods in this area, Joan volunteered to help out with the American Red Cross. Since then she and Al have served on the Disaster Committee for Windsor Locks. Once a month she can be found assisting at one of the blood bank centers. Al isn't far behind, with his first-aid instructions for all people in need.

(What have I forgot to mention?) Oh yes, organizations, past and present. Joan was president of both the American Legion and Italian American Club auxiliary sections. Al is a former Lion and Mason, back in Agawam, as well as being active in the local American Legion and the Italian American Club.

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Hartwigs — Happily Involved with Life

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Always eager to help the young people, both are advisors in the Legion program.

When they are not collecting antiques, Al and Joan bowl in the mixed-league at Bradley. Joan has even been a scorer at the yearly pro tournaments, seen on national television. Golf is a part of their summers at Airways and the winters you can find them trying their legs at skiing. Camping was a "family affair." Today,

the Cape holds their interest, even after two cruises to Bermuda and Nassau.

Joan admired her late mother, Marie Fontana, who "was always doing something for other people." And speaking of others, Al said, "I admire those individuals in the different organizations who I have met, for having the time to help so many."

Al's personal philosophy? "That's easy; stay active before rigor mortis sets in." Windsor Locks?

The Bednazes: A Standard for Hamilton

Walt and Lorraine Bednaz, between them, have 66 years of employment at Hamilton-Standard. In addition, through the years before and during their personal longevity, they've been active in many fields, ranging from the Little League, Brownies, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and World War II to raising three daughters — and welcoming one granddaughter.

Walter Eugene Bednaz was born and raised in nearby Suffield. Across the river and down from Windsor Locks, in East Hartford, Lorraine Belanger Bednaz spent her early years, graduating from the town's high school. Their roots have been firmly planted in Windsor Locks for the past 34 years.

Before Walt finished high school he joined the U.S. Navy, at the age of 18, in April of 1943. The young seaman traveled from Russia to Saipan at the height of the war, mostly as armed guard on Merchant Marine ships. The first taste of foreign duty was a trip to Africa, with equipment and food for the armed forces. He then escorted the Third Army to the invasion of Naples, Italy.

AFTER RETURNING HOME for a week's leave, Walt found himself on a "lend-lease ship" (an aid program during World War II, through which the U.S. provided food, munitions and equipment to countries fighting against Germany and Italy), bound for Russia by way of Scotland. After delivering the ship, Walt was transferred to another ship for the trip to Ireland, then on to a short stay in England. For the next year or so, Walt performed his duty back and forth across the Atlantic and was a part of history, at the invasion of Europe, on D-Day, plus two.

For the second time, Walt returned home for a short leave. The Navy had plans for Walt and other seamen, a train trip to California. Arriving on the west coast, Walt was assigned to a tanker, whose mission was to transport fuel to Saipan in the Mariana Islands. By now the war was winding down. The mission completed, Walt was returned to the States for duty at an ammunition depot in Nevada. In December, 1945 Walt was discharged, a

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

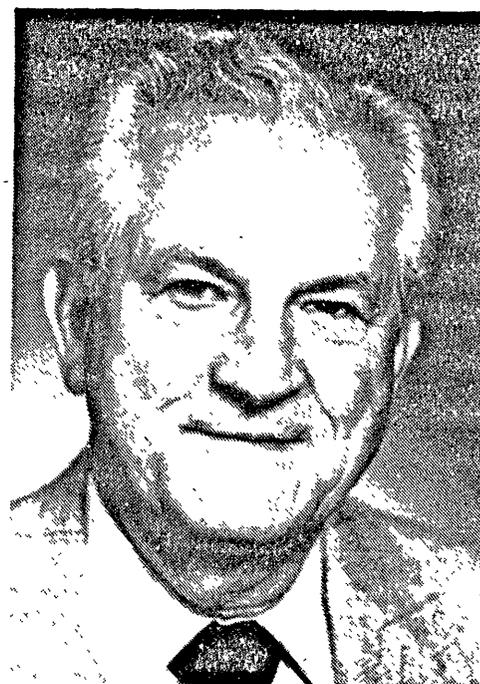
well-traveled young man who really saw the world from Russia to Saipan.

During his tour of duty, letters from home were always welcomed. Many of those letters were from Lorraine Belanger. Her sister and Walt's sister both worked at Connecticut General. It was suggested that young Lorraine write to Walt. The famous link during the war, in the form of V-Mail (postal service in which letters were reduced photographically) became the start of a romance. Back home after a reunion with family, he met Lorraine for the first time, and wedding bells rang in July of 1946.

WALT, LIKE MOST veterans, wanted something different in the form of work and he soon found himself working two jobs: at the Coca Cola plant in East Hartford and a second shift at Bigelow in Thompsonville. Three years after marrying Lorraine, Walt joined the Hamilton-Standard Division and is still going strong. The first 17 years he was in Production Control, and today is a buyer in the Purchasing Department.

The employment record of Lorraine began during the war, while she was a high school student. The afternoons were spent learning the insurance business at Connecticut General. After graduation, she became a steady employee. Her five-year stay was interrupted by the arrival of their first daughter, Kathleen. The Bednazes' family grew by two more daughters, Jacqueline and Diane. The girls all graduated from the local high school and attended college; Kathleen at St. Joseph's, Jacqueline and Diane attended Regis College in Weston, Mass.

JACQUELINA IS married to Richard Viau. They live in Groton, Mass. with their daughter Erin. Jacqueline is the personnel manager of one of Digital's offices in Hudson, Mass. Her sister Diane is the wife of Jeffrey Gabel, living in Suffield. Diane is



Lorraine and Walter Bednaz

into marketing at the Cooper Industries firm in West Hartford.

Kathleen, after a successful career as a teacher in the Simsbury school system, passed away in August of 1971.

One of the reasons the Bednazes moved to Windsor Locks was the report that the town "provided a good education . . . and our girls received that good education. They were accepted into the colleges because of this."

And pleased they are, proven by their actions and deeds over the years. Walt has served on the Zoning Board of Appeals and Building Commission, is a life member of the VFW, its past commander (1966-1967) and was a member of the Little League program, back in the late '50s and early '60s. It was the time when the "kids did not have uniforms," he recalled. He was involved for five summers and recalls some of the pioneers of the early program, including Bob Creech, Sr. and the congenial term of Joe and Betty Marinone.

Lorraine was just as active as her husband, especially with the VFW Auxiliary and, when her girls were of that age, in the Brownies program. This was in addition to over three decades at Hamilton-Standard. Today, she works for the Quality Manager.

LIFE HAS NOT BEEN all work. According to his wife, Walt likes to eat, likes to experiment with food, (especially gourmet), is an avid golfer, likes sailing, maintaining a flower bed in the backyard and camping in New Hampshire. Lorraine enjoys all types of needlework, reading and making all the ornaments for the family Christmas tree.

EPILOG

At the end of the interview, Walt said, "Enjoy the things around you and what Mother Nature gave us." With this in mind, the following by Abraham Lincoln seemed appropriate. "I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Jackie Farran Believes in Volunteering

The first items that catch your eye as you enter the apartment of Jackie Farran are a small bust of John Fitzgerald Kennedy and a Mondale-Ferraro nuclear freeze poster.

Jackie is a "Kennedy fan" and a strong advocate of nuclear freeze. But to stop there would be an injustice to this young lady with the diversified working background and involvements in various causes, popular and unpopular, depending on one's point of view or in what circle one may travel.

The New Jersey native has lived in Connecticut since 1969, and has been a resident of Windsor Locks for four years. Jackie, with the full name of Jacqueline Lee Farran, was a well-traveled school girl, due to her father's occupation of salesman. Jackie lived and attended schools in Florida, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, the Chicago area and finally in Connecticut, where in 1973 she graduated from the Suffield High School.

HOW DID THESE changes of schools and addresses affect Jackie? "There was certainly more variety," she said. "I have lived on farms and in the city . . . it had to be a blending of

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

influences."

It is difficult to segregate Jackie's working career and involvement as volunteer, because all phases are closely related. If you mention the Connecticut-American Civil Liberties Union, League of Women Voters, Amnesty International, USA, "Outreach," Voluntary Action Center, World Affairs Center, Day-Care, you can visualize the personal causes and dedicated routines Jackie has been associated with since leaving high school. During the years following, Jackie received degrees from the Asnuntuck Community College in Enfield (Arts and Psychology) and the Columbia Pacific Union in San Rafael, California (Human Services Administration).

Her first taste of employment began with the weekly "Thrifty Reporter," lasting nine months. The next year or so, Jackie worked for the Voluntary Action Center, with the main function of assisting various organizations in need of volunteers. In 1979, she entered the social service scene as an "Outreach" worker, helping

the elderly in Windsor Locks. This type of service continued at the local Bickford Convalescent Home as their therapeutic recreation director. This gave her the opportunity to be close to individuals with the Foster Grandparent, Friendly Visitation and Telephone Reassurance programs.

JACKIE HAS BEEN a day care teacher in East Windsor and is currently connected with the Business Executives for National Security (BENS) as their field representative. The purpose of BENS, according to Jackie, is to "provide the business leadership needed to seek practical, cost-effective alternatives to the current massive and economically harmful buildup of arms and reduce the risk that nuclear weapons will be used."

The League of Women Voters, the World Affairs Center and the Cancer Support Group have shared her expertise. With the World Affairs Center, Jackie was part of the host family program where on one occasion



Jackie Farran

she hosted individuals from Nigeria, Egypt and Botswana. Her title with the Cancer Support Group was facilitator, which she said "served as focus for patients and to encourage discussion."

The Connecticut-American Civil Liberties Union and Amnesty International, USA, are two of Jackie's current involvements. "The Civil Liberties is for the human rights (of all), assuring the full potential of the individual, and works with the elderly and children. An example would be if assistance is required in court."

Jackie has taken part in the activities of Amnesty In-

ternational, which she said was a world-wide human rights organization, "working on behalf of prisoners of conscience: men and women who have not used or advocated violence, but who nevertheless find themselves imprisoned for their beliefs, color, ethnic origin, or religion."

BELIEVING IN civil participation, Jackie recently became a member of the town's Democratic Town Committee. She was asked how she felt about last year's defeat of Walter Mondale. "The loss diminishes any disapproval (of Mr. Reagan's victory) by the possibility of Senator Ted Kennedy running in 1988." And why Kennedy? "For his early support of a nuclear weapons freeze, his strong support of civil liberties and social justice, and for staying in the U.S. Senate in the face of such personal adversity."

As for the president, she said "I do not care for his insensitivity towards the viewpoints of others." Showing a sense of humor, she added, "If Senator Mark Hatfield (Republican from Oregon) ever moved to Connecticut, I'd vote for him."

Knowing better than "all work and no play," Jackie enjoys reading, writing,

painting, horseback riding and hiking. Not only was she well-traveled as a young girl, Jackie has added the sights of Europe, Mexico and Canada.

Admiration of several world leaders, foreign and domestic, came easy for Jackie, including Golda Meir of Israel, Anwar Sadat of Egypt and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. She has a special admiration for the "Kennedy family, especially Robert." On a more personal note, she mentioned her father, "for his achievement in the sales profession and personal recovery from the Depression years." (Her parents, Ralph and Dorothy Farran, are now retired, living in Florida.)

AS FOR HER OWN work, Jackie is thankful for the assistance of so many people she has been in contact with over the years. She wanted to mention a special "thanks" to them.

EPILOG

Jackie Farran is a special breed—a contributor to helping people. The past decade has been filled with her many acts of kindness, concern and dedication in many projects, programs and causes.

Man of Year, Three Policemen to Be Honored

By JACK REDMOND

On April 19, at the Howard Johnson's Conference Center, South Center and Route 91, four local men will be honored by the town's Democratic Town Committee.

Three Windsor Locks Police Officers and a true-grass-roots party member will be the center of attention for the heroic deeds of the three officers and the other as "Man-of-the-Year."

Francis K. Colli, the honorary "Man-of-the-Year," and better known as just Fran, has served on the Board of Selectmen in town for over thirty years. A life-time Democrat, he has been both a civic and sports-minded individual with member-

ships in the Lions Club and a life-time member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. During World War II, Fran spent over three months as a prisoner of war. The retired employee of Travelers has held the post of Deputy Sheriff and has served on the Sewer Commission. On the sports scene, Fran was a past president of the Little League. Fran was associated with the following prominent members of the town's Democratic party...Henry O'Leary, Mike Sartori, James Rabbitt, Ed Savino, and John Fitzpatrick.

The three officers...Sgt. John McDougal, Richard Post and Gil Lang will be honored for their part in saving the life of Dr.

Robert Wehr at the scene of a fire at the doctor's home on South Center St., in December of last year.

George Hall, chairman of the Democratic Town Committee said the following state and local Democratic leaders will be on hand...Governor William A. O'Neill, U.S. Senator Christopher J. Dodd, State Senator Cornelius P. O'Leary, State Representative David J. Wenc and Arthur House.

Tickets for the affair in honor of these exceptional men may be secured from Mr. Hall, Ellie Leonard or Barbara Donagher, or members of the Democratic Town Committee.



Francis K. Colli, the honorary Man of the Year.

Tony Klönus —

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

"Bingo on Thursday Afternoons and Every Other Friday Evening at the Senior Center."

The announcement means Tony Klönus will be the man calling the numbers at one of the favorite pastimes of our town's senior citizens.

Behind the call of numbers is Anthony John Klönus, a resident of Windsor Locks for the past seven years. Known as just Tony, he is a former New Yorker, and a veteran of World War II, with a distinguished record in the African, Italian and European campaigns.

It doesn't take too long in the conversation with Tony and his sister, Mary Klönus, to find they haven't lost their Brooklynese accent. Tony was born in Brooklyn. However, at four, he moved with his parents to Glendale, L.I., in the Borough of Queens. He attended Public School 91 and graduated from the Richmond Hill High School (Class of '32) where he performed on the cross-country track team.

The Depression years were no picnic for young high school grads. Tony did manage to get employment at a wire and cable company until the year 1940. He realized war was coming, and enlisted in the U.S. Army Infantry. Training was in several locations: Governor's Island in New York, Puerto Rico, Fort Devens (where he heard the news of Pearl Harbor) and in Indian Town Gap, Pa. before leaving for overseas



Tony Klönus as a young soldier

duty. The next 34 months in foreign soil began with the ocean trip on the Queen Mary.

ON THE FAMOUS SHIP were thousands of GIs headed for Scotland, and eventually action in the European conflict. It didn't take Tony and his outfit long to find the action. After training in England, they were on ship again bound for Africa. Their first taste of combat was the invasion of Northern Africa (Oran, Algeria). The Tunisian campaign followed with successful victory over the German forces of the "Desert Fox," Rommel. Next came the "roughest of the fighting" with the invasion of Sicily (Gela). Tony's 16th Infantry returned to England for a rest and preparation for D-Day, the next on their list of invasions.

"D-Day... June 6, 1944... nobody in front of us," remembers Tony. "I never got to make it (to the shore). Lost all my equipment in the water. Luckily I was picked up and returned to the ship for the safety of England and new equipment." By the time Tony and his buddies returned to Normandy, the beachhead had been established.

The next assignment was in France, where, he said, "we kept right on going towards Germany." Tony was given a big task, going back and forth to the front lines with ammunition and the return of wounded GIs to the rear area. It was for his part in this duty that Sgt. Anthony Klönus received the Bronze Star, with cluster. He had served the "Big Red One." (Prominently shown on his shoulder is the picture of Tony as a young soldier.)

THE WAR was now over for Tony with his discharge in June of 1945. The change of uniform meant the beginning of a new career for the returning New Yorker. In a few weeks he was at work for an envelope company. This was followed by a short stay at the "wire" plant and employment at a meat company. Finally, Tony settled down to be an employee of the City of New York in their Sanitation Department. A quarter of a century later he retired, only to work five more years in security for the Chemical Bank of New York.

After the passing of his wife Anna in August of 1978, Tony moved to Windsor Locks to live with his sister and their mother, Mary. The younger Mary had come to Connecticut when Combustion Engineering Inc. decided to try the countryside of Windsor instead of the big city. Mary retired in 1977 after 22 years with the boiler company. Tony and Mary lost their mother in 1984.

Today Tony spends his time "going back

and forth to the Senior Center," but adds, "Mary and I share the housework, and she does the cooking and I do the eating." When he isn't at the center, Tony is the groundskeeper at 48 Midland, with a large tomato garden in the back yard.

MARY AND TONY are both big television fans, especially now with cable and the Met games on this summer. The former American Legionnaire in Queens and Veteran of Foreign Wars in Windsor Locks follows the Celtics on the court, the San Francisco 49ers in football and ever since the Dodgers left Brooklyn for the west coast, he's been a "Met" fan. Tony goes way back — he remembers the old Brooklyn Dodgers at Ebbets Field and when they were called the "Brooklyn Robins," in the '20s.

When asked who he most admired, "Franklin Roosevelt," was the quick reply,

"for the admirable job he did as President. He gave us Social Security, the WPA and CCCs, and a lot of good things."

The transplanted New Yorker is quite content helping with the bingo games at the Senior Center, so this writer figured he'd look up the game of bingo and this is what the Guinness Book had to say.

"Bingo is a lottery game which, as keno, was developed in the 1880s from lotto, whose origin is thought to be the 17th century Italian game "tumbule." It has long been known in the British Army (called Housey-Housey) and the Royal Navy (called Tombola). The winner was the first to complete a random selection of numbers from 1-90. The U.S. version of Bingo differs in that the selection is from 1-75."

So when the senior citizens hear the familiar call of "under B," you'll know it's that friendly guy from New York, Tony Klönus.

Jack McSweegan, A Windsor Locks Cop

"Strong, in mind and body; I feel very secure with him; and he loves his kids."

The kind words, from Kay McSweegan. The man, her Windsor Locks husband and cop, John David McSweegan.

Better known as Jack, the Hartford native and his family have lived in town for 25 years and he's been a regular policeman in town since 1968. Jack and Katherine Petrolito McSweegan are parents of three boys and three girls.

The Irish member of the town's finest is a mixture of Pat O'Brien, Archie Bunker and his favorite cop on television, Kojak. Jack grew up in the North End of Hartford on Winchester Street. He attended St. Michael's, Jones Junior High and is a 1950 grad of Weaver, where he played football. Kay was also receiving her diploma that June, but at Hartford High School. Two years later, the young Irish boy married the pretty Italian girl.

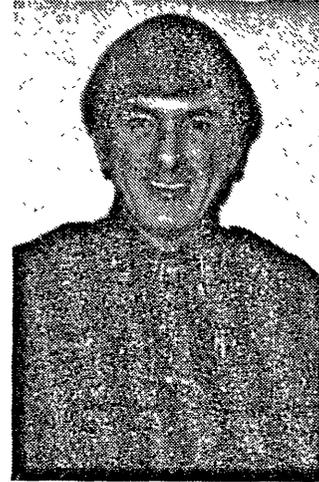
cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

JACK HAS BEEN associated with the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. (A & P) for most of his adult life. After high school he was employed by one of the A & P stores in Hartford at 176 Washington St. He was in the food business for 12 years with the exception of the time spent in the service.

Jack entered the U.S. Army in February 1953 and was discharged on Christmas Eve, 1954. He spent 15 months overseas in Japan and Korea as an infantry/military policeman. How was Korea? "Hot in the summer and in the winter we froze." He was always a fan of the television show M*A*S*H, finding it "hilarious and with many good points."

The returning veteran picked up where he left off at the A & P Co. He was transferred to the LaSalle Road store in West Hartford. During the years working for the A & P and now living in town, Jack joined the Police Department as a



Jack McSweegan

supernumerary. In 1968, he severed his connection with the A & P to work full-time with the police. However, Jack still works part-time with the Suffield A & P store.

Did Jack always want to be a policeman? "Yes, I came from a family of men who were either policemen
Please turn to page 7

Continued from page 6
or firemen. My father, John Sr., was on the police force for 30 years. He (achieved) the rank of lieutenant. My dad was a strong person, fair and good to his family."

Future plans for Jack: to "try to be fair and decent" with everyone he comes in contact with as a policeman. "I have always worked hard . . . had two jobs most of my life."

WHAT ABOUT HIS personal experiences as a policeman? There have been "so may over the years," but he said, with a certain smile, the nights at the old Brown Derby Restaurant on old

Main Street were something.

"They're all good kids," said Kay and Jack, summing up their six children. The oldest is Debbie, 29, employed in Windsor by the Thompson Associates, Inc. She attended Manchester Community College for two years. John III, 26, works at Kaman, and is married to Nancy Magoon McSweegan, who is a teacher at the Middle School (sixth grade). The third John McSweegan in the family is a former Little Leaguer. Kathleen, 24, works with a partner in Longmeadow, Mass. at the Rinaldi Restaurant. She attended Eastern Connecticut.

In 1976 Kathleen was in the National Teen-Age Pageant and was voted "Most Photogenic."

Timothy Halloran McSweegan, 21 — the middle name was his grandmother's — has two years at the University of Hartford and is now attending Boston University as an art major. Number five in the clan is Maureen, 20, a second year student at Southern Connecticut in New Haven, majoring in radio broadcasting. Her parents said she was the "athlete in the family." All five have graduated from the local high school. The youngest is Kevin, 16, a junior at the Raider School

where he performs on the track team.

KAY McSWEEGAN was employed at Aetna for five years until the first of their six children came on the scene. Her husband is a past

member of the VFW where Kay was a busy auxiliary worker.

EPILOG

That's the Jack McSweegan story. A Windsor Locks cop, but not a

"Beverly Hills Cop," no way. Jack is proud of his Irish heritage, a dedicated cop who goes by the rules, and is made from the same cloth as the "Gas House Gang."

Fran Aniello, Jr.: All the Way to State Title

Twenty years ago, Fran Aniello, Jr. was a member of the Windsor Locks Little League World Champions. This year, Fran coached the Suffield High School to the Class "S" State Title on the basketball court.

These two once-in-a-lifetime thrills for any young boy or hard-working coach (especially the LL win) were covered in a recent interview with the popular former player and coach.

The Little League Championship at Williamsport was a triumph for the town's boys of summer and for the town itself. As Fran remembers, the boys' reaction was "it was just a game. . . they did not realize (at the time) how their parents appreciated (the feat) but now I know."

The Suffield High School's first state title was a "community supported effort. . . a lot of pressure on the players and the parents. . . as with the Little League, I fully understand what (my parents) went through, now that I'm older and wiser."

And speaking of devoted sports-minded parents, Fran is the son of Fran Aniello, Sr. and Angie Aniello. Fran Sr. was the subject of another C & K (July 1975), and at that time was referred to as Mr. Little League, a title he has earned and been called around the state. Conversely, Fran Jr. can now be called Mr. Basketball in Class "S" circles.

FRANCIS JOSEPH ANIELLO JR. was born in Hartford. When he was five, Fran Sr. and Angie moved to Windsor Locks with young Fran and their younger son, Billy. Fran Jr. attended Southwest and North Street schools, graduating from the Raider School in 1970. While under the coaching of Dan Sullivan, Fran excelled in baseball, soccer and basketball. His brother Billy, a grad of the class of 1971, played Little League, following Fran's winning ways, as a member of the town's 1966 State Champs. Billy is married to Michelle Morel. They have three sons to carry on the Aniello name in the sports world, along with their cousin Danny.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

From Windsor Locks Fran traveled north to Springfield College where he played basketball, graduating in 1974 with a degree in physical education.

