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Mary Kane Verre and Richard Daniel Verre, Sr. both come from large friendly and loving families. They have continued the roots of their own family tree with the same philosophy for their seven children and four grandchildren.

"The sense of belonging... knowing you are not alone," were Mary's words when asked what is really the true barometer of a successful large family.

Mary, born in Portland, Maine, was the oldest of eight children. Dick, a Hartford native, was one of five. His mother, Beulah Griswold, is a hale and hearty 86 years old, living in Windsor. Mary's folks came from Ireland. She reflects the Irish wit, charm and being loquacious at the drop of a question. Dick's father was born in Italy, however, Beulah, with the "Yankee" name of Griswold, is of true New England stock.

The Gaylord Road couples' years since 1946 have been wrapped around the church, the family, education for the kids and dad, a lot of hard work, enjoyment and knowing it all pays off for a real full life style.

Wayback, before anyone ever heard of Pearl Harbor, Dick Verre was drafted into the U.S. Army on Feb. 8, 1941. He recalls, but with a smile on his face, "I was one of the first guys drafted in the state." So where did they ship this raw recruit?—South Portland, Maine in the Coast Artillery.

One Saturday night his sergeant asked for six volunteers (which means... you, you and etc.) to attend a local dance. Dick was one of the volunteers, and you guessed it, diminutive and pretty Mary Kane was one of

the local girls at the dance and their dance steps were close together. The soldier and the local girl parted ways on a clear day in May 1942 when Dick was assigned to Iceland.

After his departure Mary did her own traveling to Washington, D.C. and a government position. The young couple kept in touch with letters and it would be over three years before Dick "came marching home." He spent 18 months in frozen Iceland. His outfit would now see warm and sometimes rainy England to train troops for the invasion of Europe. Dick entered the real war on D-Day, plus three (Omaha Beach). Dick's European tour included France (where he saw Paris and the Eiffel Tower at four in the morning), Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany. He left Europe in May 1945.

On June 29, 1945 Dick was discharged from the army. One year to the day Mary Kane and Richard Verre were married. They have seven children and we better mention all of them before we run into the next edition of the Journal.

Ann, the oldest at 34, the wife of Patrick Jezewski, a postal worker, is the Verre's only daughter. The Jezewski family, with their son and daughter, live in Ottawa, Canada. Ann met Patrick when they both were students at the University on Prince Edward Island.

John 32, is married to Susan Brown living in Salem, Mass. John, a Trinity grad, received his masters at Harvard and is currently Director of Special Education at a Boston School.

Richard, Jr., 30, lives in Portland, Maine with his daughter. The younger Rich-

ard, who attended the University of Maine, is a free-lance writer for several newspapers and magazines.

Michael, 26, a graduate of the University of Maine, lives in Portland with his wife, Jayne Schiff, and their son.

Mark, 23, a Central Connecticut grad, is studying for his masters at Trinity and living at home. Mark was a soccer player at the local high school.

Kevin, 20, attends the University of Maine and the youngest of the Verre clan is Timothy, 17, a senior at the high school. So that makes for a full basketball team with Ann as cheerleader along with mom and dad as equal boosters.

Now back to the life and times of Mary and Dick Verre. With the war won, Dick married Mary and they lived in South Portland for the first five years of their marriage. Dick had originally trained in sheet metal work as an apprentice, however, he attended the Northeastern Business School and ended up as a manager of a large oil company. They moved to Hartford where he joined Hamilton-Standard. This year will make 30 years for Dick at the Windsor Locks based firm and 28 years in Windsor Locks. The past 15 years he has been in the purchasing department.

During those years Dick was father, student and

worker. He worked nights and during the day attended the University of Hartford and received his degree. Mary and Dick believe in education and it all started with father showing the way. As for Mary...in 1969, after the youngest was in school, she joined Hamilton-Standard on the second shift in the office. She has worked for the Windsor Locks Board of Education and is currently the bookkeeper at the Journals.

In looking back, Mary said, "I guess you'd say I have had three or four careers." She added, "I'm the disciplinarian in the family, partly because Dick

was working and going to school and it was up to me to be the whip." She looked at Dick and said, "He's the softie." It had to be that way. "Education is the name of the game in this family, and it was important for Dick to further his studies."

Mary Verre has the Irish wit, but can be serious when asked the questions that she feels strongly about and must be answered to clarify her positions. As for education, Mary has had a liberal education as a worker, mother of seven, a member of the Democratic Town Committee for six years, a teacher of religion at St. Mary's for 20 years and, along with Dick, served on the St. Mary's Parish Council. Both Mary and Dick have been active in the V.F.W.

When asked, what she thought of the changes in the Catholic Church, she said, "Vatican Two may have opened the window, but it left the young people without traditions and guideposts."

What about E.R.A.? "I'm for people's rights." How about changing the subject? Any New Year's Resolutions? Now Mary was back to her Irish wit, Number One... "Try not to talk so much." Number Two... "Write to my children more often."

How about you Dick? "That's easy: retire and

enjoy life and do some of the things I like, for example working with wood."

Then Mary added... "I intend to write the history of the Kane family." This year? In Mary's case, she probably will.

More questions: Who do you most admire? Mary: "My mother. She was good to people. I wish I were half the person she was. Her theory was when anyone was fighting or arguing, she simply said, stop it, someday you'll only have each other." Dick: "Franklin Roosevelt. He made an impact on my entire life. And I'll have to add Jack Kennedy. He brought something extra to the presidency; he elevated life in pushing arts and sciences."

Speaking of history, the Kane family has an historical event that has lasted for 12 years. Every August the entire clan comes from all parts of the country to live together for one week at a camp in Maine. This little bit of information came from Dick Verre who enjoys the experience and said, "Its unbelievable."

Dick's claim to fame has been his own family and now after 34 years of marriage, Mary Kane feels like a member of the family. Yes, the story of Mary Kane Verre and Richard Daniel Verre, Sr. is certainly a family

- The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, January 8, 1981

## It's A Family Affair With Mary And Dick Verre

# Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

## John Sullivan - A Fighter With A Different Punch

Our own John Lane Sullivan is a fighter of different circumstances from the legendary prize fighter of the last century.

Our guy is quiet, shy and a gentle man whose good deeds in the real ring of the world is for his family, church, community and the "just folks." The "just folks" is John's way of describing the people of Windsor Locks, Sullivan's home since 1961.

John and his wife, Barbara Chamberlin Sullivan, both natives of Hartford, and their four children live on Washington Street. You can't miss the street, located between North and Whiton. It's one of the last unpaved in town. There have been attempts by the residents to have the town surface the street, but according to John, to no avail.

As for John's personal street of life, it was paved like this. After graduation from Hartford High School in 1947 he entered Trinity College. For two years he tried his best, however, he said, "I had it with college and quit," to work at Pratt and Whitney in East Hartford and at Hamilton-Standard in Windsor Locks.

During the eight-year period he realized his mistake. He soon changed it by entering UConn, completing his education and a degree in business administration in January 1961.

Barbara Chamberlin had

taken a quicker street for her degree in mathematics. The Mt. St. Joseph's Academy grad of 1956 enrolled at St. Joseph's College in West Hartford and four years later received her degree. She and John met at a young adult dance sponsored by the Cathedral of St. Joseph. By then John was working at the Connecticut Mutual Life and he married his dance partner in November 1961.

After three years at Connecticut Mutual, John switched to the Aetna Life and Casualty, where today, with 16 years in their pension plan, he keeps close watch in the Pension Plan Administration Department.

Soon after the wedding, the young couple moved to Pearl Street in Windsor Locks. Their second home on Washington Street is a large colonial and more suited for the growth of four children.

Barbara, before her full-time job as a mother, taught high school math at Windsor High and Mt. St. Joseph's Academy. For a 12-year period she used her home as a day care center for local mothers. Today she has joined her hubby at Aetna. The only problem is he works in Hartford and she at the Windsor branch.

Now for the Sullivan children. Daniel Sullivan 17, is a senior at the high school. His abilities and talents cover a wide range. Just for starters, he is an Eagle Scout, a member of the National Honor Society,

three-year school band member. He delivers the Hartford Courant (8 years), earning several Publisher's Awards. When it comes to sports, Dan is a skier, has biked with the Scouts up to Canada, enjoys canoeing and camping out. Dan is the only boy, but the three girls have followed in his active footprints.

Kathy, 15, in her second year at the high school, is a member of the school band, specializing in the piccolo, flute and piano. When the "Avon Lady" calls around town, it's probably the "Avon Ladies Calling," as Kathy is the junior member of the team with her mother as partner selling those products the past year.

Then we have Ellen 14, and Maura 12 - the swimmers in the family. Their dad is a faithful fan of the girls attending all the meets and even at times helping out with the officials. Ellen is a freshman at the high school, while Maura is a seventh grader at the middle school, where she performs with the band and drama clubs.

With Dan delivering the Courant, a family affair on Sundays, the girls had to get into the act as carriers for the Journal Inquirer. And not to be different, all the girls have been in the Brownies and Girl Scouts, with mom and dad helping out for another family affair.

John and Barbara have been active at St. Mary's Church in town for several years. They firmly believe the church "has become a people of God." They grew up with the church as "a building with the priests," and feel today the atmosphere is more conducive to a better Catholic lifestyle.

Barbara has served on the parish council and currently

she and John set up the schedules for the weekend lecturers at all the masses. A few years back they were members of a group called C.F.M. (Christian Family Movement.) It was composed of eight to ten couples with a common purpose. It was a discussion group, held at each others home, discussing all phases of religion and family life. This group made a lasting impression on Barbara and John and, because of the friendships gained, was one of the chief reasons for a permanent home in Windsor Locks.

John told of two personal functions he has enjoyed over the years. The first was as a member of the "Locks People," a singing group that entertains at convalescent and rest homes in Windsor, Enfield and Windsor Locks.

The other enjoyable task came about seven years ago when John volunteered to shop and do errands for an old couple on his lunch hour near his Aetna office. It was part of the group of dedicated citizens called "Breakthrough to the Aged," a Catholic organization. John said the old couple could not keep up their apartment and were relocated to St. Mary's Home in Hartford. The gentleman, James P. Morgan, now 104 years old, is alone now. His wife passed away a few years ago. John continues to visit him at the home and attempts to satisfy some of his needs.

When asked whom he most admired, John said his great uncle Daniel Foley comes to mind because of his generosity to John and his

brother after their father died. Mr. Foley was a saloon-keeper in the south end of Hartford and ran a popular business in its day. The building still stands. He added, "I guess you'd say he was generous to a fault."

John's mother, Helen Lane Sullivan at 85, still resides in Hartford. Speaking of family, Barbara is one of three girls, daughters of George and Gertrude Chamberlin, who live in West Hartford.

### EPILOG

John Lane Sullivan is a man with a different goodness as father, worker, church and community achiever. His acts of charity make him a battler in this hectic world, with a different punch that may help someone off the floor.

# Jim Gatto - The "David Merrick"

## Of Windsor Locks

James Charles Gatto has come up with a "real evening of entertainment" in directing and producing the Windsor Locks High School senior class musicals since 1974.

However, every show "has been a real challenge" to the Enfield native and English teacher at the local school the past 12 years.

Jim was quick to point out it has not been a one person operation since "Funny Girl" seven years ago to last year's hit "Oklahoma."

With the new year is another season and another musical. The auditions have been held and cast chosen for the upcoming March and April production of "Sugar-Some Like It Hot." From the hilarious screen success (1959 movie, "Some Like It Hot", starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe) the story line moved to Broadway in 1972 as "Sugar," with Robert Morse and had the same memorable characters.

For a little of its sugary plot: "Joe and Jerry, two musicians down on their luck while wandering through Chicago, by chance witness a gang rub-out in the Clark Street Garage which was ordered by Spats Palazzo, a notorious Chicago hood. Spats and his boys immediately take off after Joe and Jerry, determined to silence them as witnesses to the crime. Joe and Jerry, looking for a quick way out of town, hear of jobs available for a saxophone and a bass player, which are their specialties, with a band leaving at once for Florida. There is only one problem - the band is all female. As Joe and Jerry they haven't got a chance, but with a bit of costuming, padding, makeup, and slight voice adjustments, they be-

come Josephine and Daphne and are hired by "Sweet Sue and her Society Syncopators." Sorry, the rest of the story can be seen on the Windsor Locks stage, March 27 and 28 or April 3 and 4.

The hard work and many hours for Jim, the students and his staff is now ahead for them. A rundown on their past accomplishments are now in order.

Broadway has had Lerner and Loewe, Rodgers and Hammerstein. In Windsor Locks their interpretation of the great hits has been handled by Rob Rossi, Linda Colo and Jim Gatto. The first musical at the school was in 1974 with "Funny Girl," directed by Bob and produced by Jim. In 1975, "Fiddler on The Roof" were again shared by Bob and Jim. With Bob moving to San Francisco in 1977, Jim took on a new partnership with Linda Colo in the 1979 production of "My Fair Lady," and in last year's great "Oklahoma."

Musicals are as good as the music coming from the baton and the past musicals were capably handled by Dave Bongiorno and now by Neil Rinaldi. As mentioned by Jim, the success of a show depends on many people and

he said, "a third of the faculty is involved in every show. To name a few folks whose help is necessary and always behind the scenes - James O'Brien, Harriett Randall, Nancy Hall, Stephanie Levine, my wife and daughter for moral assistance and an understanding in my schedule."

To digress for a few personal notes on Jim - he is married (1968) to Madeline Anderson Gatto, a native of Southampton, England. He met Madeline as a student at Fairfield University and she, a secretary at the school. Their daughter Carolyn is 11 and attends East Windsor Middle School. Daughter like father, she is interested in

Broadway shows and takes piano lessons. Another of Jim's talents is playing the drums. Weekends he can be found hitting the percussion instruments with a group called, naturally, "Group Therapy."

How did Jim get started in show business? Jim, always ready to give credit, said, "Paul O'Donnell got me involved in theater work back in 1973 with a play called "Plenty of Money" and a 1974 show "Dracula, Baby," for the Pine Meadow Players.

Jim has included in his repertoire as director for the players the following: "Flowers For Algernon," "Meet Me in St. Louis,"

"Christmas Carol" and recently "Tom Jones." Jim said, the Pine Meadow Players is made up of mostly underclassmen.

When asked what determines the musical play to be shown by each class, Jim related the following, "There must be a large cast, some dancing, must be adapted to our stage and its limitations and something the band can handle." He added, "We in Windsor Locks have been fortunate in coming up each

year with good raw material for our shows and having it all successful."

And successful they have been, with Jim Gatto and friends as part of the success from "Funny Girl" to "Oklahoma." By the time March rolls around, we'll probably need something hot. So if past performances are the rule, Jim and his friends will make it sugary and "Some Like It Hot." See you on March 27-28 and April 3-4.

Thursday, January 23, 1981 - The Windsor Locks Journal

## Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## Francis Cook Entertains With Irish Singing

Francis James Cook is a lover of Irish songs.

This love is not transient. It is a session for listening or singing. He has written seven Irish songs. "I love to sing, especially the Irish tunes," said the modest, handsome father of four and native of Pittston, Pennsylvania.

The Hamilton-Standard veteran employee of 17 years not only sings at the drop of a note or the site of a piano, he lends his talents at the Irish Club in Glastonbury and with the popular singing group called "The Locks People... Entertainers."

And entertainers they are, rendering songs (not all Irish) to the patients at several convalescent homes in Windsor, Enfield and Windsor Locks. Francis has added his vocal contributions the past eight years to hundreds of thankful audiences.

Francis and his wife, Carole McDonald Cook, both grew up in the coal region of Pennsylvania in Pittston, located between Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. Francis

graduated from high school in 1943. He received a call for the priesthood, attended a Franciscan seminary for a little over three years. The call was not for Francis Cook and recalling the time, he said he feels he made the right decision and happily pointed to his wife and four children in their spacious Stone Drive home.

He did, however, complete degree work at Scranton University in 1949 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in teaching. He never used his teaching certificate, probably because he entered the army during the Korean conflict.

After basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, Francis, in infantry gear, was off for Korea seeing his share of action. But he remembers, for the record, more pleasurable duty as a member of the honor guard for General Van Fleet. (Carole said it must of been because of his size and handsome looks).

With duty and war over Francis was back in Pittston and immediately took a job in a local machine shop. He felt, even with his teaching

degree, education to others was not for him. He tried Pittston for two years. He left for East Hartford and a job at Pratt and Whitney.

Things were unsettled for Francis. Most weekends he would travel back to Pittston. Things and time became settled for Francis when he met Carole via an introduction from a friend who lived next door to Francis' parents. Those trips back home were always by train—a mode of transportation in which he was well schooled by his father. The senior Cook, who at nine years-old entered the cold, damp and tough world of digging coal until he was a grown 17, joined the railroad world and a different look at the country.

Meeting Carole and their wedding in 1957 meant two years more in Pittston. Finally, they decided to try Pratt and Whitney again, so it was off to Connecticut, by train. Carole also came from a railroad family. Francis was taken back by the aircraft until 1963, when after moving to Windsor Locks in 1961, he joined the

Hamilton-Standard family and has been a steady worker ever since.

Speaking of normalcy, it's time to mention the four Cook children. John, 22, is the oldest and a 1976 grad of the local high school. He is a former Little Leaguer, soccer and swimming enthusiast. He is a welder by trade, Kathy, 21, a former Raider, is a nurses-aide at the Kimberly Hall Convalescent Home in Windsor. Michael, 19, following his graduation from the high school is currently working at Geissler's store. The youngest of the Cooks is Frank, a sixth-grader at the North Street School. He is the latest baseball player in the family and according to his dad, "loves the game and is a faithful rooter of the Red Sox."

Carole did her share of moving by train as a young girl when her family moved to Allentown, Pennsylvania where she graduated from the Central Catholic High School in 1950. She returned to her hometown to begin training at the Pittston Hospital, School of Nursing. In Connecticut she has made her mark as a nurse at the Mount Zion Hospital for the past 17 years.

Today Carole sees life right from the start as head nurse at the newborn nursery.

As mentioned - Francis Cook "loves to sing." He has copyrighted seven Irish songs, probably out of a real love for the sounds and joy of singing. He and Carole visited Ireland in 1974 for a real look at the country he was writing songs about. As

with many Americans with Irish ancestry, the visit made them aware of this great country which has sent thousands of their native sons and daughters to our shore with "music-makers and dreamers of dreams."

To close the story of Francis James Cook and his family, I believe a few words from one of his songs would be in order. From Mr. Cook's "The Irish Republic Was Born." "May it always be said of the rebels who bled in old Dublin in 1916... That because they were brave, forever will wave the orange, the white and the green... For her sons, brave and bold, Sinn Feiners of old on a foggy and grey eastern morn... Fought and died till they broke cruel England's yoke and the Irish Republic was born."

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## Francis Angelo Gragnolati: One Of A Kind

Francis Angelo Gragnolati is truly a native son of Windsor Locks...and proud to say it.

When you meet and talk to Francis, you'll find a man who has done everything from

milking cows, peddling fruit from door to door, picking tobacco, building homes, fighting fires and employment as a maintenance supervisor for the Board of Education the past 29 years.

The navy veteran of World War Two has been married to Mary Foley Gragnolati (a native of Hartford) since 1949. They have four grown children whose careers go from politics to animal care.

When you ask for relatives and names, you find talking to Francis the following...his mother, who lives at 36 West Street, where Francis was born, has the maiden name of Oliva. And when you go further... "Our Governor" Ella Grasso's mother and Francis' grandfather were brother and sister...making Mary's husband a second cousin of the "girl from Olive Street."

Francis, sentimental and a nice guy under that tough facade, has two photos proudly exhibited at his Old County Road home (which he built) of the former Governor, taken with Francis, and another of his only grandchild, Sara Gragnolati.

Francis grew up on the family farm where memories of hard work and the good life went hand and hand. He recalls the early milking jobs of the family cows before attending classes at St. Mary's School, peddling fruit house to house for a gentleman called "Radio

Scotto;" and at fourteen becoming a grease jockey for John Barberi at his Esso gas station on Main Street.

High school meant football and being drafted into the navy during his junior year. Francis was 18 in May of 1944 when he left his Windsor Locks for boot training at Sampson, N.Y. He was soon off to Boston, Long Island, New Jersey and finally on the high seas for duty aboard a minesweeper. (a vessel used for dragging a body of water in order to

remove enemy mines.) His travels were around the world, so to speak, with the shores of England, the Panama Canal, California, the island of Saipan and Kobe, Japan seen from the deck of his ship. Francis remembers the battles and the mines, but will never forget the three violent typhoons he experienced in the Pacific.

On his return to Windsor Locks, Francis was undecided what to do with his life, as most veterans felt in 1946, so he went back to his old job at the gas station. This lasted only a while, when he joined the George P. Clark

Company for a year, another year working for Andrew Hys learning the carpentry trade and then striking out on his own building homes. Francis did some carpentry, plumbing and heating and other tasks in house building. Looking back at those years...he said over twenty homes bear the Gragnolati touch, all in

Windsor Locks. In 1952 his role changed...he became an employee of the town school system. After 29 years Francis is maintenance supervisor and remembers proudly seeing all the schools in town either being built or remodeled.

Another love in his life has been his wife Mary Foley, not a native of Windsor Locks, but born in Hartford. Francis married Mary in 1949, even though she was not a native after meeting her on a blind date...the cupid was Charlie Preli. Mary and Francis have four children...Dennis, Michael, James and Elizabeth.

Dennis, 30, Republican selectman in town, was a Cabbages and Kings interviewee in October 1977 and since then has shown he can handle the job as "David against Goliath." A teacher at the high school the past seven years, Dennis is currently on sabbatical leave, at the University of Connecticut studying for his doctorate.

Michael, 27, a student at UConn, is married to Marilyn Rebne. They live in Windsor Locks with their daughter Sara. James, 25, and his wife Ellen Cashman live in Gorham, Maine. Elizabeth, 23, graduated from the University of Maine last year in the Animal Technical Program. For a year she studied in New York City at the large animal hospital there. Elizabeth is interested in the care of all animals for her life's work. The three Gragnolati boys played little league and all performed on the high school track teams.

Back to "Mr. Windsor Locks,"...Francis is many people...a member of the K of C, V.F.W. and American Legion. He was a faithful member of the town's volunteer Fire Department for 23 years, 20 as lieutenant. He served under several fire chiefs, and said, "the years as fireman were always enjoyable, and also hard work." My favorite baseball team? "That's easy...the Yankees, it doesn't matter if they are good or bad, they're always the Yankees."

Who have you most admired in your lifetime? "Another easy one...the late Bob Jackson. Mr. Jackson was a sincere individual, and always truthful. When he said yes, or no, he meant it and never changed his mind." He added, "of course I should say, I must include my cousin Ella Grasso, another person I have always greatly admired."

Staying with the many people concept... Francis, who did his share of traveling in World War Two...journeyed to Hawaii with

Mary on their 25th wedding year and five years later celebrated in the beauty of Switzerland and northern Italy.

Francis is a card carrying member for the State of Connecticut...Open Burning Official of the Department of Environmental Protection. In town Francis is the District Fire Warden. Hobby? "I guess you would say I have two...a garden for all my life and collecting junk." Junk? "Yes, I collect everything...see that chair, it belonged to..., the one you are sitting in...it belonged to..."

There you are, Windsor Locks...Francis Angelo Gragnolati. I know, after an hour with him, he'd want me to write it the way it is...he is many people, but always sincere, truthful, with a yes or no...just like his old friend Bob Jackson.

- The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, February 12, 1981

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## ♥♥♥♥♥ St. Valentine's Day... Where Is Love? ♥♥♥♥♥

Saturday is St. Valentine's Day....  
February 14.

Every year I have come up with a few words under Cabbages and Kings in the name of love for this flower, card and candy celebration in the month of shortness and birthdays of two famous presidents. So when the love of my life says..."isn't it about time you write your annual St. Valentine's column," I have to say, "sure, if William F. Buckley and Art Buchwald can come up with their accounts of love, war and peace, I guess I can too."

Now I'm not saying that love is all love, war and peace. (Not after 35 years.) It is difficult to say any more about St. Valentine...that hasn't already been said. In 1976...I received a personal valentine from

my old friend, Dotty Gill. The year of 1977 brought "What the World Needs Now is...put a little love in your life.

The great year of 1978 (or was it a bad year...they go so fast) another column with "love isn't love, until you give it away." (You know, that's true.) In 1979...was all the things I called favorites. Short column, but to the point. Last year...oh yes, I said...forget the dishes, fellows...go out and buy that card, flowers or candy and be your own cupid. Remember? Sure you do. I've got it all written down for posterity or for my grandchildren to read someday.

So here we are...another St. Valentine's Day. Nothing has really changed...we still need love, love isn't love, cards and candy and all that, but stop. How about all the little

things we love during the year...for instances:

Our favorite meal...  
Keeping our feet warm...  
Shoveling off the snowy driveway..cause she doesn't want us to get a heart attack.  
Making sure we wear the right colors...tie and suit.  
Making out the checks, cause I do that for a living.  
Being the social director and co-pilot on vacations.  
Making sure we have enough money for that trip to the cape, south or at our favorite restaurant.  
Being Mrs. Fix-it around the house.  
Reading all the Cabbages and Kings columns.

Keeping my ego under control.  
Washing the clothes and ironing after her own eight hour day.

Making sure there's enough beer in the house.

Only reading the Sunday papers, after I have.

Giving me suggestions on what to write for the holidays.

(This wasn't her idea...finally had one for myself.)

Letting me spend a week at the GHO and waiting all day Sunday on the last day, so I can be at the interview of the winner.

Yes, I'm a lucky guy. She's my valentine. She's knows....

"Love wasn't put in your heart to stay. Love isn't Love, til you give it away." And that's where love is!!!

# A Woman For All Seasons

By Jack Redmond

"What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us. What we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal."

Ella Tambussi Grasso was always doing for others. Be it a kind word, a little note, a frank talk with reporters, a speech to the legislators, getting the state going after a record snow storm, consoling the tornado victims...doing was her way of living.

The "girl from Olive Street" will always be remembered and now is immortal. It was not her style to be immortal.

Ella's actions for others will be long remembered and celebrated whenever her name is mentioned...be it politics, business circles, or wherever just "plain folks" gather to reminisce how she touched them.

America has lost some genuine heroes over the past twenty years. You know the names...Kennedys, King, Lennon, Wayne... and more. We all have our own brand of heroes. Ella is now our latest fallen hero. The work hero as defined...one who distinguishes courage or ability, admired for brave deeds and noble qualities. Fancy words, for a not-so-fancy woman. It's not what is on the outside, but what is in the heart. Ella's heart was courageous, her ability knew no bounds, she walked with presidents and the great people of Connecticut. She possessed political savoir-faire, it was probably her personal tribute to our system of government.

Now the tribute to Ella Tambussi Grasso.

**THURSDAY\* FEBRUARY 5, 1981**

In this day of instant news and special reports, the announcement, we knew would

come soon enough, hit the television screen at 7:15 P.M., interrupting Walter Cronkite, of the passing of former Governor Ella T. Grasso. We were prepared for the inevitable. Receiving it was still difficult. The news goes on, but in our house, even the radio is on simultaneously, some of us can't get enough. But news of Ella, because it was our Windsor Locks' Ella, we seem to want more in order to digest the impact.

**FRIDAY\* FEBRUARY 6**

The front pages, various sections with all the pictures, stories, "tributes, expressions of grief, voiced for dead leader" were with our morning coffee. The new governor, William O'Neil, said the plans for Mrs. Grasso was to "lie in state in the court adjacent to the Hall of Flags at the state Capital on Sunday...a funeral mass at noon Monday at St. Joseph's Cathedral."

**SATURDAY\* FEBRUARY 7**

A sunny day in the cold winter of 1980-1981. Snow in the forecast.

A quiet Saturday. A day of reflection on the past few hours. (Put some words on the paper, Jack.) A day to hang the flag at half-mast in Ella's honor as a mark of respect. Spring Street in Windsor Locks showed its respect, with many flags at the proper point. The morning paper...more to read with one remark of the last Governor, so much like her...as to reporting her hospital stay...she told the Hartford Hospital spokesman, James D. Battaglio..."I'm the mother of freedom of information in this state and I won't go back on it now."

**SUNDAY\* FEBRUARY 8**

Rainy, grey, grim day...only way to describe and feel on this Sunday for viewing the casket of Mrs. Grasso at the State Capital. We arrived about 12:50 P.M. The line of mourners, three to four deep, lined up on the side street, on to the capitol grounds and into the East entrance. Inside, the flags, the flowers, her son James keeping vigil, it would be the common folks' last view of their fallen hero.

St. Mary's Church, 5 o'clock mass, for the town's most famous and well-liked citizen. The pastor, Father Lawrence J. Leclair, summed it up by using the gospel to show the feeling of her town...he said, "Ella, as she always wanted to be called...was the "salt of the earth."

**MONDAY\* FEBRUARY 9**

As grey and grim Sunday was, Monday morning was a sunny cold February day. Another trip to Hartford, a last look at Ella, where since Sunday noon, thousands from all walks of life, paid their respects to this gallant lady.

At 11:35 the casket was closed. At 11:43 the procession left the capitol grounds for the mass of Christian Burial at the Cathedral of Saint Joseph. Just before noon the many dignitaries arrived...sitting in the front row were Governor and Mrs. William O'Neil, former Governor and Mrs., John Lodge and secretary of state Alexander Haig and his wife. Former Governor Dempsey, Meskill and Massachusetts' former head of

state, Michael Dukakis, Senator Dodd, Weicker and former Senator Abraham Ribicoff were among the mourners.

The Most Reverend John F. Whealon gave the homily...with the following high-lights..."the death of Ella Grasso, a woman so well known, admired and beloved by many, teaches these lessons with special poignancy and power. Death is, in the etymological sense, democratic. It relates to all the people and is for the benefit of all."

"The finest monument to Ella Grasso would be a generation of younger people who, inspired by her life, molded in her pattern, who would similarly dedicate themselves to this "difficult but most honorable art of politics."

Governor O'Neil introduces Ella's son James who spoke of "expression of thanks to

everyone...is so proud to have Ella as his mother...she gave a ray of sunshine and smile each day." He quoted his mother's words to the people of Connecticut when she announced the leaving of the governorship: "I love you, I love you all."

Ella's last resting place was in Windsor Locks, where immediately after the church services, the procession gathered at St. Mary's cemetery for a graveside ceremony by Archbishop Whealon. Overhead four fighters and four helicopters crossed the skies of Windsor Locks for a military tribute.

I believe Lt. Gov. Joseph J. Fauliso, one of the Grasso family's closest friends, put it right..."We will miss her. We have lost someone really special. May God grant her eternal reward."

Ella Tambussi Grasso "belongs to the ages," she was a woman for all seasons.

- The Bloomfield Journal - Thursday, February 12, 1981

- The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, February 12, 1981

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## Bernie Bernaski Enjoys Working With Youth

The night I met the Bernaski family the weather, like the song says, outside was frightful, but inside their Thomas Street home, the atmosphere was warm and friendly, resembling an All-American couple with four children, ages nine to 15.

Bernard Bernaski and his wife Dolores Pellegrini Bernaski, have been married 20 years, having met on a blind date. Known as Bernie to his friends, the young executive at Connecticut Bank and Trust was born in Hartford. At age 12, his family moved to Warehouse Point where he graduated from the East Windsor High School in 1958.

Dolores, originally a Windsor Locks girl, also left her hometown at an early age, but for her it was Enfield. It was a friend of Bernie's, playing cupid, who brought them to Windsor Locks where they found "a great place to live, good people and a place for active citizens." And activity has been their way of life in schools, sports and church affairs.

