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Meet R. Mark Grant — Board’s New Republican

"Education is not to reform students or amuse them or to make them expert technicians. It is to unsettle their minds, widen their horizons, inflame their intellects, teach them to think straight, if possible."

R. Mark Grant is a man who "loves a challenge." As the newest Republican on the town's Board of Education, the next four years should give the Maine native the opportunities for new challenges facing Windsor Locks and other communities, as we enter the last of the 80s, in the field of education.

Mark's own education was a coast to coast affair. Born to Bob and Betty Grant in Houlton, Maine, Mark, at the age of five, moved to Long Beach, Calif., with his parents. His father had left the cold of Maine for the sun, to work at the Douglas Aircraft Corp.

In California, Mark went from kindergarten to the 8th grade, remembering, "I enjoyed California, however, looking back, we all wanted to return to New England." Adding, "We really liked this area too much, to say on the west coast."

In 1964, the Grants returned to New England. Their first stop was Windsor Locks and there they made their home. It was just in time for Mark to begin high school. Mark played basketball under Dan Sullivan and performed on the track team for Pete Sarant. He graduated in 1968, and four years later, received an engineering degree from Brown University.

At Brown, Mark was involved in track for a short time, but decided he had enough and switched to the English form of football ... Rugby.

In his junior year, he married Kathy Parry. Kathy and Mark had met at a local KofC dance, during their high school days. Kathy, who grew up in Windsor Locks, is the daughter of Marion and Dave Parry. She graduated from Mt. St. Joseph's in West Hartford, and is a 1971 grad from the Hartford Hospital School of Nursing as a registered nurse.

THE GRANTS first lived in Providence (his final year at Brown) and in North Stonington for three summers, Colchester for over a year and the past decade in Windsor Locks.

After graduation from Brown, Mark worked as a test engineer on submarines for Electric Boat. During the three years at EB, Mark made a trip on a sub, going out into the Atlantic and down the east coast.

He said, it really wasn't any different, the testing on dry dock, then hundreds of feet under the surface. In 1976, he and his family moved to Windsor Locks, where he joined Hamilton-Standard. Today, Mark Grant is a senior marketing engineer.

For some insight to the newest GOP on the Board of Education: How did Mark become interested? In 1982, he served as vice-chairman of the Citizens Committee on Declining Enrollment. Due to the interest and involvement he had showed, as member of this important committee, Mark was asked to be a candidate in last year's election. He was successful and is now serving a four-year term.

How was your first meeting? "Great, it was held the Thursday after Tuesday's election day."

For Mark, the duties and responsibilities of the board are as follows: "As a parent of five (young) students, (I feel) I have a valuable perspective to bring to the board." He went on to say, "(I feel) the board is not political, this appealed to me ... I want to see that the quality (of education) in Windsor Locks is as good as it possibly can be."

There's always time for sports and other family activities with the Grants ... they enjoy the shore, skiing, back-packing and riding their bikes. For the father of this clan, riding a bike is sometimes a daily routine. From March to September (weather permitting), Mark rides his bike to work, not just the few miles from his home to Hamilton, but round-trip by way of Windsor, which by calculation is 25 miles. His personal longest bike ride was from Torrington to New Jersey. When the snow flies, he plays some basketball, racquet ball and just to keep in good shape, uses "Nautilus" equipment.

EPILOG:
It is easy to see that R. Mark Grant believes in the family, physical fitness and strong education in the home and classrooms. With Mark's five children, he would be the first to agree, "widen their horizons, inflame their intellects." In his own words, he said, "Keep them busy and active, let them make choices." Mark is a man who loves challenges ... the Board of Education is his next arena.

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cabbages and kings
By JACK REDMOND

When anyone asks Mark why he is interested in education, he'd probably say ... Kathy and I have five good reasons ... Caren, Sheila, Kevin, Brendan and Bridget. The children, he said, all have different personalities, even the twins, Brendan and Bridget. The children are all swimmers, as members of the Windsor Locks Water Jets. They are all into backpacking and riding bikes, something they share with their parents. For the record: Caren is the oldest at 12, Sheila is 11, both attend the Middle School. Kevin, 8, and Bridget, 7, go to North, while Brendan, also 7, (naturally) attends South. And speaking of swimmers ... Mark is past president and member of the board for the "Jets" and has also picked up the title of Connecticut Swimming Official.

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"Boys and girls will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year than by a private education in five." It is not from masters, but from their equals, that youth learn a knowledge of the world.

James Joseph Johnson, a dedicated educator in public schools his entire adult life, also believes happiness and hard work go together.

The Springfield native was appointed to the Windsor Locks Board of Education after last November's election for a two-year term. (Tracy Ann Reid received the most votes to the board, but due to business commitments, was unable to serve.) Mr. Johnson will serve two years, and at the next municipal election, in 1987, would run unopposed, a fact disclosed during our recent interview session.

Mr. Johnson earned a Business Administration degree from American International College (AIC) in 1959. He grew up on "the hill in Springfield," near the AIC campus. After graduation from Cathedral High School in 1955, he immediately entered college. With degree in hand, Mr. Johnson heard of an eight-week course at Central Connecticut College whereby an individual may obtain a temporary teaching certificate. At the time, he said, "There was a shortage of teachers," and he took the opportunity to change careers.

Mr. Johnson met his wife-to-be, Kathleen Sullivan Johnson, on a blind date while they were both in college. His wife, better known as Kaye, was born and raised in Springfield. Kaye is a graduate of Our Lady of the Elms, an all-girls Catholic college in Chicopee, class of 1960. Three years after their initial date, they were married and lived in Meriden for one year, moving to Springfield and then Agawam, before setting down in Windsor Locks in 1966.

The Johnsons have four children . . . Marybeth, 24; Jimmy, 21; Karen, 15 and Timmy, 8. Karen is a sophomore at the Raider school, while Timmy is a third grader at the South School. Marybeth, an '83 grad of UConn, lives and works in Boston. Jimmy, while in high school, played golf, soccer and basketball. He is now a senior at UConn. Karen is into soccer, tennis and basketball and is also an umpire in the Girls' Softball League. Young Timmy follows and roots for the Yankees and Red Sox, unless they are playing each other. And Timmy, probably the youngest wrestling fan in the area, has seen the world of grunts and growls on TV and by watching matches in Hartford and New Haven.

BACK TO THE father of this Irish clan . . . How does he feel about his new responsibility on the board? "Windsor Locks has a good school system. I feel with my educational background, I have something to offer to the board as a teacher, parent and administrator."

The Johnsons are "into the family," with summer trips to the shore and longer trips to Washington, D.C. and New Orleans. On their 25th wedding anniversary they traveled to Ireland to visit Kaye's parents' homes in Cork and Kerry. Mr. Johnson has a "great interest in sports," rooting for the Yankees, "all the way, ever since the World Series of 1949, when Springfield native Vic Raschi was their star pitcher." The winter months are saved for watching college basketball, especially the teams in the Big East.

Looking back to his youthful days, he felt his parents, Sam and Mary Johnson, both from West Stockbridge, were "the ones who gave him the greatest amount of guidance." He has a very simple but profound philosophy: "Happiness comes from hard work." Mrs. Johnson, when asked if she could use one word to describe her husband, said, "Happy."

The Windsor Locks Board of Education has another new member joining his Republican counterpart, R. Mark Grant. Mr. Johnson is a well-known educator in this area who is aware of his new responsibility. During the campaign, he said the following: "As a board member I would seek input from town residents. It is essential that the needs and concerns of our citizens be expressed. Our energies and finances must be directed toward the improvement of our life in town when legitimate needs and concerns warrant our attention."

Meet Jim Johnson
Meet Police Commissioner
Robert O'Brien

Robert Francis O'Brien might be called a good party man, or better, as they say in politics, the grassroots type.

The Hartford native, called Bob or "OB," by his many friends, has been a member of the Democratic Town Committee since 1969. Bob, with longevity on the committee, recalls the glory days of John Fitzpatrick and John Rabbitt.

In last November's election, he was elected to a six-year term on the Windsor Locks Police Commission. His only elective office previously was as constable, a position held since 1967.

Bob grew up in the south end of Hartford, with its strong Irish and political ties. He was the son of Tom and Mary O'Brien, with four brothers: Howard, Bill, John (currently Democratic Registrar of Voters in Hartford) and Joseph.

Joseph O'Brien, a Windsor Locks policeman in 1968, was killed in the line of duty.

Bob has three sisters: Eleanor, Marion and Ann Marie. Bob's education began in the south end at St. Augustine's, continued at Bulkeley High School. Years later, Bob attended the University of Connecticut, taking courses in leadership, time study and political science.

His working career also began in Hartford, at Royal Typewriter in June, 1946, before going into the service in 1948. Bob is a former U.S. Marine, who served four years, all in the south, at Parris Island and Cherry Point, North Carolina. He was involved in Marine Aviation, after boot training, and stayed on with permanent duty supplying naval and aircraft parts.

Upon discharge Bob rejoined Royal. The next 20 years he was a faithful worker; however, Royal left the area and Bob had to pick up the pieces and find other employment.

The other employment proved to be another steady job for Bob...at Stanadny Diesel Systems. At Stanadny, Bob is also shop steward and chief steward, grievance committee and negotiation committee for Local 937, for more than 10 years. Locally, as mentioned, Bob has been a member of the Democratic Town Committee since 1969 and the Knights of Columbus since 1965. In 1969, Bob became a 4th degree KofC.

Bob O'Brien is not all work and committee oriented— he's very much a family man. Before the family, of course, he had met the woman in his life...Laura Amero O'Brien. Laura, a native of Presque Isle, Maine, came to Connecticut with her sister seeking work in 1953. On one particular night, Laura and some of her friends attended a dance at the Polish Club in Hartford. Before the night was over, Bob and Laura were dance partners. A year later, Bob and Laura set the date for the wedding at his home parish of St. Augustine's.

Since that memorable date, Bob and Laura have been blessed with four daughters...Suzanne, Barbara, Doreen and Lori. The girls all graduated from the local high school. (The O'Briens have lived in town since 1959.) Doreen is employed locally, at the First National district office, while her sisters all work for Hartford Insurance. Suzanne has a daughter, five-year old Heather, in her first year of school at North Street.

Bob is looking forward to serving the town on the Police Commission, headed by Chairman Bob Reid, and other members of the Commission: Larry Matt, Ed Lanati, Guido Maontemerlo and Patsy Ruggiero. This new assignment, in the town's affairs, is "something I wanted to be (involved with) for a long time," said Bob, at the start of his six-year term. He wanted to be part of "setting the guidelines of the Police Department."

With the feeling, "it's never too late," Bob began playing golf last year at Airways Golf Links. For keeping in shape, his daily routine has been long walks with his wife. Spectator sports are limited to television watching the Dallas Cowboys, Yankees and the 76ers on the court. Police shows on television? "Kojak" and "Cagney and Lacey."

Bob is one who sticks to party politics, when asked who he most admired, "It would have to be Senator Abe Ribicoff...a man who cared for people...a good example was his actions during the floods of 1955."

Sunday mornings at St. Mary's, parishioners will find Bob is another fulfilling role, passing the collection baskets, a function of his for the past 25 years, a carryover from the early days at St. Augustine's.

Epilogue:
Bob O'Brien, truly a grassroots member of the political system. The individuals, who work behind the scenes, always there when they need them, never in the limelight, but the people who the Ribicoffs, Rabbitts, Fitzpatricks, and now the Halls, depend on, year round, for the good of the party.

By Jack Redmond

Windsor Locks Journal, January 17, 1986
Larry and Kathy Paul: Into Computers, Zoning

Lawrence A. Paul has been involved in the world of computers for some time. His wife, Kathleen O'Rourke Paul, was appointed last year as an alternate to the town's Planning and Zoning Commission. However, these two endeavors are only part of the story of these two industrious and hard-working individuals.

The beginning of their personal narrative had its roots in two cities. Larry was born in Springfield, but was raised in Enfield. Kathy is from Waterbury.

The congenial couple are the parents of Laura Paul, a 16-year old local swimmer, and they have lived in town since 1971.

Larry, a graduate of the Hartford Regional Tech School and State Tech Institute, in 1959, where he majored in mechanical drawing and tool designing. With this background, Larry has been employed by several companies: Torrington Manufacturing, United Engineering in Springfield, Manchester Tool and Design and currently the Ex-Cello-O firm, in East Windsor.

Kathy graduated from Waterbury's Sacred Heart High School and soon after that, attended and graduated from the St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing, receiving her registered nurse degree in 1967. A year later, Kathy met Larry, by way of introduction by a mutual friend. The following year they were married.

Their daughter, Laura, now a junior at Northwest Catholic High School, is a member of the Windsor Locks Water Jets. The past six years Laura has participated in several swim meets as a member of the U.S. Swim Team of Connecticut. Her mother is treasurer of the Jets.

never actually involved in politics, Kathy has been a Republican alternate on the Planning and Zoning Commission, for the past six months. She looks forward in serving, in what she says, "is protecting the town's zoning regulations . . . and making the best use of the land."

Larry, on the other hand, keeps up with different regulations . . . as a member of the H.U.G.E. (an Apple computer club), which meets at the Y.M.C.A. in East Hartford, talking and discussing with vendors the latest in the world of computers. He calls it his main hobby outside the house. At home, Larry is the "handy-man . . . you name it, he'll fix it," said Kathy.

Not one to let the high cost of food get her down, one of Kathy's hobbies is collecting food coupons and taking advantage of the refunds offered from food companies. She said it really works, and only uses this method of refund from buying groceries.

A FEW YEARS back, Larry was active on the golf links, at Cedar Knob and Red Rock, but had to give it up temporarily, due to medical reasons. In the winter months football is his sport, not playing, just watching for the Green Bay Packers on television. (He's probably the only Packer fan in the area.) The summer months are no problem for the Paul family, with trips to Lake George, and an occasional side trip to watch the ponies at Saratoga. Vacations have always been special . . . where Kathy "taught Larry to relax," obviously away from their busy schedules.
Douglas Joins the Remarkable Moore Family

“A baby is born with a need to be loved... and never outgrows it.”  .

Betty Moore, certainly an authority on babies, said it all... “We are a family, like everyone else... just a little different.”

The difference is only noticed when you first enter the comfortable home of Betty and Charles Moore.

Once inside, you find the Moores a family of 14, Betty and Charles and their 12 children, ages 26 year to 16 months. The youngest, little Douglas, acquired in November from the New York Foundling Hospital, was the center of attraction at last month’s visit to the Moores’ on Deborah Road. It was like “welcoming Douglas” to the town.

Douglas was born without arms and legs. Your feelings instinctively go out to this little boy, with the big eyes and happy face. He was on the floor, propped up by pillows, near the Christmas tree, working a musical picture toy machine with his short, but workable, mechanical arm. Betty’s face lights up when discussing Douglas or any member of her family of four boys and eight girls.

Before love and patience, required to raise and care for the “biological and special children,” some background is in order on two very special people: Charles, a University of New Hampshire graduate (1962), with a business administration degree, was born in Dover, N.H. but grew up in Durham, home of granite. Betty was born in Natick, Mass., lived in Derry and Durham, N.H. all of her young life. She and Charles were “high school sweethearts” during their senior high days.

WHILE CHARLES WAS in college, they were married in 1958, living on campus in student housing provided by the college. After graduation, they moved to Hartford where Charles entered the world of insurance with “little Aetna.” Three years later, he left Aetna, joining Security Insurance. In 1969, he returned to Aetna — Aetna Life and Casualty, that is. Today, Charles is a senior analyst with the large Aetna. The Moores have lived in Windsor Locks since 1964.

The children... with Douglas makes 12. The oldest in the Moore clan is Lisa, 26, a mother of three herself, who lives out of town. Next came the twins, Tom and Julie, 24. Tom, a UConn grad, is now attending Plymouth State College, Plymouth, N.H., as a graduate student.

Steven, 23, lives in Enfield and is a graduate of the Technical Careers Institute. Lora, 20, and Cara, 19, both attend UConn as junior and sophomore, respectively. Both girls played soccer at the Raider High School and, as their brothers and sisters before them, graduated from the local high school. Lora and Cara are pre-veterinarian majors.

Dan, 17, a junior at the high school, played Little League and is currently a member of the school’s track team.

Lia, 15, and Tish, 12, are both in the “Special Education” program at the high school. Judy, 13, is in the same type of educational program at the North Street School. Daisy, 14, an eighth grader at the middle school, plays on the girls’ soccer team.

And Douglas makes 12. Douglas was born Sept. 6, 1984 (the same birthdate of the Moore twins.) Betty, in telling the story of the newest family member, said, “I wanted him to be welcomed to the community (and our family). I also wanted friends and neighbors to meet him,” and, always a mother at heart, adding, “If they want to fuss over him, that’s fine.”

THIS MONTH, Douglas was making his first trip to the Newington Children’s Hospital for what Betty said was his prosthesis treatment (the artificial replacement of a limb... an artificial device used in such replacement).

Are there problems with such a large family? “Of course, we’re very normal,” Betty said. “What about the sleeping quarters?” “As you can see, we have a large house with eight bedrooms,” Charles said with a smile, keeping within his quiet and understanding manner. The meals must be a hectic time? (The Moore kitchen holds a large table, for all still at home.) “No, actually, the older ones take care of themselves and I usually feed the younger ones,” Betty said.

Betty and Charles have two interests outside the family, both with the family in mind. They are active members of the Poquonock Community Church and with a private adoption agency in Bloomfield — Thursday’s Child Inc., where they serve as board members in adoptive and birth parent counseling. Charles also serves as treasurer of the group and Betty as parent-aid.

As part of the home exercise therapy, the Moores have a machine called “Gingerbread Man,” used by the children who may require the treatment. “The Cross Crawl Brain Pattering Machine,” developed in 1981, has the following function — “To imitate walking without gravity in a synchronized movement. This activity not only increases mobility and muscle tone, but re-educates the brain by finding new neural pathways for patients with spinal cord and traumatic brain injury.”

WHEN SCHOOL IS over and time is available, the subject of vacations was next on the list of questions. The Moores enjoy camping “anywhere in New England” (with anyone who wants to come). They did make one big special trip — to Disneyworld. They watch television, of course, with one show the Moores are not about to miss, the "Cosby Show," who, ac...
Bob Bertrand: Involved in His Town

Purchase: "From Old French, po(u)rchacier, purchacier, to pursue, seek to obtain..."

The story of Robert Edward Bertrand is one of family, involvement in civic and youth activities and, certainly, one who "pursues, seeks to obtain," as a steady employee in the purchasing world of Combustion Engineering Inc. for nearly three decades.

Just maybe, Bob entered his chosen field of purchasing because of the French background. His father, Edward Bertrand, now deceased, was a French Canadian. Bob's mother, Margaret Eno Bertrand, is a resident of Florida.

Bob was born in Hartford's French section of "Frog Hollow." However, his youth was spent in two locations — first in Worcester at St. Ann's French Boarding School, operated by nuns from Canada teaching Canadian students.

For the summer months, Bob returned to Windsor to live with his father. At the age of 12, in 1946, (with his father's passing) he entered St. John's School in Deep River. Upon leaving the school "on the hill," Bob moved to Newington where he graduated from high school in 1952. Bob played soccer at the school, was in the drama club (talents he passed on to his children in later years) and worked on the school newspaper.

Soon after leaving high school, Bob joined the U.S. Air Force, which brought him assignments in various locations in Texas, Georgia and Florida. Bob was involved in pilot training, radar work and as a mechanic. Looking back, the four-year tour of duty was probably highlighted by meeting his future wife, Sula Turner, on a "blind date." Sula, daughter of Wallace and Merle Sasser Turner, was born and raised in Panama City, Fla. Their courtship was followed by two years of dating, disrupted by Bob's discharge in 1956. He returned to Connecticut, with letters and phone calls their only link. However, shortly before Christmas of that year, Sula received a small package in the mail. The package was an engagement ring from Bob. A call to Sula on Christmas Day from the sender made for the longest proposal on record.

She said yes. In August 1957, Sula and Bob were married in her hometown. The newlyweds returned to Connecticut to live in Suffield for the first three years. It was her first trip north and she "couldn't wait for the first snow." She has seen a great deal of snow the past 28 winters. The Bertrands left Southwick for Green Manor in town, and lived there 14 years. Eleven winters ago, they moved to their present home on Elm Street.

DURING THEIR COURTSHIP, with Bob's return to Connecticut, he went to work for Combustion Engineering. Bob was one of the real pioneers at CE, using the facilities of St. Gabriel's School as a temporary working area, until the buildings on Prospect Hill were being completed in Windsor. In 1960, the New York City office staff moved to Windsor, filling the homes in Windsor Locks, Windsor, Enfield and surrounding towns.

Today, Bob is the purchasing policy manager of the CE Customer Service Department. This coming July, Bob will receive his 30-year pin.

Bob and Sula have four children — Sandra, Stephen, Michelle and Shelly. Sandra, the oldest at 24, is married to Russell Collins. The Collins live in Wethersfield. Sandra is a grad of the local high school and attended Eastern for two years. She was the first of the children to be on stage, in the high school senior play "My Fair Lady." Stephen, 23, attended Springfield Tech and now is a salesman for the better beers. Following in his sister's lines, Stephen was in the play "Sugar."

Michelle, 21, attended Asnuntuck and is now employed at the First National Distribution Center on North Street. In high school, not to be outdone by her sister and brother, she was part of "West Side Story." Michelle became engaged on Christmas Eve to Jim Kulas of town. Jim and Stephen Bertrand are both active players in the Indoor Hockey League.

THE FATHER OF the clan has always been interested in town and youth affairs, as shown by his dedication on the Citizen Advisory Committee, Cub and Boy Scouts, where Bob was a scoutmaster for Troop 263. In addition, Bob is a former Jaycee for seven years actively involved in Junior Achievement.

During the interview, on a very cold January evening, Bob was asked the question... who he most admired? "I identified with John F. Kennedy. I guess because of his age (as president) and ideals. He made me feel good." Michelle, who was in the room at the time, asked if it was okay for her to mention someone. Of course... "My grandparents, the Turners (of Waterford, Conn.), because they are very strong people."

EPILOG

Speaking of strong people, Bob Bertrand meets all of life's situations with his own familiar smile — a smile that lights up his face. Bob and I worked together many years at CE. He's one of the nice guys — a family man, who knows the youth and the town needs that extra assistance from its citizens — which he is always ready to give.
Two Valentine Stories: Birds and Youth

If you want to look up history, read the latest book, or whatever, go to your local library.

An old friend, Dolores Dion, was in attendance that cold January afternoon when I decided to find out, once and for all, what St. Valentine was all about and why we send cards, candy or flowers on Feb. 14. That’s today, so you better hurry if you forgot that special person in your life.

Back to the library. My true meaning for going to the Main Street Library was twofold — seek out St. Valentine and meet “Bookums,” the popular cat with pictures to prove how popular.

Dolores, always the congenial and helpful former neighbor, looking more up-to-date than Marion the librarian in the “Music Man,” was only too happy to find what made St. Valentine tick. But first, she said, I must meet Bookums. I did. He’s a large one and with cats I stay my distance, especially one who knows he has a good deal in the quietest stop in town.

ONE HISTORY BOOK listed three St. Valentines: one a martyr, one a bishop and martyr, and another just a bishop. The bishop was not our famous saint. The martyr — a priest of Rome — probably suffered in the persecution of Claudius the Goth (269). This is the Valentine after whom “valentines” are named, a custom said to originate in the popular belief that birds begin to pair on this day (Feb. 14).

The bishop and martyr ... There are references to a martyr named Valentine, who was said to be bishop of Terni (Interamna), some 60 miles from Rome. But he may be the same as the St. Valentine just mentioned (by me and the history book).

So you see, even history isn’t sure. It is sure that there was a St. Valentine. Another questionable fact ... history is not sure of the “belief that birds begin to pair on this day.”

Checking into another book I found the following: One of the special days of the year, which has been observed by the sending of missives, especially by young people, since the 14th century and probably earlier, in very nearly the same manner that it is today.

ITS ORIGIN is uncertain, but two traditions seek to account for it. One calls it a survival of an old Roman February feast called the Lupercalia, when young Romans put into a box the names of young maidens and then drew the names by chance for partners at the coming Lupercalia festival, or as some authorities state, for the coming year.

A second refers to the rural tradition that “about this time of year birds choose their mates, and probably thence came the custom of young men and maidens choosing valentines, or special loving friends on that day.”

Because these two traditions occurred on Feb. 14, the day of the saint, the association with Valentine was established.

History goes on to say ... But this (the names in the box) does not explain the association with lovers. The theory connecting the day with the mating season of the birds seems the most plausible to a modern mind. (Their words, not mine.) The drawing of the names of young men and young women from a box on the day continued for many years after the custom of Christianizing pagan usages had been abandoned.

So now, we all know, unless you met

Please turn to page 16

Telling Two Valentine Stories

Continued from page 13
Bookums and looked up St. Valentine, that the birds or the youth of that day were responsible for all those cards, candy and flowers.

I don’t know about you, but young girls, wives and unmarried and senior citizens still love to receive tokens of affection shown by men.

Each year, I reach back for some familiar words and they seem to meet the required message on St. Valentine’s Day — “Love wasn’t put in your heart to stay, love isn’t love ‘til you give it away.”
Tony Campisi has been a hard-working individual all of his life, with three diverse businesses in town for well over 30 years.

Known to his many friends as just Tony, the story of this friendly man begins in Birmingham, Ala. Yes, in the deep south. It was after leaving there, at a very young age, he became a victim of circumstances.

Tony's father had come to Alabama, from his native Italy, to work and live with a brother. Shortly after his birth, Tony and his family left the states to live in Italy.

It was not an easy existence for Tony growing up in Palermo, the capital city of Sicily. He attended school for a few years, his services were needed more, working on the farm.

In 1940, at the age of 20, his services were also needed for Italy, at the beginning of World War Two. Although an American citizen by birth, Tony was conscripted into the Italian army.

That June, Tony found himself fighting the French on the Maginot Line (fortifications built by France along its eastern borders). After France, Tony returned to Italy, only to go back into fighting, this time in Greece. The British forces pushed the Italians out of Greece, with Tony again returning to Italy. His location was in the northern war zone of Liborno. Tony saw snow for the first time, with not much food to eat or with adequate clothing for a soldier to survive during the winter months.

In 1945, Tony's war was over. The American forces would be the occupation troops and Tony's hopes were never brighter. The circumstances finally went Tony's way ... in December, 1946, he applied for papers to return to the U.S.A.

HE LEFT, after five years of soldiering, with his first stop, New York City, to visit one of his sisters. Not one to take it easy, he soon found work in landscaping. The following year Tony traveled to Thompsonville, Conn. to visit relatives. He immediately went to work for Bigelow.

After 1953, with time in New York and Thompsonville, Tony decided to make a living on his own. Three years before this businesslike decision, Tony met Josephine Romeo, a native of Italy, who at eight months old, left Sicily with her parents, for the states. "Jo," as she is known, grew up in Rockville. Their first meeting was at the famed Crystal Ball Room at Crystal Lake, a place in the late 40s where all the big bands played for the dancing public. Jo and Tony were married at St. Bernard's Church in Rockville, in February, 1950.

Back to Tony's first venture into business ... he opened a package store on Route 75, next to where the Ramada Inn is today. The following year he purchased land across the street, from the store, and after selling the store, opened up a bakery, called "Joanne's." And at this junction of the story ... the children.

THE FIRST-BORN, Joanne, (where they got the name for the bakery), is a grad of Quinnipiac College in Hamden. She is married to John DeGarmo and they live in Florida. After Joanne, came two sons ... Philip and Anthony. The children all attended St. Mary's in town, and are grads of the local high school.