Two years later, he married his "high school sweetheart," pretty Debbie Bourette. The mother of two, Debbie was born in Natick, Mass., coming to Windsor Locks at eight years of age. Debbie graduated from the local high school a year after Fran. She went on to the Hartford Hospital School of Nursing and has practiced her profession at the hospital. Fran and Debbie live in Windsor with their two children, daughter Kelly, six, a student at the Oliver Ellsworth School in Windsor, and Danny, who will be four in July. Danny is a "He-Man" fan, and hasn't got the sporting bug as yet.

THE WORKING CAREER of their father began with a summer job at Dexter's. It turned out to be a five-year summer employment, either in the office or factory. Fran's first coaching assignment was as assistant basketball coach and scout for the Suffield High School. In 1975, Fran worked a hectic schedule as freshmen coach on the court; as scout and doing graduate work. And the same year, he was a "full-time sub" as physical education teacher at the Windsor Locks High School.

Fran's next move, for a year's time, was varsity head coach at the Enfield High School (1976-77). The following season Fran took over the head coaching duties at Suffield and the position of phys ed teacher. For the record, Fran's varsity teams have won 125 and lost 49. The eight years have produced seven tournament teams. This past season was the creme de la creme for Fran and the team, winning the championship after a fine 27-1 season. (Only defeat



Fran Aniello, Jr.

was by Middletown, as Class "M" team.) Two of Fran's boys made the "New Haven Register All-State Team." Ted Lyon, senior, the first team, had a 17.8 season average. Ray Young was honored on the second team. Fran did not want to name the best player he has ever coached, only to say, "Lyon was the best all-around player to come out of Suffield. In addition to basketball, he's quite a golfer." Both players are seniors, so Fran has some rebuilding to do next season. Fran's team was listed number eight in the state's final ranking of high school teams.

AS A FORMER PLAYER and now coach, what were Fran's most enjoyable experiences? "Probably playing. I tried to do the best I could. I guess you would say, I lived to play." He played for Dan Sullivan, and now has coached against the veteran. "Dan will get the most out of his kids."

Didn't he coach some of his sons? "Yes. David, who was on this year's championship team, and Brian." How did it feel to field a team against his old coach? "No

real problem. Once the game started, I was the coach of Suffield and he was the Raider coach."

In addition to basketball, Fran has taken on the duties, during his tenure, of coaching girls' soccer (two years) and boys' soccer (three years) at Suffield. Fran is a member of the Connecticut State Coaches Association.

Any future plans for this talented young man? "Not sure. Let me just say I enjoy the kids. I really like them."

As part of his personal "keeping in shape," Fran plays some basketball in the area and admits he tried golf but "I have a terrible slice." Vacations for the Aniellos usually include trips to the Cape. He's a sports fan, cheering for the Red Sox, Giants in football and the Celtics.

During the interview, Fran was asked who he most admired. "Gee, I have never thought much of it, but probably my father and Bob Cecchini." And why your father? "He's always calm, cool and collected." And Mr. Cecchini? "Better known as Jiggs, he's a heck of a guy. He keeps me going — he's the vice principal of Suffield High School and former athletic director."

Any comments on Windsor Locks? "There's a lot of talent in this town. They are diehards (in sports) and have a lot of pride."

EPILOG

The boys of another summer: Aniello, Creech, Roche, Misiek, to name a few champs of the Little League. Twenty years later, one of those boys coached another championship with boys whose names are Lyon, Young, Sullivan.

Vince Lombardi, famous coach, once said, "Winning is not merely everything, but the only thing." Suffield, like the Little Leaguers won because "it was just a game." Winning is everything, but not the only thing.

FOOTNOTE:

It was fitting to celebrate the 20 years after with a champion in two sports. This date has a personal anniversary: ten years of writing the right stuff about the boys, the girls, and grownups of Windsor Locks; Bill Reilly to Fran Aniello, Jr., with a lot of great folks in between.

Ten Years Later

Cabbages and Kings columnist Jack Redmond today celebrates his 10th year of writing for the Windsor Locks Journal.

April 26, 1975 marked his debut, and since then he has written and revealed the lives of Windsor Locks politicians, local sports heroes and artists. Perhaps even more importantly, he has taken the time to interview those who would not normally make the headlines: the woman who has been collecting hats for 25 years, the family who enjoys picnics and softball at Pesci Park or the husband and wife team who moved from Hartford to Windsor Locks 30 years ago and stayed in town to raise their family.

"I haven't missed a week (of writing) except when we went to Europe last fall," Jack said recently, referring to his trip with wife Rita. "Now that I'm retired," he continued, (he retired this year from Com-

EDITORIALS

bustion Engineering) "I seem to take more time writing . . . the articles are longer."

Speaking of his wife Rita, Jack said she was "his best critic, the unsung hero. She lets me know when my article needs some rewriting." As for the people he has interviewed, writing, he said, allows him to meet residents he would normally never meet up with. And in one case, for example, he reunited some old friends who — until they read the Cabbages and Kings column — were unaware that each had moved to Windsor Locks years ago.

"That's the beauty of it," Jack said of his column, referring to the reunion between those friends and the thrill that many interviewees feel when seeing their names in the headlines.

But the beauty also, it would seem, is his ability to recognize those special qualities in the people he has interviewed — and to share these qualities with his readers.

MANAGEMENT
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Emeritus Life Associates (ELAs)

John P. Redmond, *Springfield.*

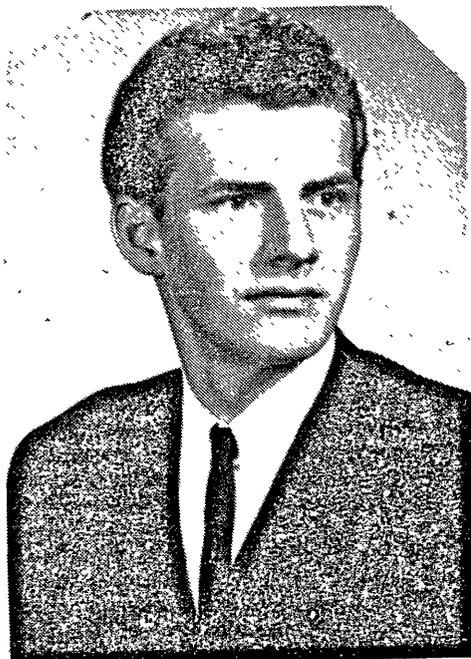
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ACCOUNTANTS
springfield, mass. chapter

RETIREMENT NEWS

Chapter member Jack Redmond has retired from Combustion Engineering, Inc. after 20 years of service. Jack was an active board member of his local chapter in Indiana prior to his employment at C-E. He also writes a popular weekly column in the Windsor Locke Journal called Cabbage & Kings. As a part-time journalist, he has covered the best of the country's golf tournaments including the Masters, Heritage, U.S. Open and the annual GHO.

Congratulations, Jack - many happy returns to you, Rita and your family.

Gerald Staves



Gerald Staves, when he graduated from Rockville High School in 1963.

school and went on to the Hartford State Tech for his associate degree in Mechanical Technology. Years later, Gerald earned his full bachelor degree in Industrial Technology at Central Connecticut State University. The latter schooling meant working days and attending classes at night, in addition to his "partnership" with Brenda.

THE WOMAN BEHIND the man was known in Skowhegan as Brenda Franzose. The place of her birth brings remembrances of "cold winters, with too much snow, and summers being too short." After high school, Brenda wanted to get away from the snow and lack of warm nights, so she decided to leave, moving to Rockville to live with an aunt. (Now you know how the boy meets girl came about.)

For the record, a double date, set up by Brenda's cousin, was the first meeting of Gerald and Brenda. Everything clicked, and they were married in November of 1965. It would be the beginning of travel for the sailor and his bride.

Before the travel plans of the Navy, Gerald worked six months at Pratt. Knowing the draft, being in the Army was too close for comfort, so he enlisted into the Navy. It was between February 1966 and

Gerald and Brenda Staves call their nearly 20-year marriage "a partnership."

This was clearly demonstrated during his U.S. Navy tour of duty, on the local sports scene and raising their three children, Gerry Jr., Jeffrey and Stacy.

Take a boy from Rockville, by way of Southbridge, Mass., and a girl from the cold country of Skowhegan, Me., and it makes for a happy combination. The Staves have lived in Windsor Locks since 1972, and are convinced they have found a town with a fine educational system and leadership in the Little League and Midget Football programs.

Today, Gerald Paul Staves is a hard-working employee of the Building System Group of Hamilton-Standard, United Technologies, family. He has had a varied career since leaving Rockville High School, including work at Pratt & Whitney, being a well-traveled sailor, working the building trades, and now on the job in nearby Farmington at the "energy conservation" division, in the capacity of National Operation manager.

Gerald grew up in the shadow of the famous Sturbridge Village. When he was seven, the family of Gerald and Theresa Staves, and their other four sons, moved to Rockville. Gerald graduated from the high

December 1969 that Gerald found himself on cruises to the Caribbean and Mediterranean Sea. Brenda, on the other hand, found herself, being the good sailor's wife, always on the docks waiting for her returning seaman. During his boot camp and training period, Brenda joined him, their living quarters being a trailer. Their oldest son, Gerry Jr., was born at the Great Lakes Station. Gerald Sr. was then shipped to Norfolk, Va., but this time Brenda and their little son returned to Connecticut. Gerald commuted weekends to be with his family.

THE CRUISES WERE next on his agenda, with Brenda moving back to her parents' home in Maine or Connecticut, depending on how long her husband would be gone, sometimes three months, sometimes six months. On one of her returns to Virginia, Brenda gave birth to their second son, Jeffrey.

In December 1969, Gerald was discharged and now looking back, says, "It was no life for a man and his family. We did have a good time and made a lot of friends; we see a few of them and correspond with others."

Since the civilian status of the Staves, another child has been born, daughter

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Stacey. Her brothers, Gerry Jr. and Jeffrey, have played Little League and Midget Football. Gerry Jr., 18, graduated from the local high school last June, where he played one year of football and was on the gold team. Today, he is hard at work on construction projects. Jeffrey, 16, is a junior at the high school. His sister Stacey, 10, a fifth grader at the South Street School, is "into everything," her parents said, "the choirs at school and St. Robert's, girls' softball, Girl Scouts, acrobatics and has her own paper route for the Journal Inquirer."

THEIR FATHER'S employment, as mentioned, has covered different fields. Maybe one of the most interesting was as

Project Manager at EPCOT (Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow) at DisneyWorld in Florida. The assignment for Gerald meant a trip once a month to the sunny state. Someday he plans to take the family to see firsthand the "energy work" accomplished by his company at the famous tourist attraction.

On the local sports scene, both Gerald and Brenda have been active in the Little League and Midget Football fund-raising projects. At St. Robert's, Gerry has been very much involved in the RENEW program, and has served as a member of the parish council. Both of his sons have been altar boys for Fathers Farrell and Foley.

Vacations for the Staves have been mostly in the east: Virginia, Washington, D.C., Pennsylvania (Amish Country), Canada, and in the summers, trip to Maine. Recreation has been limited for Gerry, a man who enjoys bowling and golf, but admits to be "a work-aholic." But adding, "I'm ready for a change . . . but I do enjoy what I'm doing." For the Staves, one day is special: "Sunday is family day."

Gerry's admiration is for his parents, who now live in Tolland, "for their continued support, always being there when we needed them and being a loving, caring

mother and father." Gerry said of his personal philosophy, "I believe one should be honest (in their everyday life) and be a loving person."

That's the story of the hard-working sailor turned executive, a family man, in partnership with Brenda, who found life much more interesting as a Navy wife and mother of three children, with an active husband.

— Sailor Turned Executive

The Haraldssons: Sweden's Gift to the States

Rune Haraldsson and his family have lived in Connecticut since July of 1981, many miles removed from their native village of Unnaryd, Sweden. Rune, Berit, his pretty wife, and their sons, Rikard and Martin, have found many new experiences in the workplace, the schools and the American system, all agreeing it's "a great place, with a lot of nice people, and opportunity if you want to work at it."

Their original belief that America was "big, rich and that (Americans) know everything" was more or less a false picture. They found, certainly a big country, but everyone was not rich, and we do not know everything. Berit, a fan of the television show, "Dallas," in her native country, found out that Windsor Locks and the rest of the states do not necessarily resemble the life style of the "Dallas" family, with large homes and money from the Texas oil wells.

The Haraldssons are now well settled in town. Rune (pronounced Rooney) is a steady, hard-working employee in East Windsor for the Sprinter System, Inc. firm. Berit, who recently obtained her permanent visa to work, is a dental assistant in the area. Rikard and Martin are in local schools learning what makes the kids, the town and country tick.

RUNE HARALDSSON and Berit Unnersjo grew up in the same village, located in the southern part of Sweden, about 300 miles from the capital city of Stockholm. The weather there is the same as in Connecticut, Rune says; "It rains a lot more at home and here you have many more sunny days."

They both attended the local schools, with Rune learning to be a machinist in the Trade School, after high school. He served one year in the Swedish Air Force, where

service is compulsory. As a young boy Rune played soccer and some ice-hockey.

After their wedding, in the early '70s, Rune and his young bride moved to Halmstad (on the west coast), about 40 miles from their village. The next decade the family grew by two sons, Rikard, now 15, a freshman at the high school, a boy interested in motor sports, and his brother Martin, 10, a fourth grader at the South School. Martin has continued his dad's sport of soccer and the American game of baseball.

Martin came to the States not knowing a word of English. His parents and brother had been taught English at the fifth grade level in school. Berit said English "was difficult, but Martin's teachers were very understanding." His parents had learned British English, and it showed during the interview with yours truly, whose words do not always fit the King's English.

RUNE WAS WORKING in Sweden with a subsidiary of Sprinter System, when he was asked to come to the States to work in East Windsor. He traveled to Connecticut in 1979 for a month to find out about the position and living here. In May of 1981, knowing he was making the right move, Rune returned to find living quarters for his family. They lived in Windsor for a short time before choosing Windsor Locks and calling it home.

The family left their home (actually from Copenhagen, Denmark) for the plane trip to New York City and Kennedy Airport. After the necessary customs procedures, the foursome made the short trip to Bradley, arriving late at night. They stayed at a local hotel. The next morning Mrs. Haraldsson opened up the curtains and her first view was of McDonald's on Route 75 . . . they were in the United States.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

The Haraldssons have fit into the lifestyle of America, enjoying television, especially the hockey games, and movies and soap operas for Berit. What about the food? "There's not much difference in our food selection," said the homemaker, adding, "I still make the favorite, Swedish meatballs . . . I like the habit of eating lobster and the fresh vegetables." And the clothes? She said, "The European styles are much nicer."

HAVE THEY SEEN other parts of the country? "Yes, we have traveled to relatives in Ohio (near Cleveland), seen the fine buildings of Washington, D.C., Niagara Falls and some parts of Canada." The family has returned every summer to Sweden, where Rune works at his old position for two weeks and spends two weeks on vacation.

What about hobbies, Rune? "There's a lot to do around the house . . . in Sweden, a

few years back, I did some flying in small planes, but haven't had the time to pursue a different type of hobby."

Growing up in Sweden, Rune and Berit remember the many village dances they were part of. It was at one of those dances they met, leading to their life together. Another happening, in the '60s, much more a part of history, was the loss of President John F. Kennedy. Although Mr. Kennedy was a popular figure in the States, the Haraldssons felt "JFK was even bigger in Sweden . . . a nice man and a big leader."

The Haraldssons have found America "big . . . sunny . . . open," but with one negative point, and we might agree: "It is not as clean as Sweden." They admit "missing home. Both of our parents are in Sweden and many friends." That's the price of leaving home.

EPILOG

Someone once said: "Immigration: the sincerest form of flattery."

We hope the Haraldssons have found what they want in America, surely a nation of immigrants. So here's a belated warm welcome to them. You folks couldn't have picked a better place than Windsor Locks, settled by immigrants.

DAR Winner Scott Nai Is Off to College



Scott Nai

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Scott Nai was only nine years old, in the third grade, when we interviewed his father, Lou Nai, in February of 1977.

At that stage of Scott's life, he was playing Little League and serving as an altar boy at St. Robert's.

Today, Scott, now an active senior at the high school, is still playing baseball and performing his weekly duties at St. Robert's. The town coaches in baseball, Fathers Farrell and Foley, and his parents, Lou and Ann Nai, have all been a part of Scott's growth — at home, on the diamond and liturgical services in church.

Scott, who two days after our interview (April 25) celebrated his 18th birthday, is a native of Windsor Locks, as was his father, brothers Mark and Damon and sister Nancy, while his mother is from nearby Suffield. He attended Union and South Street schools, the Middle Junior High, and next month will graduate with the Class of 1985.

In addition to the Little League participation, he played baseball and basketball at the Middle and Senior schools. Scott has played for Mike Heneghan, Mike Devin, Frank Grogan, Dick Frawley, Al Shapior, Dave Johnson and his present coach, Dan Sullivan — a roster of dedicated men that boys of any town would be proud to play for in the American pastime.

SCOTT, WHO INHERITED his brother Mark's nickname of "Naiball," has worked before and after baseball games, school

and church duties, in local tobacco fields, Bradley Drug, Geissler's, and currently at the Bradley International Inn.

The school activities, to many students a full schedule, in addition to work and play, did not prevent Scott from achieving membership in the National Honor Society, being a member of the Math Team, the Student Council for three years, and the following offices: president of the freshman and junior classes, treasurer of the Student Council in his junior year and now president of the Senior Student Council.

When Scott was growing up he was surrounded by an active family, with one sister and two brothers. Nancy is the oldest at 27, married to Robert Del Vecchio (Rome, N.Y.). Nancy is a graduate of UConn School of Nursing. They live in Feeding Hills, Mass. and are in business for themselves. Mark, 26, a grad of Post College in Waterbury, is married to Kathy Berniche, of town. This Nai family lives in West Suffield with Lou and Ann's grandchildren, Michelle and Melanie. Their father played Little League, high school baseball and was a soccer star under Coach Sullivan. Damon, 23, following his brother's steps played Little League and baseball at high school. He graduated from UConn and lives at home.

RECENTLY, SCOTT was named the 1985 Senior Class DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) Award recipient. This distinguished honor is given yearly to the "most worthy student." The award is chosen by the following method: The Senior Class votes and the faculty award committee picks the student from the top three vote-getters.

In addition to the normal class work many students participate in outside programs that provide different views of business and world affairs. Scott was one of those students. He attended the following: Science of Humanities Symposium at Wesleyan University in Middletown; Yale Frontiers of Science in New Haven; Business Week 84 at the University of Hart-

ford; Boys State at Eastern State College, and for four years a representative at the University of Hartford in United Nations Security Council discussions. Scott was part of the lottery system whereby a student is chosen to represent a country in the United Nations. His first year he was the Columbia delegate. For two years he represented Somalia and last year, Russia. An interesting trip was going to New York City and meeting, face to face, the Soviet delegate who was most cooperative in discussing his country's role in world affairs. Scott is planning to study business administration at either Boston College or Babson.

THIS TALENTED young man has other interests, outside of work and play, like watching "Hill Street Blues" on the tube, listening to "mellow rock," and an occasional movie "with my girlfriend." Favorites, beside his "girlfriend," are Al Pacino in the movies and in baseball, Tom Seaver, along with Tom's old team, the New York Mets.

How did that come about with his father such a staunch St. Louis Cardinal fan? "When I was five, someone gave me a jacket with a 'Met' patch; I've been a Met ever since."

Speaking of baseball, his dad now has plenty of time to listen and read all about the Cards; he retired last year after 31 years with the state.

Scott would be the first to admit he has had many people guiding him through the hard years of youth. Among those were his teachers, coaches and Father Foley. Scott said, "I learned a lot from Father Foley, just by the two of us talking." Another would be his mother: "A steady influence," she helps him deal "with my problems" . . . (and says) "If you can't change something, don't worry about it . . . what's done is done."

EPILOG

The next step for Scott Nai is college. He's had good training by coaches, teachers, his parents and priest. Those steps will be a lot easier because of them.

Mike Wrabel Jr.: New Public Works Director

This is a story of a man who is home grown, a product of this environment, who made good.

The man is Michael George Wrabel Jr., who was recently appointed the town's Public Works director. Mike is the son of Mike Sr. and Sue Wrabel. The appointment not only made his wife Joyce and their four children proud, but his parents and four brothers.

He's been on the new job since late April, receiving a master's degree in early May. He devotes full time to his new position, remembering the hectic schedule of school and employment, saying he was relieved of this extra weight (securing the degree) on his shoulders.

Mike is indeed a product of the town's school system — Union, Southwest, North Street schools — and graduate of the local high school, class of 1970. Mike received his bachelor of science in biology four years later at the Eastern Connecticut State University at Willimantic. He chose the Hartford University for his master's work, which he said was "a tough grind, especially in the summer."

DURING HIS COLLEGE days at Eastern, Mike met Joyce Parkinson of Cromwell. Joyce also graduated from Eastern, with a degree in biology and physical sciences. After college Joyce worked for the Hartford and Aetna Insurance companies. When were they married? "That's easy . . . I remember because it was the Bicentennial' 1976' he said with a grin.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Mike and Joyce have four children, Michael III, James, Heather and David. The third Mike in the family is six, going on seven, attends South Street School and has just "mastered the two-wheel bike." James will be five next month, is in nursery school in town. The older brothers are followed by Heather, three, and the youngest, David, one going on two.

BACK TO THE new director: before the appointment, Mike had a rather diversified employment record. As a young man he worked at the Bradley Apartments, Bradley Field Coffee Shop, at Sealtest where he learned to work in a freezer and unload trucks, then lab technician for the town of Enfield's Water Pollution Controls (three years). In October, 1978 he came home, so to speak, joining the Windsor Locks Water Treatment Plant as superintendent. Mike was also enrolled as a CETA worker a few years back.

As the director of Public Works today, Mike has the responsibility for the maintenance of the town's roads, parks and the oversight of the new sewage plant on Stanton Road. And that's where we found Mike in his new quarters, where his staff of 18 operate.

MIKE IS A former member of the town's

Jaycees, and admits he hasn't had much time for hobbies but is an avid reader. On the sports scene, Mike goes way back, two decades, when he played four years in the Little League program. He follows the Yankees in the summer months, and on television he's a football and basketball fan. The summers also include family boating and swimming at the lake. On the civic side, Mike has served on the Municipal Resource Recovery Authority.

One of the last questions asked of Mike was, who does he most admire? He knew the question was coming. After a few minutes of organizing his thoughts, he said, "A lot of folks; especially my grandparents, my parents, and several teachers . . . they all had an impact on my life." Mike is a man who admits to treating people the way he wants them to treat him. It must work for him.

EPILOG

Mike Wrabel Jr. has had his share of jobs, from the coffee shop at Bradley to CETA, and now as the town's Public Works director.

Good luck to the home-grown product, a highly educated and congenial fellow. Oh yes — may all the town's potholes be small.

Billy Leary, Grand Lady Of Suffield Street

Wilhelmina Driscoll Leary is a woman with a "strong faith." Known to her many friends and relatives affectionately as just "Bill or Billy," she has lived in Windsor Locks for five decades, raising three children on the family farm, shared devotedly with her late and respected husband, Elmer J. Leary.

For the sake of the story, Mrs. Leary will be referred to as "Billy." The name, at times, caused many telephone callers to request which Billy they wanted to speak to, the lady of the house or her son, the now Honorable Judge of Probate in town, William C. Leary. (Bill was a C&K interviewee in July of 1975.)

