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Marie Kuntz — Memories of Paul and Their Adopted Town

Memories to Marie Westbrook Kuntz are the wonderful years with her late husband, Paul Kuntz, their six children growing up and the six years living in Windsor Locks — to Marie, the town with “good and beautiful people.”

Today, Marie is just a step or two over the town line in Windsor, keeping in touch locally, with Peg Critz’s telephone service organization, as a part-time employee.

Many of the local and state listening and viewing public will remember her husband, Paul, as an integral part of the WTIC radio and television network.

Their children, five daughters and one son, have spread themselves over the east in various occupations and have given Marie three grandchildren to remind her that life goes on.

Marie, an easy-to-talk-to lady, makes one feel right at home, telling her story of her “good and quiet man” she married in 1953, he in the U.S. Marines and both recent graduates of college.

Marie Westbrook, daughter of Robert and Ellen Westbrook, grew up in Troy, N.Y. In 1940, her late father, and mother (now 87 and living in Washington, D.C.) decided to leave Troy for work in the naval shipyards around the nation’s capital.

Marie, 12 at the time, soon became acquainted with the Catholic schools of Washington, D.C. She attended St. Cecilia High School and Dunbarton College of Holy Cross, where she graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in 1951.

Did Marie play any sports? “Yes, it was an all-girl college and when the nuns said

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every girl must play . . . they did, I played basketball and field hockey.”

DURING WORLD WAR II, Marie worked jobs in the summer months, where employment was plentiful in Washington, D.C. Her first job, after graduation, was in an accounting office.

However, soon after, her life changed. She was persuaded, by a friend, to go on a blind date. Her date was a U.S. Marine by the name of Paul Kuntz. Paul was born and raised in Erie, Pa., attended Gannon University for two years, transferring to Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., where in 1951 he received a degree in journalism.

Soon after graduation, Paul enlisted in the Marines. Paul was on active duty for more than two years, rising to the rank of a full colonel.

Years later, when Paul and Marie were living in Connecticut, he stayed on, as a marine, in an inactive reserve status, attending summer camp each year and held the role as commanding officer of the Hartford U.S. Marine Corps.

Paul and Marie were married while he was still in the service. Soon after discharge, he and his new bride returned to Evanston and Northwestern for a year, while Paul earned his master’s degree.

AT THE END of 1954, they moved to Connecticut, when Paul joined WTIC as news editor and reporter. For 24 years Paul was part of the radio and television scene as assignment editor for both medias, and as news director at WTIC Radio, when the television portion went its own way.

Over the years, Paul worked with some familiar names — Bob Steele, Arnold Dean, Larry DeBear and Dick Bertel, to name only a few.

Marie said one of her husband’s career highlights was back in 1965, when he and Bob Dwyer spent six weeks covering the war in Vietnam. Before they left the states, a list of names of servicemen were compiled, from the listening area of WTIC, so that, when Bob and Paul were in Vietnam, they could communicate with each man, if so located, to say hello and give greetings from back home. It proved rather successful. Returning to the states, Paul and Bob traveled all over the state, talking to various organizations, such as the American Legion, Knights of Columbus and V.F.W. in raising funds for a hospital in Vietnam, that they had come in contact with while reporting the action.

It proved to be another successful operation. A new wing was eventually added to the hospital, all through the combined efforts of Paul, Bob and the contributors.

In 1978, Paul left the radio station to become Director of Community Relations for the town of Bloomfield. Marie said, “Paul loved it . . . he truly loved (the new job and at WTIC) what he did.”

AT THIS POINT of the interview, I asked Marie about their six children . . . Cathy, Nancy, Lisa, Amy, Barbara and Paul Jr.

Cathy is married to David Jourdan, formerly lived in town, now resides, with Dave and their daughter, Beth, in Windsor. Cathy, an Eastern Connecticut State University graduate, has been an insurance underwriter.

Nancy, married to Tim Ryan, is a University of Connecticut graduate, has a master’s degree in human development and family relations.

Tim and Nancy live in Baltimore, Md.,

with their two children . . . Michael and Christopher.

Lisa, lives in Windsor with her husband, Rick Newton. Lisa received her bachelor’s degree from St. Joseph’s College and has a master’s degree in psychology and is a school psychologist at the American School of the Deaf.

Amy, a Trinity graduate, is at Brown University for her doctoral degree in Spanish Literature. Amy hopes to be a teacher, when she leaves the Ivy League school.

Barbara also lives in Windsor, with her husband, Don Trinks. She also received a degree from St. Joseph’s and now teaches special education in the East Hartford School System. Paul, Jr. lives at home. He is a cabinetmaker apprentice in the State of Connecticut program.

Both Paul and Marie were involved in the CCD programs at St. Robert’s Church, under Father Leonard Goode. Paul was its first CCD president, and taught school around the state, under the Archdiocese of Hartford.

Marie was a member of the St. Robert’s Womens Club and looking back at those days, said, “I still miss Windsor Locks.”

AN AVID READER, Marie also made all the girl’s clothes, even the wedding gowns, saying, “I enjoyed it,” adding, “When the girls were growing up . . . I sewed, they cooked.”

Paul passed away in July, 1982. Marie’s thoughts . . . “A quiet and good man . . . never had a nasty word for anyone . . . he was always realistic, when it came to people’s actions . . . could have written the book on fighting fair.” Marie’s personal philosophy, “I can do it, if I have to.”

EPILOG: Marie Westbrook Kuntz was not sure what I would write about her — her story, she said, was her husband and their children. She was the wife of Paul and mother to six children and now grandmother to three. On two occasions, during the interview, Marie said, “Paul made me better than I was.” He probably knew — Marie could do it, if she had to. She has.

People have a way of meeting, for the first time, and in many cases, find the chemistry right. They go on to marry, raise a family and live happily ever after. In the case of Bill and Carol Frederick, that was quite the way it happened.

Residents of Windsor Locks, for the past ten years, they came from different states, Bill of Troy, N.Y., and Carol, West Chester, Pa. They met on a blind date, while students in college. They can be rightfully called "college sweethearts."

Locally, both have been active, Bill as a state employee, his department is involved in the supervision and design of the former Southwest School becoming a future home for the local senior citizens. Carol is not only the chairman of the Girl Scouts Cookie Program but is active on the PTO and Playground Committee of North Street School and a member of the School Reorganization Committee. Carol, putting it all in the proper perspective, said, "Being involved (in civic projects) makes one happier and are usually paid back many times."

BEFORE THE MARRIAGE of the "sweethearts" — Bill was born and raised



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in Troy, graduating from high school in 1962, where he played the accordion and saxophone in the school band. Two years later he received an associate degree from Troy's Hudson Valley Community College in construction technology.

Carol Savery grew up in West Chester (southwest of Philadelphia), in the Quaker religion, saying, "Speaking the plain language." From "kindergarten to the twelfth grade," she attended a private Friends School in West Town, where her father and grandfather had been educated.

As faith would have it, Bill and Carol both choose Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, for her college years and Bill's attaining a higher degree.

After their first date, a student courtship followed, and an eventual wedding day in August 1970. Bill had graduated the year before and while pursuing a working career, Carol continued in school for two more years.

After receiving her degree, Bill and Carol began their "life is to be enjoyed," philosophy (when Bill quit his job) by traveling coast to coast, camping out, which covered more than 13,000 miles, including a part of Canada. Carol, as a teenager, had camped around the country with her parents and persuaded her new husband of the value of such an experience. They made a flock of friends on their safari, and to this day, still correspond with some of them.

DURING THE TRIP, it was decided, that after completion of their camping, it would be time to settle down. They agreed,

Hartford would be the place. They felt Cleveland was too large, a city like Hartford, smaller, a place to work and to live in the suburbs. The year was 1973, Bill worked for several architectural firms in the area, studying and receiving his architectural registration. The past ten years, Bill has been a member of the state government in the Department of Housing. His wife's working career, in addition to their two children, has been working at Mount Sinai Hospital and at the Sheraton-Hartford, in the engineering department.

Bill and Carol have two children, Victoria, 8, and Paul, 5. The young girl is a second grader at the North Street School, plays the piano and enjoys gymnastics, with her brother, Paul. He's in the North Street School kindergarten class. Their gym classes are at the Simsbury Training Center, where Carol works in the office. In addition, Victoria is a Brownie, part of the girl scout movement, and both children are bike enthusiasts.

Carol, who was a girl scout in her younger days, and her mother a leader, recently completed a successful local drive as chairman of the Girl Scouts Cookie Program. "The girls did an excellent job in selling the cookies, which is their main fund raising project." Carol, not one to keep her hand in only one area, is involved, and incidentally, the only female, in the local American Institute of Plant Engineers, which began with her days working at the hotel.

Bill and Carol manage to keep busy during the winter months, her with reading,

playing the piano and needlepoint. He is into woodworking and still enjoys playing musical instruments. Family vacations are mostly camping at the cape or the woods of Maine.

AND WHO HAD the most influence on Bill and Carol? In Carol's case, it would be her father, Edward Savery, a teacher and principal in Quaker Schools in Pennsylvania . . . "a person who was devoted to other people, an honest man, and has a way of helping with his grandchildren."

With Bill Frederick, it was a man in the architectural field, (a profession, he has been in since his college days,) Frank Lloyd Wright, "a man ahead of his time." Carol adding, "Bill is a man who excels in not worrying." They both agreed, and have a way of putting it into practice, "Life is to be enjoyed."

Epilog: Bill and Carol Frederick may both have taken the clue from Mr. Wright, who at the age of nine received a lecture that set his philosophy of life. An uncle had taken him for a long walk across a snow-covered field. At the far side, his uncle told him to look back at their two sets of tracks. "See, my boy, how your footprints go aimlessly back and forth from those trees, to the cattle, back to the fence and then over there where you were throwing sticks? But notice how my path comes straight across, directly to my goal. You should never forget this lesson!"

"And I never did." Wright said, "I determined right then not to miss most things in life, as my uncle had."

Dean John Ribaldo Sr. Doing What He Wants

Dean John Ribaldo Sr. is doing what he wants — as volunteer fireman, the past twenty years, saying, "I never belonged to anything (like this) in my life, I really get involved."

The father of two active sons, is deputy chief for the town's fire department. Dean married a co-worker, Yvette, Ferland Ribaldo, when they both worked at Colt. Their paths crossed, after leaving their home states — Dean from York, Pa. Yvette grew up on a farm in Hardwick, Vt., 40 miles from the Canadian border.

Dean is the son of Humbert "Joe" Ribaldo and the late Constantia Ribaldo. His dad, now 86, lives in the Senior Citizen Apartments on Grove Street. He is a former tailor, with furrier designing his specialty. Mr. Ribaldo came from Sicily at the age of twenty, settling in New York City, marrying Constantia, then moving to York to work at his trade. Dean has four brothers and a sister, who all grew up in York, a town close to Harrisburg. At the age of ten, Dean and his family moved to the Hartford area, when his father was offered a tailoring position.

The Ribaldo family lived in Windsor at the time, on Island Road, where Dean's father raised chickens. They then moved to Hartford, where Dean graduated from Buckley High School in 1947. Dean played varsity football, as offensive line-backer and defensive end. He also played some semi-pro football in the capital area.

IN THE FALL of 1947, Dean, fresh from high school and football, joined the U.S. Navy, with service in the Pacific. He was part of a crew, operating from a destroyer, out of San Diego, traveling to Japan, China and Korea. After a three-year tour of duty, Dean was back home and just in time for his first civilian job.

The job, that lasted for two years, was at Colt, the best part was meeting Yvette. She had come from Vermont to seek employment, after graduating from Greensboro High School in 1948. They were married in 1953. With young Dean Jr., his parents were off to Massena, N.Y., for dad's next job, this time in the construction business

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on the famous St. Lawrence Seaway. Dean and Yvette became parents again, when Dale was born in Massena.

After completion of the seaway, Dean went to work in Niagara Falls, on several power projects. In December 1961, the family returned to Connecticut, settling in Windsor Locks. Dean went to work for Roncari Industries, which lasted over two decades. Today, Dean operates his own home improvement business, putting into practice, the past four years, carpentry, which has always been more of a hobby than a chore.

A FEW FACTS on their two sons — Dean Jr. and Dale, both graduates of the local high school, Dean (1972) and Dale (1975). Dean was on the swim team, as a diver, while Dale played football and, in his younger years, little league baseball. Dean Jr., a volunteer fireman since 1972, is a town policeman, joining the force in 1977. He attended the University of Hartford and Hartford State Tech. He has a young son, Joseph Michael, five, who attends kindergarten at the South Street School. When asked about his job as a local policeman, Dean said, "The rotating shift of hours are hard, but, I enjoy it, or I wouldn't be a policeman."

Dale Ribaldo is married to Debbie Ayoub Ribaldo, a local girl, who works as a legal assistant for a Hartford attorney. Dale graduated from Bentley College in Waltham, Massachusetts. He has been the director of Internal Finance at Dexter's the past two years. Dale and Debbie live in nearby Granby.

Dean Sr. and Jr. are members of the Fire Department band, as drummers. Dean Sr. joined the volunteers in 1967, serving as lieutenant and captain, until his appointment as deputy chief. The "involved volunteer" pulls extra duty by servicing the eight vehicles at the complex on Elm



Dean Ribaldo Jr. (left), Dale Ribaldo (center) and Dean Ribaldo Sr.

Street. Dean has many memories of duty to the town — his first major fire at Bianchi's and the the accident on the Coffin Bridge over the Connecticut River when he and his son, Dean Jr., were part of the rescue of a man hanging down near the water.

Dean Sr. is a member of the local Knights of Columbus, and fire-fighting organizations on the state level. During the summer months, Dean can be found on the golf course (Oak Ridge) where he sports a nine-handicap for nine holes. In football, the Raiders are his team, while his sons and Yvette root for the Red Sox in baseball, Dean being a Yankee fan.

THE CHIEF HAS four brothers and a sister, whose father was a great influence. Dean said his dad, was "a good provider . . . and good with the kids." Yvette, who

grew up on a farm with eight brothers and five sisters, knows how a father can affect the lives of his children, saying, "Dean is a generous man and thoughtful, we can't complain about him," adding, with her pretty smile.

EPILOG

Dean John Ribaldo Sr. is a man that helps make the volunteer fire department run smoothly. He's among the dedicated men, that have graced this column, over the years, the Reillys, Collis, Ouellettes, Kuperniks, LaPierres and Kenny Jeffrey, to name a few.

When asked for a personal philosophy, he took a few moments to think, "and with some help from Dean Jr., it was agreed, (as in Frank Sinatra's case) . . . he said, "I did it my way." And are we glad.

Meet Harry James Carroll. He's been our town's new police chief since July 1986. After spending an hour with the New Jersey native, who looked very much at home in his new office (saying, it was quite a good change from his previous facilities), on the last day of the old year, one leaves the police and fire complex with a very good feeling.

The town, you might say, is in good hands, because, Chief Carroll knows . . . "it really does matter." The matter of providing service and protection to the town. To say he is involved in this new endeavor would be an understatement.

Chief Carroll, a 26-year veteran of police work, said, "The Police Department must be very sensitive to the (needs) of the community." This has been his philosophy since putting on the badge of a policeman. He came across as a friendly, confident, business-like individual, who enjoys his family, his career, fishing, camping and golf. You would say, a very normal man.

BORN AND RAISED in a small town, Oaklyn, N.J., just three miles from the big city of Philadelphia, Chief Carroll graduated from a regional high school (Collingswood) in 1954. He played second base on the school baseball team and right half back, in the old days, when football players could play both. He has never lost the interest in the "home town" teams of Philadelphia . . . the Phillies, Eagles and Flyers. He knows he is in Yankee, Red Sox, Giants and Whalers country but also knows he'll survive.

He is the son of the late Harold Carroll and Nellie Carroll, who lives with Harry's sister, Nancy Davis, in the old home town. Harry's dad was a welder in the Philadelphia Naval Shipyards, a trade, his own father had in the New York shipyards. Working in the shipyards was not to be for young Harry, he began his employment career as a mechanic (which he learned in the service), but decided police work (in a small town) "would be a great career to embark on . . . I had a strong desire to get involved and also wanted the security of a paycheck."

Harry joined the U.S. Army soon after graduation, serving three years, with stops at Fort Dix, N.J., Maryland and 18 months in Germany. Before traveling to Europe, Harry married Elizabeth O'Leary, a girl he had met, through a mutual friend, before going into the service. Elizabeth soon followed Harry to Germany. During

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their time overseas, the first of their three daughters were born.

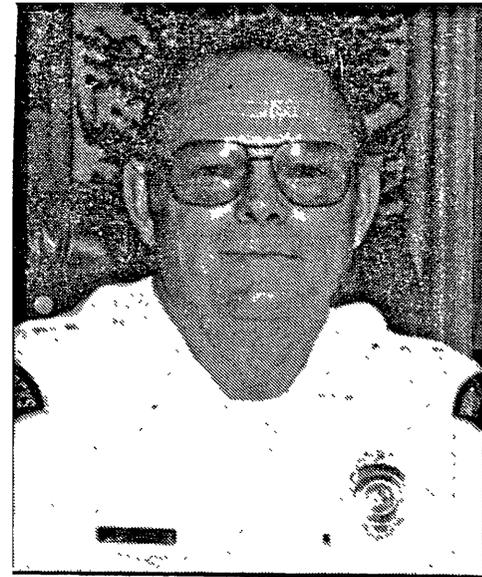
Elizabeth O'Leary Carroll came from West Mount, N.J. She gave birth to Donna, the oldest, in Munich, West Germany. Donna is now Mrs. Clark Hill. The Hills live in King of Prussia, Pa., and have a son, Kyle. Both of Donna's sisters were born in New Jersey, when their parents returned to the states. Linda is married to Stephen McFarland. He is in the military and is now enroute to Germany with Linda and their two daughters, Tiffany and Stephanie. Next month the youngest of the Carroll girls, Elizabeth, who lives in Cherry Hills, N.J., will be married to Patrick Reilly. (With names like O'Leary, Reilly and Carroll, the new folks in town, should fit in quite well.)

BACK IN CIVILIAN clothes, Harry worked as a mechanic for three different auto dealers, until 1960. He then took the big step to an entirely new career as a police officer, in Cherry Hills, N.J. At the time of accepting the role as police chief, Harry held the rank of captain, supervising the Uniform Division of the department.

There were five finalists for the selection of the new chief, he being the only out-of-state candidate. He was chosen eventually by the Police Commission to replace retiring Police Chief Bernard Kulas. Chief Carroll said, as a member of the FBI National Academy, he had heard of the new position, applied and was picked.

ANY NEW PROPOSALS for the local Police Department? "Yes. The management study, completed in 1986, will be used as a guide . . . there may be some adjustments. I of course, have my own ideas . . . the primary objective is to serve the community, which we should be more responsive to." He was asked, did he ever watch police shows on television? "No. Try not to . . . I feel they are counterproductive to (real) law enforcement." What about future plans? "To spend at least 10 years as the chief . . . (and as the years go by) train someone for position of chief."

Chief Carroll's feeling toward Windsor Locks . . . "Impressed with the town . . .



Police Chief Harry J. Carroll

(like) the way it is administered by town officers." Any new year resolutions? "I learned, a long time ago, not to make any resolutions, probably wouldn't keep them," he said with a smile.

In addition to the FBI National Academy, Chief Carroll is a member of the Connecticut and International Police Chiefs Association, charter member of the Police Benevolent Association of New York, No. 176, and a recently inducted member of the local Lions Club.

Chief Carroll furthered his education, while an officer at Cherry Hills, with an associate degree in law enforcement from the Camden Community College (1973) and in 1976, a bachelor's degree in management from Rutgers University.

ABOUT THE MAN when not in uniform? Favorite food? Seafood. (He and Elizabeth are in the right section of the country.) Type of music? The old standards. What does he do to really relax? Fishing and camping. When the Carrolls left New Jersey, they sold their 21-foot boat and 35-foot camper. Fishing and camping will have to wait . . . "Hope to get back to my hobbies, as time permits." Had a 178

average in big pins, but will now settle for golf, but, "Haven't played since coming to Connecticut."

And who does this police chief admire? "I guess you would say, I'm not a hero worshipper . . . I do respect people who are able to be successful and in the broad spectrum, those who pick themselves up and make something of themselves."

The chief's philosophy: "My family and career, to be involved and enjoy life. I would say, work and play hard. How about your wife, in these new surroundings? "She's doing well . . . a very outgoing person."

That's our new police chief . . . an insight to the character of Harry James Carroll. To paraphrase Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, if you observe a really happy man, you will find him on a boat, fishing in a lake, hitting a golf ball or busy at his new career. He will not be searching for happiness as if it were a collar button that has rolled under the desk at the office. He will not be striving for it as a goal in itself. He will have become aware that he is happy in the course of living life 24 crowded hours of the day.

Meet Windsor Locks' New Police Chief

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, JANUARY 23, 1987

John Boscarino — Former Jaycee, Now Active Lion

You can take a man out of the Jaycees, but, when made of finer stuff, you'll find him an active Lions Club member.

That's the story of John James Boscarino. He is an accountant by day, a fast-pitch softball pitcher during the summer, an avid University of Connecticut Basketball fan in the winter and an all-around local Lion all the year.

John is a Hartford native who, at ten, moved to Windsor with his family, graduating from Windsor High School in 1970. He played junior varsity baseball and for two years, was manager of the varsity team. A college career began at Northeastern University, but completed at Eastern Connecticut State University in 1974, with a B.A. degree in math. John continued his baseball at Eastern, but this time as a statistician for their championship teams. When he wasn't keeping score, John was active on the school's yearbook. A few years back, John earned an M.B.A. degree in finance from the University of Hartford.

AT EASTERN, John not only learned the latest techniques in math, but met his future wife, Lori Zawadski. Lori, who came to Eastern by way of Bloomfield and East Granby (class of 1974), married John in July 1979. After leaving Eastern in 1978 with her degree, she continued her education at Central Connecticut, with a master's degree in reading. The past eight years, with time off for their two sons, Lori has been a teacher at the Hartland Elementary School.

John, on the other hand, has had a roller coaster career, only as far as traveling is concerned. Saying, when he left college, "I

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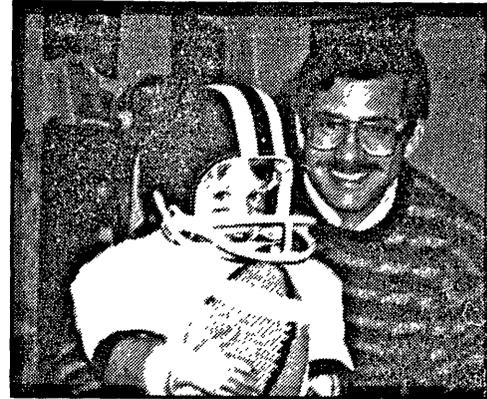
wanted to pursue a career in insurance, but found no openings." So he joined the State Labor Department in Wethersfield, as a trainee in accounting. Working for the state lasted five years. John was looking for "more opportunities in management," leaving the state for a position in Windsor Locks with First National, as their accounting manager. After five years, John joined the Continental Baking Co. in East Hartford. After a year, the company decided to move its facilities to Natick, Mass., but the Boscarinos wanted to stay in Connecticut.

The past six months, John has been employed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. in North Haven, as their accounting supervisor. It was a long time in coming, but John is very involved in the world of insurance, not in the actuary field, as he originally aspired to.

John and Lori have lived in Windsor Locks since their wedding day . . . at the Bradley Apartments, on Southwest and now as residents of Deborah Circle, where they are well settled and feel the neighborhood is "just the best."

THE COUPLE HAS two sons — three-year old Adam John, an energetic boy who attends nursery school and someday hopes to be a little-leaguer, and Robert Scott, who was born this past December.

John, a past president of the now defunct Windsor Locks Jaycees, was quite upset when the Jaycees died, as a civic-minded



John Boscarino and his son Adam John.

organization. But not discouraged, John joined the Lions two years ago. Why the Lions? "I wanted to do something . . . to put back into the community (by way of working on projects that serve the community). He has served on committees, and this past Christmas, with the help of Peter James and Mike Wrabel, organized a Santa Claus program for local children. There were 15 members (with 15 drivers) acting as Santas, who visited homes in town, meeting with parents and children, in spreading good cheer. John recalled, this Santa Claus project was one of the first Jaycee originals.

WHEN TALKING SPORTS to John, it's softball. He has been a softball enthusiast since the age of 17. He does not like the current slow-pitch type of softball, but prefers the old school fast-pitch, which he admits is "going out." In the summer, John pitches in the fast-pitch Insurance League, in the Hartford area. Winter months, he and Lori, although graduates of Eastern, follow the UConn basketball team. They have been season ticket holders the past eight years. Sunday television time is taken up watching the football Giants in action.

Years ago, one of John's summer jobs was driving for an insurance executive, William Bailey, president of Aetna Life and Casualty. When John was asked, who he most admired, he said, ". . . thinking back to those days, he said, "Mr. Bailey. He was

an honest and sincere individual, who (although in another world as far as status in business) always treated me as a person, not just his driver."

During an interview, as in John's case, when a person is asked his personal philosophy, there might be a short hesitation. John, after a few moments of reflection, said, "I guess, enjoy each other and life to the fullest," adding, in the true sense of the Lions, "Be a good citizen."

EPILOG:

John James Boscarino has made several important employment decisions in his career. Probably, he and his wife would agree, the best one was not moving to Natick but staying in Windsor Locks.

Lori called her husband, "a good partner, he has helped me in my career and is great with the children."

John, never forgetting that Christmas is for kids, brought back an old Jaycee project, Santa visiting the kids. The Lions, the parents and especially the kids thank him.

G. Dakin: President of Polish National Home

Glenn Alan Dakin manages to keep an active lifestyle, as father of three sons, construction superintendent and an involved president for the local Polish National Home.

The best time and place to find out what makes a young man like Glenn tick is to arrange a meeting at his home (at the intersection of Dexter Road and First Street), at about 6 p.m. on a Monday, just about the time he checks in, after a long day working on construction (of a different type of home) in the Newington area.

The evening we met was quiet at the dance hall, clubhouse and place for socializing; just a few members enjoying a beer after work, with the latest news on the 6 p.m. television program.

We soon found a real quiet place for the interview — a room filled with empty



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tables and chairs. A room, which has obviously seen its share of weddings, dinners and polka music, by local and area residents.

We also found a dedicated young man, born in Windsor, who moved to Windsor Locks at the age of 3. Glenn is the son of Ernie and Terry Dakin. They are now living in Florida. Glenn comes from a large family — three brothers and a sister — all residing in Connecticut, with the exception of Richard, who makes his home in Denver, Colo. Dennis, Bill and Annette have stayed in the land of steady habits.

Glenn graduated from Windsor Locks High School in 1969. Soon after, he joined the Air National Guard, serving in Texas, Colorado, Arizona, Michigan and Florida, over a 10-year period, after initial training and a once-a-month airman at Bradley. The years since 1969, for Glenn have been involvement in several construction jobs in East Granby, a try at self-employment and in Newington, mostly building homes, with some commercial ventures.

AS A YOUNG MAN, Glenn was not all work, with baseball playing a major role. He played little league, as did Dennis, who was a member of the Little League 1965 World Champs. Glenn met his future bride, Susan Harris, at a ball game at Southwest Park. They were married in 1971. She is the daughter of Bev and Gerry Harris. Susan came from Vermont with her folks, at the age of 6. She is a graduate of the local high school (class of 1967), and has a degree from Central Connecticut. She is employed at the Local Federal Reserve Bank in town.

Glenn and Susan have three sons — John, David and Matthew. John, 13, is a seventh grader at the Middle School, along with David, 12, who is in the sixth grade. Matthew, 7, is in the second grade at the North Street School.

Glenn, the worker, the father, now the

president. He has held the title for a year. He's been a member for three years. He has made it a part of his life. He admits, "I receive a lot of satisfaction," working at the various functions, the weddings, the banquets and the Saturday Night Polka parties. He said a special event was coming up this month — Feb. 21, a '50s and '60s dance. To Glenn, the Polish National Home is a "social club." Most of the members are not of Polish decent. The club, he said, was started in 1939, with 150 members of Polish ancestry. Now, only about 30 percent are Polish-American.

THE CLUB IS also a family affair to Glenn. Susan helps out with the big parties, even the boys do the dishes at times. During the summer months, the Dakin boys can be seen cutting the lawn and watering the flowers. As a cook, when he first started at the club, "I used to burn water," he said. "Now I help out with the catering jobs at dinner dances and weddings." He's a president who pitches in, enjoying the mix of members, with the following "Old People teach you, young people keep you young."

Hobbies? "I guess you would say, the Polish Home and work" However, when pressed, and as time permits, Glenn said he does play some darts, has been a bowler, and remote control racing cars hold a certain amount of fascination. Vacations are usually spent boating at Hampton Beach. Not one to get into an argument, Glenn roots for both the Red Sox and Yankees. (I guess the president has to be impartial.) Susan's hobby can't get her into trouble — she enjoys horses (at her parent's home in Suffield) where young John and she go riding.

Glenn has a philosophy as president (that other heads of organizations might follow), "I take everyone the way they are."

Yes, Glenn Dakin has indeed, an active life style. He has found out, "There will always be people interested in Polish music and Polish food," (as he once told another reporter). Now he has his whole family interested; and the Polish National Home is better for it.

Terry and Steve Mills: The Names Behind T & S Sports

The man behind the counter, at one of the newest businesses in town, T & S Sports on Spring Street, looks like he could go out and play football for the New York Giants. Since last November, however, the former football player, Steve Mills, has been selling sporting apparel and equipment, along with Giants and assorted teams paraphernalia.

T & S Sports stands for Terry and Steve Mills, owners of the new venture. A friendly and congenial young couple, with two children, the store only adds to their other talents — as nurse and electrician.

Before T & S, Steven Russell Mills had various jobs, from ice cream, construction work, bartender, semi-pro football player, to earning a license as journeyman electrician. His wife, Theresa Filon Mills, the mother of two, has been a nurse at Hartford Hospital since 1971.

Steve, a native of Norwood, Mass., lived in the Commonwealth's Andover and Sharon, before moving to Windsor with his parents, Albert and Nellie Mills, who now live in New Hampshire. Young Steve began his education in Windsor, but after another move, to East Hartford, graduating from the high school in 1973. Four years later, he received an associate degree in science from Manchester Community College.

IN HIGH SCHOOL, Steve starred on the football field as well as on the wrestling team. Steve played semi-pro football for the Manchester Riflemen for a year, in what he called, "a tough league."

In a "very serious league (but not as tough)," he played flag football for years with the Maple Cafe. Flag football is a cross between tackle and touch football, where players have flags tied to each side of their belts — play is stopped whenever an opponent grabs a flag of player holding the ball (or something like that, we didn't get into it in detail). But, as Steve said, it was "serious play." His coach was the now state Sen. John Larson. One of his teammates was Kevin Brown, now an attorney, (an old friend of mine in this small world).

Steve's first job was with H.P. Hood Co., where his father worked for years. After a short time, Steve left the ice cream business to enter the construction world.

It was during those construction days, and while playing flag football, that life for Steve, was changed radically. He had sustained serious injuries, not on the job, but on the football field. He spent six weeks in Hartford Hospital. One of the nurses in attendance was Terry. As she recalled, "It was strictly a nurse-patient relationship at the time." After leaving the hospital, Steve still required treatment. He was missing the treatments. He called the hospital, and soon was back as an out-patient. But this time, he not only received the necessary therapy, but requested Terry's home phone number. As he recalled, "Terry put me on the new road . . . advising me to try a new line of work . . . that's how I became an electrician."

AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, Terry and Steve lived in Manchester. In 1982, they

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moved to Windsor Locks. Today, they are well-settled in their adopted town. Their son, Sean, 11, attends the North Street School, as a fifth grader. Sean plays Little League for the Lions and bowls in the junior league at Bradley. His sister, Stefanie, 3, has just started nursery school.

Terry and Steve both attended A.I. Prince Technical School, where she received her nursing training, while Steve, working days on construction, went to classes at night. Upon graduation, he left construction and accepted a job as electrician at Bradley International Airport in the maintenance department.

Steve is a man who once he makes up his mind, he does whatever he feels will benefit him and his family. Opening the sport store was on his agenda, a few years back. For more than a year, as Steve tells it, "Research was the name of the game . . . to find out if the area needed a (sport store) and if it could support it . . . there was a lot of work involved (when opening a business) and a lot of time and money."

On July 3, 1986, T & S was incorporated. Terry and Steve opened the doors on Spring Street, Nov. 3, 1986.

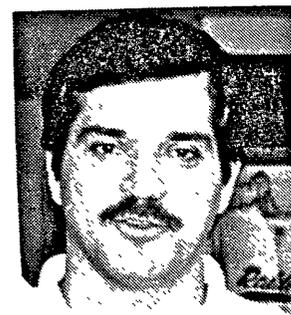
THE STORE IS a sportsman's (young and old) dream, if team logos are to your liking and collection habits. Being the curious type, I asked what teams were the big sellers? Red Sox, Yankees, Patriots, Giants and Celtics. What about the Mets or Jets? No, according to Steve. His favorites — Red Sox, "but there was a lot of blood all over the carpet . . . from the World Series." His football team — Seattle Seahawks, adding, "But the Giants are carrying me in my business," he said with a smile, as a true businessman. Any favorites in baseball? "It is not Bill Buckner . . . have to say, Kurt Gibson of Detroit." In football? When he was young, Jerry Kramer of Green Bay.

Hobbies for this ex-jock, now that football is for the young ones, "Fishing (ice and deep-sea), I used to ski, but not since I was hurt."

Soon after opening their store, Terry and Steve made a good public relations gesture when they donated football T-shirts to all the players and coaches of the high school champions of the Pequot League. Steve said, "When I was in high school sports, any recognition by the public or local merchants (in his case Bill Savitt) was a thrill for young athletes." In addition, T & S was part of the Christmas "Toys for Tots" program.