Philip lives in Virginia with his wife Carol, and their two girls ... Christina and Amanda. Philip is a graduate of Western New England. Anthony lives in town and during his high school days played on the soccer team.

More on the family businessman ... in 1966, Tony wanted a break from the daily routine and took some time off. He traveled to Italy to visit his parents. One of Tony's sister still lives in Italy. Another sister resides in Florida. His only brother has passed away.

In 1964, Tony sold the bakery business. Not one to be idle long, Tony did some construction work for a few years. He couldn't stay away. Being an enterprising individual, he wanted to work for himself again, so he opened his third business, Antonio's Pizza in Suffield on Route 159, just over the town line. He served all kinds of pizza for four years, selling out and finally deciding he better return.

Looking back, when asked who he most admired, he said, "My wife Jo ... she always helped in the family business. I couldn't have done it without her ... we worked together as a team."

When Jo and Tony were first married they lived in Rockville for a year, moving to Thompsonville for a two year stay, before settling down in Windsor Locks the past three decades.

Tony laughed, when asked to list his hobbies, "I worked all my life ... and now retired, but I enjoy, just going here and there." Tony did manage to join one organization, Sons of Italy in Enfield, more than 30 years ago. The Campisis have visited Florida and Tony has made several trips to Italy.

And Tony's philosophy..."I'm interested in people, but I remember, you get what you pay for. America, is the best country in the world ... It's been all a dream come true (living here)." What has Jo, his partner in life got to say about Tony? "he's very sociable...he likes to be with people."

EPILOGUE

Tony Campisi turned an unpleasant youthful circumstance, in a foreign land, into a success story as businessman, husband, father and sociable guy in his own land. He found the following to be true, "things turn out best for the people who make the best of the way things turn out."

Tony Campisi — Veteran Businessman in Town
Cates Bring Political Philosophy to Town

"Don't worry . . . everything will turn out right."* 

With Lyle Cate's mother's own philosophy in mind, Lyle and Ruth have found these words so right for them. Their story is one of involvement, learning something new, strong family and civic ties, be it Suffield or Windsor Locks.

The Cate family recently moved to town from our neighbor to the north, and have immediately jumped into action as members of the Republican Town Committee. In addition, Ruth was named to the newly named Charter Commission.

Their individual careers had beginnings many miles apart. Lyle Harrison Cate was born in Nebraska. However, at 7, he moved to Wyoming to live on a corn and cattle ranch in the "Equality State."

Ruth Mather Cate grew up in Warehouse Point, receiving her education at St. Mary's in town, and graduating from the East Windsor High School in 1959.

Kipling was wrong, the twain did meet . . . Lyle left Wheatland, Wyo. (located 76 miles north of Cheyenne) for the state of Idaho where, at the age of 17, in 1942, he joined the U.S. Navy. After boot camp at Great Lakes and some training in Indiana, he became a member of the armed guard on merchant ships up and down the Atlantic coast.

One interesting assignment was on a World War II Liberty Ship, going "around the world," with its main cargo, "Lend-Lease to Iran for the Russians." (The aid program during the war provided food, munitions and other goods to countries against Germany and Italy.)

In 1944, Lyle attended submarine school in New London and was soon off to Cuba and Florida, and eventually discharged in 1946. From Florida, Lyle journeyed to Oregon for employment and to attend college.

In the early '50s, Lyle moved to Connecticut to work at several organizations — over the years . . . Hamilton-Standard, Combustion Engineering Inc. and Bethel, mostly in the purchasing end of these companies. Today, Lyle is employed at Gas Turbine in East Granby, as vendor coordinator, the past five years.

NOW TO THEIR first meeting, back to the early '50s. Ruth Mather was a busy young girl delivering The Hartford Times. One of her customers was Lyle Cate. Twelve years later, there was a chance meeting at a local cleaners, of the Times reader and the now grown-up former paper girl.

In 1972 Lyle and Ruth were married. At that time, Ruth had four children of her own. Lyle had a new wife (he was a widower) and a full family.

A few vital statistics on Ruth's children . . . Larry Moore lives in West Hartford with his wife Shawn. Larry was a music teacher, but today makes his living at the Travelers. Cheryl Pierce is in North Carolina with her U.S. Marine husband, John Pierce, and their three daughters. Todd Moore lives in Warehouse Point and is employed at Gas Turbine. Carol McCarter (at the time of the interview) was waiting for a passport to join her husband, Kevin McCarter, in the U.S. Army in Germany.

After Ruth's children were grown, she went into the labor market. Over the years she was employed at Geissler's, Lindenmeyer's in East Hartford and, today, is assistant credit manager at Rourke-Eeno in Hartford. Ruth has an associate degree in accounting from Asnuntuck Community College.

To give credit where due, Lyle and Ruth are two active people. In Suffield, Lyle served six years on the Zoning Board of Appeals, the GOP Town Committee and as Justice of the Peace. With Lyle it was a working position, "I married a lot of folks."

Ruth served on the Suffield Board of Finance for four years and also on the Economic Development Commission. In Suffield, the Republican rules limited membership to only one member of the family, so the Cates served at different times. At the first meeting last month (of the Charter Commission), Ruth was picked as the secretary.

IN STATE POLITICS, Ruth has already declared for Gerald Labriola for governor, with Lyle undecided.

Lyle enjoys reading and singing. The singing is not your usual shower type. For the past 12 years Lyle has been a steady member of the SPEBSQSA (Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America). This active group has treated people all over the area with their fine tunes.

Ruth sews a great deal, but when she wants total relaxation, moves from the sewing position to the family piano, as she says, "time permitting." In the business world, Ruth is on the board of directors of the National Association of Credit Managers. The Cates have driven cross-country to Oregon and back. However, in New England, the Rhode Island shore is their summer pleasure.

Admiration, of these two friendly newcomers, were for their fathers. Lyle said, "My dad, James Cate, for his outlook and attitude on life itself." Ruth's father, Herbert Mather, "A kind and gentle man, with a great wit . . . he was the Warehouse Point building inspector for many years."

Their philosophies were as diverse as their personalities . . . Ruth saying, "We must learn something new and (most important) be a loving person." Lyle, using his mother's outlook, "Don't worry . . . everything will turn out right." Lyle added, "People must become involved."

Welcome, Lyle and Ruth Cate, to Windsor Locks . . . you have put these words into action.
Looking Back

Arizona and Shuttle Heroes

“To one viewing it for the first time, everything about the West seems exaggerated. The grandeur of the mountains is overpowering; the deserts are limitless. It is truly the land of the big sky. And since communing with nature is far from the least of golf’s joys, playing (or watching) the game in such surroundings can be memorable.”

A funny thing happened on the way to the PGA Phoenix Open (that’s a golf tournament to any non-golfing fans), I was called to serve on jury duty in early January. My civic duty was to be sandwiched between a trip to the land of the sun and days in court on Morgan Street. The daily experience at the intersection of Routes 91 and 84, is one you soon want to forget.

Writing about our Arizona trip makes for a much better subject. We decided in November to go somewhere different in ‘86. So, for the lack of any definite plans, my wife Rita chose the southwest, where she had never ventured. The golf tourney just happened to fall on the weekend we would be in the Grand Canyon state.

During World War II, I had traveled by troop train through the same area on the way to California, and even under those strained conditions the beauty of the state was breathtaking. And what better time than January, to satisfy my wife’s quest for something different.

AS DEVOTEES of golf tournaments (Master’s, U.S. Open, Sutton, Heritage and, of course, the GHO), we felt the Phoenix Open was an opportunity to see Nicklaus, Watson and Fuzzy, and others well known in the world of golf. The past winners of this event include just about every great player produced in this country . . . from Nelson, Hogan and Demaret to Palmer, Littler, Trevino and Miller. The defending champion was Calvin Peete.

We had forgot to check the date for the ‘Super Bowl game, which we found fell on the same Sunday as the Phoenix Open. No problem. The tournament ended, as the Bears started their eventually destroying of the Patriots hopes for victory in New Orleans.

ON THE SUBJECT of faces in the crowd (familiar to the GHO), I had a chance to speak to Ken Green, the only Connecticut pro on the tour, and Peter Jacobson, the first winner at Cromwell in ‘84, and both golfers said they would be at the GHO come the first week of July.

Hubert Green, another GHO steady, began the Phoenix Open with a 63, but the next three rounds were all Hal Sutton, who won the open by two strokes over Tony Sills and Peete. With Sutton on the 18th, it was time for the football fans to view the start of the Super Bowl. (CBS arranged the golf so that the nation to view the Bears and Pats . . . probably they should have forgotten it.)

It was also time to think about going home. On Tuesday, Jan. 28, we were at the Phoenix Airport waiting for our flight to Bradley via Atlanta. And who will forget another flight on that day — Challenger’s fatal trip at Kennedy Space Center.

In many ways, it was much easier to serve on jury duty once I returned to Morgan Street. As we look back in retrospect to the events in late January, a weekend for two fans viewing their favorite spectator sport . . . the carnival for millions watching the Super Bowl in New Orleans, and then on Tuesday, the nation and world watching in sorrow the catastrophic explosion at Cape Canaveral.

EPILOG

The Phoenix Open and the Super Bowl are now statistics on the history pages of sports. (They are only games played by big boys.) Now, we were all thinking and reading the pages of our daily newspapers on the history of seven brave astronauts. They played their game for keeps.

Looking back sometimes is not easy. January 1986 will always have special memories, mostly of the beauty of Arizona, old friends, and the beauty of the words by President Reagan . . . “We saw them . . . prepared for their journey . . . and (then) slipped through the surly bonds of earth, to touch the face of God.”

That’s what we remember . . . looking back to January.
The Marinones: Dancing Together through Life

Dancing... "To move rhythmically to music, using prescribed or improvised steps and gestures."

You would think, after delivering mail on his appointed rounds, Charles Francis Marinone would seek out his favorite chair, relax, read the paper or watch television. Not Charlie. The Windsor Locks native and his wife, Jeanette Hebert Marinone, are usually out dancing, the square or round variety, sometimes several evenings a week, where they can be found moving "rhythmically to music... with prescribed... steps and gestures."

The Marinones have lived the full life: Charlie, with the post office 25 years (28, counting his service time) and working two jobs for years; Jeanette, for the past 14 springs, as cook-manager at the North Street School; parents of seven children and active members of several area dance clubs. Charlie, outgoing, energetic and, according to his wife, "witty, with an answer for everything," was born at number eight Suffield Street. Charlie was the son of Anthony and Jennie Marinone, both natives of Italy. He has a brother, Joe Marinone, the well-known political figure now serving as Second Selectman, and a sister, Lena Fusick. He attended local schools, graduating from the high school, Class of 1945. Charlie Wezowicz was president of his class, with George Colli, Glen Flanders and "Jackie" (Cousineau) Stratton among the 28 grads that year.

During the interview, Charlie brought out the class book, which for him has many fond memories. In the book, Charlie is pictured in a Navy uniform. He did not graduate with his class; he had joined the service at Christmas time, 1944. Charlie served in England and when the war ended there... he was sent to New Orleans to prepare for Pacific duty. The war ended with V-J Day, and Charlie was sent to Florida and discharged, in 1946.

RETURNING HOME, Charlie began an employment record, covering many types of jobs: tobacco farm worker, with Fuller Brush, Combustion Engineering, U.S. Post Office, and for 18 years has supported the employment record, covering many types of jobs. Tobacco farm worker, with Fuller Brush, Combustion Engineering, U.S. Post Office, and for 18 years has supported the

Hobbies for Charlie and Jeanette are many; however, they will drop everything to go square or round dancing. Over the years they have joined several clubs, "meeting such nice people." They are a husband/wife president team of the Windsor Old Townies Club. Jeanette makes her own costumes and keeps everyone informed with a newsletter. When it comes to vacation time, they said, "We take dance weekends in New York, New Hampshire, or wherever."

If not at work or dancing, Jeanette plays the organ and raises flowers. Charlie operates a family garden, which he calls "his bragging place, the best garden in town... be sure to tell all the old-timers that," he added. Another of Charlie's loves is raising beagles. He's a member of the New England Beagle Club. Charlie's philosophy of hobbies: "Go together (husband and wife) on your hobbies." In sports, there is only one team for Charlie, "strictly the New York Giant Football Club."

EPILOG: Charles Francis Marinone has the energy and leg power to deliver mail in his native town. He and his dancing partner, Jeanette, never miss the chance to trip the light fantastic, in their best dancing shoes. They are multi-talented folks, who have raised a large family. When all is said and done, Charlie admitted, "the greatest thing that ever happened to me was meeting Jeanette." That's one statement no one in the Marinone family would argue with.
George and Ellen Quagliaroli —

"Remember that a relationship is a pooling of resources. That means that with each relationship you are not only giving, you are becoming more." — Leo Buscaglia

George and Ellen Quagliaroli are unique people, who have put in practice the sage words of Leo Buscaglia, the famed writer of human relationships.

This interesting and well-traveled husband and wife team have diversified careers, which must make for "How was your day?" somewhat thought-provoking, to say the least.

One of Ellen's recent experiences (in January) was in connection with the disaster aboard the space shuttle Challenger, which began, in a personal way, when she received a letter and picture from the "teacher in space," Sharon Christa McAuliffe, written only days before the tragedy. Ellen shared the famed picture "Reach for the Stars," and letter with her students at Somers Junior High, with George, and the nation with newspaper stories and on national television.

BUT FIRST to this Windsor Locks couple ... George Francis Quagliaroli, our perennial local boy, former town policeman and GI, now state worker, and Ellen Coady Quagliaroli, former state and government employee, and now school teacher.

George, son of the late George and Esther Quagliaroli, (George has one brother and three sisters) grew up in Windsor Locks, graduating from the high school in 1952. He was the president of his class (31 students), and played baseball and basketball. George's father, a native of town, ran a meat and grocery store on Oak Street in partnership with that grand old man, the late Sam Draghi. Esther Flattery Quagliaroli, known to so many as just "Humpty," was from Fitchburg, Mass. She was well known in town for her involvement in promoting the dances and events for the Youth Council in town, with the assistance of another popular lady, Ella Grasso.

Ellen Coady was born in West Haven, the daughter of Edward and Helen Coady. She has three brothers and a sister. When Ellen was 10 years old, the family moved to West Hartford. Ellen graduated from Conard High School in 1963. Four years later, she received a degree in political science from the University of Connecticut. Several years later and after many miles of travel to far-away places, Ellen earned her master's in public administration from the University of Hartford.

GEORGE AND ELLEN'S employment records have been far-reaching, different than the usual 9 to 5 routine and, to both, very satisfying. However, it took years before they settled down to their permanent positions, she as a school teacher and he in the state's judicial system.

George worked in Suffield with the American Tobacco Co. for a few springs before entering the U.S. Army in November 1954. After basic training at Fort Dix, N.J., he was off to Germany. While there, he took in the great cities and countries of Europe. He was discharged in October 1956, returning to his home town.

George worked at Pratt and Whitney for a year, and did something "I always wanted to do" — joined the Windsor Locks Police Department. He was a regular for nearly 10 years, advancing to the rank of sergeant. He liked being an officer of the law but was given an offer he just couldn't refuse — working for the State of Connecticut in the Judicial Department. Today, George is in the administration of the Family Division.

Ellen began in the state service, with Civil Defense, for a two-year stay. She left Connecticut to work for the U.S. government in Washington, D.C. She described her position as a "good job...I loved it...I was involved in urban planning."

Planning — that meant extensive traveling to Europe and Russia in 1970, studying housing and subway systems. Three years later, in the midst of her study for a master's, Ellen became a part of the third group to go to China after its opening to the United States. President Nixon was the first to travel to the Great Wall, followed by Shirley MacLaine, the actress, and her all-women group.

Ellen's job as teacher took on different positions, she as a school teacher and he in the state's judicial system.

BACK HOME, Ellen returned to Connecticut to work for the Capital Region Council of Government (Planning Agency) in Hartford. In addition, she headed the Criminal Justice office during her 10 years with the agency.

The work was most satisfying; however, Ellen said "I wanted to (get back) working with people," adding "I guess I really wanted to be a teacher."

Ellen made her move but it meant additional educational classes, which she promptly took at Central Connecticut. She applied to the Somers education department and for the past seven years Ellen has been a teacher of social studies and English, first at the Somers High School and then the junior high.

Prior to the space shuttle Challenger's expected lift-off, Ellen's fifth grade class wrote to Mrs. McAuliffe asking if their school emblem might be taken on her travel into space. In her reply to Ellen and the students, she said she was very limited in what she could take on the shuttle. The rest is history ... Ellen and her students became a part of history with the picture and letter. Ellen's job as teacher took on a different meaning once the news was flash-
ed on the nation's television screens.

SOME OF THE REACTIONS . . . "We all had an empty feeling . . . the children, most of whom had not been touched by death . . . as an adult (and teacher) we were expected to help them through the ordeal . . . the school authorities were wonderful when it came time for me (along with my students) to be interviewed by the media."

Ellen and her students appeared on the Dan Rather CBS evening news during the week following the tragedy. One of the hardest interviews for Ellen was over the phone with a reporter from Concord, N.H., home of Mrs. McAuliffe.

Ellen's thoughts now . . . "Sure, teachers and civilians should continue with the (space) program. They (astronauts) are all pioneers . . . it is serious business." Would Ellen volunteer for a shuttle ride? "No, my work is here on earth."

MORE ON THIS unique couple . . . they both teach religious classes at St. Mary's Church, where George also served on the parish council. They both love to travel. Married 10 years this past Valentine's Day, they have seen the beauty of Ireland and the historical spots in Italy.

A moment they will never forget was when they met Mother Teresa in Rome. At their comfortable home on First Street, Ellen and George proudly display pictures of them with the famed Catholic nun.

When asked who she most admired, Ellen said, "Mother Teresa . . . for the simple message she tells - 'Be good to the people around you . . . you don't have to do big things (in life).'")"

George is a golfer who is "proud of every stroke," and equally proud of the garden and flowers in the backyard of their home. For George, admiration was for two quite different people — Leo Buscaglia, "his philosophy of awareness for people," and golfer Fuzzy Zoeller, like Leo, relates to people.

The Quagliaroli's Are Unique

Continued from page 14

During George's high school days and the late '50s, he was involved in two programs: as a member of the Triple-10 Club (30 students), performing acts of kindness for the town's elderly, cleaning their yards and doing other jobs; and he organized, with Billy Price, a youth basketball league in town.

EPILOG
George and Ellen Quagliaroli . . . unique

in their chosen professions, admiration for others and just for being themselves.

Sharon Christa McAuliffe signed the photo, received during a dramatic time in history, with the words "Reach for the Stars."

George and Ellen have reached for their own particular star in a "pooling of resources." They understand other words of George's friend, Leo: "What you learn about yourself will infinitely help in trying to understand others."
Bill Rousseau: Policeman in an Adopted Town

The story of Windsor Locks policeman, William Charles Rousseau, follows the path of a diversified career, "trying to better himself, by higher education and recently in civic affairs as chairman of the Lions Club Alcohol and Drug Awareness Committee.

He and his wife, Rita Pepper Rousseau, "childhood sweethearts," were both born and raised in Worcester, Mass. They have lived in Windsor Locks since November, 1980 with their four school-age children.

We caught Mr. Rousseau an hour or so before going on duty, for the second shift, as a policeman. A member of the force for the past three years, an ambitious man, has worked in the electronics field (his first career), now with the local police and as a video photographer with commercial potential.

Mr. Rousseau graduated from Burncoat High School in Worcester, class of 1966, where he played varsity football. Two years later, he received an associate degree in psychology from Quinsigamond Community College. Ten years later, after marrying Rita, working in the electronics industry, and the birth of his first child, Mr. Rousseau graduated from Worcester State with a bachelor of science degree in business administration and psychology.

The road at times was rough, with Mr. Rousseau working and attending college at night. However, with his wife's help, they survived the '60s and '70s. With the '80s the Rousseaus began a new life in their adopted town.

TEN YEARS BEFORE moving to Windsor Locks, Mr. Rousseau had been an auxiliary policeman, saying he was of two minds — whether to stay in manufacturing or move to police work. He felt the degrees in higher education could ultimately be put to better use in his career.

When the Rousseaus moved to town, Mr. Rousseau lost little time becoming a supernumerary policeman. His personal dream of electronics, as the "industry of the future," broke after two years with Hi-G, the firm he joined when moving his family from Worcester.

"The concept would be a "program designed to sharpen the decision-making skills of eighth graders . . . and help them say no to alcohol and drugs." It is being considered as an addition to the school's curriculum in the fall, and included in the school budget proposal for the 1986-1987 school year.

Mr. Rousseau attended sessions with Lions and town officials to learn about the program, and said "I am convinced that the program is workable," adding "the youth of today are tomorrow's citizens."

Mr. Rousseau said the "program was designed by leading school administrators and psychologists from across the nation. It concentrates on helping youngsters deal with peer pressure and unsettling family situations, as opposed to just identifying substances and their dangers. "We have to be able to teach the kids how to say 'No, thank you' and help them to live drug-free."

MORE ON THE ROUSSEAUS . . . and their growing family. The oldest is William Jr., 16, a junior at the high school. Bill Jr. played midget football in town.

Michelle, 15, is a freshman at the Raider School and, according to her parents, the dancer in the family.

Brandon, 12, is a seventh grader at the Middle School where he plays the drums in the band. Like his brother, Brandon played midget football, also Little League baseball and soccer. His father coached Minor Little League when Brandon was learning the rules of baseball.

The young one in the family is Robyn, 10, who attends North Street School, plays the flute, and is "really the jock in the family," with soccer and baseball among her activities.

The parents of these active kids will celebrate their 18th wedding anniversary this September.

Mr. Rousseau as a policeman, with his rotating hours, hasn't had much time for his favorite hobbies of fishing and hunting. However, he manages to keep up with all the New England pro teams, plus staying with the latest in video photography. According to Mr. Rousseau the television "cop" shows that are worth watching are "Miami Vice" and "Hill Street Blues" — "programs that deal with reality."

EPILOG: After settling down in Windsor Locks, Bill and Rita Rousseau found the town with a "great educational system . . . sports for the kids . . . and glad to be out of the big city."

Also the town where Bill Rousseau found his second career. He is a man always willing to climb the ladder. Involvement with the proposed drug program is his first step towards a personal goal of "community affairs officer" in this town he adopted.
Mark Cenci: Veteran Salesman on Charter Panel

By JACK REDMOND

Meet Mark Carroll Cenci, one of the Democratic members on the latest Charter Revision Commission. To say Mr. Cenci is "very enthusiastic," concerning his involvement in the attempted change of local government, would probably be an understatement.

Mr. Cenci is enthusiastic, be it his family, or wife, Maureen, and their three daughters, his career in audio visual products or serving on the commission.

As a product of the Hartford area, he graduated from Hartford High School in 1957, where he was a member of the swim team. Additional education was at Cheshire Academy and night classes at the University of Hartford.

A few months after leaving high school (Oct. 1957), Mr. Cenci's next uniform was that of a soldier in the U.S. Army. He served in New Jersey and Indiana, before going on to some "great duty" in Oahu, Hawaii. He spent more than two years on the islands, taking part in the celebration when Hawaii became the 50th state in the union. He said, just being there was quite an experience. Before discharge in Aug. 1960, and returning home, Mr. Cenci managed to view the beauty of all the Hawaiian islands.

MR. CENCI'S EMPLOYMENT, after leaving the service, covers several fields... working odd jobs while attending night school (majoring in marketing) at the University of Hartford, one in particular, proving later to be beneficial, as an ambulance driver. After making a run to the emergency room at St. Francis Hospital, Mr. Cenci met an old classmate Maureen Anglin, a nurse.

Mr. Cenci worked for United Fruit for four years, before entering his chosen profession of sales. For the last 14 years, he has been a salesman for 3M products, mostly audio visual merchandise, serving many of the local industries in the Hartford area.

Back to his wife, a graduate of St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing. She received her diploma the same year as Mr. Cenci from the Hartford High School. They had known each other as students, but it took the hospital meetings to really bring them together. Today, she continues her profession as a part-time nurse at the Windsor Locks Medical Care Center.

MARK AND MAUREEN were married in 1969 and have lived in town for 16 years. They have three daughters... Katherine, Maura and Elizabeth.

Katherine, age 15, a freshman at the high school, serves as the class treasurer. This active teenager had been into ballet for a decade, a cheerleader and a member of the Flag Corps of the Marching Band in town.

Maura, age 12, student at the Middle School, plays the clarinet in the band.

The youngest of the clan is perky Elizabeth, age 7, a second grader at the North Street School.

As a member of the mixed Charter Revision Commission, Mr. Cenci, a Democrat, and member of the town committee for two years, was "very enthusiastic" serving the town in the study to change its form of government. At the time of the interview Mr. Cenci would only say the commission was "studying both concepts," to retain the town's current selectman-town meeting or the town management council form of government.

On the state political scene, he said, "I'll support Gov. Bill O'Neill in the upcoming battle for his post."

In addition to the commission, Mr. Cenci has served on the Visiting Nurse and Health Services of Windsor Locks, as member of the Board of Directors for two years, and the St. Mary's Church Renovation Committee. Memberships is not limited to civic or church affairs. He is active in several sport clubs... Springfield Ski Club, Suffield Sportsman Association and former treasurer of the Niantic Bay Yacht Club. He's into sailing on Long Island Sound and skiing up north. The family all enjoy swimming at the Connecticut shores during the summer months.

EPILOG: Mark Carroll Cenci believes Windsor Locks "offers everything," and to him, not an understatement. He is "dedicated," according to his wife, and be it the family, or as veteran salesman, politics or sailing the sound, he takes that easy practical approach to life. If a philosophy can be attached to Mr. Cenci, it surely would be... "Hang your hat on hope."

Mr. Cenci believes in salesmanship... "Transferring a conviction by a seller to a buyer."
Baseball: ‘The Summer Game

“The aroma of hot dogs fills the air. The crowds make their way through the gates of old wooden seats. The fans are ready to cheer their favorite team, but the seating is a bit different from a midsummer night baseball game. Snow is falling in many parts of the country, but in Florida the sun shines on these ball parks. It’s spring training.”

Call it a dream come true. Especially for someone who grew up being a baseball junkie.

Spending a week in central Florida, watching the boys of spring, playing the summer game, was for me, truly a dream come true.

Last month, I made my first trip to hot and windy Florida, in the Winter Haven and Lakeland area, to take in the games of the Boston Red Sox and the Detroit Tigers. In addition to their own battles, I saw the talents of the Reds, Twins, Astros and those Dodgers from Los Angeles.

The cities of Winter Haven (Red Sox) and Lakeland (Tigers) were within easy driving distance, considering my hotel was located near Circus World.

I was certainly in a different world that week. Due to my limited media connections, I was still fortunate to mix, break bread and talk to players (past and present), well-known media personnel, national and local (Connecticut, that is) ... a colony (sometimes misunderstood by the public) who made this column writer from Windsor Locks feel a part of the scene, where the players practice their game, hoping the long, hot summer up north will mean a playoff and World Series spot.

FOR THE MEDIA, the action (what they are there for) usually begins before the exhibition game’s lineup is announced. The press room, located next to the players’ club rooms, (which is off-limits) makes it easy to meet the players before they take to the field for batting and infield practice.

The media focuses on certain players, per example ... Jim Rice, after he takes batting practice in the batting cage opposite to the press room, or “Oil Can” Boyd, just before he warms up for the day’s game. There is always a steady back and forth, of players for an interview or to be on camera.

For me, just talking to other media individuals was an added treat. Familiar names — Ken Coleman, radio voice of the Sox; Arnold Dean, Hartford’s own and Peter Gammons, formerly with the Boston Globe, now with Sports Illustrated.