The grand lady of Suffield Street was born in East Windsor Hill. Her birthday,

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By JACK REDMOND

come this November 5, will be celebrated for the 80th time. At the age of nearly four, Billy and her parents moved to a large farm in Ellington. She grew up in the farm life style with a brother and sister. She attended St. Bernard's in Rockville, and graduated from the Rockville High School in 1923. Billy chose teaching as a career, taking courses during the summers at Yale, sponsored by the State of Connecticut. Nights, after securing a teaching position in Hartford, Billy attended St. Joseph's College for two years.

FOR TEN YEARS the 7th and 8th grade students at the North East School shared Miss Driscoll's talents. After her children were grown, Billy returned to her teaching career as a substitute in Windsor Locks, mostly at the North Street School and one year at St. Mary's. In 1935, when she married Elmer, she was requested to leave the teaching profession. It was still the Depression years, with a great many people out of work, and teaching positions were given to single women.

Elmer and Billy were graced with three children, William, Mary Ellen and Sheila. William lives in town with his wife Emily Dunn Leary. Bill is a graduate of Providence College and the University of Connecticut Law School. Mary Ellen Card, a graduate nurse, is now a travel agent living in Contoocook, N.H., with her two children, Jennifer and Elizabeth. Sheila McInerney has a daughter, Sarah. They live in Danbury, with Sheila teaching in Ridgefield. William graduated from the local high school, while both of his sisters were grads of Our Lady of the Angels Academy.

In 1967 Elmer "Red" Leary was honored as the VFW Sportsman of the Year. Red was a popular businessman in town. He operated a gas station on Main Street (with the distinction of having the last gas pumps on the curb in the state.) Red's last venture was at Grove and Main where he owned a store specializing in houseware products and electrical supplies. The redevelopment program on Main Street saw the end of Red's business.

MR. LEARY, an Army veteran of World War One, was a member of the Lions, American Legion and the Democratic Town Committee. A big man, Red played semi-pro football in the Hartford area. He passed away on May 4, 1975. The Learys lived in Hartford for a year after their wedding. Mr. Leary, a native of Windsor Locks who grew up on North Main Street, decided to return to his home town. The young couple lived on Spring Street for three years, North Main for ten and then moved to her present home on Suffield Street.

The house, home and farm on Suffield Street was built by John Ahern about 1875. The Learys purchased the Ahern home in 1947, from one of Mr. Ahern's children. Billy was proud to mention only two families have

lived in this beautiful homestead in the hundred years.

Billy said her family have always had "a strong attachment for the farm and home." Billy, as a young girl in Ellington, rode her own horse. Her husband kept a horse at the Ahern barn before he lived there. For years they both had horses on the farm, with their children acquiring the skill of riding. Looking back, Billy remembered all the family history connected with the farm and said, "That's why I love it so much."

BILLY LAUGHED when asked how she keeps busy around the house and farm. A product of the old school, Billy raises flowers, maintains a garden, hikes around the property; a lady who just enjoys the outdoors. She does have one hobby, attending auctions, which takes her away from the house. Saying, "I'm not a great traveler," she has visited Ireland, Bermuda, Canada, Washington, D.C., Nebraska and the Amish country in Pennsylvania.

At St. Mary's Church, Billy has been involved over the years as a lector (five years), member of the Parish Council and the recent RENEW Program. She admires presidents Harry Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt; Pope John Paul II; the Kennedy family and her own mother. "I think of her all the time... a woman who graduated from high school in 1898. She was self-educated and kept a beautiful home." In Windsor Locks politics she said, "Ella Grasso was a big loss. She was a friend to (everyone) who grew up with her." Billy, of course, worked in many campaigns on the local level. Not one to forget sports, besides riding horses, Billy is a Red Sox fan and with her son Bill, has attended many of the Whaler games.

EPILOG

Wilhelmina Driscoll Leary, a grand lady, known as just Billy or Bill, lives "one day at a time," and is a strong believer in her Catholic faith... the faith that "always seemed to get (one) through the day."

She loves her home, being with her grandchildren, the horses and her adopted town of Windsor Locks. Her home has been her life. As someone once said, "Here's to the Home, a man's kingdom; a child's paradise and a woman's world."



'Billy' Leary and her late husband, Elmer J. Leary.

Catherine Hamel: Recalling the Good Years

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

The life of Catherine and Ralph Hamel was one of love, family, activity in town, employment in the insurance world and was "sometimes anxious, but never dull."

The friendly lady, called "Minnie," by her granddaughter, and "almost anything," by her many friends is from Farmington; however, Catherine and Ralph played an important role in their adopted town for over three decades.

Today, Catherine lives with many fond memories of raising four children, and her life with her late husband, who passed away 10 years ago. Ralph, a Hartford native, served this community in many ways. A personal tribute, not forgotten by this gifted lady, was from Fran Aniello, Sr., when he said, "The Little League has lost a real good friend." Catherine, putting her life in proper perspective, said, of her life with Ralph, "We had time together."

The early life: Catherine Keeley Hamel attended the Farmington schools, graduating from the high school in 1936. After a few odd jobs, she settled down at the Hartford Insurance Group, where she recorded a 25-year tenure (with a few years out for four children.) Today, after three years of retirement, she has returned to the insurance group as a receptionist in Windsor.

HOW DID SHE meet Ralph? "I was hired and ended up in the same department (as Ralph) and told him later, "It was the luckiest day of his life."

With Ralph on furlough from the Air Force, they were married in 1944, at the St. Patrick's Church in Farmington. Ralph had joined the Air Force in December, 1942, serving in Oklahoma, Louisiana and Utah, before going overseas to Okinawa. It was the middle of 1945 when Ralph left the States for the Pacific and war with Japan, but he found the war nearly over. He was routed to Guam to wait for the invasion of Japan. The bomb and peace came quick enough for the thousands of GIs waiting to



Catherine Hamel (above) and her late husband, Ralph.

strike the mainland of Japan. In March of 1946, Ralph was home and Catherine did not have to write a single word of love to her airman anymore.

The Hartford Insurance Group continued to be Ralph's choice of employment. At the time of his passing, he had served the group for 35 years. When he returned to civilian status, Ralph saw his daughter Elaine for the first time. She was the first of four, followed by Bill, Ralph, Jr. and Marcia.

Elaine is now married to Bill Steinbach, a native of Meriden. They live in Newington. She is a graduate of Central Connecticut. Bill lives in Windsor Locks, employed by the Hartford Insurance Group (sounds familiar). He attended the La Salette High School and Merrimack College in North Andover, Mass. Ralph, Jr., a graduate of La Salle in Philadelphia, served in the U.S. Marines for three years. Better known as just "Skip," he is married to Kristine, an Enfield girl. They live in Vernon Hills, Ill. with their son, Sean. According to Catherine, they are all returning to Connecticut in August to live.

MARCIA AND HER husband Michael Hickey, live in Windsor Locks with their

daughter, Meghan. Marcia, while at Lawrence (Mass.) General Hospital, as a nurse, attended nearby Merrimack for two years (after her duties at the hospital were over for the day), in addition to graduating from St. Joseph's in Maine.

Looking back, Catherine said it was a team effort. The children all worked, as did their parents, to share the financial burden of college. For the record, Elaine, Skip and Marcia all graduated from the local high school and were all active in the Boy and Girl Scout programs, with Skip one of the stars of Little League.

In 1951, Catherine and Ralph left the Hartford-Farmington area to live in Windsor Locks. They settled for "the first development in Windsor Locks on Ahern Avenue."

Later life: Ralph was active in the community, be it politics, Little League or VFW. To complete the picture, he was on the roles of the K of C and the American Legion. Ralph served on the Democratic Town Committee, Zoning Board of Appeals, Police Commission and the Building Committee of the Safety Complex.

Past VFW Commander Hamel was a contributor to the annual sports night for

many years, featuring celebrities from the sports world and the honoring of local sports figures.

FOLLOWING HIS passing, the Smalley Bros. Post No. 6123, dedicated the 1976 program to Ralph. Catherine remembers the nights when Ralph picked up and drove the famous to the club rooms. Familiar names like Bob Cousy, Art McGinley, Rocky Marciano and Mel Allen.

Ralph served as a coach, manager and umpire, in the local Little League program. Catherine recalled those days of baseball equipment around the house, the kids, and most of all working with good friends, Betty and Joe Marinone; all for the kids.

Baseball has never left the Hamel home. Catherine is a big Red Sox rooster, attending games at Fenway. On Mother's Day her gift was a trip to New Britain to see the future Red Sox stars; that's how much she loves the game.

Vacations for the Hamels were mostly of the mini-variety, all in connection with the college return of their children. One enjoyable trip, overseas, was to Italy seeing the beauty of Rome, Florence and Venice.

Is she a busy lady? "The busiest person in this world. . . and a very happy person." In retrospect, she feels "every part of life is good. . . not just the youthful years, but the later years."

She admires her mother, the late Helen Collins Keeley. "A widow at 28, she had two girls to bring up. She did it with plenty of love and always had something good to say about everyone. . . and I know my sister (Helen Keeley Burke of Norwich) would agree."

Catherine Hamel, the gracious lady with fond memories, is above all, friendly. Recently she received a card from a friend, with these closing words: "And though the years will change, it doesn't matter what I do or it doesn't matter what you do, throughout our lifetime, you are always my friend."

That about sums up the life of Catherine Hamel.

For Bob Urbank, Variety Is Spice of Life

Down to earth . . . friendly . . . calls a spade a spade . . . dedicated . . . a touch of Yankee ingenuity . . . all tempered with a strong Christian faith.

You might say, quite a glowing description. It is the best and most honest way to express the personality of Bob Urbank. Bob was recuperating from open-heart surgery when we first met and talked to the Providence, R.I. native. For the first time in his life he was relaxing at home, to a point. Relaxing, but champing at the bit, to return as an active member of the VFW, Boy Scouts, the Windsor Locks Congregational Church, and Masonic Lodge in Granby.

Bob is on leave from his position at Hamilton-Standard where he's been doing what he knows best, industrial engineering, since 1959.

However, before describing this active participation in employment and organizations, a few details should be told. Robert Earl Urbank was born in the capital city of the smallest state in the Union. At four, Bob and his family moved to Northbridge, Mass. Schooling in the second year of high school was interrupted by Bob's entry into the U.S. Army in April 1946. The following three years saw Bob training in Maryland, New Jersey and for a year overseas in Italy, during the Triesta conflict. On Bob's return to the states, he was assigned to the paratroops in North Carolina. Was he scared, with that first jump? "Every time." How many jumps? "Eleven."

ONCE BACK IN civilian clothes, Bob joined his family, then living in Worcester, where he received the delayed high school diploma at South High. He attended Wentworth Institute in Boston for two years, specializing in tool and machine design. In 1953, after working a few jobs in the Worcester area, Bob decided to try Connecticut for a new beginning. He found work in West Hartford at Pratt & Whitney, the small tool company.

In June 1957, he married Frances Michael at the Hartford Blue Hills Baptist Church. Fran and Bob met at a church function the year before. Fran, a native of the Blue Hills area, was a graduate of Weaver High School. She worked at Connecticut for three years, leaving the insurance business to raise the two Urbank children, Jeff and Karen. Once the children were grown, Fran joined the Hamilton-Standard Federal Credit Union (1967).

Today, Fran is the Student Loan Administrator for the Windsor Locks-based company. Jeff, a graduate of the local high school, Class of '76, was involved in the Scouting and Little League programs as a youth; today, he lives in North Carolina. Karen, Class of '78, is also a grad of UConn (1983), residing in Milford. Karen is an accountant with a Bridgeport company.

BOB AND FRAN, residents of town for 25 years, have always added their talents to church and dedicated organizations.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Fran is an officer in the VFW auxiliary, while Bob, a Life Member of the local veterans group since 1961, is chairman of the Voice of Democracy, sponsored by the VFW. He said a yearly contest is held with the cooperation of the local school system, where students write of their views on democracy. The winner this year was Bob Culcasi. Local winners can go on to state and national competition.

At the Windsor Locks Congregational Church, Bob has been a trustee and collector/usher. Back in 1939 a younger Bob joined the Boy Scouts and has been active since, serving as assistant Scoutmaster and Scoutmaster, and assistant District Commissioner of Exploring (1955). Local Troop 263 still finds Bob attending meetings, during the recuperation period. This so-called period of recuperation and relaxing began with the operation on February 11. Did he have any advice for patients? "Relax . . . you're in good hands."

These days of relaxing

may find Bob in his home workshop, as he says, "playing with wood products" for the home. When the children were young, the Urbank family would take to camping locations. Today, Bob and Fran still visit friends in New Hampshire and take trips to Cape Cod.

BOB URBANK, one would admit, is constantly involved. When asked who he admired, he chose three very involved men. The first, President Herbert Hoover, "a brilliant man," whose place in history is now being recognized. Another famous man, President Teddy Roosevelt, "the man who walked quietly, but carried a big stick," a man, Bob said, "you don't find in today's world." And when there's a personal problem in Bob's life, he "wonders what Christ would do (with the problem)."

For Bob, who I kiddingly said should be called "The Earl of Denslow," is a man who believes in "helping others." His entire life has been a reflection of the Boy Scout motto: "Be Prepared."

Sometimes simple words may have the ring of being corny; so be it. Someone once said, "Is anybody happier because you passed his way? Did you leave a trail of kindness, or a scar of discon-

tent? As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God will say, 'You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?'" It seems Bob Urbank has.

Ahern's Testimonial to An Old Sports Hero

John Roger Ahern has led a full life; however, a recent interview with this sensitive and quiet individual zeroed in on his mentor and friend, Joe Tosi Sr., reknowned cycling and speed-skater for over 50 years.

During the '60s, John and a group of skaters were shown by example how to speed skate on ice, at the old Colt's Park outdoor rink. It was the beginning of a long friendship for John and Joe. The late Mr. Tosi was a native of Warehouse Point. John was born in East Hartford, living there until he was five. At the death of his mother, the Ahern family moved to Hartford where he attended local schools and graduated from Buckeley High School in 1928.

Looking back, John felt he was lucky since he "graduated the year before the Great Depression." He entered the world of insurance and stayed there until 1941.

He married Anna Pidele of East Windsor

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

in 1941. Mrs. Ahern passed away in 1972. They had two children, JoAnn and John Jr. JoAnn is married to Bob McGinnis, living in Windsor Locks with their two children. John Jr., a chemical engineer, is a grad of UConn, and lives with his wife, Elizabeth, and their three children in Pennsylvania. John Sr. has five grandchildren he can spoil, locally and on frequent trips to Pennsylvania.

AFTER JOHN SR. left the insurance business, he joined Colt's in Hartford, retiring after 26 years in 1975. During the working career John was both a cyclist and

speed-skater, inspired by his friend Joe Tosi Sr.

John told of Mr. Tosi's career as a top world skater, and even at the age of 63 he won four gold medals at the Senior World Championship at Lake Placid in 1980. A few years later, at the Nassau Coliseum in Long Beach, L.I., John, 69 at the time, won the silver in the 1500 meters race and the bronze in the 800 meters (the gold medals were won by his friend, Mr. Tosi).

John recalled a demanding and exhausting experience, cycling (at 65) 95 miles in a little over six hours. He was a member of several riding and skating clubs: Century Road Club Association, Connecticut Skating Association and the Amateur Skating Union of the United States.

Last July, John was put on the shelf, where he didn't want to be, when he broke his hip riding a bike in town. Two cats ran across his path and the fall could not be prevented. He's on the mend now, but his schedule before the accident consisted of jogging three miles a day, cycling and lifting weights. In 1982, he kept a log on his daily jogging, with 528 miles total for the year.

JOHN WILL BE 75 this September. He said, "Age is only a state of mind." A few years back, a doctor told him he had a body of a man 15 years younger.

These days are quite different for John; however, he has an exercise bike (in his apartment) used daily to strengthen his

body, and hopes to be back at the bike and jogging routines.

Not one to let sports dominate his life, John has attended classes at the Adult High School sessions, Senior Citizen Center and Asnuntuck Community College where he has taken courses in English composition, Spanish, stenciling and calligraphy.

John has lived in town since 1978, to be near his daughter, and has found "the people to be very friendly." Waiting for the hip to mend, John reads a great deal, paints and stencils, making a full-time hobby schedule. He admits, "I can't stay still too long," and really misses the outdoor work.

John's philosophy is "I want to die young at an old age." He's a man who enjoys life. He was reluctant to speak about himself, but with a little Irish charm he opened up. He wanted to expound on his friend, which he did, even to the point of sharing words written by Mrs. Tosi at the time of Mr. Tosi's death. We felt it was fitting to cap the story of John Roger Ahern with those words:

"Blessed be the influence of one true loving soul on another, for his little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love. If there be any truer measure of a man of what he does, it is what he gives that will be judged by God and man."

Steve Lemanski: Class of '85 Valedictorian

Add the name of Steve Lemanski to the list of outstanding students, chosen as class valedictorian at the Windsor Locks High School.

Steve is ready and eager for college this fall. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lemanski. Steve was born in Holyoke, and has lived in Chicopee, Syracuse, New York, Brunswick, Ohio, Wethersfield and Windsor Locks. Last July, the family moved to Suffield. The moves, early in Steve's life, were due to his father's occupation. Nearly all of his education has been in Windsor Locks, where he attended South Street School, the Middle School and graduated last month from the Raider School.

Hitting the books was not always on Steve's agenda. He found the time to play little league, making the All-Stars in 1979, and advancing to the Senior League the next summer. In high school, he was on the tennis team for two years. Looking back at his high school days, Steve has a great many fond memories. If he could have changed anything, he said, he would have joined "more clubs in school," giving chess as an example.

HIS PARENTS, Robert and Eva Lemanski, have a most interesting background. Mr. Lemanski, who now operates his own cutting tools business on Spring Street, is a veteran of the U.S. Marines, serving from 1959 to 1966. One of his assignments was as Marien Security Guard in Beirut, Lebanon, at the Marine headquarters, where terrorists blew up the building in 1933. Another duty, but much farther north, was at the American Embassy in Helsinki, Finland. While Serving in Finland, the young Marine met Eeva Olkonen. They were married in 1965, in her native country. They moved to the

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

States, where Steve was born on March 5, 1967. The Lemanskis also have a daughter Cheryl, 14, who is a student at the Suffield High School.

Among Steve's accomplishments: a member of the Math Team for four years, he participated at the Talcott Mountain Science Center, was a school representative at the Chamathon at Central Connecticut State University, a recipient of the Harvard Book Award, WLHS representative to American Legion Boys State, member of the National Honor Society and a National Merit finalist. This fall, Steve will attend Drew University in Madison, N.J. There he intends to take applied economics and mathematics. And the future? "I want to be independent. . . go into business; maybe as an actuary."

The high school also chose a salutarian, an outstanding student, Craig Tobey, son of Mrs. Donna Tobey. Craig was a member of the Student Council and the Model U.N., member of the Math Team, recipient of the National Council of Teachers of English Achievement Award in writing, was a school representative to the Chemathon at Central Connecticut State University, was recipient of the Brown Book Award, participant in the Talcott Mountain Science Program, a WLHS representative to the American Boys State, President of the National Honor Society, a National Merit finalist, was editor of the school newspaper and played on the tennis team for four years. Craig will attend Yale University in the fall.

IT IS ALWAYS interesting to find a different side of the scholastic student, in other words, Steve's other side. He's a student of jazz and rock. Steve performed with the high school jazz band and three years with the school's orchestra. He has played the clarinet for 10 years and the sax for four years. Keeping up a full schedule, Steve is an outdoor guy rides a bike, is into weight lifting, and also reads a lot, especially philosophy. He has experienced the thrill of skiing with his father in Colorado. As a very young boy, Steve traveled to his mother's native country of Finland, with side trips to European mainland. Closer to home, the family has visited Florida and the Bahama Islands.

While in high school Steve worked with Craig Tobey, who was editor of the school newspaper. I'm told Craig and Steve are very good friends. Steve was a reporter for the paper, called "WLHS Reviews and Previews," and added a column entitled, "Brain Teasers." Other likes and dislikes: he's not a television fan, but enjoys the movies, especially the ones with James Bond.

Steve greatly admires his father, saying he's "a very hard worker, a determined man who goes after what he wants and sets goals." I asked his mother for her reactions to her son's honor as valedictorian. "We are very proud; we always knew he would do well. He was always number one in his high school years," she said.

EPILOG

Much success to Steve, Craig and their classmates. David Sarnoff's strong words are for the class of 85 or any year: "Don't be misled into believing that somehow the world owes you a living. The boy or girl



Steve Lemanski

who believes that their parents, or the government, or anyone else owes them their livelihood and that they can collect it without labor will wake up one day and find themselves working for another boy or girl who did not have that belief."

The Holmeses: Lots of Love Fills Home

"Our house has always been well filled," said Dean Holmes — filled by Dean and Marie and their six children, along with classmates and an equal amount of baseball, soccer and hockey players.

For this outgoing couple understanding of youth, it's been a full life with three daughters and three multi-talented, sport-minded sons. It's been hectic, loving and ever-changing, and now they have six more to watch and develop: their grandchildren.

Take a boy from Susquehanna, Pa. and a girl from Bennington, Vt.; mix with marriage, children, sports and home, since 1948; and it just about covers the story of the Holmeses of Elmwood Drive.

In October, 1943, Dean was called into the service with the U.S. Army Air Force. He served in Florida, Colorado, Texas, Washington and Norfolk, Va. He left the States from the Virginia seaport for the war in Italy. But he never made it; an accident aboard ship changed his and the air force's plans. He was transferred to a tanker, destination Panama. He served in the canal country for 18 months; eight were spent in the hospital.

RETURNING TO civilian status, Dean

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

was not sure of his future. After a short stay in Susquehanna, he moved to Bennington (now you know where the twain met) to find employment. Under the G.I. Bill, Dean became a skillful machinist. His brother (who was living in Bennington) convinced him to try Vermont. It was probably the best decision he ever made: he met Marie Maloney. The young couple lived in Bennington for a short time, but since all's fair in marriage, they decided to try Pennsylvania. After two years, in 1952, they moved to Warehouse Point, where Dean joined the Stanadyne organization in Wilson. Dean has been the foreman in the tool room for the last 23 years and this year marks a steady work habit of 33 years with the same company. The Holmes family have lived in town since 1953.

And then there were six: Bobbi (born in Vermont), Margie (born in Pennsylvania), Teddy, Connecticut-born, as were Brian, Marie and Lenny. (Lenny was named after Father Leonard Goode, former pastor of

St. Robert's).

ROBERTA, BETTER KNOWN as Bobbi, is married to Phil Johnson (who works at Stanadyne). They live in Suffield with their two children, Jaime and Kyle. Marge calls Mahomet, Ill. home, with her husband, Britt McDaniel and their two children, Deana Marie and Jeffrey. Teddy and his wife, Paula Janik Holmes, a Windsor Locks girl, operate their own business, Frame Grafters Gallery in South Windsor, where they also live.

Brian married a local girl, Donna Cail Holmes. He works at Stanadyne and lives in Windsor with Donna and their two children, Stephanie and Keith. (For the record, Bobbi, Margie and Brian all have one daughter and one son; that's consistency.) Marie has attended airline stewardess school and is currently seeking work in Texas. Lenny is employed at Stanadyne, to complete the family work force. He lives in Suffield, is a "lover of dogs," and a grad of the U.S. Canine Academy in Milford.

Sports, sports and more sports, that was the Holmes' schedule. A short breakdown:

Teddy was a member of the 1965 Little League World Champs, played soccer in high school (State Champs), also baseball and golf at the Raider School and ice hockey, performing in Canada and the eastern states. Brian was in Little League, played soccer in high school (Suffield Academy — the rest of the kids graduated from the local high school), and ice hockey, following in Teddy's route.