Bernie, after high school graduation, entered the training program at CBT. Twenty-three years later the training paid off. He has assumed the role of vice president at the well-known banking facility. His positions up the ladder of success have ranged from internal operations of the banking industry to internal consultant of systems review.

During the early years at the bank, Bernie served for six summers at the Connecticut

Air National Guard specializing in fire protection and air rescue.

Any intimate details of what makes Bernie Bernaski tick first must include the family. He's that sort of man. He married Dolores in 1960. Now they have four children keeping them busy all the hours of the day.

Elaine, their only daughter, is a pretty athletic girl at 15. She is in her sophomore year at Loomis-Chaffee School in Windsor. At age ten, with all the potential of pursuing sports as a hobby, Elaine was picked with another young girl, to be the first to play Little League in the boy's world of baseball. Bernie was one of the coaches on her team. (He has coached Little League for seven years) In looking back, Elaine said she held her own with the boys on the diamond. In her middle school years, Elaine was chosen the outstanding female athlete as an "accomplished softball player" winning the Most Valuable Player award in the league. Her proud father, added, "Elaine was the first freshman softball player to play varsity at Loomis."

The Bernaski boys followed their sister in the sports department, led by Michael, 14, and Steve, 12 and now Kevin, nine. Mike, a freshman at Loomis, is the swimmer in the family and when not in the water can be found strumming on his guitar.

Steve, a student at the Middle School in town, plays baseball, soccer and basketball.

Kevin, the youngster in the clan, is another player of note. As a student at the North Street School, he performs the three activities like his brother Steve. So when it comes to sports with games, time schedules with cars, etc., no wonder Bernie and Dolores always have busy hours of any day.

What makes Bernie tick? Obviously, the family and more. In addition to Little League participation, he has given five years to Cub and Boy Scout activities. He has found the time to play some softball himself, join the Knights of Columbus and even root for the Boston Red Sox. (The only member of the family for the Yankees is Steve.) On the serious side of rooting, Bernie feels "working with children, a rewarding experience," demonstrating this by giving of himself for different youth groups, especially in his service on the board of the Connecticut Junior Republic in its rehabilitation program at the school in Litchfield.

Bernie's church activities include membership in the parish council at St. Mary's Church and the recent appointment by the archbishop. At Christmas time the following announcement by Pastor Father Lawrence J. Leclair was made:

"His Excellency Archbishop Whealon, has graciously commissioned extraordinary ministers of the Eucharist to Saint Mary's

Parish due to the lack of an assistant. The following have been assigned: Mr. Raymond Roncari, Mr. Michael F. Jordan, Mr. Charles W. Fish, Mr. Bernard Bernaski Jr., Mrs. Dolores Campisi and Mr. Guy Simonelli."

The individuals named, Bernie said, "are commissioned for three years, distributing the Eucharist on each weekend." As noted, "the lack of an assistant" for Father Leclair has made necessary this layperson role. Bernie, commenting on the changes (and indeed this was one), added, "The changes in our church, at first were difficult for me to accept. However, now with the singing, the folk mass, it all helps, for a parish is a family and this brings it together."

### EPILOG

Bernard Bernaski Jr., a devout man, takes his father role seriously and likewise his role of layman. He is not only doing his share for the church, but also for the disadvantaged youth in the state. His own children are given his personal warmth, love and time. He finds the time to do the same for others. When asked who he most admired, Bernie said, "My father. He was a hard worker and raised five kids." It was a legacy for Bernie to pass on to his own "kids" and future generations.

## Cabbages And Kings with Jack Redmond

# Guy Simonelli Strives For "Impossible Dream"

Guy Anthony Simonelli, Jr. is doing his chosen career at the St. Mary's Parish Center.

And he is all work, this resident of East Granby and native of Hartford, as the religious educator and coordinator of the CCD school curriculum for St. Mary's parish.

"I like parish work and I like St. Mary's," so stated, in simple terms, from a diversified individual with degree from Fairfield University in education; graduate work at the University of Hartford in Early Childhood Education and masters from St. Joseph's College, West Hartford in Religious Study. Yes, you would say...Guy Simonelli is well qualified to handle all the duties as CCD Director or whatever role he undertakes to further the religious program at St. Mary's under Father Lawrence J. Leclair.

How does one start in this serious role of religious educator? Guy grew up in Hartford, graduating in 1960 from Weaver High School. For activity outside the classroom, Guy was an earnest participant in Junior Achievement. This would be his only

contact with the business world...the college training to follow would lean towards teaching and religious study. In 1964 he left Fairfield University in southern Connecticut with degree in hand (Education) and four years of "considering the priesthood," but it was not to be his vocation in life.

He joined the Air National Guard at Bradley Field for a six year tour of duty while pursuing further education. After Fairfield, Guy substituted in the Hartford Schools... with a few years in Junior High, special education and after receiving a certificate for teaching elementary school...took on a first grade class.

It was on weekends, away from the first grade, Guy found two more loves...a girl named Vivian and religious teaching. The pair met during those weekends when both were volunteers for the Archdiocese of Hartford in a program for high school students...called "Search for Christian Maturity." Vivian, from Westport, Mass., was at the time a medical secretary at the St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. They married in 1969, the year Guy assumed the role of

full time religious educator at St. Mary's Church and School.

Guy and Vivian first lived in Glastonbury, but in 1971 moved to East Granby to be nearer his work. They have three children...David, Joan and Michael. David, 10, is a fourth grader in East Granby, plays in the little league and on the soccer squad, is a Cub Scout and plays a mean saxophone. Joan, 8, is a second grader, is in the "Brownies," and also plays soccer. Michael, six, a first grader, is according to his dad, the "charmer in the family." Also according to this proud father and husband...Vivian is very understanding when Guy spends many hours at the Center, and to Guy "that's important."

Speaking of the Center...for the past eleven years Guy's life has been St. Mary's. The school itself closed, in the early seventies, due to financial problems. Guy emphasised, however, the Center, school, the facilities are in constant use six days a week. Guy as the CCD Director supervises the religious classes, currently he is teaching an adult class in "Year of Luke," civic groups like the Boy Scouts, evenings space

Guy Anthony Simonelli Jr. admitted to be a dreamer...one with an "impossible dream"...a world where everyone would take care of everyone else." But he is realistic, and all the time ready with a smile and quick to say good things about his Vivian and their three children. His favorite story and movie... "Magnificent Obsession." Hobbies carpentry and general fix-it man around the house, and "When I want to get away from it all, I put my canoe in the water of the Rainbow Reservoir." At home, in church, helping Father Leclair, or in that canoe...Guy Simonelli is always about his "father's work" trying his best to live the "Impossible Dream."

### Postscript

On Feb. 6, 1981 the Simonelli family had a new son...to be named Mark. He came into the world at 8 lbs., 12 ozs. According to the proud new dad... "everything is beautiful."

is provided for programs such as "Alcoholics Anonymous" and a support group knowned as "AL-ANON," and sessions for "Women Share." for battered women. Guy said the center and space is used "in any way to serve the community of Windsor Locks."

Guy was recently commissioned "extraordinary Minister of the Eucharist" by Archbishop John Whealon at St. Mary's, along with five other parishioners. He felt, "because of the shortage of priests, it was a way for lay persons to become involved."

Summing up the eleven years in religious teaching and training, Guy, in analysing where he is today, said, "I'd feel like a fish out of water," if he wasn't doing what he enjoys. When asked what were his feelings in the many changes in the Catholic Church, he stated, "the church is now relevant to the people...the liturgy is something we do, a public worship."

Who have you most admired? Guy did not think any length of time... "there are three individuals...Mahatma Gandhi (Hindu religious leader, social reformer and India's nationalist, who died in 1948), Pope John XXIII (Pope 1958-1963), and a very special lady from Windsor Locks...a deeply religious and always supportive of me...the late Grace Staszko."

### EPILOG

## Lou Halenar...From Yankee Stadium

Louis John Halenar has sold peanuts at Yankee Stadium, dug for opal in the bush of far-off Australia, has come in contact with famous names in show business and the baseball world: all by a nice guy packed into a five-foot, three-inch frame.

The Berwick, Pennsylvania native has lived in Windsor Locks since 1961 with his wife, Stachia Urbas Halenar. She is the mother of Eillen Rabbett Case and John Rabbett.

Lou's story begins in Berwick, a small town in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania with its main industry the building of railroad and subway cars. At four, Lou and his family moved to New York City where his father became a maintenance supervisor in the giant subway system of the big town. They lived on 110th Street. In those days, as Lou remembers, it was a "terrific neighborhood" just off Central Park, with its fancy carriages as the mode of transportation on a Sunday for the city's elite.

When Lou was at the proper school age his folks moved north a bit to the Bronx and P.S. 82. After junior high, Lou attended Commerce High School in Manhattan. Commerce can claim, besides Lou, as their most famous alumnus: the famous Yankee, Lou Gehrig.

Lou had four brothers and one sister. Lou, the smallest in the clan, was a go-getter. At a young age he was hustling selling peanuts, sweeping after the games at the stadium, running concession stands all over the house that "Ruth built" to earn a buck. This was all accomplished after school, in the spring and on summer vacations. The famous Yankees he met, got autographs from and knew on a first name basis would make any All-Star team: Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Earl Combs, New Haven's own Jumping Joe Dugan, Tony Lazzeri and Frank Crosetti.

One of Lou's brothers, now deceased, Mike Halenar, was given a tryout as a pitcher with the then baseball's New York Giants. Lou himself, besides holding jobs at Yankee Stadium, was majoring in commercial art at Commerce High. After graduation, right in the midst of the Great Depression, Lou gave up any wishful thinking of an art career for other means for earning a living. First, he held an apprenticeship, learning the butcher business. He managed two years cutting meat at several A&P stores, then took a complete turnabout to become a mechanic in a machine shop on 14th Street in Manhattan. During the war years, Lou was promoted to a supervisory job on defense work. The war over, defense work was over too. Lou turned again to art, or at least a form of art, learning the trade as a gem cutter. The year was 1945.

Until 1953 Lou was involved in the gem business on New York's famous center for diamonds and other valuable stones: 47th Street. It is there he came in touch with buyers and the just curious, the famous and not famous - the famous being Ernie Kovacs, Bert Lahr, Morey Amsterdam and many others. Probably the highlight of his years in the gem business was the adventure to far-off Australia. Lou had the assignment to "buy all the opal you can get your hands on." He wasn't told by the boss he'd have to dig the opal by hand. He also wasn't told Australia was 10,000 miles away, still used camels and the temperature gets to 125 degrees on a cool day. (Just a word or two on opal...a mineral, an amorphous form of silica, with some water of hydration, found in many varieties and colors, including a form that is

milky white.) Lou knew all this, he just had to go find it.

Back to his starting point: He left 47th street, New York, Yankee Stadium and all that by train for the west coast and San Francisco. The trip took three days. He saw the country and then the Golden Gate before departure and his first plane trip. With a letter of credit (an order issued by a banker allowing a person named to draw money to a specified amount from correspondents of the issuer) and an adventurous soul, Lou was off making stops in Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, New Caledonia, New Zealand and finally arrived at Sydney, a seaport and capital of New South Wales in southeastern Australia.

With the long trip behind him, Lou left Sydney with directions, money and good luck from the banker for the bush country "where very few Americans have been" as a final statement.

Another plane trip, this time to Adelaide, capital city of South Australia. Another train, this time to Port Augusta, and beyond, to be left alone at a stop resembling a western movie scene with the lone city salesman suitcase in hand in the middle of the night. It was Lou's first hours in the bush country. He described the scene as "nothing but desert, with a few cries of sheep heard in the distance." Lou's luck changed. He was picked up by a rancher, probably in the sheep business, not only in his own truck, but the rancher knew just the place Lou was looking for - the place you dig for opal. The rest of his stay in the bush (nine months) was hard work, where it rains for five minutes and the result is three inches of rain and wet red sand, where "strangers are not welcome." Looking back now he wishes he had another chance to dig opal for Lou Halenar, not for the man back in New York City.

## To The Bush of Australia

# Cabbages And Kings

Lou returned to 47th Street, leaving the business of opal and gems in 1953 for Manchester, CT. with his father, who was retiring. Lou has had several jobs since then with Flight Enterprises at Bradley (where he met Stachia), Kaman, Ray Tech and for the past six years has been making dental repairs for the J.M. Dey Company in Bloomfield.

Lou is now well settled on School Street with his Stachia occupying any spare time with another form of art - water coloring. He and Stachia have enjoyed the vacations spent in Maine and New Hampshire. He is now far from the wilds of Australia and even New York City. Whom has he most admired? As mentioned, Lou came in contact with many famous people and to him, like most New Yorkers, seeing Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Mickey Walker, all famous fighters, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, on a daily basis, found them "just ordinary people," who just happened to cross his path. He did say, "I guess you'd have to say I admired the great Babe Ruth and Charles Lindbergh." Being from New York and his background, he stills follows the New York Yankees and added, "Who can compare the Yankee teams of the twenties and thirties?"

*Thursday, March 5, 1981 - The Windsor Locks Journal*

**with Jack Redmond**

### EPILOG

Louis John Halenar has packed a lot into his life. This is not the first time part of his "gem and opal story" has been written on the pages of newspapers. Years ago, publications long gone from the New York scene, New York Journal American, New York Mirror and the World Telegram, all told of Lou and why he was "one of the six opal experts in the United States." Meeting Lou, you come away with the feeling that he never knew digging opal in the bush would ever

attain this ranking among his peers. There is a saying by Louise Nevelson, famous sculptress, befitting Lou: "Life isn't one straight line. Never.

Most of us have to be transplanted, like a tree, before we blossom." I guess you could say Lou blossomed in the bush of Australia.

# Cabbages And Kings

Dan Harrington :

with Jack Redmond

## Every Day Should Be St. Patrick's Day

Daniel Richard Harrington Sr. lives his Irish heritage to the hilt, making each day a happy singing St. Patrick's Day.

The Dorchester, Mass. native typifies all that is Irish and doesn't have to be reminded that Tuesday, March 17, is the day all Irish honor the patron saint of Ireland.

With the Harrington clan it will trigger the start of an annual get-together for friends and relatives with prolonged happy singing, good food and drink.

Dan and his wife of 30 years, Dolly Amoroso Harrington, moved to Windsor Locks four years ago when the First National Stores Distribution Center relocated from its longstanding home in Massachusetts. Dan has been employed by the First National since 1942, immediately after graduation from high school.

The Harrington clan of Dan and Dolly have increased by five sons, all with Irish names, like Steven, David, Dan, Mark and Paul. Three of the boys live in their native state, all within short miles from Dorchester, East and South Boston, where their parents grew up. Dolly, who for St. Patrick's Day, is known as Dolly O'Amoroso Harrington, came from the "North End" of Boston, where her Italian parents born in Sicily, were a part of the Italian community. It is difficult for the Harringtons to rid themselves of their Boston background. They still show slight accents,

however Dan and Dolly have made a home here in Windsor Locks and "miss Boston," but admitted they have "made wonderful friends" in the short time here in the Nutmeg State.

Dan, who with crew cut could pass for television's George Gobel, was born in the "Savin Hill" section of Dorchester. At sixteen, his parents, both born in County Cork, Ireland, moved to South Boston. Dan can rightfully be called a "Southie," like Peggy Cass, another celebrity of the tube, and the late and respected Speaker of the House, John W. McCormack. On St. Patrick's Day South Boston has always shown the world what a parade should be for the wearing of the green. According to Dan, "Everyone enjoys themselves; everything is closed for the day...except the bars."

For Dan and Dolly there would be five sons to carry on the Irish and Italian heritage. At this point, is it only fair to say, when the Harrington clan has its annual St. Patrick's party, Dolly does all the cooking and "that's Italian." The Irish counterparts wouldn't have it any other way.

Back to the boys - Steven, the oldest at 29, is general manager of the fashionable Chateau deVille in Randolph, Mass. Steven lives in nearby Quincy. His career did not have its start in the restaurant business. Politics was his goal, but he lost "interest", and is quite content showing off the talents of such as Liza Minnelli. Steven played football and

baseball in his teens, now coaches "Pop Warner" football and "Babe Ruth" baseball.

David, 28, lives in Wakefield, Mass. and works in Medford at a diesel parts company. On weekends he plays the guitar with a musical group specializing in the music of the '50's. Daniel Jr., 25, is married to Collenn Halloran, a Wakefield girl. They live in Wakefield, where Dan works in an air-conditioning company. Mark, 22, resides in New Britain and is employed by a West Hartford carpet company. Paul, 17, lives at home and is between jobs. His hobby is working on cars.

And back to their Irish father. If it's Saturday morning, Dan is a faithful listener to the radio (WACE, 70 on the dial) where Irish songs take over from the normal jazz, rock and Frank Sinatra. With Dan, the house is usually filled with the songs of Ireland, be it the radio or his vast record collection. His favorite: "Danny Boy," what else?

Before Dan settled down to steady employment at the First National and became a fan of Irish songs, he entered the U.S. Marines in October 1943. After boot camp at Paris Island

and Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, his tour of duty overseas including 11 months on the big island of Hawaii. Dolly and Dan returned for a two-week vacation in Hawaii in October 1979. Like so many veterans who served during the war on the island paradise, the return visit was marked by the vast difference and the commercialism that has taken over during the past 35 years.

Dan and Dolly met in 1947 and were married in East Boston three years later. Their Massachusetts addresses included Arlington, Tewksbury, Medford, Wakefield. As mentioned, the Harringtons have made "some wonderful friends" in town, among them the family of Joe and Bernadette Savage. It was fitting the Harringtons and the First National Company chose this Irish and Italian community for them to find new friends, where they can sing and listen to the Irish songs, and of course celebrate their annual St. Patrick's Day party. They know "home is where the heart is." For Daniel Richard Harrington Sr. and his friends, have a happy St. Patrick's on Tuesday. "May God hold you in the palm of His hands." ERIN GO BRAGH!!

# With Dick Teed, All Season Is Baseball Season

## Cabbages and Kings with Jack Redmond

Richard Leroy Teed has been in baseball all his life since the days he starred at Windsor High School in the forties, the short stay with the Brooklyn Dodgers in the fifties, many years as a player and now scout for the Los Angeles Dodgers. Dick was connected with the Philadelphia Phillies for 17 years as player, coach, manager and scout before the association with the Dodgers the past three seasons.

Dick, still in trim playing condition, looks like he could get behind the plate and catch the throws of the Palmers, Carltons and Suttons.

Six months after his birth in nearby Springfield, the Teed family picked up the future baseball player and moved to Windsor. Outside of his baseball career, Dick has lived there all his life. He graduated from Windsor High School in 1944 after a successful season as catcher, pitcher and short-stop. Soccer and basketball made Dick a three-sport star in high school.

During the summer of '44, Dick attended the Brooklyn Dodger tryout camp in Holyoke. Being of military age and soon to be called into the war, he was told by the Dodger organization, "Keep in touch."

He kept in touch as best he could as a U.S. Marine until 1947, with training at Guadalcanal for future battles in Okinawa, service on Guam and the mainland of China, keeping him quite busy. Dick managed to play some basketball and softball overseas as a way to keep in shape and "in touch" with sports.

Upon discharge from the marines, Dick did not lose any time traveling to Cambridge, Maryland for a second tryout with the Dodgers where 250 young and returning veterans were to show their running and throwing skills to the major league scouts and coaches. Keeping in shape and in touch, so to speak, Dick was one of only seven who were signed for minor league player status. Dick was actually picked as a short-stop, but was soon converted to the so-called "tools of ignorance." (a term used to describe the role of catcher.)

Dick was not ignorant of his new position, having played in high school. His career started in 1947 in the sunny North Carolina State League. When asked the inevitable: who did you play with or against, the players who became stars in the majors? For starters, Dick's teammates included Hoyt Wilhelm, Dave Jolly, Rocky Bridges, George Shuba, Bobby Morgan, Chuck Connors of television fame after his playing days were over, Clem Labine, Joe Black and many more.

The years between 1947 and 1953 Dick played in the Three I League, Western League, Montreal, the next

step to the majors, St. Paul and in Mobile, Ala. One of Dick's biggest thrills during those years was playing against two of the real super stars of baseball, Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays.

Dick Teed's own major league stay was short, eventful, a big thrill for the young man from Windsor. Now, looking back he said, "I was never given a real chance to see if I really could have made it." Dick had been called up to the parent club due to an injury to Rube Walker. The Dodgers needed a backup to three-time Most Valuable Player winner, Roy Campanella. (Roy won the MVP award in 1951, 1953 and 1955.)

It didn't take anyone long to figure out as soon as Walker was ready for limited action, there would be no need for young Teed. He added, "To replace Walker or Campanella was out of the question, but I will always wonder if I had been given the chance, would I had made it to stay?"

Dick did manage to be in uniform at the famous Ebbets Field, in St. Louis and Chicago as a Brooklyn Dodger for the three-week stay. He was up at bat...one time. The Dodgers were playing the Milwaukee team, Max Surkont was pitching, Walker Cooper was behind the plate. Cooper gave him a good-natured hard time: "First time up kid?" and Dick said, by doing this, Cooper really put him at ease. Dick fouled off six of Surkont's best throws. He missed a good curve ball and Dick Teed, 27 years old, struck out. Dick, laughingly remembers, he and Walter Alston, longtime Dodger manager, had something in common, they both only appeared one time at bat in the majors and both have a SO next to their name. For the baseball buffs - the Dodgers of 1953 had the names of Hodges, Gilliam, Reese, Cox, Furillo, Snider, Robinson, Campanella, Branca, Newcombe, Roe, Podres and Chuck Dressen as manager, who won the National League title, only to lose to the Yankees in the series. Also on the bench that year was another Dick - Williams, - now manager at Montreal, who according to Dick Teed, was the "greatest bench jockey of all times."

If Dick Teed couldn't make it as a major league player, how about a job as manager or coach? After his return from the Brooklyn team to the minors, Dick played at Mobile and Montreal. (1954-1960) He did get his chance as a player-coach in the Philadelphia Phillie organization at Williamsport, Chattanooga and Little Rock.

The manager role finally came in the middle sixties at Spartanburg, South Carolina and Bakersfield, California. After winning a pennant at Spartanburg, Dick was asked to be a scout for the Phillies. He enjoyed the manager role...but scouting? He

remembers and said, "The girls (The Teeds have four) were getting older. I was a family man."

Dick made the switch and has never regretted the decision. It meant the east coast and nearer home. From 1968-1977 Dick scouted the new baseball talent for the Phillies. In 1978 he came back to his first team, the Los Angeles Dodgers, as a scout. Today, as supervisor of scouts, he covers New England, New York and New Jersey.

Last month Dick was off to Florida to do future Doger looking. He will, until April, cover the sunny southern states of Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Maryland. Then he'll return home to his Virginia Labounty Teed and their four daughters, Shelly, Sharon, Susan and Sandy.

The girls are all married. Sandy has two children, Kelly and Brian. Dick said, "Shelly is a music teacher, the other are all jocks."

Dick met Virginia on a double date. She wasn't his date, but he danced with her most of the evening. He probably made the best catch of his life in 1949, when playing in Pueblo, Colorado and not able to come east, did the next best thing. He wired Virginia: "Hop in your car, come to Pueblo and we'll get married." That's the life of a ball player's wife.

Other favorites of Dick have been the Yankees as a kid growing up. His favorite player was catcher Bill Dickey of the Yankees. In looking back he said the best all around hitter he had ever seen was Dick Allen who played for the White Sox and Phillies. Would he do it over again - the life of a baseball player, manager and scout? "I love the game of baseball, still look forward to spring training. I guess you'd say it was in my blood."

A few questions for Dick: How do today's players rate with the players you first broke into the game with? "Years ago, the players had desire; they were not worried about the big bucks." Speaking of the big bucks, how about today's high salaries? "Out of line. If the trend continues it will only hurt the game. No man is worth it."

That's the life of Richard Leroy Teed, who can say he was one of the "Boys of Summer." I came across the following and will paraphrase: "Baseball means a lot to Dick Teed, not because Dick Teed makes his living as a baseball scout, but because he is a baseball man, a grown man in love with a little boy's game. That he can earn his family's bread by scouting the sport is a bonus, a prerequisite dealt him by the Great Catcher In The Sky."

# **Cabbages And Kings**

**with**

# George Tucker Sets A Fast Pace- On Wheels, In the Air

George Tucker can rightfully be called a "gung ho" sort of guy. He can be that way when talking about the family, the Air National Guard, Little League involvement, hunting deer in Maine or being a winner in "soap box derby" races.

He can also be quiet-spoken and sincere sitting in the comfort of his Heather Lane home. He is a native of East Liverpool, Ohio, but calls Windsor Locks his home. For 19 years the Tucker family, George, his attractive wife, Beverly Burham Tucker, formerly of East Hartford and their three children, Jennifer, Corey and Jason, have been doing their share in church, school and civic responsibilities.

George was raised in East Liverpool, a town on the Ohio River, near the city of Youngstown and the Pennsylvania border. Growing up he was probably envied by his boyhood friends because George's father was owner of the neighborhood garage. It not only serviced cars and trucks, but the real interest was the racing cars and stocks in the rear bay area.

George had his first taste of racing as a "soap box" contestant. He was called the "Barney Oldfield" of his hometown after several wins on the downhill courses. At 16, George got his big chance to race the fast stock cars on the family's newly acquired race track.

In 1956 the race driver changed gears. He joined the Air Force as a mechanic where he would keep the planes in the air the next four years. He was trained in Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. His overseas duty included Alaska, Germany and Turkey. He was discharged as a sergeant and returned to Ohio. Again this meant changing gears to drive trucks for his father throughout the Midwest States.

For eight months George drove the

busy highways. This type of work was not to be his destiny. Due to a friend's urging, to come to Connecticut and work in the aircraft industry, George left Ohio after a steel strike curtailed the trucking business. Call it destiny or just faith, George Tucker belonged to the Air Force, one way or another. He never did work for the aircraft.

On his arrival in Connecticut he joined the Flight Enterprise Company, conveniently located next to the Air National Guard at Bradley Field. After only three months on the job, a strike developed at Enterprise. George had it, he became a member of the guard in April 1961. Next month will make 20 years in the Guard for the man who now answers to the call of Master Sergeant.

The Air National Guard must have the slogan: Join the Guard and see the states and parts of the world. (Guess I'll check with my old friend and retiree from the guard, Russ Lose.) George Tucker did see the states and parts of the world the past two decades with trips to Florida, Wyoming, Georgia, New York, New Jersey. You name the state and George has been there or over it in the air. One of his trips overseas was to the same base in Germany where he was stationed during the air force days.

George is not all guard - far from it. He met Beverly through mutual friends. According to George, it was "instant romance." It was the day before Valentine's and love was in the air, at least for George. According to Beverly, on the third date, (Beverly must have had the same impression) "George said he was going to marry me." In August 1962 George's prediction came true.

And now there are five. The Tuckers have three lively and active children. Jennifer, 16, is a sophomore at the high school. A few years back

she was a member of the town's "water jets" swimming team. Jennifer is the artist in the family. She is also interested in animals.

Corey, 11, is in the sixth grade at South School. She has the biggest collection of stuffed animals on Heather Lane. The youngest in the clan is Jason, nine. He attends South School, roots for the Red Sox and Reggie Jackson. (when you're nine, you can root for the sox and Reggie). Three days a week he puts down the books and the sports pages to learn the latest moves in marshall arts. Jason is a student at the Union School course called Ti Kwon Do.

Beverly Tucker has her own way of involvement, one being an active member of the Windsor Locks Congregational Church. Beverly was recently confirmed as a Deacon.

When it comes to George's involvement in Little League, who is highly enthusiastic. His share in the sports scene of Windsor Locks started in 1976 as a manager and coach in the minors of the Little League program. Last year he switched to the senior division, however, now that Jason is of age and entering the world of baseball playing, George will return as a manager in the minors.

He was quite emphatic in his beliefs concerning the priorities of the Little League program when it comes to the

players and parents. He said, "I feel the program is excellent for the kids, in fact all sports are great in growing up. Yes, girls should play Little League, but only up to a certain age. The players should all play in the game; everyone should get the chance. Sometimes there is too much pressure on the kids to perform well all the time. There is too much over zealotness on some folk's part. Parents should be involved, but mostly as spectators."

When the Guard is not taking his weekends or two weeks training somewhere in the states or the world, George and family can be found spending vacation time at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. They have all seen Disney World in Florida, but the beaches of the South Carolina state is the family's idea of Utopia. In the winter George "enjoys the woods, hunting deer in Maine and Connecticut where planning the hunt is the best part." Beverly and George also managed a winter cruise down to the islands of the Caribbean.

Yes, George Tucker and family are a close-knit group enjoying life, each other and always finding time for church and civic responsibilities. The Tuckers seem to know... "Real joy comes not from ease or riches or from the praise of men, but from doing something worthwhile."

*Thursday, March 26, 1981 - The Windsor Locks Journal -*

## Jack Redmond

# Jack McGladrigan

John Alphonsus McGladrigan was born in Belfast, the seaport city and capital of Northern Ireland.

Before his story of Belfast, his service in the Royal Air Force and coming to Windsor Locks can be told...let's say a few words about this gentlemen who is all Irish. It is found in his speech (as the song says... "The Irish leave you close to tears"), the quick wit, the strong feelings of the Catholic religion and a man who admits having the "gift of gab, only because I kissed the Blarney stone." That's Jack McGladrigan.

How's that again...McGladrigan? "Just pronounce it phonetically. Just think of Mc...as son of, or son of a happy regan, then there is no trouble," he explained. How did Alphonsus come about? "At home, we were given the middle name of the saint whose day we were born on. December 9 was St. Alphonsus date," he said, showing the patience of a third generation Irishman.

Now for Jack's story. Today Belfast is a war-torn city with political, economic and religious differences and this situation has not changed since Jack was a young lad attending the Catholic schools. The problems then, according to Jack, were the same, however, the people had to contend with a different type of war-torn life style. On Easter Sunday 1941, the Germans staged one of their infamous blitzkrieg air raids on the City of Belfast. The morning after found the McGladrigan home "just smoldering...the house was gone," Jack recalled, matter-of-factly.

Jack was 17 at the time. When the raid came he was called away from a neighborhood dance. He was an air-raid warden as was his father. The rest of the family, his mother, three sisters and brother, were all safely evacuated out to the countryside. Jack said all that the family had left was the clothes on their back, and a grim reminder of their part of the war. Jack's war was to come.

Jack, who has lived in Windsor Locks since 1953 with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William McAdorey of Thomas Street, remembers well the days growing up before the German raids of World War Two.

Jack spoke candidly of the differences between the Protestant

and Catholics. It was a fact of life in Belfast, even for the young students going back and forth from school. Jack admits the harassment was both sides. His family lived in, what he called, the suburban part of Belfast where trouble was not a daily threat. His personal contact came from the Protestant students who, if you admitted being Catholic, would take any money, or beat you up. The admitting of being a Catholic was never questioned. Jack said, "It was the right thing to do."

At 18, Jack left the family and Belfast to fight the Germans. Jack said, per capita, more Irishmen fought for the British than all of Scotland, Wales and England. When asked, wasn't it strange to fight for England?, "If Hitler won, we wouldn't have the British to fight with," he said, with a smile on his Irish face.

He joined the Royal Air Force as a wireless operator. The four years and nine months service included trips to Scotland, England, the Far East with stops at Hong Kong and parts of China. Jack did not actually elaborate on any war stories only to say, after discharge in 1946, he spent over three years in a war disability hospital.

On his return to Belfast and civilian status he was quite active in the Royal Air Force Association and today has a life membership. At a veteran celebration after the war, Jack was honored along with many of his war-time buddies by the Queen Mother Mary of England. (Jack has several pictures of the popular queen at the time with him accepting congratulations.)