One must not forget the 85-year-old fan with the bad heart, who sits in his favorite place, against the enclosed cage, in the shade, and best view of the field, surrounded by the pitchers in the bullpen. He knows all the players and they know him. In the summer months, he doesn’t take in the minor league games, for him, just too many bugs. But these days, it’s spring — the big boys are in Winter Haven.

THE TWO RESTAURANT owners from East Hartford and Bristol, both Red Sox and Ted Williams rooters. And players from the past — John Pesky, still does some coaching, wanted to be remembered to George Hall; another George, Scott, that is, now out of baseball, not connected with the Red Sox. I found out later he was there to talk to the players about signing up for “baseball card shows.” From all reports, George wasn’t going to sell.

A big thrill for the fans, young and old, was the appearance of Ted Williams, available for autographs and batting tips for the Sox. He, without a doubt, does a great public relations job at Winter Haven.

Over at Lakeland with the Tigers, you find Vince Scully, the voice of the Dodgers; Al Kaline and Sparky Anderson; Tommy Lasorda, manager and goodwill ambassador for the Dodgers, Pete Rose and Kirk Gibson, who led the Tigers to victories over the Reds and Dodgers. The boys from Detroit also beat the Sox at Winter Haven, joining the Twins and Astros with victories over the men managed by John McNamara.

Another treat from the past was watching Yogi Berra, now a coach with the Houston Astros. A radio man from Pennsylvania told me later, in the press box, he interviewed Yogi on the field and didn’t understand everything Yogi said, it was like talking to Casey Stengel.

ALL AND ALL, I saw five games, and five games do not make a season. But the Tigers looked great. The Red Sox still have the power hitters, but the pitching lacks depth. Like the man said, “The Red Sox will break your heart,” but hopefully not this new season, which began for the same Tigers and Sox this past Monday.

Have you ever wanted to be a major league player? A silly question. Not really. If you have the dollars ($2,500), you can take part in one of the fantasy camps in Florida. I met such a man. He was about 40, from upper New York State ... he spoke of last year’s dream week playing with and against former Red Sox stars Jim Lonborg, Scott, Luis Tiant and other greats. The fee covers hotel, food and a full uniform. The men are even given baseball cards with their picture, as a Red Sox player for a week. This is what dreams are made of.

MY PERSONAL WEEK was also a dream come true. Not as a player, but as observer of players, past and present, and the media at their work, or fun in the sun.

We baseball junkies have our own individual reasons for why we love baseball, as kids, and when we grow too old to play. The writer of the above article said it all ... “Ball parks are places where heroes come to play as well as work. These temples entice me with their blue skies and ceilings, their bullpens and dugouts, their plates and fences, their lines of white lime and mounds of black dirt. A diamond is a boy’s best friend. Another season is soon to begin. I hear the crack of the bat. I am off with it.”

To quote another baseball man, Bill Veeck, “baseball is an island of stability in an unstable world.”

Play ball!

in the Springtime’
Dick Whitten:
From Maine

cabbages and kings
By JACK REDMOND

Take an average boy, just out of high school, where he played football, train him a few months to be a U.S. Marine, and then ship him halfway around the world to cold Korea, to fight a strange enemy. In 1950, the average boy was Richard Leon Whitten ... the high school, Greenville, Maine ... the strange enemy was mixture of North Koreans and Chinese.

Today, three decades and a half later, you'll find Dick Whitten, still feeling "like the average guy," still in defense of his country as a member of the Air National Guard. He recently became involved in local events by his appointment to the Charter Revision Commission. Because of this new phase in his life style, we are given a chance to meet the former decorated Marine, his family and a man "who enjoys life, doing things, and doing them right."

Dick was born in Greenville, growing up in a nearby small town, Rockwood, attending schools in Greenville and for a period, during World War II, went to high school in Bath, Maine, while his father worked at the shipyards. Dick remembers the "severe winters ... driving a lumber truck and watching how to run a hotel and country store, owned and operated by his father, on the well-known Moosehead Lake.

Dick and his future wife, Marion Morrell, were students at the same high school. When Dick joined the Marine Corps, Marion attended the University of Maine for a year, then entered nursing training in Lowell, Mass. As a Registered Nurse, Marion worked at the Greenville Hospital ("in the same hospital I was born in") waiting for Dick and his eventual discharge from the service.

IT WAS IN July 1950 Dick said goodbyes to Marion and his family, leaving for boot camp at Parris Island, and later at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. In November 1950, Dick was among the "first draft" of marine infantry to ship out to the war zone in Korea. The story of Dick Whitten in Korea is one of many instances of young men fighting a war and the elements. Dick did see a lot of action, with over a year making the best of tent, sleeping bag or a fox hole to rest from the daily fighting. Buck Sergeant Whitten was awarded a purple heart and five battle stars during two rough winters in Korea. He felt, growing up in Maine, he was used to rough winters, certainly a vital factor in surviving the war and conditions.

After discharge in July, 1954, Dick picked up the pieces and resumed his relationship with his "high school sweetheart." They were married the following year.

THE WHITTENS have three children ... Sharon, Mark and Lisa ... and four grandchildren. Sharon Aber, her husband Carl and their three children live in Enfield. Sharon is a licensed practicing nurse. Mark Whitten is employed at Hamilton-Standard, lives in town with his wife Joan Fernald Whitten and one of Dick and Marion's grandchildren. The youngest in the family is Lisa, a student at Manchester Community College.

Dick's road to the Air National Guard ... he had several jobs and worked on higher education, before settling down in Windsor Locks and steady employment with the ANG: After leaving the marines, Dick worked a short time with a paper company, driving a lumber truck, saying he was not interested in the hotel or country store business. His final step towards a career goal was three years in Boston at the East Coast Aero Tech, where he received a Certificate for ANE Mechanic. The Whittens moved to Connecticut, where Dick worked two years at Pratt & Whitney. In 1961, he found his personal niche with the ANG. The family's first home was on Mohawk Road (19 years), before moving to their present home on Michelle Drive in 1979.

Locally, Dick has been associated with the Lions Club since 1978. When his son Mark was growing up, Dick "helped out," in the scouting and little league programs. As mentioned, Dick, a Republican, was recently appointed to the Charter Revision Commission, which he has found "very interesting ... I'm learning a lot (about the town) by being associated with the other members of the commission."

The Whittens have not forgotten their roots. In Maine, they "love to go back home, where it is quiet and we take advantage of our mobile home, a great way to travel." Maine is also Dick's favorite hunting grounds.

When asked who he most admired ... the name of Glenn Robinson came easily to mind. Mr. Robinson is 88 years young, the former superintendent of schools in Greenville, Maine. Dick said, "Mr. Robinson takes life as it comes; we all have been close over the years."

EPILOG

The story of Richard Leon Whitten is also one of taking life as it comes. The former marine never questioned his duty on the cold battlefields of Korea. He was doing his assigned duty, which has been his path in life from Maine to Korea to Windsor Locks, leaving his mark along the way.
Laroy Brown:
Educator, Administrator, Soldier and Member of CRC

"Freedom is being comfortable in harness." — Robert Frost

Laroy Maker Brown has served his native town of Rockland, Maine, his country since 1942, the towns of East Granby, Windsor Locks and the state of Connecticut in the role of churchman, educator, soldier and administrator.

Better known as Roy Brown, the much traveled soft-spoken "Yankee" has left his mark in the Christian, social and education fields, along with his 38 years of military service, retiring with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He is still active as administrator and consultant, locally serving as one of the unaffiliated members of the Charter Revision Commission.

As a young boy growing up in Maine, Mr. Brown began working at the age of 14. Today, he is not content to relax from the fruits of his labor, describing himself as a "workaholic . . . but happy," still active in the management field.

In 1938, he graduated from the Rockland High School where he played football in the center of the line. He entered Gorham College (now the University of Maine), receiving a degree after completing his service in the army, at the end of World War II.

Mr. Brown met his future wife, Virginia Shepardson, while they were teachers at Rockland High School. Ginny was from Bingham, Maine, located 90 miles from Rockland, a town in the lumber part of the Pine Tree State.

After high school, she attended and graduated from Farmington Teachers College with a degree in Home Economics. They're courtship began in September of the new school year. On the Saturday after school was over in June 1942, they were married.

IN TWO SHORT MONTHS, Mr. Brown was off to the army, serving in Georgia, Wisconsin, Michigan and Maryland, before going overseas in 1943. The newlyweds did manage to have 10 months together, while Mr. Brown was stationed in Michigan. Mrs. Brown returned to Maine to continue her teaching position, while he was in foreign service.

His overseas duty took place in Italy, during the height of the war, seeing action in Naples and Anzio under the command of General Mark Clark. Mr. Brown, who had received Second Lieutenant bars at Fort Benning, Ga., advanced in grade when General Clark pinned First Lieutenant bars on the young soldier.

First Lieutenant Brown's service record shows he soldiered as an infantryman the "whole length of Italy." When the war ended, he was in the northern part of Italy, returning to Bolgano where, for three months, he was in command of a refugee camp for displaced persons.

Back home in civilian clothes, with his wife, Mr. Brown resumed his teaching career in Rockland. From 1946 to 1955, he taught in Rockland and Lewiston High schools. In that final year, the Brown family moved to Windsor Locks where Mr. Brown accepted the appointment as head of the industrial arts department at the high school.

SPEAKING OF THE FAMILY . . . the Browns have two children and five grandchildren. Bruce Brown, a Windsor Locks High School and University of Connecticut graduate, lives in West Hartford with his wife Margaret L'Estrange Brown and their three children.

Bruce is a computer consultant, and active in the field as president of the Connecticut Computer Society.

His sister Nancy Brown Duetzmann and her husband, Rev. Kari Duetzmann, live in Winchester Center with their two children.

After moving to Connecticut, Mr. Brown secured additional education with a masters degree from the University of Hartford and the six-year certificate of graduate studies.

In 1957, Mr. Brown left Windsor Locks for East Granby . . . not to live, but to be Superintendent of Schools. In 1977, after a short so-called retirement, he joined the state Department of Education for administrative and management duties.

In 1984, the Browns did manage to have 10 months together, while Mr. Brown was stationed in Georgia.

Mr. Brown has served for 10 years in the Superintendent of Schools office under General Mark Clark. In 1957, when he assumed the role, in what he called "the central office," a young man (also a graduate of the University of Maine), Clifford Randall, became the industrial arts teacher at the high school. (As we all know, he later entered the world of politics.)

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In addition to the Charter Commission, Mr. Brown has served as chairman of the Southwest School Committee, which will eventually be used for housing for senior citizens. He has been active in church affairs, serving as deacon and chairman of the building committee at the East Granby Congregational Church.

As a veteran of many years with the armed forces, he believes in a strong national defense. Among his accomplishments that he is most proud of, was in 1944 when he graduated from the Command and General Staff School, where officers receive advanced training in military procedure.

When it comes to the pleasures of life, the Browns are travelers (China, Japan, Russia and Italy), and folk who get a kick out of camping. Their individual hobbies: he is into woodworking, while she plays golf. Sports on television is usually confined to the New York Giants or the Boston Celtics.

When it came to admiration for others, Mr. Brown said "My high school principal, Joseph Blaisdell — the model of a man — I tried to follow. He helped me go to college and hired me after college. He was a man with high standards."

When Mrs. Brown was asked, she said "My father, Edwin Shepardson. He brought out the best in everyone."

By JACK REDMOND

Hartford and the six-year certificate of graduate studies.

For the past 30 years the Browns have been both successful in this area. In addition to teaching at the University of Maine, locally, Mrs. Brown had worked as school lunch director for more than two decades.

Mr. Brown was off to the army, serving in Georgia, Wisconsin, Michigan and Maryland, before going overseas in 1943. The newlyweds did manage to have 10 months together, while Mr. Brown was stationed in Michigan.

Mrs. Brown returned to Maine to continue her teaching position, while he was in foreign service.

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When Mrs. Brown was asked, she said “My father, Edwin Shepardson. He brought out the best in everyone.”

Editor’s Note: This edition marks the 11th anniversary of Jack Redmond’s Cabbages and Kings column. The Journal appreciates the time and effort Mr. Redmond puts into each story.
Mr. Morrell is looking forward to his senior year. Coach Cox expects to use him in sprints and relays aside from his 440 performances. Barring injury, Morrell should be among the best quarter miler in the East. (From Prognosis ... 1969, Springfield College.)

Today, Robert John Morrell, former track star with the Raiders at Springfield College, longtime teacher in the local school system, still has that competitive spirit as a runner (not as a sprinter of 1968) but in the longer mile races, with entries in the Shad Derby and "Run For Your Life," annual events in the area.

The setting of goals has been Mr. Morrell's way of dealing with a distinguished track career, father, coach and Boy Scout leader. Mr. Morrell also has a serious nature, especially as religious teacher and retreatant at Holy Family Retreat House.

His life can be divided into four parts — track, education, teacher and family man, with four active children — Renee, Mike, Jennifer and Christina, along with his pretty wife, Linda Martineau Morrell.

Mr. Morrell, son of Dorothy and Thomas Morrell Sr., was born in Hartford, after growing up in Windsor and Marlborough in 1955, along with his brothers Gary and Tom Jr., the family moved to Windsor Locks.

He graduated from the local high school in 1965, where he played soccer and set track records, one in particular, still under his name (100 yard dash, 9.6, state record, outdoors, 1964). At Springfield College, Mr. Morrell still holds the record for the 440, 48.4 in 1969. Gary Morrell, class of 1967, WLHS, continued the family record-making, running the 220 and breaking Bob's mark in the 440, previously held at the school.

As WITH HIS current teaching position, Mr. Morrell stayed with one system, at Springfield College, receiving a bachelor of science degree in 1969, then earning a master's in education at the same institution in 1971. He has also achieved a six-year teaching certificate.

At Springfield, Mr. Morrell continued his track career, saying "I majored in track." He not only performed in Massachusetts, At Springfield, Mr. Morrell continued his visits, will probably remember that one event in 1971. He has also achieved a six-year track career, saying "I majored in track." track meeting in 1971. He has also achieved a six-year track career, saying "I majored in track." track career, father, coach and Boy Scout leader.

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In 1964, Mr. Morrell continued his track career, saying "I majored in track." He not only performed in Massachusetts, but on a national level. During his high school days, he was part of the Jaycee trip to the "nationals," at Rice University in Texas. At college, he participated in the famed Penn Relays.

Individuals who perform in sporting events, will probably remember that one big game or race, as in Mr. Morrell's case. This special one race was a 440 contest, where the winner was supposed to be a student from Northeastern University.

Mr. Morrell — Local Teacher

IN ADDITION TO the presidency of the local teachers association, Mr. Morrell is now membership chairman; a former member of the local Jaycees; a member of the Knights of Columbus for a decade; joined the Boy Scouts in 1955, Troop 155, staying up to high school, and currently secretary for Troop 263. Both Morrells have been CYO teachers ... eight years at Holy Family in Enfield and now at St. Robert's, equal time at teaching students. They have both experienced the "Marriage Encounter" of their religion and, as mentioned, Mr. Morrell has been on weekend retreats at Holy Family in West Hartford.

The family, most important to Bob and Linda, have been camping together for years. Starting with a tent, they now have a large camper for their trips to Maine and New Hampshire.

When asked who he most admired, Mr. Morrell said, "My parents. They have helped me ... in work towards any personal goals, while in high school and college, always encouraging me in track ... and today, very supportive of the family."

EPILOG: Robert John Morrell is a man who believes in goals. For him, special goals were reached on the track paths at Windsor High School and Springfield College. Now he is after other goals, but realistically knows goals do change as we grow older.

There is a serious side of Mr. Morrell, with favorite poems and writings, mostly with religious tones. Some come easily to mind, from "Footprints." Ironically, track stars must make faster footprints than their opponents. The famed words at the end of "Footprints" go like this: (Mr. Morrell realizing them as he grew older)

"The Lord replies, 'During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints (during one's life), it was then that I carried you.'"

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, MAY 2, 1986

Former Track Star

Mr. Morrell — Local Teacher
Nicholas Giaccone With the Latest Hair Styles

“Work hard . . . play hard.”

Nicholas Joseph Giaccone Jr. is a man who goes with changing times. The local hair styling businessman recently moved his facilities from the familiar Dexter Plaza to nearby Waterside Park, setting up a new “Nicholas Hair Designers” shop.

In the business of cutting hair for a quarter of a century, Mr. Giaccone is part of this time-honored profession’s evolution from “a shave and haircut” to hair styling, where he is always “trying to create new images” for customers with the latest techniques.

There is much more to the story of Mr. Giaccone, and his move to the new look on the town’s Main Street.

Mr. Giaccone was born and raised in Enfield, graduating from the high school in June, 1958. He attended the Hartford Academy of Hair Styling for several months before being drafted into the U.S. Army.

When did he decide to become a barber? As a youngster Mr. Giaccone spent a few summers in Wallingford, observing his aunt, Margaret Giaccone, in the business of cutting hair at her home shop. Closer to him, was his dad, a well-known barber in the area (Springfield and Windsor Locks) for years. It was their influence on a young boy’s desire to learn the family trade.

Mr. Giaccone is the son of Nicholas Sr. and Venice (Romano) Giaccone, who are both natives of Enfield. Nicholas Sr. began cutting hair in the early ’30s, retiring 15 years ago and leaving the business in his son’s hands at Dexter Plaza. However, Nick Jr.’s first job was an Enfield shop, lasting eight months. The “next” call was not for a customer’s haircut, but the call to serve in the army.

MR. GIACCONC SPENT nearly three years (August 1959-July 1962) in the ser-

vice. After basic training at Fort Dix, N.J., he was shipped off to Germany. While in Europe, he was able to see the sights of Austria, France and Germany. During his tour of duty, Mr. Giaccone was thinking seriously of giving up the tools of his new found trade back home for a “career in the army.” A sergeant at the time, he “volunteered for action in Vietnam” but due to additional enlistment requirements, gave up the idea and returned to the states and discharge.

Once back home, Mr. Giaccone picked up where he left off, but this time joined his father at Dexter Plaza. It took him nine years of barbering to realize he must keep up with the ever-changing hair styling trend. He attended the Connecticut Institute of Hairdressing in East Hartford. There he was trained in the latest (cutting women’s hair and coloring) techniques in the art of hair styling.

Not one to stand still, Mr. Giaccone’s skills increased and he has entered various hair-styling shows in New York City, Cleveland, Portland, Maine, Boston and New Haven. At these highly competitive shows he came out the winner many times and has been the recipient of many awards, specializing in “free style cuts.”

One year he placed fourth in national competition as a member of the Connecticut State Team. In addition, he has won first place in New England contests. At his new shop, several trophies which he has earned over the years have a special place of honor.

ONE OF MR. GIACCONC’S prize reminders of past competition is a letter from the late Ella T. Grasso congratulating him for winning the fashion cut/free style at a Connecticut show.

In displaying the latest in styling, he said, “You don’t just cut hair . . . everyone is an individual . . . yes, cutting women’s hair takes precision, more lines (angles).”

As a former crew-cut person, I asked about the college trim. He didn’t think that cut would come back as a men’s style. He was quick to point out that the new shop, as with the old location, is a Unisex (men and women) shop.

Mr. Giaccone, a man who admits to “working hard and playing hard,” has been involved with the local Knights of Columbus for the past 15 years, is an active member of the Mount Carmel Club in Enfield and a member of the Westerly (R.I.) Yacht Club.

He’s an enthusiastic fisherman and boating person. He tried golf, only to say “I am better at cutting hair than playing golf.”

Mr. Giaccone has a garden at his home in Enfield and in the summer roots for the Yankees. “I listen to the Red Sox games on radio, just to hear them lose.”

He has traveled to Europe on vacations, one time taking part in a hair styling show in Germany, to see how the foreign styles match up with the American look.

MR. GIACCONC is the father of four active children — Sylvia, 24; Nicholas II, 23; Denise, 20; and Suzane, 16.

Sylvia is employed at Hallmark Cards. Nick III, who played football at Fermi High School and recently opened his own real estate company, had no interest in becoming the third Giaccone in the hair cutting business.

Denise plans to be a doctor and is in her second year at the University of Rhode Island.

Suzane is a sophomore at Fermi High School.

Nick, a “licensed hair-cutting instructor,” has had some help in his career (father and aunt); however, also wanted to mention a special admiration for Andy Nigri of Bristol, his “mentor,” who has been named a U.S. Champion in Hair Styling.

There are certain “don’ts” in daily appointments with customers . . . according to Mr. Giaccone, “The golden rule . . . stay out of political matters and never discuss politics or religion.”

With Nick, he just tries to have congenial conversation. He is always thinking of “new designs,” especially, as he puts it, “Every morning, (I hope) to have something new to learn.”

As with most professions . . . there’s a joke or two, and hair styling in no exception. Here’s one for Nick, Bill, Judy and Debbie . . . “A cowhand who was proud of his abundance of curly black hair wore it frontier style. One day his hair styling expert teased him by saying, ‘If I cut off those sideburns of your, I’ll bet nobody would recognize you.’ ‘Could be,’ mused the cowboy, ‘then added quickly, and I bet nobody would recognize you, either.’”

EPILOG

That’s the story of Nicholas Joseph Giaccone . . . the man who “works hard and plays hard,” be it the latest technique in hair styling or boating off Rhode Island. The army’s loss of a career man is Windsor Locks’ gain as one of the newest occupants in the new look on Main Street.

Who’s next? Or should I say, a little off the top, or Nick, you cut it . . . didn’t the Red Sox beat the Yankees last night?
Remembering World War II and POW Time

The Murkowicz family grew up on Old Country Road.
Paul and Anna Murkowicz came from Poland. They raised 11 children. We met one member of the family last month . . . Charles Joseph Murkowicz.

After an hour or so, you find Charlie to be a hard-working and quiet individual, still carrying on the family tradition at his home. He is a man with a story (told, only because I asked him) of experiences during World War Two.

As one of the first draftees from Windsor Locks, Charlie entered the U.S. Army in late 1942, serving nearly three years overseas with untold stories of battles, medals won and 11 months as prisoner of war (POW), captured soon after the troops landed on Omaha Beach, on the “longest day,” the historical D-Day of June, 1944.

Charlie’s father was a farmer and railroad man. Mr. Murkowicz and his wife were hard workers, setting an example for their five sons and six daughters. Charlie tells of the depression days, where there was not much money, but, living on the farm, there was always enough food. When Charlie was a small boy (1928), the family home on Old Country Road was “burned out . . . it was the 4th of July . . . the house was completely destroyed, it was soon rebuilt by the family.”

Charlie knew of good family times, and hard family times. He attended Union School, one year of high school, before transferring to the Hartford Regional Trade School, where he learned the electronics trade, which later, he made his career. After the war, Charlie returned to the trade school for additional training, especially in the newest media . . . television.

THE YEAR BEFORE, Charlie was drafted, he worked at Colt’s in Hartford.

Then, greetings from the President . . . at the age of 18, Charlie found himself at Fort Devens, then Camp Croft, S.C. and a member of the 1st Infantry Division. No time for a furlough or goodbyes to family, Charlie was off to strange countries and a different life than on the farm with many days without home cooking of his mother.

It didn’t take long, the boy from the small town, landed with his division in Africa. Shortly after, the American forces invaded the island of Sicily. Charlie had a taste of battle, wounded (hit by shrapnel), and returned to Africa for recuperation and later, awarded the Purple Heart. Next stop . . . England, the invasion of Europe was next on the division’s agenda. Charlie was to be part of entering “the Continent of Europe,” under orders to general Eisenhower.

Omaha Beach-POW-Liberation — PFC Charles Murkowicz was one of thousands. His own words, “The water was rough, after leaving the LSI (Landing Craft Infantry), some of us nearly drowned, the LSI had hit a sand bar, as soon as we hit the water, we were over our heads, it was the quickness of some sailors who saved us, we were loaded down with equipment and couldn’t swim.”

Charlie made it to the beach, equipment and all. The actions of Charlie and his buddies are on the history pages of school books. After spending two weeks in France, he and several others were surrounded by German tanks, near the town of St. Ann.

CHARLIE WAS A prisoner of war. The POWs were marched for the next month towards their final destination. At night, empty garages were used for sleeping quarters. Reaching a railroad depot, the POWs were in for a train ride to Germany and Stalag 4B, near Charlie’s parents homeland of Poland.

The POWs were treated badly, until they were in the camp. Charlie told of many incidents of the Germans hitting their prisoners. The final stop meant 11 months of poor food and filling holes made by U.S. Bombers.

A week before the war ended, the camp was liberated by the U.S. Army. The Germans in command had known of the Americans and Russians advance, and the war was over for them.

The young soldier from Windsor Locks was free. For two weeks, the POWs were given food to build up their bodies and underwent complete physicals. Charlie and hundreds of ex-POWs, left France on a British ship, bound for home and New York City.

Charlie was transferred by train to Cape Cod, and given a 60-day furlough. After being home, he was sent to Lake Placid, N.Y., for further recuperation and eventual discharge. Charlie left the service with three battle stars, the Purple Heart and memories, not easily forgotten.

SOME LOCAL NOTES: Charlie was inducted into the army with Ted Rachel. They took basic training together, but were assigned to different regiments on arrival overseas. They did not meet again till after the war. Charlie is the fourth POW interviewed from Windsor Locks, during World War Two. The others: Fran Colli, Andy Dowden and Frank Sutula.

After the war, Charlie returned to Colt’s for a few months and went back to trade school. He joined Pratt & Whitney (East Hartford) for a five-year period. Another half a decade was spent at Bradley Field with the Federal Aviation Agency. His next job took him to New London at the Naval Underwater System Center.

His main task was with electronics on submarines, making more than 25 trips out to sea (and under), sometimes for a two to three week period. After 15 years, Charlie decided to retire and return to the family home on Old County Road and raise fruit trees, chickens, a garden and raise a few steer.

He figures he has the only steers left in town. Adding, “My mother, who passed away a few years ago, had the last milking cow in town.”

Charlie, as mentioned was from a large family, with four brothers, Walter (Windsor Locks-Army vet), Frank and Alex (Hazardville), and Michael (Navy vet and deceased). Charlie’s six sisters . . . Kay, Bertha and Jeannie (Windsor), Helen (Windsor Locks) and Mary and Christina, now deceased.

Charlie is a charter member of the Windsor VFW, the American Legion in town and the Elks in Windsor.

Charlie Murkowicz, a sensitive and quiet man, now is content to live the life of farmer in the town where his family and he grew up. Charlie is now retired, but works just as hard as if he was at Colt’s, P&W or with the army. He is made of the “right stuff.”

Looking back, he said, “The war did not settle the (world problems) there are just as many problems as before.” Adding, "I’m glad I went (during World War II)." He, like Andy, Frank and Fran, have a lot of memories. This column is about one of Windsor Locks boys, who came back to tell their story.
Mike Cusano Sr. — Veteran Food Manager

"Michael Cusano of Windsor Locks was inducted into the Quarter Century Club during a luncheon for Stop & Shop Co. Inc. employees at Sheraton Tara in Brantree, Mass."

A small item in the newspaper. The average reader might miss it. What was behind the item?

We went looking, found the full story of Michael Anthony Cusano Sr. As a resident of Windsor Locks for the past 17 years, Mike's life has taken several different paths — operating a "Mom & Pop" store, defense employment during WWII, insurance agent, bartender and for a quarter of a century, the food business (at Stop & Shop), specializing in deli, fish and meat cutting in the Hartford area stores.

Today, Mike is retired. He lives the quiet life, due mainly to medical conditions. But Mike hasn’t lost the eagerness to discuss his life, his four children, three grandchildren and his wife Frances.