LENNY PLAYED Little League; soccer in high school; and ice hockey with the PeeWees (Lake Placid) and the Junior Whalers. The home on Elmwood has enough trophies to start a store, proof of their achievements.

As for Dean and Marie, "We followed them everywhere they played," they said. "Sometimes it was difficult with two boys playing in different locations, but it was all a thrill."

EPILOG

The story of Dean and Marie Holmes is one of family. It has been truly a legacy of involvement with their six children and friends. Yes, six and lots of love indeed fill a home.

Amy Jean McConnell, Youthful Equestrienne

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

You never know how talented your neighbors or their children are until, let's say, you pick up the morning paper — and right there, in the middle of the page, is a picture of someone you know, to share the strawberries and cornflakes.

The picture is that of a lovely young girl with her horse.

The girl is 14-year-old Amy Jean McConnell, daughter of Jim and Doris McConnell of Pershing Road.

The horse (her own), "I'm Papa's Boy," is a three-year-old registered quarter horse.

And how does one become an equestrienne? Two years ago Amy wanted to know what her friend, Susan Culcasi, was doing after school at the Woodlawn Farms in Suffield. She soon found out — and has been hooked ever since. She wants to jump with the finesse of a champion, and today, after such a short

time, Amy considers the experience "more than a hobby."

Before she became the girl with the proper black hat, boots and other attire, Amy participated in assorted fields, playing the piano and flute at the Middle School, some basketball and softball, and would you believe, she was an ice-hockey player with the Suffield team at the Enfield Twin Rinks.

FROM THE AGES of 10 to 12, Amy was a left-winger, and when she began, she was the only girl in this all-boy sport. Today, her brother Timmy is the only hockey player in the family, and is supported by his father with the Suffield team. Timmy, 12, attends the Middle School, and has played like

Bobby Orr since he was a lad of five. He's also into golf and tennis, after playing some Little League and soccer.

For more on the family of Amy: her dad is a native of Windsor Locks. Jim, a grad of the local high school (Class of 1962) had been employed for the past 12 years at Sorenson Lighted Controls in the material management end of the business. After high school Jim attended the Porter School of Design. For the past two decades he's been a steady member of the local Army National Guard.

Doris Uzas McConnell, born in Hartford, married Jim in 1967. She feels like a native herself, moving to town at the age of 12. Her high school celebrated its 20 years since graduation last

year. Doris is a registered nurse, graduating from the Hartford Hospital School of Nursing. For the past two years she's been a busy lady, attending Smith College in Northampton, and in two more semesters will earn a B.A. in sociology.

AS FOR AMY, she attended local schools except for the past year when she was enrolled at Our Lady of the Angels Academy in Enfield. This fall she will be a sophomore at the Raider School.

How does a boy or girl begin training to be a equestrian, or as in Amy's case, equestrienne? The pupil rides on a weekly basis, just to get the feel or confidence of riding and knowing their horse in the "English style." When to begin jumping? Amy says it depends on the individual and may take six months before the rider and horse are ready for competition. And Amy has had her share of competition, winning several ribbons at the Four-Town Fair Grounds and other events in southern Massachusetts. This summer she will participate locally, and looks forward to an event at the Big E in the fall.

Her horse, "I'm Papa's Boy," was a racer (in the



Amy Jean McConnell rides 'I'm Papa's Boy.'

middle West) before Amy took over his reins and now is in the process of training him to be a show horse. This will take six months to a year.

When this quiet and talented girl is not with her favorite horse, she enjoys all kinds of music. The popular Madonna is her favorite singer. But she has no time for the television set. It's a

full-time partnership between "I'm Papa's Boy" and Amy (or, in this case, "Papa's" girl).

EPILOG

Amy Jean McConnell is following a career of training, riding and caring for her horse. Amy joins a very select group of individuals with that "something extra," in pursuit of a hobby and her love for horses.

The Malcolms: Supportive of Each Other

By JACK REDMOND

Thomas and Sheila Malcolm are both college graduates. The young couple, parents of an eight-year-old daughter, have achieved the status of degree-holders by their continuing support of each other.

Tom is a grad of Western New England College, 1981, while Sheila received her degree from Smith, magna cum laude, this spring.

Today, Tom is a veteran Windsor Locks policeman with more than 10 years' service, in addition to three years of police work at the UConn Health Center, and McCook Hospital in Hartford, during the early '70s.

The congenial and well-suited twosome are actually from different backgrounds. Tom was born in Holyoke, Mass., moving to Windsor Locks, with his parents, at the age of 10. Sheila Weir Malcolm is a Bangor, Me. native, who became quite a traveler at a young age when her father was in the U.S. Air Force. His assignments covered stops in Mississippi, New York and California. When her dad, Jim Weir, Sr., left the service, he joined the Pratt and Whitney firm and the family set up their new home in Enfield. Mr. Weir was from Iowa, and Sheila's mother, Nina Weir, was born in Maine. Her parents still reside in Enfield.

TOM AND SHEILA first met by way of introduction from two of their best friends. Tom recalled the moment: "When I first saw Sheila, I knew she was the girl I was going to marry."

It took Thomas Rae Malcolm two years before the girl said yes. His prophecy came true; in July, 1974, he married the pretty girl from Bangor.

More on our man in the police uniform: Tom attended the local schools, graduating from the high school in 1967. For the big boy, track was the sport, but now looking back, he's sorry there wasn't football at the school.

A few months after graduation, Tom joined the U.S. Coast Guard in November 1967. His brother, Jim, Jr., had already enlisted in the Coast Guard. Tom served four years as a coastguardsman, with over a year on an ice-breaker, whose main operation was search and rescue. That



Thomas Malcolm

time was spent in the Great Lakes area. Tom remembered the "51 below zero weather. . . playing a lot of racquet ball and becoming an (expert) scuba diver." The remaining time was spent at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in New London.

This duty was obviously a change for the better. Tom worked in the Physical Education Department under the direction of Otto Graham, the famous football player. Mr. Graham is a member of the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Tom recalls, "Mr. Graham was just like one of the boys. . . a great guy."

RETURNING TO civilian life, Tom joined the UConn Police Department. He became familiar with police procedure, working closely with the Hartford police. In September, 1974, he joined the local Police Department. Why did he become a policeman? "I guess it was tradition. My grandfather was chief of detectives in Holyoke and my brother is with the Hartford Police Department, and I always enjoy dealing with people. With my job, every day is different. I was not cut out to do the same routine, day in and day out."

It was during those middle years, with the local police, that Sheila supported Tom's quest for college, by encouragement, holding a job, keeping house, and caring for their child, when he first entered Manchester Community College. In 1981 he graduated from Western New England with a B.A. in criminal law.

And the better half: Sheila, a graduate of Enrico Fermi High School, class of 1972, decided it was time for her advanced education, after Tom's receipt of a degree, so she traveled to Smith College in Northampton. She recently graduated with high honors. She is now working, while their daughter is in school. Their daughter, Tara Leigh Malcolm, is named after the famous home in "Gone With The Wind." The middle name came from the star of the movie, Vivien Leigh. Tara, eight years old, is a student at the North Street School. Sheila is expecting another child in October.

BACK TO the policeman: Tom was asked his opinion of television cops. "The majority of shows are all Hollywood, with the possible exception of 'Barney Miller,' which is down to earth and, maybe, 'Hill Street Blues.'" At the movies, Tom goes for spy thrillers, while Sheila enjoys the dramatic, mentioning Meryl Streep in "Sophie's Choice."

Tom and Sheila lived in Enfield the first two years, moving to town eight years ago. Tom's father, Jim, Sr. lives in town and Tom was proud to mention his dad was a former UMass football star, and for 25 years, the physical education head at Glastonbury High School.

Relaxing for Tom means fishing, racquet ball, swimming, skiing, horseback riding and scuba diving. Sheila, Tom and Tara go camping, and when Sheila is not outdoors, she enjoys reading, wants to learn how to water ski and has two secret (not anymore) ambitions: to be a writer on a weekly newspaper (hint, hint) and maybe to get involved in local politics. Traveling with her parents gave Sheila "a wide range of experiences" and taught her "the residential differences in several states." She firmly believes she can have a "career and family at the same time." This honor student admires another active lady, Ella

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Grasso. Sheila said she admired the late governor, not because Mrs. Grasso lived in town, but because "she handled a career and family, and was one to set goals."

Tom admires another well-known American, but one who traveled in different circles: John Wayne. Tom felt Mr. Wayne, the movie star and All-American man, "was visible to the American public," and "a real man who truly had true grit."

Sheila's philosophy is "not to have one." She feels a person shouldn't look at life the same way all the time: you may react differently, depending on each situation. Tom and Sheila both agree, the family comes first, and is their number one priority.

EPILOG

Dean Acheson once said, "The best thing about the future is that it comes only one day at a time." That's what Tom Malcolm is all about.

Beverly Sills once said, "Women are told they can have it all: career, marriage and children. . . they need a total commitment to make it work. There are two keys: one, believe in yourself; two, love." That's what Sheila Malcolm is all about.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, JULY 26, 1985

No Sophomore Jinx to Beset GHO

By JACK REDMOND

In baseball, there is what some writers call the second-year jinx (commonly called sophomore), attached to some players who were world-beaters as rookies.

Last year the Greater Hartford Open golf tournament opened at its new home in Cromwell after more than 30 years at Wethersfield Country Club.

On Thursday, the tournament will have its second-year opening round. If last year is any indication, there'll be no sophomore jinx in the forecast for the most popular golf tournament this side of the New York state line.

For Connecticut it is golf's big time...big names, low scores (last year 15-under, 269 winning score), big dollars for the players and Jaycee charities and more fans (200,000 in 1984).

Connecticut people support the Red Cross, United Way, and since Ed May Sr. started it in 1952, the annual Canon-(something new that has been add-

ed) Sammy Davis Jr.-Greater Hartford Open with enthusiasm for a week of golf at its best.

THE LOCATION CHANGE in 1984 to the Edgewood Country Club, now called Tournament Players Club of Connecticut, proved to be an interesting one, for the thousands of fans who saw for the first time in this area, golf played in the so-called "stadium or amphitheater" concept.

The players, on the other hand described the course, designed by golf architect Peter Dye, as "awkward," especially the back nine. Dye's reputation for a different type of course is well-known to the players, especially the TPC in Sawgrass, Florida.

It is different, if one compares Wethersfield with its short holes and low scores over the past three decades. But last year's 15-under, although high by some standards, was the result of players mastering the back nine with birdies and pars.

They are all pros. But, as in all human nature analysis, the winners loved the course, the losers just packed their bags and went on to the next tournament. It's all part of the game of golf — the game that has a way of humbling the best of us.

Last year, and I'm not sure how this year can top it for showmanship, were 64,000 fans on the 18th watching winner Peter Jacobsen walking up the final green. It must rank with the finest moments of golf...be it the Masters or the other major tournaments.

The Greater Hartford Open has become an institution in this area. The Greater Hartford Jaycees have been the backbone of this event, with their dedicated and hard working volunteers always striving for success. The real winners are the charities and the showcase of super golf for the fans. The charities and fans have never been disappointed...neither has this writer and fan of the GHO.

See you all on the 18th, July 28.

Special Guide To GHO Tourney

This week's Second Section is a special look at the 34th annual Canon-Sammy Davis, Jr.-Greater Hartford Open.

Coordinator: Paul F. Burton, sports editor, Imprint Newspapers.

Writers: Carol Mitchell, Keith Griffin, Bill Linn, Denise Bourque, Raymond D'Arche, Jack Redmond.

Photography: Douglas Penhall.

37 Holes, 3-Way Playoff Determines Champion GHO Week

FINAL SCORES

Par 71

x-P. Blackmar	\$108,000	72-67-64-68—271	Larry Mize	3,652	71-70-69-68—278
Dan Pohl	52,800	68-69-68-66—271	Tom Kite	3,652	72-68-72-66—278
Jodie Mudd	52,800	68-67-70-66—271	Steve Pate	3,652	68-65-75-70—278
Wayne Grady	25,200	70-65-65-72—272	Corey Pavin	2,580	74-64-67-74—279
Ray Floyd	25,200	64-68-68-72—272	Payne Stewart	2,580	68-71-74-66—279
Andrew Magee	19,425	72-68-65-68—273	Tim Simpson	2,580	71-68-69-71—279
Lon Hinkle	19,425	70-66-69-68—273	Bob Lohr	2,580	68-70-70-71—279
Brett Upper	19,425	71-68-66-68—273	Hale Irwin	2,580	66-72-71-70—279
P. Jacobsen	19,425	71-69-67-66—273	Buddy Gardner	2,580	69-71-71-68—279
John Cook	14,400	66-69-72-67—274	Paul Azinger	2,580	70-70-71-68—279
Larry Rinker	14,400	69-68-66-71—274	Jim Thorpe	2,100	69-69-69-73—280
Scott Hoch	14,400	69-71-66-68—274	Barry Jaekel	1,756	69-70-71-71—281
Mark Wiebe	14,400	68-71-68-67—274	Brad Faxon	1,756	72-67-71-71—281
Jack Renner	10,200	71-68-68-68—275	Ron Black	1,756	69-70-72-70—281
Mark O'Meara	10,200	69-70-68-68—275	Jim Simons	1,756	71-69-67-74—281
Gil Morgan	10,200	69-69-69-68—275	J.C. Snead	1,756	69-72-70-70—281
Dan Forsman	10,200	70-70-69-66—275	Bobby Nichols	1,461	73-68-69-72—282
Bob Eastwood	10,200	75-66-69-65—275	David Edwards	1,461	70-69-70-73—282
Hubert Green	6,771	66-71-69-70—276	T.C. Chen	1,461	69-69-72-72—282
John Mahaffey	6,771	66-71-70-69—276	P. Oosterhuis	1,461	73-68-67-74—282
Jim Nelford	6,771	71-66-70-69—276	Calvin Peete	1,386	68-72-71-72—283
Fuzzy Zoeller	6,771	67-71-68-70—276	Dennis Trixler	1,386	72-69-70-72—283
Joe Inman	6,771	70-69-69-68—276	Bob Gilder	1,362	74-65-70-75—284
Mark Lye	6,771	72-66-70-68—276	Pat McGowan	1,362	72-68-73-71—284
Clarence Rose	6,771	72-69-67-68—276	Chip Beck	1,344	70-71-70-74—285
George Burns	4,620	71-66-70-70—277	Joey Sindelar	1,332	71-68-74-73—286
Roger Maltbie	4,620	69-70-68-70—277	Tim Norris	1,314	70-70-74-73—287
Wayne Levi	4,620	68-70-73-66—277	Charles Bolling	1,314	72-69-73-73—287
Tom Purtzer	3,652	71-70-68-69—278	Jim Dent	1,290	70-70-74-74—288
D. Lundstrom	3,652	72-63-68-75—278	Brad Fabel	1,290	72-69-75-72—288
B. Wadkins	3,652	67-69-71-71—278	Ron Streck	1,266	66-74-76-74—290
Greg Norman	3,652	66-71-69-72—278	W. Blackburn	1,266	68-72-71-79—290
V. Regalado	3,652	67-73-68-70—278	Jeff Sluman	1,248	72-68-78-73—291

x-won on the first hole of sudden-death playoff



WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, AUGUST 2, 1985

"Cannons to the right, cannons to the left

These historical words, probably didn't mean Canon cameras (the new corporate sponsors), but speaking of history, the Canon-Sammy Davis, Jr.-Greater Hartford Open was won by the biggest man on the tour, Phil Blackmar (at 6'7", 265 pounds), before the biggest crowd in golf history, estimated at 80,000, on Sunday.

Blackmar's 15-footer on the first playoff hole (16th) beat Jodie Mudd and Dan Pohl. The three players had tied, after Sunday's 36-hole match, at 271, 1-under par.

It was young (27) Blackmar's first win on the PGA tour. His take-home pay (to Corpus Christi, Tex.) was a huge check for \$108,000, given to him on the 18th green, by Sammy Davis, Jr.; John Shulansky, tournament chairman; Canon officers and Gov. William O'Neill.

Scorewise, in back of the threesome, were Raymond Floyd and Wayne Grady at 272. Floyd had led the first, second and was

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

tyed with Grady after three rounds.

It was a week of sun, rain, fun and a lot of golf, especially on Sunday.

Monday, July 22

With a crowd estimated at 2,000, it was a quiet day for the opening of the GHO. At noon, Gov. O'Neill and Sammy Davis, Jr. made it official at the ceremonies with the brass of Canon, the new corporate sponsor of the annual event. After that, the only event of the day was a Sponsor Pro-Am, shotgun affair, where foursomes started on different holes.

The pros' low scorer was Brett Upper, with a fine 63. Past GHO winners, Hubert Green, Tim Norris and George Archer all shot 71s.

Tuesday, July 23

The crowd increased to 5,000 on this sunny day, highlighted by three events: a practice round for the pros, golf clinic staged by Lee Trevino, Chi Chi Rodriguez and trick-shot artist Jimmy Nichols, and the first Canon Jaycee Shoot-Out, featuring some of the best golfers: Zoeller, Mahafey, Floyd, Green, Trevino, Stadler, O'Meara and Pavin.

And that's just the way the boys finished, with Fuzzy collecting the top prize of \$3,500.

Wednesday, July 24

The celebrity Pro-Am . . . the fun day, picture-perfect weather and a record crowd of 52,000 fans of Bob Hope, Jerry Lewis, and of course, host Sammy. The stars were followed by large throngs of folks anxious to see them, plus Ken Howard, Al Freeman, Jr. Claude Akins and from the sports world, Bob Cousy, K. C. Jones and local favorite, Gordie Howe.

One amateur said, after his opening tee shot, "Boy, am I glad that's over with." For a local item, Elmer Jones, a fine player himself, caddied for an old friend from Combustion Engineering, Ed Firla, who played with Mark O'Meara. It was golf, mixed with some comedy, supplied by many of the world's great stars.

'Enjoy Yourself' Gallery's

First Round

With a fine first round crowd of 28,000 on a hot and sticky day, Raymond Floyd shot a seven-birdie, no-bogey 64 to lead the eager pack of pros looking for that pot of gold, come Sunday . . . \$108,000 (as opposed to \$72,000 last year), making it the sixth richest award of the PGA tour.

After the early morning tee-off time, golfers in the clubhouse were Greg Norman, Hubert Green, Ron Streck and John Cook with scores of 66s.

Tournament chairman John Shulansky, speaking to this writer, was as pleased with Thursday's crowd as he was with the Pro-Am count.

Second Round

The second round of this year's GHO, will be remembered as the two-day affair. The rains came early on Friday, forcing a five-hour delay. Play was resumed, but only half of the GHO entries completed their

play. It was decided that the players who did not finish their second round would do so on Saturday.

It meant some golfers would not play Saturday; needless to say, some golfers and fans were disappointed. When the scores were added up, Ray Floyd was one shot ahead of Steve Pate and three from Jodie Mudd, Wayne Grady, Dave Lundstrom and John Cook. It also meant on Sunday, players (66 in total) would play 36 holes, starting at seven o'clock.

THIRD AND FOURTH ROUND

The longest day, 36 holes of great golf and one extra, just to give the estimated 80,000 Connecticut golf fans a treat.

Sixty-six golfers teed up (either on the 1st or 10th), to begin the long hot final holes until next year. Ray Floyd, having Saturday off, said, after his golf was over, "My putter deserted me."

He had shot 64-68-68-72, while Blackmar had 72-67-64-68 to tie Mudd and Pohl at 271. Mudd and Pohl finished on the 18th, while Blackmar's last hole was the ninth. He was ready, but had to wait to see if there would be a playoff or just go home.

He waited and the news was good. He would play again.

The favorite on the 18th coming up was certainly young Jodie Mudd. He had played the final holes with Floyd and Steve Pate,

Pohl, the other golfer in this trilogy of suspense, said, after it was all over, "It was fun, the crowd was great and they really pulled us in . . ."

Epilogue

Yes, Dan Pohl, it was fun. We mustn't forget our favorites . . . Mr. Fuzzy Zoeller, the friendly guy from Indiana; Chi Chi Rodriguez, the funny guy from Puerto Rico; Mark O'Meara, the nice guy from California who took special care of a local golfer by the name of Ed Firla.

When you spend a week with celebrities, nice folks and golfers, you find the GHO is something special.

Foremost Canon at TPC in Cromwell



Phil Blackmar

Wayne Chapple, Immigration Consultant

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Wayne Elliot Chapple has met "many interesting people" in his particular line of work. The St. Albans, Vt. native has been involved with U.S. customs procedures and the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service over the past decade.

Since January 1983, Wayne has been operating his own Hartford office as an immigration consultant to area corporations and the legal profession.

Locally, Wayne is an active member of the Lions Club and last year became a coach in the Little League program. He has lived in town the past seven years with his wife Lynda and their two daughters, Sarah and Emily.

Wayne grew up in the small town of St. Albans, located only 14 miles from the Canadian border, graduating from Central Catholic High School in 1968, where he played baseball and basketball. In the fall, he entered St. Michael's in Winooski, Vt. During his freshman year Wayne played some soccer and in his last year was a contributor to the yearbook. He received a B.A. in liberal arts, majoring in history.

WAYNE IS THE SON of Miles and Beverly Chapple. His father served in the army during World War II and the Korean War. The Vietnam War found Mr. Chappel serving in the Navy. Today, he is overseas working for the government.

After college, Wayne decided government work was for the young grad. He received a temporary appointment in the U.S. Customs office in Pittsburg, N.H. He knew the duty would not last longer than six months, inspecting possessions of travelers crossing into the U.S. The next nine months Wayne worked for the General Motors GMAC in Barre, Vt. It was only a question of time for Wayne; he was anxious to get back into government employment. Not one to give up, he joined the U.S. Im-

migration and Naturalization Service at Beecher Falls, Vt., this time inspecting people coming into the U.S., checking their citizenship documents and other pertinent information. This phase of government work lasted a little over two years.

In 1975, Wayne was given a different assignment in Harrisburg, Pa., processing the paperwork of Vietnam refugees from that war-torn country and Cambodia. While home in New England for the Christmas holiday, Wayne met Lynda von Dohrmann, by way of introduction by mutual friends. Looking back, Wayne said, "I guess you would say it was love at second sight." Returning from Harrisburg, after his six-month duty, he made the serious move to meet Lynda again.

LYNDA WAS BORN in Methuen, Mass., growing up in Pittsburg, N.H. She's a grad of the University of New Hampshire, with a B.S. in nutrition. For a time she had the opportunity to put the nutrition knowledge to work at the famous Anthony's Pier Four Restaurant in Boston. In October 1976, Lynda and Wayne were married. They lived in Ellington before moving to Windsor Locks in April 1978. They have two daughters: Sarah, eight, will be going into the third grade at the North Street School; Emily, four, is a recent grad of the Windsor Locks Congregational Church Nursery School. Wayne said, "Sarah is into all sports, and last year played T-ball, a part of Little League, and that's when I got into coaching."

Two years before Wayne married Lynda, he was transferred to the Hartford office of the Immigration Bureau with the main function of inspecting passengers at Bradley Field from overseas and Canada. In addition, the inspector's role found him in the ports of New Haven, New London, Groton and Bridgeport meeting incoming cargo ships and tankers, where inspection of the crewmen was required. At the time he was living in Vernon.

The move to Windsor Locks also meant a promotion for Wayne, to immigration examiner. In order to expand his career, Wayne left the government service in Oc-

tober 1982, joining a New York City law firm as immigration consultant. Wanting to be on his own, Wayne opened his own office in Hartford in the same capacity, working with corporations and lawyers "preparing documents for those clients who have business with the government." He thoroughly enjoys the work, spending as much time as possible with people who require his services.