Epilog:

Steve Mills is not only a local Lion (a member for the past three years), but, along with Terry, "ambitious" would be the appropriate word in describing her Steve. He has found his niche (after the playing days) in selling sports "for the backyards, fields and courts."



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Role Models Have Influenced Derek Drezek

Young Derek Drezek was named by the local, and new, Holiday Inn as its Employee of the Year for 1986.

There are several folks, close to Derek, who have served as role models for this quiet, sensitive and hard-working hotel employee, who has lived most of his life in Windsor Locks.



Derek Drezek.

Folks like his grandfather, Brusie Marinone, his uncle, Joe Marinone and Father Stephen Foley have guided Derek in different areas of his life, including sports and spiritual behavior.

He has certainly impressed the hotel's management in the short time since the hotel opened its doors and his equally short tenure in the operation of a large facility, located on the Ella Grasso Turnpike.

Derek Mark Drezek, son of Louise and Eugene Drezek, was born in New Britain and after a year in Hartford, moved to Windsor Locks. Throughout the years at local schools and graduation from the high school in 1985, Derek was known to his classmates "Buzz."

When it came to sports, Derek played ice hockey six years for the Windsor Locks Youth Hockey team in Enfield and Windsor. The right winger, now a big guy at six feet, two inches, was named MVP two years. He was coached by Brian Burke and Paul O'Donnell. One of Derek's most memorable evenings as a young hockey star was playing a one-on-one match at the Hartford Civic Center (during a break in the Whaler game) on the final hockey night before the roof cave-in. (The year was 1978).

WHAT HE CALLED another "big high", was on his 16th birthday. Through the efforts of Father Foley, who at the time was assistant to Father Thomas Farrell at St. Robert's, Derek met Whaler's captain Ron Francis and Mark Johnson in the locker room after one of the games. Mr. Francis gave Derek a stick and puck used in that night's game.

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Father Foley was also instrumental in Derek becoming an altar boy at St. Robert's. The way Derek tells it, "Father Foley kept asking me to be an altar boy, but I kept putting it off. He finally sent me a schedule of times, and I knew it was for real . . . the next two years I served the good fathers at mass."

His Uncle Joe also took him under his wing, teaching Derek the fine art of playing golf in the summer months and how to bowl the big pins during the colder time of year. Derek has developed into a golfing fan and player, shooting in the low 50's. At Bradley, Derek was sporting a 168 average, but said when it came right down to it, "I'm a better bowler than golfer, but would rather have it the other way around." (Most of we duffers would agree).

HIS WORKING CAREER began in high school, serving as janitor at South Street School under the tutelage of Jerry Torre, custodian, and the principal, Ed Lanati. After graduation, Derek went job hunting. He was about to give up for the day when he passed by the new Holiday Inn. He walked in, said he was looking for a job and filled out an application. Today, Derek has his picture on the wall in the spanking new lobby as "Employee of the Year."

The hotel holds a competition among all workers and each month the management decides who has earned "Employee of the Month." In February 1986 Derek was chosen, and at year's end he got the big award.

Currently, Derek is in the housekeeping section of the hotel; however, on occasion he works overtime driving the hotel's van, used primarily to pick up or deliver people to the airport. He has also served on banquet staffs, making for a well-rounded job assignment. Derek said driving the van and serving as banquet boy were his preferences as to jobs. The future plans for Derek? "To stay with the hotel and some-

day (be promoted) to a role in management."

Another of Derek's talents is playing the accordion. He has played the popular instrument since he was only six . . . and today, polkas and waltzes can be heard coming from his favorite accordion at local convalescent homes, banquets and the "most fun" playing, at family get-togethers. At his age, Derek does enjoy rock and roll.

DURING THE GOLF season (on television) Derek is a fixture watching the good play of Greg Norman, Lee Trevino and Fuzzy Zoeller. Derek does have a fantasy . . . someday playing in the same foursome with Greg, Lee and Fuzzy. (Can't get much better than that).

The grandson of Brusie and Mabel Guy Marinone, Derek has one brother, Dana, and a sister Dawn, who attends Post Junior College in Waterbury. When asked who he most admires, besides the personal role models, he named his grandfather, describing him as "a man who never complains . . . always doing things for others."

Additional admiration, this time for Derek and from his mother — "Derek is a good boy . . . no problems with him . . . like his grandpa, always ready to help others."

Epilogue: For some students, after

graduation comes college; others pursue careers immediately in the working world, thereby establishing an early foothold, be it business or service to others; as in Derek Drezek's case, he choose the world of hotels.

He is young, and may change careers, but whatever he does, he'll be involved, he's that kind of young man. The next time you stay at a hotel, remember the service you received at the dining room, being driven to the airport or just the maintenance of your room — it was people like Derek who tried to make your stay as comfortable and enjoyable as possible. A holiday away from home.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, FEBRUARY 20, 1987

Holiday Inn's 1986 Employee of the Year

Whitten Family: 'Miracles Are Instantaneous'

Last September, Mark and Joan Whitten experienced what they described as "a big shock."

Joan gave birth, prematurely, to a son. The "shock" was that their second son, Eric, weighed only 1 pound and 7 ounces. When we talked, the baby was home, safe and sound, after four months in the hospital, now hitting the scales at 5 pounds.

Joan called their new addition, "our miracle baby." Little Eric joined his parents on Jan. 20, along with his brother, Kyle (who was born in June 1985). The doctors at the hospital told Mark and Joan that the chances of survival were only 15 percent. The "miracle baby" is now progressing day by day at home on North Main Street.

The home is the "old Hinckley-Jenkins house," built around 1900. Joan said the old-timers in town would remember the family operated a shoe store on Main Street years ago. Mark, a carpenter in his spare time, completely renovated the house.

Interesting items on the parents of Kyle and Eric: Mark Hugh Whitten, son of Dick (Cabbages and Kings interviewee, April 1986) and Marion Whitten. Mark was born in Bangor, Maine, coming to East Windsor when he was 2 years old. Another move to Windsor Locks was just in time for Mark to begin school. He graduated from the local high school in 1975, where he played soccer.

Mark's wife, Joan Fernald Whitten, is a local girl. She is the daughter of John and Margaret Fernald, who have lived in Windsor Locks for more than 35 years. Joan graduated from high school in 1978. Joan continued her education at Mitchell College in New London, where she received an associate degree in early child education (this would come in handy later). In 1982, she attended State University of New York, in Oneonta, earning a bachelor's degree in psychology.

EDUCATION BEING IMPORTANT the name of the game in the Whitten family, Mark attended school in Denver (as member of the Connecticut Air National



Eric, Joan, Kyle and Mark Whitten

Guard) studying electronics, received an associate degree in 1981 in applied sciences from the University of Hartford, also a degree in 1983 in electrical engineering. As with his wife, Mark is studying for his own master's degree in business administration at the University of Hartford.

How did Joan and Mark meet? Quite a few years back, the local Knights of Columbus hall was the scene of a yearly graduate party for seniors of Windsor Locks High School. Joan, as a freshman, volunteered to serve soda for the seniors. One of the seniors was Mark Whitten. He not only received his soda from Joan, but asked for a dance and that was it.

The "it" took seven years, with most of their education out of the way, so to speak, they were married in September 1982, at the Windsor Locks Congregational Church.

This versatile twosome is not all schoolwork and no play. Both are into softball. Mark has played 11 years in the Wind-

sor Locks Men's League, six as a coach. Joan said, he was active in "running" the league, she added, with pride. Don't forget to add, "I play for Stella's Restaurant," he said.

Joan, a good softball player in her own right, is a member of the Dale Drug team in the Windsor Women's League. According to Joan, "Kyle and Eric will probably be playing softball . . . it runs in the family."

As mentioned, Mark was in the Connecticut Air National Guard, from 1976 to 1982, spending time in Texas and Colorado. Back home, he spent one weekend a month at Bradley. Employment for Mark covered the following: rebuilding electric motors for a Hartford company, time at Air Kaman, now employed at Hamilton-Standard. Mark, with his father, operate a courier service out of Bradley Field.

LIFE AFTER SOFTBALL, for Mark,

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would include carpentry, hunting and fishing and "fast cars." Joan and Mark both have skiied in Vermont and their "big trip" was to Hawaii.

Admiration and philosophy of life were subjects they both agreed with . . . (admiration), "Both of our parents, especially the past few months, we wouldn't know what we would have done without their help and encouragement." (philosophy), "We are the type of people that enjoy what we can do now . . . go with the kids . . . not saving for our old age . . . enjoy life now."

EPILOG:

Mark and Joan Whitten have accomplished and experienced many events in their young lives. Both are well-educated. Mark works two jobs, is a handy man to have around the house. Both enjoy sports.

Joan called their new son Eric, "our miracle baby." She also said, "it was a big shock," which probably proves the following: "Miracles are instantaneous. They cannot be summoned, but come out of themselves, usually at unlikely moments and to those who least expect them."

The Nilssons Live a Life of Community Service

Gustaf H. Nilsson is truly a veteran volunteer member of the town's fire department. This quiet man, known as just "Gus," has answered the call "50" (a fire in a private dwelling) since the year, 1960. He can rightfully be called the firemen's fireman.

His first fire, as a volunteer, was the "biggest fire" in town history (the Biglow fire). It set the tone for his long tenure, and he has been called by a former chief, "A real active fireman, a good worker, been at it years and years."

To find out what was behind this quiet, big man who was born in Wethersfield, we talked to him and his wife, Virginia Letourneau Nilsson, on a cold evening last month. When all the questions and answers were written and discussed, the familiar radio message, (at least Gus and Ginny are accustomed to it) sounded a "50" call, and Gus was off to do his duty.

Gus lived in Wethersfield until he was about 6. Then his family moved to East Windsor, where he received his schooling. His father, Gus, Sr., had come to the states from his native Stockholm, Sweden, as a teenager, marrying the future Mrs. Nilsson in New Hampshire, where they raised two sons and three daughters before moving to Connecticut.

Ginny Nilsson was from Hartford, a graduate of Buckley High School, class of 1948. Gus and Ginny met (when she was in high school) at a dinner of friends, relatives and co-workers of Gus, while he was employed by a box company in



Gustaf and Virginia Nilsson

A FEW YEARS LATER, July, 1949, they were married. They set up house in Newington and East Windsor before the last move to Windsor Locks in 1954. They have a daughter, Linda, who is married to Dennis Lombard. The Lombards have three children for Gus and Ginny to spoil...James 13, Jennifer 9, and Kelly 5. They live in nearby Stafford Springs.

The first job Gus had after leaving school was as a mechanic. He then joined the U.S. Army and served from March, 1945 to September, 1947, in Kentucky, Hawaii and New Caledonia in the South Pacific. Apparently that dinner Gus and Ginny attended left an impression. During his months in the service, they kept the postal services

quite busy.

Upon his return to Connecticut, Gus went to work for Pratt & Whitney in East Hartford. However, after five years, Pratt decided to move the section that Gus worked with to North Haven. Not wanting to leave this area, Gus worked the next 25 years with the Pontiac Center in West Hartford in the automotive repair business.

THE PAST SIX YEARS, he's been around town, so to speak. He has worked for his brother, Jim Nilsson, and the chain of Geissler's Super Markets, in the maintenance end, at the four locations in Windsor, Granby, Warehouse Point and Windsor Locks.

During the time spent by Gus at Pratt, Pontiac and his current job at Geissler's, his better half has been a faithful employee of Dexter's. Ginny has been with the local company since 1951. It will be 36 years in August. She started in the accounting department and is now a fixture in the personnel area.

In 1960, Gus joined the fire department. When you read the list of veterans of the department — but in a different category, the Women's Auxiliary — Ginny's name will be right at the top. She joined the same year as Gus.

His jobs at the fire house have included steward, and he was also "the original big drummer" in the department's band.

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By JACK REDMOND

OUTSIDE INTERESTS of Gus and Ginny (not including the department) can be classified in two parts: snowmobiles and rooting for the Washington Redskins and New York Yankees. Three years ago they traveled to the Super Bowl game in Tampa, Fla. The Redskins lost to the LA Raiders, 38-9. (They just mentioned the trip). As for the Yankees...Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle have been favorites of Gus, since he was a boy.

The snowmobile... "a small vehicle with ski like runners in front and tank like treads, used for driving in or traveling on snow." For Gus and Ginny, their number one sport has been enjoyed in Vermont, New Hampshire. A few years back they made a trip west to Colorado and Wyoming. At the time, seeing the wonders of Yellowstone National Park, the Nilssons saw "seven days of snow, with 7 feet of the white stuff." Needless to say, they took advantage of the conditions. They have tried camping out, and locally, for the exercise, were active duck pin bowlers.

Future plans for this active couple? "Whenever we retire, we hope to see the rest of the country in a RV." (An RV...that's a recreation vehicle.)

Fond Memories of

Edward Lucas Young and Mary Smalley Young celebrated 50 years of marriage in January. Those five decades have been filled with fond memories of family love, dedicated work habits, travel, three children, five grandchildren and the way Windsor Locks was in the good old days.

Eddie is the quiet man, the man you could set your watch by. Mary, a member of the well-known Smalley family, as with her husband, came from a large family. We found her to be the spokesman of the Young family.

Some of her comments could be called sad, when today's Windsor Locks was discussed, with "we miss the old downtown . . . in the old days we knew everyone" but not today.

In their comfortable kitchen on Spring Street, their home since 1949, we talked of the old days, today, the memorial to her brothers, Ella Grasso, and their personal travels across the 48 states and Canada.

SOME INTERESTING ITEMS on Eddie and Mary, before their wedding at St. Mary's Church in January 1937: Eddie was born in Waterbury. He was the son of Edward and Alice Young. Mr. Young came from New York while Eddie's mother was born in Lithuania. Eddie and three brothers and three sisters moved to the Poquonock section of Windsor, on River



Edward and Mary Young

Street, when he was 4 years old.

Mary was born and raised in Windsor Locks, on Oak Street, when it was called "Ram Cats Alley." She was the daughter of Andrew and Sophia Smalley, who were born in Poland. They raised seven children, two of whom lost their lives during World War II. Mary attended St. Mary's High School. Among the graduates with Mary was Ella Tambussi, later governor of our state. Looking back at those days, Mary said, "St. Mary's was something special . . . it was a way of life (a cult, so to speak, she added), the nuns brought us that way."

Growing up in this area, be it Windsor Locks or Poquonock, for Eddie and Mary, and all the kids, work on tobacco was carried down, generation to generation. Eddie's first job, in the early '30s (the Depression years) was on the Howard Thrall Farm. Admitting to having "a wander lust," Eddie left Connecticut and the farm to work on the government sponsored Civilian Conservation Corps. He was only 18 when he worked and traveled "all over the state of Maine . . . cutting down trees and other conservation jobs." After the CCCs, Eddie returned home, worked on the farm and some construction up to the beginning of World War II.

He met and married Mary four years before the war began. They first lived on River Street. After several months, they decided to move in with Mary's folks on Grove Street, in her hometown. As mentioned, in 1949, Eddie and Mary settled in on Spring Street. For the record, Mary worked at Hamilton-Standard for a period of 12 years, after her children were grown.

WHEN THE WAR broke out, Eddie joined the fire service at Bradley Field, which was part of the federal government at the time. After the war ended, the state of Connecticut took over Bradley. Eddie, better known in those days as Captain Ed Young, served with the state for 29 years. He retired in 1974. He proudly showed a plaque received for his many years, which said in part . . . "For loyal devotion to the Fire Service at Bradley International Airport."

When you talk of the Young children, you're talking, mainly, about the Young Engineering of Springfield, Mass. Their oldest son, Edward, is president of the family firm. He and his wife, Evelyn, live in Longmeadow, Mass. Edward attended the Porter School of Design and was founder of the company that bears his name. In his younger days, Edward was "one of the original members of the first Little League." As a graduate of the local high school in 1955, he organized his own band.

HIS TWO SISTERS, Shirley Stack and Mary Anne Seitz, are both active in the Springfield business. Shirley, a 1960 WLHS graduate, lives in Feeding Hills with her three children. She is the comptroller of the firm. Mary Anne (WLHS, 1962) lives in Broad Brook with her two children and has the title of cost analyst. Indeed, it's a family affair.

The Smalley name is well known in town and will be remembered for years to come. There is Smalley Road, located between North and Spring streets, and the Smalley Brothers, VFW Post 6123, on Fairview. The post was named after Mary's brothers, Edward and Francis, who were both killed in Europe, as members of the armed forces in World War II.

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Mary's thoughts on the "old days" in her town of Windsor Locks: "They were good days . . . downtown, the center of activity. We walked downtown . . . young mothers with their baby carriages . . . everyone knew each other . . . stopping at Marconi's for a soda . . . the theater. The town is not the same without the old downtown." As if they agreed . . . where did it go?

Don't get the idea that Eddie and Mary were always homebodies, just staying around town. This adventurous couple has crossed this wide country of ours six times. The first time was in a trailer. The next five trips were made in a van, the insides completely finished and built by handyman Eddie Young. They camped in all 48 states and in parts of Canada. Just to be different, a few years back Mary wanted to visit her parents' homeland of Poland. They not only saw Poland but also the beautiful country of Italy.

And, they do have additional hobbies . . . Eddie is the fisherman in the family, when they make trips to the Cape or Connecticut shore. At home, Mary enjoys the womanly tasks of sewing and crocheting.

GROWING UP, one of Mary's neighbors was the late and highly respected Ella Tambussi Grasso. Mary's thoughts on Ella: "Even before she became involved in politics, I had that feeling, she would make it (big). She was a great person. I guess I would have to say, I admired her smarts."

Another, closer to her heart, kind words were also spoken. Mary was helped along by their daughter Mary Anne who sat in on the interview. "Eddie is the Rock of Gibraltar, always has been . . . never loses his cool, very understanding." Mary Anne added this about her father . . . "He always said, out of bad, along comes good, and he was right."

EPILOG:

Eddie and Mary Young . . . 50 years of marriage and being themselves. They traveled the country, coast to coast, always remembering their roots in Connecticut.

On the premise, there is a story in everyone's life, the Young story has been filled with love, humor, hard work, straight talk, the good and bad days. So it was with much delight (on my part) that after the interview was over, Mary said, "Not sure what you'll write about."

I should have said . . . like Windsor Locks, Ella, the VFW, Smalley Road . . . Eddie Young and Mary Smalley Young will be remembered as part of the past, present and future.

Edward and Mary Young

Wayne Ziegler — Talented VFW Member

Wayne Robert Ziegler was always the "organized" man when he worked in the world of insurance. He was the man in the three-piece suit, briefcase at his side, be it in the office or at home.

Today, Wayne, a Hartford native known to older friends as "Ziggy," is officially retired from the insurance world and the proper dress code. But men like Wayne never really retire from life or work.

After 32 years at Aetna Life & Casualty, he put aside the briefcase and adding machine. Even before early retirement, Wayne and his wife Gerry were owners of El Rancho Package Store on Spring Street for five years. They both held down two jobs, she with Windsor's Combustion Engineering. The two jobs were "hectic," they agreed, and in July of last year, his son Michael and daughter-in-law Colleen took over the store.

Wayne tried "loafing" for six months. He now works part-time for Hertz Rental at Bradley. So, readers, before anyone conjures up the impression that Wayne Ziegler is all work and no play, he's a man who enjoys "being close to nature" in his backyard on Greenwood, staying active in the local VFW, which he joined more than 20 years ago and other talents that would make most people envious.

LIKE ALL STORIES, there must be a beginning . . . for Wayne it was in the Parkville section of Hartford where he was born and raised. He's a graduate of Hartford High School, class of 1952. Sports was limited to basketball in the church league of the Capitol City.

During those high school years, young Wayne worked part time at Aetna, learning the techniques of insurance. In March 1953, he joined the United States Air Force, serving in Wyoming, Virginia and Japan. He

Wayne Ziegler, the organized man



was stationed in Japan for two years, located 20 miles from Tokyo, at Fucho Air Force Base. The base was a historic place in that airmen who made the first bomb raid on Tokyo in 1942 and were captured (not making a safe arrival in China) were interned there.

Back home in the states, for another two years, Wayne's daily routine was work at the Pentagon headquarters of the Department of Defense. The Pentagon is the world's largest office building. Airman 1st Class Ziegler recalls the vast working place, saying, "You could get lost in it." He was stationed at Fort Myers, Va., across from the Arlington National Cemetery.

Back to civilian status, Wayne returned to Aetna, with 32 years of service and retirement in September 1984.

Wayne married Geraldine Rood in 1979. Gerry was raised in Windham, graduating from the high school in 1962. For the past 10 years she has worked in the payroll depart-

ment at Combustion. Both are avid duckpin bowlers, so it stands to reason they met one night at the Villa Rose. They are parents of five children, five grandchildren with one on the way. There is Michael and Sandra Ziegler, Judy Werth, Danny and Teddy Barrett.

Michael and Colleen live in town with their three daughters. Sandra resides in Warehouse Point. She is a former "VFW Poppy Queen." Judy and her husband Bill have a son and daughter. Danny lives in Tariffville, while his brother Teddy makes his home in Southwick with his wife Karen . . . they are expecting their first child. Michael and Danny played Little League in town. Sandra and Judy were Girl Scouts and members of the VFW Junior Girl Auxiliary.

Wayne has lived in town more than 20 years, joining the Smalley Brothers VFW Post 6123 about the same time. Saying, "I was new in Windsor Locks . . . wanted to get to know people . . . I admired what they did (visits to veterans hospitals, donations to scout programs), so I joined, and since then have been active at times." And to name some of that involvement . . . member of the Color Guard, the Loyalty Day Parade, adjutant, assistant quartermaster, treasurer of this year's Sports Night, the VFW softball team and helping organize the post bowling league.

Wayne is a man of many hobbies, at home or away, but one hobby (you might call it that) is at the VFW club rooms and is best said in his own words . . . "I am an active participant in what I think may be one of the oldest continuous setback games in existence. We play every Saturday afternoon, at the VFW, and have done so for over 20 years."

OTHER INSTINCTS, for this talented

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man, include cooking, fishing, working in the family garden, enjoying book work (he really does) and walking. (Maybe not a talent, but devotion for health's sake.) Wayne and Gerry are both duckpin enthusiasts, he in the Newington's Insurance League and Gerry, locally, at the Villa Rose Women's League. This busy couple love to travel, especially by car around New England, the east coast and by other transportation to Bermuda and Nassau.

When it comes to spectator sports, Wayne is an Atlanta Braves baseball fan, but admits, "not much to cheer about, so I guess I'll root for the Red Sox."

When it came to the end of our talk, Wayne was asked one more question, who he had most admired in his life. "Haven't really thought about it," he said. But (after a short pause), "Let me say, probably three people . . . my mother, Irene Ziegler, who is 86, lives in town, a woman who is always smiling, gets around well. My brother, Melvin, who lives in Florida. He has had MS (Multiple Sclerosis) for the past 30 years. I admire the way he has coped with his own disability. The third person would be his wife, Jessie, for her devotion over the years to Melvin."

EPILOG:

That's the story of Wayne Robert Ziegler . . . the multifarious man who enjoys work and believes in doing an honest day's work.

Wayne found the following words to be true: "People don't wear out, they give up. As far as trails go, there's always an open trail for the mind if you keep the doors open and give it a chance."

Stanley Downs Organizes Reunion

Local Man Gets Together 61 Men Who Served on USS Gatling

Stanley Downs spent 16 months in the Pacific on the USS Gatling (DD-671) at the height of World War II. Last year, in Des Moines, Iowa, 61 men with whom he had served on the Gatling came together for its first reunion. In September of this year there will be a



Stanley Downs

second reunion in Denver, Colo., for which Stanley and a committee of Connecticut veterans are already making plans. For Stanley, "meeting (again) with men you served with and trusted with your life" is certainly a worthwhile endeavor. As usual with such ventures, the committee is seeking names of men who served on the Gatling from August 1943 to the decommission in 1960.

This is a labor of love for Stanley, born in Archbald, Pa. (near Scranton), growing up in Manchester and a resident of Windsor Locks for more than 30 years. He had done his homework, securing the history of his ship's activity during the war and after, as the government needed its service. The USS Gatling was named for inventor Richard Jordan Gatling, the well-known man who designed a multi-barreled machine gun during the Civil War.

Stanley attended grammar school in Manchester and was a 1940 graduate of Manchester High School. He was the son of Peter and Mary Downs. His father, born in Poland, came to the states and settled in the coal region of Pennsylvania. When Stanley was about age 5, he and three brothers and four sisters, and their parents, moved to Manchester where his father secured a position with the Cheney Mills.

IN 1941, long before he became a sailor and a witness to war firsthand, Stanley

vacationed at a dude ranch in upper New York State. It was there he met his future wife, Grace McLaughlin, who was from the Queens section of New York City. The enjoyment of the ranch was uppermost in the minds of this young boy and girl. It would be another five years before the wedding of Stanley and Grace, interrupted by Stanley's wartime career. He and Grace would only see each other during a short leave. The mails would then be their only contact.

Stanley's first job, after high school, was at Pratt & Whitney in East Hartford. He stayed only a year. He admitting, "I didn't like factory life . . . it was so big." He then moved to the Hartford Special Inc. where he found "a factory, smaller and more family oriented." In March 1943, he joined the U.S. Navy and spent boot camp in Sampson, N.Y.

Stanley, a machinist, a skill he learned in trade school, became part of the "Engineering Force," at the Brooklyn Naval Yard. Four weeks before the USS Gatling was to be commissioned, Stanley worked on the ship — a ship that would hold many memories in the months to come.

HE TOOK PART in the sea trials of the new ship, which was commissioned in August 1943. Training exercises were held in sunny Bermuda. After necessary overhaul and modifications, the ship was determined sea-worthy, and the first trip was to Trinidad, with other short trips to Maine, Norfolk and, finally, on its way to the Pacific via the Panama Canal. A short stay in San Francisco and west to Pearl Harbor.

The first battle for Stanley and the crew of the Gatling was in the Marshall Islands. Names familiar to the Pacific war buffs came next: Palau, Yap, Guam, Hollandia, Saipan, Eniwetok and the Philippine Islands. These were daily and weekly stops to do battle with the Japs. Stanley was part of eight battles during his 16 months on the Gatling.

The USS Gatling played a major part in

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the war with some of the following famous naval ships: Enterprise, Lexington, Yorktown, Princeton, and many others. The Gatling was a member of Task Group 58. The history of the ship's movements is well documented from the logs now in the National Archives.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1944, it was discovered that Stanley and his brother Edward were both serving on the Gatling. Stanley said he and his brother had different duties on the ship and really did not see much of each other. But, apparently, the Navy discourages brothers serving on the same ship and for good reasons. Stanley was then transferred to another destroyer, the USS James C. Owens (DD-776), returning to Pearl Harbor and then to California for a 30-day leave.

The USS Owens, which Stanley joined in San Pedro, had been commissioned in February 1945. The ship saw action in the Pacific, operating out of Okinawa, until departing for Japan as part of the Wakayama Occupation Group. The war was soon over. In March 1946, Stanley Downs was discharged from a distinguished naval career. In November of that year, Grace and Stanley were married.

Their first home was in Hartford. After a year they moved to Manchester, finally settling down in Windsor Locks in 1955. Stanley had rejoined the Hartford Special Inc. He retired in 1983 as their factory manager.

Stanley and Grace have two sons — Michael and Steven. Michael and his wife, Gail, live in Avon with their son, Chandler, and daughter, Courtney. Their dad played Little League in town, soccer at the high school and is a 1971 grad of Trinity College. He received his masters from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The former Army

Reservist is now assistant vice president of the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection & Insurance Co. Steven lives at home and is employed by Spencer Turbine in their inventory control department. He is a graduate of the local high school, where he played soccer and baseball. He has an associate degree from Asnuntuck Community College.

When Stanley is not involved in reunion plans, he enjoys playing golf in the area and fly fishing. Grace and Stanley have traveled to Europe, Hawaii and the Caribbean Islands. He follows the Red Sox and football Giants. Retirement has meant plenty of golf, bike riding and visiting friends.

The Navy veteran has been a member of the local American Legion for more than 30 years. It was an American Legion publication that triggered his interest in a reunion of the Gatling. He contacted a former shipmate in Florida and together with his wife traveled to the sunny state, saying, "Let's get started," and it's been go all the way since then.

EVERY TWO MONTHS, seven former sailors (from East Hartford and Manchester) from the Gatling, and Stanley, meet at different area restaurants. They talk of the war (naturally) and discuss plans for the next reunion. Obviously, they are eight dedicated men with a desire to hold onto their memories.

Speaking of past memories, especially of men of action, Stanley, when asked who he most admired, said, President Harry Truman. After reading his autobiography, he took an interest in the man from Missouri; he admired the way he presented and expressed himself and got things done.

EPILOG:

Stanley Downs was another serviceman, doing his duty in World War II. Some who served soon forgot, others remember, but it was too many years ago. Men like Stanley not only remember, but want to celebrate the friendships once again and recall the memories well earned.

Stanley and his committee look forward to hearing from men who served on the USS Gatling . . . drop him a line at: 434 Halfway House Rd., Windsor Locks 06096.

Bob Pohorylo: From Baseball to Fishing

Taking a hint from former baseball star Ted Williams that "when you can't play ball anymore," Bob Pohorylo gave up a career in the national pastime (due to an injury) taking up fly-fishing and other fishing techniques.

Robert John Pohorylo, who comes from a large local family, and growing up on Dickerman Street, is now a well traveled fisherman from "North Carolina to Canada."

Bob, a quiet spoken, precise individual, is the son of John (now deceased) and Josephine Phillip Pohorylo. Mrs. Pohorylo resides next door to her son on Dickerman Street. She and her husband were both natives of town, he was "a constable locally for years and years," according to Bob. Mr. Pohorylo was a veteran employee of Hamilton-Standard.

"Life was all baseball" for young Bob. He was in the Little League, in the first years of its inception in town, went on to play four years during his high school years, Babe Ruth and American Legion ball. The former third baseman and short-stop was known as "a good stick."

After leaving St. Mary's grammar school, Bob traveled to Springfield with some other youths to attend Cathedral High School, graduating in 1956. Bob spoke fondly of the late Dr. Peter Lingua, saying it was his efforts in having Bob attend the "baseball school" at Cathedral. The school was known as a "good stepping stone" for boys who desired to make baseball a career.

Bob managed to play some semi-pro baseball and the future looked bright, as he had a "contract pending," for Double A ball, under the guidance of the (then) Milwaukee Braves.

WITH DREAMS of a baseball career over, Bob had to make other plans, and for a few years worked at Pratt & Whitney and Hamilton-Standard. He also served in the Air National Guard for six years. In 1958, he joined Kaman Aircraft. Currently work-



Bob Pohorylo shows off the 34 pound Chinook Salmon he caught on Salmon River in Upper New York State.

ing on a 30-year pin, Bob is material analyst for Kamatics, a division of Kaman. Bob has attended various colleges in the area and the Porter School of Design.

Back to fishing . . . for Bob, "Fishing goes back 35 years . . . I got started (with fly-fishing) by watching and learning from my uncle, Frank Pohorylo."

According to Bob, his uncle, now deceased, was a well-known prizefighter who boxed under the name of "Jimmy Martin." Frank was also a top-notch pitcher in baseball circles, under the name of "Lefty."

Today, fishing is Bob's main hobby. Vacation time is spent on the lakes and rivers all over the East Coast and Canada. When not catching the big ones, he repairs fishing rods and is an artist when it comes to fly-tying. At his home, which he built himself, he has a garden in the back yard, growing vegetables, and his pride and joy are hybrid tea roses.

He also shares his home with his son,

James. He is a graduate of the local high school and is now attending Central Connecticut State University, taking industrial engineering courses. Jim played Little League and soccer in his younger years.

IN ADDITION, Bob has been active on the local scene as past president of the Italian Progressive Club and for the past two years, serves as president for the corporation of the local Polish National Home. Bob has been on the board of directors for 10 years. (For the record, and to clarify a recent C&K column, Glenn Dakin is president of the Polish-American Club, a part of the Polish National Home.)

Bob is proud of the "home" for the many years it has served the members, saying, "The home is the center, in this area, for social contact and enjoyment for lovers of polka dancing." He went on to say that "the better polka bands from all over the country have played their brand of music for members and the public every Satur-

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day night."

Does the man, who in his younger days might have played in Fenway or Yankee Stadium, follow the latest in the sports world? The answer is no. Bob Pohorylo knows firsthand the world of baseball, saying, "Today, it is a business." He admits, since those playing days, "I do not follow baseball, be it on television or detailed in the newspapers." He feels the large salaries are much too high. Talking to Bob, you get the feeling that playing the game, to him, was most important, and it just isn't that way today.

In addition to all those fishing trips, Bob has included a vacation to France and Yugoslavia. However, fishing and Europe aside, Windsor Locks to Bob is home. He said, "I live here, I really like this town. I grew up here and have a lot of friends."

Bob spoke of many things, one being, having no special heroes. He has a goal, "for hope, only for the best for my family . . . I want my son to have it better than I did . . . and for him to be happy."

EPILOG

Bob Pohorylo dreams of the ones who got away, but found memories of fishing, and ones who didn't get away, which he proudly displays. From baseball bats and gloves to fishing rods, that's his only game in town.

The following does not fit into Bob's manner of fishing habits, but I just couldn't pass it up . . . "Here's to our fisherman bold: Here's to the fish he caught: Here's to the ones that got away, And here's to the ones he bought."

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, APRIL 3, 1987

Ernie Scavotto

Going back to the early '40s, interviewing Ernie Scavotto, at the Villa Rose Lanes on Spring Street, was certainly a nostalgic trip for me. The energetic veteran, of two decades as proprietor of the well-known duckpin lanes, and I, exchanged memories



Ernie Scavotto

of the old days, setting up pins (by hand), the art of bowling and when we watched the past greats of the game. Ernie knew the present greats and new record holders, I had lost touch over the years.