Mike was born and raised in the south end of Hartford. His parents, the late Mario Michael Jr. and Christine Cusano, came from Italy at a young age. His mother, now 83, still resides in the capitol city. Mike grew up with three brothers and two sisters.

Mike’s father worked 30 years for the Connecticut Company maintaining trolley cars, back in the days when they were the main transportation of thousands of Connecticut residents.

AT THE AGE OF 16, Mike began his working career when his father set up a food store on Franklin Avenue for Mike and one of his brothers. Mike’s brother left shortly after to work for the big chain, the A&P, while Mike stayed for five years.

He then changed careers to work at Royal Typewriter Co. At that time, Royal was involved in airplane parts for the war effort, giving Mike a share of contribution during World War II.

When the war ended, Mike realized people will always need food so he returned to the operation of a small store. The "Mom & Pop" concept was in style. Mike had the "pop" but was missing the "mom."

When he was working at the Royal he met Frances Lasky, a girl from Tolland. They were married in 1944, with Frances joining her new husband in the family store.

Frances and Mike have four children — Christine, Mike Jr., Susan and Kirsten. Christine is married to Dennis DeMaine. They live in town and have three children for the grandparents to spoil.

Michael Jr. makes his home in Virginia, where he is employed by a drug company.

Susan lives in town and is employed by Emery Air Freight.

Kirsten recently moved to sunny California.

By JACK REDMOND

BACK TO THEIR parents ... in 1957, Mike and Frances closed their store and went to Florida for a well needed vacation, their first in 10 years. Upon returning to Connecticut, Mike tried his skill as an insurance agent. After a few years of selling to friends and relatives, he said he "gave up the idea" and joined Stop & Shop in 1960. The first stop was on Albany Avenue. As the years followed, Mike worked in stores located in East Hartford, Manchester and Wethersfield. He was a meat manager at the time of retirement in 1984.

Locally, the Cusanos are members of the Senior Citizen Club in the town where "they found a good place to live ... a quiet, nice town." Mike, at one time, was a member with Frances in the couples' bowling leagues in the area.

Admitting to be a Red Sox fan, but not a "die-hard one." Just likes to see them win. Frances and Mike have taken a few cruises to the Caribbean, traveled to Florida, Las Vegas and enjoyed swimming at the Connecticut shore.

Today, in a limited capacity for activity, Mike enjoys reading, hooking rugs, painting ... "just to pass the time." But television holds his interest, especially game shows and detective thrillers.

During the years with Stop & Shop, Mike always took on extra jobs — one being a part-time bartender at several country clubs and at the popular Carbone's in Hartford. His role as bartender seems to fit his personality.

"I like to listen to people ... people just want a chance to say something." And Mike always had an ear when stationed behind the bar.

Admiration for others was confined to two men — quite opposite in stations of life or surroundings. But like Mike, were both good talkers and good listeners — one for applause, one for more sensitive ears ... comedian Myron Cohen and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.

EPILOG: That's the story behind the small item ... of 25 years (and more) of this mild-mannered man named Mike.

Now, after a life of hard work, Mike Cusano is incapacitated to some degree. He is limited to daily travels but still has that bright outlook. Mike said, "There's always someone worse off."

Mike did not believe his personal story was worthy of print. I knew it was once we met and talked and the full story told. Mike would not ever think of a quote by Bernard Shaw either, but I did — "What really flatters a man is that you think him worth flattering."
cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

John (a doctor, now living in San Diego) were orphaned at an early age. Their mother had died at the time of Jessie's birth, and they lost their father when Jessie was 7, his brother, two years older.

The boys spent three years in a local orphanage, until their grandmother (in Washington, D.C.) could arrange for their care at her home.

After early schooling at the orphanage, and the public grammar school, Jessie attended a military high school, graduating in 1944. Jessie's next step was enlistment in the U.S. Army. His tour of duty, over two years, were spent mostly in Germany, as the war was winding down.

However, Jessie managed to see plenty of action as an infantryman, earning two battle stars and the Bronze Star. Jessie had served in the Third Division. When the war did end, he waited for the necessary points for discharge, but it proved to be quite interesting.

After visiting the countries of France, Germany and Austria, Jessie was assigned to the Regiment newspaper as sports editor, reporting on baseball games, which was not hard to take.

AFTER RETURNING to the states, and discharge at Fort Dix, N.J., Jessie did not waste any time; he enrolled at Columbia University in New York City.

Four years later, Jessie Meyers graduated with a B.A. degree and an uncertain future. What to do? Return to Washington, D.C.? He heard that teachers were badly needed, following the war, so with diploma in hand, Jessie decided to make his career in Connecticut, where he attended the New Britain State Teachers College, now Central Connecticut.

He became a part of the emergency program of supplying new teachers. While at New Britain, Jessie spent two summers, close to Windsor Locks, at the Hartford County Home in Warehouse Point, as a teacher.

His first full time teaching position was in East Windsor as a 7-8 grade teacher. During this period Jessie lived in town and became familiar with its surroundings. Did he miss the south? He admitted, it was hard in a way. It took quite a few years, but Jessie even lost the accent of our southern neighbors.

After three years in East Windsor, Jessie joined the Enfield school system, where he has taught the 7-8 graders, at the junior high for the past 30 years. Looking back, "I love teaching...yes, there have been changes, the role of teaching has changed, part of the change has been society's attitude...I wouldn't trade it for anything."

A BIG CHANGE for Jessie was in 1955, he was introduced to Theresa Mele, by a mutual friend. Their first date, after the initial meeting, was on St. Patrick's Day...leading to a July wedding of the young man from the south to Terry, who grew up in the Wilson section of Windsor.

Terry, currently employed at Cigna, had worked at Combustion Engineering Inc. and Whitney-Chain in Hartford.

She and Jessie have a son, Jamie. Meyers, a 1983 grad of the local high school. Jamie, a star and captain of the school's golf team and member of the National Honor Society, is now attending the State University of New York in Potsdam, as an economic major. This fall Jamie will be entering his senior year.

The Meyers have lived on Green Manor since their wedding day, finding the town filled with "very fine people and an interesting place, that changes with the times."

The dictionary says..."Umpire, a person appointed to rule on plays in various sports, especially baseball."

Jessie, as a teacher, would not argue with the dictionary, especially where baseball is concerned. He's like a new kid on the corner lot, let the other kids play, I'll call the balls and strikes, never forgetting, let the kids enjoy the game.

He emphasized...baseball is just a game, but must be played by the rules. The day I stopped by his home, Jessie was in the back yard, studying up on the latest rules for umpires. He said, the two-year period is working with a veteran umpire at junior varsity games, most in Suffield and Enfield.

Eventually, Jessie will be assigned umpire jobs in Hartford County at American Legion, twi-light and varsity games.

PARTICIPATION IN SPORTS for Jessie, is confined to the game of golf. He's been an active member of the town leagues for years, playing mostly at Copper Hill and Edgewood at Southwick. He plays to a seven handicap.

When the family plans a trip, Terry usually arranges golf vacations, where her husband and son hit the links, while she drives the cart. She didn't say who she rooted for...both of her boys are good.

Jessie is a sports fan, following the Patriots and Celtics. He is also an avid reader of the sports pages. When you mention admiration, you have to leave the sports pages for the history books. Jessie admires the late Sir Winston Churchill, "as a person with the ability to inspire people at a difficult time in history."

EPILOG Jessie Anthony Meyers is a man who believes in "God, country and respect for others." He has a serious side and a happy-go-lucky side. One side, is the "love of teaching," the other, is baseball; "it's just a game."

The words of Hemingway, "The Sun Also Rises") have a way of taking center stage with this man from Virginia.
Local Man Hails From a Long Line of Fire Fighters

Kenny Jeffrey

“Firemen have pride . . . are proud . . . and there’s always a lot of camaraderie.”

During our interview at the Jeffrey home, the familiar alarm of the volunteer fire department was sounded, known to Kenny since 1969, prompting an early interruption. It was all part of Kenny’s life style, a style he accepts and thrives on.

Kenneth John Jeffrey can be called the epitome of the career fireman. The Windsor Locks native comes from a long list of fire fighters . . . his father, Charlie “Moose” Jeffrey; cousins John, Bill Jr., Dennis, Richard, and their father, Bill Walsh Sr.

Presently a lieutenant with the Windsor Locks Volunteer Fire Department, Kenny is also a full-time fireman, with the rank of captain, at the Sub Base in Groton.

The son of “Moose” and Elizabeth Walsh Jeffrey, Kenny grew up on Suffield Street. At the age of 7 months, he lost his mother. Kenny said he owes a lot to three aunts . . . Rose Jeffrey, who taught him “right from wrong,” Irene Jeffrey for “moral support,” and Delia Jeffrey, for “keeping up my school work.”

His father is a well-known figure around town as a volunteer fireman in addition to working at Dexter’s and at the high school.

KENNY ATTENDED St. Mary’s and is a graduate of the local high school, class of 1971. During his high school days, Kenny played ice hockey at the South Windsor arena for the local team and the South Windsor traveling team.

After a year at the University of Hartford, Kenny went to work for Montgomery for a few years. In 1974, he decided to become a “career fireman.” His first job was with the government at the Westover Air Force Base. Kenny had joined the “junior program” of the local volunteers at the age of 16. He probably knew then it was in the cards that he wanted the life of a fireman.

For five years he served at Westover, saying, “I transferred to the sub base, for a lot more action.” Now Captain Kenny Jeffrey, he has had plenty of action in providing emergency service, attending 500-1,000 (fire) runs a year, at the naval housing, the base, and at times, for the city of Groton.

Yes, he said, I have been on a sub and advises all in this area to visit the new and permanent home of the famous Nautilus, the atomic-powered submarine.

AS WITH MOST MEN who serve as volunteers, there must be close by an understanding wife. Kenny has such a wife . . . Cathy Matuszak Jeffrey. Cathy, a native of New Britain, met Kenny by introduction, by a mutual friend in 1977. They were married in May, 1978 and have a son, Timothy Matthew Jeffrey, born November, 1984. Cathy is a graduate of the Hartford Hospital School of Nursing, class of 1973. One of her classmates and close friend is a local girl, Sharon (Kingston) Scriverio.

Kenny is not only an active volunteer fireman, he’s also the man with the big base drum at all those firemen parades around the state. In addition, he was a coach of Little League baseball and PeeWee hockey, a member of the Historical Society, and since 1971 a member of the Lions Ambulance Corps.

Several years ago, Kenny was part of a team that delivered a baby, who wanted to be born at home. The other team members included nurse Enid Shea (C&K; July, 1975) and Gary Ruggiero.

Again, going back a few years, Kenny was one of the organizers of a “teen center” located at the time on Old Country Road. This versatile man, who his wife

Kenny Jeffrey with his bass drum

Continued from page 16

cabbages and kings

By JACK REDMOND

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Please turn to page 17
Paul Ciarcia's first 10 years were spent in his native Sicily, where soccer was the name of the game.

As a young student in the states, Paul continued his love for the game of soccer as his native language, in addition to schooling in Springfield, where he first began as a fourth grader.

Growing up in his new environment, Paul had little trouble adjusting. Of course, learning a language and playing soccer turned out to be a great communicator. Paul co-captained the Classical team, making the Western Massachusetts finals during his junior and senior years.

In the final year of high school, Paul's team won the state championship. At Western New England, he played on the first team ever organized at the school. Paul never lost the keenness for the sport, transferring his talents in later years to the youth of Windsor Locks.

TWO WEEKS AFTER graduation from college (1968), Paul married Barbara Pelkey, a girl from Somers (born in Springfield) he had met three years before at a Mountain Park dance. Barbara worked for the State of Connecticut for more than 10 years in the Consumer Protection Department and as a secretary to the warden at the prison in Somers.

Paul remembers well the boat ride to America and the thrill of seeing the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor on Dec. 21, 1955. The family settled in Springfield where his father, a mason by trade in the old country, soon found work as a bricklayer.

Coming to the states meant a new culture and a language strange to this young boy. Paul could speak no English. However, by watching and listening to television, he soon became familiar with the language, in addition to schooling in Springfield, where he began as a fourth grader.

The family has made trips to the Cape and Washington, D.C. In 1983, Paul returned to Sicily to "see my roots . . . where I as born." When Paul was asked who he most admired, he said, "John F. Kennedy . . . a man that most of our age group grew up with -- a wealthy man who cared for the average man."

Paul added, "The success of the program in town has been the result of the constant help of Rich Labbe, Peter Maltese and the support of Park Director Brian McKeown."

When Paul is not working or making sure the soccer and Little League programs are running smoothly, he's an avid reader of history and a man who enjoys sports on television. He roots for the New England teams on the professional scene; however, Michael is a Yankee, LA Lakers and Dallas Cowboy fan.

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Paul, a man with beginnings in Sicily, also cares for the average kid in his town, emphasizing the enjoyment of sports. Barbara's words to describe her husband were "even tempered." A trait easily learned after spending time with Paul Ciarcia.
With Captain William Leslie Kupernik leading the way, the Windsor Locks Volunteer Fire Department is a Kupernik family affair. Known better as Bill, he's been a volunteer for 25 years; the membership also includes his sons, William D. and John, and to complete the picture, his wife, Donna, is a dedicated worker of the auxiliary arm of the department.

To find out more about the Kuperniks, you just drive to West Street, the street where Bill and Donna, of the Scotto clan, met and lived for years.

Bill, son of Michael (82) and Arline Hancock Kupernik (79), was born in Windsor Locks, on Cherry Lane; however, as an infant moved with his family to Suffield. His father is a Suffield native, while his mother claims Windsor Locks as her town. Bill has a sister, Carol, and two brothers, Michael and James.

Donna Scotto Kupernik is the daughter of the late Aurelio (known to his many friends as "Radio") Scotto, who was born in Italy. He came to the states and married Katherine Barbieri, who still lives on West Street. Donna has two brothers, Albert, a next door neighbor, and Dave, a resident of Glastonbury.

Bill, who set the example of volunteering in the family, grew up attending Suffield schools, graduating from the high school in 1950, where he played soccer and basketball. In July, fresh from the cap and gown ceremony, joined the U.S. Air Force. He served in Texas and Montana, saying "I went from the hot to the cold."

The weather in Montana, he added, "was only two parts...winter and the Fourth of July." From this unkind weather pattern, Bill became a member of air sea rescue, serving in the Azores (islands in the North Atlantic, 900 miles west of Portugal) for the Strategic Air Command.

Any rescues? "We had our share," Bill said modestly.

ON HIS RETURN to Suffield, Bill worked a few years on his father's farm of 30 acres, where the family grew tobacco, potatoes and cabbages. Before his permanent job at Dexter's, Bill was employed by Windsor Locks Lumber, did construction around the area and the Fleming Truck Company, where he drove tractor-trailers to Canada and throughout the New England states. When he first entered Dexter's (30 years ago) he never envisioned working inside or that he would stay so long.

Donna and Bill met on West Street, where he was also living at the time. They were married in 1964. Donna was a steady employee at the St. Mary's Credit Union for six years. She retired with the birth of their first son...William D. Kupernik.

The younger William, a grad of the local high school (Class of '83), is employed by the Bay Bank Building Corporation in Windsor as an architect. He is a grad of the Porter & Chester Institute in Enfield.

His brother John, a Raider grad (Class of '85), works in Middletown with the Emercom Inc. (a subsidiary of Northeast Utilities).

Bill joined the local volunteer fire department back in 1961...saying, "Since I was a kid, I was interested in becoming a fireman." His role as captain also includes serving as training officer. His sons have learned first-hand how to be a volunteer.

William D. (five years) and John (four years) began as junior firemen. Today, the young William is president of the "social services end of the department," and John acts as secretary.

IN APRIL, their father was honored for his long service at a dinner, where he received a plaque and horn, symbolic in the tradition of fire fighters. Donna completes the family involvement as a member of the ladies' auxiliary.

When it comes to sports..."The boys are the sports fans in the family," Bill said, "rooting for the New England teams." But the player in the family is Donna, a member of the Women's Softball League for the past six seasons.

Bill, according to his boys and wife, has several personal characteristics..."Mr. Clean (throws out everything around the house), enjoys woodworking (probably learned growing up as a 4-H member and boy scout), is unpredictable and a man with plenty of patience."

When Bill was asked who he most admired he said, "My parents, for the job they did bringing me up the right way."

The Kupernik family home on West Street is a short ride to the Fire and Police Complex on Elm Street. When the alarm goes, Bill, William D. and John are ready to volunteer their services...Donna will wait for her men, ready to assist. Yes, with the Kuperniks, it's a family affair.
Keith Griffin:
Golf — Newspapers —

At the age of 7, Keith Griffin handed out political literature, during his high school years was reporting football games and now at Imprint, in West Hartford, the Windsor Locks native is currently covering the Bloomfield Journal beat on politics and other news events.

The Journal is part of the Imprint family of 11 weekly newspapers, which includes the Windsor Locks Journal.

Keith, a local high school graduate, class of 1980, received his first taste of journalism with the old Observer of Windsor Locks (under the watchful eye of Steve Mauren) reporting on high school activity.

During the golf season, someone else was reporting the great play of Keith, as captain of the school's golf team. Playing the links. Keith is now a sport since he was 11. Keith is now a sport since he was 11, Keith has jumped into news making with his share of stories on several famous names... Art Buckwalter, Frank Purdure, Jimmy Breslin, Stan Musial, Warren Spahn and in the state, politicians: Governor Bill O'Neil, Toby Moffett, Chris Dodd and some Republicans along the way.

Keith enjoys contemporary music, considers himself a movie buff, with horror movies his favorite and is a faithful television viewers of "Hill Street Blues," "Newhart" and "Cheers."

The 1981 Class Book says... Keith Griffin would be a future governor of the state by the time he reaches the age of 45. Well he has two decades or so to see if the soothsayers were on the right political track.

When it came to who he most admired, Keith stayed with Windsor Lock's own Governor Ella Grasso. "I was always a fan of Mrs. Grasso... I liked her style, a real people person," he said.

Keith is a man who "never lets thing bother him," and not one to take everything too seriously. However, one subject he can get serious about is weekly newspapers.

It hit the nail on the head, when he said, "Papers, like the Journals, are the newspapers of record for the town." The town of Windsor Locks has, with Keith, one of its biggest boosters, saying, "It has a lot going for it."

At times, his feelings go beyond Windsor Locks, Bloomfield and Connecticut — he is a member of the World Affairs Center in Hartford, which chief "concern is with international issues," an unaffiliated group, as to politics, he said.

EPILOG: Keith Michael Griffin, young man on the newspaper beat in Hartford County or wherever there is a story. A concerned citizen, be it Windsor Locks or the world. When he is not hitting the typewriter keys, he's hitting a golf ball a long way. (I'll testify to that fact).

I had several quotes to use to describe writers, but felt the following fit Keith the best...

"Being a journalist is simply wonderful." (writes television reporter Robert MacNeil). It is a lifetime license to follow that most basic human trait... curiosity. It is permission to probe and delve into whatever interests you, as thoroughly as you wish, without fear of reprisal.

"You have a license to ask virtually any human being almost anything. You have an excuse to be a sidewalk superintendent, watching human beings work.

"When I was a child, I was constantly told that it was rude to stare and bad manners to ask too many pointed questions. I have spent 30 years as an adult doing both as much as I pleased."
As a young sailor, he saw action in the South China Sea, a place to visit the family. He found a fast living pace, lots of parties. However, young John would not end up as a farmer.

The year following graduation from high school, in 1965, John joined the U.S. Navy. During World War II, his father, Steve Hensley Sr., was a member of the Seabees. As a young sailor, he saw action in the Pacific, resulting in survival after being blown out of the water, when two of his ships went down. Mr. Hensley and John’s mother, Grace, still live in Princeton. John has two brothers: Steven Jr., and Eldridge.

JOHN’S OWN NAVAL career began at the Great Lakes Training Center in Illinois (March of 1966). He left the windy area for a nine-month stay in sunny Hawaii. A tour of duty followed on the USS Ranger (carrier) with action off Vietnam, on two occasions. The Ranger became a part of the Task force, led by the carrier Enterprise, when the USS Pueblo was seized in the Sea of Japan, off Korea.

For his action, and over three years of service, John was awarded several ribbons as seaman and for his unit’s contribution in the Pacific.

During a leave, in California, before his second tour in Vietnam, John met Hilde Krueger, a native of Hamburg, Germany. Hilde had come to Bristol, originally to visit relatives. However, as John tells it, “Hilde wanted to go west.”

A boy from West Virginia and the girl from Germany, met through friends in San Francisco and were married in September 1966. With his return to Vietnam, Hilde traveled to Germany to visit her parents.

When the young married couple were reunited in California, John was discharged from the navy, accepting a job at the Hunter’s Point Shipyards. In May, 1971, tragedy struck. Their first born son, Thomas, age 2½, died. The Hensleys decided to leave for Connecticut with many memories of war, meeting and marrying, and of course, the loss of their son.

AFTER A FEW MONTHS of living in the land of steady habits, John went to work at Sweet Life in Suffield. During the early years, they lived in Hartford, East Hartford and since 1975, have made their home in Warehouse Point. Now shop foreman of maintenance, John recently completed 14 years with Sweet Life.

In Connecticut, John and Hilde became parents again . . . Jennifer age 16, is a student at the Enfield Christian Academy. This fall she enters her senior year and hopes to attend Boston Bible College East in Boston to become a teacher. Her father said, “Jennifer is very outgoing . . . plays volleyball, softball and sings solo in the church choir.”

Her brother, Christopher, 12, is a soccer player and also sings in the choir.

John Hensley and the VFW . . . when he was in the service, on leave in California, John joined a VFW post. When he moved to Connecticut, he transferred his membership to the East Hartford post.

Since 1973, John has been an active member of the local Smalley Brothers post, after leaving the East Hartford
Golfing Spectacle
Around the Corner

By JACK REDMOND

The Greater Hartford Open golf week is upon us again — Sammy Davis, Jr., et al — a golfing spectacle not only to be played and watched but to be celebrated along with the country’s Fourth of July birthday, the new Statue of Liberty and savored as an unforgettable experience. The GHO has been something special.

The GHO, officially called the Canon Sammy Davis, Jr.-Greater Hartford Open, has a new date (July 3-6), at The Tournament Players Club of Connecticut in Cromwell, as one of 54 events on the $32 million professional golf calendar. Even Tom Watson will work the tournament into his golf schedule, an event he watched on television last year and was impressed by, and our partner was Imprint’s own Keith Griffin.

Keith has been playing golf since his 11th birthday. The Windsor Locks resident plays to an eight handicap. He was always anticipating what shot to make, for the good of the threesome.

Our team shot a respectable 74, just missing the prize category by a few strokes. You certainly get to know your neighbor, when you play eighteen holes together and, as they say, a good time was had by all.

As part of this special day at Cromwell, Phil Bonee, chairman of the 1986 Canon Sammy Davis, Jr. Greater Hartford Open, announced that many favorite and outstanding golfers will participate this year. Heading the list is Fuzzy Zoeller, 1984 U.S. Open Champion and 1979 Masters winner, along with, as mentioned, Tom Watson, Phil Blackmar, last year’s GHO champ (who was there in person, giving Mitch, Keith and myself, a few tips on the difficult 17th hole) Peter Jacobsen, the first winner at Cromwell, Hubert Green, Mark O’Meara, Lee Trevino and many others.

A happy and reflective Mac O’Grady, who has fought adversity and the PGA hierarchy, took home first prize in last week’s GHO.
The ‘Star-Spangled’ GHO, Our Celebration

Windsor Locks Journal, July 11, 1986

The 35th Canon Sammy Davis, Jr. Greater Hartford Open was advertised as the “Star-Spangled Spectacular.” And indeed it was.

I was of two minds last week. My body was at Cromwell, From June 30 to July 6th. My mind was on golf, but also on the star-spangled spectacular in New York Harbor. As we all know, it was the 100th birthday of our own Statue of Liberty.

The golf...Mac O’Grady, PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman’s bad boy, shot a course-record, 9-under 62, in the final round. He won the hot weather Sunday tournament with a one-hole playoff over Roger Maltbie, who also ended 15-under at 269.

The controversial O’Grady won over a field that included crowd favorites Tom Watson and Fuzzy Zoeller, two golfers that the crowds, estimated to be on Sunday, between 70 and 80 thousand, followed all week at Cromwell.

At New York’s famous harbor, the statue, all cleaned up for her birthday, was also closely followed by the crowds, winning the hearts of America. The beauty of this twin devotion, on my part, was that I could travel to Cromwell, in the daytime, and at night, watch the festivities on television, long after the crowds and players had left the course.

It was a long week...sunny, hot and rainy. Weatherwise, Monday and Tuesday were great for watching the quiet days of golf, however, Wednesday was not fit for player, celebrity or spectator. The pros and executives from area corporations did manage to play a wet nine-hole pro-am.

It was, to be a day of celebrities playing cabbages and kings

with Sammy Davis, Jr. Sam had to sit this year out, due to a hip operation. The celebrities sat out too — Jim Rice, Danny Ainge, Gary Collins and Ken Howard were of the no-show department.

The folks who braved the weather on Wednesday did see Ron Francis of our Whalers, Tom Poston of the “Newhart Show,” and Virginia’s Gov. Charles S. Robb.

Still on the weather, Thursday to Sunday were typical hot July days, with Sunday taking the cake. It was hot.

On Monday, July 7th, I ran into my old friend Harry. This is how the conversation went:

“Hi Harry. Did you go to the GHO?”

“The GHO? Are you kidding? I was in New York all week partying and watching the fireworks and seeing the old statue all lit up. Who won?”

“Mac O’Grady. Another playoff, just like last year.”

“I thought Tom Watson was there.”

“He was. But on Sunday, he shot a 71 and tied for fourth place. Just sit back and relax Harry and I’ll try to remember what else happened on the week that was.

As I said, Monday was a quiet day. A day of PGA golfers playing with local amateurs for a practice round (for the pros, a thrill for the amateurs).

Tuesday, another practice round, but aided by a great golf clinic staged by the two former winners at Cromwell, Peter Jacobson and Phil Blackmar. A good time was had by all...the kids and week-end golfers. The shootout was the highlight of the day. The fans on the 10th hole (the shootout was a seven hole event, with one player dropping out on each hole) were treated to the likes of Hubert Green, Jacobson, Blackmar, Zoeller, John Mahaffey and Ray Floyd. Mr. Green ended up the winner on the 18th, earning the small sum of $3,500. (At this point, Harry was all ears, $3,500 for seven holes, he wanted to sign up for the next year’s event).

Wednesday, not fit for golf, at least in the morning. By noon, it was decided to have a nine-hole event, with Ron, Tom and the governor playing with local executives and the pros. It was actually two events split into two separate nines, the back and front of Cromwell. For the record, three pros, Woody Blackburn, Ed Fiori and Mark Kibbe shot 32. Low team was headed by Curtis Strange, with Ron Raines, Barry Palm and Gordie Howe.

Thursday and Friday were Tim Simpson days. Mr. Simpson ended up with 130 for his two day’s work, followed by nice-guy Tom Watson, at 132. It looked like Mr. Watson might be the winner, come Sunday. (It was first trip here since 1974).

Saturday, Watson was on the top, but had to share the glory for a day with little known Kenny Knox at 202. At that point, one shot behind was Roger Maltbie.

Sunday’s winner, Mac O’Grady was five off the lead. No one figured, at that point, that he would shoot a 62 on Sunday. He as hot as the weather, come Sunday afternoon. Mr. Zoeller was way down on the list with 215.

I forgot to tell you Harry, had the pleasure of meeting Fuzzy’s parents, Mr.