AS PART OF his civic duty, Wayne joined the service-oriented Lions Club in November 1983. Wayne is currently serving on the board of directors. For two years he's been also serving pancakes at the annual breakfast and the many other projects of the Lions.

As part of his social and sports activity, Wayne is an avid golfer, shooting in the 90s, at Millbrook in Windsor and St. Ann's in Mass. Wayne, who has played some softball in the area, tells of the time in 1981 when a group of married couples hosted a game at Southwest Field between the Hart-

ford Whalers and WTIC radio, for the benefit of the State Receiving Home in Warehouse Point.

He finds two hobbies "relaxing": playing the guitar and bird hunting in New Hampshire. The girls and Wayne travel to the Connecticut shore and lake regions of New England when it comes to vacation.

Wayne is a man who "thinks positive"; he said he thinks of John Wayne, "especially when one is confronted with a difficult situation." Wayne admires "those people who come out of nowhere, do some heroic or good deed, and then disappear." He gave the example of the man who dove into the cold waters of the Potomac in Washington, D.C., to rescue another human being from an aircraft disaster.

EPILOG

Wayne Elliot Chapple usually interviews others (in his line of work), but this time he had to be giving answers. They show a confident and successful man, who has proved himself an asset to the Lions and to a profession requiring the knowledge of procedures, rules and laws.

Don Kania Believes In Service to Others

Donald F. Kania is a firm believer in service to others. This philosophy has been put into practice his entire adult life by participation in the functions of the Windsor Locks Rotary, Knights of Columbus and, since 1969, operating the Kania Funeral Home on Oak Street.

The Bridgeport native, at the age of six, moved to the capital city of Hartford, where he graduated from the Hartford High School, class of 1936. Don recalled, "That's when the Hartford high school was the Hartford High School."

Don was an active student, playing football, performing on the track team and as feature writer for the high school newspaper. This journalistic beginning almost became Don's profession. But despite the offer of a scholarship from the University of Syracuse in the field of journalism, Don really had a longing "to be a doctor," and took the "shorter route," by entering the McAllister School of Embalming in New York City.

Don and his wife, Helaine, have one son, Tom, who was a C & K interviewee in

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

August of 1979. Young Tom, former Grand Knight of the local K of C, is married to Laura Senofonte Kania.

BACK IN 1944, Don served in the U.S. Army for a year, stationed in Florida, Virginia and Arkansas. Soon after being returned to civilian status, Don became an apprentice in a Meriden funeral home for three years, where he said, "I really learned the trade." The next assignment was as "a trade embalmer," which meant serving funeral homes in all parts of Connecticut. As mentioned, in 1969, Don took over the Johnson Funeral Home on Oak Street. Don and Helaine live in Bloomfield, but spend the better part of their time in the business life of Windsor Locks.

At one time, Don was into hunting and

fishing, but today, time is mostly occupied by his business and service organizations. The list is impressive: past president of the Hartford County Funeral Directors, Connecticut State Funeral Directors Association, and Windsor Locks Rotary Club. Don is Past Faithful Navigator of the K of C 4th Degree and is currently the local K of C Grand Knight. Also locally, Don is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and executive secretary of the Windsor Locks Rotary Club.

DON HAS BEEN honored by his years of service; however, he is most proud of the Paul Harris Fellow he received from the Rotary International, their highest award.

Recently Don took on a big responsibility as Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, the local organization he joined over 15 years ago. He firmly believes in charity,

the philosophy of the Knights. Lately, he and a dedicated group of members have been planning the 100th anniversary of the local club. The week-long celebration in October is chaired by Larry Matt, with well-known citizen of Windsor Locks, George Wallace, as the honorary chairman. On October 13, through the 19th there will be special events each night, highlighted by a dance on the 19th, which will be a Saturday.

EPILOG

Donald F. Kania has made a reputation for himself as an after-dinner speaker to local service groups "on the subject he knows best." A personal philosophy has been to "do something for others (each day) to make their load (in life) a little lighter." Don takes the motto of the Rotary very seriously, "Service above Self."

Scandinavia: Vikings, Pretty Girls and Pastry

Hans Christian Andersen, Danish author of fairy tales, once said, "To travel is to live."

That being the case, America is surely one of the liveliest countries in the world since the average American considers an annual travel vacation to be a basic right on the order of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

With these words in mind, listen my friends and you shall read of our trip to the land of Vikings, pretty girls and Danish pastry.

The two-week trip to Norway, Sweden and Denmark began and ended in Boston. In between, we learned of kroners, fjords, smorgasbords, the world's oldest monarchies, long days of sunlight, grand hotels and odd hotels.

You might say it was the best of times and for a while, the worst of times. But, as they say, "when in Rome."

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

One outstanding feature in Scandinavia was the American look in clothes, with Mickey Mouse T-shirts, numerous McDonalds and Burger Kings, Coke and 7-Up. A visitor was never far from the feeling of home in the magic cities of Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Goteborg, mixing the old with the new.

This trip to the land of Mr. Andersen, Alfred B. Nobel, Ingrid Bergman, and Sonja Henie hopefully will not be a travelogue.

IT WILL BE a conversation (mostly one-sided), with an old friend, Harry, the non-traveler, who I met shortly after coming home.

"I heard you just got back from vacation."

"Yes, Harry, my wife and I went to Scandinavia."

"Scandinavia . . . why would anyone go there?"

"Harry, we met a lot of nice folks, both traveling companions and the natives, in three beautiful countries."

"Wait a minute, Jack . . . didn't you leave on July first?"

"Yes. It was the day after the hostages were finally released."

"Didn't you take a chance?"

"No problem, Harry. Who would hijack a charter plane from Boston to Oslo?"

"Oslo . . . where's that?"

"In Norway, land of the rising sun; but to get back, just for a moment, some relatives and friends did think we were crazy flying at that time but, frankly, it didn't enter our minds."

"First, a few facts to give you an idea about the trip. The flight from Boston to Oslo took six and one-half hours; the trip back, just over eight. There is a six-hour difference in time. Rita kept her watch on Windsor Locks time; mine was local (Scandinavia, that is).

"Harry, so you'll keep up with me, I'll cover the highlights of the trip, with a few side remarks. I'm sure you won't mind. By the way, if I had to rate the hotels we stayed in, it would be A-B-C-D, and I think you will understand."

"FIRST, IN OSLO (C), we stayed in a school. Yes, a school. During the summer months, the Norwegian Lutheran Mission turns over the school to American tour operators, for use of all facilities, with vacationers actually living like students. The rooms were small, but very clean. There was limited dining for breakfast and dinner."

"Transportation to the center of Oslo was by trolley, after a long walk down a hill. We found it best to take the city tour the first day of arrival at any of our new destinations. In that way our second day (we stayed four days in each city, Goteberg, just one night) we could be on our own, shopping and eating and seeing what the tour missed."

"In Oslo, we visited the parliament building, the Royal Palace, Vigeland Sculpture Park, the Viking and Kontiki Museums, the world-famous Holmenkollen Ski Jump, site of the 1952 Winter Olympic Games, followed by a smorgasbord lunch. On our own, a cruise around the harbor gave us a view of a fjord. The word comes from the ancient Viking language, meaning road on the water. The dictionary says it's a long, narrow, often deep inlet from the sea between steep cliffs and slopes."

"ARE YOU STILL listening, Harry? I'll go on . . . the trip to Stockholm was an eight-hour trip by bus. The hotel in Stockholm, one of Scandinavia's oldest cities, had a swimming pool (rates a B).

We went to the city by subway. The City Hall was a beautiful building, with walls covered by 25 million pieces of gilded mosaic tiles.

"Stockholm reminds the visitor of New York City. It is purely cosmopolitan and somewhat sophisticated."

"Harry, I forgot to tell you about the money."

"I'm still awake and I was wondering how you paid for those trips by bus, trolley and the eating."

"Well, the basic unit of currency is the kroner. Each country has a different dollar value. The exchange rate varies slightly daily on a floating system. (I read of this, and was still confused . . . but only asked, 'how many kronas?' Actually, prices were high for all items, clothes, cigars, beer, and food, I must say.)

"Where was I, Harry? Oh yes, another tour. The city was jammed with people. We were told workers are given five weeks of vacation and July is vacation time.

"The last night in Stockholm was a dinner tour and visit to the tallest building in the three countries, the Television Tower Kaknastornet. From the top we had a wonderful view over Stockholm and its waters. The best part of the evening was the dinner; and Harry, guess what? The appetizer, now don't get excited, was reindeer meat. It was good, but I'm not telling Santa.

"LEFT STOCKHOLM at 8:15 a.m., arriving in Helsingborg at 4 o'clock. The city is located at the southern tip of Sweden. The bus, with passengers, just rode onto a large ferry boat for a 20-minute water ride to Helsingor, Denmark. This boat included three busloads and other passengers to the Denmark mainland.

"You ask about the hotel, Harry . . . that's easy, it rates a D-minus. There's an old saying, "There's something rotten in Denmark." Well, it was our hotel. Harry, I won't bother you with details . . . take my word on this one.

"Copenhagen is beautiful, busy, home to more beautiful girls and the American influence is everywhere. We took a city tour to the Rosenborg Castle, the Resistance Museum (depicting the rescue of the Jews by the Danes during World War II), Amalienborg Palace (royal residence of the Queen), and the famous 'Little Mermaid' statue (inspired by Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales, it sits on a boulder near the water's edge).

"A must in Copenhagen was the fabulous Tivoli Amusement Park. It reminds one of Coney Island or Savin Rock. While there, we were treated to a jazz concert, staged

by the American International Exchange Program, with 15- to 18-year-olds playing songs from home . . . it felt good.

"Harry, for the visiting Americans, it was a time of thinking of going home. We had one more city to view, Goteborg, Sweden, along the west coast, with a half million blondes. It also meant another ferry boat ride from Denmark to Sweden. The hotel stop in Goteborg was Class A, with full facilities. (I guess the tour organization wanted us folks to leave Scandinavia with good thoughts). With only a few hours to sightsee (had to rise early for the final leg to Oslo) we walked into a busy section of the city crowded with Sunday night lookers and doers. We did both, eating at a sidewalk cafe.

"HARRY, ARE YOU still awake?"
"Yes, Jack, please go on."

"We did just that, up bright and early . . . on to Oslo, crossing the Sweden-Norway border, for the last night at the school/hotel. The last day was just perfect, perfect for a movie . . . up at 5:30, eat at six, leave by seven; but at seven, we were notified of a five-hour delay.

"Finally at three, we left the airport, reserved for charter flights and the military, for the eight-hour ride over Greenland, eastern Canada and home.

"Harry, there's a few interesting points I forgot to mention . . . television in Scandinavia is controlled by the state. There are no commercials, viewers are taxed an amount and it's only on from about five to eleven at night. Luckily for us, some of the American soap operas were on. Not that we wanted to watch TV, but after a hard day of shopping and sightseeing, even the shows in the native language reminded us of home.

"Newspapers, that's another story. We asked the tour guide about American papers, and I found the only place in each major city was at the railroad station. We could pick up USA Today, with Red Sox scores three days late.

"The sunlight is strange . . . in July, it shines from 4:30 a.m. to about 11:30 p.m.; conversely, in the winter months it only appears from about 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. It takes a few days to get used to all that sunlight. It would be great for golfers in the USA.

"Harry, I'm proud you stayed awake. I would be remiss if I didn't mention the fine people we met, from all walks of life and from many of the States. Okay, I'm about finished. You remember the amusement park in Copenhagen called Tivoli? Well, spelled backwards it's 'I lov it' . . . guess I'd have to say that about sums up our trip. Thanks, Harry, catch you the next time we take a trip."



Rita and Jack Redmond near the statue of the 'Little Mermaid.'

Wieliczka's Life Shows Determination, Courage

Tom Wieliczka does not let life pass him by.

Tom is a bowler, golfer, swimmer, plays an instrument, and has assorted hobbies.

He also holds down a full time position in the world of insurance.

However, Tom has experienced and endured 18 operations. Braces and crutches have been his support since the age of two.

Moral and living support has been provided by his parents, Stan and Julia Wieliczka. According to his father, Tom is "independent and has learned to do things on his own."

Tom is living the full life, despite the so-called handicap. With his family, friends, doctors, nurses, teachers and some nice guys on the golf course, he has beaten the odds, plays sports, and is always surrounded by a world of hobbies.

Tom attended the local schools, graduating from high school in 1972. He

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was a member of the school band, playing the saxophone.

His condition was discovered at an early age. After numerous treatments and operations, at the Hartford Hospital and the Newington Children's Hospital, he is now a productive citizen, achieving a great deal more than the average person.

BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST: his background. His dad, Stanley Wieliczka, was born in Rockville. He received his education there and studied industrial management at the Lincoln Extension Institute in Cleveland, Ohio. Stan, a veteran employee of Hamilton-Standard for the

past 34 years, joined the U.S. Navy at age 18 in February, 1944. He served in both the Atlantic and Pacific campaigns. Stan met Julia Zimowski, a native of Windsor Locks, at the Polish National Home, where the polka was the dance of the night. For Stan, it was "love at first sight." After the wedding, in November 1947, the young married couple lived in Rockville until 1952. For the past 33 years they have been residents here.

Julia has been employed by the local Montgomery Co. for the past two decades. Before that, Julia raised Tom and three daughters: Susan, Laurie and Diane. Readers of C & K met Susan and Joe Hanigan recently. Laurie is married to Tony Muscarella and Diane to Dino Samson. The Muscarellas live in town, while Warehouse Point is home to the Samsons.

Stan and his son are members of the local Knights of Columbus. Stan has served on the Memorial Day Committees each year, as a member of the local VFW.

Stan comes from a large family of seven boys and three girls. Julia, a grad of WLHS, class of 1944, grew up on South Street with her three sisters and one brother.

BACK TO TOM, the young man with the best of attitudes. Tom's life is made up of energy producing feats that most of us take for granted. He bowls (duckpins) in Manchester. Tom approaches the alley holding the ball; crutches are then transferred to the left hand, as he releases the ball down the alley. Tom's average runs from 101 to 105. He drives his own car to work in Wind-

Please turn to page 13

The Courage of Tom Wieliczka

Continued from page 12

sor, where, for 10 years he's been a systems analyst for the Hartford. Tom is a grad of Hartford State Tech in the field of data processing.

During the summer months Tom drives to his favorite golf course in Glastonbury, the Minnechaug Golf Club. Tom's friends in the business and golf world came up with the idea of an attachment to his golf cart, whereby Tom can stand, strapped to the cart, thereby giving him the freedom of a full swing at the ball. For you duffers, Tom shoots in the high 40s for nine, and for 18, his best score was 91.

When Tom isn't golfing or bowling, in his leisure time, he manages to devote hours to

the making of model airplanes, from the latest "United" model to the famed B-29s of World War II. For a change of pace, but still in the model making hobby, Tom's latest venture is the battleship "Enterprise," with its thousands of parts and the tedious painting required for the deck surface.

In professional sports, Tom follows the "locals" — Yanks, Red Sox and Mets. You get the feeling when Yaz left the Sox, Tom's loyalty became divided. However, Yaz is still his favorite, and he treasures an autographed baseball he received from the Boston hitter. Sports on television is confined to baseball and the golf tournaments.

TOM'S DAD IS the "handy man around

the house." The dedicated couple did take the time to celebrate their 35th wedding day with a great trip to Hawaii. Stan added, "Tom always came first and once he was settled (as well as the girls), Julia and I took trips to Bermuda, Canada and Florida."

EPILOG

Someone once said, "The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain."

For Tom Wieliczka and his family, there have been some rainy days. His attitude always brings on the rainbows. Tom's smile can light up a room, especially when he talks of Yaz, golf, or his livelihood in the world of computers.

KofC Centennial Honors George F. Wallace

A hundred years of local history will reach its peak next month when the Knights of Columbus, Riverside Council, No. 26, celebrates its centennial year with a week-long festival of events. The honorary chairman of this gala event will be one of Windsor Locks' own, the number one Knight and citizen, George Francis Wallace.

George, a Life Honorary Member of the council, has been associated with the Knights in many capacities for 65 years. The Wallace family left its mark on the local Knights of Columbus, beginning with George's father, George M. Wallace, continued by his brother J. Finton Wallace, and then George.

The special week, Sunday, Oct. 13 to Saturday, Oct. 19, will begin with a communion breakfast, followed by a Monday through Friday, nightly event, and ending with a dinner-dance at the club on Elm Street, Oct. 19.

THE HONORARY CHAIRMAN has been assisted by the general chairman, Larry Matt, Grand Knight Donald Kania, John Scanlon and committee chairmen, during the past few months, arranging this centennial event.

George has served Windsor Locks as volunteer fireman, chairman of the Police Commission, secretary of the Planning and Zoning Commission and secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. As a life-time member of the Democratic Party, he was



George F. Wallace

moderator at various town meetings for two decades.

THE KNIGHTS of Columbus has been served by George since 1920. The Wallace family began its role in 1891, when Thomas F. Wallace served as Grand Knight. The

post was also held by George M. in 1902 and J. Finton in 1923.

Our honorary chairman succeeded his father (George M.) in 1937 as financial secretary, until 1962, at which time the council named the present financial secretary, Louis Nai, to that position.

George, who attended St. Mary's and the local high school, actually had two careers. Following graduation from high school in 1919, he entered the business of optical work under the direction of Dr. L. D. Cutler, the local optometrist, optician and jeweler of his day. George achieved the rank of Connecticut Registered Optician in 1933.

In 1937, George went into the newspaper field with the Windsor Locks Journal. George's father had been in the newspaper business since 1889. His brother, J. Finton, also with the Journal, hired George, who became editor and manager in 1969, when J. Finton retired. George remained in that position until 1972. George also served as the town's correspondent for the Springfield Union and Republican from 1937 to 1958 and the Hartford Times from 1937 to 1945.

THIS BUSY LIFE has been shared with the former Eva Moran since 1927. Eva and George are a close-knit couple enjoying the years of retirement, but still remember the hectic life of newspaper deadlines, and meetings at the Knights and the Fire Department. They have one son, George F.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Wallace, Jr. of Wethersfield, and five grandchildren.

EPILOG

It is difficult to separate the Knights of Columbus and George F. Wallace. The organization and the man both have lived a fruitful life.

Next month will be a time for celebration of 100 years of the Riverside Council and to honor a man whose life has been to his church and community.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

The story of John and Linda Donahue is one of volunteer work, be it historical or civic; Linda's sports connections, and John's experience as a veteran of Vietnam and as a firefighter.

John was born in Lawrence, Mass.; Linda is a native of town, with past family political ties from her late and respected father, Bernie Seaha.

Both John and Linda graduated from the local high school, 1966 and 1968 respectively. John took advantage of the GI Bill, receiving an associate degree in liberal arts from the Asnuntuck Community College, while Linda used her Prince Tech training to become a dental assistant locally for five years.

The meeting of John Collins Donahue and Linda Seaha at the dentist office ended up with a new bridge for John and new romance for this young couple. But first, let's lay the bridge(work): John's family moved from Lawrence to Windsor Locks when he was only six years old. He attended the local schools, but shortly after leaving high school he entered the U.S. Army as an infantry soldier during the height of the Vietnam conflict.

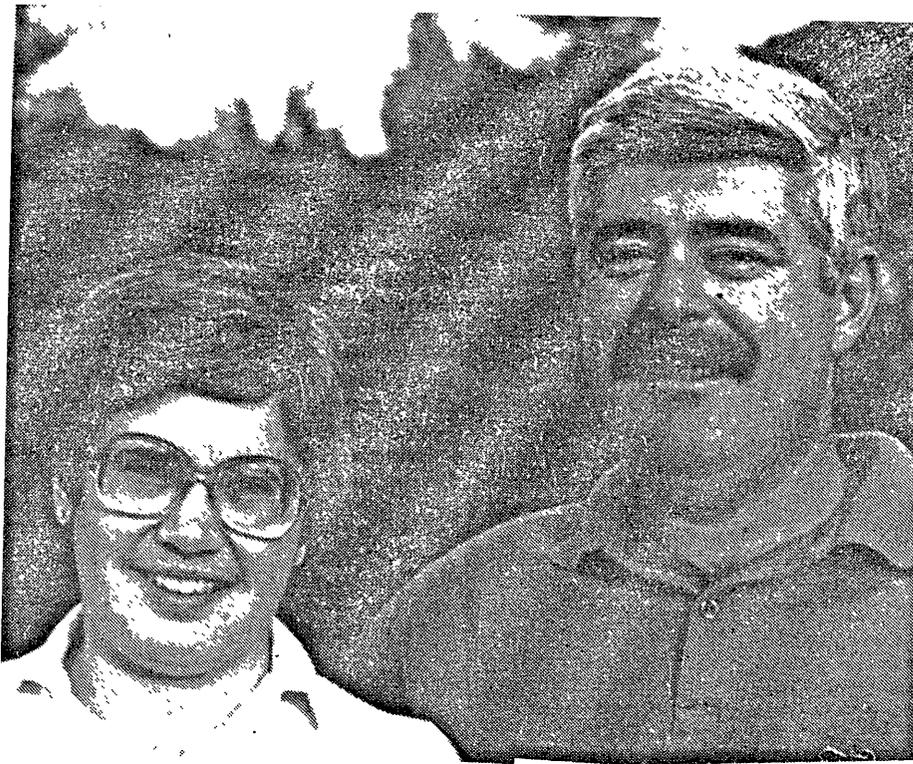
JOHN'S SERVICE RECORD lists stops in South Carolina, Georgia, Vietnam and Germany. He spent a year in the Saigon area with the 199th Infantry, earning two battle stars and a Presidential Citation by his unit. He took an active role in the "Tet Offensive," which resulted in the recapture of the city, now called Ho Chi Minh City. He

arrived in Vietnam at 19, leaving only four days before his 20th birthday.

Returning to the States for reassignment, John soon found himself on the other side of the world in Germany. He spent six months there, "just enough time to tour Europe."

At the age of 16, John had joined the auxiliary of the local Fire Department and now, looking back, he said "I guess I always wanted to be a fireman." After leaving the Army, he had a few odd jobs until the year 1971 when he became a member of the Hartford Fire Department. During his two decades with the local volunteers, John has been a member of their fine fife and drum corps.

Three years after firefighter John Donahue was well settled in his chosen profession, he married Linda. Let's go back a few years . . . after Linda's high school graduation and her stay at Prince Tech, she joined the staff of Dr. David Young in town as dental assistant. One day, John Donahue had a dental problem, and after it was taken care of, John and Linda started dating. Linda worked for Dr. Young for five years, leaving town for the insurance world at Connecticut General for the past five years.



LINDA WAS HONORED in 1980 for her "distinguished service" during the '79 tornado that hit this area. When disaster struck, Linda, at the time in the firehouse with John, was asked to work the radio and performed "calmly and efficiently" until the tornado had run its course. For her part, she received the Distinguished Service Award of the Connecticut State Firemen's Association. It was the first

time the award was presented to an individual who was not a member of a state fire department.

Linda, in addition to her full-time employment at Connecticut General, found the time to coach a girls' softball team in town, ages nine to 12, this past spring. Her civic duty has been as the busy assistant director to Roger Ignazio, director of Civil Preparedness. Not forgetting the past, both John and Linda are members of the town's Historical Society where John has been keeper of the "old Engine No. 2."