In 1953, Jack decided to see for himself what the states had to offer. With relatives waiting in Windsor Locks, Jack left his native Ireland - and you might know - he secured a ticket on the Greek ship "Olympic" on its maiden voyage to the United States. The first trip meant several stops in large cities, Liverpool, ports in France, taking all of 14 days before arrival in New York City. Jack and the ship were given the royal treatment with sirens and fireboat displays of water. He was greeted by his mother and a relative from Windsor Locks, Aloysius Lennon, who recently passed away. They traveled by car to Windsor

# Tells His Story Of Belfast

Locks with no sirens or fireboats, just a happy reunion with friends and relatives.

Within 24 hours of his landing in New York City, Jack had a job at Shoor Brothers Furniture Company in Hartford (Jack had sold furniture in Belfast). Jack was surprised and pleased and recalled saying, "This must be God's Country, getting a job that fast." Jack stayed with the Hartford company a short while before joining Lane Furniture in West Hartford, tried his hand in selling Fuller Brush before settling down the past 18 years at Nassau's Furniture Company in South Windsor.

A personal question: Jack, how come you never married? The answer was as quick as the question, "I never make the same mistake once." That's Jack McGladrigan. When not selling furniture and carpets, Jack is a member of the local Knights of Columbus, follows the Red Sox on television, unless there is a soccer game from Europe. His favorite singer is John McCormick; his favorite song is "Eileen Og." for admiration, he said: John Fitzgerald Kennedy and George Bernard Shaw, Irish dramatist, critic and novelist.

On a serious point concerning northern Ireland, Jack was asked, Is this a true statement? "The Protestant majority in Northern Ireland

wants to maintain the division's position in the United Kingdom, but the Catholic minority wants Northern Ireland to become part of the predominantly Catholic Irish Republic." His opinion; "yes, that about sums it up. Unfortunately, the situation in Northern Ireland is insoluble."

Jack visited his homeland last year for a four-month period. It was his first trip back to Belfast and the scenes of his boyhood.

There you have it - the Jack McGladrigan story as told to me - with all his wit, strong feelings concerning his religion, the problems of Northern Ireland and probably best of all, Jack's bit of "blarney."

In 1976, a fine book was published on Ireland called "Trinity." Among the many tributes listed ... "an honest Irish story ... emotional, full of God, full of love." Jack McGladrigan is all that. The author of "Trinity", Leon Uris, ended his novel with these words (I believe Jack would agree): "When all of this was done, a republic eventually came to pass but the sorrows and the troubles have never left that tragic, lovely land. For you see, in Ireland there is no future, only the past happening over and over."

*The Windsor Locks Journal - Thursday, April 2, 1981*

## **Cabbages And Kings**

**with Jack Redmond**

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

"The Heritage on Hilton Head is like Derby Week in Louisville, the Mardi Gras in New Orleans...."

From March 22 to March 29 two Yankee travelers and golf enthusiasts were treated to some real "southern hospitality" from Savannah, Georgia to Hilton Head Island, South Carolina - be it old friends, Dick and Mary Magee, the officials of the golf tournament, a complete stranger in Savannah or just the wonderful folks you may meet on such a prestigious island off the South Carolina coast. You also meet celebrities, like old-time television star, Garry Moore, current golf television star, Vin Scully or even several of the Greater Hartford Open regulars or those just doing their job at Hilton, like the rules committee member, Marty Brown, on the tour for 14 years, Tom Place and Jack Sneiderman, perennial faces in the press tent at the Wethersfield Country Club; like Dennis McBride, CBS cameraman and Lance Barrow, a friend of the Magees and an associate of popular Pat Summerall of the CBS television circuit. Yes, they all made it a wonderful week for two Yankees. Oh, the golf tourney. It started on Wednesday (Pro-Am) and ended Sunday. You already knew Bill Rogers won...but let's set the stage.

An uneventful trip from Bradley to Atlanta on Saturday and short ride to Savannah was greeted by rain in this picturesque city. It cleared shortly, with kindness of a lady, a native of the city, who chauffeured us round the restored Savannah historic waterfront. The short tour ended at the famous Pirates' House for dryness, inside and out.

Hilton Head Island is about 35 miles northeast of Savannah, 40 miles east of I-95 and 100 miles south of Charleston, S.C. We left from the airport in Savannah on Monday for the island where, as the story goes... "If you're looking for an island where you can rough it, look elsewhere. This is

the kind of resort where you're more likely to wallow in luxury than in swamps. Rustic cabins, no; swanky villas, yes. Tin roofed country stores, no; chic boutiques and stock brokerage offices, yes." It is all that and more.

Now you can't go to Hilton Head Island and not play golf. So on Tuesday, I played at the Palmatto Dunes Resort. (Quite a difference from Copper Hill in East Granby.) Joined a golfer from Michigan and two from Georgia for a long 18-hole lesson on a tough, beautiful course. (No score available, only the cost...\$30.)

On Tuesday afternoon, keeping with tradition, a parade is held opening the classic with a "booming cannon volley, a shirl of bagpipes, unfurled colors and tartan-clad officials, the ceremonious installation of the "Captain of Gentlemen Golfers, a champagne toast of celebration and once again, the Sea Pines Heritage Golf Classic is ready to begin."

PRO-AM WEDNESDAY: And it began, but I feel the Greater Hartford Open golf fans might, just might, be a little disappointed. The Pro-Am at the Harbor Town Golf Links in Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island, (that's quite a mouth-full) can be best described as a quiet day, just a day for the pros to warm up with three gentlemen who can add to the mighty cost of any tournament. There is no Gerry Ford, Bob Hope or Joe Garagiola appearing as guest celebrities, as at the GHO. The only so-called "name" I saw was Fran Tarkenton, former football great and now television host.

During the putting session, I spoke to GHO favorite Fuzzy Zoeller who said, "not sure if I'll make the GHO this year...may have a contract obligation overseas." Among the former winners of the GHO at Hilton were Bill Kratzert, Bob Murphy, Rik Massengale and last year's winner, Howard Twitty. We followed Zoeller,

# Yankee Travelers Mix

## With Pros And Amateurs

### At Golf Classic

Hubert Green and Gary Player during the Pro-Am. Jay Haas was the winner when all the scores were totaled in the scoring tent.

Dick and Mary Magee, formerly of Illinois and friends of ours over the years, live on the Harbor Town Links and very near their home is the famous 14th hole with the Scottish pot bunker with a four-foot depth that has proved so disastrous to golfers, as in the days ahead.

#### FIRST DAY OF CLASSIC..Thursday

The first round began with a strong field that included 55 of last year's top 60 P.G.A. tour money winners. It ended with Tom Watson leading with a five under 66 to take a one shot lead. The slim lead was over Gil Morgan and just two ahead of Master's champions Seve Ballesteros, Fuzzy Zoeller and two-time Heritage champ Hale Irwin.

A few classic remarks...Are you going to play the GHO? Big George Archer said, "That's a long way off (Aug. 13-16), but I'll probably play there." Is your daughter going to caddy this summer for you? "She's not sure, wants to be a radio announcer. She's a very good student, has a 3.9 average, class president, hard to say what she will do." Caught Bob Goalby leaving the 15th hole. Will we see you at the GHO? Big Bob, with a smile, "Everyone goes to the GHO."

#### SECOND DAY...Friday

Gibby Gilbert took the lead the second day of the Classic posting a 66, then watched as the field failed to catch his 7-under 135 total. The friendly Tennessean had finished second and third in previous Heritage Classics. Tom Watson, first-round leader, shot a 75 to fall back to 141. Jerry Pate at 137; Hale Irwin and Fuzzy Zoeller at 138 were close behind for the Saturday run for the Heritage. Gilbert, Pate and Zoeller would tee off last for the Saturday hour on the nation's television sets.

#### THIRD DAY...Saturday

Windy, big crowds and another leader. Watson down, Gilbert falls back as new leader Bill Rogers scores a 68 card and three-shot lead after 54 holes. Right behind are Gil Morgan, Irwin and Pate.

#### LAST DAY...Sunday

Bill Rogers won the Heritage - his own classic year. He almost didn't make it when Hale Irwin's 60-foot putt on the 18th rimmed the cup. Rogers' final round was 70...good enough to beat Irwin, Morgan, Craig Stadler and Bruce Devlin.

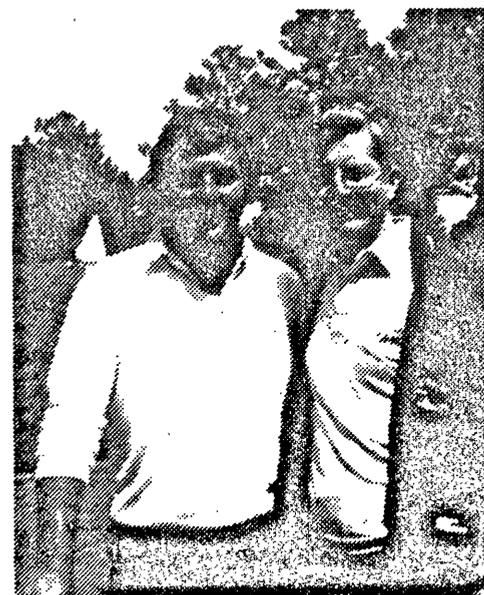
Play on the final round was witnessed by thousands on a beautiful day. We stayed on the 18th (called one of the best and prettiest holes on the tour) amidst the cheering, watching, drinking and sociable folks who make this a special golf happening and one of the best.

Stadler and Devlin were the leaders in the clubhouse (actually watching the last threesome come up the 18th) with five under par and hoping for a possible five-man playoff. But Mr. Rogers was equal to the occasion, paring the small green. He had taken a five-shot lead after nine holes, but by the 18th his lead had shrunk to one stroke over his fellow pros. Twenty-nine year old Rogers was the winner of the 1978 Bob Hope Desert Classic, his only other win. In 1979 the native of Texarkana, Texas won \$230,500, the most ever won by a player without a victory on the tour. Opening day he had a 71, followed by 69 and 68 and the 70 on Sunday made him the new "Captain of Gentleman Golfers."

We walked the length of the 18th after the closing ceremonies on to the 14th where we ended our trip to Hilton Head with fond memories of a great week, meeting nice people, known and unknown, and renewing old acquaintances with the Magee family - the kind of people who make you feel at home away from home.



*STANDING OUT ON the 14th hole at the Sea Pines Harbor Town Links, S.C., is Jack Redmond. In the background is the famous pot hole which according to Redmond, gives many golfers trouble if they happen to land in the three foot hole.*



*FUZZY ZOELLER, 1979 Masters winner, stands with Jack Redmond during the 1981 Heritage Classic Pro-Am golf tournament. Redmond spent a week down in South Carolina, meeting celebrities and playing golf at the Palmatto Dunes Resort.*

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## The Kennedys Add Contribution To Town: Chairing Strawberry Festival

Last year Jack and Terry Kennedy moved into their new home on Paul Drive. This year they moved to a newer experience, as chaircouple of the St. Robert's Church Strawberry Festival, to be held Saturday, June 13.

The Kennedys, parents of two active boys, married just 10 years April 3, are looking forward to this new endeavor. Talking for the committee in charge of the annual affair, they wished "more new people would help out; some might be afraid there is nothing for them to do." The Kennedys added, "There's plenty to do and everyone is needed for another successful festival."

What makes a couple with the appropriate Irish names of John Edward Kennedy and Theresa McGettigan Kennedy, better known as Jack and Terry, agree to accept this responsibility? I found them a man and wife sincere in what they undertake and devoted to family and church and with a good sense of humor.

Jack, a native son of Windsor Locks, lived on Grove Street as a young boy, attending St. Mary's and graduating from the local high school in 1963. He played freshman baseball and basketball at the Raider School. For 10 years he worked part and full time at Sweet Life Foods Company during high school and college years at University of Hartford and Central Connecticut. At Sweet Life Jack started in the mail department and advanced to assistant director of transportation at the Suffield-based company. His military service included six years at the local Army National Guard. Jack is the son of George Kennedy, another lifelong resident of Windsor Locks.

For the past nine years Jack has

been employed at the Kroblin Transportation Systems in Torrington. Kroblin is one of the largest freight forwarding companies in the country with headquarters in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Today Jack's title is Eastern Regional Operations Manager. He covers a territory he describes as "everything east from Illinois."

As for Jack's better half Terry, she was born and raised in Atlantic City, New Jersey. How did a McGettigan girl from Jersey meet a Kennedy boy from Connecticut? That's easy...in Puerto Rico. Puerto Rico? (It happens on those southern vacations) Actually Terry and Jack were with friends on the beautiful island and as the brochures say - come see the sights and make friends or something like that. In Terry and Jack's meeting, they saw the sights and friendship turned to romance. On their return to the states, the young couple corresponded, met in New York City to see the Broadway shows. Finally, it was too much for Jack traveling to New York, so he married the girl in 1971. They don't see many Broadway shows now; the two boys keep them on their toes.

The boys are John McGettigan Kennedy, age nine, and Christopher Kennedy, four years old.

Move over Johnny Weissmuller, Don Schollander and Mark Spitz, John Kennedy has as many awards as the three giants of the pool combined, for a nine-year-old. His parents, knowing he had a natural talent in swimming, baseball, soccer and basketball, enrolled him in summer camp under Windsor Locks High School Coach Dan Sullivan. John has proved them right the past few years swimming for the Connecticut All-Stars against the Canadian All-Stars and other worthy

teams. He has displayed this aquatic ability in meets at Smith College, University of Rhode Island, Yale, Harvard and Brown. This year John will take to the Little League program in town, now that he has reached the age requirement. The third grader at South School serves weekends as an altar boy at St. Robert's Church.

The younger Christopher has a lot to live up to, but according to his parents, "He is always practicing the right moves and will hopefully follow in his brother's footsteps." Christopher got off to a good start by making friends with Coach Sullivan at camp. The boy is ready for sports at the high school...1991, that is.

Jack and Terry admit, and certainly with no apologies, "the boys are being raised, not in the so-called modern way, but in a way they honor their mother and father and go by the rules."

There are two sayings in the Kennedy home that are put to good use. One is "What you are is God's gift to you...what you make of yourself is your gift to God." Terry elaborated by these words, "this is what we attempt to teach our kids...I think it has helped." The other saying is located on the front door of their Paul Drive home... "Cead Mile Failte,".... an Irish greeting the folks in the house put into practice... "A Hundred Thousand Welcomes."

A few of Jack's favorites things.... the New York Yankees, attending many of the games at the stadium; Mickey Mantle; the late Robert Kennedy, because "he was a progressive thinker," playing golf and softball in the Torrington area and watching young John in the swimming meets. When asked, how does it feel to have the name of a great American, John Kennedy?, his reply was "I think it is a privilege...I've heard it a lot the past 17 years."

When you speak of supermen and heroes, Terry McGettigan Kennedy's own Jack Kennedy is not as famous as his namesake, but as Lin Yutang said in *The Importance of Living* - "After all allowances are made for the necessity of having a few supermen in our midst...explorers, conquerors, great inventors, great presidents, heroes who change the course of history...the happiest man is still the man of the middle class who has earned a slight means of economic independence, who has done a little, but just a little, for mankind, and who is slightly distinguished in his community, but not too distinguished."

Jack and Terry Kennedy have volunteered to chair the annual St. Robert's Strawberry Festival on June 13. They need everyone's help. Be distinguished. It will be a gift to God.

*The Windsor Locks Journal* -

Thursday, April 16, 1981

## Interoffice Correspondence



### ORGANIZATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT

To: Distribution

M. W. Spieth

April 3, 1981

The passage of the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act has increased the need for written policies and procedures for controlling company assets.

To help meet the requirement Jack Redmond has been assigned this responsibility. He will assist Power Systems Group Controllers and others with responsibility for PSG assets in providing more complete controls and procedures.

Jack brings to this new assignment a unique set of skills that make him eminently qualified. He has a degree in Accounting with broad experience in the General Accounting area at Combustion Engineering and Miles Laboratories, Inc. His writing skills have been developed through several years as a special feature reporter for the Windsor Locks newspaper.

I know you will extend your cooperation and best wishes to Jack in carrying out his new assignment.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads 'mw Spieth'.

M. W. Spieth

### **Redmond Gets New Job At Combustion**

Combustion Engineering has announced that Jack Redmond will be assisting Power Systems Group Controllers with written policies and procedures controlling company assets.

According to Combustion, the passage of the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act has increased the need for such a position.

Redmond has a degree in accounting with broad experience in the General Accounting area at Combustion Engineering and Miles Laboratories, Inc. His writing skills have been developed through several years as a special feature reporter for the Windsor Locks Journal.

Redmond lives at 48 Pershing Road.

*The Windsor Locks Journal*

*Thursday, April 16, 1981*

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## Scoutmaster Gruden Sees Outdoors As Challenge

David Robert Gruden has been involved in the Windsor Locks Boy Scout program the past seven years with the belief that "scouting gives me a chance to be outdoors." The outdoor philosophy, he feels will rub off on the scouts and become a "challenge for the young boys; they can really learn what they can do."

The Middletown Township, Pennsylvania native is a program analyst at the Hartford Insurance Group. When it comes to free time he can be found skiing, canoeing, hiking and enjoying the outdoor camping life style up in the wilds of Vermont, far from the computers, three-piece suits and tall buildings of Hartford.

He attended grammar and high school in Middletown, a small community near Chester and Philadelphia, in the oil refinery area of Pennsylvania. At high school Dave made the wrestling team, but gave up

the mats for weight lifting, just for the sport of it.

After graduation in 1961 he entered Drexel University, a cooperative school. (To explain...a school where students attend classes for six months and then an equal six months in the outside business world for the practical education side of life.) Dave, with this particular type of schooling and work experience, graduated in 1970. But actually, in his case, Uncle Sam's U.S. Army was on his complex schedule, due to induction in 1967, where he spent two years in Heidelberg, West Germany as a computer programmer.

He had entered Drexel as a chemical engineer student and by the time he graduated in 1970 with work and classes and the army, Dave received his degree in Business Administration. (After nine years, he had a right to change his mind.)

Considering Dave's outdoor hob-

bies, it appears a forest ranger in a western state would have been an appealing profession, however, life's path doesn't always take what you think you should. Dave's college life was quite active in many ways. One was being in college politics and actively working for Senator Barry Goldwater in the ill-fated campaign for president. Dave was a member of a student group with the sixties high ideals and conservative philosophies reflecting the "you know in your heart, he is right," senator from Arizona. Dave still admires Mr. Goldwater, along with writer and television personality William F. Buckley, editor of the National Review. (This magazine is the bible of the conservative segment of America.) Dave has read the magazine "since I was a kid."

Upon graduation, Dave figured he'd stay in the Philadelphia area, but it just wasn't to be. There were no available jobs in the city of brotherly love for the young man with a new degree, years of schooling, business experience and the army all contributing to a sure thing for a job. So he did the next best thing - mail resumes, and why not the Hartford area? Insurance might be his game. It was. Traveler's liked his resume and for four years Dave was in their computer program. After Traveler's, Dave turned to being self-employed, "but it didn't work out." He returned to insurance at the Hartford Insurance Group. For the past seven years The Hartford has been satisfied and so is Dave.

Scouting - the perfect civic project

for a man like Dave Gruden. As a boy Dave enjoyed camping and hiking. His first taste of scouting came as a Cub. Actually he never advanced to Boy Scout, joining the Sea Explorer's, the naval arm of scouting. Dave credits Mr. Scouting of Windsor Locks, Howard White, as his mentor by way of signing him as an assistant in the movement. Today, after seven years, Dave is the Scoutmaster of Troop 262, assisted by Dr. Jack Delfavero and Pete Latournes. The troop (consisting of 14 boys) meets weekly most of the year at the local V.F.W., with a week or so in Vermont for the annual camping exercise. Dave, his assistants and the scouts are planning a Memorial Day weekend in Maine for one of those rides on the "wildest water" in the northern state.

### EPILOG

David Robert Gruden believes the outdoors is a challenge for himself and the scouts under his wing. He takes seriously his scouting responsibilities. He also believes in the scouting oath... "do my best...my duty...to God and my Country..."

When not analyzing a program in the insurance world, or attending Scout meetings, skiing in the snows of Vermont, he enjoys listening to folk and rock music. Each year he returns to the Philadelphia area to see old friends and relatives, but most of all to attend the annual folk festival.

A Boy Scout must learn many lessons. Dave has learned those lessons by helping, being friendly, kind, brave and reverent...all lawful words in describing a scout.

Master Sergeant John Joseph Harnedy looks the part of the veteran Army career man. However, there's one big difference. The Dorchester, Massachusetts native is not your typical rough edge character top sergeant with the bulldog as pet and companion.

John certainly has a dog, (quite a dog, I must say) a lively Doberman pinscher called "Fritz," who protects the Harnedy home on Jackson Street.

This master sergeant, with a slight walrus mustache giving him a jolly appearance, is just a friendly story teller who has served his country for 35 years in Panama before Pearl Harbor, Germany during World War Two and now is looking forward to retirement from the National Guard.

Traveling has been always a part of John's life. Starting at the early age of seven after his mother passed away, he was given the thrill of an ocean voyage with his father back to Ireland. They spent two years in the Emerald Isle and this meant schooling for John where a rap on the hand was part of the training. But looking back, John said it was a great way to learn, especially in reading and writing Gaelic, the speech of ancient Ireland.

The Harnedys returned to Dorchester where John attended St. Mark's grammar school and high school at the Boston Trade School.

The year 1939 meant a scarcity of available jobs for any eager fellow from Dorchester who was ready to take the world of business or whatever. The U.S. Army offered something

steady with small pay, clothes, meals, etc., so John was off and running for his share of training and an eventual trip to sunny Panama. The duty was easy - no problems, no war, some field maneuvers, but it all changed one Sunday in Pearl Harbor.

John remembers the day in December 1941 as mix-up and complete confusion. He said it took about a month for a return to some sort of normalcy. But the war wasn't in Panama and John would soon be a part of that war. In April 1943, he got his chance, returned to the states (Louisiana and Texas) to become a part of an ordnance battalion and overseas assignment.

By now, John was a staff sergeant. His outfit landed on France sometime after D-Day (June 1944), seeing service in Europe until the war ended in May 1945. In October of that year he returned to Fort Devens, only a short trip to home, for discharge.

Not sure of his future, John waited for his next choice. It came fast enough. A friend just happened to want someone to be the chief cook aboard a liberty ship. John was asked, "Have you ever been to Greece?" John was ready for something new and the idea of cooking his way to Greece sounded interesting. For the next year or so he became the chief cook and saw the beauty of Greece and Italy. As a member of the Merchant Marine his ship was delivering wheat and wool as part of the United States' war relief.

On his return to Boston, with

cooking a new talent, he jumped into a position at one of those fashionable French restaurants. For nine months he created a few chef-d'oeuvres, but he couldn't get the army out of his mind. John joined up again as a private. (in six months he was back as staff sergeant) The new assignment was Germany, just in time for the Berlin Airlift. The way John tells it: "Every thirty seconds the Air Force was flying in coal, flour and powdered milk for the stranded Berliners. The Russians were beaten in the first test of the cold war. By February 1949 it was over. John felt one of the reasons for the success of the airlift was that "every plane, during the daylight, would drop candy bars to the German kids," making it an additional triumph for the Yanks.

John was stationed in Germany until August 1952. Before he left, a meeting in Nuremberg with Charlott Abrosat meant love and marriage. The newlyweds left Germany for the United States, set up home in Dorchester to find work. Work was easy - running his dad's restaurant and finding out after nine months this was not for John Harnedy. For him there was always a friend to suggest another road to success. This time it meant a move to East Hartford and a job at Pratt and Whitney.

The aircraft was quite a change from cooking to mechanic for three years, but another change was coming up. In 1956 the family was growing and a move to Windsor Locks was number one change. Meeting an army colonel, who just happened to know the talents of this former soldier, was the number two change. He persuaded John to join the National Guard. He has served since that day in 1956. Come July he will retire after 35 years of duty. And that's what makes John a good story-teller with experiences enough to fill a book.

The growing family of John and Charlott started with son Patrick, who sailed the seven seas after graduation from King's Point Merchant Marine Academy. Patrick, the first of the four Harnedy sons, is now attending the University of New Haven and will soon graduate with full credentials in Hotel Management. He and his wife, Susana, live in West Haven, where she is director of a day-care center.

Sean, a graduate of Holy Cross, is now at the University of Florida

# John Harnedy -

Thursday, April 30, 1981

**with Jack Redmond**

studying computer sciences. Bairn, an engineer at Hamilton-Standard, attended Worcester Poly Tech and was graduated from Dayton University in Ohio. He and his wife, Donna, live in Enfield. The youngest son is Armin, also at Hamilton-Standard as a mechanic.

Back to John Harnedy, a most happy fellow. With the various jobs and service-connected work he did manage to find the time to visit Ireland in 1951. On the trip he said, "Yes, I kissed the Blarney stone. Do you know it means you speak with the tongue of eloquence." (Certainly true of John, who added, here in the states they call it something else.)

Looking back over his service career, he said the biggest thrill was when the European war ended in 1945. What about "most admired?" Didn't take long for the old Bostonian to say, "J.F.K., he was one of us. Always will remember the young congressman John Kennedy marching in the South Boston St. Patrick's Parade."

Hobbies for John have been guns, being on the Long Island Sound in the family 25-foot boat and visiting historic libraries, like the Hoover in Iowa, Truman in Missouri, Kennedy in Dorchester, Jefferson and Washington down south.

Actually Master Sergeant John Joseph Harnedy was, at first, rather reluctant to be interviewed, but gave in when I said I would mention how Camp Hartell received its name. The camp, located on North Street in Windsor Locks, was named after Lee Hartell, a native of Danbury. Hartell, a member of the 192nd Field Artillery, U.S. Army, received the Congressional Medal of Honor during the Korean War.

#### EPILOG

That's John's story. It seems fitting to end it with a historical fact concerning another soldier. When you speak of old soldiers like Hartell and Harnedy, I'm sure they would think of the great soldier who recently passed away, General Omar N. Bradley. The GI general who said, and I believe is appropriate and within John and Lee's thoughts, "Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount."

## **Soldier With 35 Years Of Travel**

- The Windsor Locks Journal -

# **Cabbages And Kings**

James Root and June Wheeler Root are two happy and highly active individuals who believe in working hard, be it with their family or with friends, at their civic duties, at occupations or just plain old-fashioned enjoying life.

Known to their many acquaintances as the J.R.s, Jim and June were married in 1939, have five daughters, one son and 14 grandchildren.

On this Thursday before Mother's Day the pretty lady named June indeed qualifies for a mother with deep-seated roots.

The J.R.s have called Chestnut and Grove streets home since 1940. June, a native of Windsor Locks, lived at 30 Chestnut as a young girl, only with fond memories of her widowed mother, Mary Ann O'Neil Wheeler, who raised four children on "faith alone."

Jim grew up the road a piece, in West Suffield, as a boy on the family farm. He has served this town the past 13 years as a member of the Board of Tax Review. June recently replaced Ruth Flanagan on the Housing Authority. As for her new responsibility, June is "pleased to be a member", having a high regard for the senior citizens and the folks at the Chestnut apartments.

The Root children used to say, "Our dad is the best darn milkman who ever lives." And Jim Root certainly filled the billing rising at 3:45 A.M. for 17 years delivering the bottles of white energy to local residents. Looking back, Jim said, "delivering milk was sort of a community-minded job, meeting the daily customers, hearing all the latest news and making good friends." He left the business in 1969, but not a day passes, that Jim doesn't meet an old customer. For the record; a quart of milk in 1953 was 18 cents, in 1969, 39 cents..what is it today?

Jim had several jobs before joining Sealtest - road construction, the state highway, Colt's during World War Two, Imperial Nurseries and Bigelow's. After Sealtest, Jim went right to work at The Magovern Company, just off Route 91, and has been there since.

June was employed by the State of Connecticut, Department of Health, for three years and for the past 23 years or so, off and on, she has greeted customers at Sid's Modern Drug Store on Main Street. They are two people who combine work with living for a full life style.

If you write a story on the J.R.s, the picture is only complete with a full run-down on their six children. It started with Pat, married to Bill Marconi. They have a son, Raymond, all living in Windsor Locks. Then there's Gale, married to William Brand, making a home in White Plains, New York, with their five children, Rusty, Tim, David, Lainie and Jen.

Down in sunny Texas, San Antonio that is, Susan and Lt. Col. Richard G. Meck, Air Force SAC, a career airman, live with their four children, Mandy, Stacy, Rickie and Randy. Number four daughter is Sharon, married to David Merrill of West Suffield. They have three boys, David, Drew and John.

David Root, the only son amongst all those sisters, lives in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, with his wife, Claire, and their daughter Erica. The youngest Root, still at home, is Debbie, a graduate of Becker Junior College in Worcester, Mass. She is currently working as director of first aid at Windsor's Taylor and Fenn Company.

Can you imagine the memory June must have to muster up as to birthdays, anniversaries and holidays, just cards alone? Of course, the Modern Drug can help out in her role as mother and grandmother.

When queried, "Who do you most admire?", June and Jim both agreed. June's mother was their choice. The late Mrs. Wheeler, a practical nurse by profession, had to use all the practicality of her day to deal with the daily routines in raising four children during the Depression years.

As for hobbies, Jim is one of those outdoors men with talents for fishing, hunting and target shooting. He is a member of the Suffield Sportsmen Club and the National Rifle Association. As for June, she's an avid reader and said very candidly, "My work is a hobby of sorts, I enjoy meeting the public." Vacation time is important for the Roots, especially trips to the Cape and the coast of Maine. The long journeys have been to Texas and Nebraska.

How did a girl from Windsor Locks meet a farm boy from West Suffield? Jim volunteered part of the answer by saying, "A bunch of my friends and I would stop into the West Suffield Grange Hall for the Saturday night dance after the Springfield hockey game and there was June Wheeler." June added, "I remember it quite well. The first time I met Jim he kissed me; I thought he was rather fresh. But I enjoyed it," with the still twinkle in her eye.

June, in further explanation of her excitement and enjoyment of work, said it was probably given to her by an old neighbor, Mrs. Mary Queen, who once told her, "Keep going as long as you can." The J.R.s have kept going with the added thrill of smelling the flowers along the way.

In closing my story of the Roots, with many pages to be filled, it would be appropriate for Mother's Day to add the following quote: "The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes a shadow to all our actions; it precedes or follows them." The six Root children would agree. Let me be the first to say, Happy Mother's Day to June Root and mothers everywhere.

*The Windsor Locks Journal*

## **The J.R.s Have Deep Roots In Windsor Locks**

*Thursday, May 7, 1981 -*

Kathy and Steve Janik agreed there was only one place for them after their wedding in 1974 when it came to settling down...Windsor Locks.

Kathy, born and raised in New Jersey until she was nine, came to Connecticut with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rader. Her father had been transferred to Windsor in the large Combustion Engineering, Inc. move from New York City in 1960.

Steve, on the other hand, came to Windsor Locks at the ripe old age of six months from nearby Suffield. He considers himself a real native. With this background, the young couple feel Windsor Locks fits like a glove.

And you can add Windsor for earning a living. Kathy has been employed at the Combustion Credit Union for the past eight years where she is assistant to the branch manager and a loan officer. Steve is right down the road at the main Combustion

facility working for five years as an engineer specialist.

Kathy made the news recently in the area when she was chosen as the new vice chairperson of the town's Democratic Town Committee. Kathy, no stranger to politics, with 10 years on the committee, replaced the popular Dotty Gill. Kathy's father stepped down at the same time from the chairmanship, turning the gavel over to John Lingua, administrative assistant of First Selectman Edward Savino. (Both Gill and the senior Rader will remain on the committee.)