‘The GHO? Are you kidding? I was in New York all week partying and watching the fireworks and seeing the old statue all lit up. Who won?’

and Mrs. Frank Zoeller Sr. of New Albany, Ind. After meeting this down-to-earth couple from the midwest, you know their son Fuzzy inherited that friendly outlook from them. His parents followed him on four days, hole for hole, when he shot 68-73-74, followed by Sunday’s fine 65.

Windsor Locks was well represented at Cromwell. During the week, watching the action was former mailman John Sartori, Jim McKenna, Leo Dennis and his son, Mark. At the shootout on Tuesday, Keith Griffin, was on the 17th catching the shots of Floyd, Jacobson and the winner, Hubert Green.

So Harry, the 1986 GHO is in the golf’s history books. Mac O’Grady, the winner. It was another week of golf at its best. Another best, was the thousands of local fans who watched and cheered, good weather and bad.

The GHO was part of the holiday festivities. It is now part of our local culture. We forgot baseball for a week. It was indeed, a “star-spangled” event. Now, its back to normal.
The LaPierre family (from left) Joe, Betty and Joey.

**Joe LaPierre Jr.**

**Electric Fire Fighter**

A few years back, there was a popular movie going around, called “Electric Horseman.” In town, we have our own electric man, but in Joseph Harold LaPierre Jr.’s case, it would be called Electric Fire Fighter.

The assistant fire chief of the local volunteers, has been in the electrical business since 1959. Today, when you say LaPierre Electric, you’re talking about Joe, Joey III and the bookkeeper in the family, Betty Ruggiero LaPierre.

The fire department and electrical work is strictly another family affair. The LaPierres combine their livelihood with extra special duty for the good of the community.

Both Joe and Betty come from well known local folks in Windsor Locks and Warehouse Point. Joe was the son of Joseph H. LaPierre Sr. and Jean Duval LaPierre. Both grew up in the Springfield area, however, their business careers were located in Windsor Locks and Warehouse Point.

Joe Sr. was a barber in both towns. Mrs. LaPierre was a hairdresser, and in the later years, she and Mr. LaPierre operated the popular Jean’s Diner in East Windsor.

Both are now deceased. Memories of their full lives have been an inspiration to Joe, and has rubbed off on their grandson, Joey.

Joe has two sisters, both living in Enfield: Jeane Sinsigalli and Carolyn Patch.

**BETTY RUGGIERO LAPIERRE,** an “Oak Street girl,” is the daughter of the late Nick Ruggiero and Rose Lois Ruggiero, who still makes her home on Suffield Street. Betty has a sister, Bernie Walters, a brother, Patsy Ruggiero, safety director at Dexter’s and a member of the Police Commission.

Betty lost two brothers, equally well known around town: everyone’s photographer, Nick Ruggiero and Vito Ruggiero, former town constable.

As Ella Grasso was the girl from Olive Street, Betty Ruggiero was the girl from Oak Street, attending St. Mary’s and the high school, class of 1962.

Her life has been a Windsor Locks story. After her schooling, Betty became a nurse’s aid at the Bickford Convalescent Home for seven years, a home health nurse for the Windsor Locks Public Health during an eight-year period, member of the Lion’s Ambulance Corps as an EMT and active member of the ladies auxiliary of the Fire Department.

Where did Betty meet Joe? At Friendly’s by way of introduction, by her brother Vito.

As Betty recalls, “We met, we went for a ride (in his shiny convertible), and have been together ever since.” On May 21, of this year, they celebrated their 20th anniversary.

**AND THE MAN with the convertible — Joe is a product of Warehouse Point. At the age of 16 he left school for the life of an electrician. As a kid, he fooled around with radios, had a relative in the business, “it sort of just rubbed off.”**

As an apprentice, Joe worked in home installation, but it became too repetitious; he wanted to become more involved. For the next 20 years, Joe did electrical work “indoors and outdoors,” for several large contractors (Lodola, and even the state of Connecticut) in the Hartford area, but always in the back of his mind, “to start his own business.”

Joe, with his well-earned electrical contractor’s license in hand, became the LaPierre Electric in 1978. The dream had come true.

Another event close to Joe and Betty, was the birth of their son, Joey, the third male in the LaPierre family. Joey is a 1985 grad of Prince Tech, where he “followed in his father’s footsteps, since he was 10 years old,” learning all he could about the world of electricity. Joey’s other talents include four years of little league, bowling and as a drummer (ancient variety) with the 8th Volunteerers of Connecticut.

Joe, as many of the Windsor Locks youths before him, began in the Fire Department’s Junior program. The past year he’s been a regular under his father and Chief Raymond Ouellette.

“If the alarm goes off (at the LaPierre home on Arlington) we all go . . . Joe, Joey and Betty, if medical assistance is required,” they all agreed.

**FOR 22 YEARS** (two with Warehouse Point, 20 with the Locks), Joe LaPierre has been a volunteer fireman. Joe summed it all up by saying, “its duty to the town and the people,” that keeps him and his family, involved as a volunteer fireman.

Joe, always eager to learn more about his trade, attended night classes at Cheney Tech, where he discovered the latest in electrical theory. He is a member of the Connecticut Electrical Contractor’s Association and for the other side of his life style . . . he is a part of the Connecticut Fire Chiefs Association.

The busy schedule of volunteer and electrician keeps Joe and his son away from their favorite hobbies: fishing and hunting. When they do find a few hours, they can be found relaxing with rod or gun.

But, according to Joe, his dad “hunts with an unloaded gun.” Joe enjoys the sport of hunting animals, but it stops there.

According to Betty, its difficult to distinguish between her two Joes. To her, and many in town, “Joe and Joey, with everything is the same, their daily work uniforms, their two equipment trucks, easy going manner.” To an outsider, you might say, The Damon and Pythias of the local electrical world.

This “father like son” relationship began with Joe and his own father, Joe Sr. The days of fishing together, setting good examples, the time they spent watching a circus being set up in Enfield. Joe just said, in retrospect, “I guess I liked being with him.”

**THAT’S THE STORY** of Joe, Joey and Betty LaPierre. They come from a long line of family togetherness. People who were, and are, active in their community. Joe, Joey and Betty may not think of the following words . . . but are really what it is all about:

“A child is a person who is going to carry on what you have started. He or she is going to sit where you are sitting, and when you are gone, attend to those things which you think are important. The fate of humanity is in their hands.”

---

The LaPierre family (from left) Joe, Betty and Joey.

**Family Protect Town**

By JACK REDMOND
Fire Chief, Druggist from Suffield Street

"God bless it... it's been my whole life" ... Windsor Locks Fire Department.

Jimmy Carroll has had great moments of glory. He has had numerous medical setbacks most people probably could not have endured. Today, looking back on the setbacks and great moments, he enjoys talking about Windsor Locks, the Fire Department, the pharmacy business, his three children, five grandchildren and his wonderful companion of 47 years, Helen.

He wanted it to be known at the beginning of our long conversation that he could not have survived (the medical problems) without his Helen. She was the rock for this giant of a man, who wore the fire chief's badge with pride and in the role of local druggist in the town they both love so much.

James Peter Carroll Jr. was born at 18 Suffield St. Today, Jimmy and Helen Carroll live at 20 Suffield St. He was the son of the late James Peter Carroll Sr. of Windsor Locks and Elizabeth Carney Carroll of Enfield.

The Carrolls were truly "Irish-Roman Catholics." He first saw the light of day on Oct. 26, 1912.

Schooling in Windsor Locks meant St. Mary's. Later, schooling was in Windsor at the "prep school" of Loomis Chaffee, where Jimmy "played everything (baseball, basketball, football and soccer) and (I) wasn't good at anything."

After graduation from Loomis in 1931, young Jimmy was undecided as to future career plans. His first job was with Johnnie Kane at the Bridge Pharmacy at Church and Main streets.

As an apprentice in this new environment for six years, he attended night school in Springfield at the Jacob School of Pharmacy. Jimmy took the state boards (pharmacy) twice, passing on the second go around.

THE NEXT DECADE found him, for the first time, out of town, at Joe Devine's Thompsonville Pharmacy. In the back of Jim's active mind was the thought of having a business of his own. But, first things first... In 1937, a young lady from Torrington, by the name of Helen Carey, walked into the pharmacy where Jimmy was behind the counter.

Helen not only met her future husband, but the man who made a good sundae. According to Helen, "Jim was famous for his hot fudge sundaes."

Two years later, on May 9, 1939, Helen and Jimmy were married at St. Bernard's Church in Hazardville.

No story on Jimmy Carroll would be complete without their three children -- Theresa, Charlie and Christine. Theresa is married to Peter Farr. The Farrs live in town on Deborah Road with three of Helen and Jimmy's grandchildren.

Theresa is a grad of Our Lady of Angels and Madonna College in Livonia, Mich. Charlie, a local high school graduate, became a teacher after graduation from Eastern Connecticut State University. He teaches in Norwich and lives in Scotland, Conn. with his wife Donna and their two children.

Christine, also a grad of O.L.A., is employed by Southern New England Telephone. As a young girl Christine was always interested in the space program. Several years ago she traveled to Florida with a friend to view a space launching. Due to her parents' friendship with the late Ella Grasso, their daughter was provided with the necessary credentials. To this day, Christine has a special interest in the space travel program.

WHEN THE FAMILY was growing up, Jimmy left Thompsonville to work five years back in town at the Co-Op Pharmacy at the corner of Church and Main. In 1945, the dream came true. Jimmy opened his own drug business at 18 Suffield St. The family lived upstairs, the store located on the lower level.

For 18 years, Jimmy served his neighbors and the town citizens. After the store was closed, he continued in the drug business in Enfield for the next 13 years, until his retirement in 1975.

Retirement was due to medical reasons. Always keeping his "wonderful attitude," according to Helen, Jimmy suffered over a period of years including the loss of his left leg and toes on the right foot. To this day, Jimmy has not lost his sense of humor or that Irish twinkle in his eyes.

Jimmy's life has been devoted to firefighting. He made it his "joy and hobby." To Jimmy, holding a fire hose and fighting a fire, that's what it was all about. It was in the early '40s that Jimmy joined the Windsor Locks Volunteer Fire Department. He served as lieutenant, captain, assistant chief, and in 1959 was made chief. He served as head of the department until 1964.

Jimmy was also active in the Knights of Columbus, joining in 1933, and a past Grand Knight. When he was invested into the 4th Degree, it was a double celebration -- the ceremony included both junior and senior, James P. Carroll.

THE MAN FROM Suffield Street has met, talked to and befriended many people over the years, in organizations he represented in addition to the pharmacy trade. Two stand out: Ella Grasso and Dr.

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THE MAN FROM Suffield Street has met, talked to and befriended many people over the years, in organizations he represented in addition to the pharmacy trade. Two stand out: Ella Grasso and Dr.

Ettore Carriglia.

The former governor and Jimmy were "very close... she would come into our store just to talk. I remember one time (when she was Secretary of State), after a victory party (the night before) which we did not attend, she came in the next day asking why we didn't come. She came with a bottle of champagne so she could celebrate her victory, with us."

The good Dr. Carniglia, "He never turned a poor person away... he was a brilliant man and great humanitarian."

Epilog: That is the story of a man called Jimmy Carroll. A man, by his wife's definition, with "a lot of fortitude." A man who loved being a fireman and serving the public needs. A man who loves viewing those great Clydesdale horses. A man with a philosophy, that we somehow know to be true, "The good Lord put us here and He will take us when He is ready."
“Every morning that I go to work . . . I’m satisfied.”

As a young boy growing up in Brooklyn, N.Y., Abe Gottesman found fun on the streets playing stickball, tennis in the park, and watching the beloved Dodgers go through their own brand of baseball at Ebbets Field.

However, when it came to his life’s work of optometry, Dr. Abraham Gottesman has spent more than 28 years on the Main Street of Windsor Locks.

The doctor, with a sense of humor and friendly smile, was born in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. He was the son of Russian immigrants, the late Philip and Sadie Gottesman.

It was a neighborhood of Irish, Italian, Polish and Jewish kids, all playing together, mostly on the streets until the “Little Flower,” Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, had the city build some much needed parks and swimming pools throughout the city.

Abe went to P.S. (Public School) 18, P.S. 49 for Junior High and Boys High School.

Abe has two brothers — Morris, an engineer, now making his home in Leominster, Mass., and Haskell, like Abe, an optometrist. And where does his brother set up his office? In the Brooklyn house where Abe was born.

LESS THAN A YEAR after graduation from high school, Abe entered the U.S. Army (March, 1944) and served until April, 1946. Training took place in North Carolina and Oklahoma before going overseas with the 42nd Rainbow Division (Infantry).

The young soldier saw action in France, Germany and Austria. When the war ended in Europe, Abe was sent back to the states as replacement in the Pacific war. V-J Day came, with Abe serving the remaining months in North Carolina and at nearby Fort Devens.

Abe was married on his return to the states in 1945 to Ruth, the mother of their two children . . . Gary and Susan. Gary, a Hartford lawyer, was a C & K subject in October of 1962. Susan gave Abe a granddaughter, Rachel Beth Russo, now 15 months old. Ruth Gottesman passed away in 1967.

With the war over, and newly married, Abe decided to go to college. In 1946, colleges were all jammed with thousands returning from the service, going to college under the GI Bill.

Abe, always in character, said, “The first college that accepted me was the New England College of Optometry . . . so that’s where I went.”

The young couple lived in the west end of Boston while he was in college. With proper credentials and diploma in hand, Dr. Abe Gottesman went into business. Not in Boston or New York. He said the best offer came from Virginia. So, for six years, in Norfolk, Doctor Abe and Ruth set up home and office. Gary was born in Brookline, with Susan a Virginia girl.

WITH SOME FAMILIES, vacations are spent going back and forth to one’s home state. The Gottesmans “wanted to be close to family,” the doctor said, and adding, “There was a need for an optometrist in Windsor Locks.”

In 1958, Doctor Abe and family left Virginia for Connecticut, setting up his office at 138 Main St. It was located in the old Bidwell Building . . . along with Dr. King, a dentist, and Joe Durnin, a barber.

He said, “It was a great place to watch the local parades and the boats on the canal.”

After a fire destroyed the building, his offices were moved to 150 Main St. After 10 years next to the old theater and Stan Swede’s Jewelry Store, and redevelopment, Dr. Gottesman moved to North Main at 252, where he’s been the past decade.

Dr. Gottesman’s comments on redevelopment: “The town lost its charm . . . and antiquity . . . I stayed in town because I liked the town and where I wanted to be.” However, he added, “I’m afraid (that area) will become a plastic village.”

In 1970, Dr. Gottesman married a local girl — Ann Fisher. Ann’s mother and grandmother were both from Windsor Locks. Ann is secretary to the manager of Eastern Airlines at Bradley International Airport.

LOCALY, IN ADDITION to several professional organizations, Doctor Abe is a member of the Rotary Club and Masonic Lodge of Windsor Locks.

A man who knows all work makes for a dull life, Abe went to Bradley one day and asked the obvious question to a person who should know . . . “Can you teach me to fly?” They did.

Today he has a pilot’s license (single-engine airplane) with more than a thousand hours in the sky, all by himself. Ann and Abe “travel a lot . . . with California our favorite stopping-off place.”

When he is not at work, flying, or traveling, he’s a dedicated golfer and took part in a Pro-Am at one of the June GHO events.

EPILOG: Dr. Abraham Gottesman is a man who his daughter calls “The best,” and a man who greatly admired the former president, Harry Truman. He said of Mr. Truman, “A man who epitomized everything about America . . . he had to make tremendous decisions (as president) . . . he had an American attitude . . . when I’m right, I’m right.”

Dr. Gottesman is a man who enjoys traveling and feels it’s the best way to learn. His philosophy: “I don’t want to die with any regrets,” Gary, Susan and Ann will make sure of that.

Dr. Abe Gottesman — Main Street Optometrist
Kevin Quinn

A Young Man Who Wears Three Hats

"It's a good steppingstone for young people who want a career in law enforcement ..." Kevin Francis Quinn is a young man who believes in the Civil Preparedness Auxiliary Police unit. He is also one of four civilian dispatchers for the town's Police Department.

In addition to Kevin's duties, at the Public Safety Complex, is commanding officer of the auxiliary police unit and serves as a MRT (Medical Rescue Technician) in the Lion's Ambulance Corps.

During a recent interview, Kevin, a native of Hartford, and resident of this area for the past two decades, found a community-minded individual who is striving to increase the ranks of the Police Auxiliary.

Kevin comes from a large family. He is the son of the late Joseph Quinn and Dorothy Cummings Quinn. His father (C & K, Sept. 1975) was active in the town's Republican party, serving as selectman with Ed Savino and Fran Colli.

Are there any political plans in the future for Kevin? "Maybe someday ... I'll follow in my dad's footsteps," he said.

In the Joseph Quinn family there were four sons: Kevin, Mike, Jeff, and Brian, with one daughter, Janet Quinn Shelto. Their uncles, Tom, John, Leo and Francis Quinn, are all well-known in these parts.

AT THE AGE OF 8, Kevin's family moved from the capital city of Windsor Locks. He attended Union, the Middle School and graduated from the high school in 1976. In high school, Kevin was a member of the track team.

Soon after high school he entered the Air National Guard, with active duty for six months and service time of eight years.

Employment in the local market included six years at the First National Warehouse and two years, on his own, in the home remodeling business.

At any early age, he joined the police auxiliary (1979), persuaded by his brother-in-law, Kent Shelto, while he was with First National. To further his police training, Kevin joined the Suffield Police Department in 1981 as a supernumerary officer.

In December, 1984, he joined the police department in town as a dispatcher, staying with the Suffield Police for another two years. Saying he "never lost interest," he rejoined the local unit of the police auxiliary.

TODAY, IN ADDITION to Kevin, there are three other dispatchers, Kevin Cooney, Bonnie Shepard and Debbie DeRosa.

According to Kevin, the current ranks of the auxiliary total 12, with 15 as their immediate goal. Among the ranks is one female, Janice Baral, who recently joined.

And how will they fill the ranks? "Advertise ... by word of mouth ... we are planning an open house in September at the Elm Street Complex ... it will be the auxiliary's way of introducing the public in what we do and can do," Kevin said.

And the auxiliary's duties? "Traffic and crowd control, as needed by the police department ... in case of disaster (as in the 1979 tornado) is another example of the auxiliary contributions, as required."

The auxiliary works under the Civil Preparedness Director, Roger J. Ignazio. Kevin, always looking for new men and women, said, if anyone is interested in more information, call him or Mr. Ignazio. Adding, "It's a good steppingstone for young people who want a career in law enforcement."


Kevin, when he finds the time, collects coins and stamps. He attributes this hobby to his brother Mike and late grandfather, Joseph L. Quinn, who passed away last month. Spectator sports are confined to those cold Sunday afternoons (if he isn't at the dispatcher's desk) watching the New England Patriots.

One of Kevin's sons, Bryan, is a special student at the North Street School. The 7-year-old boy is partially paralyzed. According to his proud father, Bryan is "a little fighter ... a boy who never quits ... and is always striving to learn." Admiration for this little guy was quite evident, when you talk to his young father.

We caught Kevin Quinn just before he went on duty at the complex. You could call it: Kevin's home away from home. And you could call Kevin a workaholic. But Kevin found out a few years ago ... "People who are considered workaholics may really just be having fun. The only thing that distinguishes work from pleasure is which activity you prefer doing."
He's More Than Just a Kid Called 'Mags'

This can be called a success story. A story about a boy from town who always wanted to be involved.

At an early age, he was involved and still is. The boy, now a grown and married man, was always known as just Mags. Full name: John Joseph Magnani Jr.

Ask Dan Sullivan, the coach who has been involved in every hockey game since 1971, who this friendly, congenial, gentle bearded guy is. They'll all know.

Mags was born in 1952, the son of John (now deceased) and Betty Magnani. Mrs. Magnani resides on Grove Street. He has a sister, Elaine Labbe, whose husband Rich Labbe was a C&K interviewee in September of 1979.

Mags grew up on Suffield Street and Briarcliff Drive, attending St. Mary's Union, junior high and graduated with that class. He received an associate's degree from the Greater Hartford Community College (1973) and five years later, a B.S. degree in business administration from Central Connecticut State University.

In 1971, sports involvement was upper in the mind of this boy. Saying, “My favorite sport was ice hockey” and being a Springfield King fan and now a season-ticket holder at the Whaler games faced the fact “no ice was available in town.” Mags and the other kids had to be satisfied playing basketball at Union School.

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, during a brief time out, Mags noticed a net, some hockey sticks and a puck stuffed into a corner of the gym. An idea came quickly to mind: how about indoor hockey?

With the permission of school officials, after a good selling job by Mags, the Windsor Locks Indoor Hockey League was born. Forty-eight kids (only Windsor Locks residents) signed up, forming four teams. A year later, the team number grew to six, as it is today. Come November, on Sunday afternoons, the league will begin another season until March.

Mags is the president of the league and the girl he married, Susan Wright from Manchester, on April 20, 1985, is the treasurer of the league.

In addition to Coach Sullivan's appearance each year, as speaker or guest, he has assumed the role of referee at many of the league's games, according to Mags.

LAST YEAR MAGS was honored as the V.F.W. Sportsman of the Year. It was a big thrill for this young man who said, “I was happy to be chosen ... and just to have (my) picture on the wall (at the V.F.W. hall) along with the other local men was great.”

Susan Magnani met Mags while they were both working at LaPointe. She is a graduate of Nichols College (1981) in Dudley, Mass. She is now employed at United Bank and Trust in Vernon, where the young couple now reside.

One of the highlights of the indoor hockey year is the annual banquet. The event, held in the high school, is always well attended. Main speakers have included Arnold Dean, George Erlich and Coach Sullivan.

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For Mags, his life as an involved kid, actually began four years before graduation, under the guidance of his mentor, Coach Dan Sullivan.

To a young John Magnani, it's quite a story, and rightfully so. The future manager of baseball, soccer and basketball, at the high school (four years), Mags was interested in sports.

As a student at Union, near the high school (at the present middle school location) Mags would attend the baseball games and practice sessions, picking up bats, always volunteering his services, where needed.

THIS IS WHERE faith stepped in. Coach Sullivan, knowing a team requires a good bat boy, and knowing Mags mother (a nurse in public service for 18 years), asked permission to take young John on a bus trip as the team's bat boy.

Mags talents were also recognized at his class graduation, as the recipient of the Jimmy Downes Sportsmanship award from the local Lions.

Employment has been with two companies ... LaPointe Industries in the material control department for 17 years and currently at Magnetec, as expeditor.

During those working years at LaPointe, Mags was always known as just Mags. Full name: John Joseph Magnani Jr.

He received an associate's degree from the Greater Hartford Community College (1973) and five years later, a B.S. degree in business administration from Central Connecticut State University.

In 1971, sports involvement was upper in the mind of this boy. Saying, “My favorite sport was ice hockey” ... and being a Springfield King fan and now a season-ticket holder at the Whaler games ... faced the fact ... “no ice was available in town.” Mags and the other kids had to be satisfied playing basketball at Union School.

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There has been two men in Mags life that have had an impact on his active career ... his father, who “taught me right from wrong ... and to be a leader not a follower.” The other is coach Dan Sullivan, “Who I always looked up to for help ... he was always there to help me ... the players and students had his respect ... the coach who always got 100 percent from his players.”

Mags, when asked for a personal philosophy said, “A person should enjoy themselves ... while they are here ... because (most) people do not get a second chance.”

On Mags big night, the main speaker was Coach Jack Phelan of the University of Hartford basketball team.

Mags sports activity has also included playing softball for LaPointe in the industrial league. For the past five years, Mags has coached a women's softball team in Vernon.

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One of the highlights of the indoor hockey year is the annual banquet. The event, held in the high school, is always well attended. Main speakers have included Arnold Dean, George Erlich and Coach Sullivan.

IN ADDITION TO COACH SULLIVAN'S APPEARANCE EACH YEAR, AS SPEAKER OR GUEST, HE HAS ASSUMED THE ROLE OF REFEREE AT MANY OF THE LEAGUE'S GAMES, ACCORDING TO MAGS.

LAST YEAR MAGS was honored as the V.F.W. Sportsman of the Year. It was a big thrill for this young man who said, “I was happy to be chosen ... and just to have (my) picture on the wall (at the V.F.W. hall) along with the other local men was great.”

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, AUGUST 15, 1986
ROCKY, AS MENTIONED, has been involved in local activities. She and Wes were into the scouting program when the boys were younger. The North Street School has seen Rocky in action at the PTO and as a volunteer in cataloging the school's library, which was quite an undertaking.

The past nine years, Rocky's name has been on the rolls of the local Women's Club as president and currently as secretary.

The off-track betting theater issue is not the first time Rocky has taken an active role in deeds or words, in opinion or service. She was secretary on the Southwest School Committee a few years back, as to the school's use after its closing. (At this writing, the school is still closed and eventually will be turned into a Senior Citizen housing complex.)

And what is this lady doing in her spare time? The evenings are spent as a Tupperware salesperson. Any quiet nights, Rocky is either sewing or baking the family's favorites.

Her husband Wes is an avid golfer, with boxing and golf on the television as his spectator sports.

In the summer months the Mockus family goes camping, with trips as far west as Illinois and down south to Tennessee. Their itinerary usually includes the visit to each state capital.

One of Wes and Rocky's pride and joys is their three-wheel motorcycle, which is called a "trike." The extra long cycle holds not only Wes and Rocky but equipment for camping and other personal items.

The traveling twosome have gone as far as Old Orchard Beach in Maine (with another couple as company) on the specially designed bike. They are members of the Connecticut Valley Touring Club (for bike enthusiasts). Their longest trip, not camping or by bike, was to Hawaii.

EPILOG: Rochelle Martel Mockus speaks out because, as her husband so eloquently pointed out, "Rocky holds her own... (she) takes on the world (if she believes in a cause). The name "Rocky" fits her... she was called that long before the movie."

The Mockus family enjoys the "quality of life" as it is, in Windsor Locks, and that was her reason for speaking out on matters that affect the town.

Rocky is not afraid to take that extra step, in action or words. She knows that, as someone once said, "Risk is essential — there is no growth or inspiration in staying within what is safe and comfortable."

"I just wanted to express myself..."

The kids may have "Rocky and His Friends," the teenagers (and some grown-ups) may have "Rocky (1 through IV)," but Windsor Locks has a woman all its own — Rochelle Martel Mockus, known to many town residents as just Rocky.

The outspoken concerned citizen and hard-working member of the Women's Club, scouts, PTO (you name it), recently took part in a public hearing on the controversial issue that may have divided the town towards quality of life in this town for the ringing of cash registers.

After the July 31 voting and the results on the board... the returns showed 1,789 voted in favor of the teletheater, while 1,203 opposed it. The turnout was estimated at 4 percent.

Rocky has won the battle of words, but lost the war to place the theater at Bradley to Ray Roncari, the project's developer.

"We feel there is enough gambling in town, in the state... and where does the money go (from the theater, if passed)? Where does all the money go from the Lottery? Are the roads better, are the schools... where does all the money go?"

Not always satisfied with the answers, the Mockus family will go on living their own busy life.

FOR THE BUSY LIFE of Rocky, Wes, and their three sons... Rocky grew up in Concord with her sister, Dianne Wrubel, and her parents, Connie and Ophe Martel, all now living in town. They came to Windsor Locks in 1957 when Mr. Martel was seeking employment.

Rocky graduated from the local high school in 1959, participating in the Glee Club and as a majorette. She worked at the Travelers and Stanadyne, where she met Wesley Phillip Mockus whom she married in 1964 at St. Mary's Church.