John's list of organization involvement began over two decades ago as a Boy Scout. He's a past Scoutmaster of Troop 84, member of the Hartford Firefighter Post of the VFW, and locally is a driver for the Lion's Ambulance Corps. His talents have included scuba diving in the Windsor Civil Preparedness Search and Rescue program. John's father, the late Daniel Donahue, was a veteran employee of Pratt and Whitney. His mother, Ruth, resides in town on South Elm Street.

LINDA, ONE OF the eight children of "Mo" Quagliaroli Seaha and Bernie Seaha, was asked who she most admired. "My dad . . . he was what everyone expects of an American." Mr. Seaha was on the Police Commission, was Third Selectman (GOP), and was for over 25 years a faithful member of the local volunteer fire department.

John and Linda have a dog called "Buff." He probably was named by John who is, by his own admission, a "Civil War buff." Ever since the sixth grade history class, John has been absorbed in books and memorabilia concerning the War between the States. To John, "The Civil War was one of the most interesting periods of American history." He has visited the battlefields at Gettysburg and Virginia. And who does John most admire? General Robert E. Lee, "a man who lived by his principles in the fight for his state."

Linda and John are travelers; in addition to the South, they have seen the beauty of Spain and Portugal. They have also traveled to events that many folks would like to see, but just never made the effort. Example: Times Square on New Year's Eve; visiting the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C.; and the ticker-tape parade welcoming home the hostages from Iran. Linda, the Red Sox buff in the family, is a frequent visitor to Fenway and attended Yaz's last game, saying, "I will never forget that."

EPILOG

That's the story of John and Linda Donahue, who believe in "helping someone along the way," and going that extra mile to smell the roses. To them, the roles have been satisfying, especially the organizations they hold membership in, as volunteers.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, AUGUST 23, 1985

'Help Someone The Donahues: Along the Way'

Koprowski's Football Heart Is in San Francisco

Edward James Koprowski has lived in Windsor Locks for 20 years; employed by Kaman for 25 years and he has been an active member of the local Lions Club for a decade. But he's a life member of the San Francisco Forty-Niners fan club.

The tall easy-going man, who is always ready with a helping hand to assist neighbors and friends, was born in the city by the Golden Gate. He remembers his early childhood in the city called "Baghdad by the Bay." Ed still follows the action of the football 49ers and is more devoted than most local Red Sox and Yankee rooters.

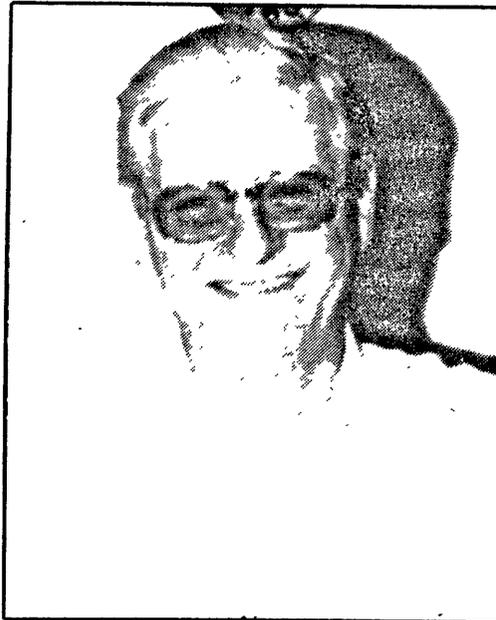
In Ed and Dianne's apartment there is a "shrine" (her words, not his) to his favorite team, filled with an autographed football, pennants, photos and other memorabilia that would make any fan envious. The great 49ers won the Super Bowls on the first day of '82 and '85.

Ed grew up watching high school and college stars on the gridiron, such as O.J. Simpson and Ollie Mattson, to name only two. During one summer school session, one of his classmates was Barbara Eden of "I Dream of Jeannie" fame.

He left the streets of San Francisco in February of 1956 (having graduated from high school in 1955) for the U.S. Air Force. He spent nine months' service time in Illinois and 27 months at Westover Air Force Base.

THE TRANSPLANTED Californian turned civilian decided to try the East Coast. "I took a temporary job at Kaman, and it has lasted 25 (football) seasons." He began in the Production Department, spent some time in Engineering and now is a senior buyer in Purchasing.

How did Ed Keep up the 49er interest,



Edward Koprowski

3,000 miles away from the home turf? "My father (Lad Koprowski, now deceased) had two positions; he worked at the U.S. Mint and as a spotter for the press at the 49er games." This connection for Ed has grown to a lifetime hobby of sorts. Keeping the California connection, his mother (Antoinette Koprowski) still resides in Sonoma, where visits are not hard to take.

Several years ago, Kaman had need for a "Kelly Girl," and Dianne Hillard was given the switchboard to cover. The calls from Purchasing were numerous, with Ed talking to vendors and getting to know the new arrival on the company end of the

phone. The Springfield, Mass. native (raised in Granby) and the man from San Francisco were married in 1980.

Ed is the father of two children and the like number of grandchildren. His daughter, Donna, is a 1978 grad of the local high school and is married to Paul Naiva. They live in town with their two children, Michael, five, and Caitlin, a year old. Ed's son, Gene Koprowski, lives in Windsor, where he graduated from high school in 1981. Instead of football, young Gene followed a different path, playing soccer and Little League.

ONE ACTIVITY Ed always finds time for is the Lions. To Ed, the Lions perform "a community service, working hard for the residents of Windsor Locks in many ways," such as the nursing scholarship and sending four students to 4-H Camp. This year's Lions Pancake Festival was Ed's third. The fund-raising Sunday breakfast "gives exposure (of our projects) to the people of town," he said. The 10-year veteran of community service has held the title of "Tail Twister," served on the board of directors for five years and is currently third vice president.

Ed has had his share of problems. In October 1979, Ed was one of the residents who lost his home in the infamous tornado that rocked this community and surrounding towns. At that time he was living in Poquonock. He moved to Windsor for a short time after the disaster, and is now residing in Windsor Locks.

The man from San Francisco (never say 'Frisco to a native) is not all football when it comes to sports. The other seasons command some of his time, with golf at Millbrook and St. Ann's. All he said was

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that he enjoys the game and gets his money's worth. The bowling of duckpins at Villa Rose and big pins in Bloomfield brought this comment: "We won't talk about my scores."

DIANNE AND ED enjoy the Cape and manage to take a trip to the West Coast at least once a year (probably during the football season). You can't get away from the subject of football when talking to Ed. On Jan. 1, 1982, he and his son traveled to Pontiac, Mich. and the Silverdome for the Super Bowl game. This past Jan. 1, Ed was at Stanford University for the big game with his 49ers.

Ed has other hobbies, too. Working at Kaman, Ed has become interested in the aerospace program (past and present). He reads all he can on the subject and makes model planes. When it was time to name a hero or who he most admired, he quickly related, "Charles Lindbergh. Why, you say? I guess I have the same philosophy of Lindy: you don't say it can't be done, if you don't give it an honest effort."

EPILOG

Dedicated and active are probably overworked words of praise for most individuals; however, with Ed Koprowski, his honest effort fits in with an easy-going manner, sense of humor and humility.

I came across the following words which fit Mr. Koprowski: "The work of an unknown good person is like a vein of water flowing underground, secretly making the grass greener."

Joe Hannigan Jr. — The Favorite Mailman

Joe Hannigan Jr. is continuing the legacy of his late father, Joseph B. Hannigan Sr., by hard work and being a family man.

A postal worker since graduation from high school, Joe, known to his immediate family as "Sonny," has been a dedication local volunteer fireman since 1971 and proud husband of Sue Wieliczka Hannigan and their two children, Amy Jean and Brian.

Joseph Bernard Hannigan Jr., born in Lawrence, Mass., moved to the "great town" he now calls home, at the age of seven (1956) when his father joined Hamilton-Standard.

Joe Sr., devoted worker for the K of C and St. Robert's, passed away in 1979. Mrs. Hannigan, the former Yvonne Demuth, still resides on Denslow Street where her son and three daughters, Pat, Nancy and Gale, grew up.

Joe attended St. Mary's and graduated from the local high school, Class of 1967. Sports were limited to 9th grade soccer for Joe, who explained "I was working or doing something else," without much time for sports.

A CAREER in the post office came soon enough for Joe, who wore the cap and gown on a Thursday and the following Monday was a "sub" at Joe Raccone's Main Street Post Office.

Joe achieved a record of sorts as "a sub for a little over 12 years," he said. When John Sartori retired, Joe took over his route as carrier. Joe has been on the street area of Pershing and South Elm for over

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six years. He covers one of the 13 routes in Windsor Locks. He admits to having a few run-ins with dogs (and what mail carrier doesn't) but, this has never prevented him from following the "neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night" motto of the postal service.

The Joe and Sue story has had its funny moments. When they were growing up, the Hannigans and Wieliczkas were next door neighbors. So obviously, the "girl next door" was little Sue. Joe's early school role was to walk Sue to the school bus.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, little girls do not appreciate being escorted by little boys. Years later, the girl married the boy "next door," and now have their own little boy and girl.

Sue graduated from high school the same year as Joe. She went to work locally at Dexter, with nearly 18 years' service. During those years Sue had a daughter, Amy Jean, with a birthday today (Sept. 6), making her a big 11 years old. She attends the middle school for the first time. Amy is an "excellent" swimmer as a member of the Windsor Locks Water Jets, her father said.

Her brother, Brian, who will be seven next month, is in the second grade at South School. He's also a swimmer, and accor-

ding to dad, "will try everything" around the house, helping to mow the lawn and assisting in washing the family vehicles.

On the subject of families, Sue, as mentioned, grew up on Denslow with her father Stan, mother Julia, her brother Tom and two sisters, Laurie and Diane. Sue comes from an active family.

Her husband Joe is a man of many talents. One sideline activity was the art of cooking, which he learned from his father. Joe Sr., a veteran of World War II in the U.S. Navy, had a dual responsibility; when called for action against the enemy he was a gunner, and when the guns were silent, he was a cook.

HE CONTINUED THIS culinary trade years later at St. Robert's Sports Nights, at the K of C and at the prestigious University Club in Hartford. Young Joe picked up the right tools of his father's trade helping out, and recalls meeting governor John Dempsey and our own Ella Grasso at the club's functions.

The versatile man from Mary Webb Road (which Joe and Sue now call home) is

one of the reliable volunteer firemen on Elm Street. Joe joined the company in 1971. He is currently treasurer of the Chief Ray Ouellette volunteers. Joe is also a past president and secretary of the department.

When Joe isn't delivering mail, listening for a fire call, or cooking up his favorite dish, he takes his family to the mountains camping. He enjoys three sports: the horse races at Saratoga, the baseball games at Fenway and the Giants at the Meadowlands.

EPILOG

Joe Hannigan Jr. lives by the following creed: "My family is number one, my friends, number two; you are nothing without family or friends." Joe comes from a very close-knit family and has continued this way of life with Sue and the children.

When you talk to Joe Jr., memories of Joe Sr. are not far away. He remembers, "My father was the hardest working man I ever knew . . . whatever he did, he did with his whole heart and soul."

Yes, Joe Hannigan Jr., you were left a legacy . . . to live and pass on to your children.

John Sawicki Jr.: A Veteran of Vietnam

"Take a chance! All life is a chance. The man who goes farthest is generally the one who is willing to do and dare."

John Stephen Sawicki Jr. has been described as both loyal and optimistic. These tendencies plus the taking of chances were all part of his life 15 years ago as a combat soldier in Vietnam.

The Broad Brook native now makes his home in Windsor Locks, his livelihood in Granby, all far removed from the land of 'Nam.

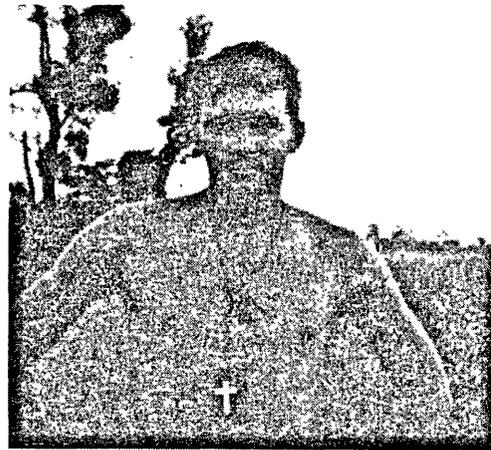
Looking back, John remembers, "I've been to hell and back." The memories of his personal 13 months in the war-torn country do not wash away easily, and will always be a part of his life.

Today, the hard-working manager of Geissler's store in Granby is a father of two daughters and married to Mary O'Connor Sawicki, who came from Hartford. The Polish boy fell in love with the pretty Irish lass. But just to keep the record straight, one family vehicle bears "Happiness Is Having a Polish Pope," while the other proudly says, "God Made the Irish No. 1."

John Jr., son of John Sr. and Helen Sawicki (still residents of Broad Brook), graduated from the East Windsor High School, Class of 1967. For the record, John has two sisters.

AS HIS GRADUATION gift, John received a guitar. He was already a student of the trumpet, as a member of the high school band. After high school, John, with his two instruments, formed a band and played locally. Nights were for music, days for class at Morse Business School, where he was learning the finer points of accounting. During those high school years John worked part-time at Geissler's in Warehouse Point. This turned out to be his future steady employment.

In February 1969, John left the store and his music to join the U.S. Army. Basic training was at Fort Dix, N.J.; next stop, the war in Vietnam. He soon earned sergeant stripes, serving "all over 'Nam, from the rice dikes to Cambodia." He received two air medals and battle stars, mostly as a "point man" (i.e., one soldier would march ahead of the rest of the party



John Sawicki Jr. in a photo dated October 1969.

to search for the enemy, as an Indian scout may have done in the old West). Needless to say, a dangerous assignment. John explained his reason for volunteering: "At the time, I was not attached (to a woman back home) so I volunteered for the 'point' position, in place of married or engaged men." This act was probably John's first touch of loyalty to his men, and of his optimism for his safe return.

HE ADMITS, when it was all over, "I was happy to be home." He returned to Geissler's after a short time of "living it up." Today, he manages Granby's new store.

And now, this is where Mary O'Connor enters his life. A few months after leaving the service, John met Mary, the daughter of Bill and Peg O'Connor of Hartford (they also have two other daughters and two sons). The meeting was a blind date, arranged by a friend. He became engaged to the South Catholic grad (class of 1970) in November of 1971. They were married in May of 1972. As mentioned, they have two daughters — Denise, 11, a student at the Middle School and Dawn, eight, at the South Street School. Both girls are into softball, the Scouts and acrobatics.

In the area, John is a member of the Warehouse Point Chapter of the American

Legion and the local Veterans of Foreign Wars. The Legion rolls have carried his name for 15 years. He joined the VFW back in 1983 and today is the veterans' chaplain.

This past winter John was chairman of the annual VFW Sports Night. The yearly event has always been one of the highlights of the season in town, where those famous from the sports world have come to honor local sports figures. Among the greats have been Bob Cousy, Mel Allen, Frankie Frisch, Rocky Marciano, Bobby Thompson, Andy Robutelli and Ron Francis, to name only a few.

IN 1986, JOHN will again assume the position of chairman of this great event. He said the date has not been set but it appears January or February dates will be decided shortly, as the committee is now being formed.

When John is not about the business of the VFW, Geissler's, or as a husband and father, he enjoys just playing his guitar and singing along for his own pleasure. However, Mary appreciates his other role as chief handyman around the house. When

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the summer comes, all work over, the family enjoys swimming and everything else people do on vacations at the Cape.

EPILOG

The former Vietnam veteran was asked who he most admired. The answer was pure John Stephen Sawicki Jr.

"Just say I have admiration for all young couples just starting off as married people; it's not easy." John and Mary have weathered that part, as a young married couple.

At times John can be a very serious person, but is always ready to enjoy life, with the attitude, "let's go for it."

Truly an optimist, this quality was shown when battle conditions became "hell," but he would tell himself, "I'm going home." He did, and found Mary O'Connor to share that optimism.

When Avon Calls, It May Be the Settinos

"Cash can buy, but it takes enthusiasm to sell."

"Chef: a man with a big enough vocabulary to give the soup a different name every day."

The story of Pete and Cindy Settino is about two individuals with busy lifestyles as Avon product representatives. Just to keep it all interesting, Pete also holds down a full-time job as cook at the well-known East Windsor Restaurant.

The Center Street residents are both natives of Hartford. Pete grew up in Wethersfield, while Cindy has lived in Windsor Locks the past three decades. They met while working at a South Windsor eatery and have been married since 1977.

The life of an "Avon Calling" salesperson can be a "fun experience that is profitable," according to Cindy, the outgoing member of the Settino household. Before going into the world of cosmetics, a few details on this industrious couple.

The professional cook in the family is Peter Rogers Settino, a quiet and easy-going grad of Wethersfield High School, class of 1971, where he played basketball. Pete has a twin brother, Charlie, another brother Stevie, and two sisters, Mary Ann and Katie.

THEIR FATHER, Guy Settino of Hartford, played some basketball and baseball at St. Thomas Seminary and pro baseball for a Chicago Cub farm team. In the capital city area, Guy worked as a high school and college basketball referee.

Pete entered the world of cooking "out of necessity," he said. During his high school days, early graduation was available to students who held full-time jobs. Pete

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wanted out of high school, he said, taking a job at one of the local Farm Shops, and a new chef was born. Not counting his association with Avon, Pete has been employed in the kitchens of several area restaurants, finally settling down six years ago at the East Windsor location.

These days, Pete's schedule begins at the early hour of 6 a.m., when the breakfast crowd are looking for their eggs and home fries. The day ends at the restaurant about 4 p.m., just before the dinner customers arrive. Then Pete goes from the kitchen to the world of Avon. Yes, Cindy does the family cooking.

Cindy Hebert Settino at the age of four came to Windsor Locks. She attended the local schools before she too entered the restaurant business in this part of the state. Her life in the business of eating ended when she decided to try selling Avon products.

THE MOTHER OF three children, Elaine, Melissa and Billy, Cindy is all salesmansi, with a "personal commitment (towards her customers):" Probably the best way to describe Cindy's technique towards selling would be to say she enjoys "meeting a lot of nice people, building up many friendships" during the past two and one-half years.

Cindy, one of many Avon reps in town, plus her husband Pete (who has been in the business for a year), considers herself an

"independent contractor," with the title of "stand-in manager, a rep recruiter and administrative assistant to a manager."

For the record, Cindy said the famous phrase "Avon Calling," is not what she says. Instead, she opens, "I'm Cindy Settino, your Avon representative."

Both she and Pete have their Avon sections of town. Cindy is a member of the Avon President's Club, a select group of salespersons who, during the sales year, have reached a volume of gross sales.

THE SETTINOS ARE NOT completely tied to work. Pete shoots in the 40s at Millbrook Golf Course. On Sundays, at Bradley Bowl, Cindy joins Pete in the mixed league. He sports a respectable 170 average, while Cindy knocks down the big pins at a 125 average.

Pete admits, "There's not much time for hobbies," but vacation time finds the couple traveling up to Vermont or New York State.

Cindy meets "a lot of good people" in her

line of work, she said. When it came to who she admires, naming names, she said, "I guess I'd say, Helen McConnell of Southbury, Conn., a division manager of Avon, who always has her act together." Pete said his choice would have to be his father, "for putting up with me and my brothers when we were growing up."

EPILOG

Recently, during one of those hot days in August, while we were sitting soaking up the sun, this big, burly man stopped by the house and dropped off the latest Avon catalogue.

We thought it rather strange at the time, but after a few moments of conversation we found Peter Settino was indeed the so-called "Avon Lady."

In this case, the lady was no lady, just a big, quiet man who also cooks for a living and helps his wife cover a section of town selling the needs of many houses. So the next time, when "Avon" is calling, it might be a guy named Pete.

Ralph Leiper: Teacher and Commissioner

Ralph Warren Leiper wanted to serve his adopted town, so he chose the Lions Club, and since November 1982, he has also been a member of the town's Planning and Zoning Commission.

Before settling down in Windsor Locks, Ralph served his country in the U.S. Army, and upon discharge, became a physics and general science teacher at Pulaski High School in New Britain.

Ralph was born in Hartford, attending the local schools, graduating from Weaver High School, class of 1956. His later life of logical thinking probably received its start when he was president of the school's chess club. During his college days at UConn he decided on a life of teaching.

In 1961, Ralph received a degree in chemistry. It was at UConn he also took part in the ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps) program. After a January graduation, he entered the Army for a six-month tour of duty.

However, due to the Berlin Wall crisis, the Army required the artillery officer to be ready for whatever was deemed necessary. He served in both Texas and Oklahoma before eventual discharge in September, 1962.

He recalled, soon after regaining his civilian status, that the Cuban Missile faced his country, but he had missed the latest crisis.

THAT FALL of 1962, fresh from his 2nd lieutenant rank, Ralph began his career of teaching at Pulaski. Today, it's known as New Britain High School, and for 23 years the veteran teacher has handled chemistry classes at the school.

Not one to let the computer world pass him by, Ralph holds a part-time position at Manchester's Computer Training Institute, specializing in word-processing and computer programming.

After his Army duty, Ralph lived in Vernon for three years before settling down in Windsor Locks in 1964. Not one to jump into life's situations right off, Ralph did not meet the right girl until 1975. He went roller-skating one night at Babb's Roller-Skating Rink and met Janet Riding, a native of Butler, Pa., a small town north of Pittsburgh.



Ralph W. Leiper

How did a girl from Butler meet another skater at Babb's? Easy; Janet moved to Hartford soon after high school, seeking employment in the world of insurance. Two years later, Janet and Ralph were married. Janet worked at Travelers for 16 years until their son Andy arrived. Little Andy will be three at the end of this month.

Add to the list of individuals who do not stand still, Janet Leiper. She teaches calligraphy at the Senior Citizen Club and the High School Adult Education Program.

Janet and Ralph have a common hobby, photography. Apparently, they have given up roller-skating. However, as in skating, it has never been decided who was the best. Ralph feels he understands the mechanical end of the camera, but admits Janet may take better pictures. He is one up on her; he's a member of the Northern Connecticut Photography Society.

IN WINDSOR LOCKS, where they enjoy the convenience of the small town and where you can get to know more people, Ralph serves two well-known endeavors. He has been a member of the Lions for 11 years, and currently is treasurer, and belongs to the Planning and Zoning Commission.

As a member of the Republican Town Committee for the past four years, Ralph was appointed to the Planning and Zoning Commission by the selectmen in November 1982 as an alternate. He became a regular in July 1984. His term on the commission expires in 1987.

To Ralph, "It's been an interesting learning process, planning and dealing with the town's needs, be it business or residential." In addition, he said, "The commission's other duties include implementing the regulations or updating development." The commission has five regulars (Dick Williams, chairman; George Scott, Mary Savoio, Angelo Marconi and Ralph), and three alternates (Dan McNamara, Roger Nelson and Kathleen Paul).

Janet was asked for one word to describe her husband. She said, "logical." He bowls and golfs occasionally, at one time held a

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pilot's license, is into photography and computers . . . yes, the logical man. Pro football is number one to him; Ralph cheers for Dallas while Janet, coming from Pennsylvania, is a Pittsburgh Steelers fan. (She can be logical, too.)

They've taken vacations on both sides of the Atlantic . . . a tour of Europe, trips to Maine, Canada, Washington, D.C. and, of course, some family trips to the Commonwealth.

EPILOG

Ralph Warren Leiper serves the town of Windsor Locks and the students of New Britain. When asked what his personal philosophy was, he said, "Do the greatest good for the greater number in the fairest possible way."

The towns of Windsor Locks and New Britain have had Ralph's talents, wisdom, calmness and yes, a logical mind "for the greatest good."