Friends, customers and business associates of Ernest Vincent Scavotto, known as just Ernie around the state in duckpin circles, might well be surprised to find he has other talents, which include roller skating since he was 14, and today, performs (with a partner) in dance skating routines at the East Hartford Skating Palace East.

But first things first Ernie grew up in

Enfield, son of Louis (now deceased) and Mary Scavotto, both natives of New York City. Mrs. Scavotto, now 93, lives in nearby Wilbraham, with her only daughter, Genevieve. There were eight boys in the Scavotto family.

Ernie, now a resident of Windsor Locks the past 15 years, graduated from high school in his home town in 1947. He took part in all sports, as equipment manager in baseball, football and basketball. It was an early start in management of equipment, a necessary skill in operation of a bowling alley.

GROWING UP in the '30s and '40s, meant work for Ernie on tobacco, delivering newspapers, milk and bread — jobs which young Ernie always tackled with energy and persistence.

During his high school years he worked at a local nursery and stayed, for a year, after graduation. In 1949, he entered his life's work (or a part of it) in construction, as an apprentice plasterer. The work, over the years, mostly commercial, took him to jobs in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts. He recalled his first job locally, at the St. Francis Hospital Maternity building. Ernie's classification

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was "ornamental plasterer," until his semi-retirement in 1982. In 1967, the year he took over the duckpin lanes in town, he began a two-job daily routine.

Ernie has been married to Peggy Holden Scavotto since 1979. Peggy doesn't have far to go to visit Ernie, she is a waitress at the Villa Rose Restaurant, which is located in the upper level of the building, with the bowling lanes in the basement. Peggy and Ernie have three daughters . . . Monica Delvy, who lives in the Bridgeport area with her husband, Bob . . . Laura Anderson and her husband, Richard, reside in Wethersfield . . . Joan lives in the Boston area.

Ernie started bowling ducks at the age of 12, at the old Thompsonville alleys. Two years later, he began roller skating at Old Riverside in Agawam. He told of the many shows he participated in at various veteran organizations in Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Duckpin bowling has always been Er-

nie's forte. He found "no challenge" in the other sport, ten pins. He just didn't like them, actually feeling it was a lot easier, than ducks, to knock down.

THE VILLA ROSE alleys were built in the middle '40s, according to Ernie's best recollection. The eight lanes at Villa Rose is now the only duckpin establishment in northern Connecticut. He did say that there are operations in Hartford and West Hartford.

Ernie recalled many of the teams and individuals who have performed at the local lanes. The old timers in town, he said, will probably remember the six lanes on Grove Street. There are three local men . . . Bill Boris, Frank and Ted Rachel, now bowling at the Villa Rose, with the Polish Club Team, that were in the original "Old Windsor Locks Town League." They still bowl under the same banner at the Villa Rose.

The Villa Rose house records, all properly displayed, show some familiar names: Ernie's wife, Peggy, has the Women's High Triple of 468; Women's High Single 207, held by Gloria Wilson; Men's High Triple and Single by Brian Kulas 532 and 227; Team High Triple and Single by the Chris-

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tian Farms, 2215 and 781.

Among Ernie's memorabilia are old pictures and equally old newspaper clippings of tournament stories on local and state-wide duckpin bowlers. For example: Windsor Locks' own Joe Marinone and Herb Stearns, and Connecticut's Harry Peters, Nick Tronsky, Jack White and Mac Carboni, to name a few.

Ernie has had his share of bowling highs . . . hitting one game for 211, and sporting a 130 average in his better days. These days when not at the alleys or roller skating you'll find Ernie at the golf course, usually St. Ann's, playing to a 14 handicap. His wife, Peggy, also an active sports person has a 22 handicap at Copper Hill in East Granby, where she is the Ladies Association President.

MORE ON BOWLING . . . Ernie has been a member of the Connecticut Bowling Proprietors Association and the National Duckpin Bowling Proprietors of America for 20 years. He plans to attend, with other local bowlers, the annual "nationals of duckpins." This year the event will be held

in Ocean City, Maryland.

When talk came around to one of his favorite sports . . . baseball, the Yankees and especially Joe DiMaggio, has been Ernie's love since he was a kid. He has fond memories of his father and all the boys, leaving at 5:30 a.m., driving down to Yankee Stadium in the family Ford and seeing the Yanks and Joe D. in action. He is

still a baseball and football fan (Oakland Raiders and Miami Dolphins). So it stands to reason, Ernie's number one hero is Mr. DiMaggio, "for his personality and playing ability." Number two, in the hero department, is Coach Don Shulla, of the Dolphins, which Ernie calls, "The best coach in pro ball."

EPILOG Ernie Scvotto, a man for many sports, still active and going strong. He admits, "Taking everything (that comes his way) in stride." Adding, "If I come up on hard times, I do something to get over it fast." A simple and honest philosophy. A man who has always hit the ball down the middle, on the golf course and bowling alley.

— Proprietor of Villa Rose Lanes

Meet Our State Representative

Carl John Schiessl III has had several role models to draw from, as part of a personal development in life and education into the world of politics. Names from the history books — Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt; a name, well-known in local political circles, State Sen. Con O'Leary; and probably Carl's biggest influence, his father, Carl J. Schiessl Jr.



Carl Schiessl

The young Democratic state representative from the 60th District, with constituents in his home town of Windsor Locks and parts of Windsor, has "always been interested in government, since high school and college days." Carl was elected last November, replacing fellow Democrat David J. Wenc who decided to return to his law practice.

During those high school and college days, Carl had exhibited athletic, scholastic and leadership abilities. At the Raider School, Carl had an outstanding career with two years of soccer, one year of basketball and four years in baseball, serving as co-captain in his senior year. He was the class of 1977 vice president, took part in the annual class play and "student government" activities.

Carl went on to Trinity College, continuing his soccer playing for four years. During the last year at the Hartford college, Carl said he was not sure of the future but decided, as he puts it, "One spring day, I made the decision . . . to become a lawyer."

HE CHOSE THE University of Connecticut Law School, graduating in 1984. The influence of Senator O'Leary actually began in high school. The senator, then a teacher, had Carl in his history class. Carl also worked in various campaigns for the

senator and, ironically, both were enrolled in the law school at the same time, Carl just beginning the law indoctrination and the senator in his last year.

The capital buildings and all that it represents is no stranger to Carl. In 1980, while a student at Trinity, he was a legislator intern for Senator O'Leary and, most recently, the Legal Council for the Senate Democrats, before becoming a member of the House of Representatives.

Carl's first job in the private sector was as a law clerk for the Corporation Council of West Hartford. He joined the law firm of Copp, Berall and Hempsted in Hartford, in the same capacity. Today, Carl divides his time as a lawyer in the same firm, and not far from their Washington Street address, and his role as state representative.

OTHERS HAVE PLAYED an important part in Carl's life. The Schiessl family. Carl is the son of Carl and Carol Schiessl, both Hartford natives. Young Carl has a brother and two sisters. Both boys played Little League, and as with Carl, Curt played varsity soccer at the high school. The girls, Caren LaTorra, married to Bill LaTorra, is a nurse and former swimmer; the youngest in the family, Carrie, is currently a cheerleader at the Raider School. They all grew up on Halfway House Road.

Getting down to specifics, Carl said, "My father set the example for me. He has been the developer (of my philosophy) in setting goals . . . to work hard and, if you do, you will accomplish whatever you want."

Another staunch supporter is his "high school sweetheart" and wife, Lynn Tarascio Schiessl. Lynn, a 1978 WLHS grad, grew up on Chester Drive, in the same house where she and Carl now reside. She is the daughter of the late Sal Tarascio, former police officer and assistant principal in East Windsor, and Barbara Tarascio who now lives in Somers. Carl said, "I'm lucky to have a partner who understands the life of a lawyer and a person in politics."

Carl and Lynn were married in the Trinity College Chapel in 1985. At their wedding, serving as best man was an old friend, and the man who introduced them, Richard

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with people, especially when they have problems. I tend to set up shop in the district to discuss those problems, be it state or local issues."

Political heroes . . . Winston Churchill "Who had ability to understand what people needed . . . when it came time for his country, he responded to the call." Another was the late popular President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who he called "A courageous individual."

In closing, Carl remarked how he and his close friends from high school all have stayed around the Windsor Locks area. Some have moved to other locations; however, only a few miles from town. Carl, summing it up, "Like my friends, I love the town. I guess (because) it's a small, friendly New England town."

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Walsh. Lynn is a graduate of Baypath Junior College and has a bachelor degree in accounting from the University of Hartford. She currently is the Senior Accountant for the Connecticut Student Loan Foundation.

CARL SCHIESSL is by no means all work and no play. His three hobbies have a way of filling up the hours away from the office and capitol. Diverse as they may be, to Carl, enjoyable. He is a faithful member of the local Men's Softball League, tends to a garden in the back yard and for the past two years, just for his taste buds (sic), he's been "brewing my own beer."

So, after a tough softball game or a difficult trial or a trying day in the house, supper may include vegetables from the garden and a bottle of the dark stuff.

Travel has been an escape for the young couple. They honeymooned in Hawaii, have visited sunny Bermuda and drive up to Prince Edward Island in Canada. Spectator sports have been confined to cheering for the baseball Baltimore Orioles since Carl was a youth. Just to round out his repertoire, Carl has always shown a wide interest in music . . . something that was developed when he worked at the college radio station, during the learning years.

Back to politics and work . . . in addition to being a loyal Democrat, he classified himself as a "moderate Democrat." He is a member of the Democratic Town Committee, the Trinity Club of Hartford, the Connecticut and American Bar associations and the Association of Trial Lawyers. Two areas Carl becomes involved with are court trials and real estate law.

HOW DOES THE NEW representative feel about serving in Hartford? "The House of Representatives has been everything I expected it to be. I always wanted to deal

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EPILOG: Carl John Schiessl III follows in the footsteps of several well-known representatives of Windsor Locks who accomplished many things at the State Capitol. Politicians are sometimes known for platitudes, as to what they hope to accomplish on the political scene. Carl gave no fancy words, just that he truly enjoys dealing with people, knowing full well, action speaks louder than words.

Only appropriate for me to close with a Democratic story, not by FDR, but another Roosevelt . . . "When President Theodore

Roosevelt was once making a political speech in Maine, he asked if there was a Democrat in the audience. An old, whiskered man rose in the back of the room and said, 'I am a Democrat.' Roosevelt then asked him why he was a Democrat, and he said 'I've always been a Democrat, my father was a Democrat, and my grandfather was a Democrat.' Roosevelt then said: 'Then if your father had been a horse thief and your grandfather had been a horse thief, you would be a horse thief.' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'in that case I would be a Republican.'"

Traveling to Australia

The following is the first of a two-part series.

Where do I begin?

Our tour director set the tone of our "adventure to the South Pacific" when we met her at the airport in Los Angeles. This was after a six-hour, coast-to-coast ride, from our own Bradley International Airport to Chicago, and to another Bradley (the International Wing named after Los Angeles' Mayor Tom Bradley) in sunny California.

We not only received a warm welcome, but a timetable explaining the first leg of our journey to Melbourne, Australia, by way of Honolulu and the Fiji Islands.

In this welcome letter, explaining important and pertinent facts, were the following words, definitely catching my eye, "An adventure instead of vacation, because a vacation is when you lie on the beach, get a tan, and close your mind. On the contrary, you chose to use your mind by exposing it to, absorbing, and learning the cultures and traditions of other countries."

TO SAY we were exposed, when it was all over, to the different cultures and traditions, would be an understatement. We found Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti a true adventure, away from home, for the next three weeks. We were also exposed to 36 strangers and a tour director. However, by the time we reached Los Angeles again, they were not strangers but new-found friends from all parts of the United States.

Before leaving for vacation I came across the following . . . "People today vacation in places you formerly got to only

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by being drafted or shipwrecked." I was never shipwrecked but was drafted a long time ago. The government was kind enough to send me to Guam and other South Pacific Islands for more than a year.

Now 42 years later, in late March and early April, my travel mate was my wife, Rita, for my return to the South Pacific to the land of the kangaroo, millions of sheep, the Kiwi bird and an island where the famous ship the Bounty had its mutiny, and today, the home of Marlon Brando.

Plans for such an extensive trip were carefully laid out six months in advance. In addition to passports, visas were required for our ports of call. Anyone who knows me, most of my time is devoted to sports, newspapers, local and national news, Hollywood and politics. When I found out when we were going, I nearly cancelled the trip (only kidding, Rita). During the time we would be away, the following were to take place: the Academy Awards, the basketball final four, Hagler-Leonard fight, opening of the baseball season and the one and only — Masters of golf.

We even missed the annual high school musical, the Lions annual pancake breakfast, raking the lawn and fertilizing the green stuff. But let me say, it was worth it. There will always be another baseball opening and another Masters.

WITH OUR LUGGAGE tagged for

Melbourne, Australia (at our own Bradley), we left Los Angeles for two short fuel stops at Honolulu and the Fiji Islands.

Flying the skies with Qantas Airways, the menu not only told us what we could order but informed us the times for crossing the Pacific to our final destination: L.A. to Honolulu, 5 hours and 40 minutes; Honolulu to Nadi (Fiji), 6 hours and 15 minutes; Nadi to Melbourne, 5 hours and 10 minutes. A long trip, to say the least, and on time.

When Rita asked the flight attendant if there would be any announcement when we cross the line (and lose a day), she was told "When you feel the bump," said with a smile on her face. At that point, I must say, Australians all talk like Paul Hogan and probably have his sense of humor.

APPROXIMATELY 30 HOURS after leaving Windsor Locks (counting the time in Chicago, L.A., Hawaii and Fiji), we arrived safe and, probably not sound, in Australia's second largest city, the capital of Victoria, and acknowledged as the financial heart of Australia, with the population of Connecticut.

As with our first encounter with a new city or country, after the necessary customs interrogation and retrieval of luggage, a short briefing was in order at the hotel for our two-day stay. This was followed by a get-to-know dinner, before our first night's sleep at the Hilton. This large hotel, with heated indoor swimming pool which the Redmonds took advantage of on arrival, was located across the way from the famed Melbourne Cricket Grounds. This im-



Rita and Jack Redmond

pressive stadium seats 130,000 fans, for their game of football, called "Footy." It was the site of the 1956 summer Olympic games.

Breakfast in Melbourne begins with
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"G'Day Mate." Translation: A good day friend.

The first order of the day was a tour of the city. At this point, we will not indulge ourselves into every stop, building or park we stopped at or admired, but will only attempt to highlight what we considered interesting.

I did fail to mention one important item, on our arrival in Melbourne. Before they let you into Australia, they decontaminate you. The plane lands, the engines shut off, everyone is ordered not to move. Two men climb aboard wearing gas masks and carrying aerosol spray machines. In total silence, they spray the plane and everyone in it. Then you can get off. Welcome to Australia. We were told the purpose is to keep out disease-carrying insects.

MELBOURNE: Best way to see the city, in our opinion and obviously the tour folks', is the City Tour, by bus with a local guide who is familiar with the history and places of interest. We found wide streets, a very clean city and very English with numerous park areas. One interesting note: Melbourne was the home of singer Olivia Newton-John and she attended high school there. Now wasn't that interesting?

Tour now complete, we were off to an Opal store to see how the opals are mined, cleaned and ready to sell to the tourists. In the afternoon we took off on our own, going by tram (the trolley car) to the city's zoo. Only San Diego and Hamburg, Germany are bigger. We saw our first kangaroo and koala bear.

Last day in Melbourne, a full-time sightseeing into the mountain ranges, called the Blue Dandenongs, with lush vegetation and spectacular hills and gullies. After a short train ride on the local "Puffing Billy," the only surviving locomotive designed for narrow gauge tracks, we returned to our bus for a long ride to a winery for lunch and a taste of the local product.

NEXT DAY, off to Sydney, which took an hour and 15 minutes. According to the tour director, Sydney, with a population of more than 3½ million, is Australia's largest and oldest city. Another tour of the city . . . the famed Harbour Bridge and equally famous Opera House.

More facts: Passed over the church where singer Elton John was married. The famed bridge . . . where Paul Hogan used to paint before he became the country's biggest star. ("Crocodile Dundee")

The Opera House — just a beautiful structure. We had dinner and a tour of the facilities which were opened in 1973 by Queen Elizabeth II. The building covers 4.5 acres. There is a concert hall, opera and

drama theater and playhouse seating more than 5,000 on any one night. According to the experts, it's the eighth wonder of the modern world. Has to be seen to be appreciated. And we did.

For sporting fans, and before our visit to the northern beaches, we stopped off at a park for a boomerang demonstration by the Australian national champion.

We had a chance to throw the flat, curved wooden missile, some types of which can be hurled so that they return to the thrower. (From the dictionary, which also added, "It is used as a weapon by Australian aborigines.")

Easy for the champ. But difficult, when you try to throw it for the first time. Ours never returned, we'll have to practice more.

In addition, on our own again, we visited a section of the city called "The Rocks." It was Sydney's early commercial and maritime quarter. In 1970 this area was restored to preserve the historical and architectural interest in the buildings. Another gem was a large structure, the Queen Victoria Building, built in 1893, restored, and now has 160 shops for the tourists and city people.

· AUSTRALIA WAS NOT without its American touch . . . McDonalds and Pizza
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Huts were all over the place. For the travelers . . . currency in Australia at the time was U.S. \$1.00 = \$A 1.39. Television for late viewing, after a full day . . . reruns of MASH, Matlock and three-year old soap operas. The weather was on the cool side; it was the beginning of their fall season.

So, in summary, Melbourne is said to be the most conservative. Sydneysiders consider Melbourne stuffy . . . Boston to Sydney's Los Angeles. Our first impressions . . . Melbourne, a beautiful city, Sydney has a lot to offer, but just like New York.

Sorry our trip did not take us to the "out-back," the other part of Australia. The country is almost the size of our States, not in population, only 15 million, but in area.

There is a spirt in Australia, we were

told, of being cocky, democratic, friendly. They do travel on the left side of the road. The country has been hanging upside down for quite a while. The seasons are reversed, from ours. But as one man said, "In the pursuit of happiness for ordinary people Australians believe they are already ahead of America." Maybe they are.

Next week, our trip to New Zealand and Tahiti. New Zealand, the country that pretty nearly lives up to the excesses of tourist office propaganda, and Tahiti, said to be exotic and unspoiled. We are not sure of that.

COLUMNIST'S NOTE: This C&K column makes 12 years for yours truly writing weekly stories on people in town and other parts of the world. It is still fun and stimulating.

Tales of Traveling in

The following is Part Two of a two-part series.

New Zealand does live up to the excesses of its tourist propaganda. Simply put, it is a beautiful country. We traveled into and out of towns with such unfamiliar names as: Christchurch, Queenstown, Te Anau, Rotorua and Auckland.

To complete our South Pacific tour, after leaving New Zealand, a return trip to Sydney (explained later), on to the island of Tahiti. The island we found warmer and suitable for lying on the beach (or pool), getting a tan and closing our minds. This was of course, contrary to our tour director's original concept about adventure versus vacation.

Frankly, at that point of our adventure, we just wanted to relax . . . Australia and New Zealand were great, but exhausting, in a nice way.

New Zealand, to start, it's a long way away . . . 9,500 miles, if you live in the shadow of Bradley International Airport, as we do. Forgot to mention, in last week's column, Australia is another 1,500 miles west of New Zealand. To break down the entire trip, we traveled 24,800 miles, which means a lot of air-miles. To repeat myself, it was worth it.

NOW NEW ZEALAND . . . trip from Sydney to our first stop, Christchurch, took three hours and forty-five minutes. Now that all the statistics are in . . . what we did in New Zealand.

In all fairness, and in proper English



Jack and Rita Redmond

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

fashion, a few facts about this beautiful country. New Zealand is a long, narrow country made up of three main islands. The North Island is the most populated, holding about two million of the three million inhabitants of New Zealand, with almost a million of those in the greater Auckland area.

The South Island is considered the more beautiful of the main islands, with the Southern Alps (which reminded us of the Swiss Alps) dominating the spine of the island. Weather in New Zealand is a lot like New England, we are told, you don't wait for the weather to change if it's not to your liking. It will already have done so twice while you're making up your mind about it.

And, yes, there are a lot of sheep . . . 20 for every person, say the sheep counters. Rain and sheep make for a very green, well-mown look to the landscape. I saw a T-shirt, that read . . . "I've been to New Zealand . . . there are 70 million sheep and I have seen every one of them."

BACK TO OUR first city, in New Zealand, Christchurch, on the South Island, with such a strong English influence that it has a reputation of being the most British city outside of England. This was all duly noted in a short stay, after a tour the next day of parks, squares and gardens. Off to

Queenstown, but this time, not by a big 747 jet, but a local airline (prop job) for the hour and forty-five minute ride. The pilot was kind enough to let the passengers, two at a time, come to the cockpit and view the mountains and get the feel of flying the plane.

Queenstown, backed up by steep mountains, lies in the curve of Lake Wakatipu at the head of its own small horseshoe-shaped bay. This bay was the beginning of a full evening for the tour group. Traveling by launch across the lake to the high country, called Cecil Peak, a 33,615 acre sheepstation. Cecil Peak Station is inaccessible by road. A barbecue dinner was served and there was a shearing demonstration by the man in charge. It was worth the trip too, we must agree, a beautiful spot on earth.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, bus ride from Queenstown to Milford Sound, for a spectacular two-hour cruise. Just getting to this scenic seaway was an experience. Through the mountains, viewing the long waterfalls, a long dark tunnel ride, with a 400-foot drop in the road and the feeling the road was not made for the bus. But we arrived safe and sound. Just a little note of interest . . . at a certain location (during the bus ride at Deer Flat) we were half-way between the Equator and the South Pole.

After the cruise, bus ride to Te Anau, for a one-night stand. It was located on the western fringe of Fiordland, New Zealand's largest and most remote National Park. Next day, left Te Anau for

New Zealand to

another prop job flight, back to Queenstown (half-hour trip). However, we were in for a three hour and forty-five minute trip to Rotorua in the North Island, where the Maori natives are mostly settled, due to warmer climate.

Our hotel in Rotarua was near the most active thermal area in New Zealand. As we would see and take pictures of . . . "the seething mud pools, spurting geysers and mysteriously formed silica terraces," all amidst the local Maori Village. (Also the smell of sulfur, reminded one of home.) We were given a guided tour through the Maori Arts and Crafts Institute and a model

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Maori village and the pools of bubbling mud and geysers. Attended a Maori "Hangi" (Polynesian feast) prepared in an underground pit where it is cooked by natural steam. After the dinner, we were serenaded by Maori entertainers.

ONE EVENING in Rotorua, could be called the highlight of our New Zealand tour. It was entitled, "Meet the Friendly New Zealander" evening. Rita and I, with a couple from the Seattle, Washington area, were met by a local host, driven to her home (located, it seemed, on the top of the city) for pre-dinner drinks, and a typical New Zealand dinner with lamb, all the fixings and dessert. A pleasant evening of food, conversation concerning our two countries and they had a chance to meet some friendly Americans, as we met them on their home turf.

We departed Rotarua, traveling north over some heavily forested mountain

ranges to the big city of Auckland. The trip by bus, took more than three hours, passing through dairy, sheep and deer farms, and in addition, an area noted for its stud farms where some of this country's greatest race horses are bred and trained.

Another tour of the city . . . Auckland, nearly a million people, surrounded by a large gulf of water. It was now time to leave for Tahiti and warmer climate. But not directly to the island. Due to our airline (Qantas), not being permitted to fly from New Zealand to Tahiti, we had to return to Sydney for one night. This meant another three-hour plane ride westward.

ANOTHER NIGHT in Sydney . . . then on to Papeete, Tahiti. Six hours and forty-five minutes. Yes, a lot of air-time, but at this junction of our trip, we were used to living out of suitcases, early wake-up calls, passports and forms to fill out. Something that made this bearable was a steady

stream of happy-go-lucky travelers going through the daily routine of world adventurers.

Arrived in Tahiti about 11 p.m. We were ready, after a fast trip to our room and into our bathing suits, for a midnight dip in the hotel pool. We were content to be at the pool for the next two days. Passed up the tour of Papeete. Truthfully, at this point, had enough of buses and knew we had another eight hour ride to Los Angeles and six hours to Windsor Locks, still on our agenda.

For the record, currency in Tahiti . . . U.S. \$1 equals 112 Tahitian Francs. Tahiti was warm (87 degrees). It's the land of artist Paul Gauguin and of course, the famous mutiny on the ship, Bounty, and as mentioned, the home away from Hollywood, for actor Marlon Brando.

On our departure, near midnight (so that we would arrive in L.A. in the early morning) from Tahiti, it was a good feeling when the luggage was tagged for Bradley. Of course, a satisfying feeling when we did arrive, 24 hours later, at Bradley, safe and sound, with the same luggage.

Epilog:

How do you sum up a great trip . . . after so many miles and hours getting from country to country? Australia with their kangaroos, a big country, with big cities and big names, like Paul Hogan and Greg Norman. New Zealand with its mountainous beauty and millions of sheep. Tahiti with its history of the Bounty, Polynesian culture and in the distance, the island used as "Bali Hai" in the movie, another "Tales of the South Pacific."

But now, we were home for Easter Sunday. Time to watch baseball, play some golf. Can summer be far away? Oh yes, maybe dream of our next trip . . . but this time, closer to home. I'll say it again, it was worth it.

Tahiti and Back Again

Felton W. Richardson — 30-Year Naval Veteran

For Gen. Douglas MacArthur it was "the Corps, the Corps," referring to West Point. For former Navy Chief Felton W. Richardson it would be "the Navy, the Navy," for this local resident who spent nine years in the regular Navy and 21 in the Naval Reserves. Felton, known to his many friends as just Rich, and his wife, Evelyn, have been residents of Windsor Locks for 25 years. Before settling down to work at several local companies in a trade learned in the Navy, Rich's career on many well-known ships took him all over the Atlantic and Pacific oceans before and after World War II



Rich was born in Roxbury, Mass., leaving the suburb at the age of a year, when his family moved to Stamford.

Saying, "Since I was 16, I always wanted to be in the Navy." This early view of a career was nourished by his father, who he greatly admired and who had served on naval duty in World War I.

During Rich's junior year at Stamford High School, where he played football, he left the classrooms on Feb. 23, 1937, enlisting in the Navy. His first taste of Navy life was at boot camp in Newport, R.I. At the time, he wanted "to get into naval aviation." Looking back, Rich said, "If I had to do it all over again, I would have stayed in the regular Navy for 30 years."

FOR THE YOUNG SAILOR, sea duty came fast, and as the posters said, "Join the Navy and See the World," soon became a fact. His first duty was on a munition

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

ship, and a firsthand view of the Panama Canal, which he would repeat many times, on the way to San Diego, Calif.

Be it sailor, marine or soldier, one does not forget where he or she served or on what, as in Rich's case. He would see duty in the Pacific on several destroyers from May 1937 to March 1941 . . . USS MacLeish, Detroit, Moffett, Jouett, Warrington, Melvin, Hopkins and Perry. For a short time, due to illness, he was confined to a hospital ship.

In March 1941, he was discharged but for personal reasons. Saying, "I couldn't get into aviation, because I was a destroyer sailor." The only way was to be discharged and then re-enlist.

In June of that year, he went into the Navy Recruiting Station in New Haven and was back in the Navy. Rich was assigned to the Norfolk Naval Air Station. He stayed at Norfolk until December 1943, specializing in aviation metalsmith.

OTHER DUTIES, during the years on active status, Rich "ran the captain's gig," attended schools in radar and metalsmith. He received his wings, as member of a patrol plane crew in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters of war as a radar operator.

At the end of 1943, Rich left Norfolk for the Canal Zone in Panama. His main function was in repairs and manufacturing of aircraft and inspection of naval planes for test flights.

With the war over, Rich returned to the states and eventual discharge — for the second time — from regular duty on Oct. 5,

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1945. During the nine years of land and sea duty, Felton Wilson Richardson rose to the rank of Aviation Chief Metalsmith. His naval pictures show several ribbons, denoting service in two war zones. In addition, he received letters of commendation from the highest naval officers.

Rich decided to stay in California, the place of his discharge, and find work in the aircraft industry. However, four months later he could not forget his Navy tradition, he joined the Reserves.

AT THIS POINT of the story of the former chief, we must go back to his early days in Stamford. Just around the corner from the Richardson home was the family of one of his schoolmates . . . Evelyn

DiGirolamo. Rich and Evelyn knew each other as kids in school. When Rich left for the Navy, she went to work.

In 1957, Rich returned to Connecticut to attend his brother's wedding. He looked up "his old friend," Evelyn. She didn't attend the wedding, but a year later, they had their own wedding day, in May 1958 in Norwalk.

The newlyweds left Connecticut for California where Rich would continue his employment in aircraft. Among his jobs was civil service employee for the U.S. Air Force in Oxnard, Calif. While living in the sunshine state, it gave Rich a chance to spend time with his three children (two girls and a son, another boy had died), whose families have since given Rich seven grandchildren.

In 1961, the Richardsons moved back to Connecticut. Keeping with naval tradition, Rich transferred his naval reserve status to South Weymouth, Mass., for those monthly meetings and two-week active duty around the world, once a year. To be closer to his commitment, Rich and Evelyn moved to Windsor Locks and a job at Kaman for Rich.

The next 20 years Rich worked at his trade, at Kaman (for three years), Gerber Scientific Inc., several tool shops and, finally, at Stanadyne Inc., retiring in 1984.

AS A LIFE MEMBER of the local Veterans of Foreign Wars, Rich has been active over the years, with a recent appointment to the popular Sports Night, held in January. He feels the "organization is good . . . and what it stands for," serving the veterans.

The other local organizations that had the benefit of his devotion and sincerity have been the Masons in Warehouse Point and the Windsor Locks Republican Town Committee.

"Believe it, or not," he does not have three first names. It's Peter Ripley James, a transplanted native of Scituate, Mass., who has made Windsor Locks his home, with wife Pat, for the past 23 years. Peter is a strong advocate of the Lions organization, having been a member the past six years.

The middle name Ripley is a family name, with strong ties to Peter's father's hometown of Cohasset, Mass. Paul Ripley James and Peter's mother, Helen, still live in Cohasset, twenty miles south of Fenway.

Peter attended Scituate schools, graduating from the high school in 1959. There were no sports or school activities for young Peter. From the age of 11, he was an industrious kid, working mainly on a bakery truck, delivering bakery products house to house, back when it was fashionable to do so. He also worked as a short order cook and at the local First National.

After high school, it was a question of joining the Air Force or going to college. His dad wanted him to attend college. Peter had just about signed up for the service, saying, "OK . . . it's college, I'll go two years." He commuted to Boston's Wentworth Institute, taking up mechanical engineering. It was the coming field, he

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By JACK REDMOND

was told. In 1962, he graduated with an associate's degree and was ready to join the adult working class.

THINGS DIDN'T work out . . . "I couldn't find what I wanted." (A job in his field.) Peter, not one to hang around, drove a truck for a lumber company for the first six months after college. Still hoping for a break in his field, he joined an electronic firm in Boston. Finally, the break came. Terry Steam Turbine in Hartford was looking for employees with Peter James' qualifications. As they say, the rest is history, but it's not the complete employment record of our man from Scituate.

Terry moved to Windsor (two years after Peter joined the company). He lived at the YMCA for six months, then in Rockville with Pat, before they moved to South Elm Street in 1964.

His wife Pat is a story herself. She was born in Stamford and educated in Springfield, Mass., where she grew up. Today, she works part-time for the Visiting

Nurses' Association and is a part-time student at Asnuntuck Community College, specializing in social work. Peter and Pat have two sons, Kevin, who attends school in West Hartford, and Paul, who lives and works in Georgia. When Kevin was younger, his mother was active in the Cub Scout program.

Back to Mr. James . . . he stayed with Terry a long time, twenty-one years, reaching the position of manager of product sales. He left Terry to take a job with the James Howden Company in Bloomfield, in the heat exchange market. After a two-year period, Peter made another change, this time to the Industrial Energy Corporation, with home offices in Andover, Mass., as its sales manager (again in the heat exchange field) for world-wide sales.

LOCALLY, Peter is active in two town activities . . . the Lions and the Municipal Resource Recovery Authority. The MRRA, with its chairman, John Flanders, and Peter as vice-chairman, has one main purpose . . . to find a long-term solution to the problem of disposing of the town's solid waste.

Peter has been an active member of the Lions for six years. He's been on the board of directors for three years and has taken

part in many projects, namely: the Santa Visitation, Candy Day, Pancake Breakfast and Walkathon.

Peter's feelings on the Lions: "a super organization . . . a way (for citizens) to help others . . . contribute what you can . . . and (mainly) put back into the system."

Variety being the spice of life — Peter, when not on the road, enjoys fishing in New Hampshire, repairing (things) around the house and a hobby of sorts, that the average man would not think of getting involved in. A few years back, Peter was into auto racing, not sitting behind the wheel of the "modified stock car," but as a working mechanic, especially at Riverside. For him, it was "a diversion" from the daily routine of work. He worked on the cars for 15 years, but got out, when, to him, it wasn't fun anymore, saying, "it came into the big bucks business."

LIKE MANY folks, Peter has had several role models in his lifetime. First on the list, would be his father. He was one of 17 children and grew up in the depression years. Peter admired his father, especially for his "self reliance."

Two other men, fellow workers in his career, made a distinct impression on salesman Peter James. One man, he worked for, the other, he worked with. He learned from both. "One was a super guy . . . people oriented . . . you were always congenial that he was listening to you . . . the other had deep feelings for others. To him, the customer got what he wanted."

To Peter James, hard work was part of the salesman's style — but said, satisfaction becomes (paramount) over the years. He also found, "work isn't everything . . . being with the family (is more important)."

I feel it is proper to end with a salesman's story — "The sportsman went to a hunting lodge and bagged a record number of birds with the help of a dog named 'Salesman.' The following year the man wrote the lodge again for reservations, requesting the same dog, 'Salesman.' As soon as he arrived at the lodge he asked the handler if 'Salesman' was ready to hunt.