Rocky left the working world when the first of their three sons were born. Jeffrey, now 20, works in Hartford; Keith, 18, graduated from high school in 1985; Darrell, 14, will be a freshman next month at the high school. Jeffrey and Keith were both involved in Little League while Darrell, since he was 8, has been active in Tae Kwon Do (martial art), competing in many state championships, earning a black belt.

Wes, son of Eva and Stanley Mockus (who live in the house next to the younger Mockus family on Alberta), grew up in East Hartford, graduating from East Hartford High School in 1960. The past 23 years Wes has been employed at Stanadyne. He has a brother Stanley, who resides in Florida.

The Mockus family enjoys the "quality of life" as it is, in Windsor Locks, and that was her reason for speaking out on matters that affect the town.
Earl Imswiler: A Profile in Courage

The Rev. Earl Eugene Imswiler Jr. is a man “totally committed to his family.” Six days after the vote on the question of building an off-track betting theater near Bradford International Airport, we also found a man totally committed to the family of church members at the Living Waters Fellowship Church where he is the pastor. He is also committed to the family of fellow citizens in the area on this controversial issue, in which he was personally involved.

What were his feelings after the approval by the voters (1,789 to 1,303) on July 31? Reverend Imswiler said, “Yes, (I was) disappointed, but not discouraged. We lost the battle, not the war.”

Raymond A. Roncari, the project’s developer and well-known citizen in town, met Reverend Imswiler (after the results were tabulated) and they agreed . . . “(We) got the town excited . . . the people have spoken.”

Talking to Reverend Imswiler (in a much quieter surrounding — at his church), I realized this religious and concerned citizen knows there is a higher authority who will determine the final decision.

WHAT KIND OF MAN would take on City Hall (my words, not his)? To many, the betting theater was a popular view, but to Reverend Imswiler it was a moral issue versus a dollar issue.

First, the man — the Rev. Earl E. Imswiler.

He was born and raised by parents who “were good Christians,” Earl E. Imswiler Sr. and Mary Bogash Imswiler, in Lansdale, Penn., located north of Philadelphia. He has two brothers — Ted, now of Rochester, N.Y., and John who lives near Los Angeles, and a sister, Barbara Bunker, in Minnesota.

As a high school student Earl was active in sports, with most of his energy towards track. It runs in the family . . . his brother Ted has participated in the Boston Marathon. Today, the reverend rises each morning at 6 and (after prayer and devotion) jogs the back roads of Suffield, averaging more than 10 miles a week. Someday he has hopes of following in his brother’s road to the special Boston event.

When he was 18 and a recent grad of high school, the Imswiler family (with eight generations going back to the American Revolution as Hessian soldiers, who stayed after the war) moved from the Valley Forge region to Kensington. Mr. Imswiler was a plant manager for a large flower pot company, and the Kensington area was the right soil mixture for the making of pottery.

ACTUALLY, THE YOUNG Earl Imswiler did not begin higher education pursuing the life of a minister; quite to the contrary.

The road to his ultimate career covered the following: a two-year engineering degree from Penn State; a bachelor of science degree in psychology from Gordon College (Wenham, Mass.); employment in Farmington at the New England Aircraft Products; working odd jobs; spending one summer in Europe studying church history; additional schooling in New Hampshire; and taking on the role of “Christian Counselor.”

Due to illness in 1965, Earl was at the crossroads of his life . . . what to do? Admitting to God, “I’m wasting my life” (brought on by illness and indecision), Earl entered the Gordon Conwell Seminary where in 1969 he received the degree of master of divinity. From that time forward, he was Reverend Earl E. Imswiler.

A YEAR BEFORE GRADUATION he met Linda Dyer at the seminary, where she was a secretary. (He admits she typed some papers for him . . . a good way to get to know each other.) Linda was from Lunenburg, Mass. (near Worcester). She graduated from King’s College in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. The Imswilers lived in Beverly, Mass., Broad Brook, and currently in Suffield. They have two daughters: Christina, 7, and Dahleet, 3.

Calling their children “the center of our life,” Reverend and Mrs. Imswiler spend as much time as possible with their daughters, adding “We turn off the television. We work and play together, being totally committed to the family. Our hobby is the children.”

Vacations are usually spent in Maine. The reverend has made six trips to the land of Israel. Traveling there was a “fulfillment . . . we can’t understand our Christian faith unless we understand our Jewish roots.”

Reverend Imswiler’s first church assignment was at the Broad Brook Congregational Church. The Living Waters Fellowship Church on Spring Street had its beginning in 1973 in the East Windsor High School under the leadership of Reverend Imswiler, with 20 faithful. Five years later, the American Legion Hall on Spring Street was converted to the present church. The numbers have grown to well over 200.

Second, Reverend Earl . . . the man in the battle over gambling.

Following are some of the questions and answers given:

Do you feel you got the point across on gambling? “No. The point was missed. The town was totally taken in by Mr. Roncari’s marketing job.”

How does it feel to be a celebrity? “It wasn’t my choice. I did enjoy it but I’m no politician.”

Have you ever been involved in other causes? “Yes, but not up front . . . been to Washington, D.C. for the Pro-Life movement and, locally, leading the fight against abortion and pornography.”

DO YOU PLAN TO follow the (telesbranch) situation in the future? “Yes. I plan to attend any meetings such as the Planning and Zoning, etc.”

As with most interviews, the following questions are put to interviewees (in this case, an additional question):

Whom do you most admire? “Jesus Christ . . . as a model, Billy Graham, a man with deep Christ-like convictions.”

Your personal philosophy of life? “To be a servant to others for Jesus Christ.”

Your favorite passage from the Bible? “Seekfirst the Kingdom of God . . . and all these things will be added unto you.” (Matthew 6:33)

Epilog:

Reverend Earl E. Imswiler Jr. is a man of strong conviction. He has taken a stand against the money issue and how gambling will affect people locally. It should be called a personal profile in courage for a man of the cloth.

His father was in the pottery business . . . I came across the following that I believe the reverend would agree with: “Over the years I have learned that the forces that shape a pot are the same forces that shape a person’s life. Unless it is disciplined, clay flies off the wheel. Unless it is disciplined, a life has no focus. My goal is to be centered like these pots.” (Scott Goewey)

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, AUGUST 29, 1986
Barbara McHugh: Pied Piper of Pesci Park

One has to get up early in the morning to catch Barbara McDonald McHugh at Pesci Park. The likable young lady has worked a full day at the local park since her junior year at high school (1969).

Today, Barbara, as summer program director, under Park Director Brian McKeown, can rightfully be called the Pied Piper of Pesci Park, as she is attached to the hundreds of children (and they to her) who attend the eight-week program with swimming, all sorts of games and all-round activity during the height of the summer.

Barbara and I opened the park one morning last month to talk of many things—her teaching and coaching career, her life at the park, her husband James Ronald McHugh, her writing, and many of her high school actions she was constantly involved with, as she is today.

HIGH SCHOOL was a busy time for Barbara—with cheerleading, the Honor Society, Future Teachers Club, rounded out by basketball and tennis, before schools let the girls play varsity sports.

She is one of six children of Phil and Gloria McDonald. Born in New York City, Barbara and her family moved to West Hartford when she was only 5. At the age of 7, her family decided to locate in Windsor Locks. Mrs. McDonald passed away when Barbara was a young girl.

Barbara has a sister, JoAnn, who lives in Springfield; four brothers, twins Richard and Robert (who live in town), Brian, now of Suffield and Phil of Bolton. Robert resides with his father and grandmother, Amanda Franklin, who will be 89 this November.

Barbara attended local schools, graduating from the high school in 1970. She was active at St. Mary's Church as a member of the choir and as teacher in the CCD program.

WHEN DID BARBARA decide to become a teacher? “Since I was in the second grade,” she explained. After finishing high school, Barbara traveled to Schenectady, N.Y. to attend Union College, where in 1974 she received a bachelor of arts in English (cum laude).

On her return to Connecticut, Barbara attended Central Connecticut for her certification to teach. Locally, during that period, she had a duel role—coaching softball and cheerleading at the high school. Her first job was as a student teacher at the middle school. In 1975, she was hired to teach full time at the middle school, staying nine years. In addition, she coached at both the middle school and high school. She left town for two years as a teacher of English and speech at Windsor High School.

With a constant desire to be near and work with young children, Barbara accepted a position with the Park Department in 1969 as a tennis instructor, which developed into arts and crafts, the role of life-guard and a special handicap program.

WHERE DID SHE meet her future husband? “At the park,” she said, with that familiar smile of hers. Their paths met again at the wedding of Mike and Kathy Heneghan, where James was the photographer and she was the singer (another talent not previously stated).

James R. McHugh, a Windsor Locks native, graduated from the high school in 1967, where he played soccer and was a member of the track team. He has a brother William and a sister Patti. Their parents are (the late) Bill McHugh and Edith Cousineau McHugh.

James is a graduate of Central Connecticut (class of 1971) and has taught in Monroe and Ellington schools, where he also coached soccer. Today, he is no longer in the teacher profession but employed at Phoenix Insurance in Hartford.

The young couple live in nearby Somers; however, they still feel that they are Windsor Locks folks, Barbara saying “I’m always here.” In 1975, the Windsor Locks Jaycees knew of Barbara’s activities around the town, and honored her as the “Outstanding Woman of the Year.”

JAMES AND BARBARA, as time permits, are both into traveling, with trips to the Cape, Florida, Virginia, Indiana and Bermuda. Barbara had a taste of the travel bug in her junior year of high school, spending a semester living with a family in France and attending school. She visited the beauty of Paris, which was located two hours from her temporary home in Rennes, in Brittany (on a peninsula extending into the Atlantic between the English Channel and Boy of Biscay).

There are three people in Barbara’s life that have had an influence (by their concern and actions) . . . “My grandmother, my father (who was both mother and father after her mother passed away) and “Spud” Shapiro (former school officer) who I had great respect for during my high school years.”

Barbara, a member of a writing group, had a fling at newspaper writing, under Steve Mauren at the Windsor Locks Observer a few years back. Writing, tennis, crafts and aerobics are her hobbies and, most of all, “just working with the kids.”

When she was in the fourth grade, she took part in the play, “Pied Piper of Hamelin,” not knowing that someday she would assume the role of “Pied Piper” of Pesci Park, a position she now enjoys. After observing Barbara a few days at the park, the kids and parents would agree.
Roger and Marie Gagne

"Keep it (life) simple . . . make it fun."

Roger and Marie Gagne were your classic local football fans, be it the midget football program or the limited high school variety. Their daughters, Holly and Denise, were cheerleaders at high school and at the midget football games, with the continued support of their parents.

Cheering for others has always been a family affair. Both Roger and Marie, residents of Windsor Locks since 1967, know what keeps families together. Roger was one of 13 children of the late Joe and Albina Gagne. Marie is one of six daughters of the late Harry and Angeline D'Adeario.

Roger was born in Swampscott, Mass. (near Lynn) of Canadian parents, who moved from their native country to Maine, Massachusetts and finally Connecticut, with Mr. Gagne always searching for full employment in raising a large family. Roger was 13 when the family came to the "Frog Hollow" section of Hartford.

At Hartford High (class of 1955), Roger was a member of the gymnastic team. Looking back, growing up in a large family, Roger said, "Saturday nights were always hot dogs and beans, and two shifts at the dinner table."

Marie grew up closer to their permanent home today, on Alicia Terrace in Windsor. She graduated from the high school in 1960. Her recollection of early family life . . . "I was in the middle of the (D'Adeario) girls, always giving our dad (good naturedly) a hard time."

IN 1959, TWO years before Roger and Marie met (by mistake, details later), Roger had just completed four years with the U.S. Air Force. Three days after graduation from high school, Roger entered the service with stops in Illinois, Delaware and New York before spending a year in Korea.

He was a weather observer, giving the latest details on the cold (like New England) winters in Korea, and the monsoon rains during the summer. He said that during a 24-hour period, 23% inches of rain fell.

He was not in a cheerleading mood in those days, and probably was not referred to as "Fair Weather" Roger.

On his return to civilian status, Roger joined RCA in Hartford as a computer technician, when computers were in the first generation. He was witness to many advances in the world of computers for 15 years.

However, since 1972, Roger has been in the financial world at Cigna.

Roger and Marie's meeting . . . They were at a carhop (in Berlin, Conn. popular in the 1950's) and she mistakenly called over to Roger, thinking he was Ron Gagne, one of Roger's brothers with whom she was acquainted.

AFTER INTRODUCTIONS, AND over a milkshake, hamburger and plenty of conversation, it was the beginning of something special — leading to a wedding two years later in 1961.

Marie has had two careers . . . employment at Combustion Engineering and Travelers, and leaving the office to raise their two daughters.

The oldest girl is Holly, a 1980 WLHS graduate. Holly attended Baypath, the University of Vermont, and is currently working on her degree at the University of Hartford. She is employed at Cigna.

Denise, a graduate of WLHS, class of 1982, attends Siena College in Loudonville, N.Y. This past summer, Denise worked with disadvantaged children in New York state.

Both girls learned their early talents of cheerleading under the leadership of the town's own Barbara McDonald McHugh. Roger and Marie were always on the sidelines at the Jets, Raiders (midget and high school) as true fans of the sport.

A different sport, ice hockey, has also occupied much of Roger's free time — in a league he called "the stone-age group," comprised of two dozen men from the late '20s to late '40s who play at Loomis School in Windsor on Sunday nights during the winter months. The men, all devoted to the game, pay for the ice time.

They have a unique system of who plays who. Each man has his own hockey stick and teams are chosen by each man throwing his stick on the ice, into a pile. The sticks are then thrown, one by one, to each side of the center line. The sticks determine what team the players will be on. (Complicated, not really.) The men play all positions on the team, just for the enjoyment of the game.

ROGER HAS NO favorites when it comes to spectator sports. "I favor all winning teams," he said, "except the Yankees."

Marie, on the other side of the television, follows the Dodgers, from the Brooklyn days to the current Los Angeles team.

Another one of Roger's hobbies has been a fascination for radio-controlled airplanes.

When it came to admiration, he turned to a man "who came into our homes" each evening for years . . . Walter Cronkite, whom he respects. Marie finds the evenings a quiet time to pursue her sewing. She has been active in St. Robert's Women's Society, where she has found "the women really great."

The church has been a great satisfaction for Marie, who for the past two years has been ill. When it came to admiration, the devoted lady said, "God . . . helping me through my illness," adding, "You don't have to see (God) to believe." Her strong partners in this ordeal have been Roger and their two daughters.

Marie has found "No matter what life deals you, you just get back up and go on." The Gagnes are now cheerleaders for each other, with many fond memories.

By JACK REDMOND

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER 12, 1986
The Kamays

‘Live Everyday as if It’s the Last’

FOR TWO YEARS, John served in New Jersey, Kentucky, in Germany for 11 months, and eight months in Vietnam. During the height of the conflict, John was a member of scouting, rescue, search and destroy missions. When he returned to his old job with the State, he wore the Bronze Star and Purple Heart, always a reminder of his part in the so-called unpopular war, with its memories and battle scars.

It was as an employee of the state that John met his future wife, who was also a state employee, when he was doing research on the gypsy moth at the New Haven office. Barbara, a New Haven native, graduated from St. Mary’s High School in 1968, and four years later received a degree from Southern Connecticut in biology. Barbara is the daughter of Nick and Marie Tracanna, who still live in the Elm City.

After a courtship of more than a year, John and Barbara were married. By then, John had joined the Airport Police at Bradley Airport. In 1973, he decided to give up the agricultural career. He had a taste of police work as a supernumerary in both Windsor Locks and Suffield. The Airport Police Department, a division of the State Police, has many functions at the local airport, which include “security at the airport, the investigation of motor vehicle accidents and other duties, just like the local police,” said John. The facilities at the “new” Bradley are “fantastic,” according to John, with the new terminal and hotel, under construction.

AS MENTIONED, THE KAMAYS moved to Windsor Locks after their wedding (to Elm Street), where the family has been increased by three active children — John III, 7, who is in second grade at the South Street School; Nicole, 6, in the first grade at South; and the youngest, 4-year-old Paul, a member of the Windsor Locks Congregational Church Nursery School.

Mother like father . . . with a diversified career and a future wife, who was also a state employee, when he was doing research on the gypsy moth at the New Haven office. Barbara, a New Haven native, graduated from St. Mary’s High School in 1968, and four years later received a degree from Southern Connecticut in biology. Barbara is the daughter of Nick and Marie Tracanna, who still live in the Elm City.

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Mother like father . . . with a diversified career and a future wife, who “at a young age, had the responsibility raising two sisters. She has dedicated her life to other people. Today she is a nurse’s aid in a New Haven convalescent home.”

EPILOG

John and Barbara Kamay really care. Their time is shared by the family, the community and, when there is time left, they seek the personal satisfaction . . . and always in that order.

John has realized (ever since Vietnam) that “life is too short . . . live everyday as if it’s the last.” It works for them.
A History of the Windsor Locks Journal

By HOWARD WHITE

During the time in which “History Corner” has appeared in the Windsor Locks Journal, the readers have become aware of the many items of historical interest in our community.

However, there is one part of our community history in which I would be amiss if I did not include in the History Corner, “The Windsor Locks Journal.”

First of all, do you realize that our paper has the honor of being the oldest weekly publication in Connecticut? In the 106 years of its life, the Windsor Locks Journal has never missed an edition in spite of floods, hurricanes, tornadoes, and other unforeseen emergencies.

From its founder, editor and publisher S.T. Addis to the present owners, Imprint of West Hartford, this publication has always advocated measures beneficial to the welfare of the town, in spite of political opinion.

S.T. Addis firmly believed that our town could support a weekly paper. His plan was to publish a paper that not only could take care of Windsor Locks, but also the neighboring communities and even state and national news. So on Friday, April 30, 1880, under the capable direction of S.T. Addis, the first edition of the Windsor Locks Journal came off the press.

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT be interesting for us to read a few items that appeared in the Local News section of that first edition.

WINDSOR LOCKS — For three weeks past, small boys have amused themselves with turkish baths in the Kettle brook. The water was really warm, wasn’t it?

There is a prospect that the canal, through this village, will be widened 12 feet for power purpose. Already work has commenced on the locks at the lower end of the village.

A Town meeting is to be held, Monday evening, May 3, 1890 at half past seven o’clock to take under consideration the annexation of so much of the 10th school district of Windsor as lies in the town of Windsor Locks.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER 26, 1986

HISTORY CORNER

The Hartford line of steamers running from Hartford to New York are having a great amount of business this spring and the passenger traffic is on the increase. The captain, James N. Russell is an obliging person and cares for the comfort of his passengers. Regular supper and breakfast are served on board, either European or American plan, at exceedingly low rates.

SUFFIELD — Wild flowers are blooming considerably although some of the nights are pretty cold.

Farmers are plowing and sowing seed and everything is beginning to have a cheerful look.

WAREHOUSE POINT — The Leonard Silk Company are so much pressed with orders that they are obliged to run over-time to keep up with their orders.

Messrs. Tucker and Taylor are contemplating building two very fine dwelling houses this coming season.

POQUONOCK — A recent visit to this place for the benefit of the Irish famine fund netted the handsome sum of $70.00. (Note — remember, we are talking 1890 not 1986.)

The railroad is now put down as one of the certainties of the near future.

There will be Confirmation service by the Right Rev. Bishop McMahon in the Catholic church on Sunday at 4 p.m.

So much for news items of the 1890 era. Now let’s become acquainted with the editors and publishers of this paper from 1890 to the present day.

S.T. Addis published his weekly paper until shortly before his death on Feb. 25, 1896, a period of five years. Failing health caused Mr. Addis to give up publishing the paper. He sold it to John Madison Morse on Dec. 13, 1895.

Our second editor and publisher, John Madison Morse came from good old New England stock. He was born Jan. 8, 1866 in Springfield, Mass. We might say that he had “printer’s ink” in his blood. His father, John G. Morse, held a position of responsibility in the mechanical department of the Springfield Republican.

During our publisher’s boyhood he attended schools in his native city. Following the death of his father in 1876, he went to Chester, Mass., where he conducted his schooling and assisted his grandfather, Loring Otis, on his farm.

JOHN DECIDED TO “step out on his own” at age 17. He left Chester, Mass., coming to Thompsonville, Conn. He learned the printer’s trade in the office of the Thompsonville Press, remaining with the Press for a period of 12 years.

His next move was to Windsor Locks, where he opened a job-printing office, which he operated most successfully for two years.

Realizing the potential of the Windsor Locks Journal, and being aware it was for sale by S.T. Addis, John M. Morse purchased the Windsor Locks Journal on Dec. 13, 1895.

Another event took place in the life of our editor. On Dec. 31, 1895 he married Sara Moddy Means of Enfield.

With the expansion of the paper in 1910, another name was added to the partnership of John Morse and Charles Latham. I refer to George M. Wallace. The corporation was then called Journal Printing. Over the years, Journal Printing served the Dexter Company, Montgomery Company, did printing for the various organizations in the town and for years printed the Windsor High School Herald. At the time of the formation of the corporation, Journal Printing, Mr. George M. Wallace had been with the company since 1887. The Wallace name was affiliated with the Windsor Locks Journal for a period of more than 90 years.

GEORGE M. WALLACE TOOK over full control of the Windsor Locks Journal when he bought out his two partners in 1923 and at the same time took his son, J. Finton Wallace, into the corporation. In 1937 George M. Wallace died, then a third member of the Wallace family came “on board” to assist J. Finton with the operating of the paper. I refer to his brother, George F. Wallace. J. Finton Wallace retired in 1969, placing the publication of the paper in the capable hands of his brother, George F. Wallace, to become the fifth editor of the paper. He continued as editor of the paper until selling it in 1972 to Evelyn K. Lee.

However, this did not mean, that even though the Wallace family name was not in ownership of the paper, the name continued to be a part of the Journal, because George was asked to remain on the staff as consulting editor and continued writing his popular “Journey Through the Past” column.

You will recall the column was originally titled “Half Century Ago” and “Quarter Century Ago.” The column continues to appear in the weekly paper and items are taken from the past issues of the Windsor Locks Journal, which are, now, in the library of the Windsor Locks Historical Society.

THE NEXT EDITOR was Steven Mauren who continued the traditions of the paper. The present owner, Imprint Newspapers, continues to carry the column “Journey Through the Past” (Half Century Ago and Quarter Century Ago), a tradition that Fint (J. Finton Wallace) handled, maybe started it.

Imprint Newspapers continues to carry on the traditions of the Windsor Locks Journal’s first owner, editor and publisher, S.T. Addis, to John Madison Morse, George M. Wallace, J. Finton Wallace, George F. Wallace, Steven M. Mauren (now Editorial Director of Imprint Newspapers), and present Managing Editor Keith Griffin, a local resident.

Another column that has been a part of this publication for many years is “Cabbage and Kings” written by Jack Redmond. The column involves well-known residents of the community and it is written in a most interesting manner.

This publication has never failed to keep in mind the interests of this community and its readers.
The Boilermaker and the Nurse Fell in Love

BY JACK REDMOND

They both came from the hard coal region of Pennsylvania. They lived in towns only a mile apart. They met on a blind date. On Sept. 1, John Aloysius Holmes and Celine Burns Holmes celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary.

Their story is one of diverse backgrounds, as to careers, but togetherness as a family where two sons and a daughter grew up loving outdoor activities, traveling and unique celebration of the holidays.

Jack and Celine and their three children, Rosemary, Billy and Michael, have lived in town since 1967. Jack was one of 11 children. Celine grew up with a brother and two sisters.

Jack was born in Lansford, Penn. (just north of Allentown); Celine, close by, in Coaldale. They both attended Catholic schools. Jack's graduation year was 1936. He played some basketball but, according to his wife, was "a great swimmer," which the boys followed as their sport during their high school years.

Families are more than dates and surface statistics. To meet with the Holmes for a few hours, you find the following. Back in the middle '30s, jobs were not plentiful for Jack or any of the young people just out of high school. His father had worked around the coal mines. Coal was the main industry in the area. Young Jack could not find work, even around the mine.

His first job was far removed from the mine. He took a chance at being a butcher in the state hospital in Norristown. The life of a butcher was not his cut, so he returned home to find some employment, what he called "working around the mine, on the surface." In 1942, he joined the boilermakers' union and found steady work in Bethlehem, until Uncle Sam called him into the U.S. Army.

In January 1943, Jack put aside his union membership to serve 37 months, saying, "It was a very uneventful Army career." He did manage to visit New Jersey, Missouri, South Dakota, California and Arizona. On V-E Day and V-J Day he was still in the service but this time in Las Vegas, at a time when only two hotels were on the scene, long before the town became the mecca for the nation's gambling public.

On return to civilian status, Jack remained in the boilermaker trade. From 1946 to his retirement in 1981, he was involved in various projects in Maryland, Delaware, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. His better half, Celine, attended St. Mary's School in her hometown. When it came time for her career, she traveled to Wilmington, Del., to become a Registered Nurse (1947 graduate) at St. Francis Hospital. For the past 19 years, the sensitive, caring nurse has provided love and comfort to the patients at Mountain View Healthcare in Windsor.

As mentioned, Jack and Celine met on a blind date. The Boilermaker and the Nurse were married, after a courtship of four years, on Sept. 1, 1951. Rosemary, the firstborn, is 34, a grad of Northwest Catholic and the University of Connecticut (as a physical therapist) and now resides in Oakland, Calif. Billy Holmes, 28, attended Windsor Locks public schools and graduated from Shanti School in 1975. He attended the University of Wisconsin and earned a bachelor's degree in Political Science. Today, he maintains an active career in the motion picture, television and theatrical industries as a production manager and audio engineer. Locally, Billy is in the midst of a campaign as the independent candidate for the 60th District in the state legislature.

Michael, 25, a 1979 graduate of the local high school, was a member of the band and the swim team. He also attended the University of Wisconsin and, like his brother, a member of the IATSE (Theatrical Stage Employees). The carpenter-welder is the "jack-of-all-trades" in the family. In his younger days, Michael was an altar boy under the Rev. Thomas Farrell at St. Robert's.

Comments of the parents... "All our children have worked hard (at their trades), all are energetic." In addition, "they are all experts," when it comes to family skiing in Vermont and Massachusetts. Mom and Dad are members of the Hartford Ski Club.

Jack has other memberships to keep him active... a K of C member for four decades, the Elks in Windsor, and locally the chaplain in the American Legion. Jack and his family have lived in town since 1967. After their marriage, they lived in Coaldale so that, in Celine's words, "As an Irish girl, I came home to take care of my dad." Traveling has been a part of the Holmes history, "Cross-country trips, sometimes just pitching a tent, with our Florida our favorite place." As residents of Pennsylvania, the family members were followers of Notre Dame football games, especially when the Irish played in their home state.

When holidays are mentioned, the two that come to mind are Christmas and Halloween. At their home on Raymond Road, the days of December become a full celebration, with Christmas trees in every room. According to Celine, "each room tells its own story." She said it takes over a month to set up the rooms, with trees, like the gold tree (with angels) in the living room... the Pink tree, the Mirror tree, even a tree in the bathroom. The doll room (Celine has a large collection of dolls) with its storybook tree. The basement, in the rec room, has a "real tree," with items over 60 years old to complete any child's delight for the season. In addition to the neighbors, in for a festive look, Celine's fellow nurses always pay an annual visit to their home.

Halloween is also a special time. The fantasy of the "only haunted house in Windsor Locks," actually began when the boys were young and interested in sounds, mostly to scare, so fitting for the time of the year. Each room has a mummy, complete with sounds. Celine is called "the Mrs. Witch, of the neighborhood by the kids who all..."
Jean Bryson McGowan leads three lives. As a local resident, the Manchester native is employed by the State of Connecticut in the Judicial Department as a court monitor. She is also a well-known area singer, and, in her most important role, is the mother of a 6-year-old son.