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, OCTOBER 11, 1985

Rocky Bourke, His Family — And Friends

There's a popular kids' program on television called "Rocky and His Friends." On Center Street lives the Rocky Bourke family and they are popular too, in Warehouse Point, Windsor Locks and at the local Fire Department.

There's the father, Rocky, the self-styled workaholic, a native of the town across the river; his friendly and outgoing wife, Ruth, with the familiar name of Quagliaroli; their daughter, Judy McDonald (who lives in town), and their son Jackie, a special friend and buddy to the Fire Department volunteers on Elm Street.

The story and life of the Bourke family is one of hard work, devotion to the town, the grandchildren, a special award and the glories of yesteryear in area sports.

Known to his friends and family as just Rocky, J.R. Bourke was born and raised next to a farm in Warehouse Point. Rocky, one of six sons of William (who passed away at 94) and Ada (who just turned 98 this month), Rocky attended the local grammar school and graduated from the Ellsworth High School in South Windsor.

Rocky missed graduation because he was in the U.S. Marines when the Class of 1946 received their diplomas. During the three years at Ellsworth, Rocky performed on the track, soccer and basketball teams. At the time, he held several state records in the shot-put and javelin events.

IN JUNE of 1945, Rocky left farm life, the classroom and the sports scene to join the Marines. Boot camp was handled well by the young, strong farm boy at the famous Parris Island, S.C., and Camp Pendleton, Calif. The next stop was beautiful Hawaii and Waikiki Beach for a year's duty (which was hard to take).

Returning to Warehouse Point in September of 1946, the former Marine went back to work on the farm for a short while before venturing out into the world of factories and offices. He found work at Dexter and carpenter work in construction, but also found time to play basketball in the area.

Finally, in 1951, he settled down to a permanent job with Southern New England Telephone. Rocky worked in a line gang, eventually graduating to installation. The



Jackie Bourke

steady job lasted 32 years, when he retired in 1983.

But retirement was not for Rocky. This busy man from Center Street became self-employed in the area building trades.

AND NOW FOR the most important part of Rocky's life: the family. It all began in 1949 when Rocky was playing basketball in town and was invited back to a friend's house. There he met Ruth Quagliaroli, daughter of the late George and Esther Flattery Quagliaroli of Windsor Locks. Ruth has two brothers and two sisters.

The family of Quagliarolis grew up on Spring Street. Ruth attended St. Mary's and the local high school, graduating in 1948. She soon became a basketball fan of Rocky, following the games until Rocky said the words, "Let's get married." They were married on May 17, 1952 at St. Mary's Church.

Ruth worked a few jobs, at Connecticut General, Trans Ocean Airlines and Hamilton-Standard, until motherhood

came with the birth of Judy and Jackie.

Judy is married to Richard McDonald. They live in town with Rocky and Ruth's two grandchildren, Michael and Megan.

When Judy's brother Jackie was growing up, when not attending Union or Middle schools, he was always at the Old Oak Street firehouse. It didn't take long for Jackie and the local volunteers to become fast friends. After leaving the Middle School, Jackie took part in the special education classes in Broad Brook and Suffield, graduating from the high school there in 1977.

JACKIE, AN HONORARY member of the Fire Department, helped in the big move to Elm Street, the present home of the Police and Fire departments. For his participation and interest in the years since his youth, Jackie was given a trophy with the following inscription: "In Sincere Appreciation of Your Dedicated Service, 1981. The Officers and Members of the Windsor Locks Fire Department." Needless to say, this award is the pride and joy of Jackie and his family.

For the past seven years Jackie has been a steady assembly worker at Hi-G. Rocky and Ruth said of Jackie, "He has a heart of gold. He's friendly to everyone and everyone knows him."

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By JACK REDMOND

Jackie and his father are great baseball and wrestling fans, especially if the games or matches are being televised. Ruth leaves the sports up to Jackie and Rocky; she would rather attend Kaz's Corner ceramic classes. She's been doing the ceramic hobby bit for the past two years. When she can get her men together, they all enjoy the weather and swimming at the Connecticut shore.

EPILOG

Rocky Bourke, the workaholic, is a down-to-earth man who, if he had a choice, would be on a farm. Ruth, on the other hand, is strictly a Windsor Locks gal.

Rocky admires "the greatest hitter of all times: Ted Williams." Ruth admires her daughter, their grandchildren and her men. Rocky and Ruth do agree on one subject: "treating others as you would want to be treated."

Now that the words have been put together about Rocky, Ruth, Jackie and Judy, I hope they cover the many reasons for an interview. Ruth was skeptical. I never was for a minute.

Bill LaTorra: 15 Years After Senior League

Back in 1970, Bill LaTorra was a member of the Villa Rose team, in the Senior Baseball League.

Now, 15 years later, William Joseph LaTorra is a married man, with a small son, and still playing softball in his late 20s, as a perpetual boy of summer.

Softball can be called his hobby, rounding out his life along with the two-year role of father, five years of being a husband, and a steady worker as installer of elevators since 1978.

Bill comes from a local sport family, as does his wife, Caren Schiessl LaTorra. Bill's father, Lou LaTorra, and Caren's dad, Carl Schiessl, have both been active in the town's sports activity. Lou, a member of the Park Commission, was a C&K interviewee back in November 1975.

One of three sons (brother Jim and Dave both played Little League), Bill was born in Hartford in 1957, moving to Windsor Locks

at the age of five.

Bill attended the grammar schools in town, graduating from the high school in 1976. Bill played four years of football for the Raiders under Coach Pat Scelza. In checking an old newspaper article in the Journal, I came across some words from Coach Scelza: "Bill was so psyched for the East Catholic game that he played the best game of his career . . . he has played super all season long." Bill had been trained early as a member of the midget football program in town.

ANOTHER COACH, Dan Sullivan, had praise for Bill during his basketball days in high school: "Bill is aggressive, very coachable and a real hustler."

However, Bill did not play his first love (baseball) in high school. But he left behind three years of Little League playing for the Rotary, coached by his father. In the

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Senior League, under the capable eye of George Hull, young Bill was one of the stars of the Villa Rose Team during the early '70s.

The Villa Rose was always one of the top teams under manager Hall, assisted by the late Bob Dion and a statistician named Redmond. Some of those players come to mind: Ed Reale, George and Jeff Colli, Mark Nolan and Mike Bednarz, to name a few.

After high school Bill attended Hartford State Tech for two years, taking computer programming classes. However, when it came to employment, Bill decided to install elevators with the Westinghouse Electric instead of staying in the computer world. Since 1978, Bill has worked on several large projects in the state, among them the Commercial Plaza and City Place in Hartford.

IN THE MIDDLE '70s, the local K of C held weekly dances for the high school students. It was there Caren Schiessl met Bill LaTorra, the big football star. It took a few years after high school graduation, while Caren attended St. Francis School of Nursing, before they were married. In 1980 the young couple tied the knot uniting the pretty nurse and the local jock. Caren, from a sporting family, has two brothers, Carl and Curt, who both played Little League and the Senior Division. In high

school Caren was a member of the swim team.

Their son, Tim (two years old), is following in her strokes. He has been swimming since he was only five months old. Caren and Bill are expecting their second child sometime in January.

Bill, long retired from football, still picks up his glove on the weekends to play softball in the town's men's league. After nine years Bill hits the long ball for the AV Road Runners. One year the team placed third in the New England Regionals. When the softball season is over, Bill manages to do some fishing (on his father-in-law's boat).

BILL IS A true-blue Boston fan, rooting for the Red Sox and Celtics, but when it comes to football, he's for the America's team, the Dallas Cowboys. But Caren feels Bill is also cheering for the team's pretty girls on the sidelines.

Growing up in town, young Bill LaTorra, involved in sports himself, was always looking up to the high school stars of that time. His father took him to all the games and he would watch and figure someday it will be his turn. The days came for William Joseph LaTorra. The records at the Raider school will bear these facts out.

EPILOG

Bill LaTorra, when it comes to softball, is still a big kid. When it comes to his family, he is a big man.

I knew Bill in the Senior League. I know Bill now as the weekly communicant at St. Robert's. His philosophy is "Try to be nice to everyone." All who know him, will agree.

"The United States: the best country in the world."

These are the words of Joe and Kazimiera Kowalski, when asked to express their feelings for the country where they found a home, employment, happiness and a new life after World War II.

Their story is of German captivity, fear of the Russians, working with the American forces after the war and finally coming to the United States to raise a family.

The story must begin with Joseph Kowalski. He was born in Poland, near the German border. Life for Joe in the 1930s was school, work and some time for soccer. But for young Joe and his neighbors the impending war was near.

The war did come, first to Poland. Joe, 19 at the time, was taken Feb. 2, 1940 from his home (leaving his parents and three sisters), to work on a farm in Germany under military supervision.

Joe, who had learned the trade of a machinist, was needed for farm production and recruited with many young Polish boys and girls to work for the German cause.

Life was hard, working from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. each day. Joe spent five long and anxious years on the farm, during the height of the war. The farm was located in Germany, near the Czech border.

PROBABLY THE ONLY luxury he was given was the permission to write home occasionally. In 1943, Joe's father passed away. Joe was granted some time off to attend the funeral. It was the first and only time he visited his mother and sisters while under German control.

In early 1945, the war in Europe was coming to an end. However, the confine-

ment of Joe Kowalski seemed as if it would go on. He and his fellow prisoners were fearful of the arrival of the Russians, who would continue to use the Polish men and women as workers on the farm.

They did have a choice: escape. Joe, with the aid of three men and two women, took that chance. Under the cover of darkness, they made their way to safety (about 12 miles) to an American camp of GIs. It meant freedom for Joe and his fellow prisoners.

The next five years Joe worked at different jobs, but stayed in Germany. He felt it was better than going home and being under Russian domination. He volunteered for the Polish National Guard, assisting the American forces. It was now his turn to supervise German POWs.

In April 1950, Joe decided to visit the United States and seek a new life and employment. He heard of work on tobacco fields in Connecticut. He left Europe by boat, passing the famed Statue of Liberty on entering New York Harbor. It was quite a view for this young Polish man who longed for freedom and was finally at the doorstep of the land he now calls "the greatest."

JOE'S NEXT STOP would be Windsor Locks. He was to be part of tobacco workers, under the auspices of a Catholic organization. His first home in the States was on North Street, where Camp Hartel is now located. He worked hard, realizing he was making a new life, but he missed

home and his family.

He left the tobacco fields for his first job as a machinist at the Horton Co. This job lasted a few years until he joined the Pine Meadow Machine (in 1953), now located on Webb Street, under the leadership of "Ziggy" Bednarz, a C & K interviewee, two years ago this month. Joe has been one of "Ziggy's" steady workers for over three decades.

Now for the other side of the Kowalski story: Kazimiera Marcimczak. Again we must begin with Joe. In 1959, he decided to take the time for a visit to Poland and his family. He found them all well and also found a girl to marry.

Kazimiera was only nine years old when her country was overtaken by the Germans. She remembers the occupation and then the Russians coming to her home

town. She and her friends had heard great things about America. Looking back, she recalls telling her friends, "I'm not going to get married until I meet an American."

FATE THEN PLAYED its hand. A friend of Kazimiera played the role of matchmaker. Joe was having trouble with his car, and this friend of Kazimiera invited Joe over, while he was waiting for repairs. The rest, as they say, is history.

Joe had become a United States citizen in 1956, lived in America and it didn't take long for Kaz to get her American man. They were married in Kaz's home town and then the waiting would begin. After the honeymoon, Kaz was told she would have to wait for visas, passports, etc. Joe left for the States and it would be a year before the newlyweds were together again.

On May 17, 1960 Kaz took her first plane ride to rejoin Joe in Connecticut. They lived in Suffield for the first 11 years of their marriage, in their own home, before moving to South Elm Street in 1969. A few years after coming to the States, Kaz joined her husband as an American citizen.

Joe and Kaz have three children, Maria, Michael and Edward. Joe and Kaz were proud to say, "The children all have learned to speak Polish and have graduated from the local high school." Maria, a hairdresser with "Classic Touch" in Bloomfield, graduated from high school in 1980. Michael, now studying business management at Asnuntuck Community College, is of the class of 1982. Edward graduated this past summer and is now at UConn, majoring in electrical engineering.



Joe and Kaz Kowalski in Poland during the 1950s.

JOE AND KAZ have had their share of misfortune; however, it's over now. In 1978, Joe went through the strain of a heart bypass while Kaz was given a "pacemaker" 11 years ago. She said, "Only in America, with the best doctors available, I was given new life with the (implant) of a pacemaker."

Kaz did not let her Joe do all the bread-winning; she worked two years with Windsor Locks Public Health as a home-health aide and at Bradley for four years, where she met the late Gov. Ella Grasso and thousands of other travelers as they entered the portals of the airport as part of the protection policy.

She now owns and operates her own business, Kaz's Plasters and Ceramics Shop, at home.

EPILOG

Keeping their life in America in the proper prospective, their sentiment from the heart goes out to the youth of today: "They do not know how good they have it here in America."

Obviously, Joe and Kaz Kowalski know too well.

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Joe and Kaz Kowalski: USA's 'the Greatest'

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Frank and Lorna Giannuzzi: Two Boys Plus

In June 1978, we had the pleasure of interviewing Bruce Holcomb and his family. We called it "Bruce Holcomb: Three Daughters Plus."

Now, seven years, and a few months, we recently interviewed Frank and Lorna Giannuzzi. Lorna just happens to be one of the daughters of Bruce and Jill Holcomb. Lorna remembers the interview with her father and family, not knowing that someday her husband and family would be this week's subject for a C&K column.

The stories of people in Windsor Locks have a way of joining generations together, even with the printed word. Eventually, in our town, if you write long enough, you are bound to meet the second generation.

On to today's story about this friendly and congenial young married couple: Frank and Lorna, high school sweethearts, are both natives of Windsor Locks. Now it is their time to have an active family, with two sons, Brett and Erik.

Frank grew up on Southwest Avenue, Lorna on Gantley Road. Frank was a year ahead of Lorna Holcomb in school. They met and dated during those high school years, years that saw Frank play basketball and soccer for three seasons, under Coach Dan Sullivan. Due to a knee injury, Frank had to give up the game of basketball, but continued playing on the soccer field. Frank held the position of right wing on the team that went to the state tourney, losing to Guilford 1-0. Some of his teammates included Carl Schiessl, Mark Nai and Tim Talbot.

FRANK IS THE SON of Frank and Helen (Dell'Arco) Giannuzzi and has a brother

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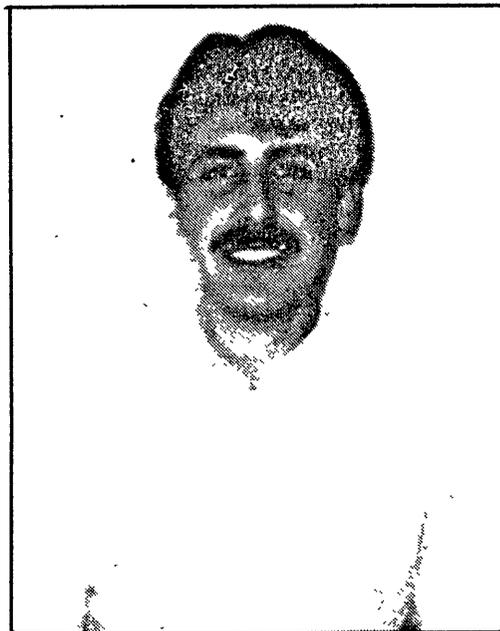
By JACK REDMOND

and four sisters. After high school, Frank worked on tobacco farms, finally settling down to a career with C.H. Dexter. He joined the local company in 1978, starting in the rewinding department. Today, Frank is a part of Dexter's new division Specialty Processing Center on Ella Grasso Turnpike as a lead supervisor in the Converting Department.

Lorna, daughter of Bruce and Jill (Murray) Holcomb, attended Springfield Tech for two years, graduating as a medical lab technician. For a time, she worked in a West Hartford private lab, before switching to Dexter where she stayed more than two years.

Frank and Lorna were married in 1980. They now have "two lively children who keep me busy," Lorna said, with a smile on her face. Brett is three and his brother Erik will be a year-old next month. Frank, their father, did some baseball and soccer coaching in Suffield (for his nephew), but will have to wait a few years before his boys pick up a bat and glove in little league. However, he said, he wants to get into the coaching role in town.

When you mention hobbies, the game of softball is uppermost in Frank's sporting mind. For the past three years he has played in the Windsor Locks Men's League. The season lasts six months, with playing two nights a week, taking advantage of the lights at Southwest Park.



Frank Giannuzzi

FRANK DOES put aside the softball equipment, as a roofer of the Red Sox and Wade Boggs. Television is very limited on the Giannuzzi family schedule, but "soft rock and adventure movies" is more their speed.

The man who Lorna calls "a caring father," smiled when he was asked who he most admired. It came easy. "My father, Frank. He always worked hard for the family, holding down two jobs at once. During his working career he was employed by Emhart, the State of Connecticut and Hamilton-Standard."

Playing softball and working out at Nautilus are Frank's way of "staying active and keeping up one's health." Both of them care for the town, and being from close-knit families is probably the best reason for staying in their hometown. As they said, "We are all so used to it. We wouldn't want it any other way."

That's the story of Frank and Lorna Giannuzzi. You'll have to wait for the Brett and Erik Giannuzzi story, say, in a few years.

Mary Pernigotti: Senior Citizen President

You can't get much more native Windsor Locks than Mary and Charles Pernigotti. Mary grew up on Center Street, while Charles was from Suffield Street. Their roots are deep and they say, "There's no place like Windsor Locks."

Mary, just recently elected to the position of president of the Senior Citizen Club, Inc., remembers the "olden days in town, especially on Main Street at Keever's store," where her mother sent her to buy peanut butter by the pail. She also remembers the movies at the Palace, on Grove Street. However, commenting on today's status of downtown and Main Street, she said, "I was very unhappy when Main Street was torn down."

She was the daughter of Edward Field (born in town) and Helen (Firtion) Field, a Suffield native. Her dad once said that Main Street, with the business establishments, would eventually move to Bull Run. Now, for you folks who aren't natives, Bull Run was the original name for Turnpike Road or, as we now say, Ella Grasso Turnpike.

Mary attended Union School and graduated from the old high school in 1935. One of her closest friends and classmates was Catherine (Wenis) Drobott, who now lives in Miami, Fla. They still correspond, and Mary keeps her informed of what's going on in their town.

CHARLES JOSEPH PERNIGOTTI, known to his friends as "Chal," attended high school for two years and decided to try Hartford's Secretarial School. But when it came to finding a steady job, he joined the Windsor Locks Paper Mill (located on the canal bank below Dexter's) as a paper maker. After several years, he switched to Dexter's as a paper inspector, retiring after 19 years in 1974.

Mary's employment record began in town, up to Westfield, Mass. and returning to town. Back in the late '30s jobs were not plentiful, but Mary managed to work part time at the Canada Dry Ginger Ale plant (located in the basement of the Montgomery Building). Mary remembers the flood of 1936 when the Connecticut River overflowed into the building.

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By JACK REDMOND

For five years, she was employed as timekeeper at the American Sumatra Tobacco in Westfield. Back in town, Mary was bookkeeper for Walter G. Burke, accountant.

Mary and Charles met quite by accident. Mary's brother Charles was having a problem with his bicycle. Charles Pernigotti was the man to see if you needed a bicycle fixed. One Charles saw another Charles, and they talked more about Mary than the repairs needed. Charles Field became the perfect matchmaker. Mary and Charles Pernigotti were married on Oct. 21, 1939.

MARY AND CHARLES have three sons, Allan, Gerald and Charles E. (It seems "Charles" runs in the families.) Allan was the Little Leaguer in the Pernigotti family. Mary and her son Allan followed the games, that great year of 1965, traveling to the town's World Series win in Pennsylvania. Allan now lives in Enfield, Gerald in Derby and Charles E. resides in Stafford Springs.

Just to add pleasure to the role of grandparents, Mary and Charles have 10 grandchildren to fuss over.

Another role Mary relishes is being active in two of the town's clubs, the Windsor Locks Women's Club and the Senior Citizen Club. For the Women's Club, Mary has served in three capacities: as president, secretary and treasurer. Mary and Charles have been Seniors members for 10 years. Before being named president, Mary held the positions of secretary and assistant tour director. Today, she is the bus coordinator, setting up rides for the seniors' shopping needs and doctor's appointments. The seniors have two buses at their disposal, Mini Bus and Dial-A-Ride. Mary, who works part time in her post, said if any seniors require rides, give her a ring at 623-7117.

In addition to Mary as president, her other officers include vice president

Catherine Pelligrini, treasurer Irene Biardi, assistant treasurer John Meehan and Julia Lynes as the secretary.

HOW DOES MARY feel about the Senior Citizen Club? "A good meeting place for people, especially those by themselves. It's a place to do something besides sitting home alone." She added, "The Dr. Ettore F. Carniglia Senior Citizen Center is open for all folks 60 and over."

Mary and Charles share a weekly hobby, bowling at the Bradley Lanes. Charles has been interested in photography most of his adult life. Mary, just to keep up her active schedule, teaches arts and crafts at the Senior Center. Both enjoy watching the Red Sox and Dallas Cowboys on television. Years ago, New York and the New England states, plus Canada, were their favorite vacation spots.

Mary said she most admires her great

aunt, Annie Lutz. She was a lady who lived to be 100 years old. The way Mary tells it, "My aunt lived in Suffield and Windsor most of her life. She often traveled alone by bus. Several times, she left Windsor by bus, getting off on Main Street, at Reilly's, and walking (with a heavy suitcase) up to South Center Street just for a visit. The problem was that she never would let us know when she was coming."

Mary added, "She was a great lady. One of my prized treasures is a patchwork quilt she made for me."

Mary's philosophy is "to keep going as long as you can, giving help where needed." At the Senior Citizen Center she is doing just that. On my quick tour of the center, after the interview, I noticed a large sign: "Youth is a gift of nature, but age is a work of art." That's Mary, Charles and their fellow senior citizens at the center.

Coach Beaudry — 'I Love Working with Kids'

Francis Beaudry has been a part of the coaching scene at the Windsor Locks High School for the past 15 years. The Holyoke native was the first and only golf coach at the Raider school and, in addition, has coached the freshman and junior varsity boys' soccer and is currently the girls' soccer coach.

A few years before he decided to take up teaching in town (the year he started was 1950), Mr. Beaudry, known to his friends as just Fran, had a distinguished career on the gold links and hockey rink.

During his high school days at Holyoke High, the left-handed golfer won both the Massachusetts Open and New England Left-Handed Tournament. (Left-handed golfers are small in numbers among the millions of steady and weekend shooters from the right side.) Fran, who still scores well from tee to green, was a one-handicap golfer in his senior year, with middle 70s being a normal round. Yes, Fran did have some thoughts of turning professional, but it didn't work out.

When the high school golf season was over and the snow began to fall, young Fran was out in the cold playing his second sports love: hockey. (Maybe the world lost another Bobby Orr.) He has many fond memories of playing the rough sport around Holyoke and in Connecticut. One night Fran will always remember was the time Holyoke High played in the New England, at the Boston Arena, against West Haven. The team lost to the Nutmeg players 3-1, but it was a big thrill for Fran playing in Boston. Fran also brought back a few memories (for this interviewer) in retelling stories of performing at the Old New Haven Arena against the hockey powerhouse in the state, Hamden High School.