"'Hound ain't no durn good now,' the handler said.

"'What happened,' cried the man. 'Was he injured?'

"'Nope. Some fool come down here and called him 'Sales Manager' all week. Now all he does is sit on his tail and bark.'"

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, MAY 15, 1987

Peter Ripley James -

- Salesman for Lions Club

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Aldo Joseph Sicbaldi has a favorite saying: "Nice people never go out of style."

Writing about Aldo and his wife Tessie is an easy task — people like them never go out of style either.

Their lives have been filled with love for their two daughters, two grandchildren, Windsor Locks, baseball, the kids of little league, and especially for Aldo, the St. Louis Cardinal baseball team, and the big band sounds of yesteryear.

He's truly a native son and popular landmark when it comes to baseball around town, be it the little league or high school —

he's a baseball fan who loves the game and the boys of summer.

Born at 29 North St., Aldo was the son of the late Joseph Sicbaldi and Caroline Ciparelli Sicbaldi, both of whom were born in Italy. Aldo has lived on Maple Avenue since 1926 in a home neatly tucked in from the old Burnap Estate, overlooking the railroad tracks, canal and Connecticut River. It's also been the home of Aldo and Tessie since their wedding in 1939 at St. Mary's Church.

Theresa Guglielmetti was from New York City, living on Roosevelt Street near the Bowery and Chinatown. She grew up on the sidewalks of New York with four sisters. She even lived in Brooklyn. Her family ran a grocery store specializing in imports from Italy. The store was located on Second Avenue, between 104th and 105th streets, and one of their customers was the famed Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

DURING MISS Guglielmetti's (better known to this day as Tessie) summer vacations, she would take the train to Windsor Locks to visit her aunt and uncle. Coming from the big city, Tessie soon found the smaller town to her liking. She also met

and liked Aldo, the baseball player. He performed on the mound, while Tessie became the faithful fan. Five summers after their first meeting, they were married. By profession, Tessie was a seamstress and during her career she worked at New York's Saks Fifth Avenue and locally at G. Fox. After their two daughters, Carol and Janice, were born, she became strictly a home dressmaker.



Aldo, the ballplayer, also was a student, attending Union School, graduating in 1932. The high school class that year had 23 students who would face the world at the height of the Depression. Some of those students included Tom Cooney, Andrew Moklyn, Nelson Fallon, Ida (Giacopassi) Byrne, Mae Tracy, Barbara McLeod, Irene (Bellingeri) Biardi and Wallace White, to name a few. Young Tom Cooney and Aldo, both pitchers on the baseball team, would practice at Tom's house until it became dark and then hit the books. Aldo admitted

that Tom was the star pitcher on the team. It's a friendship that is still strong and they both follow the baseball teams in town.

WHEN HE LEFT high school, working on tobacco, like all the kids, was Aldo's only job during the summer months. His first "real" job was at Medicott, a local company that made sweaters and underwear (long Johns). He stayed five years as a cutter before joining Pratt & Whitney in East Hartford as a machinist. Aldo retired in 1976 after 37 years of service to the aircraft industry.

As mentioned, Tessie and Aldo have two daughters, Carol and Janice. Janice has a son and daughter, Scott and Gina Scudieri. Scott, 14, is a freshman at Suffield Academy, where he plays baseball and basketball. The baseball fundamentals were mastered when Scott played Little League in town. In addition to school sports, he is into Tae Kwon-Do, with several trophies earned as a 1st degree Black Belt.

Gina, 11, has followed in her brother's art
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of self-defense, with a Red Belt, and she, too, has won awards. Gina is a sixth grader at the Middle School and has participated in school basketball.

Their proud grandfather follows the school activities in the same way he cheers for the St. Louis Cards. But first, Aldo, the native of Windsor Locks: he has fond memories of the old downtown section which he called, in his younger days, "A meeting place . . . especially on Saturdays when the stores stayed open late and folks did their shopping with conversations of weekly tales."

THE KIDS, like Aldo, not ones to shop, but have a drink at the local soda shop and discuss baseball, mainly the Cards. Why the Cards? And not the Red Sox or Yankees? Aldo had company in rooting for the Cards — Louie Nai, Wells Pease and Angelo Colo, all diehard "Gas House" fans of the Deans, Medwicks, Coopers, Moores and Leo Durocher.

Even to this day, Aldo can be seen with a "STL" baseball cap, watching today's kids at his favorite sport. A few years back, Stan Musial, probably the biggest star in any Cardinal dynasty, was at a local hotel for a baseball and signing session. Aldo was there, with all the other kids, getting the big man's autograph and you can be sure they talked a few minutes about the good old days. (I was there, too, for Stan the Man's signature.)

For the record, Aldo and Tessie attended the first night baseball game at Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. The Cards must have been playing the Dodgers. When Aldo looks back, at baseball or any sport, he said, "I'm not sure what life would be without it."

Aldo Sicbaldi is a man of many loves, be it family or town or friends. He said, "You are a rich man with friends." So any words concerning this kind and congenial man, who has had his share of illness since retirement, would not be complete without mentioning his other loves . . . the big band sounds of the '30s and '40s. His collection of the Millers, Dorseys, Hermans and Goodmans, to name only a few, filling a corner of their comfortable home on Maple Avenue.

Just to be different, he followed the racing cars in the area and just to show class, would attend the horse shows at New York's Madison Square Garden.

WHEN IT COMES to admiration, not counting the boys of summer in St. Louis and the local kids on the base paths, Aldo greatly admired his parents, saying, "they paved the way for us in the USA . . . they learned the language . . . I'm very proud of my heritage."

He was equally proud of his uncle, Peter Sicbaldi, who would visit his family every other Sunday. Aldo said he was a very religious man and well-known nursery businessman in Massachusetts. Any list of admiration must include his grandfather, Angelo Ciparelli, saying, "When I was young, I spent a lot of time with my grandfather . . . a wise man."

EPILOG

Aldo Joseph Scibaldi . . . will never be a man as rough as his beloved "Gas House Gang." A gentle man, who feels "Kids are wonderful . . . (basically) all people are good," Aldo is known to the Little League kids as just "Mr. S."

Nice people like "Mr. S." never go out of style.

Baseball, Kids and St. Louis Cards

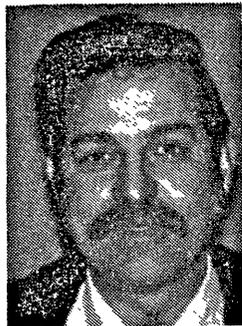
cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, MAY 29, 1987

Roger Ignazio:

To list Roger Joseph Ignazio's accomplishments and responsibilities in his hometown would be lengthy. However, any list would not tell the real story of this dedicated man. When he said, "I've always been devoted to helping others," you know he means it. The record speaks for itself. He also said, "if I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't change a thing." As captain of the Fire, Crash and Rescue Operation at Bradley International Airport, he also wears other hats . . . as director of Civil Preparedness and chairman of the Lions Ambulance Service. All time consuming . . . He's one busy man.



Roger Ignazio

But first some background on the man born on Grove Street. Roger is the son of Albert (now deceased) and Palmiro Ignazio, both of whom were born in Italy. Mrs. Ignazio lives next to her son's home on Edith Street. His father, an employee of Pratt & Whitney for years, also owned his own business — the business of greenhouses and flowers.

After attending local schools, Roger worked for his father in the family flower shop. He then went to Hartford to work for Lane & Lenge Florists, before joining the Bradley Airport Fire Department. During the past 19 years, Roger, now a captain, has been involved in the protection of one of the town's and state's biggest assets.

AT THE AGE of 16, he got his first taste of the requirements of a firefighter when he joined the Civic Defense Fire Department. Two years later he became a member of the town's fire department. He is now an honorary life member of this

distinguished volunteer group.

Twenty-seven years ago he married his "high school sweetheart," Elaine Ageo. Elaine was originally from Lawrence, Mass., moving here with her family at an early age. She is a grad of the local high school. For the past year, Elaine has been a town employee in the payroll department.

Roger and Elaine have three children — Roger Jr., Gina and Glenn. Roger Jr. and his wife, Eileen, live in town and are both employees of United Technologies. Gina and her husband, Jim Rossi, also live in town. She, like her brother, works at UTC, while Jim has his own auto body business.

Glenn is in the U.S. Air Force stationed in Colorado and soon will be off to the blue yonder of California at Travis Air Force Base. The Airman First Class began his service career as a Corporal, recipient of the "Billy Mitchell Award." Glenn will be long remembered as the "Fagan" in the high school play of "Oliver." It appears that he preferred the Air Force to the stage.

JUST TO SHOW the world he's not all work and no play, Roger enjoys fishing, especially on the family boat, going after the big ones on Long Island Sound. Roger and Elaine have traveled to Hawaii for their 25th wedding anniversary and have also taken several trips to Europe. On his parents 50th wedding anniversary, he took his parents and family to visit their birthplace in the old country. Looking back to those vacation times, he said, "it's always good to get away from the telephones and radios."

Roger served in the Connecticut National Guard for 10 years, of which six was with the Military Police in Hartford. He also served as a volunteer fireman in town under several chiefs, remembering the oldtimers, chiefs James Carroll and the late "Pappy" Reeves. In addition to the Lions, Roger had held memberships in the Jaycees and K of C. He joined the Lions at the age of 21 in order to drive the ambulance. At a young age, for Roger, volunteering was a way of life.

The Lions Ambulance Service has a special place in the life of Roger. Twelve years ago, he was instrumental in having all ambulance drivers become Emergency Medical Technicians. This movement was later mandated by the state. Roger has been an EMT since 1974.

DONATING HIS talents to other parts of town activity, Roger has been on the Republican Town Committee for the past four years. He said matter-of-factly, "one of my goals is to be chairman of the Windsor Locks Fire Commission or Police Commission."

Also keeping up the latest in his par-

ticular field, he has attended schools in Norfolk, Va., the Fire, Crash and Rescue School, the National Fire Academy, Tidewater Community College in Norfolk and EM Institute in Maryland for Radiological Monitoring.

Roger has served in the following: American Red Cross, North Central Emergency Medical Service Advisory Committee, North Central Aircraft Advisory (past president) and, locally, the Traffic Study Committee.

The past president of the Lions (1982-83) was the first president (of state Lions Clubs) to receive the "District 23B Outstanding Award."

IN 1982, Roger was appointed the Civil Preparedness Director by First Selectman R. Clifford Randall. Wearing all those hats, Roger is the man who can be found at the right place at the right time. Case in point: last December, Roger received a letter of praise from Robert F. Juliano, Bradley Airport director, which in part said, "During severe icing conditions, Mr. Ignazio is truly an asset to the community and should be commended for his patient diligence in a very hectic situation."

With the old adage, there is a woman behind every successful man, in the Roger Ignazio case it seems to be the rule. When asked who he most admired, Roger said, "my wife, Elaine. She is always behind me in all my programs. She has put up with the late hours and, of course, all those telephone calls."

EPILOG

That's the lifestyle of Roger Joseph Ignazio Sr. A life of committees, organizations, protection, rescue from fire and crashes. He believes in "helping others and volunteering."

In the 1986 Annual Town Report, under the heading Civil Preparedness, Roger as director said, "I want to thank all the volunteers, town department heads and town employees who cooperated with the office of Windsor Locks Civic Preparedness. . ."

Obviously, they are his kind of people. It takes all of them to make it work.

The Active Captain, Director and Chairman

The Good News Story of Irene and Andy

This is a good news story. A story of teacher-aid, Irene Poppel, her student, Andy Marinone, and their one-on-one relationship in the classroom.

It's a story of patience, love, understanding and a young boy's eagerness to learn, and "do everything the other kids do."

Andy, seven, the son of Joe and Jeannie Marinone, and grandson of Joe and Betty Marinone, has cerebral palsy. He's a first-grader at the North Street School, in Diane Pohorylo's class.

Irene, wife of Rudy Poppel, worked for the Board of Education for 12 years as a luncheon-aid. When asked three years ago to take on the duties in the Special Services program, under the guidance of Ed Gorman and Harry Costello, principal of the school, she accepted. Today, she said she "loves her responsibility." Commenting on her pupil, Andy, she said, "he has a lot of potential." Despite visible handicaps, "he has a great outlook on life."

Some background on this special lady — Irene Blinn Poppel and Rudolph Robert Poppel Jr. have lived in town the past 24 years. They both were born and raised in New Britain. They have two children of their own, Nancy and Richard.

NANCY AND MICHAEL Balfe live in Minneapolis, Minn. Nancy is a grad of the local high school, was active in the ski club and took part in the senior play. When asked about those cold Minnesota winters, both Irene and Rudy agreed, "we love it there, even on vacations."

Richard and his wife Debbie live in Enfield. The former little leaguer is also a grad of the Raider School. He and his wife have three children — Richard Jr., Rachel and Rebecca — for Irene and Rudy to spoil.

And that man behind the teachers-aid, Rudy, a former Jaycee in town, attended the E.C. Goodwin Tech in New Britain in hopes of becoming an electrician. However, as the best laid plans go, Rudy said, "I didn't do what I was planning to do." He got into the automobile business, starting as a lube and oil man at Becker Motors. After over

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three decades, with several changes of jobs, which included Russo's in town, Capital Motors and, mostly, Grody Chevrolet, Rudy is now parts manager at Grody in West Hartford.

Irene and Rudy actually met over the phone. She was working at a New Britain auto dealership and he was at Grody. As Irene states it, "we talked business on a daily basis — and then, that was it."

THEY WERE MARRIED in 1960, living in New Britain for three years before moving to Windsor Locks. They found the town, "a good town and area and that the schools were close for the children," not knowing that years later she would be involved in the school system.

When Rudy is not busy at Grody or Irene in school, they have vacationed, as mentioned, in Minnesota and have made two trips to sunny Hawaii. The first of June marked their return from a trip past Hawaii, much further, to Hong Kong.

For their own cold Connecticut nights, you'll find Rudy reading and Irene sewing or knitting. Keeping up with the times, both are avid walkers around their neighborhood, for the exercise.

And more on Irene's other man in her life — Andy is considered, "a part of our family." Andy in a wheel chair lately, "maneuvers and stands himself in a walker." With his positive attitude, he has related to Irene, "I'm going to do it." The other students in his class accept Andy as just another student and help him do things.

"When I first began with Andy, it was all new and I learned, as he did, as we went along each day," Irene said. Emphasizing, "Andy is a very normal boy," Irene said he's into gym, music, art and the other classes. His latest task is working on the computer. And speaking of



Andy Marinone and Irene and Rudy Poppel.

normalcy, Andy is a faithful Boston Red Sox fan, especially of Jim Rice.

EPILOG

Irene and Rudy Poppel take one day at a time. She considers her husband "her best friend." Rudy, without any hesitation, said, "I consider Irene wonderful, and that means encompassing quite a bit."

There are other folks in town who consider Irene Poppel something special. Her devotion to the task of assisting Andy Marinone in his daily education is very real. It's probably not an easy task, but a loving one.

This good news story was suggested to me by proud grandma Betty Marinone. I know her heart goes out to Andy and to his special best friend.

Comito: 'It Is Important To Give of Yourself'

Carol Ann Comito, who has served as director of the Senior Center for the past year, said, "A person must be honest with themselves," and when, "dealing with people, (one must be) straightforward."

This personal philosophy has shown through in her position with the town's senior citizens, where she found a "vivacious and energetic group."

Miss Comito, has had a coast-to-coast connection. She was born in California, attended colleges in Indiana and Connecticut, has worked in New Jersey and, currently, right here in Windsor Locks.

Rounding out her experiences, Carol spent seven months in Mexico City, "learning the culture and language of Mexico." It was there she met another student, Mark Flanagan, who was also studying south of the border. To complete their own love

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story, the young couple will be married in August.

Carol was easy to talk to . . . with a friendly, congenial and cooperative attitude, that goes with her position at the Senior Center.

SHE WAS BORN to Dr. and Mrs. John Nicholas Comito, at Camp Pendleton, Calif., while her father was in the service. Dr. Comito was originally from Washington, Pa. Carol's mother grew up in Illinois. Carol has a sister, Jean, and two brothers, John and James.

Carol attended schools in San Diego, graduating from high school in 1980. In high school, she was "involved in sports . . . basketball, field hockey and her favorite, volleyball."

When it was time to pick a college, she chose the famed Indiana school, Notre Dame University. She managed to play her favorite sport and in addition received a bachelor of arts degree in psychology. In 1984, with diploma in hand, left the college with the gold dome and football tradition to work in New Jersey in a program called "Respite Care."

Saying, it was "like the Peace Corps," her role was as assistant coordinator in "assessing the needs of people (mostly senior citizens) in depressed areas, and provide (the proper) services." Carol spent a year in New Jersey, before moving to Hartford for further education at the University of Hartford, where she received her master's degree in counseling.

It was in 1983, as a student at Notre Dame, Carol spent the time in Mexico City. Mark, a student at the time at Fairfield University, also had come south to study. Carol lived with a Mexican family, did travel the country and considered it a "great experience." Meeting Mark, was frosting on the cake.

When they returned to their respective schools, the post office would be their only contact. Late in the summer of 1983, Mark visited Carol at her parent's California home. Then their careers separated them again, Carol to New Jersey, and Mark joined a sales company in Boston, after they both graduated.

Faith stepped in . . . Carol decided to attend the University of Hartford and Mark left Boston for a Hartford computer company.

In June, 1986 Carol became director of the Senior Center. Today, Mark lives in Lexington, Mass. and works in nearby Cambridge.

REFLECTING ON HER position at the Senior Center and first impressions, she said, "It was more difficult than I expected . . . because, it is a lot of responsibility for one person. However, I like it, I guess, because, I like to be active." Adding, "It took a while (after I started) . . . a growing period for me and senior citizens . . . I had new ideas, but in general, I looked forward in getting the center going."

Always the sports enthusiast, Carol teaches aerobics at a fitness center in Simsbury, at least three times a week, after her work day at the Center. She's an avid skier (in Vermont), enjoys camping in Connecticut and has taken up the game of golf in New Britain, where she currently lives.

When Carol is not exercising, or in town, she's doing volunteer work in the "Friendly Visitors" program in Farmington, which provides regular visits for elderly people who are housebound. Part of the volunteer work is "taking out a senior citizen to dinner."

When asked, who she most admired, Carol said, "My parents. They are two committed people . . . they raised four children . . . they gave us strong values."

EPILOG:

Carol Ann Comito also said, "It is important to give of yourself." The young lady from California has demonstrated that human ingredient in Mexico City, New Jersey, to a lady in Farmington (as part of the Friendly Visitors Program) and, for the past year, at the Senior Center in Windsor Locks.

I found out (during the interview) that Carol was leaving the Center at the end of July. The following words seem so right for Carol, "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

Pete Slomcinsky — Old-Time Umpire and Bowler

Pete Slomcinsky has a favorite saying: "Take a little, leave a little."

This personal philosophy pertains to life in general, not to Pete's many years as a first-rate duckpin bowler and baseball umpire.

In his quite different pastimes, he has always given a lot and still retains fond memories of both bowling and baseball.

To sum up Peter William Slomcinsky: he is quite a character. Outspoken, honest, down-to-earth and feisty; he possesses a dry sense of humor, especially when discussing politics, sports and the town of Windsor Locks. I had the pleasure of spending some time on a hot June evening talking to Pete about his life and pastimes. It was interesting, educational and proves it takes all kinds of people's opinions and personalities to make the world go around. The world would be very dull, without men

Continued from page 12

Pete has been a member of the Connecticut Board of Approved Baseball Umpires for the past quarter of a century. In 1962, according to Pete, "I got talked into umpiring a Little League game." He's been at it ever since. In those days, he said, "I would do a hundred games a season — every night of the week — in Hartford and Wethersfield; you name it, high school, Babe Ruth and American Legion."

"I'm still active," he said. However, his last game was in July 1986. He added, "I

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like Pete Slomcinsky.

Born in Tariffville, Pete was raised in the North End of Hartford. He has lived in Windsor Locks since 1969. Pete graduated from Hartford High School in 1933. As a young boy he played some baseball, often curtailed by working to earn money. It was during the depression years. Work began for Pete at the age of 8 on local tobacco fields, and during high school days at the North End's First National.

PETE'S TWO HOBBIES (my words, not his) took up most of his time between jobs at General Cigar in West Hartford, Pratt

just took the school year off." He does not attend too many games locally, but catches baseball on television. Keeping in character, Pete said, "watching baseball on TV, (he has come to this conclusion) I know all the mistakes the big league umpires are making."

DOES PETE HAVE a favorite team? "I used to be a Red Sox fan, but ever since Johnny Pesky let Enos Slaughter score from first base in the 1946 series, I gave up on the Sox." (He was very serious.)

Pete does enjoy other sports on the tube — golf, hockey and basketball. As he says, "You name it, I like it." His favorite sports figures: Babe Ruth and Ben Hogan. Way back when, Pete had his picture taken with the Babe at Buckley Stadium, when the great hitter played an exhibition game for the Savitt Gems.

Looking back, Pete said, when asked, if

and Whitney and Fenn Manufacturing in Newington. He was a grinder by trade. At P&W, he spent a decade; at Fenn, a year more than two decades. During World War II (while at P&W) Pete said, "We didn't work much overtime, just no days off."

His duckpin bowling career began "setting up pins." At the age of 21, he took up the game seriously. In 1964, he stopped bowling. Over the years, he had a high game of 204, and 472 for high triple set. One of Connecticut's great bowlers, Jack White, the "New Haven Express," gave Pete a well-earned nickname, "Pistol Pete." Pete remembers the big names in the world of ducks. He maintained a 124 average ("never below") in the Hartford League. He saw plenty of action in tournaments up and down the East Coast. Did he ever try big pins? "No, didn't like them." (Which was the same reaction we received in a recent C&K interview with Ernie Scavotto, proprietor of the local Villa Rose duckpin establishment on Spring Street.)

PETE AND HIS WIFE, Joan, have a daughter, Debbie, and a son, Robert. Debbie has a 3½-year-old son, Jayme. Joan



Pete and Joan Slomcinsky

was originally from New Hampshire. She and Pete met in Hartford, doing what they both liked best, bowling. They were married in 1958.

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he would have done anything differently (with his life), "Nothing . . . I didn't make a million, and I'm not sorry."

As mentioned, Pete and I discussed many topics, with opinions, good and bad. I

have only focused in on two strong contributions . . . bowling (for the sport of it) and umpiring (for the sake of the game and the kids). Contrary to what his personal philosophy is, Pete Slomcinsky has given a lot and left a lot.

Timothy Lescoe — A Lion at the Holiday Inn

When Timothy Lescoe was a student at the University of Connecticut, he majored in business finance and pre-law. He decided not to go on to law school, sticking to the call of the business world, entering hotel management, where he soon found, he enjoyed



Timothy Lescoe

“serving people.” The past 11 years, the West Hartford native, has made 19 moves, within the vast Holiday Inn organization, mostly around the east coast, finally a year ago, settling down as general manager of the new Holiday Inn on the Ella T. Grasso Turnpike.

Timothy, his wife, Kathleen, and their two sons, Gregory and Ryan, live in Windsor Locks. They have been residents since July 1986.

It didn't take Tim long to become involved in town activities, joining the Rotary, Chamber of Commerce and the Lions Club. He had been a member of the Lions in Manchester, N.H., on one of his many assignments for the hotel chain.

Tim, son of Dr. Edmund and Dr. Jeanne Lescoe, dentists in West Hartford, attended St. Thomas the Apostle and Northwest Catholic, before entering UConn. He has a sister, Patricia, also in the hotel business, and three brothers, Edmund Jr., Terrence and Douglas.

Tim graduated from UConn in 1978, with a bachelor of science degree in business finance (with highest honors). He had been accepted into the law school, however, while a student, worked at the Hartford Holiday Inn (two years) as a porter and desk clerk, finding the work “interesting, liked meeting people” and “it hooked me on it.” He then embarked on a work and moving schedule that may have discouraged many, but not Tim.

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THE MOVES TOOK him first to Waterbury, then to Worcester, Mass., where he went from night manager to restaurant management, and he “learned to cook.” One hears about the McDonald University, well, Holiday Inn has its own university for training employees, located in a small town, called Olive Branch, Miss. After three weeks in the south, Tim came back to New England to Manchester, N.H. It was just the beginning — he worked in places like Allentown, Pa., Hagerstown, Md., and Chambersburg, Pa. Next was closer to home in Brockton, Mass., as beverage director.

Back to Allentown, then Waterbury, Poughkeepsie, Saratoga, Washington, D.C. and Georgetown. Tim was learning all the time and realized it was part of the job.

The moves had their brighter side. At one of the Allentown stops, he met Kathleen Kolla of Philadelphia, Pa. He was, at the time, front desk clerk, and she was working at the Hilton.

Kathleen, before her hotel job, had received an associate degree in liberal arts and science from Leigh Valley College in Pennsylvania. Tim was off again, but the young couple kept in contact.

AFTER LEAVING GEORGETOWN, Tim took a well-earned vacation to London. On his return to the states, he was promoted to General Manager at the Inn's Manchester, N.H. location. Kathleen, in the meantime, had enrolled in nursing school in Manchester. This time the locations were perfect. The hotel man and the nurse, to be, were married in January 1983.

However, for Kathleen, any thoughts of a nursing career would have to wait. Their first child, Gregory, was born on St. Patrick's in 1985. A year ago, Ryan arrived on the Lescoe scene, born on Memorial

Day. Kathleen apparently started the family trend, she was born on Mother's Day. Tim feels, “It's a holiday family.”

After Manchester, N.H., where Gregory was born, the family moved again, this time to Wickliffe, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland. It was Tim's new job and where Ryan was born. Then, Tim's next assignment to Windsor Locks' new Holiday Inn. It was the nineteenth move.

FUTURE PLANS FOR the general manager? “I want to stay in the area for a while... my family lives in Connecticut.”

As mentioned, Tim was a member of the Lions in Manchester, N.H., and active there, as he has been here for the past year. He recently took part in the annual Lions pancake breakfast. In addition to the local organizations, Tim is a member of the Connecticut Hotel/Motel Association and Tobacco Valley Convention and Visitors District.

Tim has strong feelings about the growth of Windsor Locks. He said, “The town has that nice small town attitude. It is in a transitional period, with the development of Bradley Airport, The new hotels, just built, are first-rate and are needed. There is a need, in town, for housing and industrial land.”

Tim added, “We have a strong First Selectman in Cliff Randall . . . he keeps a good balance.” Tim is equally proud of the local Holiday Inn . . . Tim said, “For the past nine months, it has been judged the top-rated Holiday Inn in Southern New England.”

Hobbies for Tim, fall into two categories . . . traveling and tennis. The tennis bug began in high school when Tim was a member of the West Hartford Junior Tennis Association. His favorite tennis player? Boris Becker of West Germany.

The traveling, not counting all those hotel moves, has been trips to Europe, Canada, Acapulco and most of the United

States.

Admiration for others, of this young executive, fall in the world of business . . . cars and hotels. Lee A. Iacocca for “What he was able to do (for Chrysler) with a team effort.” In the world of hotels, J.W. Marriott, whose philosophy, Tim said, “Big hotels (as with small hotels) can be friendly and comfortable.”

His own philosophy is, “Don't let anyone tell you it can't be done.” In his hotel experience he has found “all jobs are important, especially, in running a hotel.” Tim Lescoe has found his niche in life, “I like making people happy,” he said. In the hotel business, it's probably number one.

Azinger Wins at TPC 'Capital of Golf World'

Some folks spend a week at the beach or a week on some island or even a week relaxing at home — all normal activities for folks with vacation time.

Over the years, I have enjoyed the beach, the island or just relaxing. But last week was special. I spent the week in Cromwell.

Cromwell? Isn't that between Rocky Hill and Middletown? Yes. Cromwell, the home of the Tournament Players Club, scene of the annual Canon-Sammy Davis Jr. Greater Hartford Open.

For one week the TPC is the capital of the golf world. Some of the best golfers in the world pack their equipment and head for Cromwell. Just like me. (For me, only a pen and paper . . . actually provided by the Jaycees.)

The winner was Paul Azinger, 27, from nearby Holyoke, Mass., who won \$126,000 for his week's work. The rest of the field split the remaining \$574,000. The real big winners, as in the past, are the 200 local programs that benefit from the additional revenue generated all week long through the efforts of the Greater Hartford Jaycees.

FOR THE BIGGER-NAME golfers, it

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, JULY 3, 1987

At the 'Summer Blastoff':

Top finishers

Paul Azinger, \$126,000 69-65-63-72—269

■ Made his only birdie of the day at No. 16, drove into the water and bogeyed No. 17, then rolled in a 7-foot par putt on the last hole to win.

Dan Forsman, \$61,600 65-69-69-67—270

■ Birdied four holes in a row, starting at No. 7, and barely missed a birdie at No. 18 that would have forced a playoff.

Wayne Levi, \$61,600 ... 64-68-68-70—270

■ Birdied Nos. 16 and 17 but came up 3 feet short on a birdie try at No. 18.

Lee Trevino, \$30,800 67-69-70-66—272

Gene Sauers, \$30,800 66-68-68-70—272

Doug Tewell, \$24,325 68-68-68-69—273

John Inman, \$24,325 70-66-67-70—273

Denis Watson, \$20,300 65-72-69-68—274

Bob Lohr, \$20,300 68-68-67-71—274

Bernhard Langer, \$20,300 65-65-72-72—274

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was a week for the further setback of Tom Watson, the rejuvenation of Lee Trevino's game and the week that Connecticut said, "we still love you Fuzzy Zoeller."

Mr. Watson, who lost the U.S. Open by a stroke the previous week, tied for 11th at the GHO, along with Mr. Zoeller. Lee Trevino shot a five-under 66, the low round for the final day, to finish 12-under. Mr. Azinger was 15-under, followed by Dan Forsman and Wayne Levi at 14-under. It was that close.

It was a week of big crowds, estimated to be 208,000 (81,000 on Sunday), plenty of sun and plenty of rain, but, as usual at the GHO, good golf by Mr. Azinger, Mr. Watson, Mr. Trevino and Mr. Zoeller.

The following notes on my week at Cromwell . . . Monday, the quiet day. The day for ribbon cutting by host Sammy Davis Jr. and Gov. William O'Neill. There was some golf action, the Tournament Players Pro-Am, won by Mark Lye, with a

7-under 64 for low-pro honors.

Tuesday was sort of gloomy and damp. However, it didn't hamper the Junior Golf Clinic, with host John Mahaffey. This was followed by the Canon Jaycee Shoot-Out . . . won by favorite Mr. Trevino. Eight pros competed over seven holes on the back nine, with Mr. Trevino winning over such players as Mr. Azinger.

Wednesday early risers met with fog at 7 a.m. It turned out to be a hot day for the GHO Celebrity Pro-Am. And speaking of early in the morning, at 7:57 a.m., big Jim Rice of the Red Sox appeared on the 10th tee to play some golf. Nine hours before he had left Boston's Fenway Park, getting three hits; he had a few hours sleep before helicoptering in the fog. He hits a long ball and gladly gave out autographs.

One autograph I was requested to get, if possible, was for my daughter, Pat Creech. This celebrity was going off at 8:06 a.m.; his name, Josh Taylor. I stopped him coming up to the 10th and just said my daughter was a big fan. He was gracious enough to thank me after signing his name. Josh Taylor is the star of the soap opera "Days of Our Lives," and the TV show "Valerie."

THERE WERE OTHER stars, besides Mr. Rice and Mr. Taylor, another Taylor, L.T. of the New York Giants was there, along with Jerry Lewis, Gary Collins, Ken Howard and from the sports world . . . our own Gordie Howe and Kevin Dineen and basketball's Michael Jordan, Danny Ainge and "Dr. J" (Julius Irving).

At this point, I would digress from the 1987 Pro-Am to go back a few years . . . place, Wethersfield Country Club and another Pro-Am. Bob Hope played with the Great One, Jackie Gleason. On this Wednesday (June 24) Mr. Gleason died. GHO fans remember the two times he appeared at the GHO. He will be missed for the thousands of TV hours of fun he provided to the American public.

Windsor Locks was also in attendance at Cromwell during the week, Russ Mattesen, Billy Case, Elsworth Case, Ed Ford, Will Gould. George Quagliaroli, Leo Dennis,

Charlie Woodhouse and teacher Bill Elrick. Bill was part of the Bob Drum CBS show, or at least one of the voices. He was picked to say "Hi Bob." He's not sure his voice came over, since the show was on Sunday and we all were at Cromwell. Wayne Levi won the Pro-Am, shooting a 64.

ON THURSDAY, the golf became a serious game, especially when the top prize is \$126,000. Wayne Levi continued his usual game, shooting another 64, to lead the GHO after the first day. Friday and Saturday at the GHO were umbrella days. The weather did not bother Bernhard Langer of West Germany. Langer, the 1985 Masters Champion, making his GHO debut, recorded two 6-under scores (65s) to lead going into Saturday. He was followed by Mr. Levi, Gene Sauers, Mr. Azinger and Dan Forsman.

On Saturday, Mr. Azinger took over the GHO. He shot a near-record, 8-under 63 and a 54-hole record total of 197. It would be his weekend.

Sunday . . . perfect weather for the fans and players. With his strickly steady and almost perfect game to match the weather, Paul Azinger's total winnings, including the GHO, goes way over the half million mark. Not bad for a boy from Holyoke.

FOR ME AND my wife Rita, sitting on the 18th with the other 40,000 plus has been a yearly ritual. We still get a thrill watching the leaders and also-rans making that final trip to the 18th green. The biggest noise on Sunday was for Mr. Trevino, Mr. Zoeller and Tom Watson. Of course, Paul Azinger got a standing cheer with his final putt. He is now part of GHO history.

The GHO is over for another year. Watson said he'd be back. Paul Azinger will be here with flying colors, you can be sure of that.