This busy lifestyle seems to fit the pretty daughter of Gordon and Jeanie McGowan of Windsor. Our paths, over the years, have crossed as employees of Combustion Engineering, as well as with her father, who recently retired from C-E. Currently, her mother and sister Marie (who lives with Jean and her son) work at the Windsor-based company.

After graduation from Rockville High School (class of 1973), Jean attended UConn for a year, admitting not caring for college life, at that time. She worked several jobs... at C-E for three years, began a singing career in the Ellington area and worked for a doctor. However, due to a medical problem, could not sing for well over a year. This situation probably changed her life, certainly her career.

SHE THEN APPLIED for temporary employment at an East Hartford agency. Her first job was with the University of Hartford. The State of Connecticut required her services for a six-month period, as secretary to the official court reporter. This type of work appealed to Jean. Knowing she was interested in a permanent position, Jean was asked to stay on with the state. In January 1984, she began her role as court monitor.

Citizens who have served on jury duty or have had business in the courts are probably familiar with an individual who sits (in the courtroom) pounding on a small machine, listening to all the proceedings. They are known as court stenographers (on a shorthand machine). Jean, using a different method, as court monitor, serves the same function, however, using a tape recording of the proceedings and then transcribing the tapes for the record of each case, etc.

Before discussing the recent move of GA 14 (Geographical Area of the court) from Morgan Street, by Jean and other court personnel, to Lafayette Street, a few facts on the McGowan family...

Jean's parents were born in Scotland. Gordon came from Girvan, Jeanie from Kilmarnock. They migrated to the states, but did not meet until later. It was their particular Scottish talents that brought them together... Jeanie was a dancer (in the Highland Fling, a folk dance of the Highlands in Scotland), Gordon played the bagpipes. They met at a dance in Norwalk, Conn., performing for the first time together. They married in 1954, living in Glastonbury, Manchester, Vernon and now reside in Windsor.

Jean, taking after her parents, in the musical sense, plays the piano and guitar. Her singing covers "pop to standards," which began singing with a partner at area restaurants and nightclubs and is currently singing with a band (mostly at weddings) called "Rosewood," out of Agawam.

THE MOTHER OF a 6-year-old son, Michael Higgins (who is into the first stage of karate, and student at South Street School), manages to find time to attend college one night a week. Jean is "halfway towards her associate degree in liberal arts" at Asnuntuck Community College. Jean is an avid reader and at home refinishes furniture. Traveling has been a part of Jean's life... "Going to Scotland (with son, sister and parents) every three years" visiting her grandmother (Jeanie's mother), aunts and uncles, back in the old country.

The location of GA 14, Morgan Street (I served there as a jury candidates) was not the best of places, as to location, dirty, rundown and certainly did not offer the best of judicial surroundings. However, Jean, as a member of the court, said, "It hurt (the moving in August), I did not want to leave... at Morgan, we had a certain camaraderie, probably because of the conditions. Yes, I followed the television and newspaper accounts of the move from Morgan to the new location. It's going to take awhile to get used to the new building. It's the state of the art. It's nice (with a smile on her face) ... can't open the windows... hope the air-condition works... parking is good, security is tight... but we are still overworked and understaffed. GA 14 is the busiest court in Connecticut. I'm sure in six months I'll probably forget Morgan, but right now I miss it.”

Jean's future plans... "To go into law work, probably take too long to become a lawyer, but could work towards a paralegal (one who works for a lawyer)."

When asked who she most admired, she chose a fellow court individual. "Curtissa Cofield (prosecuting attorney at GA 14)... as a worker (in the court on a daily basis) I admire the way she deals with people, which includes defendants and the court staff... also for her efficiency... as a woman I admire her for what she has done with her life and look upon her as a role model."

EPILOG:
Jean B. McGowan lives as if “each day was my last.” However, she is preparing for the future — for herself and her son. Each day, in the court, must be different, as to circumstances of the numerous cases. Each day she faces the facts that ... “Life and law must be closely in touch, as you can't adjust life to law, you must adjust law to life. The only point in having law is to make life work. Otherwise there will be explosions.” (Arnold Toynbee)
Saying “It was something (managing a golf course) I always wanted to do,” George Lawrence Sandone takes over the popular Airways Golf Course and Country Club on South Grand in Suffield, come Jan. 1.

The equally popular restaurant owner and fast-food veteran is very optimistic in this venture, just west of Bradley Field. A few years back, George had a short taste of running the Red Rock Country Club in Manchester, so he is familiar with the operation. Being an avid golfer himself for more than 10 years, the Windsor Locks resident has played in the local golf league and several industrial leagues in the area. Likewise, the restaurant business has been a part of his career, in addition to working at Hamilton-Standard and at Dexter's.

George was born in Cleveland, Ohio, coming to Monroe, Conn., at the age of 2. The family of the late George and Jeanny Sandone then moved to East Windsor where George, his three brothers, Joe (Windsor Locks), Mike (Buffalo, N.Y.), Ted (California) and their sister, Bev (Woodbridge, Conn.) grew up.

George graduated from East Windsor High School in 1961, where he played some soccer and was a member of the track team, but was not one to put sports over having a job, knowing it was helping the family.

DURING THOSE HIGH school years, George, like his contemporaries, worked on tobacco. His first real experiences in the business world was as an employee of the original Connecticut Auto Auction, then located across from the high school in East Windsor. It was there he met Larry Tribble Sr. (now deceased), the man, he said, “gave me a lot of direction, growing up in my teen years.” In those days, George washed cars, jockey the cars around as a young George of all trades.

Today, George is still involved with a much-larger facility, located down the road, now operated by Larry Tribble Jr. George operates the cafeteria (one day a week), where we talked and I saw firsthand, cars (1986 vintage) being auctioned to the highest bidder.

cabbages and kings
By JACK REDMOND

After high school, George went to work at Hamilton-Standard, staying six years, Dexter's for two summers, and then entered the world of fast food, be it ham and eggs or sandwiches, when he joined Friendly's, at Dexter Plaza. George operated the local restaurant from 1973-1974, moving to a Worcester-based restaurant of Friendly's. He was with the chain for six years. He “then decided to go on my own,” managing a fast food shop in Manchester. After a year, he sold out. For the past nine years, George has been at the counter serving the Warehouse Point folks at the luncheonette at Richard's Drug Store.

HE WILL CONTINUE his cafeteria involvement (at Southern), which has been a steady diet for seven years, while operating the golf course next year. As mentioned, George “enjoyed golf so much” he became involved at Red Rock (for a year), but saying “it was too much” at that time of his life, knowing that someday another chance would come.

Other loves of his life . . . George married his “high school sweetheart,” a Windsor Locks girl, Judith Zetterholm, in 1963. George and Judith have lived in Warehouse Point, Worcester and now reside in town. They have three children: two sons, Kurt and Jeff, and a daughter, Jodi.

It was several years after high school before George seriously took up the game of golf. Now you can't keep him away. Unfortunately, while working for Friendly's in Worcester, he was too busy to play the game. But since returning to his home state, George has been all golf, with the winter months donated to some woodwork around the Sandone home. George and Judith have traveled to Mexico and Bermuda with golf coming before a trip to the beach. Judith, plays the game (sometimes), her sport, bowling the big pins at Bradley Lane, with an average of 165.

George's average (handicap) in golf is a creditable eight for 18 holes. Low score for 18 . . . 71, low for nine, 33. And what will George be doing, come Jan. 1, at Airways? “There’s tons of work . . . repairs to equipment, painting, setting up a lunch counter, and other improvements.” Come the spring, the course needs a little more challenge — a few traps, new tee areas, a new putting green, said the Pete Dye of the area. The course at Airways began as a nine-holer in 1975, now sports 18 holes. George said he has a lease with option to purchase the Suffield course. He’s looking forward to the challenge. To this eager individual, it will be a place for him to create (working with his hands) in a new career.

EPILOG

For George Lawrence Sandone, be it behind the counter of a restaurant or behind the counter at the golf course, meeting the public has always been “treating people like human beings.”

The Airways Golf Course is coming along . . . building a good course for the big hitters, the pros, or the weekend golfer, takes time. George has the time. Every day he is on the course he’ll be doing what he loves best.
Neville Winston Collins left his native Kingston, Jamaica, at the age of 14. Jamaica, former British possession, gained its independence in 1962.

Arriving in the states for the first time, young Neville found not only a different culture but the cold month of October a contrast from the warm climate he was accustomed to, growing up, playing cricket and soccer. He soon discovered soccer to be the one sport he could easily communicate with new-found classmates at the George Wingate High School in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Neville’s first impressions of the United States, after the flight from Kingston to Idlewild Airport (now JFK), “The tall buildings . . . are they factories? (No, said his mother, they are apartments where people live.) I was still fascinated by the tall buildings, the traffic, the fast pace . . . it threw me for a loop. School was much more free (at home more regimented).” Of course, later in that year . . . the first snow . . . more questions?

He found making friends easy, especially on the long daily ride on the bus to school from the Kings section of Brooklyn, a borough of New York City. He played three years of varsity soccer, but found no cricket teams in his neighborhood.

Neville had grown up in Kingston, the son of Carbonel and Muriel Collins, along with two brothers and two sisters. His dad was an auto mechanic, while his mother worked many years as a seamstress for many of the country’s top designers (one that came easily for Neville to remember was Bill Blass). His parents are now retired, living in Florida.

AFTER GRADUATION FROM high school, Neville attended business school, in addition to working at odd jobs. However, his life changed dramatically, playing on the fields of Brooklyn to the battlefields of Vietnam. In January 1966, he joined the U.S. Marines. Basic training was at Parris Island, Lejune and Pendleton, before shipping off to Okinawa and Vietnam, as part of an artillery unit. Before returning home, the young marine (only 18 at the time) would receive two Purple Hearts and numerous battle stars.

Personal comments on Vietnam . . . “It was difficult — something we had to do, fight them there or here. I had a feeling of pride. I was doing something for (my) country (although not a citizen at the time, this formal act would come later). I was caught up with the pride of the country . . . (strong) feelings for or against Vietnam is up to the individual who served there. It was a learning experience, a part of my life.”

Back home (in Teaneck, N.J., new home of his parents), Neville was undecided as to his future. A picture of his future bride caught his eye. Neville knew the cousin of this new-found girl, Darrel Wollaston (a friend in Jamaica, with whom he had played cricket), and an introduction was made at a later date. He married Vilma Grey in August 1970. Vilma, also a native of Jamaica, came to the states at the age of 19. She also came from a large family with seven children.

Vilma and Neville moved to Hartford when Neville joined Pratt & Whitney as a machinist. They moved to Windsor Locks in 1975, saying they didn’t care for the city life in Hartford. Their current home is on Leslie Street.

WITH THE COLLINS family, pride and joy are for their two sons, Michael and Mathieu. Michael, 15, is a sophomore at the local high school and varsity member of the soccer, baseball and basketball teams. Michael began his athletic career as a Little League and Midget Football player. His brother Mathieu, 8, is a third grader at the North Street School, where he is following his older brother in soccer, basketball and T-ball at the young LL level. When not playing on the sports scene, Mathieu plays the drums, while Michael is a guitar enthusiast.

Neville, now a veteran employee of Hamilton-Standard (he stayed at P&W for a year) since 1972, works as a cost accountant. In 1976 he received an associate degree in accounting from the Manchester Community College and intends to further his education at Central Connecticut State University, he said. Vilma has been a 12-year worker at the Hartford Insurance Group, Neville, a former Jaycee in town, continues to play softball and is a bowler, who relaxes at home growing roses. Did he ever play cricket in the states? “Yes . . . played cricket a few years back at Keeney Park in Hartford.”

Vacations for the family have been to visit Neville’s parents in Florida, trips to the Cape, Jamaica, the Midwest and Atlantic City.

Admiration of this man (his wife calls him “unsselfish”) was for his mother. “She brought up the family on her own (after she arrived in the States), working here to support (us) in Jamaica . . . a very unsselfish person, always doing things for others.” For Neville, his philosophy has been — “A person must have patience and act in an unsselfish manner in this life of peaks and valleys.”

EPILOG:

Neville and Vilma Collins, citizens in their adopted country, working hard, raising two active boys, with his memories of Vietnam, their adjusting to a new culture and Neville’s continues interest in soccer and sports, he learned so well as a young boy. He came to the right town — high school soccer has seen many glory years. Michael Collins is now a part of the tradition; Mathieu can’t be far behind.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, OCTOBER 17, 1986

‘Life has its Peaks and Valleys...’

Neville Collins: Vietnam Vet, Soccer Enthusiast
On ‘Spineless Cowards’

Time to write a column on one of my pet peeves — anonymous letters. This past Friday we received an anonymous letter about a column Jack Redmond wrote a while back.

I'm not going to give any clues to the identity of the column because I don't want to give the letter writer's misguided cause any aid. I'm not even going to venture a guess as to whether or not the person's derogatory statements are correct. But I would love to venture a guess as to the character of the person who sent in the anonymous letter. I think there is nothing more cowardly than a person who sends in a letter under the guise of anonymity. People who gossip maliciously like this should really take a second look at themselves. I, for one, had not heard the allegations made that were made to me in the letter. All the letter writer succeeded in doing was to spread gossip. The writer may think they've achieved some lofty goal by passing along this garbage but the opposite is the truth. New lows have been reached.

I also noticed something else about the letter writer. They're not too bright. (I know some of you are going to accuse me of not being too bright because I use a plural pronoun to modify a singular noun. I know I'm doing it. Consider it an uncreative way to avoid sexist pronouns. I'd hate to give this letter writer a gender.)

Getting back to sub-intelligence of the letter writer, the letter I received in an envelope addressed to me was the one meant for Jack Redmond and Jack received a carbon copy that was meant for me. If a person can't be careful enough to put the right letters in the right envelopes it makes me wonder if they can be careful enough to get the facts right. I think not.

The writer also passes along the “bad” news that they have become a former reader of Jack Redmond’s column. The letter writer is going to be in the small minority. People are always telling me how much they enjoy Jack’s column. At least with the exclusion of the letter writer the quality of Jack’s readership has improved tenfold.

The writer has the misconceived notion that being included in Jack’s column makes one a hero. I don’t think Jack has ever strived to make somebody a hero in his column. He has chronicled heroes, but that’s not the exclusive purpose of his column. It’s to highlight the people of Windsor Locks and he’s done more than 5,000 columns. Odds are he’s touched the lives of almost every family in town somehow. It’s not hard to believe the ignorant letter writer has missed the point of Jack’s popular column.

Now don’t get me wrong about letters in general. I love feedback and constructive criticism as long as a person is willing to give their name to me. Write me letters, call me on the phone, stop me on the street when we do something wrong.

Sometimes we get sloppy and think that nobody sees our mistakes. But if mistakes are called to my attention I’ll do my best to correct them. Editors really need the feedback of the community. Don’t ever be afraid to pick up the phone or a pen to let me know what we’re doing wrong here at the paper.

But sign your name or tell me who you are. Otherwise I’ll have to treat your complaint with little significance. As one person in the office said when asked her opinion of anonymous letter writers who sling garbage, “They’re spineless cowards.” I couldn’t agree more.

random thoughts

By KEITH GRIFFIN
Twitchell Could Be Town’s Father of the Year

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 7, 1986

If Windsor Locks had a “Father of the Year” award, Norman Percy Twitchell would be a winner, this year or any year.

The Norway, Me., native, father of eight children, and grandfather of 15 has filled his life with sports, duty to country and family, work in youth programs, a teaching career and years in the world of refrigeration, heating and air-conditioning.

His birthplace, Norway, is located 40 miles west of Portland. The town where our first Selectman, Cliff Randall, lived and taught school.

Norm has never done things half way. As a young boy growing up in Maine, he was a “four-letter” man, excelling in football, baseball, basketball and a very local sport . . . speed ice-skating. It was common practice for Norm and some of his teammates to play basketball for Norway High School on Friday nights, in the early ’40s, and on Saturday, up bright and early, go skating for the school on the frozen ponds. As he looked back to those days, he felt the winters of his youth were much worse, as to the amount of snow and colder temperatures.

Norm is the son of the late Percy Twitchell, and Margurite Twitchell, now 84, still living in Norway. He has a brother, R. Donald, a member of the Maine state senate, and a sister, Constance, a bank manager. His father certainly set the example for his children, with dedication to family and a working career that spanned more than four decades as a manager of the Norway A&P store. (Norm told of the time his father visited Windsor Locks and talked over store managership with popular Jim Franklin.)

DUTY TO COUNTRY called Norm, in his senior year of high school. He left the sport scene to enlist in the Navy. He served from January 1945 to August 1946, serving in Tennessee, Florida, Oklahoma, Alaska and Hawaii, as part of a combat unit in the Air Transport.

After discharge, he returned to Maine, working at some odd jobs, not knowing for certain his future. He said he was always interested in mechanical things, and especially heat treating and how it worked. His dad wanted him to be an accountant; his mother wanted her son to be a priest. He settled for a year at Burdett College in Boston in business management.

Still not sure, he returned to Norway and began work at the Packard Oil Co. Shortly after coming home, he took up baseball, playing for a semi-pro team, as a catcher. At one game, he fell into the stands for a foul ball. He also fell for a girl in the stands. A member of his team was married to the sister of Arlene Wentworth. He forgot to say he caught the ball, but he caught the girl. They were married in May 1948. Arlene was from Fryeburg, Me., about 30 miles from the ball field in Norway.

IN 1954, “WORK in the heating business was slow,” and not “a place to raise a family,” Norm said. The Twitchell family moved to Windsor Locks the next year. Norm went to work for La Russa Furniture and Appliance stores in town and Enfield, in the service department. Norm recalled setting up the first air-conditioning units in local establishments. He worked for La Russa until 1960, leaving the store business for Hamilton-Standard as a trouble-shooter in their own heating and air-conditioning departments for a six-year period. After a short time at Dexter’s, Norm “went on his own.”

The State of Connecticut knew of Norm’s talents in his field. He became a teacher in his favorite subject for a decade or so in Norwich and New Britain Technical schools. Today, Norm’s method of teaching environmental systems is “being taught all over Connecticut,” at the technical schools. In addition, Norm has held seminars in the state, and doing design work and consultant assignments.

THREE YEARS AGO, Norm and Rudy Hany combined their ability in special areas of refrigeration and heating under the name of H & T Mechanical Contractors, operating from the town of Tolland. Rudy is president, with Norm holding down the title of general manager, where work days are “six to six.” But he adds, “It keeps me out of mischief.”

Arlene and Norm have raised eight children. Norm had this to say about their three daughters and five sons . . . “They have all worked hard, found what they liked and have excelled in their chosen fields.” The Twitchell children all graduated from the local high school. There’s Denise, Douglas, Randall, Steven, Carol, Michael, Lorie and David. They all are married and raising families of their own. The biggest holiday of the year will be next month, Christmas, when the eight children, their husbands, wives and 15 grandchildren all gather at the home of grandma and grandpa. Must be quite a holiday.

Norm keeps abreast in the latest technical and state of the art in his chosen field. He was recently installed as president of the Connecticut Heating and Cooling Contractors Association. Near his office, Norm is a member of the Vernon Rotary Club. Locally, he’s on the rolls of the American Legion.

Arlene and Norm are “setting their sights on (additional) traveling” in the future. They have already enjoyed an ocean cruise and have recently returned from a trip to Hawaii. Maine has been their personal camping mecca. Norm looks forward to the Maine trips, “just for the tranquility.” The hobby of this concerned and friendly man is working with youth, saying, “There’s a need for more vocational education.”

Admiration was for two men: Norm’s father, who taught him many things of life, and Martin Luther, father of Protestantism. As an individual, Norm has always tried to treat people as he would want to be treated, and as a father and a worker, not to ask anyone to do something he wouldn’t do himself.

EPILOG

Norman Percy Twitchell is an ordinary, hard-working father and businessman. His claim to fame has been his family and as leader in his profession. Norm must have found out a long time ago . . . “When we have provided against cold, hunger and thirst, all the rest is but vanity and excess.”
Dawn Marie Butler "likes getting involved." And how much more involved can one student be . . . soccer, basketball, softball, concert and marching band, student council, honor student, and the high point of her high school career—president of the Windsor Locks High School Class of 1987.

For the record, the effervescent and pretty daughter of Charles and JoAnne Butler, is the first female student to be chosen, by her peers, as president of her class. The boys and girls of the class of '87 are to be congratulated. Dawn, always the active student, also known as "Flip," was treasurer in her freshman year, secretary as a sophomore and president in the junior semester, continuing in the office her final year at the Raider school.

Like her mother, JoAnne Reveruzzi Butler (class of 1965, WLHS), Dawn is a Windsor Locks native. She attended the local schools, always involved in sports and activities that are well remembered as a part of a young student's life.

OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL life, she keeps many irons in the fire, as a member of the CYO Youth Group at St. Mary's, Teen Hot Line in Enfield (working on teenage problems) and as a volunteer "working with the handicapped," in town.

Dawn's family . . . her father, born in Hartford, graduate of Prince Tech, machinist by trade, for the past 11 years assistant manager at Superior Spring in Hartford. Charles is a veteran of four years active duty in the U.S. Air Force, with service during the height of the Vietnam War. JoAnn Reveruzzi met her future husband with an introduction by friends. They were married in 1966, while Charles was stationed in the state of Delaware. Looking back, JoAnne said, "I loved the life of a service bride . . . we (all the young married couples) were all in the same boat . . . we lived in a trailer outside the base (for a year, before Charles went overseas) . . . it was fun."

JoAnne is a Home Health Aid (for the last seven years) at the local Visiting Nurse and Home Care unit. Dawn has an older sister, Michelle (WLHS 1985), who is working for an insurance company. Their brother, Joey, is a freshman at the local school, where he plays baseball and football. And according to Dawn, is "good at all sports."

A mother's thoughts, "We have been lucky with our children, they are all super, have tried to follow them in their school activities."

Dawn looks at her functions as president, "My main job to get the class together, (try) to work as one, show school spirit."

She said the projects for 1986-87 are the "just successful concluded magazine drive, plans for a ski trip in February and the class play (at this time, we are undecided what Broadway play to put on) and planning the senior ball for next May." Adding, "Of course, all with the help of our class advisor, Mr. Bob Oliva."

Dawn's officers, in helping her serve—vice president, Jimmy Gaylord; secretary, Kathy Morris; and treasurer, Kara Scotto.

SOME PERSONAL ITEMS: Dawn is a girl who would rather listen to the radio, then watch television. Music includes, tapes with the rock sound and dancing to the oldies of the 50's and 60's. Favorite movie stars . . . (guess who?) Bob Lowe and Tom Cruise.

Hobbies of this 17-year-old are collecting teddy bears and spending time with best friends. Her first plane ride was to Hawaii and California this past April.

Future plans are to attend a four-year college (undecided at this time) with a major in business, minor in law and education. (What no sports Dawn?)

Dawn said, "Her parents taught her right from wrong, I could always count on them for support."

EPILOG:

Dawn Marie Butler, at an early age, has that fresh approach to life. Being friendly, helping others, taking the leadership role have been hallmarks of this young lady. I would have to agree, this week's column should have read "Cabbages and Queens."

If lofty words can best describe "Flip," the words of Pope John XXXIII, seem to ring true as to her feelings, "Never hesitate to hold out your hand; never hesitate to accept the outstretched hand of another."
Dave Ellis: Portrait of a Quarterback

Dave Ellis is a quarterback. The player who calls the signals, the catalyst. This football season, Dave Paul Ellis has been all those things and more. He is the quarterback for the Windsor Locks High School football team, under Coach Pat Scelza.

The all-American looking young man reminds you of another football hero (definitely, my word, not Dave's)... Doug Flutie.

Dave is the kind who craves action in the sporting arena. He has been into sports since an early age. Locally, in Little League; baseball, soccer and basketball at the Middle school; and baseball and football... in football, “more decisions to be made, especially as the quarterback... its more exciting then baseball... baseball, been playing since I was eight years old... enjoy the challenge of striking out the opposition.” Dave’s biggest thrill in baseball... “Pitching a no-hitter in the Senior League All-Star game.” Looks upon sports and school work as challenges... one must make sure school work is complete... then take the time for sports.

Dave, of the non-singing variety, enjoys all kinds of music, “mostly heavy rock.” He doesn’t watch much television. When it comes to movies, he goes for comedy... “I love funny things.”

Sorry Red Sox fans... the Raider pitcher is a Yankee rooter... his favorite Bronx Bombers... Ron Guidry, Don Mattingly and former Yankee Graig Nettles. For Dave, pro football is never overlooked, on Sunday’s cheering the Miami Dolphins.

YOUNG BOYS HAVE heroes in the sports world. In the real world, it is called admiration. For Dave, it’s his mother... “She (has) brought us up well... she had to handle (situations) that at times were rough.” He then, mentioned two local men, who he had “respect” for... C. Glenn Flanders and James Gaylord Sr.

And young boys do have high ideals... Dave saying, “to be an individual, (you must be) a leader, not a follower... God has given us abilities, we should use them to the fullest.”

EPILOG: David Paul Ellis... during his high school days has lived in the shadow of Doug Flutie and Ron Guidry. The records of this young athlete show he has excelled in two sports, so can be rightfully called a boy of summer and a boy of autumn.

Boys do not grow up to become heros... some are just meant to be... as Bernard Malenmd said in the movie, “The Natural.” “Without heros, we are all plain people and don't know how far we can go.”

CABBAGES AND KINGS

By Jack Redmond

THE SON OF Kathy and Colvin “Lefty” Ellis, Dave has moved around the state and nation since he was 2 months old. His father, a Windsor Locks native, served in the U.S. Navy for four years and is an employee of Eastern Airlines, making for frequent moves. Dave’s mother, Kathy Travers Ellis was born in Springfield, Mass., and for the past seven years has been a secretary for Power Systems, Bloomfield.

Dave was born in Portsmouth, Va. At the age of 2 months, Dave and his folks moved to Enfield, a short time in Suffield, a big move to Detroit, Mich., and back to Windsor at the age of 11. At 12, Dave came to a new home in Windsor Locks and entered the sixth grade at Southwest School. Then the next year, settled down to play sports in the Middle school and now at the high school. Dave has a younger brother, Michael, 13, an eighth grader at the middle school. Mike is also into sports... midget football, Little League baseball and soccer at school. Where Dave leaves off, on the Windsor Locks scene, Michael will sure to follow.

Dave is first a student, then a quarterback and pitcher. As an honor student, he has participated in the yearly “Boys State,” held at Eastern Connecticut State College, sponsored by the American Legion. At the same time of “Boys State,” a West Point workshop was held, Dave was also picked to see how the cadets operated but decided to stay at the Connecticut function. In addition, Dave attended the Science Symposium at Yale University. The active student is on the school yearbook staff, is a former Student Council member and when the senior class play is staged next year, Dave will take part in some capacity. (Noting he’s not a singer.)

FUTURE PLANS OF the quarterback... to attend either Cornell or Columbia, majoring in chemical engineering. How about sports in college?... probably baseball, David said he is not sure about football.

Dave may be a student first, however, when one talks to this energetic young man, sports have a way of monopolizing the conversation. Comparison of baseball statistics, his biggest thrill will be winning the Pequot League Title. (This was not determined at the time of the interview.)

Dave Ellis

In baseball, Dave is a “fast-ball pitcher” who, when not on the mound, plays short or third base, under coach Dan Sullivan.

The football season has been special for Coach Scelza’s team, with a winning record and record setting for Dave, who has scored nine touchdowns by rushing and five with his passing arm. The six foot, 175 pound senior is not interested in personal statistics, his biggest thrill will be winning the Pequot League Title. (This was not determined at the time of the interview.)