Kathy admitted, "I'm just learning" in her new role. She kiddingly remembered starting on the committee before her father. A decade ago Kathy was appointed to the committee along with Mike Heneghan, Brian McKeown and now State Senator Con O'Leary.

Questioned further, Kathy said the committee "is where ideas come from people and where they can become involved." When asked to comment on the perennial good showing of Democratic candidates on the local scene, she remarked, rather candidly, "Our two-to-one registration over the Republicans can not be taken lightly. They are strong workers with their own ideas how things should be run."

Still on the subject of politics, Kathy was asked of her father's contribution to Windsor Locks as the Democratic town chairman these past years. "He's done a lot...very sincere...always wanted people to become involved..." and then added, "John (Lingua) and I have pretty big shoes to fill."

Steve and Kathy are now attending Asnuntuck Community College evenings. He is into computer sciences, while Kathy, who had two years at UConn, is earning a degree in liberal arts. During his high school years Steve played soccer and participated in triple and long jump, plus the javelin throw on the track team. During the baseball season Steve is a New York Mets fan. (Now there are not many of those around.) It seems ever since he took in the 1969 "Miracle at Flushing Meadows" where the loveable Mets won the series over Baltimore, Steve has stuck with the boys who play at Shea, the good and bad years. When asked who his favorite players were, he said, "Ed Kranepool and Tug McGraw." (Kranepool is now retired; McGraw was again a hero in last year's series for the Philllies.)

Speaking of so-called heroes, Steve, when questioned as to whom he most admired, not counting sports, he quickly said, "They took away our heroes." (referring to the Kennedy brothers.) However, after some thought, Steve mentioned his grandparents, who came from Poland. "They had to learn a new language and a new life style." Kathy, sticking with politics, said, "I was always an admirer of Ella Grasso and John

Fitzpatrick." She recalled having one of those coffee sessions for a local candidate a few years ago and the former Governor dropping in for coffee, political talk and being a good neighbor. (The Janiks live on Woodland Street, not far from the Grasso home.)

Serving her community is not new to Kathy. She was secretary for seven years on the Committee on the Needs of the Aging. She and Steve worked on the nonpartisan committee to register people to vote a few years back.

The Janiks, when not at school, work, or involved in politics, find some time for skiing, bike riding, racquetball and family vacations at Lake George.



Kathy Janik

#### EPILOG

Steven Gregory Janik and Kathy Rader Janik - young, energetic, sincere in the pursuit of the good life. They would agree with the following words by one of their fallen heroes: "It's a vital business, the running of a democracy, and it's important that all of us register and vote for the party of our choice. I am supporting the party of my choice and I intend to vote in the November elections." (From the Wit and Wisdom of John F. Kennedy.)

**Windsor Locks  
Is The Only  
Place For  
The Janiks**

# Cabbages And Kings

Thursday, May 14, 1981

## with Jack Redmona

# Press Pass Gives New View To Avid Whaler Fan

by Jack Redmond

You can listen to a hockey game on the radio, watch a game on television, sit at the Civic Center high in the rafters and watch the Whalers, or as a youth play the game at the New Haven Arena, but the best and newest for this fan, and former player, was the view from the press box.

The new experience was made possible when we ran into Jack Kelley, (the just fired director of hockey operations for the Whalers) on the Massachusetts Turnpike. (Actually it was over a cup of coffee that our lives crossed) After the usual greetings and introductions, (and how was my old friend Wayne Carleton doing - a C&K interviewee back in 1975) we asked the obvious-to-us question: how do you obtain credentials to a Whaler game?

Mr. Kelley, congenial and on his way to scout hockey talent in the college ranks of Maine, said the Whalers were always interested in helping local papers cover the games. He went on, "just write Bob Casey, in charge of public relations and he'll do the rest." (Bob is a former newspaperman from the New Haven area.)

True to his word, Bob came through the night of the game (April 1st) with proper press media identification, the latest press and news release and a seat conveniently located. Just in front of the new Journal hockey writer was Mr. Casey, Randy Smith, sports editor of the Journal Inquirer, and the new director of hockey operations and coach, Larry Pleau.

Larry observed the game from the press box "in an attempt to get a better reading on the team he is now complete control of." It was the day Mr. Kelley was fired and Mr. Pleau was elevated to this new position.

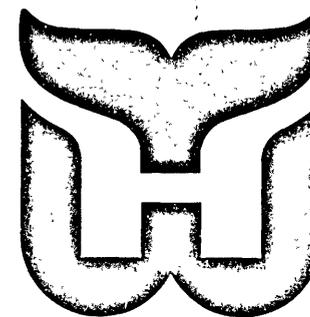
To anyone who ever saw the old

New Haven Arena, there's just no comparison to the Hartford Civic Center. The game's attendance was announced at 10,734. The old arena on a good night held about 3,000 hockey fans. But the days of early 1940 and '41 were scenes of great high school hockey games and I played a small part as member of the Commercial High School team. But let's not kid ourselves - this is 1981 and in Hartford the Whalers are the only game in town, and who really cares about the old days.

The game: It was the Quebec Nordiques against the hometown favorites. The final score was 5-4 for the hometown favorites. According to Bob Creech and Billy O'Brien, steady customers at the complex, it was one of the best and most exciting games of the season. Who can argue with those two boys?

At the end of the first period it was Whalers three, Quebec two. I kept score, marking all the goals and penalties, not knowing that Bob Casey and his faithful crew would supply everyone in the press box a copy of the facts, even the ones I missed. So I just sat back, kept score anyway, and enjoyed the game that saw Blaine Stoughton score two goals, Mike Rogers pick up three assists to give him 63 on the season, a new club record for centermen, and Mark Howe with the same amount of assists to tie the club record for points scored by a defenseman in a season - 63.

So on April 1st, a victory for the Whalers. There haven't been that many this past season. They didn't make the playoffs, but like the old saying goes "Wait Till Next Year." Now there is a new man in charge. He's a young man, the older man is out, just like I don't belong on the ice anymore, but I can feel young, in the press box and in charge of what I write about the best sport I ever played.



**HARTFORD  
WHALERS**

Nº 1103

**SINGLE GAME**

**Media Pass**

**Display Prominently**

NAME

JACK REDMOND

AFFILIATION

WINDSOR JOURNAL

DATE

4/1/81

PRESS BOX SEAT

Thursday, May 14, 1981

- The Windsor Journal

- The Windsor Locks Journal -

## Cabbages and Kings

with Jack Redmond

# Lou Fournier - Worthy Knight Of The Year

When the committee of Council No. 26, Knights of Columbus, picked their newest "Knight of the Year," the name of Lucien Joseph Fournier came up with worthy credentials going back 30 years.

Better known to his fellow Knights as just "Lou," the Amesbury, Mass. native has been a U.S. Marine (Korea vintage), father of four attractive daughters, golfer, who shoots constantly in the 70's, and admitted to be genuinely surprised when chosen by his peers for the honor recently.

For the Knights it's the second year in a row they chose a man with a Canadian background. In 1980, Rollard Pivin was the man of the year at the Elm Street organization.

Amesbury is located north of Boston on the Southbury Beach. Lou left the area at the age of four for Canada. The Fournier clan consisted of five boys and 11 girls (yes, 16). They moved to Weedon, a small town east of Sherbrooke. Lou's father was French-Canadian. His mother was born in Belfast, Ireland. Today, at 74 years young, Mary Fournier is quite a lady, living in Sherbrooke where she, according to Lou, "skis every day she can during the winter months." Hockey and ice-skating was more what Lou loved as a kid. (You know in Canada the kids learn to skate before they can walk.)

When Lou was 16 his father passed away. It meant Lou had to find employment. So he learned to drive a car and taxi at the same time. Nights he'd drive the cab and during the day finish his high school education. After

graduation and three years of the life of a hackie, he decided it was time for a vacation. At the border he was greeted with, "Do you have a draft card?" When he reached Connecticut he did two things. First, applied for a draft card, and second, he enlisted in the Marines.

For Lou Fournier it would be a different type of vacation, but he made the best of the next four years seeing the United States and a great deal of Korea. The way Lou tells it, "I was a member of the fighting man of the First Division," with a proud ring to his voice. He spent 18 months in the battleground where action against the enemy was a daily routine. By his own admission he saw "a lot of fighting," but said, "I don't care to talk of war. You don't really want to say what you saw, it is not good to repeat." He added, "the Korean War was political, unlike World War Two."

The first constructive act of the newly discharged Marine was to enjoy that long-awaited vacation. The next act was to decide where to live. He chose Connecticut and Willimantic. He knew how to be a fighting Marine and truck driver. Of course it meant truck driving. His cabby days would come in handy. For two years Lou was content until the chance for a regular job was offered at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft in East Hartford. He is still with the aircraft. Next month, Lou will have clocked 25 years driving their trucks.

In 1951, on furlough from the Marines and just before going overseas. Lou joined the Knights of

Columbus. Nine years later he transferred his membership to the Windsor Locks Council. His K of C record covers 20 years in the fourth-degree. He's in charge of their color guard. The past 15 years he has faithfully executed the works of a 3rd degree team. Lou said he has served on "all the committees; you name them, I've been on them." That's some of his credentials.

As mentioned, Lou has four daughters - Lynne, Diane, both graduates of the Windsor High School, Gail, currently a student at the same high school and the youngest is Terry, still in junior high. Gail is the model in the family of proud Lou Fournier. The family lives in Windsor.

Besides his golfing exploits, Lou organized and managed the K of C softball team. In 1976, Lou found himself with a giant problem. It resulted in open heart surgery. He gave up playing softball, but golf was good therapy. At the age of 28, Lou had back problems. The doctor

suggested a little sun and walking. Golf was the answer. Since then, being softball manager and playing golf have been his joys. When it comes to baseball, for Lou there is only one team - the New York Yankees and oldtimer Mickey Mantle. Admiration for one individual was easy for Lou - John F. Kennedy. Lou said, "I was always a fan of the late president. Did you know he was the first Knight of Columbus to be president?"

### EPILOG

Lou Fournier has served the Knights of Columbus as faithfully as he served his country. He is always ready to give a helping hand. He makes a worthy "Knight of the Year."

The following is a special quote. Lou will appreciate the words .... "When you swear, swear by your country. When you lie, lie for a pretty woman. When you steal, steal away from bad company. And when you drink, drink with me!"

Walter Coelho is a social studies teacher at the George J. Penney High School in East Hartford.

For those of us who have been out of school these many years, social studies is a course of study including geography, history, government and sociology. Walter, resident of Windsor Locks since 1965, and living on Smalley Drive with his wife, Sandra Signorelli Coelho, also a teacher, has been training the students at Penney High since 1964 that history can be interesting, be it George Washington or Ronald Reagan's times.

To add some punch to this theory of an appealing subject, the New Bedford, Massachusetts native, is involved in this year's History Day competition in Connecticut as the coordinator of the First Congressional District. (The six History Day districts conform to the geographical boundaries of the six Connecticut congressional districts. Districts are determined by the location of the entrant's school, not home address.) The purpose of the competition, according to Walter, is to focus attention on the role of history and to spur an interest in the subject by encouraging students to prepare papers, projects or performances on a "Work and Leisure in History" theme. The district competitions were held in April and the state finals in early May. The state finalists will compete in National History Day at the University of Maryland June 11-13.

Because Walter teaches in East Hartford, in the first district, he had no idea how many Windsor Locks students were involved in History Day. He felt any local student interested may use as a project a mock-up of the Windsor Locks canal. ("A word to the wise is sufficient," when it comes to next year's contest.)

Walter grew up in the historical seaport of New Bedford, located in southeastern Massachusetts. The town of over 100,000 inhabitants, with a large Portuguese population, was formerly a whaling port. Located in New Bedford is the Old Dartmouth Historical Society and Whaling Museum where one can find a large and unique collection of whaling implements, scrimshaw and logbooks as well as furniture, costumes and firearms. Yes, Walter grew up with history at his doorstep. He not only

teaches history, but has many treasures of his heritage as daily reminders.

At the age of 15, Walter's family moved from the seaport city to land-congested New Britain. He graduated from the high school in 1957. Baseball was his sport in junior high and high school where he played the outfield. In the grammar school his sport was soccer. It was the number one sport. He said the foreign influence was the reason and he soon found, when moving to Connecticut in the fifties, soccer was not as popular as it is today.

Still on the subject of sports, Walter, when asked who was his favorite baseball team, he said, "as a kid growing up we were all Red Sox fans." Two of the former stars of Yawkey Way were choices as great ones, Carlton Fisk, ("a lot of hustle") and Ted Williams. A few years back the famous Mr. Williams was in charge of a baseball clinic at Penney High School. Walter and the students got a big kick out of hearing the great hitter expound on the right way to play, hit and run. "It was super meeting him, close up," Walter recalled, with the smile of a kid.

When it comes to admiration the names of Fisk and Williams may be up there in Walter's idea of sports, but closer to home he said, "My parents earned my admiration when I was growing up." His father was born in Portugal, his mother on the Azores Islands, just off Portugal in the Atlantic Ocean. "We grew up in a Portuguese-American atmosphere," he said proudly.

Asked for his feelings of Windsor Locks, he answered rather firmly, "I like the town, it's small and has solid people." Then he added, "It's convenient to almost everything, it has produced good athletes." Then he said, not forgetting he was a history teacher, "Did you know of the 169 towns in Connecticut, Windsor Locks was the most consistent Democratic voting town in Connecticut." I didn't know it. It will make John Lingua rather happy, but it will only make Barry Gray work harder.

Walter's hobbies include wood carving (three wonderful works of art were shown in the form of walking sticks), and keeping with the nautical look (he has a deep interest in anything nautical) several examples of

scrimshaw. When they are not busy teaching Sandra and her husband have traveled to Canada, the Cape and to Portugal. While in Portugal they needed assistance and keeping with the saying, "it's a small world," they ran into fellow teachers and residents of Windsor Locks and have been friends ever since, the Del Faveros, Mario and Irene.

Organizations having Walter as a member include the Connecticut Council of Social Study Teachers, East Hartford Federation of Teachers and the Mystic Seaport Museum.

#### EPILOG

Walter Coelho is a sport enthusiast, traveler, and above all a history teacher. I came across two opinions of history from a noted man. Maybe

Walter can separate the two for his students. First, from television newscaster Dan Rather in his book, "The Camera Never Blinks," "The dream begins most of the time with a teacher who believes in you, who tugs and pushes and leads you on to the next plateau, sometimes even poking you with a sharp stick called truth."

Second, from the famed historian, Charles A. Beard, when asked if he could summarize the great lessons of history, he replied in four short sentences: "1. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad with power. 2. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. 3. The bee fertilizes the flower it robs. 4. When it is dark enough, you can see the stars."

**- History  
Is His  
Business**

**Walter Coelho**

*- The Windsor Locks Journal -*

**Cabbages and Kings**

**with Jack Redmond**

*Thursday, May 28, 1981*

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## A Dedicated Fixture At The Knights Of Columbus

When you want to interview a steady and dedicated member of the Knights of Columbus there's one sure place to find him. That's on Elm Street, Council 26, especially if his name is Francis Victor Bout.

He is one of their part-time bartenders, member extraordinary and past grand knight. You name it, he has been the true versatile knight since 1955.

But you better call him Frank, since that's the only moniker he wants to be known as. Frank, born and raised in Hartford, has lived in Windsor Locks for 20 years, and the way he calls it, "I wouldn't leave, for any reason."

Born of a Polish father and French mother, Frank attended St. Peter's Grammar School and graduated from Hartford High School in 1948 and was active and known even at that stage of his life. Among his classmates he was chosen chairman of the class. They picked a most popular couple. It was Frank and a girl named Kitty. Now Kitty is known as the wife of another popular member of this community, Paul McCarthy, chairman of the Planning and Zoning Commission. The threesome have been friends since their high school days.

The year 1948 was uncertain for the graduates, because of the draft and the war that would soon follow in Korea. Frank wasted no time, joining the insurance ranks in Hartford and attending UConn part time. But Uncle Sam took the uncertainty out of Frank's life when he was drafted into the Army in 1950.

The next two years were mostly spent soldiering in Germany as a member of the Adjutant General's staff. The young Hartford lad was in

Europe for two Christmas holidays. However, one of the celebrations was highlighted by a reunion with his brother, Rene, also a resident of Windsor Locks, who was a member of the National Guard, federalized during the Korean War.

The returning veteran did not pursue the insurance world, but instead ventured into the aircraft world of Pratt and Whitney (West Hartford, Small Tool Division).

One of his fellow employees was Peggy Ladd, a native of West Hartford, who heard the wedding bells with Frank in 1954. Peggy had graduated the year before from Hartford High School. Frank and Peggy have three daughters, Grace, Peggy and Lisa. The Stone Drive couple are also called grandma and grandpa by Grace Perry's son, Michael and Lisa's twins, Todd and Ryan. Grace, who works at Traveler's, earned a varsity letter during her high school days when she and Joan Fernald had the unlikely, but quite necessary, job of washing the football uniforms for the school team. (Dedication runs in the family.)

Frank was employed for six years at Pratt and Whitney. He wanted a change and a complete one came his way - as a night manager in Hartford for the Forster-Height Drug Store. It was a good living for Frank, Peggy and the girls, but the nights were hard to take. For 10 years he saw drugs and customers and slept days. Then a normal job came along, with the benefit of working with his brother, Rene, and old high school buddy, Paul McCarthy, at the Metropolitan Water District. Today after 11 years of sleeping nights, Frank is a collection

agent for the district. The position calls for persistence, patience and an understanding of his customers in the inflationary world we live in today.

Politics, civic duty and fraternal involvement have been Frank's contributions to Windsor Locks. To name a few - American Legion (Chaplain), Justice of the Peace, Zoning Board of Appeals (2 years), Planning and Zoning Commission, (12 years, secretary), former president of the North Street School PTA, former secretary of the Jeffersonian-Democratic Club and 19 years with the local Democratic Town Committee.

Frank joined the West Hartford Knights of Columbus in 1955, transferring to the Windsor Locks council in 1963. The former grand knight of the local council for the third degree is now the faithful navigator of the fourth degree. In 1970, Frank was chosen the Knight of the Year by the members. In state circles he was the co-chairman of the Brotherhood In Action. And in 1976 saw Frank as a delegate to the national convention in Boston.

The active "knight" said, "I receive great satisfaction working on projects for the kids and the elderly." Always ready for new ideas, Frank figured food baskets for the needy at Easter time was just as important as the ones distributed at Christmas, so a

new project was born. During the Vietnam War he was instrumental in sending food baskets to the children in that war-torn country.

A familiar man behind the bar at the council for many years, Frank related, "I enjoy meeting the members and talking over the day's activities. I always talk of giving it up, but frankly, enjoy it too much." His training as a polished bartender came from a very polished gentleman, Jim Franklin.

Sports have always been another weakness, especially when it comes to talking baseball and the Red Sox. For admiration, he sticks to politics, with the name of Harry Truman. Why Mr. Truman? "That's easy," he said, "He came from complete obscurity and made some wonderful decisions."

### EPILOG

Francis Victor Bout - the enduring "Knight." He is a credit to the council he serves. He is a credit to the town he serves. He forms the nucleus of dedicated members for Council 26, so needed in fostering the good of the order. Town affairs have always found him hard working for the good of the town.

Frank is one of the reasons we write these columns. Like the man said, "Praise is like champagne; it should be served while it is still bubbling."

Father Theodore Thomas Raczynski's "joyful" attitude towards life has been exposed, taught and shared in churches from New Britain to Suffield.

He is better known as just "Father Ted" to the hundreds of faithful he has shepherded, prayed and said mass with these past 25 years. This was crowned recently at Sacred Heart Church in Suffield, where Father Ted is pastor, with a silver anniversary celebration given by and attended by parishioners, past and present. Collectively they think so much of this giant of a priest he's going to Rome and the Holy Land sometime this summer.

Father Ted was born in Seymour, Connecticut of Polish parents, Anthony and Cecilia Raczynski, natives of the European country. Their family consisted of two sons and four daughters.

Young Theodore used his size (he is 6' 3") to participate in sports during high school days with excellent performances on the soccer field, baseball diamond, basketball court and football field. It wasn't until his senior year at Seymour High he heard the call of a different sound. It would not be the sound of cheers on the sporting field, but of the priesthood.

The parents of this young man, who was contemplating the life of a priest, highly approved of his choice. In looking back, Father Ted said it was his parents who set "the good example, and they, like all parents in those days, were very happy" for their son.

Entering St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield meant learning Latin, a subject he had not figured on during his high school days. After three years at St. Thomas he entered St. Bernard's in Rochester, New York. The next five years were spent in northern New York state studying for role of priest, returning to the

Bloomfield seminary as a prefect, his final year before ordination. (Prefect is in charge of young college students at the seminary. He is still studying and living in the dormitory.)

May 10, 1956 was Theodore Raczynski's celebration at the Cathedral of St. Joseph in Hartford where the largest class (33 new priests) took their final vows. Father Ted recalled, it was the last class to be ordained in the old cathedral as fire destroyed the building only to rise majestically again as a landmark for downtown Hartford.

The new priest would be transferred from parish to parish the next 25 years and he said, jokingly, "I guess you would say I'm a journeyman priest," with that well-known smile and laugh we have all grown to know and love.

His journey in the priesthood covered St. Mary's in Simsbury the first six years, St. Joseph's in Suffield for a year, St. Lucian's in New Britain, a home for the aged, Holy Cross in New Britain and the first time we met him was at St. Robert's, here in Windsor Locks. We heard him sing and preach over a period of nine years. (Father Ted officiated at both of our daughters' weddings.) Since 1975, Father Ted has called Sacred Heart in Suffield his home base.

In Suffield, Father Ted has had, for the past year, a permanent deacon, one studying to be a deacon and four "extraordinary ministers of the Eucharist" assisting him at mass for the faithful of Sacred Heart. (These years there are no longer 33 new priests at the cathedral taking their final vows...it's for the laypersons to take over some of the heavy duties of the pastor.)

Father Ted has always found the time for fraternal and civic duties while at St. Robert's. For 15 years his name has been on the rolls of Connecticut Knights of Columbus. (3rd and 4th Degrees) Local Council

26 was the beneficiary of his "joyful personality" as their chaplain. He is now the chaplain of the Suffield KofC. In Windsor Locks, Father Ted was chaplain for the Fire Department. He's still a member of the local Lions and served on the Arbitration Board of the Police Commission.

After entering the priesthood his playing sports ended, but not his interests. During the winter months, Father Ted listens or watches the New York Giants on television. He said, "Unfortunately, the Giants have fallen on sad days."

When it comes to hobbies, woodworking is number one. It is put to good use in the parish helping "the kids work with wood for different parish projects." One big project he handled on his days off a few years back was building a home for his sister in Seymour. There is never a problem talking about "his kids." A joy for him is helping the kids, whom he feels "are great at any age; they never change. Yes, there are problems, but if they are treated fairly and justly they will respect you." He mentioned that if there is any work to be done in the parish such as assistance for the elderly, washing clothes, raking or cutting lawns, "The kids are always there to help out, when you need them."

He called the Sacred Heart people a "loveable parish." When asked his thoughts at the recent silver anniversary, he humbly said, "The affair was great. I thanked God for the parish family. Celebrations, of any kind, are very important and good for family life."

Speaking of parish life, when Father Ted was questioned as to whom he most admired, he answered, "As a boy growing up the church was the center for us all. The fine priests in our parish I would say I most admired. They were a big factor in my later years for choosing the priesthood as my life work."

His philosophy of life was addressed this priestly way - "Basically, to be joyful - God is joyful and priests should try to imitate. I have always looked upon God as joyful."

Only a layman would ask the following: "Have you ever been sorry you took this path in life?" Father Ted said, "No. It was the greatest gift God ever gave me. I would do it all over again, the same way."

#### *EPILOG*

The late and respected Bishop Fulton J. Sheen had words for all generations. I believe his powerful words in describing "joy" are words our friend, pastor at Sacred Heart and always a priest, Theodore Thomas Raczynski learned to live by these past 25 years. "Joy is the happiness of love...love aware of its own inner happiness. Pleasure comes from without, but joy comes from within, and it is, therefore, within the reach of everyone in the world. For if there is sadness in our hearts, it is because there is not enough love. But to be loved, we must be lovable; to be lovable, we must be good; to be good, we must know Goodness; and to know Goodness, is to love God, and neighbor, and everybody in the world."

## Father Ted Raczynski- A Giant Of A Priest

*Thursday, June 11, 1981*

Modesto Molinari is a gem of a man among the tons of mortar and cement he has mixed over the years for bridges and various construction projects in Connecticut and New York State.

Today, after 86 years of hard work, he is slow to move, slow to understand, but still has the quality of a smile and twinkle in his eyes, when he knows you care.

I had the pleasure of meeting a man of too many years of activity to count at his South Center and Miller Terrace home with his enjoyable, sharp as a tack and musical wife of 60 years, come this July 31.

Modesto and Mary Sartori Molinari have three children, 14 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

The Molinaris are both natives of Piacenza, Italy, however, did not know each other during their youth, before coming to the United States. Modesto was 17 when he arrived in New York City with first impressions being... "New York is a big city; everything was too big," obviously in contrast to the village he knew in the old country. He settled in Brooklyn with an uncle, immediately going to work mixing concrete by hand. Modesto entered the U.S. Army at 20, but only for a short three-month period at the end of World War One.

In 1920, the other half of the union of Modesto and Mary arrived on the shores of America saying, in her still frank manner, "I didn't like it; I expected more." She felt the larger cities of Italy were "more beautiful" than the metropolis of New York.

Mary lost no time in mixing into the working life with many of the eager immigrants, arriving on a Sunday and starting work on the following Wednesday for a Manhattan glove factory. For seven years she was a quiet part of a labor force until one sunny day, at the right time, a friend introduced Mary to Modesto. As was the custom, in those days, he asked Mary if he could come (courting) to



*Modesto and Mary Molinari*

her home the following Sunday. Modesto, a handsome lad with a strong build, married the girl from his own town back home. In 1921, they were married in a church located on Roosevelt Street near the famed Brooklyn Bridge.

It appeared the lifestyle of Manhattan and Brooklyn would not be to the liking of these two hard-working individuals. True, the city of New York is a city of mortar and cement, but not the type of structures Modesto was to make a strong part of his life's work. In 1927, at the urging of his uncle, Peter Paganelli in Windsor Locks, Modesto came to the small factory town by the river to build his first brick home. (It still stands on South Main Street.) Their three children would grow up in surroundings much like the small village atmosphere they called home in the "old country."

Joseph, Catherine and Robert Molinari all have been successful in this area in their chosen professions. Joseph and his wife, Irene Field Molinari, were C&K interviewees in January 1980. Joe is a veteran worker with Dexter for the past three

decades, Irene, a native of Windsor Locks, has been active in civic affairs.

Catherine is married to Raymond Merrigan, both connected with the Merrigan-LeFebvre Realty in town. Robert and his wife, Nellie, live in nearby Windsor. Bob works in the giant IBM Company. The younger Molinari (Joe) and the Merrigans live on Miller Terrace, just a stone's throw from the patriarch's home on the corner of South Center and Miller Terrace. The street was named Miller by Modesto himself. (Miller is the translation of Molinari.) Mary tells of the yearly rains and floods near the river when they first arrived on South Main Street and that was the reason they moved to higher ground on South Center Street.

Back to the gem of the Molinari family. Modesto was a hearty construction worker on several bridges and roads in Connecticut and New York as an employee of well-known companies with names like Roncari, Blakeslee and A-I Seven. When he wasn't away from home on a project, Modesto had his own personal projects and one was Miller Terrace. An article several years ago in a state paper said of Modesto, "In Windsor Locks, his legacy is Miller Terrace, a development off South Center Street, which bears Molinari's mark as clearly as that of an artist." Another distinctive touch is the "little gazebo, or roundhouse, as he calls

them, which stand guard at both ends of the block."

Mary is an artist in her own right, but of a different species. She has been a singer at St. Mary's and St. Robert's churches in town the past four decades. Mary also has found the time for Senior Citizens, Women's Club, American Legion Auxiliary and weekly bowling at Bradley Lanes. Modesto is a charter member of the Italian-American Club in town and a former member of the American Legion. The Molinaris have traveled to California, back to their homeland on two occasions, and to Canada. The night we talked, a Canadian visitor, Janet Reid of Thunder Bay, was present as guest and friend of the family.

On this Thursday let me be the first to wish Happy Father's Day to Mr. Modesto Molinari and fathers everywhere.

#### *EPILOG*

Modesto Molinari is one man who has left an indelible mark on Windsor Locks and projects in two states. Modesto was known to his many co-workers over the years as just "Morris." He is a gentle man and mighty tall in the world of stone and bricks. Someone once said, "Appreciation is the memory of the heart." Modesto Molinari is appreciated by his Mary, the children, the town and surely the many paths and bridges he built over the years for an unknown public.

## **Modesto Molinari - A Gem Among Mortar And Bricks**

- *The Windsor Locks Journal* -

Thursday, June 18, 1981

# Cabbages And Kings

with Jack Redmond

## Former Police Chief Recalls The 'Good Old Days'

Windsor Locks' former police chief for 26 years, James Henry Whitten, looked back on his long career recently with much satisfaction, enjoyment and remembrances of the "old days" where stricter enforcement of the law was the rule not the exception.

He served the town where he was born for over 35 years in the Police Department from the early days of World War Two to the hectic sixties and seventies with troublesome company strikes, a growing police unit and problems often created (by the time he left the office) by a lenient court system. He retired on June 1, 1977.

Chief Whitten is now recuperating from a recent illness and has had special loving care from his wife, Malvina Draghi Whitten. The Whittens have been married over 40 years. He's now "getting used to retirement."

This strong-willed gentleman was born on Cherry Lane, off Spring Street, in the family home where the Whitten family lived for over 200 years. Whit, as he is known to his many friends, is of "Yankee stock". He attended Union School, completed his higher education at night. In the twenties he worked on the Reed Farm. Whit tried the factory routine for several years at Dexter, Montgomery and the Clark Company. He recalled earning three dollars a day during the Depression and glad to get it. He went back to farm work before getting a call from United Aircraft in East Hartford in 1938 and it meant factory work for four more years.

In 1939, he did double time with the

aircraft and part time as a supernumerary member of the Police Department. Whit became a "regular" in 1942. At the time there were three "regulars" and 15 part-time workers on the force. When he retired, 24 members were in the department, which included four women.

Nine years after joining the department, Whit became the chief. At the time, another reporter, whose credentials would make her world famous, interviewed the new head of the Windsor Locks' finest for the Northern Connecticut News. Her name...Ella T. Grasso.

In the first years as a policeman, just after Pearl Harbor, Whit said Windsor Locks' Main Street was literally loaded with servicemen all waiting for overseas assignment or just a good time away from home. This created problems for the local police and they were not prepared to handle the thousands of young men. Another problem was the "gandy dancers," (workers who maintain or lay tracks for the railroads) who would come over to town from East Windsor and it meant keeping the local constabulary "very busy." In the early sixties came the "long hot summers" for the police due to the strike at Hamilton Standard.

Whit did, however, have a good word for the courts of Windsor Locks. Early in his career, when Mortimer J. Lynskey (C&K interviewee, Jan. 1980) was judge and Harry Broderick as the prosecutor. The roles changed.. if the Democrats won. Broderick would wear the robes of the judge and

Lynskey, as a GOP member, would prosecute the cases.