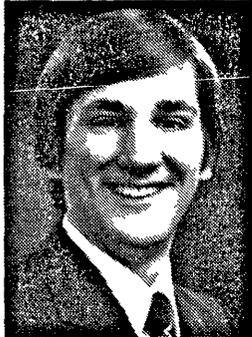
The GHO gets some big names, not all of them. But as long as the Fuzz and Lee come, it will be worth it.

That was the week (for me and thousands) that was . . . just a week called . . . "Summer Blastoff."



For Piktel, College and His Hobby Mix Well

Young David Stanley Piktel is working on a career and a hobby at the same time. The career, in mechanical engineering, at the University of Connecticut; the hobby, medical, serving locally and in Hartford. In these two diverse fields, he has managed to spend a great deal of time and energy on both, since leaving Windsor Locks High School in 1983.



David Piktel

Dave, native born, son of Stanley and June Piktel, is attending UConn, however, these summer months he puts away the books, devoting many hours to being an ambulance technician for the L&M Ambulance Service in Hartford.

Being active, for Dave, came at an early age. By the third grade, he was an altar boy at St. Robert's, serving 10 years until his first year of college under Reverend Farrell, Reverend Foley and Reverend Raczynski.

During the years from middle school to high school, Dave was involved with the local Boy Scouts Troop 263. He received the Catholic Award for Boy Scouts, called, "Adalteri Dei." Another highlight of his scouting career was a bike trip from Canada by way of Lake Champlain with 15 local scouts. The trip actually began with a train ride north . . . bikes disassembled in Windsor Locks, reassembled in Canada for the 1,000 or so miles journey back home.

IN HIS HIGH SCHOOL years, Dave played soccer in the freshman and senior years. Due to a broken leg, he missed two seasons. In that last year of high school, Dave was part of the musical "Mame," (one of the plays staged by each senior class). Additional sports activity included five years of indoor hockey in the local league and as intramural hockey referee at UConn.

Upon graduation from high school, Dave received a scholarship from the local

Rotary Club. He entered Hartford Tech, graduating in 1985, with an associate degree with honors and was on the dean's list.

Dave's first taste of work came in high school, with employment at the local First National Store. While at Hartford Tech he worked with the security force at St. Francis Hospital.

He became interested in serving in a medical capacity. Taking a medical response technician course "got me interested in medical work," he said. Dave has become an emergency medical technician and has been instructed in cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

Dave, as one can easily see, lives the life of a student and is active in medical circles. Two years ago he joined the local Lions Ambulance Corps. He has experienced some grave situations in performing the duties required for the Lions Corps and the L&M Ambulance Service. At times, it can be, he said, a life or death situation. Adding, "I try to cut my feelings off and just do my job."

WHAT KIND OF background did this young man come from? His father, Stanley, and mother, June, have both been industrious . . . in work habits and hobbies.

The Piktels have lived in town more than thirty years. Stanley grew up on a farm in West Suffield with four sisters. At 16 he worked part time for an oil company. After the school years, Stanley worked at Pratt and Whitney and has owned local gas stations. For 10 years he was a management counselor for service stations in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Fourteen years ago, Stanley left the gas business to work at Dexter Corp.

Stanley and June have a daughter . . . Donna Piktel Bozeman. Donna is a graduate of the local high school, class of 1980, and now lives in Newport, Rhode Island with her Navy husband, Lt. j.g. John Bozeman.

June was born in Thompsonville. She met Stanley at a dance and six months later they were married (1955). June attended the Connecticut Institute of Hairdressing and has been at her art for 30 years. June, unlike Stanley, grew up with

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three brothers.

WHEN ASKED, "Dave, what's your hobby?" he said, "I guess you would have to say, medical." For his father, not as serious, as to a hobby, but one he doesn't take lightly, Stanley has been into wood-working for years, building miniature houses and churches and the like. He has donated many of these works of art to the church.

Stanley and June were into "vacations for educational purposes" when the children were younger. The Piktel family has visited many historic and interesting places . . . the Amish Country in Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C., the Ford

Museum in Detroit and just for pleasure, trips to Bermuda, Florida and Canada.

Epilog:

Dave Piktel has one more year at UConn to achieve his bachelor of science degree in mechanical engineering. His future plans? "Hopefully, to enter my chosen field," he said. What about the medical? No, to Dave, it's a hobby. He does take it seriously and is well-schooled . . . EMT and CPR. For deviation, some people play in a band, bowl or golf, or even race cars. For Dave, he is doing something he enjoys and he said that "you have to go for things yourself, because no one is going to do it for you."

Simone de Beauvoir once wrote in "Coming of age," "There is one solution and that is to go on pursuing ends that give our existence a meaning . . . devotion to individuals, to groups or to causes . . ." I guess that's what Dave is all about. For him, college and a hobby do mix.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, JULY 10, 1987

Gildo Villa — Will Not Hedge for Beauty's Sake

Gildo Paul Villa receives a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment just working around his yard on South Elm Street. Adding just the right greenery to his own property, where needed, has been a pastime for the last four years.

However, sometimes, good intentions are misunderstood, especially, when someone like Gil goes against the system and/or nonexistent regulations. Case in point . . . Gil asked the state Department of Transportation (DOT) for some hedges that were on condemned property (in Windsor), in connection with the I-91 widening.

I came across the story (in the morning paper) on this local man's mild altercation with the DOT, when he requested to remove the hedges, on his own time and expense. He was told by DOT officials there was no way they could help him. Insurance and personal injury were a factor and at this time, no decision has been finalized.

But the story gets better. Gil has already received and (has put in) hedges, donated by a Windsor Locks woman, after she heard the story of Gil and his hedges. Gil also said a Hartford man called him about some hedges he wanted removed.

Gil, looking back at the entire episode, said, "It's funny what a bunch of hedges will do for you." Gil is not in the business of lawn care or selling greenery, in fact, just the opposite, he has his own "Home Cleaning Service."

That's how he became aware (of those hedges) as he drove past the hedges everyday on his way to work and figured he could use them in his back yard.

WHAT WAS BEHIND the story of Gil Villa and prompted him to take on City Hall? (My words, not his.)

Gil is a very normal guy. Happily married to a local girl . . . Diane Fournier Villa. They have been married since October, 1981, living in Suffield first, and on South Elm since 1983. Gil was born and raised in Winsted.

Due to family illness, Gil went to work at age 15, as a "soda jerk and at the First National." In the fall of 1943, young Gil joined the navy. After boot camp at Sampson Naval Training Station in New York, he was soon off to Texas and the South Pacific. He served on the Island of Tinian (in the Marianas), building airfields, until the surrender of Japan. Gil found out, years later, he was not far from history while on Tinian. The B-29, Enola Gay, was located on the island, the plane that dropped the first atomic bomb, in warfare, on the city of Hiroshima.

When the war was over, Gil was sent to Japan as part of the occupation forces. In May of 1946, he was discharged and returned to Winsted. He found work at Underwood, staying 10 years.

Additional employment was at Reminton Rand and office equipment companies. He switched careers, going to work at the Winsted Evening Citizen as their circulation manager.



Diane and Gil Villa and their dog, Penney.

For Gil, it was not a busy time. He saw an ad . . . "get into the cleaning business." And that's just what he did . . . come this October, it will be 14 years, operating his own cleaning business at private homes in the area.

GIL IS NO STRANGER to state and local politics. He served two years as the treasurer of the Winsted Democratic town Committee, and as a member for 12 years. Winsted, not unlike Windsor Locks, also had a Charter Revision Committee, and Gil was a member. He was active in the heyday of Dempsey, Ribicoff, Moffett and John Bailey.

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He says he still follows politics, but has no personal interest in getting involved.

His wife, Diane, a busy woman in her own right. She is the daughter of the late Henry Fournier. Her mother, Ethel, is still a resident of town. Diane graduated from the local high school in 1959 and soon after joined Combustion Engineering Inc., earning a 25 year service award.

Today, she is active in the real estate field, working for D.L. Lynch Associates in Windsor. She has an associate degree in business administration from Assuntnuck Community College.

The Villas met at a dance in nearby Glastonbury and have been dancing ever since.

Gil is a former member of the Winsted Lions, V.F.W. and Italian-American Club. Today, if he isn't working in the yard, at his hobby, he's an avid reader of biographies, which probably resulted in his admiration for the late presidents, FDR and JFK.

Gil said, "President Roosevelt put dignity in the working man's life . . . President Kennedy started me in politics and I enjoyed it."

These days, he is content and not afraid to say, "I feel like a king (in my home)." Yes, he does help Diane around the house. The Villas are great admirers of the Broadway shows and have traveled to New York City and Boston for the latest in musicals.

EPILOG: That's the story of Gil and Diane Villa. Both in the business of service . . . cleaning and selling homes.

Thinking over the business of "those hedges," Gil said, "I believe in individual rights . . ." he just wanted to go the legal route. Met resistance. He figured the hedges would look a lot nicer on South Elm Street, then being destroyed. Adding, "sometimes, little people have to stick up for themselves."

Michael Danyluk: His Roots in Town Run Deep

"I'm on the go all the time . . ." Truer words were never spoken. They best describes our town's youngest historian . . . Michael Fredrick Danyluk Jr.

History has played an important role for the son of Catherine Preli Danyluk and the late Michael F. Danyluk Sr., be it the history of his family, St. Mary's Church, his birthplace or his resourcefulness in remembering the late and respected former pastor of St. Mary's, the Rev. John McQueeney. Rev. McQueeney and other prominent people have also played a role in developing Michael's personality, strong feelings for others and what he calls . . . "drawing (from them) courage and compassion."

Michael's name is "very old." His father and grandfather were Michael. His family's roots run deep in their adopted town. The names of Preli, Quagliaroli and Taravella are relations, that Mickey (as he is best known) is proud of and surely has given this newcomer a lesson in the history of family, church, friends and town.

Mickey's paternal grandparents came to Windsor Locks in 1921 and ran a general store at Bull Run (now Bradley Field), on the edge of land farmed for tobacco by the American Sumatra Company. They moved to South Center Street in 1925 where Mickey's father was born. His maternal grandfather, Tito Preli, bought the Cleveland farm on Elm Street as a birthday gift for his grandmother in 1927.

MICKEY SAID HIS PARENTS knew each other growing up. Miss Preli attended St. Mary's School and peddled milk, and his father, who went to public school, raised

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ed potatoes on the family farm, which is now Sunset Street. Mickey's parents were married in 1954 and were given the homestead where they built a house in 1957.

At this point, Mickey proudly mentioned that from his mother's side of the family, he is related to many folks in town . . . the Prelis, the Quagliarolis, many of whom, he said, are related to the Taravellas. As for our well-known citizen, Sy Preli, his father Bartholomew would have been Mickey's great-great uncle. And, he said, State Sen. Con O'Leary, whose mother Eleanor was a Preli, is a third cousin. The relationships run deep.

Mickey was born in 1956. He has three sisters: Mary Anne, who is employed by DEP; Carol, who is married to Dan Plante and has two sons, Andrew and Luke; and Nancy, who is completing a teaching certificate at UConn. As for his own education, Mickey graduated from the local high school in 1974, and the University of Hartford in 1980. He completed a Social Work degree at St. Joseph College. Mickey left the position of Administrative Mental Worker at Elmcrest Psychiatric Institute in 1984 "to care for a special friend, Mary Caffrey, whose health was failing."

INTEREST IN HISTORY began with his father retelling his "grandfather's tales of life in the old country," Mickey said. As a senior in high school, the late Ella Grasso commended him on his interest in civic af-

fairs, which included efforts (by him) to save Main Street's Barbieri House, built in 1848, and later, efforts to plan the Historical Society's museum at Noden-Reed Park.

For several years, Mickey served as caretaker, living in the Reed House. Continuing his civic duty more recently, Mickey has attempted to save the Gaylor House (built in 1678), slated for demolition in the I-91 widening project, but, he said, "no architectural firms are interested."

Mickey works part time as assistant to the Archdiocesan Archivist at the Chancery. His duties include filing and cross-referencing deeds, letters and parish reports that date from the 1830s. Locally, he has compiled the parish history for the rededication of St. Mary's Church, which he has entitled, "A Special Place." The rededication will take place in October of this year.

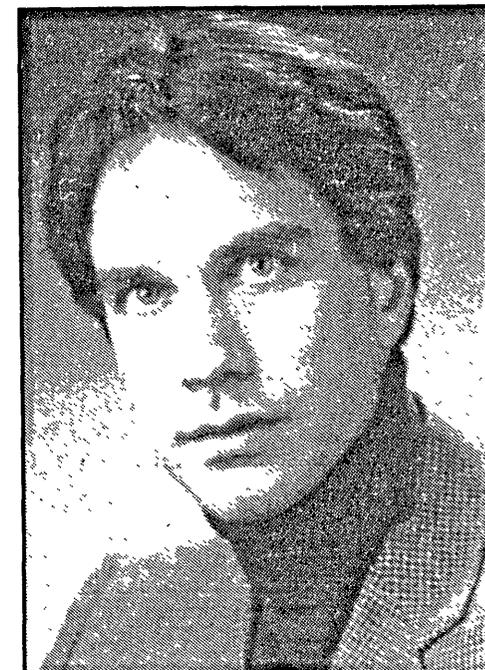
From 1967 to 1972, Mickey served as altar boy at St. Mary's. He called it "a special time in my life." He grew to know Father John McQueeney in his daily assignments at the church. Last year, Mickey had the idea, that if the men who served as altar boys under Father McQueeney could be organized, they might be willing to make contributions to a memorial for the former pastor.

THE GREEN, OPPOSITE the church, was designated John McQueeney Park in 1980 to honor the priest who served the community from 1962 to 1980. The latest memorial to Father McQueeney, was also to fulfill the wish of Mary Nolan, who named the Park. Mickey said funds are nearly

Continued from page 9

then-U.S. Rep. Thomas Meskill, along with scout leaders Howard White, Ellsworth Case and Murray Gold.

One of Mickey's favorite writers is Leo Buscaglia. I found in Leo's book "Loving Each Other" words from another writer to sum up this serious-minded, gifted young man: "We are each of us angels with only one wing. And we can only fly embracing each other."



Michael Danyluk

complete, for a bronze plaque, in time for the unveiling at the site in October.

Admitting he should take some time for recreation, Mickey is "into antique collecting" and writes more about history than he reads about it. In his youth, Mickey was involved in Boy Scouts. He recalled attending a scout camp in southern Connecticut in 1969, sharing time with fellow scouts and one older scout in particular. His name was Bruce Jenner, who was also from our state. Mickey remembers Bruce saying, "I'm training for the Olympics." He certainly was . . . Jenner went on to win the Decathlon at the 1976 games in Montreal.

Traveling has not been confined to Connecticut or other New England states when he has wanted to get away on retreat; Mickey managed to tour Europe, seeing the sights, acting as chaperon for other youths. Besides a large collection of pictures, mostly of old houses in Windsor Locks, Mickey has a photo taken (during those boy scout days) at the Capitol steps in Washington, D.C. with local scouts and

Epilog:

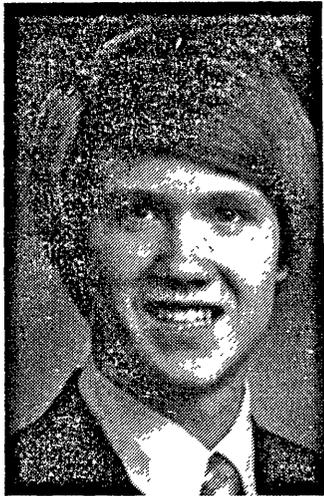
For Michael Fredrick Danyluk, doing for others appears to be his life's work. He probably doesn't realize how easy it is for him because, he said, "we must be careful to have our actions motivated by love and positiveness . . . rather than by fear and dread."

Mickey's greatest treasures (in his life) have been the friendships with others . . . "My grandmother Preli's prayerfulness, Mary Caffrey's pleasantness and generosity, Cy Flander's vitality, Frank Borchetta's willingness to lend an ear, Gertrude Shaughnessy McGrath's wit and the Rev. Richard Cardarelli and the Rev. Joe LeMadeleine's sense of sacrifice. From these I draw courage and compassion."

Andy Kulas: Young Man In Community Action

Andy Kulas is another example of the younger generation who manages to keep a busy schedule on several fronts . . . a regular position in industry, member of the local Police Auxiliary and Lions Club and active in its Ambulance Service and other area activities.

The son of Frank and Barabara Kulas, Andrew Joseph Kulas, born and raised in Windsor Locks, with a familiar family name in these parts, said, "we're all related." The former local police chief, Bernard Kulas, is his father's first cousin.



Andy Kulas

Andy attended North Street School and the Middle School, and is a grad of the local high school (class of 1984). The only sport Andy was interested in (ice hockey) was not included in the school's sports program. So, at 16, Andy took up working on tobacco and at Geissler's, in addition to four years on the town's hockey team.

Andy's current work schedule doesn't leave much time for golf and skiing in Vermont (his other sports activity). However, he's not complaining . . . he works at Hamilton Standard in the Inventory Accounting Department as his regular job, along with the Police Auxiliary and Ambulance Service and making time (two Saturdays a month) at the John Dempsey Hospital, dispatching ambulances to different hospitals as needed. He is part of a community setup called C-Med, directing ambulances in time of accidents to area hospitals.

HE JOINED Hamilton Standard in March, 1985 as machinist in the factory. He had attended Asnuntuck Community College for a year (Business Management) and in November, 1986, due to this additional schooling and interest was transferred to the accounting department. It's after a day at the office, or on weekends, that Andy puts his other talents to work.

But first, a few facts on his own family . . . his father, Frank, has lived in town most of his life. Frank's family worked a farm (25 acres) on land now part of Bradley Field. Frank has worked for Standard Bellows Co. for the past 15 years. He married a local girl, Barbara Downes. They have three children, Andy, James and Kathy. Wedding bells will be ringing in the Kulas home in the next year or so . . . James is marrying Michelle Bertrand this Oc-

tober, while (our subject for the week) Andy's plans are set to marry Gina Laurito next April.

Saying "I love it" in reference to his connection with the Lions Ambulance Service since January, 1986, Andy comes from another volunteer with a dedicated background of civic service. His grandfather, Bernie Downes, a past president of the Lions, served many years with the local ambulance corps. Frank Kulas said, "Andy is certainly following in his footsteps."

BY HIS OWN COUNT, Andy has participated in 174 calls (for ambulance service) during the year of 1986 and 125 calls in the first six months of this year. He is on the Ambulance Service Committee under the chairmanship of Roger Ignazio.

I asked Andy for a scenario as to how the ambulance service operates on a normal call for assistance. First: A call from the local Police Department to Andy's page (at home) or to his telephone . . . Second: Andy drives immediately to the Spring Street Garage (where ambulance is stored) to meet other volunteers (Police, Andy said, notify three people on call) . . . Third: Drive to the scene of the accident. Andy adding, "At least two volunteers are required in the ambulance."

This past April, Andy had his first ride in a helicopter. He received a call and responded to an accident on North Street, not far from his home. Due to the nature of the accident, the "Life Star" helicopter was summoned (based in Hartford, the service is utilized in life-saving situations). It arrived at the North Street area to transport a victim to the Hartford Hospital. Andy asked for, and was given permis-

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sion to accompany the victim on the helicopter. Looking back now, Andy said, "it ws quite an experience . . . an experience that took only 10 minutes to the hospital."

THE HOCKEY PLAYER turned to a much calmer sport four years ago, taking up the game of golf, playing at Edgewood and Copper Hill. Andy shoots in the low 50s. When the snow flies, the family might take off to Vermont, where Andy is a ski enthusiast. He and his father, however, have not forgotten their enjoyment of hockey . . . both are avid Whaler fans. Andy's favorite is Whaler Captain, another C & K interviewee, Ron Francis.

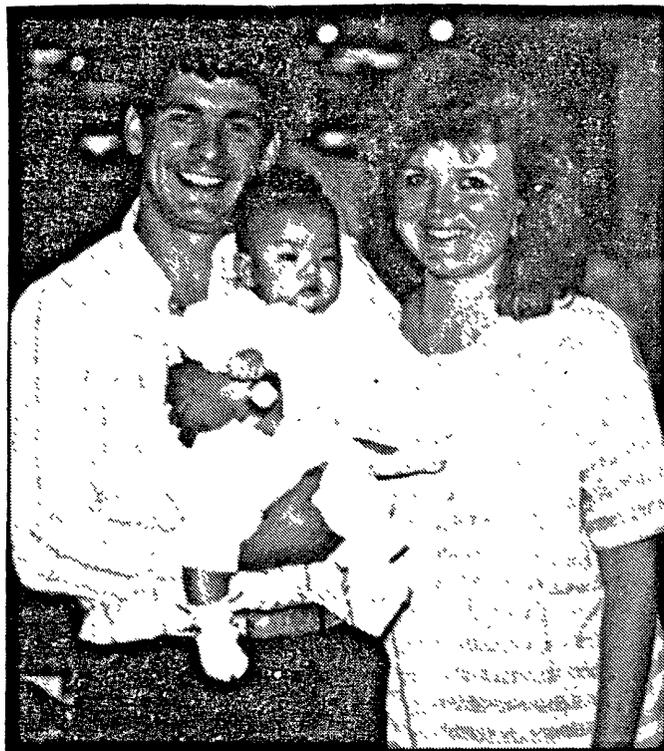
EPILOG:

Younger interviewees seem puzzled, when asked who they most admire and do they have a personal philosophy? As in Andy's case, he hadn't thought much about such lofty subjects. He just enjoys what he is doing. He did mention . . . "I try to take one day at a time." He has to . . . a taxing schedule is a daily routine, with police and ambulance duty, dispatching and office work.

To paraphrase a few words I ran across recently . . . A young man or woman is going to carry on what adults have started. He or she is going to sit where you are sitting and, when adults are gone, attend to those things that adults think are important . . . the fate of humanity is in their hands.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, AUGUST 7, 1987

Adopting Matthew,



Tom, Matthew and Rhonda Frechette at JFK Airport in New York.

A Family's Story

Tom and Rhonda Frechette have a new baby son — “the answer to their prayers.” His name is Matthew Thomas-Gil Frechette.

The new parents waited nine months, not in the normal medical tradition, but the same time span, after making their decision to adopt.

In September 1986, Tom and Rhonda attended a conference in Glastonbury, sponsored by the “Open Door Society,” concerning information of couples interested in adopting a child.

It was an all-day affair, the young couple remembers, with lectures and other pertinent facts on adopting children, and especially, they said, for children from South America, India, Central America and Korea. In the morning sessions, Tom and his wife, attended separate talks. However, in the afternoon, they were together, listening to different aspects of adopting, in their case, a Korean baby. They agreed, the Korean culture was “the most conventional and practical,” as to this delicate and sensitive selection of a child. When the conference was over, Tom and Rhonda wanted a Korean child.

AS MENTIONED, it would be nine months of waiting, a time of anxiety, excitement, a certain amount of fear and “everytime the phone rang,” until June of this year, at JFK, in New York City, their first meeting with little Matthew, born on St. Patrick’s Day. For Matthew, it was quite a trip, from Seoul to New York a 19-hour plane ride, probably the longest trip he’ll ever make.

At the end of his trip, little Matthew was greeted by his new parents, whose reactions were normal. Rhonda said, “After I stopped crying . . . he was so tiny, beautiful, even better than his first pictures (they had received shortly after his birth), and we knew him right off.” Adding, Rhonda said, “We were in a daze, I’d say, on cloud nine . . . we were in a room full of people (with other Korean children coming to happy parents in the states) but, we were the only ones there.” It was Tom, Rhonda, Gary (Tom’s brother, who was the official photographer) and Rhonda’s mother, Lola Gould (who provided moral support) and of course, Matthew.

And what kind of life and family was Matthew coming to, now an important part of the Frechette family. Using his new mother’s own words, “The family is the most important.”

And some background . . . his new dad, Thomas Edward Frechette Jr., son of Tom Sr. and the late Patricia (Christie) Frechette, has two brothers, Gary and Greg, and sisters, Reine, Roxanne Lasnier and the late Kathy Frechette. Rhonda, the girl we saw grow up, (the Goulds have been our neighbors for more than two decades) is the daughter of Will and Lola (Kinney) Gould. She has two brothers, Randy and Brian and a sister, Jayne Ruggiero.

Tom and Rhonda graduated from the local high school in 1978. Tom was born in Hartford, coming to town at age 4. Rhonda also came to town at 4. She was born in Marlboro. They met “in first grade,” but agreed, “Nothing developed until we were in high school.” They were married in 1981. Tom was a star baseball and football player at the Raider school, and played in the indoor hockey league in town.

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, Tom attended Ward Technical College, a part of the University of Hartford, where he earned an associate degree in applied sciences. Tom’s first job was with the Storage Tech Corp. of Hartford for four years in the repair and maintenance of computer equipment. Presently, Tom is employed with the Network Systems Corporation, in the field of computers.

Before Matthew’s arrival, Rhonda had worked in the Finast Distribution Center (Payroll) and at Cigna for five years in the accounting department.

For the record, Tom’s father, active in local sports for years, was a C&K interviewee in December 1977.

The nine month wait — the Frechette’s first act in the eventual adoption of Matthew, after the conference, was with the Family and Children of Greater Norwalk. This adoption agency “deals in the selection of Korean children, working with a welfare society in Korea,” according to Tom and Rhonda.

“**WE HAD A CHOICE**, they said, as to infant, older child or homeless child.” They choose an infant baby boy. During the period, between January to June, of this year, they attended group meetings in Norwalk, saying, “They (the agency) wanted to prepare prospective parents on adoption procedures (of a Korean baby) and how the child may be different and how this may effect them or others.” They

said, “We will tell Matthew, at an early age, that he was adopted and any other information he should know and his so-called being different.”

In February 1987 a social worker made a “home study,” at the Frechette home, checking on what the baby would be exposed to in his new environment. Next came filling out forms on their personal backgrounds and their families, their medical records and if their insurance carrier would “immediately insure the adopted child.” All information was sent to Korea, for the proper agency in that country for evaluation. Tom and Rhonda had to prove their own citizenship and the immigration agency of our government required finger prints and other information.

Tom and Rhonda were notified in May that “We have an assignment of a boy,” by mail, which included pictures and the date of his birth and medical background. Near the time of his departure from Korea, the Frechettes said, “Matthew had to have a visa and passport, in order to satisfy both immigration agencies in the states and Korea.

AMONG OTHER EXPENSES incurred by the Frechettes were government processing charges, cost of travel (for Matthew) and agency fees in Norwalk and Korea.

With the necessary paperwork complete, Tom and Rhonda were notified June 22, that “on June 26, Matthew would arrive at JFK.” The boy traveled to his new home with a Korean social worker, who, upon arrival, transferred the boy to the Norwalk agency, in order to clear customs.

Looking back, Tom and Rhonda had only kind words for the social workers. They remember well, during the waiting period, the following words . . . “We are not here to stop you (in adopting) but to help you.” After Matthew was safe and sound at his new home, Tom and Rhonda received a call, a few days later, from the agency inquiring how they, and the baby, were getting along.

The new parents still have a waiting period . . . actually another nine months — the adoption is not final until December when adoption papers are filed and another three months in the courts.

Since February, the Frechettes have been members of the “International Adopted Families” organization. Rhonda said, the parents of adopted Korean children and prospective parents meet monthly to discuss adoption and other information in connection with their own adoption or pending. It is called “Waiting Parents Coffee,” where members meet in each other’s homes. This September, the group is planning a Korean Culture Day, which is defined in the organization’s news letter.

Saying, “The family is the most important, Rhonda mentioned, her grandparents (Gould and Kinney) setting the example for her in family tradition, carried over by her own parents. Tom’s parents, he said, “Had special traits,” in making our family much stronger.

Epilog:

Rhonda Gould Frechette has been told, “The baby is lucky to have (you and Tom). Rhonda’s reply, “It’s the other way around, we are the lucky ones to have Matthew.”

Recently, Tom and Rhonda mailed their proud announcement of Matthew’s arrival . . . in part, it said, “We’ve received a very special gift . . . a darling little son . . . the answer to our prayers.”

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Ann Fisher goes way back — to the days when her town had no paved roads or sidewalks, no mail delivery (everyone picked up their mail at the post office), no numbers on the houses; some homes lacked electricity, having only oil lamps. When was all this? Back before World War I, Anna Malloy was just a little girl.

Now in the octogenarian class (“I never made a secret of my age”), Ann is the mother of three, grandmother of eight and great-grandmother of five. Ann remembers the old days in her town, and has even fonder memories of her late husband, Raymond Gilbert Fisher.

Ann’s family was truly native to the lock town. Ann’s father, John Malloy, was, according to Ann, “10 feet tall.” Born on Church Street in 1858, he loved to play the piano, and sang in the St. Mary’s Church Choir. Her mother, Delia Furey Malloy grew up on Oak Street, where she was born in 1867. The grandparents of Ann came from Athenrye, in Galway, Ireland.

Ann was born on Oak Street, near Center. She attended St. Mary’s School and Union, graduated in 1921. That year, there were 16 in the class of seniors. Today, Ann’s remaining classmates include: Mary Nolan, Julia Rooney, Helen MacLaughlin, Francis Duggan, Gertrude Shaughnessey McGrath and John Shaughnessey.

A FEW DAYS AFTER graduation (“We didn’t take a vacation”), Ann took the train for her first job in the big city of Hartford, joining Traveler’s Insurance Co. The next seven years, Ann worked in the world of insurance as a stenographer (“They didn’t

call them secretaries in those days,” she said.) She was skilled in shorthand and typing, two office procedures she learned at Union. Ann hasn’t lost the knack of typing, today, she hits the keys for many reasons.

Her husband, Raymond, was born in Windsor Locks. However, at a early age, his family moved to Suffield. In Suffield, he attended Suffield Academy, where he played baseball, football and basketball. According to Ann, he “loved the game of baseball,” and later played many games at old Pepsi Park in the town league.

Raymond and Ann met at a “dancing school,” at a hall on Oak Street, which she said all the kids attended. The hall was located on the upper floor of what is now the Kania Funeral building. The classes, geared to the young people, were in the art

Ann Fisher, now a mother of three, grandmother of eight and great-grandmother of five.



of dancing with the opposite gender in slow dances and other dances of that era.

Raymond, who longed to be a professional ballplayer, went to work for the U.S. Postal Service. Ann said he was a “postal transportation clerk, who sorted the mails on the train route from Springfield to New York City for over 30 years.” Looking back, she said, “It was hard work, but Raymond liked it.”

HER FATHER, John Malloy, stayed closer to home as a paper maker at Dexter “all of his life.” Ann retired in 1970, after serving 14 years with the state’s Personnel Department.

In 1928, Raymond and Ann were married. He passed away in 1975, after a long illness. The Fishers lived on James Street, Grove, and, since 1943, on Spring, where Ann still lives. Raymond and Ann had three children, Ann, Jack and Dick. Ann was the wife of the late and respected optometrist, Dr. Abe Gottesman. The younger Ann was a grad of the local high school in 1954; she lives in West Hartford and is employed as secretary to the manager of Eastern Airlines at Bradley International Airport. Dr. Gottesman had two children, a son Gary, an attorney in Hartford who, with his father, was a former C&K interviewee and a daughter, Susan.

Dr. Jack Fisher, a nuclear physicist, lives in Rockville, Md. with his wife Evelyn. They have three children who live all over the country . . . Pam (California), Lois (North Carolina) and Linda (Maryland). For the record, a list of Ann’s

great-grandchildren and mother’s names: one boy, Jason (Pam) and four girls, Phoebe (Lois), Liza and Josie (Linda) and Rachal (Susan).

HER SON, Dr. Dick Fisher, a medical doctor, and now associate professor at Baylor University, resides in Houston with his three children, Cheryl, Rick and Scott.

That’s Ann Fisher’s family of three children, eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren . . . and I think I got it right?

About her town of Windsor Locks, she said, “I remember everything.” With her Irish wit and charm, she added, “everyone knew each other . . . people would visit more (than today), we went skating in the winter, swimming in the summer . . . Going downtown on Saturday night was always an event.” The downtown area was the “center of activity,” Ann said. At the Burnap Hall (at Oak and Main), silent movies were shown, and later the chairs were set aside for dancing. Yes, Ann said, “it was the center.” Ann grew up with three brothers, Frank, James and Joseph, all who have passed away.

Today, Ann doesn’t watch much television. She calls herself “old fashioned” when it comes to music. She is a member of the Windsor Locks Historical Society and active in the Senior Citizens Club. For her family, all over the country, she writes down “things I remember” (mostly of the old days), then types into a record for their future reference.

Ann is also maintaining a genealogy of the family, which of course, takes a lot of research and cooperation from other members of the family. Traveling today is confined to Texas and Maryland. However, Raymond and Ann did their share of world travels, with trips to Hawaii and Europe (which of course, included Ireland), Cuba, Mexico and Canada.

EPILOG:

Yes, Mrs. Fisher remembers. Now her life is the family, filled with so many young people. She said, looking back, “I admired a lot of people.” When it comes to a personal philosophy, Mrs. Fisher said, “if you live a good life . . . and are good to others . . . it will be rewarding.”

I came across the following, which all grandparents will appreciate. A grandmother recently met her friend and started to ask, “Did I tell you about the cute thing my granddaughter said . . .” But she was cut short with, “before you start I warn you that I demand equal time . . . and I have eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.” (As in Ann’s case.)

Anna Malloy Fisher; Her Family and Town

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Welles Pease: Native with Strong Cardinal Ties

Welles Pease spent 35 years in the banking business. However, this native son's face lights up when you mention the St. Louis Cardinal baseball team.

Since his youth, going back to the 1934 World Series, Welles has followed and watched the Gas House Gang and "Stan The Man" Musial in action on the diamond. He, like his contemporaries, Louie Nai and Aldo Sicbaldi, has never given up on his favorite team, in the good or bad years. This year has been a good year for Welles, Lou and Aldo and the boys of summer in Missouri.