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James Edward Gaylord Sr. has found what is truly satisfying in his final choice of career. The veteran of the Vietnam conflict is now a Connecticut State Police sergeant, serving as a member of the governor's security detail.

Jim’s story is one of family ancestral lineage, marrying his “high school sweetheart,” “walking through that living hell (Vietnam),” becoming the father of two active children and protecting the chief executive of his home state.

The son of Edward and the late Ellen Gaylord, Jim is friendly, sincere, dedicated and a man with a firm handshake. You know, quickly, where you stand with the husband of Debbie Whitehill Gaylord, and father of Jim Jr. and Laurie.

Jim said his family goes way back, “one of the founding families of Windsor Locks,” adding, with a smile, “We’re all Irish here.”

He was only three when Ed and Ellen came from Windsor to live in the town with the locks. He attended local schools, playing sports on the sandlot level. He graduated from the local high school in 1965. He and Debbie have fond memories of those days.

Jim’s graduation gift to Debbie was an engagement ring. In April 1966, Jim and Debbie were married. That September, he underwent advanced infantry training, with Jim working at Pratt and Whitney, as a sheet-metal apprentice, he was drafted into the U.S. Army.

A CHANGE OF LIFESTYLES, to say the least, took place. Leaving his new bride and the new job for travels to South Carolina, California, Kentucky and Texas, he underwent advanced infantry training, before going to war in Vietnam. Jim served with honor as a member of the First Air Cavalry. The young soldier saw war at its height, was awarded the Bronze Star, Two Air Medals and Unit Presidential Citation. The action, he described, was “walking through that living hell.” Looking back to the year in Nam, Jim said, “God spared my life . . . I wanted to do something positive,” upon return to civilian life.

The return to Debbie, in September 1968, found Jim back at Pratt and Whitney. He completed his apprenticeship, however, in 1973, he took that first step, “to do something positive,” by taking the exam for the Connecticut State Police. He felt, even before Vietnam, and especially after, he would not be content to work in a factory.

At this point of Jim’s story, it was time to talk about the children of Jim and Debbie . . . James Jr. and Laurie. Young Jim, 17, is a story in itself. He will graduate next June, as vice-president of his class. As co-captain (with Dave Ellis) of the football team, Jim has played tackle four years. He resembles a starting lineman for the Giants or Patriots. In the spring, he will resume the weight events for the school’s track team. To say this honor student is only busy in football or track, would be an understatement. Jim is secretary of the National Honor Society, a member of the Youth Commission, “Boys State” participant, and as a junior won the Harvard and Brown Book Award and ranks number one in his class.

Jim Jr. plans to play football in college . . . be it the Air Force Academy, West Point or Annapolis (having an interest in all three). “Keeping up with his brother,” is Laurie, 13, an eighth grader at the middle school. Laurie, an honor student, is a swimmer, (Water Jets), plays the organ and is involved in soccer, softball and basketball.

AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT of the Gaylord second blessed event . . . Laurie was born May 13, 1973, the day before her father was to begin indoctrination into the state police. A new baby and mother, a new recruit, who wanted to be with both, but according to the rules, once a man begins training there is no leaving. Jim was of two minds. But things did work out and Jim was given permission to visit new baby and new mother, easing his mind.

Jim graduated in September 1973, becoming a member of Troop H (Hartford). His first assignment was duty on Route 91, Route 84 and Route 2. Before his present duty, Jim served as detective (in Hartford) and resident trooper in East Granby. For the past four years, Jim has been on the Governor’s Security Detail. Before serving Gov. William O’Neill, Jim had served, on a temporary basis, for former Governor Meskill and our own Gov. Ella Grasso. Jim admits to be “people oriented . . . I care about people . . . I have found something I like doing.” His role has proved interesting, as he performs his duty for the state and our governor.

And for the mother of this active clan . . . Deborah Whitehill Gaylord. She was born in New Hampshire . . . moving here when she reached the age for third grade. For the past eight years Debbie has served as a senior nurse assistant at the Kimberly Hall Nursing Center in Windsor.

WHEN TIME PERMITS, Jim’s hobbies include hunting, fishing, water skiing, all activities, he shared with Jim Jr. and Laurie. Debbie is the driver of the boat when the three of them are flying through the water. The Gaylords enjoy vacations at the ocean. Spectator sports are not neglected . . . they root for the Yankees, Giants and Patriots. (Nothing was said, if the Giants and Pats get into the Super Bowl.) Locally, Jim is a member of the VFW and Vietnam Veterans Association.

When it was time to discuss people Jim admires and a personal philosophy, it didn’t take long. “Governor O’Neill . . . an amazing individual . . . a man with the common sense philosophy.” And Jim’s own philosophy? “Life is too short . . . I had seen so much of death (in Nam) . . . (you should) be happy with life . . . the key to life is to find what you like.”

EPILOG

James Edward Gaylord, Sr. has found what he likes . . . to paraphrase a Kipling quote: he could walk with governors, but never lose the common touch . . .
Betty Magnani — Born, Raised in Windsor Locks

Betty Magnani typifies citizens of an older Windsor Locks — family oriented, hard-working, knowing good and hard times, remembering their town as “one big family . . . everyone knew each other.” They now accept the new Windsor Locks with the same enthusiasm, knowing they can’t bring back the old days, but remaining active, using their talents where needed.

In Elizabeth Sartirana Magnani’s case, she keeps busy as a volunteer worker with the Red Cross Bloodmobile Program and a recent appointment as the town’s municipal agent, working with fellow senior citizens in locating services needed and to represent seniors at regional meetings.

Betty, widowed wife of John Magnani Sr., lives on Grove Street in the old section of town, not far from the slowly revitalized Main Street. She grew up on Suffield Street, the daughter of the late Anthony and Amalia Sartirana. Betty was youngest of five children . . . two sisters, Josephine Fish of Windsor Locks and Sue Tabone of Holyoke, and their late brothers, Aldo and Armand.

Her old Main Street was “quaint . . . we loved it . . . (in those days) the town had a little bit of everything. I remember the cold winters when we kids went ice-skating at the basin on Fairview Street. I even played baseball with the boys. I loved growing up in Windsor Locks.”

Like her brothers and sisters before her, Betty attended St. Mary’s School. She graduated from the local high school in 1935. Saying, “I always wanted to be a nurse,” graduated (four years later) from the St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing.

Betty has had a “very diversified career” in nursing. Her first job was as a member of the St. Francis operating room staff. During World War II, Betty worked as an industrial nurse at Pratt & Whitney. She returned to St. Francis when her husband went overseas during the war. Betty has worked the local tobacco camps as a nurse and geriatric nurse at the local Bickford Convalescent Home. In 1959, she began a 14-year duty with the Windsor Locks Public Health Nursing Association. 1973 found Betty with the local Board of Education, teaching high school, a nursing assistant course, lasting four years.

John Magnani, a native of Windsor Locks, who passed away in 1980, served in Europe with the U.S. Army. He and Betty were married at St. Mary’s Church on July 6, 1944, while he was on furlough. Betty remembers the day, not only for the happy occasion, but the day of the big circus fire in Hartford. The newlyweds had left on their honeymoon up North and were not aware of the disaster. On Betty’s return, she volunteered her talents helping out at the hospital. She lived in North Carolina where John was stationed, returning home after he left for overseas.

John, after discharge from the service, worked at the Montgomery Company for five years before joining LaPointe Industries, staying more than three decades.

John and Betty had two children . . . Elaine Labbie, married to Rich Labbie. They have three children: Richard, Anthony and Nicole. Elaine’s brother, John Jr., known better as “Mags,” was a recent C&K interviewee.

Betty has kept up her interest in local sports with the same enthusiasm as her husband, who was “an avid sports fan.” She now follows her grandchildren in the Little League and soccer programs. Betty is active, as mentioned, in the Senior Citizen Center and a member of the St. Francis Alumna. When it comes to hobbies, Betty is a bowler, plays cards and is into arts and crafts. When the television is on, game shows hold her interest and the Sunday favorite — “60 Minutes.”

Betty grew up in the Clay Hill section of town and that meant the late Gov. Ella Grasso was a neighbor. She was “one of us,” adding, Ella loved people and was down-to-earth. Betty remembers the good old days at Jimmy Carroll’s Drug Store when she and Ella would meet, and even as governor, she had time for local people.

Betty Magnani has always liked people. As a nurse, life has been satisfying. Someone once told Betty, “You’re always smiling.” Her reaction, “It doesn’t cost anything.” Her personal philosophy has been “to take things in stride.”

As a nurse, Betty’s job was to administer to the ill . . . she also found the following to be as important . . . “Words of comfort, skillfully administered, are the oldest therapy known to man.”
Peg Critz, the lady with the ready smile, a dedicated business woman, with two joys... her six grown children and the Pioneer Telephone Answering Service she has operated in Windsor Locks, since 1971.

Before the children and the business, Margaret Lorzing Critz's story is one of growing up, not far from New York City, attending Catholic schools, secretarial school and falling in love with a U.S. Marine, during World War II.

Known to so many as just Peg, she is the daughter of Julius and Mary Lorzing. Her mother, still a hearty soul at 94, lives in Milford, N.Y., was an American Red Cross Nurse in World War I, where she saw action on the front. Her late father was a U.S. Navy veteran of both World Wars I and II. So it was probably due to her military background that she indeed married William Critz, after his service in the war. Known better as just Bill Critz, he was a purchasing agent at Combustion Engineering Inc. for 13 years, until his untimely death in June 1969. (I had the pleasure of working closely with Bill at C-E.)

Peg grew up in Elmsford, N.Y. about 20 miles north of Manhattan. She and her three brothers all attended local schools. Peg graduated from high school in 1946, where “she was refreshment chairman for most committees — a good life and I loved my childhood.” She remembers the “good Catholic nuns would chaperone us to New York City, showing us, the good things in miles north of Manhattan. She and her three brothers all attended local schools. Peg graduated from high school in 1946, where “she was refreshment chairman for most committees — a good life and I loved my childhood.” She remembers the “good Catholic nuns would chaperone us to New York City, showing us, the good things in

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**Children and Business are Peg Critz’s Joys**

**cabbages and kings**

By JACK REDMOND

New York City, like museums, Radio City, Statue of Liberty and twice a year, attend a Broadway play.

She was a senior in high school when she first met Bill. He was one of her brother’s best friends. After the initial meeting (or better said, date), Bill was off to Hawaii, where the U.S. Mail would be their only contact for several months. Peg recalls Bill as a “gung ho” marine.

Bill was from Milford, N.Y. near the baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. They were married in February 1949, on his return from the service. The newlyweds first lived in Webster, N.Y., near Rochester, where Bill worked for over a year, before being called back to the Marines during the Korean conflict. On his final return to civilian status, Bill and Peg moved to Astoria, N.Y., on the East River, when he joined C-E. When the boiler company moved its operations to Windsor (November 1956), Bill and Peg found a home on Denslow Street. During the years that followed, they lived on North Main Street, before moving to Peg’s present home on Vadnais Drive.

The first of Peg’s joys — the children, Mari-Jo, Michael, Judy, Kurt, Mark and Heidi. In Peg’s comfortable living room, the six children, from the union of the marine and the girl from Elmsford, are pictured in a large frame, surrounding the wedding picture of their parents. Mari-Jo is married to Frank Reddish, living in Florida with two of Peg’s grandchildren. Michael and his wife Lori and child, are in Rhode Island, where Lt. Commander Michael Critz attends the naval war college. Mike is an 11-year veteran of the U.S. Navy.

Judy is married to Terry Thorp, living in Erie, Penn. with their two children. Kurt and his Windsor Locks wife, Jane Foucher are pictured in a large frame, surrounding the wedding picture of their parents. Mari-Jo is married to Frank Reddish, living in Florida with two of Peg’s grandchildren. Michael and his wife Lori and child, are in Rhode Island, where Lt. Commander Michael Critz attends the naval war college. Mike is an 11-year veteran of the U.S. Navy.

Judy is married to Terry Thorp, living in Erie, Penn. with their two children. Kurt and his Windsor Locks wife, Jane Foucher

Peg, always in character, said, “Behind this woman, there is a good staff and I don’t know where I would be without them!”

Peg has traveled widely, as ambassador for the answering service business at their yearly conventions in Alaska, San Francisco, Nashville, Las Vegas and Hawaii. However, her “biggest thrill in life,” was a trip to Rome, meeting the Pope (with a picture to prove it) with local residents, Marilyn and Dan Flynn.

For a woman on call daily, Peg has “lots of things I’d love to do,” but business comes first. But, has found the time to show her talents and concern for St. Mary’s Renew program.

Looking back to her early days, Peg has always admired her parents, for “their experiences, that many of her friend’s parents did not have — mainly, exciting stories of their part in World War I.”

**Epilog**

Peg Critz is a religious lady, with deep convictions, fond memories of her Bill, the joys of children, grandchildren and a business, she loves being involved with. It has kept her going, working was therapy, when life turns from happiness to sorrow. When asked for a personal philosophy, Peg keeps the following close at hand — “To live is to grow, to grow is to change, to change is to act, to act is to risk, to risk is to care, to care is to love, to love is to live, Alive with Love.”
Writing of Her First Christmas

I'll be nine months old on Dec. 28. From the ones who know, Christmas is next Thursday.

Christmas. My first. My brother Kevin is all excited. Has been for the past few weeks. Wants this and wants that. They are not sure what to buy me... I'm only a baby. My Grandma Rit says I have enough clothes. If I could talk, I'd tell them to buy me some toys. I'm sure my Grandma Carol will get me something special.

They don't know I know what is going on. I'm just a baby, but like the words say: "Babies know a lot more..." they would be surprised. I love colors. I listen to the music and noises. Not sure about the music. When I am home, some girl named Whitney Houston is singing. When I am at Grandma Rit's house, a man named Sinatra is singing. I like the girl, more up-to-date, at least for my age. I think.

Next week my father and Kevin are going to go out looking for a tree. Sounds strange. Grandma Rit has a lot of trees in her backyard. But Kevin told our father, "I want a big tree this year." And Kevin usually gets his way. But he is good to me. He gets mad if anyone tells him not to hold me tight. He is just showing his love. They say he is five years and six months. So that makes him a lot older than me. I know, I'm just a baby.

EVERYONE SAYS I look like my brother. Grandma Rit can't wait until I get more hair. Why don't they ask Santa to get me more hair. Oh yes, I already know about Santa. Grandma Rit told me all about Santa Claus and how he brings gifts to children on Christmas Day. So I guess Kevin and I are in for a lot of gifts.

My Aunt Nancy is another one who gives "good" gifts, according to my brother, Kevin. As I said, Kevin loves gifts.

My home is all decorated for Christmas. Even my crib has different nicknacks... red bells, a small Santa, and a small tree, with lights, that go off and on. Not sure why. But when you are my age, who can understand me. Sure is difficult being only nine months. I heard it was different for Kevin, when he was younger.

Everyone is hoping, especially Kevin, for snow on Christmas. Even my crib has different nicknacks... red bells, a small Santa, and a small tree, with lights, that go off and on. Not sure why. But when you are my age, who can understand me. Sure is difficult being only nine months. I heard it was different for Kevin, when he was younger.

Everyone is hoping, especially Kevin, for snow on Christmas. Now I'm not sure what snow is. The other day we had a snow storm, the big folks said, but it didn't amount to anything. Whatever that means.

I heard Kevin telling my mother that he will be five and one-half on Christmas Eve. So I guess that means it's his half birthday. I'm not sure. At this point, I'm not sure of anything. I guess at nine months, you learn something new every day.

LAST SUNDAY WE all went to Church. My mother always brings a bottle for me. I guess it's for the time I get a little cranky and church is a place for quiet. Kevin has to be on his new behavior. Not sure what they give him, but I know my mother always has that extra bottle. Oh yes, the church. Looks different then the other Sundays... big green wreaths on all the windows... a creche with small animals around the outside, inside, an empty crib. Kevin asked our mother about it and she said it was for Baby Jesus.

My mother also said "Christmas is a holy time of the year, the birthday of Jesus." So next week, we'll all go to church for His birthday. I wonder if Jesus gets gifts? I have to wait three more months before my birthday. But isn't it great to receive gifts on somebody else's. But I guess that's the way Jesus wants it. As I said, Christmas can be difficult, when you are only nine months.

Well, I guess I'll wrap up my first story as a nine month old baby. I wonder how long I'm a baby. I am nine months older than Jesus. Hope I get a lot of gifts, or as Kevin says, "a lot of toys." I guess boys love toys. Grandma Rit wants to get me a doll. A doll is for girls. Boys get trucks and games. I'm too young for games.

Bye for now. Have a happy and merry Christmas. They are right, babies do know a lot more than people think. Now they are playing some Christmas music... sounds better than that girl or man... I know, it's Christmas and I'm glad.

I forgot to tell you my name... Lindsey Kathryn Creech. My grandfather? It's that man who usually writes this column.
Happy New Year Wishes for Windsor Locks and Its People

Like the Mann (Thomas Mann) said... time to ring bells, or whatever your fancy is in celebrating the new year. 1987 is just around the corner.

Time also for a few gifts or New Year Resolutions for the good folks in Windsor Locks... so here goes:

To:

Dr. Abe Gottesman — to keep that “Most Happy Fellow” attitude.
George Sandone — much success in your Air Ways Golf Course renovation.
The Rev. Earl Imswiler — the man knows who he is talking to.
Nick Giaccone — to keep up with the latest cut, California or Connecticut.
Charles Marinone — to keep square dancing until the cows come home.
Betty and Charles Moore — keep the love relationship with children. The world needs more folks like you two.
Peter Tria — to keep painting masterpieces of local folks.
John Scanlon — to keep active in the VFW, Knights of Columbus and Lions.
Cy Flanders — to be mentioned on Willard Scott’s Today Show.
Joe Hamigan Jr — a World Series victory for his Red Sox.
Ed and Barbara O’Brien — to build another room for their girls after the holidays.
Dawn Butler — successful year as president of Windsor Locks High School Class of 1987.

Dave Ellis — to play for the Yankees, after a college career.
Jack Redmond — keep those letters and cards coming... every knock is a boost.
VFW Sports Night — another successful night in honoring local men.
Red Sox Fans — a long season, beating out the Yankees.
Yankee Fans — a long season, beating out the Red Sox.
Fran Beaudry — girls with the gift in soccer, like you in playing golf.
Dan Sullivan — soccer team return to one of Connecticut’s best.
Pat Scelza — girls softball to be as successful as boys football.
Keith Griffin — continue build-up of the Windsor Locks Journal, Connecticut’s oldest weekly.
Al and Phil Juneau and Dean and Marie Holmes — have a great life in the sunny state of Florida.
Cliff Randall — to run or not run in 1987 election.
Billy Holmes — resolve: remove all those “Holmes” signs before the next election.
Carl Schiessl — right decisions for the voters in your district.
Con O’Leary — congratulation to the majority leader — right decisions for the state.
George Hall — only a few months to decide who will run against Cliff.
George and Ellen Quagliaroli — not ones to forget the memories of 1986.
Jimmy Carroll — to keep going strong with memories of many years.
To Windsor Locks — a happy and prosperous New Year.
Politics — the World

Lou and JoAnn Ramirez came from Lincoln, St. Louis Cardinal and “Fighting Illini” country. Today, after 19 years, they are quite content living in Grasso, Red Sox and Raider country. They brought with them, from their birthplace in Springfield, Ill., a love for sports, working hard and old values like patriotism, all part in raising their four children.

The “high school sweethearts” lived in the Illinois capital city (200 miles from Chicago, nearer to St. Louis, Mo.) until Uncle Sam called Lou into service in 1950. The next year he returned to marry JoAnn Turnbull. The young couple had a taste of windy and bitter cold.

Everything worked out for the best, Lou spent over three years in South Dakota (with some schooling in Ohio and Wyoming) as an Air Police and auto motor maintenance airman. Their first child, Bobbi Jo, was born in Dakota land.

Lou and his new family returned to Illinois. He worked there until 1967, before moving to Connecticut. His first job, after the service, was with Pillsbury Mill, which lasted two years. In 1956, he joined Allis-Chalmers. Today, Lou has a 30 year steady employment record with the same company, now called Fiatallis, N.A. The move to Windsor Locks resulted in Lou becoming a district service rep for New England and New York territory with the construction equipment giant.

THE OTHER THREE Ramirez children: Lu Ann, Bill and Teri Kay were all born in Illinois. Before Lou became an airman, husband and father, he was an outstanding athlete at the Springfield High School (class of 1949). Lou played tackle on the football team, saying, he was much bigger then, when he received honorable mention as an all-starter. In those days, players played both ways, offensive and defensive. During the spring baseball season, Lou was an outfielder, making him a two-sport, three-year veteran.

Looking back to those glory days, Lou remembers crowds of 2,000 to 3,000 fans at the games. The town was always behind the teams, not like today, he said. The glory days over, back to Lou and JoAnn, who incidently was one of the school’s cheer leaders and 1952 grad; their children are all grads of the local high school. Bobbi Jo is married to former Raider baseball player, Ed Reale. Ed and Bobbi Jo live in Bloomfield with their daughter Rachel. Lu Ann lives in Kingston, N.Y. with her husband, John Cook, a lawyer, and their two children, John and Gregory. Lu Ann, a nurse by profession, attended the Albany Medical Center.

Bill Ramirez, taking after his father, played football, baseball and basketball at the high school. He began baseball in Little League, played senior and American Legion ball. Bill was valedictorian of his class and attended Western New England College. He and his wife, Chandler, live in Simsbury. His younger sister, Teri Kay has a son, Brian Quagliaroli, who I met during the interview at the Ramirez home on Enfield Street.

JoAnn, who Lou calls, “a part-time worker and full-time golfer,” currently is employed by the American Red Cross (in town, for three years) as secretary to the director. They are both avid golfers and bowlers. Admitting to having “too much energy,” Lou putters around the house, when not working at his job. However, “they still love to travel,” with past trips to Mexico, England, Sicily, Hawaii and a few cruises. Golf vacations has become a steady habit after seeing the world.

THE FORMER MID-WESTERNERS still follow the baseball St. Louis Cards and the Green Bay Packers football team. While living in Illinois, they traveled to Wisconsin to see Vince Lombardi’s famous team in action.

Locally, Lou has been a member of the American Legion since 1967, while Jo Ann has done her part (especially in the rehabilitation program) for the legion auxiliary. In addition, she was a scout leader in the Brownie program while the girls were growing up. Just to cover all activities, Lou and JoAnn were both involved with midget football. In East Longmeadow, Lou is enrolled in the Masons. They both come from large families, Jo Ann with one sister and two brothers, Lou has one sister and six brothers.

Back in 1960, Lou and JoAnn “waited hours,” for just a view of the next president of the U.S., John Fitzgerald Kennedy. They agreed, JFK “appealed to the country.” Lou’s favorite JFK words, “And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country,” have always had a special place in Lou’s philosophy. Lou Ramirez believes in the process (democracy); also believing in the family and what he and JoAnn can do for their community.
cabbages and kings
By JACK REDMOND

WHEN WORK IN the mine slowed down in the early '50s, Pete and Ruth came to Connecticut to visit Pete's brother and to look for employment. Pete's first job was with Royal (in Hartford). Due to a strike, Pete and Ruth returned to their home state, which was only temporary. Upon their return to Connecticut, Pete joined Hartford Gas (now Connecticut Natural Gas) and has been with the gas company for the past 33 years. He started as a laborer, graduated to truck driving and machine operator. Today, Pete is a crew chief in the gas company's street department. Looking back, he said, "When I left home, I knew how to work hard and figured the best job would be with a utility company...I'm thankful I made the right decision."

Ruth and Pete have five children — Cindi, Peter Jr., Debi, Joe and Anita. The Yorio children all are grads of the local high school. Cindi lives in Enfield with her husband, Tom Yakoubian, and their two children, Brenden and Dustin. Pete Jr. resides in Hebron with his wife, Joleen. They have two children, Becky and Nick. The younger Pete was on the Raider golf team and spent four years in the U.S. Marines.

Debi Hickley attended Manchester Community College, lives in Windsor Locks (at home) with her three children, Emily, Michelle and Jonathan. Joe, a soccer player under Coach Dan Sullivan, is a grad of Eastern Connecticut State University and is employed in Cherry Hill, N.J. The youngest in the family, Anita, lives at home.

THEIR FATHER is a man who enjoys "puttering around the family garden," but never forgetting that steady work habits are essential in the everyday routine. He feels, however, "Sometimes the day isn't long enough." He and Ruth have managed to take time to visit relatives in Pennsylvania, take a trip to Florida, and see the beauty of the New England states.

These days, when not working a full day at the gas company, Pete's main extracurricular endeavor has been the Knights of Columbus. A member for more than 20 years, he takes on the role of grand knight very seriously. He admits to "Learning new things and procedures, concerning the Knights, every meeting." Pete said there were several important dates coming up, till the end of the year (that all Knights should be interested in): Nov. 11, the new police chief, Harry J. Carroll, will speak; Nov. 14, will be "Night at the Races"; Nov. 25, the memorial Mass at St. Robert's Church; Dec. 9, Awards Night for Old-Timers; and on Dec. 23, Father Thomas F. Farrell, pastor of St. Robert's, will speak.

EPILOG

Peter Anthony Yorio is one of those "quiet and good guys," working behind the scenes for the good of the family, the community, and as they say in K of C circles, "good of the order."

Pete grew up during the hard times in this country, remembering well the days in the coal mine, raising a large family, and now achieving the high office of Grand Knight. A role, a man like Peter Yorio, did not seek. However, the K of C would not survive without the dedication and hard work of men like this quiet, good guy.

Peter and Ruth Yorio have been an industrious partnership all their married life. Both came from the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Their fathers' knew the hardships and hazardous life working in the coal mines.

A much younger Peter Yorio also experienced the daily grind of a coal miner for five long years, without his mother knowing of her son's employment. That's another story to be told.

Today, after leaving their home state for a different lifestyle, Peter and Ruth have a young active family of five children and seven grandchildren.

They were married in 1951, becoming residents of Connecticut two years later, and since 1958 have made their home in Windsor Locks.

IN JUNE OF this year, Peter Anthony Yorio was chosen the grand knight of the local Knights of Columbus. As a member of the Knights for more than two decades, Pete, as he is known to fellow Knights and friends, has been active in the council's programs as he was elevated through the chairs on the way to the office of Grand Knight.

Ruth calls Pete a "workaholic," adding, "he's usually very quiet...in the background...a good guy."

Pete was born in Pittston, Penn. (near Scranton); however, he grew up in West Pittston. After attending local schools, Pete did some odd jobs in the area, which included working in a gas station and used car lot. As with most young men in his home town, work in the coal mines was always available. His father, Joseph Yorio, now deceased, born in Italy, settled in Pittston, and became a coal miner, until the day he was injured and unable to work. Because of Mr. Yorio's life in the mine, Pete's mother, as mentioned, did not want Pete (or his brother, hp also had two sisters) to spend their life in the mine. Pete went to work in the mine, keeping the secret, skillfully making sure his mother was unaware, even to the point of dropping off his work clothes in the local laundry before coming home. He was married to Ruth during most of that period. Today, his mother, Adele Yorio, a spry 75 years old, still lives in West Pittston.

And for his wife, who also kept the secret, Ruth Buttrim grew up in nearby Old Forge. With her four brothers and four sisters, Ruth attended local schools, and after graduation from high school, went to business school. This would come in handy years later...for the past 16 years Ruth has been at Cigna. Today, Ruth is a benefit administrator. For the record, they met at a dance; however, it took Pete three years to ask the big question.

- Grand Knight, Pete Yorio

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