The former chief has strong opinions on issues constantly discussed, and on the minds of lawyers, judges, politicians and the public, one being capital punishment. He said, "I believe in capital punishment. If a person is guilty, he or she must pay for taking another life." He took exception to the landmark "Miranda" decision. (Miranda vs. Arizona in 1966) The Warren Court had decided that an arrested individual had the right to an attorney. Whatever a person said without an attorney present could not be admitted or used against him, unless he waived his rights.) Whit felt this was a difficult change for police performance and the daily routine in handling a growing crime rate. He added, "It is a way for lawyers to get out," so to speak, for release of their clients. This ruling has been controversial on all sides the past 15 years. At the time of the Warren Court, three judges dissented.

To say the former chief was all cop would be unfair. He's a lot more, with interests in his life taking many different paths. First, he's a family man. He and Malvina have three children, James, Sandra and Gale and five grandchildren. James and his wife, Nancy Cramer Whitten live in Suffield with their son and daughter. Sandra is married to Shakra Hassen. They live in Glastonbury with their two daughters. Gale and her husband, Anthony De Paolis, reside in Wethersfield with their son.



James H. Whitten

Secondly, his hobbies are flowers and antiques. A few years back the Journal's own Evelyn Lee interviewed the chief in connection with the flower garden and greenhouse at the Whitten home on West Street. Roses and orchids has been his specialty.

Whit and Malvina, (she is also a native) met in school. They grew up as neighbors. Malvina has shared Whit's interest in traveling to antique shows, be it Connecticut or Maine. When the children were small the Connecticut shore was their vacation spot. The Whittens traveled to Italy several years ago seeing the Vatican and the beautiful cities of that country. They both admit they miss the "old downtown" here in Windsor Locks and keep in touch with the past as members of the local historical society. Whit has been a member of the Lions and Rotary. When asked whom he most admired, he said, "my wife," you know he believes in what he says and feels.

Thursday, July 2, 1981 -

# Evening With Carl Rowan Sparked With Comments

by Jack Redmond

An evening with Carl Rowan, the noted columnist and regular member of the CBS "Agronsky and Company", (seen Saturday nights on Channel 3) was worth the trip to Springfield last month.

The Springfield Urban League presented the affair for the benefit of Camp Atwater. Rowan's informal talk, with questions and answers for the audience, was presented at the newly renovated Symphony Hall.

Rowan, who is known to millions of television listeners, looks more like your friendly grandfather and mixes on the weekly program with the best that George Wills and Jack Kilpatrick can muster, was introduced by Dick Garvey of the Springfield News. Garvey reminded the 200 or more in attendance - mostly women - that the famous hall has had other well-known speakers over the years including Helen Keller, Drew Pearson, Jack Anderson and David Frost. He classified Rowan as a "great contributor to journalism."

In his talk, Rowan voiced opinions of President Reagan, Secretary of State Alexander Haig, cabinet member David Stockman and other political figures, but none were complimentary. The talk, more on the serious side, included remarks such as, "Where is this society going?" and "the answers must be found." He admitted that President Reagan "in terms of popularity, is a success", but his own personal admiration ends there. A crusader and spokesman for black people, Rowan went on to say, "Leadership in the White House is important, and it isn't there."

Rowan added, "the cuts in government spending," so evident in today's news, "are a travesty of justice; the social programs were not failures." Again needling the president, he added, "the oval office should have someone who really cares." Touching on his personal life, Rowan told of humble beginnings in Tennessee and how, after a naval career (one of the first black officers) and graduation from the Minneapolis School of Journalism, he secured a job on the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

When it came for the audience to ask questions, the first ones were worthy of his replies. And there is always the joker in the crowd who asked, "As a loyal listener of the program, what is Jack Kilpatrick really like?" Rowan shot back, "What you see, is what you get."

After the questions and answers there was a personal meeting with a man who believes in his people. We met him and said he was the reason we didn't go out much on Saturday nights. He knew I was the guy who wanted to know what Jack Kilpatrick was really like.

It was an interesting evening with Carl Rowan. I can't agree with everything he said, but the country needs the Carl Rowans and the Jack Kilpatricks; they make us think. It's healthy to hear both sides.

*The Windsor Locks Journal*

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The Springfield Urban League  
presents an evening with

*Carl Rowan*

Benefit Engagement for Camp Atwater  
Symphony Hall — Springfield, Mass.

Thursday, April 30, 1981

7:30 p.m.

Donation \$6.00

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No  
856

# Hats Off To Individual Americans



At year-end, *Time* magazine chooses an individual as being the most outstanding newsmaker, good or bad, in the world, covering the previous twelve months.

Here's a new twist. How about an award in the middle of the year? And what better time than the Thursday before the country's birthday, the marvelous Fourth of July, to announce the winner.

So you won't have to read any further, or wait until next week, it was decided, after a certain amount of soul-searching and admittedly gazing into a trusty crystal ball, with the insight of people, good and bad, I figure there is only one possible choice...INDIVIDUAL AMERICANS.

Wait a minute, you say. How about Ronald Reagan, Billy Martin the Pope, etc. etc. But we Americans? Individual Americans? That's right, who better deserves it?

So fellow Americans, come Saturday, arise early or sleep until 10, have a beer or soda, a piece of cake, watch or play your favorite sport, hug your favorite person. It is not only the

country's 205th birthday, but you are among the kids, women and men of the year, middle that is.

The prize for being named to this first middle of the year award, a long summer, with warm days and cool nights, swimming at your favorite beach, attending next month's GHO golf tourney at Wethersfield, or not attending it, a vacation at your own hideaway. You name it, you'll have it.

This different type of column began with *Time* magazine, so it is indeed appropriate to close with some serious words from the publication and another reliable source, written so eloquently by *Time*'s editor-in-chief, Henry Grunwald, and Father Theodore Hesburgh on individual Americans:

First from the magazine: "To believe in an American Renewal one must ultimately believe in individual Americans: those countless citizens who, despite all the doubts, the heedlessness, the disorder of the society, go about their lives with courage and patience, slangy competence and cheerful persistence, with

some larceny and some anger and some kindness, and above all with the odd conviction that their country is still an experiment and that it must stand for something beyond mere survival. These are not exclusive Americans virtues, but they are human virtues and a very American accent, and they surely must inspire a sense of love and hope."

And from Father Hesburgh, as he nears retirement as president of the University of Notre Dame: "The American people: This is my bottom line. The American people given the proper leadership will land on their

feet. They will do the right thing. They'll be generous. Oh, you'll get squawks and there'll be special interests. But, by and large, you've got to have faith in the American people and their good instincts, their good will and their basic generosity. Maybe that's the blessing we get because we took people from everywhere and we are such a mixture."

And that's why I picked INDIVIDUAL AMERICANS for the award. You all won the award. Enjoy ...enjoy.

*The Windsor Locks Journal*

Thursday, July 2, 1981 -

## Cabbages and Kings

by Jack Redmond

by Jack Redmond

Golf is for any age.

Recently I had the pleasure of going 18 at the Wethersfield Country Club at the annual Press Day activities. The Greater Hartford Open Committee in charge were gracious hosts to the press under a hot sunny sky.

I had never played the course, where each year I have watched with envy the pros who eat up the finely manicured fairways and greens. I didn't eat it up. However, I thoroughly enjoyed the birdie on the ninth, making it over the water on the 16th with two shots and walking up the beautiful 18th. The only thing missing was the CBS cameras and Sammy Davis Jr. himself. Wait 'till August.

My partner for the round was Peter Nielson. Pete, a 76-year-old retiree,

keeps active as a photographer for the Farmington Valley News, had no trouble keeping up with us so-called youngsters. Pete lives in Simsbury with his wife of 50 years. They spend seven months in Sun City, Florida and the rest of the year in Connecticut. They travel extensively. One trip included the famed St. Andrews golf course in Scotland.

While on vacation I stopped off at Copper Hill in East Granby for a fast nine holes. Again I had the pleasure playing with a man who was not 76, he was a spry 80 years of summer. The native of Sweden with the Vandyke beard was "Fred" Rickson. "Fred" and his wife of 54 years live in Granby. He said the game of golf is catching on in Sweden.

It was indeed my pleasure to walk the courses at Copper Hill and Wethersfield with two fine gentle-

men. For them age has not been a barrier to exercise when most men give up the clubs for the ease of the rocking chair and television.

As for the GHO, to be played at the Wethersfield Country Club on August 13 to the 16, Paul Lankarge, chairman of the 1981 open, announced at the luncheon that Bob Hope, Gordie Howe and Jim Rice (none need any introduction) will participate in the Pro-Am on Aug. 12.

For the record, the superstar of comedy, Mr. Bob Hope, has been a regular attendee at the GHO for the past few years and each year the

galleries around Hope grow as he quips and chips his way through the tournament. It was also mentioned that pros Ray Floyd, George Burns, Bob Murphy, Rik Massengale, Bill Kratzert and Jerry McGee are scheduled to join the many other stars for the best days of golf in Connecticut.

Take a page from the days of Pete Nielson and "Fred" Rickson. Enjoy the game of golf. Age is never asked, only by the press. Speaking of age...how old is Mr. Bob Hope? See what I mean. See you and Bob next month at the GHO.

*The Windsor Locks Journal*

Thursday, July 9, 1981 -

## Golfing With The Young At Heart



WETHERSFIELD  
COUNTRY CLUB

Joseph Edward Rogers and Catherine Mary Terranova have had a movie script romance since their childhood days growing up in Revere, Massachusetts.

You know the story..boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl, boy marries girl. Today, Joseph and Catherine are living happily ever after and to complete the story a newborn, darling daughter, Mary Catherine, changed their lives on March 10.

The only reason Joseph temporarily lost his childhood sweetheart were the five years he served in the submarine service and vowed he wouldn't marry until he left the Navy adding, "It is difficult to raise a family as a serviceman." He had seen too many problems first hand caused by months of being away from loved ones.

At their comfortable Leslie Street home you find a dedicated nuclear trained former Naval lieutenant who was recently chosen for two important civic committees: the Conservation Commission and the study committee on elementary school closings. Joseph's credentials had their beginning with schools in the Boston's suburban towns of Cambridge, Chelsea, Lynn, the Boston College High School with graduation in 1973 from Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin with a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering. It was at Marquette Joseph joined the ROTC and earned the rank of ensign to start his Naval career of five years.

Joseph's mother wanted her son to attend the University of Massachusetts, but the Midwest appeared more inviting to the Boston-reared parochial student. He was given a choice, UMass or Marquette. He made the trip to the Jesuit school and was sold on the area and facilities offered. In 1973, with ROTC (Reserve Officers' Training Corps) program behind him, the new grad joined the Navy. His service began on the west coast in

California. Additional training in nuclear familiarity was offered in Idaho. His education continued near home, in New London, at the submarine school. Ensign Rogers, with training under his belt from coast to coast, was assigned to the submarine "Archerfish."

When questioned, "How is life, deep in the waters of the oceans in a submarine?" he admitted to being a "dedicated nuclear trained officer saying, "The sub is the only place to be if there's a war." He went on to say, "It's really the safest place to be. The long days and nights submerged are not that bad, you become wrapped up in your work." Still loyal to the Navy, he said, "The men in the service are the best trained and highly devoted to their work. It can be a very exciting life." He did not make it a career, however, "because it's too difficult to be away from your family."

The Rogers moved to Windsor Locks in 1978 when he joined Combustion Engineering, Inc. in Windsor as a nuclear engineer.

His nuclear and Naval background and having a child, not of school age, were the principle reasons for selection on the town's Conservation Commission and the school study committee. He said the commission on conservation is a "worthwhile cause" with the main function being "the sound development, conservation, supervision and regulation of natural resources" in Windsor Locks.

He and Catherine desire to stay in their new home and town and admitted, "We both wanted to know more about the school system" and were pleased he was named to the committee to study the possible closing of a school and impact it may have on the school system.

Although only in town a few years, the Rogers have been involved in activities at St. Mary's Church as organizers in several functions. In

addition, Joseph has taught confirmation classes.

The Rogers have found the time after he left the service for trips to Ireland and Hawaii. Catherine said, "Not bad for a little Italian girl from Revere to kiss the Blarney stone." This was second to their honeymoon, spent in beautiful Hawaii.

Joseph spoke of his hobby, quite worthy for him and the recipients. He's a radio operator who handles messages for folks stateside to their loved ones in the Navy and Marines overseas. This service is a part of the MARS (Military Affiliation Radio System) program.

The versatile Navy veteran intimated he was interested in politics and was probably why he chose John Fitzgerald Kennedy and the equally

popular Boston politician James M. Curley as "most admired" individuals. Catherine's choice was her grandmother, Catherine Mary Procopio, 83 years old, still living in Revere. Her granddaughter said, "She brought up 10 children (now all successful), 17 grandchildren and over 50 great-grandchildren.

#### EPILOG

Joseph Edward Rogers left the service to be married, raise a family and now, in a short period of time, has become involved in the town affairs of Windsor Locks. He, at a young age, found the good things in life are worth what he gave up when he left the service. The Navy is in good hands with the dedicated crew Joseph trained at New London.

## Joseph Rogers Leaves The Sea For Family, Civic Life

Thursday, July 16, 1981 -

### Cabbages and Kings

*The Windsor Locks Journal*

by Jack Redmond

*Thursday, July 16, 1981*

## Journals To Become A Part Of The Largest Paid Weekly Group In State

Evelyn K. Lee announced today she has reached an agreement in principle with Imprint Newspapers for the sale of the three weekly newspapers in Windsor Locks, Windsor and Bloomfield. No terms nor timing for the sale were disclosed.

Ms. Lee, a Suffield resident, purchased the Windsor Locks Journal in 1972. The state's oldest weekly newspaper in continuous publication, it was founded in 1880. She started the Windsor Journal in 1973 and the Bloomfield Journal in 1976.

With the sale to Imprint newspapers, this group will offer the largest circulation of paid subscribers of any community weekly newspaper group in Connecticut.

Imprint, which recently sold the Hamden Chronicle and closed the Berlin Eagle, publishes four weeklies with more than 20,000 circulation in West Hartford, Newington, Wethersfield, and Rocky Hill.

Christopher Larsen, president and publisher of Imprint, said the

purchase of the Journal newspapers provides Imprint advertisers with the opportunity to target the suburban communities adjacent to the city of Hartford and west of the Connecticut river in a single market buy.

"This position should enhance Imprint's marketing capabilities for advertisers which will allow us to present better newspapers for all our readers," he said.

Imprint newspapers was launched in 1971 when it purchased the West Hartford News and the Wethersfield Post. The company acquired the Newington Town Crier in 1978 and started the Rocky Hill Post in April 1980.

Larsen said the Journal newspapers will be edited locally, under the direction of Richard M. Woodworth, executive editor of Imprint newspapers. They will maintain the existing newspaper office in Windsor.

The sale was brokered by Gerald D. Reilly of Greenwich, active in many newspaper sales, including that of the Hartford Courant.

Jim and Louise Price are a most happy couple.

Be it playing a new organ, bowling, golf, hunting or fishing or owning and driving their three, fifty-year old, "Modela's" ...enjoyment is their way of life.

Jim was born in Maine, calls himself a "skim-milk Yankee."

Louise is a native of Warehouse Point, calls herself a "popcorn Yankee."

Jim and Louise both grew up on farms. He is Old Town, Maine with "kerosene lamps, outhouses and living the old fashion way." The Osborn farm was across the river where it was, "a long walk to Windsor Locks."

Jim's family moved to Center Street, Windsor Locks when he was six years old. He attended Union School and graduated from the local high school in 1937. at 16 Jim went to work on Main Street at the Sisitzky Market. In between the delivery of full grocery lists, he studied the art of cutting meat. One day the delivery

He had earned the battle ribbons and memories of many encounters with the enemy to tell his friends and customers at the store.

In the 50's, Jim took over the added responsibility of ownership of the market until 1961. He said the life of the small markets and stores would be gone, with giant super markets taking over as part of the American way of shopping.

The Price family increased by two...a son Richard and daughter Beth. Richard and his wife Mary Ann Gorczyca Price live in town on Cypress Road. He is employed by the Firestone Company in South Windsor. Mary Ann is a registered nurse and is expecting to be a mother very shortly. Beth lives at home. She is employed by the State of Connecticut in the Department of Mental Retardation.

Jim stayed in the market business by joining Mott's Grocery chain, with a twenty year service record this month. Louise has been on the working force the past 14 years as manager of the bakery department at

slip said ... "Osborn farm across the river." Jim and Louise both remember the delivery. It was their first meeting, becoming fast friends with Jim walking over to her farm on the courting evenings. (That's true love.)

The courting days were interrupted in April, 1941 when Jim, already a member of the naval reserves, joined the active Navy. He was assigned to a cargo attach ship. He was already trained; no boot camp for this sailor. Jim served mostly at sea, until September 1945; four of those years as a member of the "U.S.S. Algorab." The duty included time in the Atlantic Ocean, the invasion of Africa, time in the Pacific theater off Australia, the islands of Guadalcanal and Tarawa, the Philippines and the invasion of Okinawa.

While on leave from war duty in 1944, Louise and Jim were married. It would be some time before they settled down and raised a family, and Jim had a steady landlocked job.

In September 1945 Jim returned to Louise and the market on Main Street.

the equally well-known store in Bloomfield...Copaco's.

When asked how they became interested and big fans of owning and driving old cars...Louise said she wanted to buy something for her Jim. In a true wife's devotion, she remarked, "I always wanted to give him whatever he wanted." This sincere gesture couldn't have made him happier. He's like a young boy with a new toy. Their hobby began three years ago when Louise ordered a 1929 Sport Coupe "Model A" Ford for Jim as a surprise Christmas gift. The Price home did not enjoy the car until the following July. (That's how long it took for the delivery to their Spring Street home.)

The pleasure of owning, riding in and complete admiration for his first "Model A", which Jim states, "is part of America," meant the eventual buying of two more of near vintage.

Their second car was a 1930 "Tudor" Ford; the third, a 1928 four door Ford with quite a past history. According to reliable sources the car was used as a taxi cab in South America and had over two million miles of riding pleasure. (Now that's one for Ripley. *Continued on Page 6*

## ★ Happy Couple

*Continued from Page 4*

Jim and Louise agree, the collecting of these cars is "just for the fun of them." They do not exhibit them at shows, but rather keep them in good running condition for trips to New York state and around Connecticut. Just to prove their durability and comfortable riding car, and I must say sincerely on the part of Jim and Louise, my wife and I were given a breezy ride in the old taxi cab around town. Jim never passed up the chance to honk the horn at the locals as we passed by.

In addition to their admiration of the "fun" life and doing together, Jim most admired the famous miler of the thirties, Glenn Cunningham. Louise named her parents and grandparents as number one with her.

Louise hit the Price philosophy right on the nose when she said, "We have so much fun...we'll never be bored."

*- The Windsor Locks Journal*

*Thursday, July 23, 1981*

# Jim And Louise Price - A Most Happy Couple

25¢

# Windsor Locks Journal

AN IMPRINT  
NEWSPAPER

VOL. 102 NO. 14

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THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1981

32 PAGES

Observer

Cabbages and Kings

# Jerre and Jane Forbes:

By JACK REDMOND

Jerre and Jane Forbes are what the "American Dream" and the epitome of family life is all about.

The question might be asked, why...and what makes them so special?

To begin, it's a story of a girl from Snoqualine, Wash., who meets and marries a nuclear engineering health physicist from San Antonio, Texas.

To continue the scenario, the Forbeses now live in a 14-room house on North Main Street, have three children, one dog named Reggie, several cats, nice neighbors, and oddly enough, pay taxes to both Suffield and Windsor Locks.

To clarify, 25 percent of their 80-year-old home is in Suffield; the remainder is in Windsor Locks. However, the family loyalty, school attendance of the children, and protection is all provided by Windsor Locks. (The property and home are located on the old Cannon estate, previously owned by Jim Cannon's grandmother.)

**THIS LOYALTY** to the town and school system surfaced a few months back when Jane waged a one-parent campaign urging other elementary-school parents to attend the hearing on the proposed 1982 budget. Jane was pressing since last September for smaller class sizes at the North Street School.

After the smoke had cleared, she related, "In the short haul, we lost. In the long haul, we have hopes for the new year." The determined pretty lady added, "I felt it was wrong to have the teachers (because of the budget) taken away. And I was tired of people saying, 'You can't do anything about it.'" Her husband had said to her, "You tried. Only if you don't try, then you lose."

Jerre Forbes may also be classified as a "rebel," if that is the correct interpretation for two concerned citizens. Read on. Some citizens would disagree with Jerre's statements on nuclear power that appeared in the El Paso Times in January. The headline read, "Knows Nuclear Power is Safe."

"Jerre Forbes...went to Harrisburg, Pa., to begin settling claims the week after the Three Mile Island mishap spooked the nation about nuclear power. His professional field is nuclear plant safety. He did not find

TMI frightening, he said, because he believes nuclear power generation offers the least risky and most efficient method of meeting energy needs of the future...Forbes said he is concerned about how irrationally many Americans view any form of nuclear energy. Most of these fears are based on emotion or incorrect information...nuclear power generation, properly handled, is less hazardous to health and the environment than either oil or coal...industrial accidents are fewer and less catastrophic than, for instance, a mine disaster or oil well explosion."

Another point Jerre made was, "I advocate providing more factual information to the public, starting with school children. Nuclear energy is not new. Radioactivity exists naturally. Power can be produced with greater long-term safety than by conventional methods."

Two diverse campaigns, both wholesome, newsworthy and to many a bit controversial. So what's new? Two well-adjusted Americans with strong feelings in this mixed-up world of conservatism, taxes, politics and some towns' tendencies.

**WHAT MAKES Jerre and Jane run?**

Jerre was born in San Antonio, Texas. He played football, baseball and basketball during high-school days before moving to New Mexico in the senior year. His schooling beyond high school began back in Texas at the Technological College in Lubbock. But during the last year of college he joined the U.S. Navy, serving from 1961 to 1968, and qualified as a reactor operator on nuclear submarines.

During a training period on submarines in New London, Jerre met Jane Steinke, who was visiting her brother. Jane returned to the West Coast to wait out Jerre's discharge from the Navy. The wedding was held in Snoqualmie. (I wasn't positive of the correct spelling of her hometown. Was it Snog...or Snoq...? I checked the dictionary, not sure if it was listed. The town wasn't, but the famous falls were. It read in part, "Snoqualmie Falls, a waterfall about 270 feet high on the Snoqualmie River, in west central Washington.")

After the wedding, the

Forbeses returned to Texas so that Jerre could finish his fourth year and receive a degree. The B.S. was in mathematics. Two years later he received his M.S. in nuclear engineering-health physics from Texas A&M.

While Jerre was gathering the degrees, Jane was having her children. The first was Rebecca Lynn Forbes, 10, who now attends North Street School. She is the artist in the family; she enjoys horses and the study of rocks.

Cristen Douglas Forbes was the middle child. He is 8, also at North, and is the little leaguer at the Forbes address.

The youngest of the clan is Devon Bonner Forbes, 6, another North Street School student who like his brother Christen plays the piano and who, according to Jane, "is good at baseball and soccer."

While Jane is busy with the North Street School PTO and her various church activities at the Congregational Church of Windsor Locks, Jerre is also one busy employee as the principal health physicist with the nuclear engineering department of the American Nuclear Insurers in Farmington.

**THERE ARE OTHER things that make Jerre and Jane run — their home, for**

one. They are refinishing the interior of the old home where they have lived for the past five years. They lived in Westboro, Mass., for four years after leaving Texas.

In the home is a family piano. Besides the children's practicing, Jerre will in the quiet of the evening play some tunes and even sing along just for the joy of it. Jane said he was a "good" singer. She should know: that's how they met, at a choir practice in a New Lon-

don church.

They had a lot of time to sing when the family took the first vacation in 12 years, in 1980, for a trip to the state of Washington to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Steinke. Jerre's mother still lives in New

Mexico.

**EPILOGUE:** Jerre and Jane Forbes are two concerned citizens. Be it is the size of a class in a school in Windsor Locks or the use of nuclear power in the world, they are interested.

## Concerned Citizens

*Ron Duwell: Navy Veteran with Strong Family Ties*

# Cabbages and Kings

By JACK REDMOND

Ronald August Duwell, former naval Chief Petty Officer, decided in 1967, after twenty-one years of travel, to settle down in Windsor Locks with his wife Terry and their six children.

The quiet gentleman from Racine, Wisconsin, and the girl he married from North Grosvenordale, Connecticut, traveled from Rhode Island to the Hawaiian Islands raising five girls and one boy during Ron's career on land and sea. Terry played an important role in her husband's call to duty.

As a young man of 17, living in Racine, Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan, he wanted to see the world's vast oceans, leaving the classrooms of high school, to join the navy in 1946. He spent most of the over twenty years on famous aircraft carriers.

Ron received his boot training at the Great Lakes, attended aviation school and shortly after was assigned to the U.S.S. Roosevelt (Carrier). The duty consisted of patrolling the east coast of the United States. He was stationed at such land bases as Hawaii, stateside in Texas, New Jersey, Rhode Island, California, Virginia and Tennessee. Listening to the story of Ron's navy years, you find Terry and the children always on hand to greet the returning sailor home from the sea or after his daily duty. Half of the time spent in the navy was at sea but he admitted, "I love the sea and the ships I served on." At sea, he saw the beauty, bad weather and ports of the Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean Sea.

The children of Ron Duwell and Terry Mador Duwell were born in several of the bases where their father was stationed. Louise, the first of six, was born in Texas twenty-seven years ago. She now lives in Windsor Locks with her husband Jeff Sabotka and their children, Corinne, Michael and Daniel. Jeff is a Master Sergeant in the Air National Guard at Bradley. The second daughter, Lorraine, 26, was born in California. She and her husband David Holt live in Enfield with their son Travis. David is employed by Smith Kline.

Marie, 25, a graduate of Springfield College was born in Hawaii. She is employed by the United Airlines in New Jersey. Caroline, 24, born in Rhode Island, the former Connecticut baton twirler champ who performed all over the country, lives in Enfield with her husband Michael Alexopoulos. They have two children, Cara and Brandon. Michael is an accountant at the Greater Hartford Community College.

Yvonne, 21, began her higher education with an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland by Congressman Toby Moffett. However, after two years, Yvonne left to marry Ensign Jeffrey Johnston, whom she met at the

academy. They are now living in California, where he is stationed.

Yvonne was born in Massachusetts, the only Duwell born outside a naval facility. Ronald August Duwell II was born in a naval hospital in Virginia. He graduated from the local high school in June. The former little leaguer and hockey player is entering Worcester Poly Tech in the fall to study chemical engineering. Ron, the youngest of the Duwells at 18, also performed on the golf links, soccer and football fields. In the Special graduation issue of the Windsor Locks Journal on July 2, the following awards were listed for this versatile student of the Class of 81: Montgomery Company to the graduate deemed most outstanding in the college preparatory senior science program; American Legion, Gensi-Viola Post, to the graduate considered to be most outstanding in scholarship leadership; Bausch & Lomb, to the graduate achieving the highest scholastic rank in science; Science Award by the Windsor Locks Lions Club and Third Highest Scholastic Rank Award by the Windsor Locks Rotary Club.

The travels of the Duwells did not affect the children of Ron and Terry. Terry summed it up by saying, "We all loved it. The advantage was meeting great people during all those years." Ron added, "I was always ready to go to sea. But the children were growing up, going to high school. I wanted to be with them and Terry. They needed a father, actually I was glad to get out; I had done my duty."

Ron left the carrier life of the navy in 1967. His aircraft training led him to Connecticut and Hamilton-Standard in Windsor Locks. He was there a little over a year before joining Combustion Engineering in Windsor. For the past twelve years Ron has been a supervisor of buyers in the Industrial Purchasing Department.

As a youth growing up in Racine, Ron was a boxer and played football. In the navy he boxed golden gloves at 159 lbs., and said with a smile, "I didn't lose any fights." Today he enjoys golf, photography and has never lost the enjoyment of eating, yes, sea food.

## EPILOG

Ronald August Duwell has many memories of the sea, the navy, his youth, the marriage and the children Terry has given him. The following words by George F. Will, noted columnist, are probably Ron's philosophy... "It is said that God gave us memory so we could have roses in winter. But it is also true that without memory we could not have a self in any season. The more memories you have, the more "you" you have. That is why, as Swift said, no wise man ever wished to be younger."

Cabbages and Kings

# Ted Rendock: Military And Civic Activist

By JACK REDMOND

The story of Theodore Peter Rendock is interesting and complex. The native of the Wapping section of South Windsor came to Windsor Locks at the age of 7. That's when it became interesting and complex.

Members of military organizations, locally and statewide, know the former U.S. Army sergeant as a dedicated and hard working individual. He is also known to the citizenry of Windsor Locks, to be, at times, in the middle of controversial issues. The over-fifty Ted says what's on his mind, be it orally or the written word. He does back up the strong opinions with facts and an emotional concern and benign fairness for others.

To converse with Ted Rendock, for only an hour or so, is to know him. He is frank, honest and always ready with a story be it Korea, where he served nobly with the 25th Infantry Division and "Heartbreak Hill" was his address, not just an Associated Press location for the readers back home, or when he tells of his "work-related physical disability."

Born of native Polish parents, with two brothers and six sisters, Ted remembers only too well the "tough days" of the 30s working with the entire family on their 22 acre fruit and vegetable farm, where Halfway House Road and Old Country Road are now located.

The schooling of Ted, sandwiched between long hours on the farm, provided him with many honors in the classrooms, the baseball diamond and basketball court. He attended the Union School, the local high school and the Morse Business College in Hartford. He left his mark scholastically at the Union School as co-valedictorian, as a senior in high school, the dual honor of the class president and salutatorian.

As a sports figure he shared the

headlines with Bill Reilly, John Flanders and Bob Sheehan. Before the little league program became a household way of life in Windsor Locks, Ted "organized the kids in the sixth grade of the Union and St. Mary's schools in a local baseball team." Looking back, Ted feels "pretty proud" of some of the kids...to name a few, Billy Whitten, Peter Tenero and Ray Ermellini. Basketball was another of Ted's coaching duties among the younger set.

Ted served one month under two years in the service of his country. In that short span of time he achieved many awards and honors. His service record shows awards and honors, but not the memories of physical and mental pain. As a combat infantryman in Korea, with the 25th Infantry Division, he attained the rank of Sergeant First Class. He received the combat badge, Korean Service Medal, with three Bronze Stars, Korean Presidential Unit Citation and the United Nations Ribbon. Before his overseas duty, Ted was the recipient of being called the "outstanding soldier of the Infantry Leaders' School at Fort Dix, New Jersey."

The conflict in Korea left marks on thousands of young GIs. Ted Rendock was no exception. He spent many months at the Veterans Hospital in West Haven, Connecticut before returning to the office of the Rogers Company to pick up the pieces for a normal life. It was not enough. He became "tired of office work." He tried several positions until the 1960s, returning to the farm products, working "seven days a week" at his own fruit and vegetable stand in Windsor Locks. He was the happiest at the old stand...meeting the public and working with the things he knew best.

In 1972 Ted Rendock changed again...joining the Alvin Company. A year later, after a series of operations, he



Theodore Rendock

retired.

No story on Ted Rendock would be complete without the V.F.W. In 1954 he had joined Post 6123 in town, and is now a large part of his life. The list of positions, honors, accomplishments has given him much satisfaction over 27 years. Ted is currently the Junior Vice Commander, Post Adjutant, in charge of publicity as publisher and editor of the "newsletter." Ted's monthly visits to the Newington and Rocky Hill V.A. Hospitals bring him "constant and direct contact with the needy, elderly and infirmed."