WITH HIGH SCHOOL over, Fran decided to try the sunny South for more educa-



Francis Beaudry

tion and, of course, golf. He had received a golf scholarship to the University of Miami. While golf took care of itself, the education was short-lived, as Fran entered the U.S. Air Force.

For four years he played golf, after being assigned to a Special Services Unit in the Far East. He played in several of the tournaments held in Japan and on the island of Guam. It turned out to be good for his game and the good of the service.

Upon discharge, Fran returned to the States, but this time closer to home, when he entered American International College, in Springfield. He received a bachelor's degree and later, two masters', in arts and education.

It was time for a career in the business world. He did start there, working for Massachusetts Mutual at their home office.

However, after two years, he left the insurance world to pursue a teaching career.

In 1959, Fran Beaudry became the seventh grade teacher at the Union School. Since the Union days, Fran has seen many changes as ninth grade teacher at the junior and high schools. Today, he is chairman of the Math department.

A year before entering the teaching profession, Fran left the world of bachelorhood. He and his wife Alyce have three children: Kathlyn, Matthew and Kelley. Fran and Alyce lived in her hometown, Chicopee, Mass., for the first five years of married life. Today, they reside in West Springfield, Mass. Alyce is a special education teacher in that town. Their children are all grads of college. Kathlyn and Kelley attended Boston College School of Nursing, with Matthew an alumnus of Holy Cross in Worcester.

KATHLYN, WHO LIVES in Wayland, Mass. with her husband, Robert Nowak, works at Beth Israel in Boston. She has a master's in nurse practitioner geriatrics. Matthew is an auditor for Price-Waterhouse in Boston. He followed his dad in the sports department, playing baseball, basketball and soccer at Suffield Academy.

Kathlyn and Kelley graduated from West Springfield High School. Kelley followed her sister, after this year's graduation from nursing school, joining Beth Israel Hospital.

Fran has not let his coaching talents be restricted to Windsor Locks. A few years ago he was involved in West Springfield youth programs. For his accomplishments in soccer and baseball, the town's Park and Recreation Department awarded Fran the "Commission's Award."

Here in Connecticut Fran is a member of several teachers' organizations and in

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By JACK REDMOND

West Springfield is on the rolls of the Knights of Columbus.

THIS IS FRAN'S second year as coach of the Girls' Soccer program, and the 15th year as coach of the golf team. Fran's philosophy boils down to that he "loves working with the kids," be it the classroom, soccer field or on the golf course. His personal philosophy of education has always been, "Try to set an example for accepted values, so that students can become better students (and citizens) tomorrow."

Fran has coached several outstanding golfers. To name a few: Dave Sarrasin, Glen Blackburn, John Forbes and the Swede brothers. One of the highlights of the past season for Fran has been an alumni get-together. (They probably just wanted to show their old coach they haven't lost their touch.) And their coach certainly hasn't lost his. Fran is a member of the Holyoke Country Club and their three-time club champion.

When Fran was asked to name a person who he most admired, it wasn't Arnold Palmer or Pelle, but his ninth grade algebra teacher, Miss Shea, at Highland Junior High. He simply said, "Miss Shea motivated me into the subject."

EPILOG

Coach Fran Beaudry disproves the old saying, "Good guys finish last." To the former and present students of this likable and well-meaning man, concern, understanding and a lot of motivation have been his legacy.

Ruth Brunell Has Talent in Many Directions

"Art: the production of the beautiful in a graphic or plastic medium."

Ruth Cumberlidge Brunell is a lady who loves cats, music, reading and the Hartford Whalers. Ruth is also versatile in art design, is concerned when it comes to politics and civic affairs, and is also managing editor of the "Thrifty Reminder." She's president of the Visiting Nurse and Health Services of Windsor Locks, too.

This well-organized lady grew up in Meriden. For the past two decades, plus five seasons, she has resided in Windsor Locks, an active member of the community.

Ruth, as a young girl, had high hopes of becoming a nurse. But others had different ideas for the girl with the sense of art as a blossoming talent. While in high school and during three years at the Horace Wilcox Tech School, teachers convinced Ruth to follow a career in art design.

In 1944, Ruth took the advice, landing a job at the Sage-Allen main store in Hartford. For 16 years Ruth was a steady and diversified employee. Her first position was two-sided, selling on the floor (better to know the merchandise) and learning the advertising side of the well-known emporium.

Over the years at Sage-Allen, Ruth created displays for windows and murals, taught local church groups how to decorate at Christmas time, and held classes for

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By JACK REDMOND

students and adults, all in the name of art and Sage-Allen. During this period Ruth attended the Hartford Art School.

IN 1960, Ruth left the world of merchandising. She worked a few months at Hillyer College (now a part of the University of Hartford) processing registration of students. After Hillyer, Ruth wanted to keep up with the times, so she joined Travelers to learn the art of keypunch operator.

The world of insurance lasted only nine months, when Ruth decided to share her talents with "Manpower," a company which provides temporary workers in the business world. One of her first and last assignments was at Allen Manufacturing in Bloomfield. Allen convinced "Manpower" they needed Ruth more than it did. The association with Allen lasted six years with Ruth ending up in the data processing department as a programmer.

At this point of her life and career, Ruth wanted "to get back into art . . . I had been away a long time." In 1969, Ruth entered the world of the "Thrifty Shopper," then located in Enfield. (It's the weekly shopping guide, plus area town news.) Her first

job was "as paste-up artist." Promotions came later, to supervisor, manager and then general manager. In 1981, the name was changed to "Thrifty Reporter." This past January, the paper became the "Thrifty Reminder." From shopper to reminder, Ruth found her niche to operate and utilize her talents.

Ruth manages to find time to serve on the following: Windsor Locks Republican Town Committee, board of advisors to Our Lady of the Angels Academy, board of directors, Windsor Locks Chamber of Commerce, East Windsor Business Association, vice president of the North Central Connecticut Chamber of Commerce, to name a few.

IN THE SPORTS world, Ruth has two favorites, the Hartford Whalers and the local North Stars, a team in the Windsor Locks Indoor Hockey League since 1973. Ruth is a real fan of the sport played on Sundays at the high school gym.

She said there are six teams, with 72 players. They play three games on Sundays: noon, 1:30 p.m. and 3 p.m. The North-Stars have won the "Heneghan Cup" six years in a row.

Ruth also gave praise to the president of the league, and the man "who runs the league," John Magnani. Why does she get involved? "Because I'm interested in the young people in town."

Ruth, who lives in town with her mother, Olive Odenwalct Cumberlidge (now 85), told us of her mother's convalescence, following an operation, and her need for medical assistance. The Visiting Nurses

were constant companions on her road to recovery. Because of their special acts of kindness and treatment, Ruth felt she should do something as repayment to this fine organization. She did the next best thing: she joined the Visiting Nurse and Health Services, Inc. four years ago. Ruth is now the president for the 1985-1986 term.

The organization is now celebrating its 60th birthday, "dedicated to provide our town's residents with blue-ribbon, comprehensive home health care service," she said.

Ruth said she had no special heroes when growing up. However, thinking back, she mentioned her late father, Thomas Cumberlidge, who was "a good man, very courageous and always working hard for his family." Ruth has a brother, Thomas. A sister, Marion, is now deceased.

Her personal philosophy: "Everyone is here for a reason. You must make the best of each opportunity. No one is here just for kicks."

EPILOG

Ruth Brunell is surely a lady with talents in many directions. If one talent stands out, it's art design. A recent article contained the following (it may be just why Ruth chose it as her career): "Because graphic design, in the end, deals with the spectator, and because it is the goal of the designer to be persuasive or at least informative, it follows that the designer's problems are twofold: to anticipate the spectator's reactions and to meet their own aesthetic needs."

Keith Morin: War Vet to Refrigeration Man

Keith Morin, as a youth, was a product of the turbulent '60s and '70s. Today, in the '80s, Keith is a family man, in partnership with his brothers in their own refrigeration business. He's not one to forget his "total experience" — the year he spent in Vietnam.

He returned from the unpopular war to marry Fran DeLuca, a local girl he became engaged to just before going overseas. Fran and Keith both graduated from the high school in 1968. They "dated" during the almost forgotten "happy days," at the Raider school.

Keith was born in Hartford, coming to Windsor Locks at the age of nine months with his parents, Theodore and Ethel Moselsky Morin, who still reside in town. Keith has a sister Donna, and three brothers, Ronald, Ted and Allan. Keith attended the local schools, played little league, and while in junior high performed on the diamond and soccer field. After high school he attended New England Technical Institute in New Britain, where he learned the trade he now is very involved in with his brothers.

IN NOVEMBER 1969, young Keith was drafted into the U.S. Army. He stayed at Fort Dix, N.J. for basic and advanced training. In May 1970, he left for Vietnam, "staying longer (13 months; the normal was 12), in order to be discharged earlier." He wanted to come home to his family and the girl waiting for him.



Keith Morin

As radio operator, Keith, who was discharged with the rank of sergeant, received the Bronze Star, Air Medal and battle stars for duty in Vietnam and Cambodia. During those 13 months in the Far East, he and Fran kept the local post office busy.

In 1971, Keith decided to make refrigeration a fulltime career, going to work for his brother, Ron. Ron had been in the business since 1968, working with another individual, eventually taking over the operation. Today, Ron, Ted, and Keith Morin run the Lane Refrigeration Service, in the Greater Hartford area, in commercial and industrial refrigeration.

Some interesting items on this congenial couple: Fran, daughter of Rita and Jim DeLuca of Windsor Locks, has two brothers, Nick and Jim, and a sister, DeeDee. Fran and Keith have a daughter Jessica, eight, a third grade student at the South Street School. Fran said, "Jessica is into the Brownie program and a swimmer."

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

THE FAMILY enjoyed taking trips to Cape Cod, Florida and he's also traveled to Hawaii. During Keith's stay in Vietnam, he was given some R&R and took advantage of visiting Australia.

Keith's sporting activity is now strictly golf at Copper Hill in East Granby. Keith plays a steady game, especially against his father-in-law, Jim DeLuca.

When Keith was asked a familiar question on heroes, he said, "People change as

they get older, I guess I have admired a lot of people. Everyone has problems, (I admire) those people who overcome the problems and move on . . . who I learn to grow within themselves."

Keith, who can best be described as a serious person, has a very simple philosophy: "I hope to continue to grow and be a better person." Fran was asked for one word to describe her husband. She said, "Generous."

Epilog

Keith Morin was called into the service during a difficult time for the country and the youth of America. In many eyes, Keith made the right choice, serving his country, as did the youth of 1917, 1941 and 1950.

Christmas With Ed and Barbara O'Brien

"No other time of year draws Americans so closely together . . . the most important things to make for Christmas are happy memories."

Christmas day for Ed and Barbara O'Brien is something real special. The day, they "invite the family and friends over" to celebrate the holiday. This festive tradition began years ago, when the Maiuri family of Enfield would gather together for exchange of gifts, consume their favorite Italian food and end the day by singing and just enjoying the family and friends. It made for a lasting impression on Barbara.

When Ed O'Brien married Barbara Maiuri in 1969, he not only gained a good-natured girl, but one who knows how to celebrate Christmas. Barbara said, "Her father, Arvino Maiuri (the oldest of 13 children), would organize the family (aunts, uncles and their children) at Barbara's grandparent's home for this special day. Barbara added, "It seemed all her relatives played musical instruments." When the eating and gifts were out of the way, the traditional Christmas and Italian songs were the order of the evening.

The tradition continues. Ed and Barbara's home is now the central meeting place for the Christmas meal. She also said, "My mother (now widowed), Frances DiMaria Maiuri, makes the Italian cookies, and I mean she makes Italian cookies!"

THE NEXT 12 days of Christmas will be a time for preparation for the big day on the 25th. One chore, (Ed enjoys) is taking his daughters, Jennifer and Jessica, across the river to some wooded area to cut their own tree, the larger the better.

Before the union of Ed and Barbara . . . Ed, son of Gerry and Bruna Cerri O'Brien, was born in Windsor Locks. He attended St. Mary's and is a grad of the high school, class of 1966. Ed has a sister, Geraldine, and two brothers, Donald and Tom. Ed's father retired after 20 years with the town's highway department. Ed's grandfather, Robert O'Brien, was the organist at St. Mary's Church for many years.

Ed served in the U.S. Army Reserves for six years, spending 10 months on active duty in Texas and Louisiana, as a medic.



Jessica and Jennifer O'Brien

However, his working career has followed two different paths . . . as his dad before him, Ed worked for the town's highway department and since 1968, has been a member of the U.S. Post Office on Main Street, as a clerk and carrier.

Barbara, the out-going member of the O'Briens, is an Enfield girl, attending St. Joseph's grammar school and a 1967 grad of Our Lady of the Angels. Three of her closest classmates were Ann Daniel, Linda Gilberto and Rose Gebhart. Barbara has "an older sister," Mary Ann Jasminski. (the "older" were her words, not mine.)

ED AND BARBARA'S wedding was at St. Patrick's Church in Thompsonville.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

They lived on Grove Street for six years, where they saw first-hand, the works of artist Peter Tria. They moved to South Elm Street in 1974. Like Ed, Barbara has been employed on a few jobs . . . after graduation from high school, to be exact, the very next day, she began work at Hamilton-Standard. This part of her career lasted two years, then a two-year stay at Northern Connecticut National Bank on Main Street, back to Hamilton, but this time with the Credit Union. After four summers, she left the credit work, and today, works part-time at Daley's Florist. The three years at Daley's, with Richard and her good friend, Betty Marinone, has been a ball, working "mother's hours."

The O'Brien girls, Jennifer and Jessica attend South Street School. According to her parents, Jennifer, 10, "loves school, reading, is the quiet one in the family and has made a collection of ceramics." Jessica, 8, "is our little devil . . . to see her is to love her, who enjoys dancing, clothes and roller skating." Both girls are anxiously waiting for Santa, probably to add to their "Jennifer and Jessica Room." Their mother calls it, "their own Child's World."

One of Barbara's fond memories was being active for five years in the St. Robert's Strawberry Festival. She has taught CCD classes at St. Robert's for three winters. In addition, she holds down two important positions at South Street School: chairman of the PTO and assists in the school's library. She said, "I don't like titles, only there to do a job."

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER in the family is Ed . . . the past 10 years on the Board of Directors of St. Mary's Credit Union. Speaking of steady membership . . . Ed has been a faithful member of the local Knights of Columbus, for 18 years. When it comes to sports activity, Ed holds his own as a golfer and bowler. He's the 1986 president of the Windsor Locks Town Golf League that play at Edgewood in Southwick. He sports a big-pin 180 average

in the Merchant's League at Bradley.

Just to prove the congenial couple take time off . . . vacations are always family affairs . . . with trips to Disneyworld, Washington, D.C., Cape Cod and Virginia Beach to name a few.

EPILOG

Ed and Barbara O'Brien are folks who enjoy their kids and are very family oriented. As mentioned, the family traveled, but all agree, "Our favorite place is Windsor Locks."

The O'Brien's special day is near. The day set aside for by the Maiuri family reunion, now kept alive each year by Ed and Barbara. Songs on that day are still the order of the day. Barbara probably knows the origin of Christmas Carols . . . but just to refresh everyone's mind . . . "The origin of carols was in Italy in the 13th century. The idea became popular and was taken up in France, Spain, Germany, England and other countries. Early carols were folk songs and legendary lore; the sacred or hymnal type carol did not develop fully until the 18th century."

Merry Christmas

Thank you for
making our Christmas
even more special.

Barbara, Ed,
Jennifer, Jessica
O'Brien



The time has come, Santa, the kids and grownups said, to speak of Christmas gifts, of He-Man, the latest fads, the newest dolls,

the computers, and all the good kids, Kings or Queens may find under the tree on Christmas morning . . .

At Christmas: Keeping Up-to-Date with Santa

With this fabulous notion in mind, we took off from Bradley for a quick trip to the North Pole.

"Is Santa home?"

"Of course, he's home. Where would he be on the Friday before Christmas?" replies the little doorkeeper.

"I'm from Windsor Locks, Conn. I'd like to visit with Santa."

"Wait a minute. Windsor Locks? Not sure I am familiar with that place. No bother. Do you have an invitation?"

"Yes. I certainly do. In fact, I was here only a few years ago. We had a wonderful chat and he told me to come back anytime."

"OK. Come right in. He and his helpers are very busy and can only give you a few minutes."

I thanked the little man and walked into a large room filled with all sorts of toys, clothes and games.

I waited a few seconds and there appeared, Santa himself. But he was not wearing the uniform of red and white, as he is pictured in all the storybooks. In fact, Santa was wearing the latest in designer jeans, a white golf shirt, desert boots and a Red Sox hat.

I SPOKE RIGHT UP. "Santa, you look rather sharp. Keeping up with the times, I see."

"That's right. Might as well. But you know, I'm comfortable and that's the name of the game, even for Santa." I couldn't agree more with the kindly old man.

"I realize this is your busy time, so I'll get right to the point. I came from Windsor Locks, Conn., to interview you, on the gifts from Christmas past, Christmas present and Christmas in the future."

"That's a tall order. Don't you remember what you received when you were a little boy?"

"Yes, Santa, but once you grow up, you tend to forget, and the kids only know what is new to them."

"All right. As you well know, Christmas down through the years has changed. We are talking gifts, right?"

"Yes, Santa. Let's begin with Christmas past."

"CHRISTMAS PAST. A lot of time over the tree tops and down a million chimneys. Years ago, parents could not afford expensive toys for their children. One toy, say a doll or a pair of ice skates, or a new winter coat. It might be all a child would receive. In those days, children did not expect too much. They understood. Today, it is different."

Santa was right on track. He was talking of my days as a kid.

Santa continued . . . "As the standard of living got better, toys and dolls got better, not only in quality but in abundance. However, as much as times change, the changes are really not that much."

At that point I interrupted the good Santa. "Now Santa, the kids today do expect a room full of toys."

"Yes, I know. Is that the kids' fault? Or the parents? I'm not here to judge. Just to provide, doing the best, with the latest toys and gadgets. Christmas is for the kids. But

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

just for the record, Christmas should also be a holy time. If you had asked me about that, I may have replied differently. I supply the toys, as I said, the parents and the Church must present the real meaning of Christmas."

"YOU ARE RIGHT, Santa. How about Christmas present?"

"That is very interesting. Every year somebody comes up with the newest, be it computers, dolls that are lovable, but not necessarily the prettiest. What about the different games, like the Trivia sets that were so popular last year. Those were a big hit and still are."

"So, Santa, what is big in 1985?"

"For openers . . . a doll called Rambo is a big hit. So is He-Man. Most of the toys being asked for are those soft-sculpture dolls, the action figures, robots and stuffed toys. Oh yes, a talking teddy bear. The little girls still love those Barbie dolls and, of course, Cabbage Patch Kids. Twin ones at that."

"It seems everyone has to try out the new items and get it out of their system. Next year it will be something else. This all keeps you on a busy schedule. But what about the future?"

"THE FUTURE. Probably more VCRs, the latest in computers, and some new doll that talks and acts human. Remember when television was the big item? Folks today have three or four — one for the bedroom, the kitchen and the family room. Tomorrow it will be VCRs in every room and the car. Frankly, I don't know what the future will bring. That's what makes the future so great."

"Santa, the future is uncertain. I guess all we can do is talk about the past and the present. I do get the feeling that you go about your business making toys and attempt to keep up with the latest fad or whatever."

"Exactly. As mentioned, years ago the children were quite satisfied with one toy or doll, but times have changed. It all boils down to expecting too much from the people we love. Christmas is a good time of the year. I enjoy the entire celebration. I just want to satisfy the wants of all in the world."

"A tall order, Santa. Want to thank you for the time and your kind words. When Christmas morning comes, I'll get a new tie and subscription to the Sporting News. For most of us, it isn't the tie or whatever, it is being with the family, going to church, and knowing the man at the Pole is doing the very best he can."

As we said our goodbyes, Santa added, "Give my best to all the folks, especially the children. I know you come from a great little town. It is so convenient and doesn't take long to cover. But I don't have to tell you."

Santa rubbed his red nose and wished everyone . . . "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Some Holiday Thoughtgts

Another new year . . . 1986, is just around the corner. As they say in the movies . . . may for forces be with you.

It's also time for hopes, gifts and a few resolutions . . . so here goes . . .

Ed Koprowski — Your 49ers didn't get the gold . . . maybe next season.

Larry Matt — When's the next KofC celebration, 2085? I'll be there.

Sue Tremblay — To do anything she wants to do in the women's sport world.

"Babe" Oliva — Continue to be the grandchildren's press agent.

Shirley Horan — Always stay our resident down-to-earth lady.

Dave Sarrasin — Are you sure Arnold Palmer started like this.

Stan Szwed — Anyone want to challenge me and my sons to a golf match?

John Sasali — Horses are easier to figure out then accounts payable.

Dr. Pecora and Klein — Some new dentist jokes to tell.

Nick the Barber — Is long hair in or out . . . do you give "Mohegan" cuts?

Frank Sutula — You don't need a passport to come to the Passport.

John Sawick Jr. — A successful V.F.W. Sports Night.

Richard of Daley's — Still believes in the old saying . . . "Oh, give them the flowers now!"

Howard White — Keep telling us of the "Good, Old

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Bag, Old Days."

Caroline Quinlivan — Another good year for the old fashioned lady.

Joan and Al Hartwig — To stay active in 1986, as usual.

Lorraine and Walter Bednaz — To find more gifts of Mother Nature, especially in flowers.

Jack McSweegan — St. Patrick's Day should be a holiday . . . at least for Irish policemen.

Fran Aniello Jr. — Another winning season for the Suffield basketball team.

Scott Nai — To resolve — remember, how my parents, priest, teachers and coaches showed me the way.

"Billy" Leary — Another good new year for the Grand Lady of Suffield Street.

Eunice McGinn — Keep up your smiling face . . . "What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity."

Cy Flanders — A man who is still a "10" at 90 years young.

Bob Oliva — The Raider School's own "Mr. O.," a teacher for every year. And our special political friends:

George Hall — What can we do in 1987? The town has "Randallnomics."

Russ Lose — Good guys sometimes finish second.

Donna Lee — "We must

have government, but we must watch them like a hawk." (Donna's 86 and 87 promise . . . quote by Millicent Fenwich, another woman who believes in politics)

Mark Hancock — The Whalers also lost on election night.

Cliff Randall — Some Democrat said I was "unbeatable," he was probably right.

Marie Dengenis — The John Rabbitt of the 80s.

Fran Colli — O for the good old days, when the Democrats won all the elections.

A Special Note To The Nolan Sisters — Our resident nice ladies of Spring Street . . . God Bless, and always keep that twinkle in your Irish eyes.

In 1986 — Try this for kicks . . . "The best way to forget your own problems, is to help someone else solve theirs."

Happy New Year!!!

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, DECEMBER 27, 1985

Enough is Enough; Let's Open the Presents

'Tis the season of giving. Let's open the presents, please.

To Brian McKeon: A JV program.

To Brian Sullivan: A serious answer to his next serious question on the Whalers' beat. I wasted 20 percent of his seasonal quota with a flip remark about Greg Malone's nose.

To Dennis Kinne: A return of the KIT trophy to Suffield Academy.

To Carol Mitchell, Doug Penhall, Bob Stowell, Bill Linn, Dick Larkins, Bette Quatrane and Keith Griffin: Gratitude for making these pages better.

To Jack Redmond: A round of 65 at TPC, Cromwell.

inside line

By PAUL BURTON

"Symphony on Ice" celebrity hockey game next season.

To Craig Janney: A long and prosperous National Hockey League career, after he helps Boston College carry the NCAA championship trophy around the Providence Civic Center the last weekend in