Welles, a baseball player in high school, class of 1941, was at that age when the local boys of summer could no longer play sandlot ball; they would soon wear the uniform of the U.S. Army Air Force. He did manage two years at UConn (in New London) before Uncle Sam called him to serve his country in January, 1943.

Born and raised in the same South Center Street home (built in 1835), where he now resides with his wife, Shirley and two or their three sons, Welles comes from a long line of Windsor Locks natives.

He was the son of Howard Pease and Louise Ashley Pease, who were born in town. The name of "Welles," was a family name, from his great-grandfather. His father and grandfather operated the Allen Pease Co., a furniture store on old Main Street, which began business at the turn of the century, until 1934. His father then became secretary of the Windsor Locks Savings and Loan, until he retired.

HIS AIR FORCE TOUR of duty took him to Fort Devens, Calif. and finally overseas to England (for over two years) until his discharge in January, 1946.

Knowing the value of education, Welles returned home and continued his schooling, this time at UConn in Storrs, earning a business degree in 1948. Welles has had three jobs in his lifetime: a short stay at the Bigelow Carpet Co. in Enfield, the Turner Construction Co. (at the time building the Hamilton-Standard facility) and, until his retirement two years ago, the BayBank in Springfield. He served as

Cpl. Welles Pease in World War II in England.



branch manager and customer service manager over three decades in the banking world.

While at Turner Construction, one of his co-workers was Marilyn Hibbard. At a company function, she introduced Welles to her sister Shirley. As they say, the rest is history . . . and in this case, a wedding of Welles and Shirley in 1954.

Shirley Hibbard was from White Plains, N.Y. Her family moved to Middletown when she was of high school age. Shirley was employed by the United Way, but gave up her career when their first child was born.

THE COUPLE HAS three sons, David, Richard and Daryl. Welles' strong St. Louis Cardinal ties surface when he refers to his sons; it's two Cardinal fans and one Red Sox rooter. David lives in nearby Glastonbury, a grad of the local high school, class of 1975. He's a Cardinal fan, like his brother Richard, class of 1978. Daryl graduated with the class of 1980 and is the Fenway enthusiast in the family. Daryl played basketball for the high school; his older brothers both played varsity soccer. All of the Pease sons played little league, probably two for the Cards and one for the Sox. Welles, during those Little League days, helped out with the coaching

and even did some umpiring for the league.

Welles and Shirley's first apartment was in Thompsonville. They spent their first two years of marriage there, until 1956, when the young couple returned to Windsor Locks and the Pease homestead on South Center Street. The red-brick home on the corner of Elm and South Center is only a short walk to where old Main Street. It was, according to Welles, "a jumping place on Saturday nights, when I was much younger . . . a place where folks met, talked and did their shopping."

How does Welles keep busy these days? "Working around the house," said his wife. Adding, "he also refinishes furniture," a talent he probably acquired from his father and grandfather. On the local scene, he has served on the Windsor Locks Library Board for seven years, where he is currently the treasurer.

WHEN ADMIRATION FOR others was discussed, Welles quickly said, "my father . . . a man who knew about everything, probably more than anyone I ever knew . . . he was a very informed person . . . and very passionate . . . and well liked in town." As for a personal philosophy, Welles, a very quiet man, said, "I guess it would be . . . live and let live."

As mentioned, baseball and his following of the St. Louis Cardinals, is Welles main hobby. He has traveled to Brooklyn's Eb-

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

bets Field in the past to watch the Cards and Dodgers, but since the Dodgers moved to California, he now catches his team against the Mets at Shea. It is surprising, that in Windsor Locks, there would be a small group of fans devoted to St. Louis in the land of Yankee and Red Sox fans.

Because the Pease family were in the furniture business and Welles does his part in furniture upkeep and baseball, to say the least, the following should be appreciated:

Furniture . . . A chic young lady walked into the furniture store and sought out one of its decorators. She wanted advice on how to augment her present furnishings. "What," asked the decorator, "is the motif? modern, oriental, provincial, early American?"

"Well," was the frank reply, "we were married only recently, so the style of our furniture is sort of early matrimony . . . some of his mother's and some of my mother's."

Baseball Fan: A spectator sitting 500 feet from the plate who can see better than an umpire standing five feet away.

The Camiros Family: Special in Many Ways

Saying, "haven't moved off this street in 68 years," Stanley John Camiros, of course, was talking about Oak Street, the street where he was born and raised. Better known as Ponzi, he married a girl from "a few streets over" (Church Street, that is), Anna Albani Camiros. They had met in school as teenagers, when ice and roller skating was the main entertainment for the young around town.



The congenial couple is what Windsor Locks natives are all about: folks born here, married here, in their case, raising a son. They are now proud grandparents and they've made Windsor Locks their home, just figuring they're average and nothing special.

But special they are. Ponzi (with a partner) owned a popular restaurant years ago, worked at Kaman and is now retired. Anna, by her own admission (probably her only claim to fame), was a cook manager at Union and the Middle School for more than two decades.

Yes, Ponzi and Anna are special and don't know it. Their humility is their special charm.

This is their story . . . as told on a beautiful August evening at their comfortable home. The home Ponzi was born in . . . 40 Oak, across from the senior citizen complex.

Ponzi attended St. Mary's School. He was an altar boy for three years (1930-33) under pastor Reverend Conlon at the church where he and Anna would be married several years later.

WHEN IT CAME TIME for high school, Ponzi, who was given the name by an uncle in his younger years, decided on Springfield's Cathedral High School, graduating with the class of 1937. Ponzi played semi-pro football for the local town

team, performing in the northern part of Connecticut. One of his teammates was life-long friend, Raymond Quелlette, now the town's fire chief.

In the late 1930s, depression had covered the nation and one answer, for young grads, was the Works Projects Administration, better known as the WPA. "There was no other work around," Ponzi recalled, so he joined the ranks, working around the state until he joined Dexter's in 1939. For five years, until the time he entered the U.S. Navy (1944), Ponzi's daily routine was a short walk to Main Street and Dexter.

Ponzi and Anna have known each other since their early teens, Anna is a year younger than her husband. They "double-dated" with Ray and his future wife, Anna Fitzpatrick, a relationship that has stood the test of time. The young couples went ice skating in the winter, roller skating in the warmer months, attended the local movie house and even got to go to the big city of Hartford to watch and enjoy the great bands of that era at the popular State Theater.

In 1941, Ponzi and Anna were married at St. Mary's Church. They lived on Oak Street. She went to work at Montgomery's. During the war years, due to a shortage of men, Anna was given the chance to show what women could do — she replaced a man and became the floorman, or as they say today, floorperson. While Anna was working for the war effort at home, Ponzi was in the Navy, serving in New York, Texas and Virginia. He was in the navy from May, 1944 to January, 1946.

ON HIS RETURN to civilian life, Ponzi decided to go into business for himself. It turned out to be across the river in Warehouse Point, where he and the late Mike Pappagallo opened the Sportsman Grill. Ponzi didn't say so, but you can be sure the New York Yankees were proudly displayed around the restaurant. He recalls many friendly arguments between the Yankee and Red Sox fans.

Anna worked at Montgomery for 12 years until their son, Richard was born. Richard now lives in Storrs with his wife, Carol Comber Camiros, and their two children,

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Lisa, 13, and Stacy, 11. Their dad worked at Kaman, Rogers Corp. and is currently in Springfield's Massachusetts Mutual. His wife Carol, who is originally from Manchester, has been a teacher for two decades. During that time she taught at South School and is now employed by the Ashford school system.

Anna, as mentioned, was also active in the school system, of Windsor Locks, serving as cook-manager at Union School and the Middle School for more than 20 years. When the Senior Citizens Club was first activated, Anna was instrumental in organizing luncheons at Union School, until the Senior Center was built on Oak Street.

In 1951, Ponzi left the restaurant business to join the Kaman organization. For 32 years, until his retirement in 1983, he served in many roles in the accounting end of Kaman, starting as timekeeper and later as chief timekeeper, accounting clerk and Supervisor in Accounting and Payroll.

Locally, Ponzi is a member of the Knights of Columbus and has served on the Board of Directors of the St. Mary's Credit Union.

THE DAY AFTER Ponzi retired, he, Anna and two other good friends, Mary and Jim Rager of Enfield, took off in the Rager's Recreation Vehicle to see the United States. The traveling Camiros and Ragers covered 9,500 miles in their coast-to-coast journey. Saying, "we hit them all (the states)," Ponzi said he loved northern California and felt Wyoming was the most beautiful. They even stopped off to see the sights and games of Las Vegas.

Ponzi Camiros loves many things — baseball, golf and horse racing. For him baseball is only the New York Yankees, from Babe Ruth to Joe D. to the present team at the Stadium. A few years back, way back, he organized a bus load of Yankee fans to be at the famed stadium for Babe Ruth Day. This loyalty to the Yankee

team began when he was a young boy and saw a game at West Springfield's Pinson Park — Mr. Ruth was in the lineup. After the Babe, Joe DiMaggio is Ponzi's favorite player on the team that has won more titles than any other in baseball.

The game of golf — he plays "when I can," these days. He shot in the "high 40s" at Millbrook and Copper Hill for many years. Probably, when pinned down, horse racing is really his favorite. The week we spoke, Ponzi and Anna were planning their annual visit to New York's Saratoga Race Track, just another stop inspired by his "love for horses." Ponzi has been to many of the big tracks around the country.

EPILOG

Stanley John Camiros is a man who admits he takes "one day at a time." But he said, "I want to keep moving." He and Anna enjoy friends of long standing, and their grandchildren, Lisa and Stacy. A closing note by Ponzi — "our son and his wife have been fabulous." Sincerity is Ponzi's hallmark.

Someone once wrote, "a small town is a place where you're no longer a stranger after five minutes, but still a newcomer after 50 years."

This is probably true, but with Ponzi and Anna you never feel like a stranger. And after an hour of talk, you don't feel like a newcomer because they made this newcomer feel special in many ways.

Bill Rielly — Nicest Guy To Come Down the Pike

By JACK REDMOND

Bill Rielly was the nicest guy who has ever come down the pike.

I had the pleasure of knowing this gentleman for only two decades. The town of Windsor Locks had the pleasure of his talents . . . as a baseball player, firefighter, model citizen and father of four children for more than 50 summers.

But this summer of 1987, William G. Rielly passed away. The town, and especially his family, lost a true example of good father, neighbor, friend and businessman who you never minded doing business with.

When I began writing "Cabbages and Kings" for the Journal in May 1975, my first interview was with Chief Bill Rielly. He was reluctant to talk about himself; that was his way. The interview took place at the new firehouse, a place always close to Bill's heart.

I had met Mr. Rielly through a mutual friend, Ellsworth Case, when I had to borrow a truck. Mr. Rielly came through in his usual friendly fashion.

The 20 years or so, usually meant a weekly visit to Bill's gas station. The subject was always . . . how did the Yankees or

GUEST EDITORIAL

Red Sox do . . . and a friendly hello. Bill was a loyal Yankee fan and when he had any time off from the station, a trip to his favorite park — Yankee Stadium — was the order of the day.

Bill was a good baseball player in his youth, having a whirl at professional ball, down south, with a few teams affiliated with the Chicago Cubs. He once said, "I guess you might say . . . good glove, no hit." But Bill Rielly was always a hit in his home town.

He is now gone. "But words are often inadequate in capturing the essence of those whom we love and have lost. And, most certainly, the written word can't fully sum up their effect on our lives."

The place in Windsor Locks he occupied so well is vacant, but not in the hearts of his family or friends. Now heaven is in better hands, now that Bill Rielly is there. He was surely one of the nicest guys who ever came down the pike.

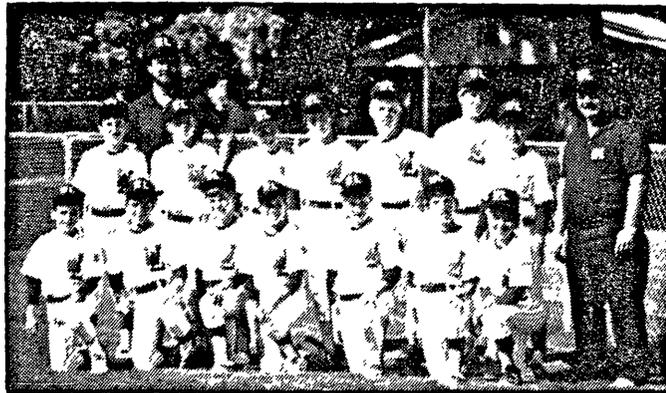


William G. Rielly

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1987

Art Bruneau and Dick Barthel:

Keeping the Little League



The Windsor Locks Little League All-Stars (above). Jeff Barthel (right) and Dennis Bassett are Windsor Locks Little League pitchers.



Tradition Alive

Art Bruneau and Dick Barthel "enjoyed working together . . . the kids were super." That best reflects the relationship and attitude of the manager, coach and the 14 young boys of summer . . . the 1987 Windsor Locks Little League All-Stars.

Both Art and Dick had Little League experience as players and coaches, before taking on the group of boys who would represent the town in the annual District 8 tournament. The boys won six of eight games, demonstrating to their coaches, parents and the town, that the tradition (which began with the World Championship in 1965) is very much alive. As is said, we'll just have to wait until next year.

Just to add to their stories, Art and Dick have sons that shared the pitching responsibility this year, and alternated at short-shop and the mound duties. Art's boy, Dennis Bassett, and Dick's son, Jeff Barthel, were not only teammates, but "best buddies," according to their proud fathers.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Some background on the dedicated manager and coach . . . the manager, Art Bruneau, a Torrington native, has lived in town the past eight years. Art's baseball thrills began in the Torrington Little League, followed by play in Babe Ruth and American Legion, Twi-Light League and as catcher in the Torrington Inter-State League (Connecticut-New York).

During the Little League play, which including pitching, catcher and outfield, he was the home-run champ. He spoke fondly of his own father's dedication, who would drive his son 15 miles to the games in Litchfield.

ART GRADUATED from the Torrington High School in 1965. He worked for Stop & Shop, while attending the Electronic Program and Computer Institute, before being drafted into the U.S. Army in 1969. Art spent "one year to the day," in Viet Nam as an infantry soldier, seeing action during the height of the war.

After discharge in 1971, Art returned to Stop & Shop and is currently the manager of the East Hartford store. In October, Art's service record will show 22 years with the large food chain.

Art is married to Yvette Durivage Bruneau, who was originally from West Hartford. They have three children . . . Amy, 16, Melissa, 13, and Dennis, the big 12 year old ball player. Amy is a junior at the high school and has played soccer. Melissa plays basketball, and as with her brother, Dennis, is in the eighth grade at the Middle School.

The coach . . . Richard Barthel. He was born in Fairfield, Conn. His family moved to Windsor Locks when he was five. Dick played on the 1960 Little League All-Stars. (So he knows how it feels to be an all-star.) The 1960 team was coached by Louie Nai. Dick graduated from the local high school in 1965. He served three years in the army, two of which, were spent in Germany.

Dick is married to a local girl, Ann Daniel Barthel. Their first home was in West Hartford, moving back to Windsor Locks 10 years ago. Dick and Ann have three children . . . Jeff 12, Eric 10 and Jessica 3. Jeff, as with his counterpart, Dennis, has played Little League five years. The younger Eric is coming along with three years in the town league. Their

father is a grad of Central Connecticut with a degree in Accounting and has earned his CPA. Dick has worked for the I.R.S. since 1973.

OF COURSE, there is another side to Art and Dick. Art is into golf, swimming and skiing. Dick still plays some softball, basketball and also golf. He's a big UConn basketball fan. Both men follow the Red Sox . . . (reason for all those red shirts, worn by both men, plus the parents, with that big WL, very noticeable at the games). Probably the funny part of team loyalty, was the fact that both Dennis and Jeff are big Yankee fans.

Both the coach and manager are looking forward to a trip in the fall to Paradise Island with Ann and Yvette. (Probably their rewards for the long hot summer and all those games.) Other vacation time for the Bruneaus have been enjoyed in Florida and Rhode Island, while the Barthels visit the Cape.

Back to the Little League . . . Looking back to the all-star participation, both dedicated men agreed . . . "It was controlled fun, especially with the kids . . . it showed up with their performances at practice and the games . . . we knew we had two good pitchers (so necessary in Little League competition) . . . the parents became very involved . . . want to thank Rich Tully, Bob Murray and Tom DePascale for their help." Adding, Art said, "I knew it was Dennis' last year in Little League and I wanted to be part of it." Art, an old catcher, from way back, feels,

"Dennis will be a catcher, when he graduates to the higher leagues, starting next year with the Seniors."

The All-Stars lost their first game to Manchester, 2-1. The next six games were victories for the team, with Dennis and Jeff providing the pitching skills, and Dennis hurling a no-hitter against the same Manchester team the second time around. They also won over Thompsonville, Somers, Windsor (twice) and Ellington, before losing to South Windsor.

FOOTBALL FANS watching on television have seen the New York Giant players (after a victory) pour a well-known beverage over the coach. Well, after their victory, the young boys of summer gave the same treatment to Art and Dick. Even after the defeat, by South Windsor, Art and Dick were given the wet sort of respect from the kids.

To Art and Dick, the boys (even in defeat) "achieved something special." The coach and manager remembered the boys were "crushing after their first loss," but came back and showed what they were made of, said the proud manager and coach.

Besides Dennis and Jeff, the following made up the town's 1987 All-Stars . . . Pat Courtney, Jeff DePascale, Shawn McKenney, Chuck Nemeth, Alan Culter, Ryan Tamalonis, Brian Claffey, Chris Gaidos, Todd Swede, Bill Steffy, Steve Hinckley and Jeff Caretrud.

EPILOG:

The 1987 season for the town's Little Leaguers is now history. Next year three of the boys, from the all-stars, will return to do battle for all-star status. Dick Barthel said, "Little League is a big story in this town . . . and this year's team has done Windsor Locks proud." With Art Bruneau adding, "The boys can hold their heads high." Art also said, "For myself and Dick, it was a rewarding experience . . . and (mostly) a lot of fun."

We are sure that "Mr. Little League," the perennial Little League official, Fran Aniello, would agree . . . this year's team kept the tradition alive.

This is a story of a former Little Leaguer and Pony Football player, William Norris King Jr., and what has transpired, as with many of his contemporaries, after their playing days are over.

Not that Bill (known as Billy King in his younger days) is over the hill, far from that. Bill stills play golf and follows all sports, however, priorities do change. These days he's a steady Dexter employer, father of two young children and married to Kathleen Flynn King.

Bill and Kathleen, both from Windsor Locks families, were "high school sweethearts." Both went to college. They married five years after graduation from high school in 1975.

I first met and shared the game of baseball with Bill 17 years ago when he and his brother, Paul, were members of the Villa Rose Senior League baseball team, under coaches, George Hall, the late Bob Dion and yours truly.

Like many of the young boys in Windsor Locks, Bill joined Little League at age 8, as boys of summer, until their high school days. Bill played an active role (captain of his team) in the local Pony Football league, using natural talent and fundamentals taught by local coaches to play both football and baseball at the Raider School.

ON THE GRIDIRON, Bill was a center on offense, linebacker on defense. In baseball, Bill was a catcher and part-time outfielder. School activities did not take a back seat. He was president of his sophomore and senior classes. Both Bill and Kathleen have been instrumental in

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cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

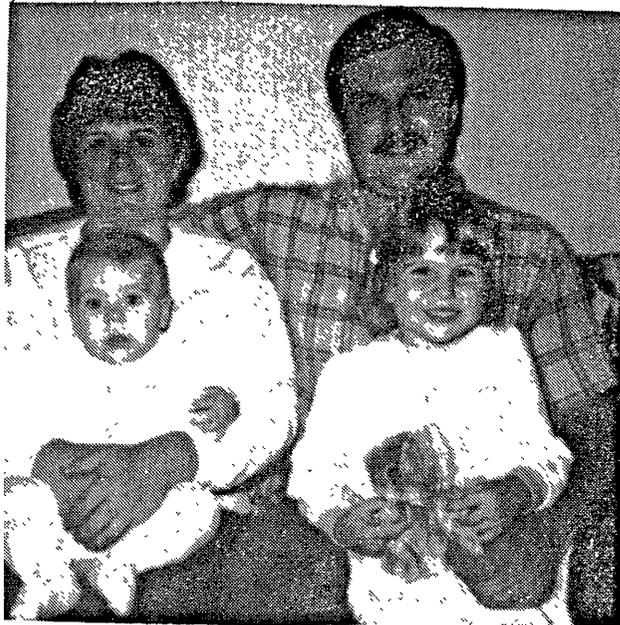
organizing the class of 1975 reunions (fifth and 10th) and hope to continue in these future get-togethers.

From the family tree — Bill is the son of the late Dr. William N. King Sr., a local dentist, and Olga Ermellini King, who still resides in town. In addition to his brother Paul, who also works at Dexter, Bill has three sisters, Kathleen, Marilyn and Mary Ellen.

Kathleen King is the daughter of Danie and Marilyn Flynn. She grew up with six brothers — Joe, Dan, Tom, Bob, Mike and Pat.

And how was it growing up with six brothers? According to Kathleen, "It was just fine . . . I had my own room, the boys had to share bedrooms," she said, with a smile. Kathleen was the second born, adding, "It wasn't hard to get involved in what my brothers were doing." Like Bill, most of her brothers were presidents of their classes at the high school. (In November 1979, Bob, who was president of the 1980 class, was a C&K interviewee.)

UNLIKE HER HUSBAND, Kathleen is not a native. She was born in Fullerton, Calif. At 18 months, she and her family moved back to Hartford, and at 5 became residents of Windsor Locks. After high school Kathleen attended Assnuntuck Community College and Becker Junior College



Kathleen, Bill, William N. III and Rachel King

where she received an associate degree as a medical secretary.

Bill went off to college in 1975, attending the University of New Haven, where he played some football. Working has been a part of Bill's life — working part-time or full-time, the summers away from college or holidays (at Dexter) or while a student in New Haven.

In the Elm City, Bill carried a full schedule of class work, in addition to a full-time job. In 1977 he graduated from UNH

with a degree in criminal justice and a minor in paralegal studies.

Those summer jobs at Dexter paid off. After graduation he became a full-time employee. During his college days and afterward, Bill worked the mail room, shipping and receiving and today, after 12

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Continued from page 14

years, is in the Quality Control Department at the Main Street location.

At their home, Bill and Kathleen King are very much a family, with the newest addition, William Norris King III, born April 3. His sister, Rachel, will be 4 on Sept. 28, the same day her mother celebrates a birthday. Rachel is entering nursery school this month and according to her mother, into gymnastics.

Locally, as his position at Dexters permits, Bill has been active with the Lions Club, the past five years. At Christmas, he puts on the Santa Claus suit to entertain the patients at the Bickford Convalescent Home, as part of the Lions holiday program.

His future plans include "getting back into the Senior League and football programs in town . . . as a coach or umpire." Bill admits to being a "die-hard New York Giant and Red Sox fan."

Bill, according to Kathleen, "Is easy going like his father." Bill's father had a special place in his life . . . "He taught me a lot . . . a very knowledgeable man . . . especially on all sports." His personal philosophy was simply, "One must learn to accept people as they are."

Epilog:

That's the story of Bill King — the boy I knew in the senior league, many years ago. He's a man now. Steady worker, husband and father, and surely knows his priorities.

Former Local Athlete Is Now Dexter Employee

Tony Montenieri — A Real American Hero

Tony Montenieri proves the old adage — don't judge a book by its cover.

A quiet man, with ready smile, and native of Glastonbury, Tony delivered milk house-to-house (when it was a way of life in the good old days), grew up on a farm, served in the Army Reserves, whose specialty was paratrooper, making 60 jumps with the Green Berets.

Today, Anthony John Montenieri, father of three, serves as eucharistic minister at St. Robert's Church. Tony and his wife, Evelene, have lived in town since 1953, and this past May, celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary.

Yes, for Tony, it's been a life of contrasts — from farmboy to paratrooper, early riser in the milk industry, and now continued service to his church. To paraphrase the old Yale creed, for Tony, it's been God, country and devoted familyman.

THE SON OF Santo and Maria Montenieri, his parents came from Sicily, at the turn of the century. They met in Hartford, were married and settled in Glastonbury. In addition to operating a large vegetable farm (supplying the markets of the capital city) Santo and Maria had nine children, six boys and three girls.

Tony attended schools in Glastonbury up to the eighth grade. He had a short stay at East Hampton High School and Hartford Public High School, leaving to join the working world, due to the death of his father. (Much later Tony received his high school diploma.)

That first job was with a contracting firm, lasting a little over a year, until he was drafted into the army in March of 1945. After basic training, Tony joined the airborne division, and was off to Japan.

Recalling his 60 jumps . . . "My first jump? I wasn't scared . . . not until my second and third," he said. He made jumps in Japan, Florida, Rhode Island, North Carolina and Georgia. Over a period of 18 years, Tony hadn't jumped. However, while at Fort Devens, Mass. in 1964, he did jump, with a group of young men. The young men called him "Pop." He didn't mind, the jump was successful.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

After serving his country for 30 years in the reserves, Tony retired with the rank of sergeant major in 1975. When World War II was over, Tony had joined the reserves and served in West Hartford and Boston, earning the Iron Mike Statue, symbol of the Green Berets.

On return from active duty in 1946, Tony settled in Hartford. He decided to forget the contracting business and joined Bryan-Chapman Milk Co. For the first two years, he worked inside and then took to the roads, delivering milk to homes

DELIVERING MILK, in those days, meant getting up at 2 a.m., working in all kinds of weather, but, Tony said, "You get used to it . . . I'd go to bed after the evening news, up at 2 and work until noon or after."

The next 27 years, delivering was still his job, but not to homes, to stores, what he called, "wholesale," working the Hartford north end, East Hartford and Wethersfield. In 1978, Tony retired from his second position. He worked at Windsor Locks' Choice Vend for three years, until it closed. Currently, he is at the Joseph H. Bertram Co.

How did Tony and Evelene meet? Tony's best friend (a Navy man) was going with Evelene Patterson. The friend introduced Tony to Evelene, and she lost her heart to the paratrooper. The sailor went to sea — Tony and Evelene went to the altar.

Evelene was born and raised in Keene, N.H. Her family moved to Hartford in 1941. During her high school days, she did double duty, attending classes and working at a local hospital. Tony and Evelene were married May 10, 1947. They have three children, Paula Kadish, Lynn Farmer and John Montenieri.

Paula, a 1966 WLHS grad, lives in town with her husband, John Kadish, and their two children, Matthew and Christopher.

Lynn Farmer resides in Enfield with her mate, Mike Farmer. The Farmers have three children, Justin, Gregory and

Lauren. Lynn graduated from the local high school in 1972, three years before her brother John received his diploma.

John is working for the United States Government in Colorado. At their parent's 40th anniversary party, John was the surprise guest and the highlight of the event.

Evelene has also been active at St. Robert's, serving on the Altar Society for the past 14 years. She spoke of the assistance of so many of the church members, especially Fran Margagnoni.

SINCE FEBRUARY, Tony has been part of the eucharistic ministry at St. Robert's. Prior to his new duties, Tony had taken an active role as usher and lector and said he finds his new weekly duties "rewarding."

He has been a member of the local Knights of Columbus for 16 years. He has participated in the Knights bowling league at Bradley, sporting a respectable 175 average. When Southwest School was in operation, many years back, Tony was one of the first presidents of the school's PTA.

On the local scene he is a member of the town's Traffic Study Committee. Tony follows the Yankees, football games in the winter, but when pinned down, soccer is his sport. Tony played the game in high school and when soccer is on the television, he's an avid viewer.

When asked who he most admired . . . Tony said, "John Wayne, a real (American) hero . . . a man who portrayed what this country stands for and he made no bones about it."

Epilog:

Anthony John Montenieri, a man of many talents and a man who has experienced a life of contrasts. In those contrasts, he served his country for three



Anthony Montenieri as a sergeant.

decades, his community and now continues to serve his church.

Tony admired John Wayne, the make-believe "Green Beret." Tony was a real "Green Beret." But we agree, people should have heroes . . . "without heroes, we are plain people and don't know how far we can go."

And yes, never judge a book by its cover . . . you may find another Tony Montenieri . . . like I did.

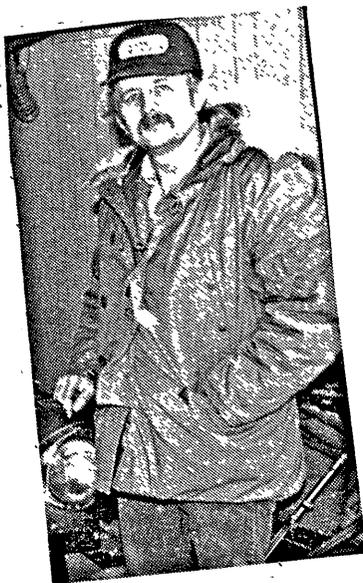
Jack Bielinski — Man Behind the '57 Oldsmobile

While other kids his age were playing baseball and football, Jack Bielinski was working on cars.

Looking back, the local auto body businessman said, "I got hooked on cars," and has made it his life's work and, for him, pure enjoyment.

Jack (whose given name was Jacek) was born in Ingolstadt, Germany, coming to the states with his parents, John and Julia Bielinski, who now make their home in Florida. He was only a little over a year when he left Europe, growing up in Bristol, attending Catholic schools and graduating from Lewis Mills High School in Burlington, class of 1965.

His father, whom he admires greatly, was born in Poland, served in the Polish army (during World War II), was captured twice by the Germans and escaped twice. Jack's mother was originally from Holyoke, Mass. Jack and his four sisters grew up in Bristol, where they all still



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reside. Jack and his wife, Beth, have lived in town for the past 14 years.

Auto body workmanship has been Jack's talents since age 16. During high school, he combined working at Burlington and Bristol garages with his regular class work. After graduation, he attended Kaynor Tech in Waterbury to become a machinist. Jack's first job in a factory was at Pratt & Whitney in the Southington plant.

In November 1965, he signed up for the U.S. Air Force, figuring he was going to be drafted into the army. The following March (1966) he left the autos and Connecticut for Texas and the air corps. Jack served four years — in Illinois, Montana, temporary duty in Okinawa, a return to the states (Ohio) and another trip to the Far East, back to Okinawa, and finally discharge and home.

AS WITH MANY returning veterans, Jack went back to his old job. But he said, "I didn't like it." He tried college in New York City, taking up aircraft mechanic classes. The old dream of auto body work was upper in his mind. He and a cousin, Peter Oullette, decided to try their hand in Terryville (1971) in general repairs and auto body work. It lasted only six months.

The next few years, Jack worked around the area of Hartford at various auto body shops. In 1977, the old dream came true . . . Mastercraft Auto Body Inc. was born.

Why the name Mastercraft? Jack said, "I wanted something special . . . I chose Mastercraft (only because) I do think (the work) is a craft . . . something I did with my hands . . . and I'm in partnership."

With who? "My wife, Beth . . . it's her and I. She does all the paper work." However, Jack wanted it to be noted, "I was given my start (in Windsor Locks) by Frank Sales. He sold me the building (on Spring Street) and we were on our way."

AS FOR HIS CLOSE PARTNER, Beth,

she grew up in Granby as Elizabeth Trotter. Beth went to Granby High School, class of 1969, and worked seven years at Connecticut Mutual in Hartford. The boy from Bristol and the girl from Granby met at a dance and were married in 1973 at St. Theresa R.C. Church in Granby.

Beth and Jack have two children — Gerry, 11, and Maribeth, 7.

Young Gerry started sixth grade at the middle school this month. He has a large collection of baseball cards and has played Little League and has high hopes of continuing his favorite sport. But when pinned down (when asked what his favorite television show was), he said, "The weather channel." Yes, the weather channel. He's into what weather is all about — probably another Willard Scott.

His sister Maribeth is in the second grade at South School and, like her brother, enjoys swimming and has had one year of T-ball.

MORE ON THE MAN behind the 1957 Olds — Jack's pride and joy. Seeing is believing. In the middle of our talk with the Bielinski family, Jack and I took a short break into the garage. There, big as life, was the '57 Olds.

Jack opened the hood . . . a clean, immaculate engine. To this average car owner who just drives a car and is far from being an expert, it was overwhelming. The condition of this 30-year-old beauty, inside and out, was good to the eyes and I knew I was viewing something real special.

Jack has driven the Olds all over the country to different shows in New York, Washington D.C., Ohio, and wherever Olds are being exhibited.

Recently, Jack and the family traveled to Lansing, Mich., where Jack's car won the "1987 Grand National Meet . . . First Place." In the family living room, some of Jack's trophies were on display.

One reason Jack enjoys this hobby (if it can be called a hobby) is that the family is a part of the shows, seeing the country and enjoying themselves. You would think after a hard day at his own shop doing auto body work, he wouldn't want to go into the garage and work some more . . . for Jack, it's relaxing and certainly satisfying.

Jack is a former Jaycee in town and currently a member of the Auto Body Association of Greater Hartford, the National Antique Olds Clubs of America and Olds Clubs of America. When time permits, Jack and Gerry watch the Hartford Whalers in action. But when it comes to baseball, Jack roots for the Red Sox and the kids are Met fans. Last year was no picnic at World Series time for Jack.

As mentioned, Jack admires his father . . . for what he said, "was his accomplishments . . . and for giving him a lot of encouragement." Beth said, "Jack always tries to do the best for everyone," obviously in business and the family.

EPILOG: That's the story of the man behind the 1957 Olds. In a February edition of "Automotive Extra," another article on Jack's Olds, he was quoted (and it bears repeating) as follows: "This car has been a real Labor of Love. Anyone who appreciates outstanding craftsmanship and attention to detail has just got to love this car too. The past is the past and you can't go back, but there's something very satisfying about preserving a special car."



Video . . . Of or pertaining to television, especially to televised images.

Galaxy . . . The galaxy of which the earth's sun is a part . . . (and) an assembly of brilliant, beautiful or distinguished things. . .