Ted was prominent in two local issues that proved controversial and divided many of the townspeople. One was the proposed housing for elderly, on the Noden Reed Park. Ted recalled being the "first resident to come out publicly and in

writing, in a letter to the editor of the Windsor Locks Journal, on Jan. 31, 1974, for housing of the elderly at Noden Reed Park." This action never materialized. The other issue was the request to rename the Bradley Airport to the Ella T. Grasso Airport. The emotional proposal came shortly after the Governor passed away this year. Ted was against the renaming, and said so, strongly in the press, locally and statewide. As most natives, Ted knew the famous citizen of the town, saying it was not personal. He was a witness to the fatal crash of young Bradley in 1942 and it left another mark on Ted to ponder in later years. Ted said, "a bust of the late Governor at the state capital would be much more appropriate."

When it came to admiration, Ted mentioned names covering a wide range. The late Bob Jackson, school administrator, Dr. John Kennedy, and on the national scene, the "charisma" of John F. Kennedy and talents of Stan Musial of his favorite team, the St. Louis Cardinals. Ted combines his duty at the V.F.W. with stamp collecting, photography, as a certified first-aid and certified CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation) technician.

## EPILOG

Theodore Peter Rendock to some may be an enigma. I found the opposite. I found a dedicated man to the cause of veterans, the disabled and the elderly. Cartoonist Garry Trudeau, a controversial person, in his own right, expressed the following at the Colby College, Waterville, Maine, graduation: "You live in a deeply cynical world where generosity is in short supply, a world where taking a stand has come to mean finding the nearest trap door for escape. There is something disturbing in our society when men wish not to be esteemed, but to be envied."



SAMMY DAVIS, JR.



BOB HOPE



GORDIE HOWE

**30th**

**Sammy Davis Jr.  
Greater Hartford Open  
AUGUST 12-16, 1981**

Signature of Mr. Bob Hope  
Aug 12, 1981 GHO Pro-Am

# CABBAGES AND KINGS

With Jack Redmond

## Vivid Memories of Past GHO's

The Greater Hartford Open has been for me a second childhood.

For the past eight years I have watched and envied some of the best golfers in the world, from Arnold Palmer to last year's winner Howard Twitty.

The first five years I was a wide-eyed spectator. However, in 1978 I began to cover the golf event for the "Journals," of Windsor Locks, Windsor and Bloomfield.

Whatever the dates...July 26, 1978, August 8, 1979, or last year's July 23, 1980, the Pro-Am days have been my favorite. Of course, who would want to miss the Sunday's final hour with the winner coming up the 18th fairway to a greater Hartford crowd and nationwide television audience. That's golf at its finest.

Before I reminiscence of those Wednesdays through Sundays, I would congratulate the SDJ/GHO hard workers who came up with the idea of a newspaper supplement for writers to recall and comment on the past GHO's.

### The Year.....1978

Former President Ford, Mr. Bob Hope, Joe Garagiola and Gordie Howe...to name a few of the celebrities who walked the greens on Pro-Am day at Wethersfield.

Joe Garagiola, everyone's baseball announcer, and former baseball player, who had a golf tourney named after him, was well received around the eighteen holes. A few of his more memorable quotes, worth repeating: Who's the best baseball player? "That's easy, Jim Rice." (I wonder if he'd say that today?) What's the biggest difference today in baseball, since you played? Another easy one for Joe, "I guess you'd say the hair-dryers in the club house. If they ever cut off the power, a lot of guys would be in trouble." Another quote from the likeable St. Louis native, "We must remember...baseball is only a game, not high mass."

It was the year that Sammy Davis, Jr. was in Chicago in a play, "Stop the World. I Want To Get Off," for the first days of the tournament. He did stop off on Sunday to award winner Rod Funseth the prize money. Rod had tied the GHO record of Billy Casper with a twenty-under par. After the ceremony Sammy was rushed off to a plane for the windy city. Even in those days, for Sammy Davis, Jr., the world never stopped.

### The Year....1979

The perennial twosome appeared on the scene...Mr. Ford and Mr. Bob Hope. They would again make the Pro-Am a successful day.

Heard around the putting green...Fuzzy Zoeller, the years Master's winner, who inherited the title of the new Lee Trevino with his charm and wit, had a few things to say. "Golf to me, is like a fishing trip. Ask me anything you want." And they did. "The Master's? It took a lot out of me." When asked, How about the easy shooting course at Wethersfield? "It's not a turkey shot, actually it's a fun course and a great place for birds."

This was the year of the postponement of the weekend golf, with Jerry McGee finally winning all the marbles on the Tuesday of a new week. It appeared the tourney would not be played, but the McGee victory was earned by a great guy who was, at the time, going through some legal problems.

### The Year....1980

The Pro-Am was rained on. It meant a nine-hole day for the stars and players. The stars included Mr. Bob Hope, Dr. "J" Erving (of the basketball Ervings), hockey's Mr. Gordie Howe and Steve Grogan of the football Patriots.

Thursday and Friday was all Jim Simon. However, Saturday and Sunday belonged to big Howard Twitty. It was a tough win for Mr. Twitty. It took six extra holes to beat the same Jim Simon ending about eight o'clock, meaning a long day for the players, fans and my wife. She had sat on the

18th hole since nine that morning. That's loyalty to the game and fun at Wethersfield.

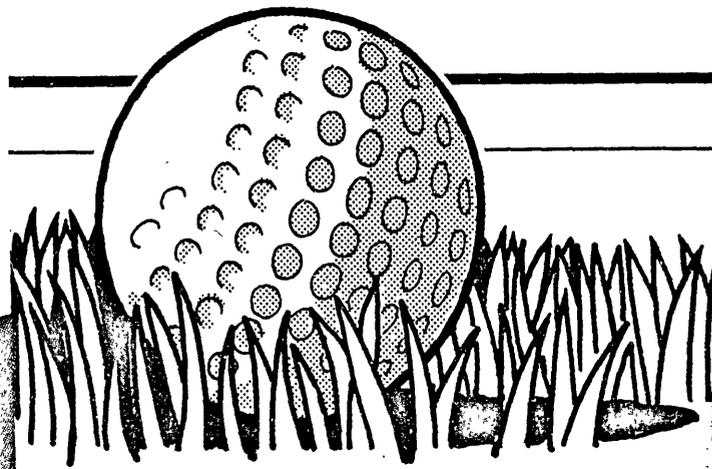
My column in the *Windsor Locks Journal* usually ends with an epilog. In 1980 I ended my column this way...The big show at Wethersfield has come and gone. There's a special feeling for golf fans in the Greater Hartford area that is best expresses with the following words, "It is a time of almost magical metamorphosis. A quiet, suburban country club is gradually transformed into a carnival of sights and sounds. The world's best golfers have come to



town on the PGA Tour, bringing with them enthusiastic crowds by the thousand and TV cameramen to record the event."

You didn't have to read too far... my most vivid memories of past GHO's have been of colorful, happy Pro-Am days. And, of course, the golf days leading up to the excitement of the final 18 on Sunday. To sum it all up...meeting, listening and talking to golfers with the familiar names of Ford, Hope, Zoeller and Trevino makes my GHO's. I guess I'm in my second childhood. I love it.

*GHO champ Hubert Green*



## AT THE GHO

### THE FINISH

Hubert Green ....	68-65-67-64—264
Bobby Clampett	67-65-69-64—265
Roger Maltbie ...	65-68-64-68—265
Fred Couples ....	67-69-63-66—265
Tim Simpson .....	66-68-67-65—266
Jack Renner.....	68-65-67-67—267
Curtis Strange...	68-66-65-68—267
George Archer ..	72-67-65-64—268
John Mazza .....	66-67-70-65—268
Jay Haas.....	65-68-68-67—268
Greg Powers.....	69-69-64-66—268
Mark Pfeil.....	67-69-69-64—269
Terry Diehl .....	67-70-67-65—269
Lon Hinkle.....	67-69-64-69—269

**GHO...**

## The Green, Davis and Zoeller Show



**Fuzzy Zoeller**



**SAMMY DAVIS JR.**

By JACK REDMOND

Hubert Green, the winner, Sammy Davis, Jr., the showman, and Fuzzy Zoeller, the gallery pleaser. These three names made for a successful 30th Greater Hartford Open at the Wethersfield Country Club.

The winner, Hubert Myatt Green, II, native of Birmingham, Alabama, won the big event with a tournament record-equalling 264 score. Green, admitting at the post-press conference of finally putting the putts together, earned \$54,000 for the win.

The showman Sammy Davis, Jr., who arrived on Friday for his role as host, was at his best in adding the theatrical flair for the annual golfing event for Hartford area sport fans.

Fuzzy Zoeller, always the gallery pleaser, was in the thick of the fight for the title, with rounds of 68, 64 and 69. Sunday, his score of 70 was seven strokes off the winning mark of Mr. Green.

There were thousands of other names at the Wethersfield course among the players and spectators worth a mention. In fact, the count of golfing fans hit the 93,000 mark on Sunday. For this writer it was a week of meeting old friends, making new friends and just enjoying the week as fan, writer and week-end golfer. I would have to agree with Hubie Green's remark, after his victory... "It was my week." For a personal tale of fun and golf, here's how my week was...

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 10

A quiet, sunny day for "rabbits" in action, qualifying for the start on Thursday.

"Rabbits," not the little fellows made of candy for the Easter basket, but the kind who come out on Mondays, just hoping for a low enough score so they can play with the big boys. Some of the golfers at Wethersfield were big boys on the circuit in past years. Names like Tom Shaw, Frank Beard, Bobby Mitchell, Jerry Heard, to name a few. They all made the tourney, except Mitchell. Newcomers, Chip Beck and Bill Britton came in with 63s to lead the pack.

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 11

Practice day for the pros. Also practice day for this writer. I need the practice more than they do. So I played nine. Just wanted to save my writing stroke and concentrate on my putting stroke.

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12

Pro-Am Day. A fun filled day of celebrities signing autographs, having their pictures taken, playing with the pros, along with the not so busy executives from local industries paying for the privilege, and just enjoying themselves. The list was rather impressive. Topping the list was Mr. Robert Hope, known to all, as the most popular man in the free world. After 18 holes accompanied by Mrs. Sammy Davis, Jr. (Sam was in Las Vegas), Mr. Hope came directly to the press tent for a conference and here are a few things he had to say... "I made four bad shots and 96 good ones...the course is just great, green's wonderful." Explaining he was a bit tired... "Hubie Green and Fuzzy Zoeller kept me up until 12:30 at some disco." When asked where he was going... from

Connecticut... "To the Ohio State Fair, then Cincinnati, finish a TV special and off to England." He praised Sammy and his coming was a way of thanks. The baseball strike in his words, "it happened, don't forget it is our National Pastime." He had watched the All-Star Game in Cleveland on Sunday night, and remarked, "Pete Rose is like a little kid, just flying around having fun." And that's Mr. Bob Hope, just flying around having fun.

The other stars included Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., the Gatlin singing brothers, Mike Rogers and Gordie Howe of the Whalers, John Havlicek, former Boston Celtics star, Peter Marshall of "Hollywood Squares," and Mr. Ernest Borgnine, an old neighbor of mine.

Had a chance to talk to Ernie on his way to the first tee. It went like this... "Bassett Junior High... I went there too. How's the old neighborhood? Good to be in Connecticut again."

Also a few words with Peter Marshall... "My son, (Pete LaCock, formerly with the Kansas City Royals) he's doing fine, playing in Japan." The baseball strike? "Dumb." What's Paul Lynde really like? "He's Paul Lynde," he said, with big smile.

Almost forget to mention, big Jim Rice. He was dressed all in black, arriving by helicopter, leaving the same way after nine holes. He returned to Boston that night to hit a home run. He hits a golf ball just as far.

Can't forget the local touch at the Pro-Am. Dr. Abe Gottesman, his wife Ann and son Gary were there enjoying the day. Gary, attorney with Ahearn and Gottesman, was not only watching, but for the week in charge of security at the course. (No small job.) It takes a great many people to run a show like this every year. The Greater Hartford Jaycees has earned the title, "Nobody does it better... than the Jaycees."

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 13

First day of the first shooting for the goal of victory and gold on Sunday. After the players completed their 18 holes, it was a newcomer from Belle Plaine, Iowa shooting a 32-31 — 63 for the lead. The 28-year old Lon Nielson looks like Jack Nicklaus... he showed the over seven thousand fans at Wethersfield he can also play some golf like the Golden Bear.

Speaking of fine rounds... caught Paul Lankarge, 1981 Tournament Chairman enjoying a hamburger and a rest after Wednesday's Pro-Am. Paul played with Bob Hope, Howard Twitty, 1980 winner, Ed Bates and Hicks Waldron. This was Paul's reaction... "It was the thrill of a life time

playing with Bob. Wish I could do it again." He shot a fine round of 77 (his best of the season.)

Also caught on the run... Charlie "Fair Weather" Bagley. Nice day, Charlie. "It better be," said the Windsor resident of local Channel Three.

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 14

Second round... Lon Nielsen again leading the pack with a 66, one shot better than Bill Kratzert, Mark Lye and Mark O'Meara.

The big news of the day, besides Nielsen's playing, was the announced NBC Television Network signing a contract for national TV coverage of the 1982 Sammy Davis, Jr., Greater Hartford Open. At the end of a three year contract CBS Sports had decided to reduce the number of PGA events. The Jaycees, always dedicated to keep the SDJ/GHO a prominent national tournament, solicited advertising commitments from several Connecticut corporations... resulting in a \$1.3 million commitment, to the GHO and NBC... by, Connecticut General, United Technologies Corporation, Heublein Corporation, Scovill Manufacturing and the State of Connecticut.

The press conference was hosted by Sammy, himself. Many questions were asked... this writer, being a faithful fan of the Chairman of the Board, put it to Sammy... "Is Frank Sinatra going to show up some day? (At the Pro-Am) "Frank has promised me he'd come, but his schedule has never allowed it." Sammy added, "Heck, you look or Frank and he's in Africa somewhere becoming a chief."

#### (Sunday) AUGUST 16

The television cameras were rolling when Hubie Green came to the 18th for his 20 under par 264. Two more threesomes came in to finish up. In the last cast of players was Roger Maltbie of San Jose, California. He had missed a few putts on the 15th. On the 18th he again missed a putt for a bird. It would have put him in a tie with Mr. Green. it wasn't to be.

It was Hubie Green's year. The 1981 Sammy Davis, Jr. Greater Hartford Open is history. It was sunny, rainy, but it was all Green. A great week for Hubie, a great week for the guy from Windsor Locks. Like the man said... "It is a time of almost magical metamorphosis. A quiet, suburban country club is gradually transformed into a carnival of sights and sounds. The world's best golfers have come to town on the PGA Tour, bringing with them enthusiastic crowds by the thousands and TV cameramen to record the event." I can't wait til next year.

## Cabbages and Kings With Jack Redmond

## Cabbages and Kings

# Tom Fahey Jr.: The Law, Education and Sports

By JACK REDMOND

Thomas William Fahey Jr. leads the supercharged life of a lawyer, member of the Windsor Locks Board of Education and an avid sportsman in the worlds of golf, skiing, and jogging.

He utilizes his time sticking with a personal philosophy "we shouldn't waste talent," and realizes "no pain, no gain." In Tom's case, it has more gain than pain.

The young attorney was born and raised in Connecticut with addresses in East Hartford, Windsor and Windsor Locks since 1953. His schooling began at Union School, then the local high school, Brown University and the Law Center in Georgetown in the nation's capital.

At the high school, Tom was given the chance to join the world of sports in baseball and basketball. This "macho" image has followed him into the adult world of golf, tennis, skiing and jogging.

Tom was a member of the Raider varsity baseball team as pitcher, for four springs under coach Dan Sullivan. Tom had the distinction of sharing in all the decisions for one season, a noteworthy record of 10 wins and two losses. He played JV basketball for one season, before joining the CYO program on the courts.

At Brown, Tom's pitching talents lasted only one season, being curtailed due to an injury.

Concentration would now be on what to do after graduation from Brown. He chose the law. Today, he is associated with William C. Leary (C & K interviewee, July 1975) at their Suffield Street location.

While at Georgetown, studying prima facie evidence and other legal procedures, Tom worked part-time for a law firm in Washington. After graduation, he returned to Connecticut with degrees in hand, ready to be part of a highly respected but sometimes "misrepresented" profession.

From May 1972 to October 1974 Tom was associated with Ribicoff and Kotkin in Hartford. One of the partners was the well-

known former governor and U.S. senator Abraham A. Ribicoff. Tom, now with experience in hand, decided to return home to Windsor Locks and did just that, joining attorney and probate Judge William C. Leary to set up partnership in the practice of law.

Tom, the lawyer, was asked several questions concerning issues frequently discussed in the media and with the guy and gal on the corner of Main and Elm Streets, due to their controversial nature.

**Handguns:** Tom has taken a "strong position." He believes some citizens actually misquote the U.S. Constitution, where it says, "the right to bear arms." He feels this right was meant for the "militia," not necessarily the average citizen. He further said, "Handguns should only be permitted on practice ranges...manufacturers should be limited in control...sell only to sporting, military and law enforcement" facilities."

**Capital punishment** Tom admitted, his opinions on capital punishment, has changed over the years. To clarify, he said, "there should be capital punishment for certain and limited crimes. I am opposed to the complete abolition."

**Miranda Decision:** Tom was "100 percent behind the decision, "which read, "that an arrested individual had the right to an attorney. Whatever a person said without an attorney present could not be admitted in a trial or used against him, unless he waived his right." Tom said, "I feel the (Supreme Court) decision was absolutely necessary...is what (the Law) is really all about," the rights of citizens, innocent until proven guilty.

**Leniency in the courts:** by inquiring, he said, I implied there was too much leniency in our court system. It was like asking the old question, what day did you beat your wife? His thoughts on the subject were, "each case is different, must be judged on its own merits...the same crime in one city,

does not necessarily end up with the same punishment in another city of the same state or across the nation." Tom went on further, "one reason is the misunderstanding of the public towards judges and lawyers. The press is very selective, the case has to be newsworthy, the answer may be legislative statute for resolving the question of courts."

Tom, as a private citizen, had given time and energy to many civic, fraternal and political organizations. To name a few...treasurer, Public Health Nursing Association, Windsor Locks Chamber of Commerce, advocate for the local Knights of Columbus, the Greater Enfield Mental Health Association, former chairman of local cancer and heart drives, president of the Enfield Lawyers Association, six years on the local Democratic Town Committee and since 1979 a member of the Windsor Locks Board of Education.

Tom has regarded his involvement with the Board very satisfying, but added, "it is probably the most misunderstood organization in town. The average citizen does not know the hours spent by the Board in keeping up with the new and complex laws." He further suggested the board be enlarged.

Tom is not all work and no play. For Tom, it has been action sports, such as tennis, basketball in the town league, mixed with jogging (he hopes to compete some

year in the Boston Marathon), skiing in the north country, as far west as Wyoming, and a steady golf game in the high seventies, topped by two, yes, two hole in ones, a month apart in 1979 at the Eastman Country Club in New Hampshire and at the Springfield Country Club.

Tom's parents, Tom, Sr. and Elinor Morelli Fahey are retired, dividing leisure time in New Hampshire and Florida. Tom, Sr., former salesman and manager of the Bradley Bowling Lanes, was one of his son's most admired individuals. Tom, said of his dad, "everyone likes my father, a natural and trustful person." The other admiration goes to the well-known U.S. Senator from New Jersey, Bill Bradley. The former winner of a Rhodes scholarship and professional basketball player, was a man who "took what he had and went for the maximum (greatest possible use of natural talent.)"

### EPILOG

Thomas William Fahey, Jr. has made use of his natural talents in the law, education and sports. He doesn't mind taking chances in the pursuit of goals. The late popular singer, Harry Chapin, wrote a song, "Dreams Go By." The words are Chapin's, Tom Fahey lives by them... "I don't want to be thinking about what could have been some day. I'd rather take a chance now and blow it. You can't be afraid."

## Cabbages and Kings

# Andy Dowden: Vivid World War Memories

Andrew Francis Dowden, Jr. has relived an unforgettable experience, as German prisoner of war many times over these past thirty seven years.

Recently, the congenial, calm in speech and gestures plus gifted Travelers' employee for forty years, again retold the personal chronology during World War Two, the Battle of the bulge and conditions as a P.O.W.

Andy, an East Hartford native, has resided in Windsor Locks with his wife Lorraine since 1953. They were married in 1948. They are parents of seven children...four boys, Andrew the third, George, Joseph and Robert. Three girls...Kathleen, Barbara and Maureen. They are also proud grandparents of a boy, Andrew the Fourth and Bridget Ann.

The Ash Drive resident's only employment has been with Travelers. The way Andy tells it, with a certain amount of pride, he graduated from East Hartford High School (Class of 1941) on a Friday, that Monday, he joined the insurance giant. Except for war time duty, he's been a faithful employee the past four decades. This past June, he received a beautiful clock, duly engraved, for the years of service. It has a place of honor in the living room of the Dowdens.

**AT THE DOWDEN HOME** are mementos of Andy's stay in Germany, as a prisoner, with different meanings than the years at Travelers. The camp record at three stalags (German prisons) was probably the most prized. His personal record, from raw army recruit to P.O.W.; began in Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Andy had taken part in hot, sticky Tennessee maneuvers, before returning to New England for a short stay at Camp Miles Standish, awaiting overseas assignment. When the time came to leave the United States, Andy went first class to Europe...on the Queen Elizabeth, with a few other thousand or so soldiers.

The crossing took five days for the 423th Infantry Division, who were ready in October of 1944 to put into practice the lessons learned on manueverrs. They didn't have long to wait. After landing in Scotland, and a GI ride to English bases on the seacoast, they were ready for the crossing to the French coast. Everything happened rather quickly for Andy's outfit. In war-torn Europe, the Germans were waiting that 9th of December, resulting in the roughest fighting of the war. The Germans opened

up their last major counter offensive of the war. It was called the Battle of the Bulge, (so called because the line of combat formed a large bulge deep into Belgium.) The Germans were finally repulsed on January 25, 1945. Long before that date, Andy Dowden had been captured.

From Andy's own recollection...he and another GI were dug in (a snowy foxhole) when the word came from command...surrender. The next command was to raise arms and to be loaded onto cold, dirty boxcars. The destination was somewhere in Germany. Andy served his time, so to speak, mostly in Stalag 4-B in Germany, near the Czechoslovakis border.

**THE MEMORIES** included trying to sleep in 16 below zero weather: riding in boxcars to several prisons, stuffed in like cattle; spending Christmas Eve of 1944 dining on bread and molasses. He said, the keeping of P.O.W. was a drain on the German economy, there was not enough food for the Germans. The prisoners got what was left.

By April the war was winding down. V-E Day was close at hand. Andy and the other prisoners were liberated by the Russians. It meant sleeping in a tent with 400 fully clothed soldiers waiting patiently for the Americans. Andy heard the Russians were in no big hurry...they were receiving a dollar a day to feed the GI's. The Yanks had other ideas. During the night, they slipped out, back to the American lines and freedom. Before long, after due processing, Andy was on a liberty ship (rightfully named) back to the United States.

Andy Dowden was discharged from the U.S. Army on December 12, 1945. He admits watching the old "Stalag...Battle of the Bulge" war movies. It had been a part of his young life. Unforgettable, even in 1981. He relived all those memories in June when he met a former prisoner of Stalag 4-B...Art Kuespert.

Kuespert, who lives in Florida, landed at Bradley International Airport while attempting to set a marathon airline passenger flying record, Andy was waiting for him. The former prisoners of Stalag 4-B had just three hours to catch up on the last three decades before his old friend had to board the next flight to Atlanta. He was trying to beat a 48,000 miles mark set last summer for "most continuous paid passenger mileage on a scheduled airline within the continental limits of the United States." Andy heard, he beat the record,

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legging 51,343 miles, good enough for a place in the Guinness book of Records. Andy has logged a few miles himself, over the years. On their 25th wedding anniversary Andy and Lorraine found the beauty of Bermuda.

In 1971 Andy, who travels a great deal for his company, journeyed to Germany to find "this trip a little different than the one in 44."

When asked who he admired, he answered with much thought, "I'd have to

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say, the interesting people I have met over the years in my line of work."

### **EPILOG**

Andrew Francis Dowden, Jr. remembers his days as a P.O.W. they are still vivid in his mind. His own philosophy, probably instilled in his mind while sitting in that snowy foxhole, is "be thankful for each day that you have." Andy does. He left that foxhole to live each day. He became successful in his line of work, married and raised a large family.

## Cabbages and Kings

# Seb Shonty: "A Young Man With a Horn"

By JACK REDMOND

Seb Shonty has performed on stages, in night clubs and aboard luxury ocean liners from Connecticut, south to the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

For Seb and Americans it was the time of the big band sound. Seb, a familiar man about town, was known then as the "Young Man With a Horn."

The friendly, portly gentleman with 72 summers of memories stills practices the saxophone and violin at his comfortable apartment at the Oak Grove Terrace Apartment.

Long before Seb operated a popular restaurant on Windsor Locks' Main Street, he left the hometown of Hartford to seek the wheel of fortune in the musical world. His dad wanted Seb to attend college and become a doctor. But the sounds of music were what Seb was listening to. Seb, with four brothers and three sisters (all living, he mentioned with pride), soon returned from New York City when he found the violin (which he has been playing since he was ten) was not the instrument needed for the big sounds.

The great depression was just around the corner in the late twenties for America and the struggling Seb Shonty. There were no jobs around the Hartford area. One of the landmarks on Hartford's Main Street was a restaurant called "Waldorfs." It was the all-night eatery for show people, politi-

cians and the unemployed. Seb shared many cups of coffee and meals with two Hartford natives, who later became big names in show business. In those days Seb, Tottie Fields and Michael O'Shea were friends. They had the same idea...make it big. O'Shea went west to Hollywood and married the beautiful Virginia Mayo.

LOOKING BACK at those days, Seb said, "I love music, it didn't matter, it wasn't steady. I was doing what I liked best." Times did become better for Seb. He joined and worked with many of the big bands under the leadership of Lionel Kennedy, Don DeForest, Russ Andaloro, Tony Pastor, Ray Kinney, Jerry Gray to name a few. This line of work gave Seb the chance to travel, meet interesting people in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York City, and southern states and a year on the ocean liner Santa Rosa, of the Grace Lines. The trips took Seb and his music to Bermuda and the Caribbean. On one of the trips Seb shared a few drinks and meals (somewhat different than the Waldorf) with the famous movie star, Ralph Bellamy.

If the name "Tony Pastor" rings a note of the old-timers, Seb played many a night in Rocky Hill's "Club Hollywood." In those days it was known as the "most famous night club in New England."

During the war years Seb made the sounds better at West Hartford's Woodland

Casino, located at today's Bishop Corners. After the war, Seb gave up the music temporarily to become a beer salesman. He stayed with the beer, but night found him at night spots with his own trio. In 1953, he moved with his wife Doris, and son Paul, to Windsor Locks. There he opened his own eatery on Main Street, corner of Grove, across from the railroad. Today, he can look out the window of his apartment and see the old station and the cleared area of the redevelopment project. Fire destroyed the Shonty Restaurant on November 11, 1967.

Among memories are two personal tragedies. Seb lost his wife Doris and son Paul. His daughter-in-law Rosalee Shonty and granddaughter, Lisa Marie Shonty, live on Center Street. It's just a few blocks from the proud grandpa.

The years in Windsor Locks have been active for this man with the ready smile. He's a member of the local Knights of Columbus Enfield's Elks, and former president of the Lions Club (1965-66). On the apartment wall are many mementoes for Seb to view each day. Two are plaques given him by the Lions and V.F.W. for many years of service.



Seb Shonty

Cabbages & Kings

# Charles Carillo: A Life of Insurance

By JACK REDMOND

Charles Spinetta Carillo knows only too well the old adage, even when paraphrased. "there's a woman behind every man." It has been true for him the past 38 years.

The well-known, happy-go-lucky insurance veteran summed it up by saying, "If it wasn't for my wife (Maria) I wouldn't be where I am today," in the insurance business.

Today, the successful Charles S. Carillo Insurance Agency is managed by their son, David L. Carillo in Windsor Locks.

Maria, of the native Windsor Locks Ferrari family, stills helps one day a week on the books, just like the old days, in addition to volunteer duty at the Bradley Airport's information booth. Charlie, now retired, spends a few hours a day at the office, just to keep his hand in the business. At home, he is an avid reader and official gardener at their Anthony Street home.

Charlie, at the tender age of seven, would travel with relatives north, to Windsor Locks during the summer, to help on a farm off South Center Street. Charlie was born and raised in South Norwalk, Connecticut. There was another helper on the farm, Maria Ferrari. As youngsters, their paths crossed. It would be some time before the actual courting days in 1939 for Maria and Charlie.

In 1943 Charlie was drafted into the U.S. Army. Basic training came first. Place...Fort Knox, Kentucky. (I guess they were making soldiers before the storing of gold.) Pvt. Carillo learned to fire a rifle, march before he ate, salute and say "Yes sir." Charlie wasn't content with all the orders, he returned to Windsor Locks to marry Maria at St. Mary's church, with Father Lynch officiating. The newlyweds first orders were to travel the best way they could to Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, to await Charlie's orders for overseas. Not much of a honeymoon for the Pvt. and his new bride. (But all's fair in love and war.) Charlie went off to New York City, Maria to Windsor Locks. In November of 44 the 16th Armored division reached France. Charlie's tour of duty included Germany and when the war ended he was in Czechoslovakia. During the European trip his rank was Supply Sergeant, ("give the boys whatever they need,") and as a half-track operator. In February of 46, Charlie came marching home to Maria and a long list of tales to tell about the big one (WW Two).

Charlie was employed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for 15 years (counting the war time) in the South Norwalk area. In 1950 he gave it up to take over and run a "Country Store" in Silver Mine, just outside of Norwalk, Connecticut. Something was lacking, Charlie was an "insurance man at heart." They decided to move to Windsor Locks and open up their own business. The Carillo name became a fixture at the Ferrari home on Grove Street. "Maria took care of the

books, help me get started," Charlie said, looking back, proudly.

Maria and Charlie have two sons...David and Charles. David, as mentioned, directs the insurance office from their Suffield Street location. Dave lives in Windsor with his wife Linda. Charles, a school teacher in New Britain, and his wife Carol, also a teacher, live in Avon with their son Christopher, age 17 months.

In sports, Charlie cheers for the Red Sox, but will never forget the days of the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds with Carl Hubbell and company. Considers himself a "railroad buff," reads all about the old west, believes in the United States form of government. "I'm a constitutionalist," he added with sincerity.

When asked if he was related to the popular movie star Leo Carillo, he said, he really was. Charlie recalled Leo Carillo playing summer stock in South Norwalk before the war. He came into the family fruit store, according to Charlie, and after some lengthy conversation, it was discovered Leo's father and Charlie's great-grandfather were brothers. A few years before Leo's death, he played nearby Riverside Park. Charlie met him backstage and the Mexican cowboy of yesteryear remembered the meeting.

In civic and fraternal circles Charlie has been a steady and active member. His name has appeared on the rolls of the Elks in Enfield, 15 years; the local K of C, American Legion and the V.F.W. for 35 years; a past commander of the V.F.W. and for 23 years a faithful Lion. When the boys were growing up Charlie was involved in the Boy Scout movement.

## EPILOG

Charles Spinetta Carillo reads of the old west, loves to talk of the past glories of the American railroad, believes in our government, in other words, he's also a "history buff." and History, be it cowboys, indians, Washington, D.C. or riding across country on the rails for the annual reunion of his 16th Armored division, is what Charlie is all about. The following by Will and Ariel Durant in the "Lessons of History," is more of what Charlie is all about... "No one, however brilliant or well-informed, can come to such fullness of understanding as to safely judge and dismiss the customs or institutions of his society, for these are the wisdom of generations after centuries of experiment in the laboratory of history. The sanity of a group lies in the continuity of its traditions. To break sharply with the past is to court the madness that may follow the shock of sudden blows or mutilations."