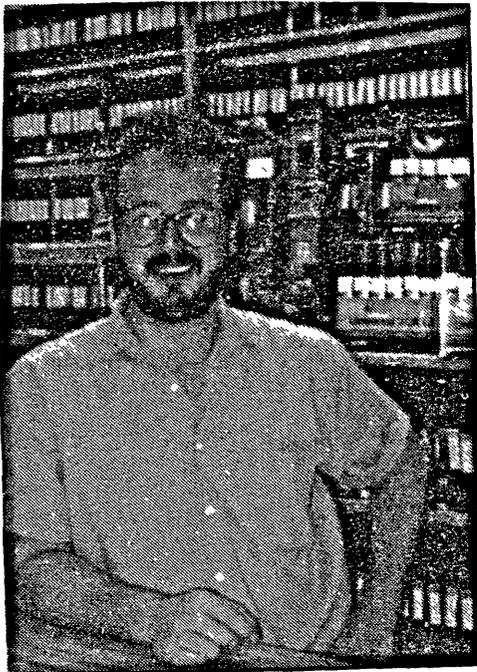
Video Galaxy III in Windsor Locks is a family affair. Televised images and "what's new" in the galaxy (movies and television) has been the Laferriere family's business since January 1984.

When musical enthusiast Michael D. Laferriere decided to give up the life of working in a band, he asked for his father's advice as to what business to go into . . . they agreed, "Video was the (thing of) the future."

Michael, a native, son of Willard and Flora Laferriere, said, "If it wasn't for his father (and now partner) there wouldn't be a Video Galaxy in town." Willard, a retired machinist, and his wife are from Maine and have lived in Windsor Locks for more than 30 years.

Keeping business in the family, Michael's sister, Patsy Tomalonis, is store manager. His wife, Lisa D'Aleo Laferriere, works full time (with Michael) at the Spring Street location.

Michael said there were 26 Video Galaxy stores (in the East), with his family holding franchises in town and in Granby. (More on that later.) Now to the man who



Michael Laferriere

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turned in his guitar (but only temporarily) to open the video store that outgrew its first location and is now in larger quarters.

MICHAEL ATTENDED LOCAL schools, graduating from the high school in 1972. In his younger days he was an all-star in Little League. However, after baseball came music. Saying, "I have a background of music," he was active in music during those high school years.

After the schooling, Michael took to the road for more than a decade, playing at weddings, nightclubs, making recordings, five to seven days a week. What was the name of the group? "Only In A Jeep," that played New England, New York City and around New York State.

He soon realized "It was not the type of life for settling down after marriage and raising a family."

The talk with his father was the first step; the second, and as important, was meeting Lisa, who worked at the Windsor Locks Savings and Loan where Michael did his banking business. Lisa was born in New York City (Queens) and at age 10 moved to Windsor Locks with her folks. She

graduated from the high school in 1981. Three years ago, Michael and Lisa were married and they now make their home in Suffield. They have a son, Jesse, 21 months old.

Last year, Michael joined the local Lions Club and has been active in the "Walk-A-Thon," took part in the Windsor Locks Lions Exchange Program, having a student from France stay at the Laferriere home.

A FEW STATISTICS on Video Galaxy stores. It has grown, according to Michael, from stores in South Windsor, Enfield and Rockville (and his store in town) to 26 franchises (with five more stores in the works). Adding, "We are the fifth largest in the country and shooting for number one."

Michael said the 26 franchises, with a central wholesale division, supplies the stores with movies, VCRs and TVs. They are now firming up ads for newspapers, radio and television.

What about competition from grocery and drug stores (having movies to rent)? "They really are not any competition, the way we see it," he said. What are the biggest sellers, in movies? "Comedy and dramas — with teen-agers to senior citizens as customers," Michael said. And what do you watch? "I really do not get too much time, with the long hours in the store."

What about music, as to your choice? "I enjoy a cross-section of music, from Mel Torme to David Bowie . . . classical to jazz," the man who still plays the guitar at home and hopes to "put an album together some day."

After keeping the store in order, and his music, Michael tries to find time for his other hobby — photography, saying, "I have a houseful of pictures."

Winter months (as time allows, and now that the baby is here) both Lisa and Michael take to the hills of Vermont for skiing. Spectator sports for Michael has been mostly pro football as a New York Giants fan.

When it comes to favorites in movies, he goes back to two old stars — Henry Fonda and John Wayne. He said, "Those two big stars had talent and could relate to it and it was genuine." Michael has what he calls a simple philosophy . . . "I'm not trying to be a wealthy man . . . just to meet the needs of my family and to be happy."

Epilog: Michael D. Laferriere is indeed a most happy fellow in the business of videos, music and photography. A young man who gave up the life of traveling with the band to open his own family business providing pleasurable moments to the public. His pleasures transcend to that public.

Laferriere

Family

Affair

at Video Galaxy III

Tom McKenna: Athletic High School President

Nine years ago, I interviewed Jim McKenna, who, at the time, was coach of the high school's girls softball team. His youngest son, Tom, was eight years old. Tom has come a long way since then.

Today, Tom McKenna is president of the local high school's class



of 1988. He is one of the school's premier athletes in soccer, baseball and indoor track. The personable young man is another example of today's students who are dedicated, resourceful and highly competitive.

Tom is the son of teacher, coach and referee Jim McKenna and Sharon Cooney McKenna, daughter of old-time friend, Tom Cooney, the proud grandfather of Tom and his brother Jay.

Jay, high school golfer, football player and former Little Leaguer, is now attending Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

More on the athletic president... Thomas Matthew McKenna: native born, attended local schools and played baseball and soccer at Middle School after four years of Little League.

The past three years he has been as active in high school with soccer, baseball, freshman basketball and indoor track in his junior and senior years. Tom performed with the spring medley relay team and the shot-put in the Class S State Track Finals.

On the baseball diamond, under Coach Dan Sullivan, Tom plays first base, just like his Yankee favorite, Don Mattingly.

On the soccer field (the season had just opened a few days after our interview) Tom is center fullback. He is this year's captain and predicted "a good season."

During his stay at Middle School, Tom was a member of the Student Council and this leadership quality followed him into high school.

He has been chosen president of his class the last four years. The other officers for 1988 are the same as last year... Doug Castillo, vice president; Mike Mascaro, secretary; and Bret Annis, treasurer.

High school athletics is no stranger to Tom's fellow officers... Doug is into baseball and cross country; Mike is a three-sport player: football, baseball and basketball; while Bret plays soccer and indoor/outdoor track.

The duties of the high school class president are "to organize the activities for the coming year - the magazine drive, the patron drive, the senior ball and the senior ski trip," Tom said.

The ski trip was the students' own and the school was not actually involved, Tom said.

Tom's future plans to major in biology in college.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Skuing has been a family hobby for Tom, Jay and their father, who has acted as instructor for the boys on the slopes of Vermont and Connecticut.

Jim McKenna is currently the physical education teacher at Middle School and soccer referee on the high school level.

After class work and sports, Tom is a "Star Wars" movie buff, enjoys horror films and the music of Phil Collins and heavy metal and the television programs "Cheers," "Night Court" and "The Bill Cosby Show."

Tom has been a loyal New York Yankee fan since he was young.

As youths growing up, in many cases, boys look to their father for example and guidance.

Tom McKenna was no exception. When the subject of admiration for others was put to this young man, he said, "I'd say my father... I will (endeavor) to be like him... he's always working hard and is a man who is willing to help others."

EPILOG

Thomas Matthew McKenna, president of his class, captain of the school's soccer team, has been greatly influenced, not only by his father, but by Coach Dan Sullivan and his grandfather, Tom Cooney. (Incidentally, Mr. Cooney got his first hole-in-one on the golf course recently, and is proud as a peacock).

Let me paraphrase some words I ran across... Through sports, a coach, a father and grandfather can offer a boy a way to sneak up on the mystery of manhood.

Alan Wawruck — Truly a Jack-of-All-Trades

I was told that Alan Wawruck was a "young, ambitious, family man and house renovator." These facts were true. A lot more of his talents, hobbies and good works should be added to complete the story. Just keeping up with this Windsor Locks native must be a full-time job, and that also goes for his Michigan-born wife, Shannon.



The young couple has two sons, John and Shawn. They were married in 1980, moving to town a year later, after meeting in Mississippi as Air National Guard members.

Alan Ramon Wawruck is the son of the late Steven Wawruck, who was from Glastonbury, and Ann Mobiglia Wawruck, a native from Whiton Street, who still resides in town and is a veteran school system employee, currently secretary to high school principal Raymond Grasso.

Before becoming a jack-of-all-trades around the Wawruck home on Oak Street and doing things for others, Alan had quite a baseball career in town. He not only played Little League as an All-Star in 1972 under coaches Lou LaTorra and Russ Mattesen, moving on to Babe Ruth and American Legion (MVP at 14 in Babe Ruth), men's softball and two years of golf while a student at the high school. Scholastically, he did just as well, being awarded for "the highest grade average in Industrial Arts." Alan still plays golf (with trophies to prove his skill with the clubs) and by his own admission, he's into "everything from computers to carpentry."

DURING HIS FIRST two years at the high school, Alan played for the golf team, but the remaining years went to work at Caldor and some time at a local garage, first, he said, cleaning up and, later, working on cars. After graduation in 1978, he joined Dexter's for a year, at the same

time signing up for the Air National Guard. In February, he'll be a 10-year veteran of the guard. Those past nine years have been filled . . . with four years at Bradley, more than four summers commuting to Orange (daily) and seven months in Mississippi for schooling and where he met a girl from Michigan, Shannon Katherine Lynch.

Alan and Shannon come from large, active families. Alan has three brothers, Steve of Windsor Locks, John in North Carolina, Dan of Suffield and a sister, Carol Trombly of Broadbrook. Shannon, daughter of John and Shirley Lynch of Clarkston, Mich., has two sisters, Mollie in Michigan and Kelly Kulas who came to Windsor Locks to assist her sister after the Wawrucks became parents, stayed, married Mark Kulas and now lives in town. Shannon has two brothers, Mike, who is a soldier stationed in Germany, and Aaron, who resides in his home state of Michigan.

Shannon was born in Pontiac, Mich., growing up in Clarkston, 30 miles north of Detroit. After high school, she joined the U.S. Army, serving three years — half in Colorado and half in Germany. On her return to Michigan, she joined the Air National Guard and, as fate would have it, was sent to Mississippi. At the time, Shannon outranked her future husband — she was an E-5, Alan an E-3. (Isn't that always the way?)

THE TWO GUARD members met and were married. They lived in the southern state for a few months, completing their training and returned to Alan's home town in January, 1981. Shannon was given a transfer to the guard station at Bradley, where Alan was also serving. In addition to his service time, Alan worked at Dynamic Controls in South Windsor, at Choice-Vend until it closed and then, he said, "worked for myself on household repairs." As mentioned, Alan was at the guard station in Orange (1981-85). There, he was supervisor of Ground Radar and finally outranked his wife as an E-6.

In 1986, Alan took a job with the government (but not in uniform), joining the Defense Contract Administrative Services, a part of the Defense Logistics Agency, as a Quality Assurance Representative.

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And their two sons — John is 6 years old, in first grade at North Street School. Shawn, 4, is in nursery school at Central Connecticut State University. That's a long way for a little boy to travel, right? Yes, but it's because his mother is pursuing additional education as a student at the New Britain educational center. Shannon is in her junior year, taking elementary education. While mother is in class, Shawn is learning how to become a student himself. Locally, Shannon is active in the North Street School PTO.

The Wawruck family lives on Oak Street in a house built in about 1875. Among Alan's hobbies is the renovation of the family's brick home. He is in the process of redoing the house "completely . . . plumbing, electrical." You name it, Alan is doing it.

Along with the work on the house, Alan, in his spare time, repairs just about

everything, saying "no job is too small." Alan is a man who enjoys golf, listening to music on the radio (not a TV fan), bowling (as does Shannon) and working in his garage. Plus, the whole family goes back to the state of Michigan to visit Shannon's folks.

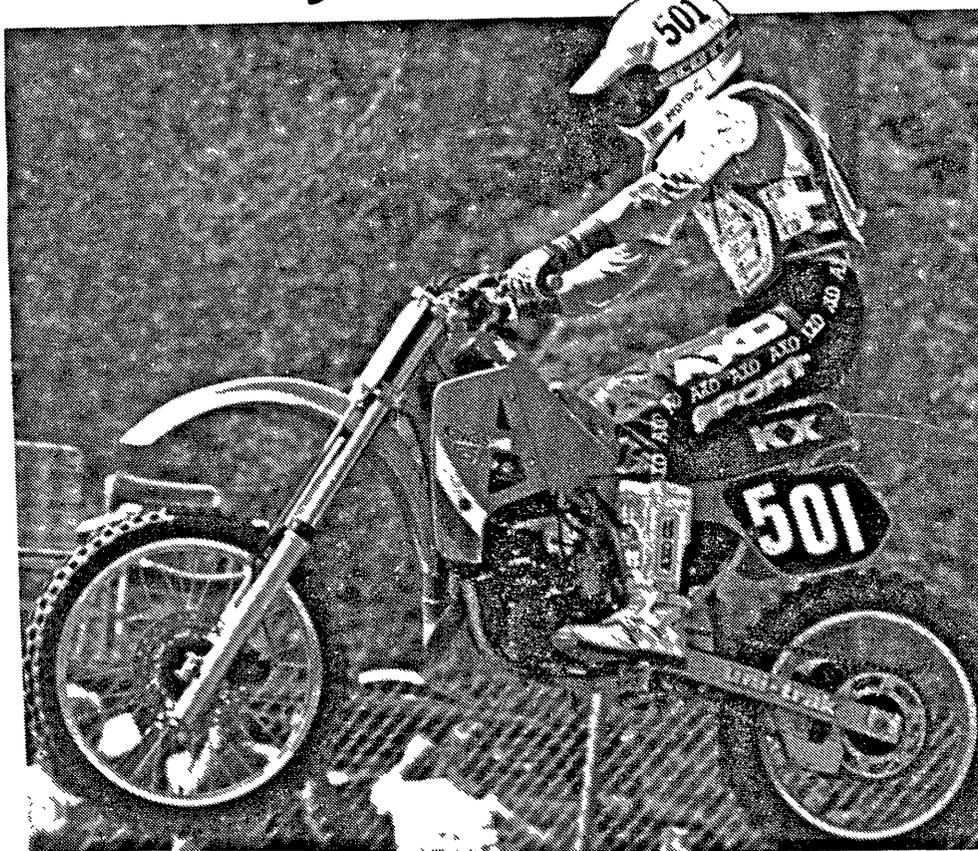
Alan has a special place in his heart for his late father, saying, "I remember him (Alan was only 13 when he passed away) as a very pleasant man and (always) trying to make others happy."

EPILOG:

Alan Ramon Wawruck is a jack-of-all-trades and certainly a master at what he does. I believe he unknowingly was stating his philosophy when he said, "people are always welcome at our house, all the time . . . and at the drop of a hat, I'll go out to help others."

Apparently he's just like his father — trying to make others happy . . . with the small or big things. They are all good works. Alan is a young man always on the go, serving his country (in the guard and checking on its defense), his family and neighbors.

His '501' Racing Bike Is A Family Hobby



Jay Szepanski takes a jump.

"I was (a little) nervous," but, "satisfied," in finishing the race . . . Jay Szepanski's reaction to this first race in April of last year, at the Southwick Motor-Cross competition. Now a veteran of many practice sessions and races, 15-year-old Jay, son of Jim and Shirley Szepanski, has earned his novice classification.

The story of Jay and his parents is one of dedication, patience, concern and a firm understanding of danger, (mostly love of competition in a young boy and his father) where the best bike and equipment is used for protection in the weekly grind of motor bike racing.

Jay is the rider (or racer); his dad, the mechanic; his mother, "the biggest fan;" with motherly moral support. His young sister, Amy, has been a faithful follower, but has her own idea of sports, especially on the softball diamond.

The race bike of Jay (Kawasaki KX-125) has become a family hobby, with early hours on race days, weekly practice rounds and doing "our own maintenance." For Jim, a veteran employee of Hamilton-Standard, it is a labor of love.

Some facts on Jay's folks, the ones behind their son and his bike . . . James Francis Szepanski is a Windsor Locks native, who grew up on a North Street farm in the days when local farms were the rule, not the exception. Jim attended local schools, and graduated from Raider High School in 1962. He received a bachelor of science degree in business administration

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from the University of Hartford four years later. He is the son of the late Walter Szepanski, who was born in town, and Mary Godek Szepanski, who still resides on North Street. Jim's brother Tom is also a North Street resident.

Shirley Gogulski, of West Suffield, was an attendant at her cousin's wedding. The cousin was marrying a cousin of Jim Szepanski, who was also in the wedding party. According to Jim, "It was love at first sight," adding, "The only girl I ever dated." In June, 1966, the day after his graduation from college, Jim and Shirley had their own wedding. Shirley, like her husband, lived on a farm as a young girl, the daughter of the late Clemens and Agnes Gogulski. She was a grad of Suffield High School, class of 1963. Shirley attended business school in Hartford, learning the special skills of keypunching, and later worked at Sweet Life and Hamilton Standard.

Jim served six years with the local Air National Guard. He began work at Hamilton in January 1967 as production control planner and today is manager of

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Story of Ongoing

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contract administration of the Hamilton Support Systems.

Their daughter Amy, 13, is in the eighth grade at the Middle School, where she is the manager of the boys' soccer team, in the "select chorus," and has played the past three years on the town's girls' softball team.

More on the young man who rides "501" . . . he is in his second year at the high school, has made the honor roll, played Little League, but these days is into bike racing. How did this new career start for Jay, the quiet son of Jim and Shirley?

Jay wanted "something to ride around in," they said. So his parents purchased a three-wheel Honda, followed by a trail bike. In order for Jay to see bikes and their riders in action, they took him to the races in Southwick (Motor-Cross), and as Jim remembers, "Jay was hooked." Over a period of time, Jay graduated to a dirt bike and then (after much practice) got his own race bike.

In April 1986 Jay was entered into his first race. However, he and his father had to first join the New England Sportsman Committee (the guiding force behind the races) with Jay the rider and Jim the mechanic. They went on to say the race has 40 riders at the starting point. As mentioned, Jay was very satisfied (and his parents) considering it was his first race, he finished the race. The riders are from age 12 to 17. Jay's next step, in his father's words, "was to develop a riding style, some techniques" in order to compete, and that's why the practice sessions were necessary, twice a week, at a nearby Windsor location.

Jim said races are usually held in Southwick or Central Village, Connecticut (in Moosup) from March to November,

with a season schedule of 12 to 14 events. Last September, Jay reached his first milestone; he won a trophy for a fifth place finish at Moosup.

They described the family, with bike and trailer, hitched to the car, leaving for races in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut for two-day events, and that's where the early rising came about with a 6 o'clock get-away.

Riders are put into three categories, depending on points (won at races) and different bikes. The beginning class is novice (as Jay is), then amateur class and the tops in the sport . . . expert. The last class are considered professional and earn money, depending on their finish, etc.

The Szepanski family realizes this type of bike racing for their son can be and is a dangerous sport. That's why Jay has the best equipment available and the latest wearing apparel (as shown in the accompanying picture of Jay in action).

Shirley brought up an important point in this story of her son and the family hobby, saying, "For Jay, school comes first, if Jay wants to race." Needless to say, Jay understands and there has never been a problem. To earn extra money for equipment and other expenses, Jay is in his second year as a student janitor at the high school, during the school year and the summer months.

The future plans for young Jay? (Who is ranked ninth in New England, novice class, in 1987) . . . "To go as high as I can" in the sport he loves best. The family has started a video series (taken by proud dad) of Jay in practice, realizing it's a good way to study Jay in action and make sure he is making all the right moves.

The family hobby certainly takes a lot of spare time of Jim's, who is also into

gardening, a do-it-yourself guy around the house and who keeps a workshop for his handiwork at home and on the bike. Jim has always been into sports, being an active member of the Suffield Sportsmen Association for 25 years.

EPILOG

Some kids are into soccer, or baseball or football in this sports-oriented town of ours. Not Jay Szepanski, he has the race bike

fever at the right age. In his sport, you probably do not start at 20 or 30. The period between December and February are the slow months for Jay, who is just waiting to ride the bike that is idle. Springtime will be time to spring into action, knowing his folks are with him, as coach, and number one rooting team. David Bailey (number one in the sport) move over, Jay is gaining on you.

Patience and Dedication

Wasył Szykula, the man with that wonderful smile, is a study in contrasts. Born in Windsor Locks, Wasył, at the age of five, traveled to Poland (land of his parents), staying until 1939, and then returning (at age 23) to his own homeland.

The local builder of homes has led a double life, with an illustrious and active career as a singer (over four decades) with the well-known polka band of Johnny Menko, a Warehouse Point native and member of the Polka Hall of Fame.

If there was a Hall of Fame for a man who's mastered four languages, has been an actor and singer, has earned his livelihood by building homes, has become a proud father of three and grandfather to four, then Wasył Szykula would qualify on the first ballot.

Looking back over the past seventy or so years, Wasył admitted, what he was most proud of was "being born in Windsor Locks."

Wasył would be the first one to agree, his story is "sort of" complicated and to be truly appreciated, must be told from the beginning.

Just for the record, Wasył lived on the corner of South and Main Street in the first five years. His parents, born in Austria, (Wasył was actually of Ukrainian decent) returned to their native land to find it was suddenly Poland due to some decision after World War One.

Wasył attended school up to the fourth grade, which actually covered a six-year period. He said, "We were taught Polish and also the Greek and Latin alphabet." (It

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must be noted, Wasył could only speak Polish, he had not known English as a boy growing up)

His classmates knew he was born in America, and at times would tease him, by calling Wasył. . . "The American." But it never bothered him. He grew up playing the student games of their country, unlike the games played in America, such as baseball, football and basketball.

The Szykula family, with nine children, lived in a large village. At an early age, Wasył, finished with school, was now expected to go out to work and he did, on a farm for seventy cents a day. This was not for young Wasył. He went into the rag business, where on a good day, he could make up to seven dollars a day. He tried several jobs, even selling eggs for one cent a piece. He worked in a store until he, like the rest of the people in the village, realized World War Two was just around the corner.

Wasył wanted to return to America. He was happy in Poland, but wished to return to his homeland. After many delays, due to problems in obtaining a birth certificate, which he finally received, mostly through the efforts of relatives in the states and St. Michael's Church in Hartford. He and his brother Peter, journeyed to Hamburg, Germany for an ocean ride to New York City.

They made it on the ship. . . "President Roosevelt."

Wasył thinking back, "When I was only five I left the states with my parents from good to bad." Now he was home in America, and for the better, he assumed. But it was a strange country, he was in his early twenties, and did not know the language.

He and his brother were fortunate to find living quarters with relatives on Whiton Street. Wasył's first job was working on tobacco in Broad Brook. Wasył was not a man to stand still, so he decided to try carpentry.

It turned out to be his life's work. Saying, "I started as a beginner, with a construction company." During World War Two he worked at his trade for the New York/New Haven & Hartford Railroad on buildings and bridges around the state. Probably his bigger problem was learning to speak English. "It was tough," he said, but with his desire and willingness to learn, he soon became used to his native tongue.

After the war, Wasył "wanted to be on (his) own." He did just that, going into the carpentry business, and gaining carpentry skills along the way, he built many homes in town. Wasył is proud to say, "I built homes on Stevens, Roberts and John streets and the only Windsor Locks-born who can say. . . I built the most houses in my hometown."

All of his brothers and sisters did not come to the states, but one of his five sisters (Mary) and two of his three

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brothers (Peter and Dmytro) did live in Windsor Locks. (They are now all deceased.)

In order to give the background of Wasył's love of his life, we must go back to the early forties and a return to the tobacco farm, scene of his first job and also his future wife. It was there he met Helen Włodkowski of New Britain, who grew up in Enfield. They were married in 1943, lived in Enfield and Hartford a short time, before moving to their present home on South Center Street. Helen and Wasył have three children. . . Wasył John, Steven Anthony and Patricia Ann Tiernan.

The younger Wasył lives in Enfield with his wife, Gloria, and their two sons. Wasył is employed by the Connecticut Light &

Power. Local basketball fans, will surely remember Steve Szykula, in the early 70s, breaking high school records on the court. It was the first time his father took an interest in sports, but once he saw his son in action, both Wasył and Helen were true Raider fans and never missed a game. Today, it's Doctor Steven Szykula of Salt Lake City, Utah, where he lives with his wife, Gail, their son and daughter. He has his own practice as a clinical psychologist. Steve attended the University of Hartford and received his doctorate at the University of Tennessee.

Patricia Ann Tiernan and her husband, Mike, live in town. They were recently married. Patricia, as her brothers before her, graduated from the local high school. She graduated from the U of Hartford, received her Certified Public Accountant title and is employed at Stanadyne.

Additional talents, or the other side of Wasył Szykula. . . from the hammer and nails to singing with a polka band has been his own particular way to enjoy life. Wasył who had been a young actor in Poland, before returning to the states, has been a vocalist since 1939, specializing in songs, sung in three languages. . . Polish, Russian and Ukrainian, all with the Johnny Menko band. Wasył and Johnny have performed in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut for over forty years. During their heyday, performances were every weekend and he was given the name. . . "The Singing Carpenter From Windsor Locks."



Wasył Szykula and his wife Helen.

The Singing Carpenter

Gina Cangemi, Raider's Outstanding Female Athlete

Gina Cangemi is the current role model of the local sports scene. She emulates past outstanding Windsor Locks female athletes Cathy Flanders, Sue Tremblay and Wendy Davies. Gina's athletic talents cover softball, soccer and basketball.

Gina, the daughter of Michael and Sandra Cangemi, her mother originally from Windsor, said she was eagerly looking forward to another basketball season at the Raider School. The seventeen-year-old senior and captain of the soccer and basketball teams, spoke of "basketball (as) my sport," in which she has excelled since she was eight years old.

Gina understood fundamental guidelines as a very young girl. "You have to be dedicated," to play sports. "Being there at the

right time," combines with talent. "The harder you work, the luckier you get." This young lady exemplifies the fine sports program at our high school. On a sunny October afternoon, it was my pleasure to speak with Gina, before a practice session of the girl's soccer team.

Gina is a local girl, who grew on Juniper Drive. She attended the South Street and Middle Schools, where she began her trilogy of sports activity. Gina comes from an athletic family; her father was a three-sport star at Newington High School. Her two brothers, Eddie and Todd, played football for the local high school.

In Gina's junior year she was voted "Athlete of the Year" by the seniors, an award she "felt good about," which "gave (her) a lot of in-



Gina Cangemi

centive to do better in her senior year."

Doing better is one of Gina's traits, evident by her basketball stats. . . averaging eleven points a game in her freshman year, fifteen

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the second year, and last year scoring over 300 points, an average of eighteen points a game, for Coach Brian McKeown's team. She was selected All-Conference and was named to the honorable mention list of all-staters.

Not one to neglect the other activities of her school, Gina is active on the Raider's school newspaper and a member of the "Model United Nations" program. Also, in her junior year, this pretty girl was chosen Prom Queen.

Who will be Gina's teammates this season on the court? She mentioned Debbie McDermott, Ramona Mello, Amy McConnell and

Jayne Magish. Gina, the point guard, said the "team, this year, should be a lot faster," than in previous seasons. Gina is "hoping for a scholarship (in basketball)." Not having decided on a college, she has two choices: "Northeastern in Boston and Bryant in Rhode Island." Yes, she plans to play sports in college and major (after sports, my words, not hers) in advertising and business.

Some of Gina's favorites off the sports scene. . . food — it's pizza, and her drink is "Coke." What about music, movies and television? Gina is a rock follower and enjoys Billy Joel. "ALF," is her favorite show on TV; Bruce

Willis is her favorite performer. On the silver screen, she likes comedies, but for action—Sylvester Stallone. (I'd say a wide range, from a creature from outer space to Rambo).

Gina, it must be noted, has other favorite pastimes, which include skiing in Vermont in the winter and playing tennis during the warmer months.

She is a big New York Yankee fan. Don Mattingly is her favorite player, but that's baseball. The player she most admires is Boston Celtics star, Larry Bird, whom she describes as "my total idol." She has attended Celtic games in Hartford and Boston. Vacation has been, for this young lady, traveling to Florida and Hawaii. She hopes for a California trip next year.

As mentioned, basketball is Gina's sport. . . in the past four years she has sharpened her skills by attending camps (obviously ones teaching the Larry Bird method) at Central Connecticut and the Cathy Rusch's All-Star Camp in Pennsylvania.

E P I L O G

Gina Marie Cangemi, this year's model female sports activist, has all the right moves on the diamond, court, soccer field and in the classroom. With these attributes, Gina can be best described as this year's All-American girl that seems to surface on the Windsor Locks scene each year, as with Cathy, Sue and Wendy.

Michael Fusick: Twins and Olds Are Number One

Michael Charles Fusick has two hobbies: following the Minnesota Twins and admiring Oldsmobile cars.

His 26-year love affair, as a faithful Twins fan, proved worthy this year.

The twin city team was in the World Series for the first time since 1965. The second hobby turned into a business.

For the last four years he has specialized in Oldsmobile parts world-wide, under the title of Fusick Automotive Products, in East Windsor.

The Fusick name is known for the service of cars, supply of gas and now Olds parts.

Mike and his father, Michael Francis Fusick, have been employees and entrepreneurs for more than three decades in town and now across the river. Mike's mother is Lena Marinone Fusick, (sister of the late Joseph, former selectman) and postal worker, Charles Marinone. Both gentlemen were given the C&K treatment over the years.

The night we met for an interview at Mike Jr.'s home (the junior for distinction), was an off night of the World Series. There was no trouble finding the house on North Street, where he lives with his wife Robin, their two daughters and his parents. The lawn was filled with banners and posters notifying the sports world of his feeling about the Twins.

Even the parlor (I'm probably dating myself) at Mike's and Robin's home, had reminders of his Twin loyalty. As a boy, Mike started as a Washington Senator fan (in 1960), and stayed true when they moved the next year to the colder twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis in Minnesota.

Mike Jr. and some facts before the Twins and Oldsmobiles. . . he grew up on North Street, attended St. Mary's and graduated from the local high school in 1968. He played baseball in the town's Little League program, but high school sports were not on his agenda. He was busy helping his father at the gas station. After two years at Andover Institute, Mike joined the U.S. Army, and spent two summers in Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina. He worked closely with Vietnam veterans in drug rehabilitation. His father is also an army

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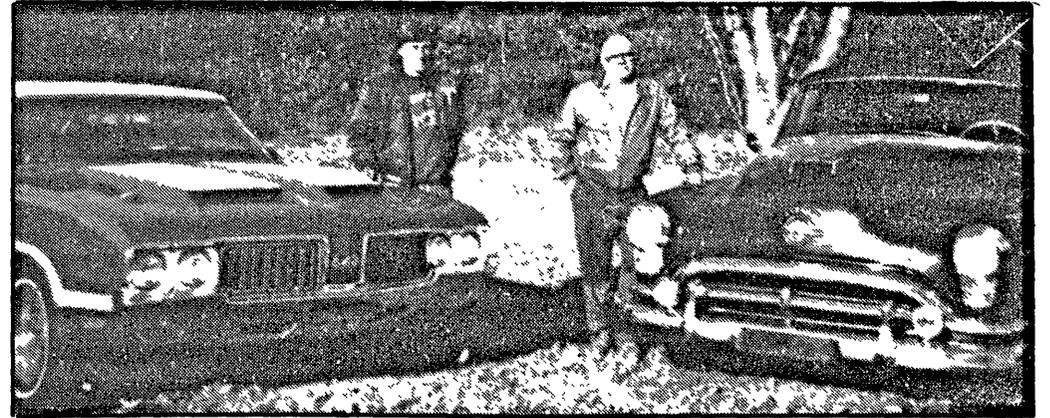
veteran, but in a different war (WW II). Mike Sr. served with the Army Air Corps for three years, mostly in the China-Burma Theater with the 14th Air Force, in the famous "Flying Tigers" Squadron.

Mike Jr.'s parents are not Windsor Locks natives, but close. Lena was born in Italy. She came to Windsor Locks at nine months. Her husband of forty years (on Dec. 1) was from Suffield. They have another son, Robert, who lives in North Granby. For the record, in addition to Mike's two girls, his folks have two other grandchildren to spoil. . . Robert's two sons, Jeff and Kevin. Mike Sr.'s mother, Catherine Kupernik Fusick, now 89, is in a local convalescent home.

Mike Sr. worked for local Chevrolet dealers for 25 years. Later, he opened his own gas stations, one on Main (now closed because of the redevelopment) and one on Spring. He was service manager before retiring in October of 1985. Now, when not helping Lena around the house, he helps his son.

A blind date for young Mike and Robin. . . In 1972, Mike's friend, a nurse, wanted him to double-date. Mike had no date. No problem, another nurse, Robin McIntyre, came (unwillingly). As they say, the rest is history. They were married in May, 1974. Robin graduated from Simsbury High School in 1970. A Tariffville native, she trained at the Mary Hitchcock Hospital in Hanover, New Hampshire. Her first two years of nursing were spent at Mount Sinai Hospital, where Robin became associated with a local doctor, Norman Gross. She worked for Dr. Gross for five years, until her first daughter, Carey, was born. That was ten years ago. Now Carey attends North Street School. She has played Little League (minors) and is a member of the town's Water Jets. Her sister, Kristen, seven, also is on the swim team, a Brownie and plays "T-Ball."

Speaking of participation in sports, Mike



Michael Fusick (left) stands with his favorite Oldsmobiles and his father.

Jr. coached three years in the Little League and played in the local Men's Softball League for a decade. He plays some golf, but admits, "I haven't kept up my game," due to business ventures. Keeping up with the latest in Oldsmobiles, he is a member of the "Olds organization. . . a club dedicated to the preservation of Oldsmobiles."

Talking of travel with the Fusicks means discussing 35 of the 50 states. Both Mikes (plus their wives), have been travelers. Since the service, young Mike has travelled constantly on business and to national conventions of Olds people. Watching the Twins is not confined to Fenway Park or Yankee Stadium for Mike Jr. He has also seen them in Minnesota. Robin says, "Myrtle Beach, South Carolina is our favorite place to go on vacation." Mike Sr. and Lena have been to Hawaii, Florida and the Islands.

When speaking with four adults, personal opinions of each person are bound to be encountered. However, the Fusick family agreed on most subjects. The exception was the person each most admired. The younger Mike said, (for him) . . . "My family, all of us." Robin had a special place in her heart for an uncle. "Mr. Bradford Wilkinson of Tariffville. . . (who she said) had a lot of energy. . . a brilliant man. . . who supported me at a time when it was needed most, in becoming a nurse."

The older Mike and Lena remember an old friend of many people in Windsor Locks. . . Dr. Ettore Carniglia. Mike spoke of their great times together and in a very proud sense, said, "I was his right-hand man."

EPILOG

The Fusick family also agreed. . . "The entire family is oriented around cars." Oldsmobiles, that is. Mike Jr. was philosophical in describing the world of business as being synonymous with the world of baseball. He said, "like a winning baseball team, our business (at the shop) is a team effort, no super stars (just giving 100 percent) and taking one day at a time, as with one game at a time in baseball."

There's no mistaking his loyalty. . . Michael Charles Fusick is a true fan of the Twins and one who preserves the beauty of the Oldsmobile car.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "As we grow old, the beauty steals inward." With Mike Fusick the beauty of our national pastime and the Olds are already a part of him. Oh yes, if you didn't follow the World Series, shame on you.

Where was the number one Twins fan, for the final World Series games? At the Metrodome, no less, watching and cheering his Twins on to victory over the St. Louis Cards and becoming World Champs.

Robin said. . . "Mike was on Cloud Nine." Who could blame him.

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Many Windsor Locks students who entered the second grade at the Union School will surely remember Miss Lauretta Agnes Rooney.

Miss Rooney was the second grade teacher in the town's school system over four decades.

The highly spirited and friendly lady from Olive Street was born on probably one of the best well-known streets in town.

Names from the past, such as Sullivan, Rooney, Tambussi, McCarthy, McGinn, Lynskey, Brett, Shaughnessy and Carroll, all lived on Olive; and of course our own Ella Grasso Tambussi grew up in the house next to the Rooney home.

Miss Rooney, known as "Laurie" to so many, retired from teaching in 1968.

She is now in the octogenarian class, still going strong enjoying her knitting, working those daily crossword puzzles, reading and watching some games shows (Wheel of Fortune and Jeopardy), the News and Murder She Wrote.

To relive the story of Miss Rooney, we must go back to the early days of her town, when the trollies ran on Main Street, the kids walked to school, the graduation classes were small and neighbors shoveled the snow so those kids could walk to Union and St. Mary's Schools.

Lauretta was one of six daughters, whose parents were John Rooney and Delia King Rooney, both born in Country Galway, Ireland and were married at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

The Rooney sisters grew up at 14 Olive St., a house built about 1895 by their father,

who worked for years at Clark's Mill.

Lauretta attended St. Mary's and Union, graduating in a class of 12 in 1923 at the old theater on Main Street.

She attributes her choice of a teaching career to her eighth-grade teacher, Mother Bertille at St. Mary's.

She admired the teaching sister and said she was a "brilliant person."

After high school graduation, Lauretta entered the New Britain Normal School (later the New Britain Teachers College and now Central Connecticut State University) for two years.

She was first assigned to teach first grade at the Poquonock Grammar School.

After a year, "I was promoted," she said, returning to Windsor Locks and Union School to teach second grade for 40 years.

"I was always partial to the little ones," she said, looking back at her second grade career.

In those days, "We taught the three R's, but also music and physical education," she said.

She recalled, on one occasion, being told by her superiors "not to teach phonics."

Being independent and knowing the value of phonics, she continued to teach the little ones because "it was a good base."

Apparently, schools are back to phonics, my grandson, in the first grade, is into

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phonics in a big way.

Miss Rooney continues to see many of her former students, all grown up now. Among her well known "little ones," and very successful in town, are Raymond Roncari and Frank Sales and the McComb boys.

A local educator, Paul Miller, former principal, was a contemporary of Miss Rooney.

Mickey Danyluk and his father, Michael Danyluk, were in her second grade over the years, and when we discussed Mickey, she said, "Such a smart boy, its because I had him in the second grade."

Lauretta feels schools today have changed completely from her time, even in the size of the classes.

Her summers were not always spent traveling. She did her share, however.

Lauretta worked at G. Fox, Sage Allen, telephone office and at a drug store.

Traveling has been a part of her life.

She traveled to Cuba, Bermuda, Canada, the Great Lakes, New Orleans and Mexico. "There's nothing like a cruise," she said of her many trips to the Caribbean.

In the old days, she remembers the trollies on Main Street going to Hartford . . . the New York baseball teams coming to Windsor Locks to play the locals.

And one very interesting item she remembers that wouldn't happen today: one of her neighbors, Mike Sullivan and her father, would clear a path through the snow on Olive Street, so the kids could get to school. There were no buses in those days.

When it came time to retire, Lauretta was given a big party at the Mountain



Lauretta Agnes Rooney, a second-grade teacher in Windsor Locks for over 40 years, stands with friends. Miss Rooney retired from teaching in 1968.

Lauretta in Enfield and it was then time for her to keep busy with hobbies: sewing and knitting, a talent her mother taught her.

She said during World War I, "I knitted sleeveless sweaters for the soldiers." Today, she still knits some, but tends to read more and work crossword puzzles.

Lauretta also looks forward to the holidays.

Christmas and Thanksgiving are big family affairs, especially with all her grand nieces and nephews. "Birthdays are big in our family," she said.

The Lauretta Rooney story would not be complete without some words on another lady from Olive Street, Ella Tambussi Grasso.

Ms. Grasso grew up next to the Rooney home and Lauretta said, "Ella spent many an hour in our house. She was an only child and we had six girls in the house. She was a very friendly girl and (like the rest of Windsor Locks) I am very proud of her. She was brilliant."

Lauretta Agnes Rooney, like many in the teaching profession, gave of themselves in a very special way.

The teacher from Olive Street believes in the golden rule "do unto others, as you would have them do unto you."

She has no regrets.

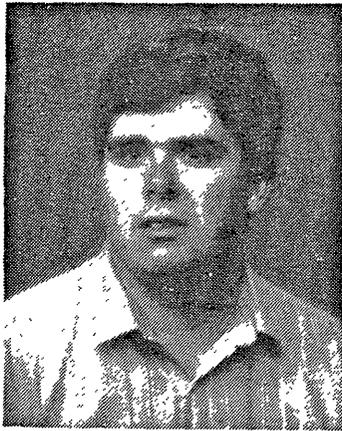
She did "the things I was interested in," she said.

The second grade students before Raymond Roncari and after Mickey Danyluk were the true beneficiaries of Miss Rooney's interests and teaching skills.

Her Own Legend

Hancock Won't Let

Mark Kenneth Hancock does everything in a big way. The Windsor Locks native is involved (on the local scene) in the Little League, high school football, as a college student at



Mark Kenneth Hancock

UConn and employed at the Hartford Civic Center for all the big events. Mark (on the national and international scene) plans to attend the 1988 winter Olympic Games in Calgary, Alberta, Canada and has high hopes of viewing the summer games next year in far off Seoul, South Korea. He has tried out for several popular television game shows and probably has the record of being in the audience of more shows than the average person watches in a week. And most of the shows were in Los Angeles.

The friendly young man takes all these activities in stride, with a happy-go-lucky attitude, and says he plans to attend law school in the near future. Mark does a lot of interesting things most of us just think

When not writing for tickets (to the shows) Mark is a steady viewer of "ALF," "Newhart" and "Murder She Wrote." He is into sports, with Montreal and the local Whalers as his favorites in hockey, LA Rams in football and the Dodgers in baseball. He has always had an interest in the Olympic Games. As mentioned, he is all set for the winter games. When asked who he most admired, he said, "Peter Ueberroth (now Commissioner of Baseball) for the great job he did at the 1984 LA games . . . a man with a strong personality."

With the philosophy that "it never hurts to try" and to "take opportunities (as they come), because you might not have the chance the next time around," Mark enjoys being part of popular television shows and the involvement in local and national sports for most of his young lifetime.

Call it "different strokes for different folks," Mark is his own man and has taken those opportunities as he saw them. Like Mr. Ueberroth, he has a strong personality — a quick smile, enterprising — that's what makes Mark Kenneth Hancock tick.

about and wouldn't even attempt — the pace might be too much. Most folks in town might remember that two years ago Mark ran for first selectman as an independent, at the age of 18 (more on that later).

The big boy (figures he could play lineman for the Giants or Bears) is the son of the late Kenneth Hancock and Margaret Norris Hancock. Mark lives with his mother on Denslow Street (but the house faces southwest, which sure must be confusing to a new mail carrier).

In the vital statistics department, Mark said he was the first resident of town to be born (in Hartford) after the first of January in 1967.

Mark's father, who passed away in 1982, was retired from the AAA Aircraft Supply and Adams Aircraft. Mark said his father was proud of his part in the installation of lights on the runway of Bradley Field. The Hancock family is well known in other areas — his late uncle, Frank Hancock, operated Franks Restaurant at Elm and Route 75 for years, and his uncle Al runs the Dairy Queen on Route 75.

OUR YOUNG MAN on-the-go attended Southwest School and graduated from the local high school in 1985. Mark was president of his sophomore class, took part in the senior class play, "Annie Get Your Gun," and was manager of the girl's tennis team for two years.

Since 1981 (and up to the present), Mark has kept the stats for the high school foot-

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ball team, reporting the results after each game to the local papers. That was in line with his nickname of "Scoop," given to him by the players of the indoor hockey league when he was a minor official.

Mark played little league (minors) as a young boy and today is still involved as the announcer at Pesci Park and as director of publicity, umpire and the Senior League player agent. For some time, basketball had played a role in Mark's never-ending list of activities; he served in the town Recreation Department's program as a coach and referee.

While at UConn (in Storrs), where he attended the first year, he was in the "work/study" program. He majored in math, but the past two semesters, he switched to a more convenient West Hartford UConn branch, with history as his main course.

Mark is currently a part of the security force at the Civic Center, "whenever there is an event." He is given many jobs — taking tickets, as a guard, whatever; at shows where Frank Sinatra, Whitney Houston, the Whalers, when the circus comes to town and the assorted rock stars perform.

Just out of high school, Mark entered the political arena, when he petitioned as an independent candidate for the town's First Selectman position, admitting, "I did it as a lark, and (I heard) a lot of people were upset." He managed to secure the necessary 42 signatures and was on the ballot. Mark received 38 votes on election day. "I don't have that many relatives, so some people voted for me," he said. To be fair, Mark had his serious side, adding, "I did endorse the issue of a Town Council, and (really) wanted to see how the different parties reacted." Today, Mark admits he is now on the GOP side of the fence.

THOSE TELEVISION SHOWS — just to give you a sample, Mark has seen the following: "Hour Magazine," "Let's Make A Deal," "The Price Is Right," "Hollywood Squares" and "The Tonight Show." Mark has combined vacation time (in LA) with the shows and has tried out to be a contestant on "Wheel of Fortune," "Sale Of The Century" and "Jeopardy." Twice, he has taken the test for "Jeopardy" and failed; he said, "the questions are tough."

Closer to home, in New York City, he has been in the audience of the CBS Morning Program and met one of the hosts, Mariette Hartley, after the show. He said, "Ms. Hartley was pretty and very nice to talk to; she also lives in Connecticut."

Opportunity Pass By

Mary Little Luscinskaskas has journeyed to Ireland on two occasions; once with friends, the next time with her two sons, Tom and Bill.

The pleasant lady from Grove Street has a great deal of Irish heritage, with names like Devine, Kennedy, Connolly and her own maiden name of Little. On one of her trips, she found where her great-grandparents lived in famed Galway Bay.

The interview might have been called one-sided; Mary spoke mostly about her four children, not about herself, and fond memories of her late husband, Frank Luscinskaskas, and father, Thomas Little, for their accomplishments and contributions in World War II, business and state and local politics.

Mary Little was born in Hartford, moved to Thompsonville with her parents at the age of two and when she was six, the Little family came to 117 Grove St. where she still resides with two of her four children. Mary attended St. Mary's School and in 1935 graduated from Chaffee School in Windsor, today the Loomis-Chaffee School. She participated in soccer, track and basketball, before girl's sports were accepted, as in today's school system, only to say, "For us girls, it was compulsory."

After Chaffee, Mary entered Morse School of Business to learn the skills of a secretary. She quickly used those skills in two positions before joining Dexter's as their only secretary at the time. She stayed over three years the first time around. After her husband Frank passed away, Mary returned to the local company for the next 15 years.

FRANK LUSCINSKAS GREW UP in Suffield. He served with distinction in two wars and in the National Guard. The past commander of the American Legion in Warehouse Point was with the US Air Force as a gunner in World War II; flying in a B-24 over Rumania, he had to bail out, was captured by the Germans and liberated after the war ended. He received the Purple Heart and Air Medal, continuing his service in the Korean War. Locally,

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Frank was a member of the VFW, Knights of Columbus and Rotary Club.

After the second world war, he operated his own oil business in Warehouse Point. As a member of the National Guard, Frank had business with the Dexter Company, and while there met his future bride; Mary Little. They were married at St. Mary's Church in 1950.

Frank and Mary had four children — Thomas, Sarah, William and Mary Ann. Tom, a graduate of the local high school in 1969, is employed by the Hartford Insurance Group. He received a degree from Central Connecticut and Masters in accounting from Bentley. Sarah, who lives in Wethersfield, is also an employee of The Hartford and received a degree in education from Southern Connecticut. Sarah graduated from Our Lady of Angels in 1970, now Longview Catholic High School.

Bill's senior year at the Raider School saw him as co-captain of the basketball team, along with Joe Flynn. He graduated from Northeastern after a year at Central, where he also played basketball. Bill received his doctorate from Boston University in biochemistry. Today, Bill and his wife, Belinda Louis Luscinskaskas, also a grad of Northeastern and a civil engineer, live in Milton, Mass., south of Boston. Bill continues his basketball playing and is a big fan of the Celtics. He is currently at the Harvard Medical School and Brigham and Women's Hospital and Resident Fellow in Pathology.

AS MENTIONED, MARY IS very family oriented, and rightfully so, with the Little family leaving its mark in state and local politics. Her father, Thomas Little, served three terms in Hartford as the town's representative in the late 30s. As a member of the Democratic party, Mr. Little served on the board of finance in town, as well as tax collector and was active in the Boy Scouts. As a representative, Mr. Little was on the banking committee and employed in

a brokerage house in Hartford. During World War II he worked at Pratt and Whitney. Like his son-in-law, Mr. Little was in the oil business for some years. Mary's mother was Elizabeth Devine Little, her grandparents were Michael Little

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Margaret Kennedy Little.

More on Mary Little Luscinskaskas: She was active in her own right, as past president of the Windsor Locks District Council of Catholic Women. Mary was a golfer, mostly at East Granby's Copper Hill, only to say, "I was a Class 'C' golfer," making no mention of her nine-hole score. In 1974, she made her first trip to Ireland with friends; the second trip, four years later,

with sons Tom and Bill. She was proud to say the threesome rented a car, driving all over southern Ireland, visiting the family homes of the Devines and Connollys. In 1981 she made a trip to Europe with friends seeing the countries of Germany, France, Austria and Switzerland. This year the lady from Grove Street toured the Canadian Rockies.

Mary Little Luscinskaskas lives "each day as it comes." She is proud of her family and their contributions in the town and state. She realizes the name of "Little" is passing from the scene, but feels local old-timers would certainly remember the name and their deeds. Her son, Tom, is named Thomas Little Luscinskaskas, who, when asked for a few words to describe his mother, said "My mother is always there when we need her."

The Name of Little



The Luscinskaskas (from left): Tom, Sarah, Mary, Bill and Mary Ann.

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Isn't Such A Little Thing

"Everything will turn out for the best."
Favorite saying of Howard's mother,
Minnie Aspinwell of New Milford.

Howard Herbert Aspinwell can be best described as multi-talented. He is the father of two active sons, which he feels to be his foremost responsibility; a self-styled "workaholic," though not in the true sense of the word; the greens keeper of Paul Drive; veteran employee of Hamilton-Standard; he's involved in the local Cub Scout program; and just to keep his active life complete, he has served a faithful eight years on the town's Zoning Board of Appeals.

For Howard, the above credentials are part of his work habits, a fact substantiated by his wife Barbara. Howard and Barbara, she from Springfield, have been married since 1969 and local residents for 15 summers. Howard grew up in Washington, Conn., which he said "was a small town." When he graduated from the local high school in 1956, there were "30 students graduating, making it the largest class" in the school's history.

The quiet man from Washington was born in nearby New Milford, which is south of Litchfield. Howard played basketball for the high school, though his biggest accomplishment was as newspaper carrier for the Waterbury Republican. It required him to ride his bike seven miles each day, a story he's not afraid to tell his sons, as all fathers will remind their children of the olden days; especially when Howard's oldest boy, Todd, has a paper route with the Courant, that obviously does not cover seven miles in one day.

HOWARD IS THE SON of the late Howard Aspinwell and Minnie Aspinwell, who still resides in New Milford. After high school, Howard entered the world of aircraft, as an apprentice at the Pratt and Whitney plant in East Hartford. He served three years as a "jet engine metalsmith" before switching over to Kaman for the next five years. In 1963, Howard joined Hamilton and today, after 24 years, is the supervisor of manufacturing engineering.

Howard Aspinwell:

CORRECTION

MISSPELLING: In last week's 'Cabbages and Kings' article, Howard Aspinwall's name was spelled incorrectly. The Journal regrets the error.

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

Barbara Smith graduated from Classical High School in Springfield, the year her future husband started work at Hamilton. She entered Bryant College in Providence, R.I., earning an associate degree in executive secretariate courses. She soon put her new talents to work at Hamilton. She stayed five years and then joined Combustion Engineering for another half decade. It was at Hamilton where Barbara met Howard. She recalled, "We sat near each other, at work," but it was some time before Howard made the right moves toward courting Barbara.

They were married in 1969, lived in Enfield for a few years and moved to Windsor Locks in 1972. The year they married, Howard began a tough schedule: the role of a new husband; working days; and going to college at night. It all paid off. 10 years later, he received his bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering from Western New England College.

Howard and Barbara have two sons; Todd, age 12 and Mark, age 10. Todd is in the middle school, was a Cub Scout, plays soccer and Little League and the trumpet in the school band. Playing an instrument is a family hobby. Mark, a student at the South School, plays the saxophone in the band. He's also into soccer and Little League. To complete the musical picture, their mother is the piano player in the family, while dad has been providing music from his accordion since he was a kid. Dad is also active on the local sport scene as a former coach and manager in the Little League, and currently, as publicity agent for the entire league.

ON THE SUBJECT OF INVOLVEMENT, both Howard and Barbara are active in the Cub Scout program, specifically Troop 201, for the past three years. Howard supplies the activity agenda for the Cubs and "doing everything but being the Cub Master," as that position is held by Peter

Maltese.

Howard finds the time to work on his lawn, which includes the landscaping, and as a true greens keeper, he fertilizes "six times a year." He makes sidewalks for friends and probably his "big" hobby is "having a hammer in my hand." Just to keep up with the latest technology, Howard has a home computer. He said, "When I

retire, I'll have plenty to do . . ." That's when Barbara described her husband as a "workaholic, but not in the true sense of the word." Adding, she said, "He makes work for himself. When he starts a job, he doesn't stop until its finished;" especially around the house.

Baseball runs in the family. Barbara, as
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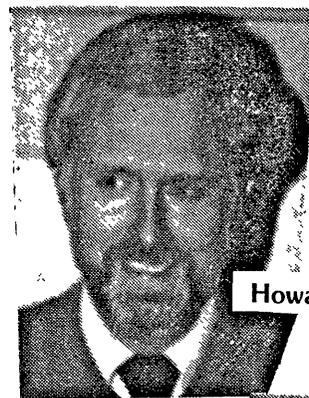
a young girl in Springfield, grew up in a "Red Sox home." Her parents, Paul and Eleanor Smith, are die-hard fans, and this loyalty has been passed on to Todd, Mark and Howard. Going to Fenway Park is a yearly treat for the family. Going to Florida and the Cape is another family affair. Howard and Barbara honeymooned in Hawaii and returned to the far-off state for the second time around to see the beauty of Waikiki Beach.

On the local political scene, Howard is a former member of the Democratic Town Committee and has been a full member of the town's Zoning Board of Appeals for the past four years and as an alternate for four years before fully serving on the eight-member committee, headed by Joseph Becker. Howard takes his role on the board very seriously, saying, "I feel property owners should be given a chance to seek relief (from zoning regulations) if such regulations are a hardship."

Epilog:

Howard Herbert Aspinwell wears many hats. Probably the most serious hat he wears is when he is with his boys, saying, "I feel very strongly about my time (spent) with my sons." That's why he is involved in the Cubs and Little League. Years ago he was a new husband, a worker and student. Today, being a father is his biggest role.

Todd and Mark will remember "how wonderful it was to have a father like him (you). And knowing that his love is always there; remembering the good times, the laughter and caring and thinking of the fun we still share."



Howard Aspinwell



with his two sons,

Mark (left) and Todd (right).

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, DECEMBER 11, 1987

The Man Wears Many Hats

At Home and a Business on Spring Street

Phil Giannelli has had many interests in his lifetime. The interests have been a mix of motorcycles to boating to making a living at working on cars. Just last month, the family celebrated 25 years of having lived at the same spot on Spring Street . . . Phil's Automotive Services is also there, where pop, mom and their two sons serve the public.

The complete story of this New York City native (Queens), a soft-spoken man, is one of family, service to his country and his adopted town of Windsor Locks. Phil's wife of 30 years, the effervescent Mary Ann Basile Giannelli, is a true native girl ("I love it"), who was born and raised on Spring Street.

Mary Ann's late father, Tony Basile, was a local shoemaker for four decades, whose familiar business was directly across from St. Mary's Church. Mr. Basile didn't have far to go for lunch, as the Basile home was and still is next to St. Mary's Church and Rectory. Today, Mary Ann's mother, Anna Christopher Basile, who, like her husband, was from Springfield, still resides on Spring Street next to Phil, Mary Ann and her four grandchildren — Cecilia, Peter, Anthony and Anna. The house, at 50 Spring St., according to Mary Ann is 135 years old.

When we talked, a few days after Thanksgiving, the Giannelli Christmas activities were already in motion . . . candles in the window, a beautiful tree, complete with lights and ornaments, in the center of the living room. With the start of the church's Advent season, it also marked the start of the "it's-beginning-to-look-like-Christmas" time for the Giannelli family.

FIRST THINGS FIRST . . . before the boy from the big city met the girl from the small town. Phil Giannelli grew up in Queens, the largest borough of New York City, on Long Island, where he played as a kid in the area where the famed J.F. Kennedy Airport is located. Phil was the son of the late Peter and Cecilia Giannelli. He has a brother, Eddie, still living in the city, and a sister, Angie, who resides on Long Island. Their parents came from Bari, Italy, were married in the States and then settled in Queens.

Phil played "a little baseball" but was more interested in cars and motorcycles. Says Phil, in regards to where he used to drive for fun, "When I was a kid, Queens was like West Granby; wide open. But today that's a different story . . . all built up, with JFK, Shea Stadium and where the old World's Fair grounds was located."

He graduated from Woodrow Wilson High School in 1946. Jobs were not easy to come by, so he joined the Army Air Corps, serving in Mississippi, Colorado and Michigan. With the war over, Phil received an early discharge. He figured with his training in automotive repairs, taught to him by

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

the service, and the new apprentice job on Long Island, he was all set. But in 1951, he was called back, this time by the Army, and found himself a part of the Korean war. After a few months stateside, Phil was off to the cold winters of Asia. He was discharged in 1953, and this time, came back to a civilian job, working with several car dealers around Queens.

AND HOW DID THE BOY from New York City meet the Windsor Locks girl? On a blind date. Phil came to Springfield to visit an old friend and found out an Army buddy was to marry a cousin of Mary Ann Basile. Arrangements were made for Phil and Mary Ann and some others to attend a show at the Old State House Theater in Hartford. Mary Ann remembers it was "Bill Haley and the Comets . . . and I didn't care for the show." But obviously she cared for Phil. The courtship became a back and forth routine — Queens to Windsor Locks and back. Phil says, "Gas was cheap in those days. I would leave on Sunday night, sometimes sleep in my car at a North Haven rest stop . . . after a few winks, I'd continue my trip to New York, just in time to go to work on Monday morning." Young folks do those things, especially when in love. The story gets better. "After I got the ring," Mary Ann added, "my father allowed Phil to stay overnight." They had met in November 1955 and were married in May 1957 at St. Mary's Church.

Some background on Mary Ann . . . she attended St. Mary's School in town, St. Joseph's Cathedral High School for years and graduated from Our Lady of Angels in 1952. She worked for the telephone company, and locally, for the late Dr. William N. King Sr., until the children were born. And the children . . . first, Cecilia, married to Mark Koropatkin, a computer programmer in Hartford. Cecilia is a graduate of OLA and is a medical secretary.

Peter is a graduate of Prince Tech; and Anthony of Windsor Locks High School. Both work at the family business on Spring Street. Anna, like Cecilia and their mother, is a graduate of OLA and is employed by the Hartford Insurance in Windsor. The Giannelli children were all named after their four grandparents.

ONCE MARRIED. PHIL AND MARY ANN settled down



Phil and Mary Ann Giannelli.

at 50 Spring St. It meant Phil would have to leave his work in Queens, but he was ready for Windsor Locks. He went to work for an Oldsmobile dealer in Enfield for a year, then went over the river to Balch's for five summers. In November 1962, he opened his own business in automotive services, saying, "I had earned my stripes in the business." As mentioned, Peter and Anthony work right along with Dad and Mary Ann has gotten into the act, as she said, "I'm Phil's accountant."

When Phil is not at his place of business, you might find him and his sons riding their motorcycles. Phil is also into fishing, on his own boat, on Long Island Sound or working in the family garden. It was noted, "The garden is Phil's, however he gets kind advice from his mother-in-law" on garden strategy. A few years back, Phil took flying lessons, has soloed, but admits that he got lost over Long Island Sound on one occasion. He still has a vast interest in airplanes. He's been a member of the local VFW (Mary Ann is in the Auxiliary) and considered the organization just "fine." He enjoys making the "rounds at veterans hospitals."

The Giannelli Family Revisited

This is the second in a two-part series.

The story of Phil Gianelli, a New York City native and resident of Spring Street, continues with more on his wife of thirty years, Mary Ann Basile Gianelli. Mary Ann is a true native girl (and "I love it") and has always been involved with St. Mary's Church, saying, "I love St. Mary's . . . the church is a big part of my life." She has worked "around the church and is a member of the choir." At home, she practices the church songs on the family organ,

with its proper place in the living room. When not working, singing or keeping house, Mary Ann is into "exercise and walking."

One of the benefits of being part of the Mobile gas organization is that Phil and Mary Ann have taken in the yearly conventions of the fuel industry, and their recent trip to Las Vegas was a big thrill.

As mentioned, the Giannelli family is ready for the Christmas season. They always celebrate with the "old Italian tradition of a fish supper the night before Christmas."

Looking back at his life, Phil said, "I guess my philosophy has always been . . . work hard, play hard . . . try to live each day to the fullest." One man who certainly lived life to the fullest, and is greatly admired by Phil is General and President Dwight D. Eisenhower. He was "great" in Phil's eyes. The same word was given Phil by his own Mary Ann.

EPILOG

There is an Italian toast in a picture frame that has a prominent place in the Giannelli home and it bears repeating in this story of Phil, Mary Ann and their four children: "An Italian Toast . . . May your life be like a good wine . . . Tasty, Sharp and Clear . . . And like good wine . . . May it improve with every passing year . . . Salute."

CORRECTION

'CABBAGES AND KINGS': In last week's Cabbages and Kings it was incorrectly stated that Philip Giannelli has lived on Spring Street in Windsor Locks for 25 years. Mr. Giannelli has a place of business on Spring Street, which has been there for 25 years. The Journal regrets the error.

Christmas Time is Truly The Best of Times

It has finally arrived, Christmas, 1987. It's been a long year. A year of trouble — in the stock market, on the religion side with the Bakkers, on the political side with Hart, Ginsburg and Bork, and we can't forget Mr. North. Forget them; it's Christmas time, and a new year is just around the corner.

I love the holidays. You have to admit that folks feel better and act better at this time of the year. The parties, the presents,

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

the family getting together — who could ask for anything more?

But what about past Christmases? Maybe one shouldn't look to the past, but

the present. Of course, we haven't got anything to compare the present to, only the past.

I remember past Christmas days, the lean ones in the depression years, but maybe I should forget. It was the time of only one gift, the big one. (It was all our folks could afford.) I remember one present, a big red fire engine. I loved it; I played with it for years. Actually lost sight of it after going to the Army in 1943. Oh yes, the war years. I spent Christmas Day 1944 on a ship in the Pacific. It's my birthday — not Christmas Day — Christmas Eve. One of the boys got the cook on the ship to bake a cake, just for me. It was a treat.

1945: The war was over; I was on Guam. Christmas, I forgot. But the next year, I was in San Francisco with my new bride for our first Christmas. In 1947, our oldest daughter, Nancy, had her first Christmas, still in the city by the bay.

1953: We were back home in Connecticut. Our second daughter, Pat, was born two weeks before Christmas Eve. It was a great Christmas with the kids, and after all, Christmas is for kids.

AND THEN THE grandchildren: a second Pat in the family, Michael, Kevin and now little Lindsey. Someone once wrote, "the good old days, the past, tradition are always a good starting point in the search for a little comfort and joy." The grandchildren are the best starting point. They are from our own kids. Think about it. That's probably why we think they are so great; the grandkids are from our kids. The joy of Christmas morning is the tree and all those gifts. A fireplace is a nice setting. Be it Duxbury, East Granby or Windsor Locks — I have no favorite — just being with the family is the best of times.

Years ago, when I was a kid, you left cookies and milk for Santa. Not today; you probably leave him some computer all set for him to find out where he goes next, how many houses he has already been to; well you get the idea. But, you know, Christmas really hasn't changed a bit. Kids still believe in Santa Claus, and they better in my family. I still do. About 10 years ago, I wrote another Christmas C&K to my oldest grandchildren, Pat and Mike Deshaies now of Duxbury, Mass., telling them, "Yes, Patty and Mike, there is a Santa Claus." I used the old Virginia route. Patty, now a freshman at Boston College, still has that column in her room. It's something she might share with her own kids some day. I hope so.

DURING MY YEARS writing "C and K," I have written columns concerning my grandchildren: Pat and Mike, as mentioned; one for Kevin Creech ("Christmas Sure is Confusing") and last year, "Writing of Her First Christmas." This year, Lindsey Creech should really get excited when she comes down the stairs to the three, her brother, her parents and all those gifts.

Christmas, I'm sure, means different things to different people. Some folks only look forward to the gifts, others, to the family, all part of the day. However, we mustn't forget the true meaning — the birth of Christ.

To me, Christmas is a special time of the year. Let me wish you all in Windsor Locks the merriest Christmas. May you receive what you want under that tree tomorrow morning.

The year is almost over — as we said in the beginning, a year of trouble. It's all behind us. Enjoy the holidays. To me, you are all kings and queens. God bless.

Good Wishes Offered For the New Year

Some words to live by in the new year:

Head of the household: "We jingle the bells in December and juggle the bills in January."

Bartender to customer: "If you're driving home, make this a nixed drink."

"Some of those New Year's Eve hangovers last longer than some of those New Year's Eve resolutions."

"Make this an ecological New Year: recycle those resolutions."

With this in mind, a few lines on local people and what they may want starting tomorrow:

Mike Fusick: Another world championship for his Minnesota Twins.

Aldo Sicbaldi: If his St. Louis Cards make the 1988 series, to play four games in the home field.

Art Bruneau and Dick Barthel: To stay

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

in the Little League program, it needs faithful guys like yourselves.

Mickey Danyluk: To keep doing for others — and smell the roses along the way.

Jay Szepanski: To keep "501" first in line and your number one hobby.

Bob Pohorylo: May your next catch be the biggest fish in the lake.

Peter Slomcinsky: Keep calling those balls and strikes.

Stanley Downs: That the 1988 reunion of the USS Gatling be the best.

Tom McKenna and Gina Cangemi: Much success in college sports and the years

ahead.

Wasył Szykula: To keep singing those great songs of your ancestry.

Keith Griffin: To keep writing those interesting stories on sports and the latest in automobiles.

Cliff Randall: To work with John and Ed for the town's benefit.

John Dowd: To work with Cliff and Ed for the town's benefit.

Mark Hancock: To be on "Wheel of Fortune" and at the winter Olympics as spectator.

Coach Dan Sullivan: A banner year for the Raider teams.

Savage Family: Keep that good sound coming from the bandstand.

Ed Brazalovich: Maybe 1988 is the year of the return of the Yankees.

Tom Cooney: Another hole-in-one at Cop-

per Hill in 1988.

Mike Wrabel: May all the snowstorms in 1988 be little ones.

Fran Aniello: Keep up those hopes for another championship year for our little league team.

Joe Fiore: Keep doing what you do — always for others.

Mary Pernigotti: Another banner year as president of the Senior Citizen Club.

Father Lee W. Hellwig: Welcome to Windsor Locks, home of World Champions, Bradley and, especially, St. Robert's.

Howard White: Keep those stories of Windsor Locks past coming; it's quite a town.

Leo Bravakis: May Sean follow in your footsteps on the diamond.

Someone once said, "Stir the eggnog, lift the toddy, Happy New Year, everybody."