Special Note: Charlie is now home recuperating and resting comfortably from a bus accident of late August in Sonoma, California. Charlie was a passenger in a tour of the famous wine country of the golden state. He had attended the annual reunion of his army division when the mishap occurred.

Cabbages and Kings

# Ray Bellingeri—Restaurateur and Sportsman

By JACK REDMOND

Raymond John Bellingeri traveled as a member of the U.S. Coast Guard from New York to England and to the other side of the world's oceans during World War Two.

A truly native son, born at 109 Spring Street, he returned to Windsor Locks to make a name for himself as entrepreneur of the Skyline Restaurant on the newly named Ella T. Grasso Turnpike.

The father of five children, Ray's life has been a mixture of travel, working long hours, enjoying hunting in the wilds of Canada, golf, socializing with people of stature in the political and sports world.

Ray, of Italian parents, married a French girl from St. Albans, Vermont . . . Helen Hale. Helen is now a polished connoisseur of spaghetti dishes. Her teacher was Ray's mother, the late Windsor Locks born Mary Roggio. The late Edward Bellinger, Sr., father of Ray and his brother Ed, who passed away on a Canadian hunting trip in 1969, was in the restaurant business in Simsbury before the Skyline became a fixture in town.

Ray's adventurous life started when he left high school to join the Coast Guard in March, 1943. After training at Manhattan Beach, New York and Atlantic City, New Jersey he was assigned to the U.S.S. General Mitchell. The new ship was commissioned to transport troops to battlefields at the height of the war.

The first assignment for the "Mitchell" and young seaman Bellingeri was to transport 5,000 soldier-passengers to the sands and war zone of northern Africa. After the maiden voyage, trips to Africa and England made Ray a seasoned sailor. The best part would be the shore leaves in Scotland, Ireland and England. (Africa was not the place to see the beauty of the desert. But the islands off Europe presented problems. Air raids were commonplace for Ray and his buddies during the English visit in early 44.

After a taste of the United Kingdom, Ray was assigned the same duty in the far-off Pacific Theater of Operations. He found it quite different. Carrying troops to the Burma war area, stops in Australia, the numerous islands, where the roughest battles of the war were commonplace for the Marines, there would be no time for R&R.

During the summer of 1945, as the war was winding down, the American forces in the Pacific were preparing for the invasion

of the main island of Japan (Honshu). The first military use of an atomic bomb (Aug. 6) was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan. Another bomb. V-J Day. No invasion. Ray and a million other GIs gladly never made the trip to Japan. He recalled the thousands of ships, of all sizes, ready off the Philippines for action. "I agreed with Mr. Truman (the decision to drop the bomb), it saved a lot of American lives," was his answer to the many, then unborn, critics of today who argue the point.

Ray came home on a 30-day, well-earned, furlough, just before the bombing of Japan. He was on the way back to California for reassignment and heard the news of unconditional surrender. He had time for many hours of R&R, stationed near San Francisco until his discharge in May of 1946.

Back home in Connecticut, Ray joined the family restaurant in Simsbury. The next eight or so years he lent his talents to the restaurant, at the Biglow Company in Enfield, operating the Airport Package Store until 1954, with his brother Ed, took over the Skyline.

During the period of the several occupations Ray and Helen were married. They met while she was employed at Bradley as a civil service worker. As mentioned, Helen and Ray have five children . . . Edward, Cheryl, Roseann, Barbara and Lisa Rae.

Roseann and her husband Keith Colli are Windsor Locks residents. Keith is following in his father-in-law's footsteps . . . recently opened a restaurant in Simsbury. Barbara is married to Mort Cafarelli and lives in Enfield. Lisa Rae lives at home. Edward, works with his father at Skyline, and as with Cheryl, lives in Windsor.

Ray has been involved with politics, serving since 1955 on the town Democratic committee. He praised the late Governor Grasso as "intelligent, know where she was going, and a hard worker." Feels the new turnpike, named after Mrs. Grasso, is "super, convenient for Bradley Field and the local businesses." he remembered when the road was dirt, back in the "horse and buggy days." He also emphasized . . . "it has taken over as the Main Street of Windsor Locks."

The veteran of the "big one" is a charter member of the V.F.W., holds memberships in the K of C and the Italian Progressive Club. In the baseball season, "it's the

Yankees," but the real season for Ray is football on Sunday afternoons. A car accident, a few years back, prevented him from playing golf. He has since returned to the links. Hunting in Canada, with old friend Robert M. Grant, father of golf pro Jim Grant, is the highlight of his sporting year.

When asked . . . where were you during the tornado of Oct, 1979? He said, with a slight grin, "In Italy." In Italy? "Yes, I was visiting where my family lived and the 90 or so cousins. I called home about 2:20 that afternoon. Lisa Rae was the only one home. I told her to have her mother call

me." Helen did, about 6:30 that evening, with the good and bad news. The good news was the minor damage to the restaurant. The bad news was the damage done to his friends and business associates. Ray said the restaurant was closed only two days. He came home as soon as he could arrange transportation.

## EPILOG

That's the story of Raymond John Bellingeri. I asked Ray who he most admired? His reply . . . "I take people as I see them, not what they write about them."

# John Eagen: Former Police Commissioner

By JACK REDMOND

John Edward Eagen came from the whaling city of New Bedford, Massachusetts, via Hartford, after three years in the navy, to Windsor Locks where, he says, "my roots are now."

The former police commissioner has been active in veteran affairs, senior citizen activity, credit union business and "appreciated" by his adopted town for twelve years of service on the commission.

For over fifty years its been a "John loves Mary" routine for his gentleman who married Mary, of the Fall River, Massachusetts Williams family. New Bedford may have the whaling ships...but Fall river was equally popular as the city of "Hills, mills and pork pie."

John grew up in New Bedford. Mary, born in England, came to Fall River with her family at the tender age of one year. Their famed cities, only a few miles apart, was close enough for them to meet at a dance, back in 1929.

The next year John took Mary as his bride. Jobs were scarcer than today's whaling ships. He managed to work a few jobs in the local mills of New Bedford. In 1940 they left the "whales, mills and hills," for the big city of Hartford and steadier work at Emhart. In those days, according to John, it was known as Henry and Wright. John had to brush up on his machine skills, so he attended the local trade school.

Events were changing for the Eagens. Pearl Harbor. The country at war. Loyal to his country...John enlisted in the navy, November, 1942. Emhart secured a deferment for John until April, 1943. It meant active duty and separation from Mary.

He left the comfort of home for three years, of which 26 months were spent in the Pacific theater where names like Saipan, Tinian and Eniwetok were in the

news because marines were fighting there. It was also where John Eagan, member of the hard working Seebees, was helping in the construction of airfields for the giant B-29s assault on Japan.

When mention is made of aircraft (World War vintage) the B-29 was a dominant factor in the Pacific theater. It was also the plane that dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan. John was stationed on Tinian at the time of the historic flight, Aug. 1945.

When the war ended John came home to Mary. He also returned to the Emhart Company until 1974, when retirement was well-earned for this faithful employee of 35 years.

When John was stationed in Hawaii at Pearl Harbor he joined the Veterans of Foreign wars. The life member is a past president of the local organization, as is Mary, who served as president of the auxiliary. His duties included Post chaplain for six years, and district Chaplain. For many years John entertained veterans at the hospitals all

over the state with his singing. When it comes to hobbies...singing is his pastime. For many years the local senior citizens club was filled with John's musical renditions.

The Eagens, residents of Windsor Locks since 1953, left Hartford so John could be nearer work. They recalled driving all over Connecticut looking for the right place to live...it seems they would always end up in Windsor Locks. It was there he became involved in police work, first as president of the Windsor Locks police auxiliary and then the Police Commission.

John has received many plaques for his service to the V.F.W. and American Legion, a member for 23 years. Probably the latest one is most cherished..from the Police Commission for twelve years of "Outstanding and Dedication to Service, 1969-1981."

In looking back, John said, "I worked with a great bunch of fellows. Always did the best I could. As for the decisions in police matters, I always used a little common

sense." In the financial end of life, John was supervisor of the Cody Mutual Benefit Association in Windsor. He now serves on the Board of directors.

Today, John is recovering at the Eagen home on Andover Road after a long stay in the hospital. Before and

after retirement John and Mary traveled a great deal to Europe, Hawaii and Bermuda. Now he takes it easy.

## Cabbages and Kings

# Jeff Ives: Father of Musical Family

By JACK REDMOND

Jeffrey Joseph Ives is father of two musical children and married to a local girl with political and teaching ties. Brenda O'Leary Ives and Jeff have been wedded since 1966.

Their daughter Deirdre and son Jeff, Jr. started on new careers last month...Deirdre became a high school student, while brother Jeff began a middle school experience.

Jeff Sr's working career has been the Southern New England Telephone Company, with 17 years in the control office technical end of the giant "hello" firm. Today, its Supervisor Ives, a well earned title. Brenda is keeping up with the family activity as a teacher in the second grade at

North Street School. After graduation from St. Joseph's College she taught a while, married and raised a family. All and all she has been teaching for eight years.

Jeff was born in Hartford. At the age of nine his family moved to Windsor Locks and Fern Street. The O'Leary clan lived across the street. The new neighbors were classmates in the third grade. Young Jeff and Brenda were too busy as students to look each other's way. (Love affairs sometimes take time.) In fact, they did not date until their college days. Jeff, after graduating from the local high school in 1960, attended the University of Hartford for two years.

In 1963 Jeff joined the Connecticut Air National Guard. A year of active duty

found him in Texas and Mississippi. He finished the six year term at Bradley Field.

The story of Jeff Ives is a story of his wife and two children.

Deirdre, 14, has mastered the flute with participation in the band for the past four years. A new instrument for Deirdre has been the saxophone, with six months practice behind her. The pretty new high school student gets her exercise by roller skating at a popular place in southern Massachusetts. Her brother Jeff, Jr., 12, also is in the stage of practice, for him its the violin. (He practices for an hour a night, I'll attest to that.) It will pay for him to practice...we may have another Yehudi Menuhin in our midst. Jeff is a member of the Youth Concert Orchestra, Hartt School of Music in Hartford.

It's a musical world at the Ives home, and sometimes at church. Jeff, Sr. and his children have demonstrated their talents at St. Mary's Folk Mass on several Sundays. Oh yes, the father is an expert guitar picker. For how long? "A long time," he said with a smile.

Jeff, an all-around active guy, is a softball player of note, in the Hartford Telephone League, a member of the Suffield Sportsman Club and an expert in trap shooting, rifle and pistol. On the subject of firearms, he's a member of the National Rifle Association with some strong feelings. "I agree, you should have a permit to carry a gun. (A state law.)" But he added, "I disagree with a year's sentence for not

having one. In any case, the judge should make the decision on the circumstances involved."

His spectator sport centers around the boxing game. Last's months fight with Hearn and Leonard ended just the way Jeff wanted it,...Leonard being the victor. "He's the best. When it comes to the heavy man there was only one...Rocky Marciano." said the well-rounded sports fan. In the baseball world, the Yankees and Red Sox get the cheers at the Ives home.

In the world of civic responsibility and politics, Jeff, a Democrat, has served Windsor Locks for the past ten years as a member of the Board of Tax Review. The Democratic party has always been a part of his wife Brenda's family. Her father was the late and highly respected former First Selectman of Windsor Locks...Henry O'Leary.

When asked who he most admired and if he had a personal philosophy of life, Jeff Ives only took a second to respond. His father, Joseph Walter Ives, was the kind of person "who overcame polio as a child, raised two children, labored forty years, without a high school education, and attained the high position of cost estimator at the Veeder-Root Company."

Jeff then added, "If a person can spend a lifetime and not hurt anyone...treat everyone like a human being...help people a lot...and, just don't hurt anyone..." should be, in his opinion, everyone's philosophy of life.

# Fenway Park:

By JACK REDMOND

Baseball is in the air.

As the baseball community suggests, in their Madison Avenue television commercials, baseball fever . . . catch it.

I didn't have to catch it, I've had it, strike or no strike.

Speaking of our national pastime, in the cool month of October, with play-offs, crazy second season and the World Series filling the air, this column, if you have read

thus far, is not all about some interesting Windsor Locks resident, its all on baseball, strike or no strike.

Last month, before our annual retreat to the Cape, we motored up the Mass Pike to Fenway Park, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. The trip, and the results at this friendly park, so rich in tradition, were mighty special to this fan of the game of baseball. As it turned out, we are able to meet and talk to some nice guys at Yawkey Way and Brookline Avenue, especially when you receive a pre-game pass for the field before the game starts. Of course, it takes some cooperation from your mate, who didn't mind arriving at the park about 11:30 a.m.

**WITHOUT TELLING AGES**, it's been 48 years since my dad escorted me to the famous Polo Grounds in New York City to see the equally famed New York Giants, who now call San Francisco home these days. During my initial trip to witness my first big league game, I became a baseball fan, true blue. During the four decades, plus, I have played the game, watched the games from the stands be it San Francisco or Boston, listened to the games on radio and viewed the sport on the TV screen.

This has kept my interest in the game, but, the recent trip, courtesy of the Boston Red Sox organization and press connections, I made my first step onto the hallowed ground of Fenway, with its manicured green grass and the famous "Green Monster." (The wall in left field, painted green and at times a hitter's paradise or nightmare to some pitchers . . . all 37 feet high.)

My wife who wasn't allowed on the field, however, was given a front row seat. Unknown to me, when I was getting the feel of the place, she calmly walked over to the Red Sox dugout and asked the best hitter in

the American League (1981) Carney Lansford, for his autograph. I guess he couldn't resist the lady's charm.

After surveying the scene I made my first interview. It would be congenial Red Sox coach, Johnny Pesky, former player and manager. When you are in a position like this, its important to make the best of every opportunity, so I just interrupted the coach, who was hitting fungos (in practice sessions a ball tossed into the air by the batter himself and struck as it comes down) to Jim Rice and company. It's

## PEOPLE IN SPORTS

helpful to have an opening remark. I did come prepared. Hi John, I'm from Connecticut. . . a good friend of George Hall (of the Windsor Locks Halls). "Oh yes, how's George?" I mentioned the annual sports night (VFW) and how he'd like him to attend some year, per a conversation he had with John a few years back. "Well, that's in February and about that time we start going south to spring training." (Pesky is the most sought-after member of the team on the public appearance circuit.) It ended with . . . "Remember me to George."

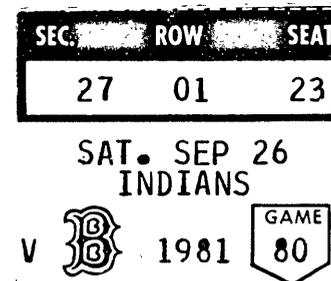
**I THEN WANDERED** over to batting cage (as if I knew just what to do) and started a conversation with another coach, Tommy Harper. The Sox first base coach is a 15-year veteran player with several teams, including the Red Sox. I asked . . . what do you think of the Red Sox changes? (At the time the Red Sox had only eight games left) Without mixing words, he said, "Detroit wants to win, Milwaukee wants to win, and the Sox do too. We lost Lynn and Fisk . . . the players knew we would still do good . . . but the fans didn't think so." He just kept up the chatter, and I couldn't stop him. (Not that I wanted to, he probably

hadn't been interviewed by a big newspaperman before.)

About the time he ran out of talk, who stepped into the batting cage? Mr. Red Sox, himself. Carl Yastrzemski. Would you believe with over 3,100 hits and 426 homeruns to his credit, and a million thrills for the fans over the years, he was asking Walt Hrinak, another coach, what the coach thought he was doing wrong or right, as he met the practice pitches exploding all over the field. Now that's dedication to the game. I couldn't get over it. But that's Yaz.

**MY NEXT STOP** was the dugout. Imagine, me in the Red Sox dugout. I got to admit, I'm not too old, that I can't get a kick out of walking up and down where Ted Williams and other stars walked all those seasons. Jerry Remy walked by. Hi Jerry, have a good game. (Incidentally the Sox were playing the Cleveland Indians that day.)

Sitting in the dugout, surrounded by the press, radio and television people, Manager Ralph Houk, the "Iron Major of World War Two" was holding court. Tony Perez was talking, at the other end of the dugout, into a recorder in his native . . . Spanish. I didn't stick around. Spanish is Spanish, and I have enough trouble with English.



WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL OBSERVER, OCTOBER 16, 1981

# Meeting the Friendliest People

BOSTON  Red Sox

FENWAY PARK • BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02215

(617) 267-9440

August 14, 1981

Mr. Jack Redmond  
48 Pershing Road  
Windsor Locks, Connecticut 06096

Dear Mr. Redmond:

If you will let me know the name of the paper you work for we will be happy to leave a pre-game field pass and two complimentary tickets for you for either August 29, September 5 or September 26.

Sincerely,



Richard L. Bresciani  
Director of Publicity

## Cabbages and Kings

# Fenway's Friendliest

PART TWO

(Continued from last week.)

By JACK REDMOND

As I was leaving, feeling I didn't want to wear out my welcome, Big Jim Rice had finished hitting and catching Pesky's fungos and on his way thru the passageway to the clubhouse. I said to myself, now's my chance to speak to the big man.

I followed and frankly, felt like the little boy in the famous coke commercial following "Mean Joe Greene," the football star. I didn't have a coke for Jim, just a few quesitons and a request. Another opening remark . . . saw you at the Sammy Davis, Jr. GHO in Connecticut. (It worked.) He stopped. How was the course Jim? "Too short," he shot back. What did you shoot? "85." That's not bad, big crowd that day. Say, how about signing my program for my grandson? (Michael Redmond Deshaies, of Duxbury, Massachusetts.) "Sure." Thanks Jim, have a good game. He is not a big talker, as you can see. But I feel I did O.K. He has a reputation for being cool to the press. He wasn't to me. He does his talking with the bat.

At this point Mrs. Redmond was patiently waiting for my return to reality and to sit with her for the game. But my day, however great, was not complete. Returning to the batting cage (the Indians were now batting) I stopped one of the men who had been sitting with Houk in the dugout. I asked him if he had met any of the press from the Hartford area? Yes, a fellow by the name of Canfield. That would be Owen Canfield of the Hartford Courant.

We introduced ourselves. At first I didn't place the name. But the voice. Wait a minute. I listened to that voice all summer on the radio. It was Jon Miller of the WITS' Miller and Ken Coleman team of broadcasters. We carried on a speedy conversation for several minutes about baseball, golf, his hometown of San Francisco and how much I enjoy Ken and him doing the games. He was friendly, humorous and easy to talk to. I feel he has a great career ahead of him. My wife was taking this all in.

We walked over and I made introductions. She said, "We looked like old friends out there." "Yes," he said, "we have been old friends for the past ten minutes." You meet the friendliest people at Fenway.

It's been a funny baseball season, or two seasons. The Red Sox lost the game, I'll remember for many years, as the one I met some nice guys, walked the Red Sox dugout and strolled the Fenway with so many years of history. As the true fans know, the Sox didn't make it. The old Dodgers used to say . . . wait till next year. As for baseball fever, you can still catch it in time for the series. I never lost it.

**PRE-GAME  
FIELD ONLY**

NAME:

*Jack Redmond*

DATE:

*9-26*

# RED SOX RADIO

The team for the WITS Red Sox radio network is nothing if not varied in its experience and expertise behind the mike. Ken Coleman and Jon Miller are in their second year together.

Coleman, of course, is a long-time Boston favorite who has had more than 30 years of broadcasting experience. Miller, who joined Kenny last season, is only 28 years old, but the Californian has been on radio since he was in high school. He came to the Sox last year from the Texas Rangers.

The executive director of The Jimmy Fund, Coleman has been with the Red Sox for 10 years on radio and TV, after 10 years with the Cleveland Indians, 14 years with the Cleveland Browns on TV, two years of NBC football, five years of Harvard football and play-by-play of seven NFL championship games.

He has won 12 AFTRA awards for broadcasting excellence, spent four years announcing for the Cincinnati Reds on TV and was the voice of Ohio State football, among many other credits.

Miller, resident wit and mimic, brings fun to Sox baseball with his uncanny imitations of sporting figures and other announcers. He and Coleman had met before, briefly, when both were applicants for the Reds TV job, winding up as finalists. Coleman got that job, but recommended Jon to be his partner in Boston.

After working in radio at San Mateo College (Cal.), Miller worked in TV at a station in Santa Rosa, Cal., and then went to pro hockey from there as the youngest play-by-play announcer in the history of the National Hockey League, working for Charlie Finley with the Oakland Golden Seals.

Miller also spent one year with the Oakland A's baseball team, then did basketball as the voice of the San Francisco Dons, and soccer on the TV network with the San Jose Earthquakes of the North American Soccer League. From there it was on to the Rangers, and eventually, to Boston.



*Jon Miller and Ken Coleman*



**JIM RICE**

In his seventh full season for the Red Sox . . . Missed 31 games with broken left wrist but came back to hit .290 in August and .362 in September, when he was named A.L. Co-Player of the Month . . . Has .307 career average . . . Sox first pick in 1971 June draft . . . Voted to All Star team 1977-80, but sidelined last year by the injury . . . Has been all star in every league in which he has played, from Florida State in '72 . . . Fine golfer, who hits the ball prodigious distances . . . Has played PGA Tour Pro-Ams with much success.



**CARL YASTRZEMSKI**

Yaz has started the All Star game in left field, center, and first base, giving some indication of the versatility of this veteran star . . . In 1979 became first A.L. player to get 3,000 hits and 400 home runs . . . Missed 32 of last 35 games with fractured rib from scoreboard collision, but had reached 5,000 total bases, 11th man in baseball history to do so . . . In 21st year with Sox . . . Signed as shortstop at Notre Dame in 1959 . . . Son Mike is a sophomore at Florida St. and a member of baseball team . . . In 1980 Yaz became 3rd player with 100 hits for 20 years (Aaron, Cobb).



## The Manager

# RALPH HOUK

Age: 61, Turns 62 Aug. 9; Born: August 9, 1919, Lawrence, Kan. Ht.: 5-11; Wt.: 190 lbs. Blue eyes, Brown hair. Bats and Throws: Right. Home: Pompano Beach, Fla. Married Bette Porter. Children: Donna 11/22/41, Richard 2/28/43, Robert 8/24/49.

On Oct. 27, 1980 Houk was named the 35th manager of the Red Sox, ending a two-year retirement. Ralph previously managed 16 years in the A. L. with the Yankees and Tigers. In addition to being a winning manager (1307-1249.511) he is also credited with the ability to develop young players. Houk succeeded Casey Stengel as Yankee manager in 1961 and directed N.Y. to three straight pennants and two World Championships (1961-62). Those feats resulted in such honors as Major League Manager of the Year by The Sporting News in 1961 and managing the A. L. All Star team in 1962-63. He spent two years as Yankee Vice-Pres. and Gen. Manager before moving back as manager May 7, 1966 replacing Johnny Keane. He was named A. L. Manager of the Year in 1970.

Ralph left N.Y. after 1973 to become manager of the Tigers for the next five years. He announced his retirement after guiding the young Tigers to an 86-76 record in 1978 and spent the last two years in Pompano Beach. With the retirement of Gene Mauch, Houk is the senior manager in point of service in the major leagues and second senior in age to Bobby Mattick of Toronto.

Houk played in the Yankee organization as a catcher, 1939-54, with four years (1942-45) out for military duty with the Rangers of the 9th Armored Div. in Europe in WW II. He rose from private to major, saw action at Bastogne and The Bulge and was awarded the Silver Star, Purple Heart and Bronze Star.

## The Coaches



HARPER



PESKY



HRINIAK

# The Race:

## issues

# Ed Savino and Cliff Randall

By JACK REDMOND

*"Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people."*

Henry Clay

On November 3, the voters of Connecticut will exercise their right to select who should be their trustees the next two years.

In Windsor Locks, Democratic incumbent Edward Arthur Savino and R. Clifford Randall, Republican standard bearer, are the candidates for First Selectman. Savino, first elected, in his own right, as first selectman in 1971, is confident of "victory in November." Randall, retired teacher with 25 years experience in the town school system, and initial try in the political world, said, "This is our year . . . a select team." he added, when asked, why this entry into politics, "school was a restrictive time . . . I feel Windsor Locks has been good to my family and I would like to make a contribution."

Both men were C&K interviewees in 1975. Six years ago, Savino was asked if he had any higher political ambitions, he said no. Today, the answer is the same. He likes what he does. For the voters, a few personal items, before they respond to the important questions put to them by this writer.

Ed Savino, born in Manchester, Connecticut, has lived in Windsor Locks since 1948. World War Two was spent in the army, for this father of four children. Cliff Randall, a native of the state of Maine, and navy veteran of World War Two, has three children, is a graduate of the University of Maine and has a Master's Degree from the University of Hartford. The Randalls have lived in Windsor Locks since 1957.

The following questions were posed to each candidate so the voters would have some idea of their individual views on important issues, and how they personally view the role of first selectman.

1. What do you envision as the principal role of the First Selectman for the town of Windsor Locks?

Savino: The principal role of the First Selectman is to provide optimum service to the residents of Windsor Locks as well as initiating and coordinating the resources available to improve the quality of life for the citizens of Windsor Locks. As Chief Executive and Chief Administrative Officer of Windsor Locks, the First Selectman must work in conjunction with local State and Federal governments as well as industrial and business organizations. In addition, the First Selectman is actively involved with our local Boards and Commissions with the intent of the First Selectman's efforts to be keeping Windsor Locks on an even keel and moving forward.

Randall: I see my principal role as First Selectman as one of being truly representative and responsive to the needs and concerns of the citizens of this town. In the performance of my duties as its Chief Administrative Officer I shall manage the town affairs utilizing established business practices and procedures. These procedures will result in a cohesiveness of boards and commissions which does not presently exist.

2. Why do you wish to serve as the First Selectman?

Savino: For the past 22 years I have worked as a public servant to the people of Windsor Locks. In

February of 1968 I was appointed First Selectman, previous to that I had been a 10 year veteran of the Windsor Locks Police Department. As a sergeant on the Windsor Locks Police Department and First Selectman of our community, I have accumulated a great deal of experience in dealing with problems that the residents of Windsor Locks face. I had first accepted the position of First Selectman because of my desire to serve and the tremendous challenge that the position presented. After 12 years as First Selectman, I am still enthused by the challenge of the position. It is a challenge I enjoy doing. Over the years the position has grown to face new challenges and adapt to our every changing society. Windsor Locks is no longer an isolated community. We must now work in harmony with other towns, cities and State and Federal government agencies. One cannot learn the intricacies of the First Selectman's job in one or two years. It is a continuing learning process. I have been through the process and over the years have gained the knowledge and experience to work within the system. When problems arise I know who to contact and how to get the job done. In my years as a public servant, I have accumulated a great deal of experience in solving problems. I have always met problems head on and I will continue to do so, now and in the future.

Randall: My desire to serve as the First Selectman of Windsor Locks stems from a sincere concern about the way in which citizen requests and the general business of the town is being handled. A long time incum-

bent candidate has a tendency to become callous and complacent in attitude and performance toward his duties and the concerns of the citizens. I see this happening and this has been reinforced by fellow constituents voicing similar feelings. In the past twenty-five years I have served the town in its school department. Since my retirement from the Windsor Locks School System I have found the opportunity to widen my base of service to the full community, something that had not been a possibility during my tenure with the Board of Education. In accepting the challenge of the Republican nomination for the position of First Selectman I pledge my time and concern which will be evidenced by my availability.

3. What is the most important or critical problem, in your opinion, facing the town?

Savino: The most critical problem we face as a community is inflation. It is imperative that we continue to hold our local taxes to a reasonable rate and continue to provide the services our residents have come to enjoy. We have been quite successful in providing a reasonable tax rate by virtue of our competitive search for business and industry to locate within our borders. Wise Economic Development is the key to our stable future as well as a mechanism to provide jobs for our townspeople.

Randall: Strengthening our financial tax base with all of its ramifications to budget and personal taxes has to be of prime importance. The above answer encompasses a variety of concerns such as:

a. Our Industrial Tax Base

## Redmond Questions Savino and Randall

"Cabbages and Kings" columnist Jack Redmond poses questions about the office of first selectman to incumbent Democratic candidate Edward A. Savino and Republican candidate R. Clifford Randall in a special column in this week's Journal.  
See pages 16-17.

must be improved and enlarged.

b. Restrictive Industrial Zoning to a minimum five (5) acre plot must be examined to entice smaller industries to our town who do not need such a large section of land.

c. Improved methods for the investment of tax revenues must be examined to insure the most rapid return on tax deposits.

d. we must reevaluate the use of town owned property to insure its productivity or future potential. This may require a sale of certain plots to place them back on the tax roles.

e. Economy in administration must be practiced with the office of the Board of Selectmen setting the example by fully utilizing its present resources.

f. Concern for citizens on fixed incomes certainly has large future financial implications.

g. A method of competitive bidding on the sale of town property must be established.

h. A method of competitive bidding for town supplies, equipment and services to receive quality at a fair market value must also be established.

These areas listed above are all areas of concern which we will be addressing.

4. What are your personal feelings towards the so-called "Downtown Situation" Redevelopment Project?

Savino: As First Selectman, I have no personal feelings regarding the so called "Downtown Situation". I have always looked forward

to seeing the downtown vision, as formulated prior to my taking office, fulfilled. I have always worked towards development of the Main Street parcels. ~~The~~ Town does have a Redevelopment Agency comprised of dedicated and concerned citizens. The development problems we have encountered can be directly attributed to high interest rates, uncontrolled inflation and odd parcel configuration and size. I hope that by the time this article appears the question of downtown renewal will be behind us.

Randall: Unfortunately the "Downtown Situation" Redevelopment Project, as you have named it, has lingered too long and the sentiments I hear expressed are not favorable. As a result of the considerable passage of time "Main Street", Windsor Locks has moved. This has resulted in businesses closing permanently, businesses moving to neighboring towns and has made Route 75 effectively our "Main Street". With this growth in that area of town it is going to be more difficult as time passes to reactivate the Redevelopment Project. We need immediate, vigorous and positive action in this area before we become so locked in to the status quo position that we more severely curtail any alternatives that may have existed.

5. Do you feel the above project, when completed, will be an advantage or disadvantage for the town?

Please turn to page 17

Continued from page 16

Savino: When completed the downtown renewal project will be a distinct advantage to our community. It will add substantially to our tax base by virtue of the new buildings on now empty lots. In addition, it will provide a goodly number of jobs and expanded shopping areas for our residents.

Randall: A completed "Downtown Project" will certainly be an advantage because simply stated it will place inactive property, idled by Redevelopment, back on the active tax roles of the town. From an esthetic viewpoint, we will still have a one sided Main Street but it can be much more attractive than the past and certainly will improve on present conditions. I still have questions in my mind about the advisability of attaching condominiums to the plan.

6. Does the town require or does the First Selectman require the services of an Administrative Assistant? (as in the present administration.)

Savino: The Town does need the services of an Administrative Assistant or I would not have advocated the funding and creation of the position. The need for the position is well documented. In 1977 I requested the creation of an Administrative Assistant to the Board of Selectmen and a Human Services Director. After much discussion and numerous presentations of the Charter Study Committee and the Board of Finance, it was proposed that one individual assume the duties of both positions. The matter was also presented to a Public Hearing and Town Meeting with

the concept being endorsed by a strong majority of those present. An interesting note is the fact that Mr. Joseph Marinone and Mr. Barry Gray and Mr. Sylvio Preli voted in favor of the position while members of the Charter Study Committee. In addition, Mr. Marinone and Mr. Preli voted in favor of the position on two different occasions while serving on the Board of Finance. The Town of Windsor Locks, under my Administration has worked diligently to keep our workforce at a point where essential services are provided while representing the least possible burden on our taxpayers. The fact of the matter is that we have eliminated more positions than we have created. For one to say that an Administrative Assistant is not needed merely points out that the individual does not have a clear understanding of effective and efficient Town management.

Randall: As I have stated previously, and I am well aware of the Town Charter designation of an appointee to this position, I believe that I have the education, background, experience and ability to administer the affairs of the Town of Windsor Locks without an Administrative Assistant.

7. Do you have any magic formula to keep the present tax rate of the town as low as it has been the past decade?

Savino: There is not a magic formula to keep the present tax rate stable. The key is simply "old fashioned hard work". All Boards and Commissions in town must keep their budgets at the "bare bones" minimum. The First Selectman in conjunction with the Economic Develop-

## issues

ment Commission must work arduously to continue attracting major industry and employers to locate within our borders. The additional industry we will attract will add substantially to our tax base.

Randall: In the face of rising costs and the inflationary spiral it would indeed take a "magic formula" to keep the present tax rate as low as it has been for the past decade. As I have indicated in reference to question number three (3), the "Republican Select Team" will do its utmost to retain the present level of service to the residents of Windsor Locks. Effecting internal cost savings and broadening our industrial tax base will be areas of significant emphasis during our tenure in office along with immediate and careful investment of tax funds.

8. There has been speculation for many years as to the Finance Board in town being too powerful. What are your feelings concerning this subject?

Savino: The Board of Finance controls the Town's "purse strings" by virtue of the fact that the Board of Finance is without doubt a powerful Board. My contention and concern is that along with the power of controlling and deciding expenditures they take it upon themselves to set policy, which is not in their jurisdiction. (Example) When a Board or Commission appears before the Board of Finance with their respective budgets, the Board of Finance tells the Board or commission where and how to spend their money, what items to cut and what items to include. This is

wrong—the Board of Finance should tell the Board of Commission how much money they will be allowed and then let the Board or Commission decide how the funding will be utilized. Each Board or Commission has a particular area of expertise and knows which items are most needed and important. The Board of Finance does not have that expertise. Their duty is to advise the various Board as to how much money they will be allocated, not how that Board should spend it.

Randall: The so called "Power" of the Finance board has been an issue for years but the voice of the citizens when they enter the voting booth has been the most effective answer to this charge. I will work closely with this non-partisan board and feel confident that they in turn will be supportive of my new programs to make changes in the town government that will reflect growth and pride in our town.

9. Why do you feel you are the best qualified for the position of First Selectman?

Savino: I have the experience, a proven and successful record and the strong desire to serve the residents of Windsor Locks. Under my Administration the Town has grown and prospered. If re-elected I am confident that our community will continue on a progressive path.

Randall: I am new to the political scene in Windsor Locks but I am committed to extend my time and efforts when elected in the best interests of the town. I again state that my background education, experience and ability both in private and public service qualify me for

this position. I also have the capacity to meet and work well with people in an honest and forthright manner and this will insure an open policy on the behalf of my administration.

10. Please comment . . . what do you expect to accomplish for the town, if elected, the next two years?

Savino: I will continue on the path of attracting major industrial development to our community. Thus reducing the tax burden for our residents and creating JOBS, JOBS, JOBS. I will continue to secure State and Federal funding and institute programs to improve the quality of life for our Town's Senior Citizens' and youth. I will continue to work long and hard for the betterment of Windsor Locks.

Randall: My expected accomplishments in the town when elected are a summation of what has preceded this question with some additional comments as outlined below.

a. Elderly Housing. Our research has shown a crying need for elderly housing and we will be supportive and working in this area which now has a waiting list of approximately one hundred (100) persons.

b. Sale of town owned property. We will institute a program to maximize the return on all property sold and equalize the opportunity for all interested and qualified businesses in town to participate.

c. Connecticut Resource Recovery Authority (CRRA). Our research shows that Windsor Locks has not been presented with any clear and easy choices regarding participation. We propose to make a greater effort to participate with other municipalities to formulate a uniform position regarding our involvement. We also propose to initiate exploration into the construction of our own combustion system in light of our industry which is available in town to utilize the energy produced.

d. In the interest of a better working relationship and communication we propose to interface the Selectmen's Office with all Boards and Commissions of the town. This connection is proposed to be accomplished by having Board of Selectman representation on each board and commission. We also propose to hold regularly scheduled group meetings of heads of boards and commissions for informational purposes and better coordination of activities common to more than one group.

# Roy Curry: Scout Leader with Altruism

By JACK REDMOND

LeRoy Raymond Curry is what Boy Scout leadership is all about.

Since his own youth, in the western Pennsylvania coal regions, the scouting movement and the great outdoors have been Roy's way of life. Satisfaction has come to this father of three active children with their actions and the boys in scouting by "developing into respectable young men."

Roy, a Windsor Locks resident since 1962, is married to Janet Snyder Curry, a

woman from the little town with the famous football team . . . the Slippery Rock Teachers of Pennsylvania. Roy and Janet, wed in 1954, grew up in the same area of the Keystone State, he from Newcastle and Bolant.

The U.S. Air Force and Hamilton-Standard veteran employee graduated from the Bolant High School in 1954. He joined the Air Force and walked the aisle the same year. His four years of service in-

cluded stops in New York State, New Mexico, Mississippi and the Travis Air Force base in California.

Janet became a service bride, joining Roy in the western states for three years until his discharge in 1958. Roy and Janet had met on roller skates, but times changed for these two active outdoor lovers with bicycling, hiking and skiing their new sporting activity.

As soon as Roy hit civilian status he entered the Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pa. With the help of Janet's new working career, Roy graduated in 1962 with a bachelor's of science degree in physics. They packed their bags, his diploma and eagerness to achieve success at Hamilton-Standard in Windsor Locks.

Next year, Roy will be a 24-year man at the town's famous aircraft establishment. He is a Group Supervisor in Laboratory Engineering. He chose Hamilton because of his own Air Force training. Looking back, he said, "I didn't realize twenty years could go by so fast."

Son, Bruce, 25, like father, is in the U.S. Air Force, stationed in Texas. The First Lieutenant is a graduate of the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo. He was appointed by the then Representative Ella T. Grasso. He and another Windsor Locks resident, Neil Talbot, attended the academy at the same time. Bruce, while at the local high school, was on the swim team and played little league. The former Eagle Scout married a local girl, Lynn Martens. The young couple live in Lubbock, Tex., with the one-year-old Curry grandchild, Carolyn Jenny Curry.

The Curry's daughter, Kim, 17, is a senior at Windsor Locks High. She is a member of the AAU swim team, a girl scout and loves to ski. Her brother, Doug, 16, a junior, is another avid skier, soccer

player, swimmer, Little Leaguer, and tennis player at the high school. And, like Bruce, an Eagle Scout.

The boys achieved the higher award in scouting, something that eluded their dad when he was a scout. Roy was a life scout. He said the troop in his hometown folded before he could fly with the Eagles.

Roy's scouting career picked up again in 1968, locally, working as a Scoutmaster and Assistant Scoutmaster. Today, with Troop 263, he has the assistant role. Roy is "strong on outdoor scouting, canoeing and backpacking." He says the greatest satisfaction comes from "working with the nicest young men" that scouting draws to the program. He takes a personal interest in all functions, demonstrating he can walk with the boys anywhere in the New England states.

When Roy isn't wrapped up in work or scouting, he, like his children, enjoys skiing, and riding a bike on which he has logged over 2,500 miles this season. Yes, Janet joins Roy, once in awhile, on the hikes. But, she admitted, the family camping trips to the western states were her cup of tea.

There's more to this man of all seasons — president of the Windsor Locks Swimming team, previous coach for girls' softball and the little league for a year. He even found the time to join the order of Masons and has been a member the past ten years.

## EPILOGUE

LeRoy Raymond Curry thinks Windsor Locks is great. He likes the small town, like the towns in Pennsylvania. He likes the school system. I think he hit it right on the head . . . "Windsor Locks excels in volunteer help." His own personal philosophy has been: "Always do your best . . . try to leave everywhere you've been a little better than they way you found it."

Roy is a volunteer who is leaving Windsor Locks a lot better.



Roy Curry and his son, Bruce (L), attend a scouting function.

## Cabbages and Kings

# Joe Valbona: The Man Behind The Award

By JACK REDMOND

Joe Valbona, recently awarded the "Most Distinguished Service Citation" from the local American Legion, is a soft-spoken individual with a versatile background of sports, hard work and father of three hockey-oriented boys and a daughter starting in the insurance world.

As a sales representative for Fruehauf, a large manufacturing company, Joe and his wife Sally have lived in Windsor Locks since 1959. He was born in Montebello, Italy, located west of the city of Venice. His father, a stone mason by trade, journeyed to the United States, as many Europeans before him, hopefully to secure a job for himself and pave the way for the family to leave the old country.

Joe was two and an half years old when he and his parents moved to nearby Avon. His father was successful in finding employment and a place to live. His brother Bruno, now living in Farmington, was born in the states. Joe attended the Avon schools, however, graduated from Canton High School in 1946. Avon, at that time, had no high school. After high school, he attended Hartford State Tech. The schooling and a few odd jobs brought him up to November, 1950 when he married Sally Brainard of Simsbury.

How did he meet Sally? Joe, during his high school days, was a three-sport star for Canton. He played halfback in football, the infield on the diamond and forward in basketball. Simsbury was a rival of Canton. But if you know the old song... "you got to be a football hero to get the beautiful girl," you'll understand how they met.

After their wedding and honeymoon, Joe was drafted into the army. It was the Korean war and Joe served two years. Texas and Oklahoma and Europe, mostly in Germany, were his addresses on letters back home to Sally. The Sergeant managed to visit France, Austria, Switzerland and his native Italy, while on furlough. His fluent Italian warmed the hearts of cousins and uncles he visited, for the first time, in Montebello.

Discharged from the army he was reunited with his bride. They lived in Avon where they would begin a normal married life. Joe went to work for the Billings-Spencer Company in their purchasing

department. Anxious to do something different, he left the indoors of the office to join the Fruehauf Division, manufacturers of trucking equipment. Sales was more to his liking. Today, Joe's business card reads... "Sales Rep in my 27th year." For Joe, its been business in Connecticut all those years.

The Valbonas increased by four children... Michael, Steven, Robert and their sister Lynn. Michael, 27, graduated from Northwest Catholic High School. He's employed as a machinist. A former little leaguer, he was the first Valbona boy to play the game of hockey. Steven, 25, a graduate of Windsor Locks High School, has a degree from Central Connecticut State College. He played hockey on the ice rink and local floor hockey. Robert, 18, is now a freshman at Northeastern College in Boston, after graduation this past June from the Raider School. He's a judo activist. Lynn, 21, is a graduate of the local high school and is employed by the Travelers Insurance Cos.

Joe's favorite sport is golf. As a steady player at St. Ann's, he shoots in the low and middle eighties. Actually, he admitted enjoying all sports, but even without the thrill of playing hockey, as his sons, he follows the Hartford Whalers. He also has a soft spot in his heart for the New York Yankees and the all-time great, Mickey Mantle.

Admiration in historical circles goes to Sir Winston Churchill. He said, of the great English statesman... "There was a man who could see the future. He called the shots and predicted the troubles and problems we are facing today on the foreign scene."

Joe's membership in the V.F.W. goes back to the year 1962, the American Legion, 1959. The following tribute to Joe's efforts were stated as follows: "A Most Distinguished Service Citation was awarded to Joseph Valbona, Service Officer for Post 36 for the past 15 years. This individual department award was presented to Valbona in recognition of his untiring service to all veterans of Windsor Locks in securing veterans benefits, financial and medical assistance through the Soldiers' Sailors' Marine Fund."

That's the story of Joseph Valbona... the man behind the award.

## Cabbages and Kings

# Allie Colpitts: A Time for 'Gone Fishing' Signs

By JACK REDMOND

Allie Colpitts retired three years ago. The Maine native, resident of Connecticut for over forty years, said this about his own retirement . . . "There's nothing like it, real wonderful."

This feeling gives Allie the freedom to hang out a "Gone Fishing" sign anytime he desires to seek the trout, river bass or blues at nearby lakes, rivers or along the Connecticut shores.

He and his wife Lynn Hastings Colpitts, Windsor born, have lived in Windsor Locks since 1958. Allie, a friendly man, with a "Will Rogers" disposition, you find in meeting him for the first time, was born in Milltown, Maine. He graduated from Calais Academy, class of 1931. Of the 48 graduates, 26 returned to this year's 50th reunion, of which Allie and Lynn enjoyed.

AFTER THE GRADUATION, in the 30's, times were rough for the students to find employment. He remembers picking potatoes for three and a half cents a barrel. Allie said, on good days, he could pick 100 barrels for day's pay. Another job he undertook was that of a caddy at one of the local golf courses near Milltown.

For the next 55 years Allie has played his second love of sports, that of a golfer. For several years he has hit the Copper Hill fairways as a member of the Windsor Locks Town League at the East Granby nine holes.

In 1939 Allie left Maine to seek some steady employment in Connecticut. He found such a job at Hartford's Colts with a place to live in Windsor with his sister. Across the street the Hastings family lived. Allie, being the neighborly type, started to play nightly games of horseshoes with Mr.

Hastings, shared in the fine cooking of Mrs. Hastings and a good way to meet their daughter, Lynn.

In 1942 Allie popped the question to Lynn, probably after a match of horseshoes and a slice of apple pie. They planned a big affair for the nuptials. The government had other plans. Allie was drafted into the army. They were married and shortly after was wearing the uniform of a soldier at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. No golf, no fishing, no horseshoes or Mrs. Hastings or the new Mrs. Colpitts cooking for some time. He was now Pvt. Colpitts. His service career lasted until January, 1946.

FOR A FEW months over three years, Allie spent his soldiering at Campbell, Macon, Georgia and would you believe, the remainder of the time on the east coast of Florida with the Coast Artillery. Allie always managed to be home at furlough time to be with Lynn. When not watching the coastline, Allie recalled with a smile, "I played a lot of tennis and golf."

Back in Connecticut, a civilian, Allie found a no-work sign at Colts. Royal Typewriter provided a job for two years for Allie and the growing family of two daughters. It was in Windsor he became a steady worker for the two decades, plus three years, at the Stevens Paper Mill, under Supt. Walt Danner. The final ten years, before retirement, was spent at the General Electric Company in Windsor.

The two daughters, Sharon and Dianne, are now both married. Sharon O'Donnell and her husband Bernard live in Newington with Allie and Lynn's grand children . . . Mark and Michelle. Dianne lives in Windsor with her husband James Eischem.

Lynn, when not at her position at Com-

bustion Engineering Inc. in Windsor, herself a twenty-year veteran, can be found working at the many affairs of the Poquonock Community Church. Lynn and Allie have been avid square dancers for years. Lynn taught "round dancing" in addition to the square type. They both admit most of their friendships have generated from their dancing partners.

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE, Allie remembers his father, Alpheous Colpitts, as a man who "had a lot of the answers,

whatever the questions were." The man who loves to fish, also believes in "treating people the way I want to be treated."

When not fishing, over in East Granby on the Farmington River, where he hasn't caught a brown trout in 15 years, follows all sports on television, the favorites being the Boston Red Sox, Boston Celtics, and the New England Patriots.

But let's not kid ourselves, Allie Colpitts is happiest when the sign "Gone Fishing" is hanging on the front door at the Colpitts home on Coolidge Drive.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL OBSERVER, NOVEMBER 20, 1981

## Cabbages and Kings

# Tony and Mary Moffett—Parents of Talented Sons

By JACK REDMOND

To paraphrase and elaborate on a few historical words . . . Once upon time . . . there were two sons . . . one went into politics, the other into music. This true-life story concerns the very proud parents of those talented sons, Anthony John Moffett, Sr. and his wife Mary Romenius Moffett.

The sons, Anthony, Jr., better known in the political world of Connecticut and Washington, D.C., as "Toby" and William, known in the family as "Billy." Both sons are successful in their chosen professions, Toby as U.S. Representative from the Connecticut Sixth District and Billy as music teacher in Milford, Massachusetts.

The parents, Tony, the father, (to differentiate from Toby) was born in Springfield, Mary in Holyoke. Their parents were from Lebanon settling in the two Massachusetts cities. Tony and Mary met at a Lebanese-American convention and dance, but never waltzed together that evening, the wedding being two years later in 1940, at the Holy Cross Church in Holyoke.

After his schooling, Tony felt the pinch of the depression years. He managed to find jobs with the First National Stores and the Forgerly Trucking as a driver. With Forgerly he hauled beer, which ultimately became his product as salesman with the big name beers. Before World War Two became a reality, Tony attended trade school with mechanics his main subject, leading to a job with the American Bosch Company.

In 1944, Tony left the comfort of home and wife for service with the navy seabees. The heavy duty operations of this special task force of the navy, always unheralded, afforded Tony to see the

state of California, and overseas duty in the Philippine Islands and the island of Guam during the height of the Pacific War.

After discharge Tony entered the world of distributing beer with the Hampden Brewing Company. The twenty-two years at Hampden was followed by twelve summers with Piels, three years with Schaffer and then with "Bud," as sales supervisor for the final four years before retiring.

Tony experienced a heart attack in 1979, resulting in a successful "four-by-pass" operation. He's now as chipper as ever, enjoying retirement at their Connecticut River home in Suffield. He mentioned, rather proudly, he now makes the meals for Mary, as she is employed at

the Windsor Superior Court, a position she has had the past sixteen years.

Speaking of being proud . . . the two Moffett sons of Tony and Mary . . . Toby and Billy, went their different paths to success. Toby, the oldest, was born 1944, in Holyoke. The family moved to Suffield when Toby was only three years old. After graduation from Suffield High he received a degree from Syracuse University and master's degree from Boston College.

His political chance came, after a stay with the "Nader Raiders," when Ella Grasso left Washington for the Governor's chair. He has built up a fine reputation in political circles since 1974, and the next step is challeng-

ing Senator Lowell P. Weicker in 1982 for the job of U.S. Senator from Connecticut.

Toby has a daughter, Julia, age twelve, by his first marriage. He is married to Myra DeLapp Moffett, an attorney, living in the Washington, D.C., "Capitol Hill" area. The Congressman and Myra are expecting their first child in early April.

Billy, born in 1949, is also a Massachusetts native, due to Mary wanting her sons to be born in Holyoke. Billy graduated from the Boston Conservatory of Music. He is married to Dorothy Mazzerelli Moffett. Both Billy and Dorothy are music teachers living in Milford, Massachusetts. Toby and Billy are both avid golfers,

time permitting, learning the art of par at the Suffield Country Club.

Today, their father finds all the time, in good weather, to still shoot in the low eighties at the nearby Suffield Club. Mary and Tony are bridge enthusiasts. Collecting antiques is Mary's chief hobby.

When asked of Tony, did he ever think of politics?, his answer was, "you have to be a politician to be a beer salesman." When it comes to admiration, after the boys, Tony admired the late president, John F. Kennedy, "a great human being."

Tony's philosophy of life has always been . . . "treat children kindly and lovingly, they are the adults of tomorrow." They both agreed, "Whatever you put into life,

you'll get something out of it." Admiration of Mary has been the hardworking nun from India, Mother Theresa.

At their Suffield home are many pictures of their sons, especially Tony with the famous from politics, movies and sports. The one that caught my eye was Tony and Mary with the former president, Jimmy Carter. The Carters were always a close family unit while in the White House. The Moffetts of Suffield, along with their sons, are in Tony's own words, "a very close people," who believes in the family, and said, "family is like a house, must have a good foundation." The foundation has been the close ties between Tony and Mary with their two talented sons.

# Agents Are Available For File Clerks, Too

By JACK REDMOND

The recent ballyhoo concerning the baseball free agent re-entry draft proved a point.

If you ask for the moon, you might just get it.

New York Yankee pitcher Ron Guidry has an agent. All players with any class have an agent. Guidry's agent has come up with four points needed to satisfy his client, Mr. Guidry, and naturally, himself. They are as follows:

The teams should be prepared to offer a minimum, guaranteed, five-year contract in the neighborhood of \$5 million.

They should have a strong bullpen, because Guidry's style with the New York Yankees, his only major league team, has

been to throw as hard as he can for six or seven innings, then watch from the dugout as Rich Gossage, Ron Davis or some other reliever finishes the job.

Any team that tries to sign Guidry should have the ability to score a lot of runs, because the 31-year old pitcher doesn't want to be struggling to be a winner at this point in his career.

Each team will be judged separately, based on its revenues and current salary structure.

**I HAVE LISTED** a four point program for Harry, a newly interviewed file clerk, looking for the best deal in town:

The company should be prepared to offer a minimum, guaranteed, 20-year contract in the neighborhood of \$50,000, plus cost of living.

They should only employ beautiful young girls (Playboy centerfold will be OK), because of Harry's style, with his present company, his only place of work, has been to date beautiful girls and then when finished, let his good friends, Sam and Clyde, take over.

**ANY COMPANY** that tries to sign Harry should have the ability to make money, because the 30-year file clerk doesn't want to be struggling at this point in his career.

Each company will be judged separately, also its rank in Fortune 500. A special feature must be a key to the file clerk's washroom.

Good luck to Ron and Harry.

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL OBSERVER, NOVEMBER 27, 1981

By JACK REDMOND

Nelson Adelburt Brown, Sr., attributes his long life of 82 years to "staying quiet, and not getting excited." However, the good-natured gentleman, is a "shoot-from-the-hip" talker; with sincere religious values and opinions on everything.

His life, packed with printer's ink, began in a "little country town," near Willimantic, called Gilead. When he was three, the family moved to New Britain. At fourteen his working career started, due to a teacher saying he was "looking at her legs too much." So he said, and with no regrets, "I got mad and quit school."

With this not too auspicious beginning, Nelson Brown joined the Hitchcock Printing Company as an apprentice job pressman. He worked at the trade with Hitchcock for five years until an opening at the Finlay Brothers Company in Hartford seemed to offer a better opportunity.

He recalled receiving a questionnaire for induction into the army for World War One. The day was the signing of the armistice, keeping Nelson in the printing business. During the six years at Finlay, he met and married Idella Munion of New Jersey. The 1922 ceremony took place in New Britain.

The Browns had one son, Nelson A. Brown, Jr., who now resides in Windsor Locks on Stevens Street. He and his wife, Lucile Bell Brown, have two daughters and two grandchildren. This gives the senior Mr. Brown the additional title of grandfather and great-grandfather. Idella Brown passed away eleven years ago. Today the senior Nelson lives on Laurel Road with many memories and friendly dog by the name of "Mitzy."

Those memories included other printing positions with the Reed Company and the Aetna Fire Insurance Company. In 1941, the Browns moved to Simsbury, where

Nelson gave up the printing trade for a whirl at running a snack bar and gas station. Actually, he admitted, he had three jobs, with printing just a sideline, keeping the printer's ink wet, so to speak.

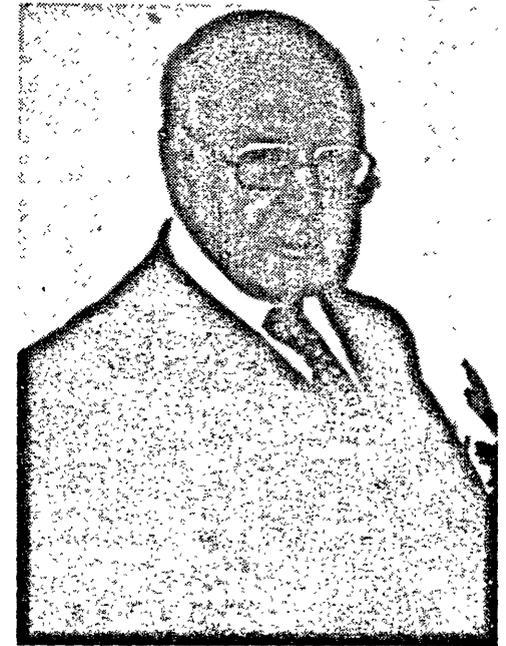
Then trouble hit the Brown family. Nelson met with an unfortunate accident, he was hit by an automobile. This resulted in nine months of hospitalization and three years of inactivity for an active guy. He has a permanent reminder of the accident inside of his head. He was the first adult to have an oxbone implant. Usually, he said, metal is used and children are the only ones with oxbone implants, but with Nelson Brown, it worked and he's thankful.

Once back on his feet, he joined the Phoneix Fire Company, as a printer until retirement from his trade in 1964. During the years, the family moved to Hartford and then to Avon. After retirement, (no way to keep Nelson inactive) he opened another snack bar and gas station. He mentioned, just for the record, while living in Hartford, he took a part-time job at a local theatre; rewinding film. He found it different and enjoyable. In 1966, the Browns moved to Windsor Locks.

Another activity of Nelson became a special treat and convenience for the many benefactors, that of car pooling, before it was popular due to the gas situation. For fourteen years he drove a blind girl to her place of employment. The passengers increased to a car full of you guessed it...only girls. He enjoyed the role of providing a service and being surrounded by a bevy of beauties.

When it came to sports, Nelson's pick was not the regular run-of-the-mill baseball or football, his was horse racing, especially back in the twenties at the Charter Oaks Fairgrounds. He still loves horses, and recalls having his own back in New Britain. His favorites on the silver screen are all connected with horses...Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. Admiration in the political world was limited to President Teddy Roosevelt. He remembers the famous work of the W.P.A. (Works Projects Administration, 1935-1943) and said, "It was great, go to work or else." What about today? On today's welfare programs, "Don't go for it."

How do you keep busy these days.? "Did I tell you I visit the Bickford Home on Main Street every week?" No. "I go to see an old man there, and go to cheer him up."



Nelson A. Brown, Sr.

(And Nelson Brown could).

Nelson's church activities are still going strong at the Calvary Baptist Church on Elm Street. He has served on the missionary committee and, on Sunday mornings, he's the Sunday School doorman making sure, as he says, everything is in order.

What about your housework? He was quite proud to say, most of it is done by the Connecticut State Department of Social Services.

With Christmas coming up, we wondered how Nelson's Christmas Day as a youth was celebrated? "We received all the gifts on Christmas morning, under the tree. Those were the good old happy days...gone but not forgotten," said the Windsor Locks Senior Citizen Club member.

Nelson Adelburt Brown, Sr. has not forgotten his youth. When he was only seven or eight, his hair was in beautiful curls, long enough to be made fun of by the other kids. His folks had the curls cut. Today, seventy-five years later, Nelson still has a few of those beautiful curls in a special box with picture to prove the story. Nelson has not forgotten his youth, his family, the old days, and especially his religious convictions. Mr. Brown is still chipper at 82 years young.

## Cabbages and Kings

WINDSOR LOCKS JOURNAL OBSERVER, DECEMBER 4, 1981

# Nelson Adelburt Brown, Sr.: 82 Years Young

## Time Out For The Readers

### Guidry's plan may be popular

#### To The Editor

The recent ballyhoo concerning the baseball free-agent re-entry draft proved a point. If you ask for the moon, you just might get it.

The New York Yankee pitcher, Ron Guidry, has an agent. All players with any class have an agent. Ron's agent has come up with four points that are needed to satisfy his client, Mr. Guidry, and naturally, himself. They are as follows:

- (1) The teams should be prepared to offer a minimum, guaranteed, five-year contract in the neighborhood of \$5 million.
- (2) They should have a strong bullpen, because Guidry's style with the New York Yankees, his only major league team, has been to throw as hard as he can for six or seven innings, and then watch from the dugout as Rich Gossage, Ron Davis or some other reliever finishes the job.
- (3) Any team that tries to sign Guidry should have the ability to score a lot of runs, because the 31-year-old pitcher doesn't want to be struggling to be a winner at this point in his career.
- (4) Each team will be judged separately, based on its revenues and salary structure.

Before Art Buchwald or some other famous columnist jumps on this latest baseball hurdle in signing super stars, I have listed a four-point program for Harry, a newly interviewed file clerk, looking for the best deal in town:

- (1) The company should be prepared to offer a minimum, guaranteed twenty-year contract in the neighborhood of \$50,000, plus cost of living.
- (2) They should only employ beautiful young girls (Playboy centerfolds will be okay) because of Harry's style, with his present company, his only place of work, has been to date girls, beautiful that is, and then when finished with them, his good friends, Sam and Clyde, finish off the dating process.
- (3) Any company that tries to sign Harry should have the ability to make money, because the 30-year-old file clerk doesn't want to be struggling at this point in his career.
- (4) Each company will be judged separately, also its rank in Fortune 500. A special feature must be a key to the File Clerk's washroom.

Good luck to Ron and Harry.

**Jack Redmond  
Windsor Locks**

(Send letters — all must be signed, names and addresses will not be withheld — to Sports Editor Randy Smith, "Time Out For The Readers," care of the Journal Inquirer, 306 Progress Drive, Manchester, Ct. 06040.)

## Cabbages and Kings

# Jan Olszewski: Good Deeds and Scouting

By JACK REDMOND

Jan Paul Olszewski has accomplished many good deeds, over the years, since

leaving his home in Torun, Poland. The former sailor and merchant mariner is now a part of his adopted country, as much as he was, as a youth witnessing the invasion of his homeland in 1939 by the German army.

When you speak of the United States, Jan, a happy and contented man, gives you a smile and proudly tells you, "what a great country it is, every opportunity, and it's up to you," and most of all, "there's freedom of movement and speech."

Since 1950 he has shared the good life with Nanette Hart Olszewski, herself a native of Brighton (Sussex) England.

The story of Jan and Nanette could be out of a Noel Coward movie . . . the fog, the war, young English girl in army dress, meets young Polish sailor. It was London, during the Battle of Briton. That's not as glamorous as Mr. Coward would have penned, but the facts are true. They both admit the "Close Encounter" was not love at first sight. The romance actually took place in Brooklyn, New York, with the English girl marrying the Polish boy.

Jan and Nanette left their homelands settling in Connecticut to raise a family of one son, Paul, and two daughters, Beth and Ann.

Jan's life was completely changed around in 1939. The sting of invasion by the Germans and Russians of their homeland affected the Olszewski family (parents, two sons and daughter) resulting in Jan being jailed for nine weeks. It was a "rough,

no food" situation for the people of the Tourn. Jan remembers, but better forgotten. He left Poland to join the Polish Navy. The war years were filled with adventures (if you can call them that) for the young boy, with battles in the North Atlantic on a cruiser escorting vessels (mostly American) to friendly ports.

In 1945, while in London, he met the English girl quite by accident. The Polish headquarters was located next to the billeting of girls in army dress. The balconies were close enough to give one a good view into the next building (obviously not built for wartime). Jan looked in one day and liked what he saw. Their "Brief Encounter" was just that . . . brief, but friendly.

Jan was discharged from the Polish navy, returning to the sea with the Merchant Marine. "Romeo and Juliet" Kept in touch by letters and visits between the trips from England to visit, or probably stay in the United States, with her grandmother and aunt in Brooklyn. Jan in the meantime was on his last voyage, this time to Italy for a Greek line. His port of entry was New Orleans. He was finished with the sea, next stop by bus to Brooklyn and Nanette. They were married at the Brooklyn City Hall in 1950, a few years later moving to Hartford where Jan secured work in Newington with the Atlantic Machine Tool Company.

In 1957, the Olszewski family moved to Windsor Locks (Bristol Road) with three growing children.

Paul, 28, a graduate of Rhode Island College, lives in the Los Angeles area as a design engineer. Paul was a little leaguer in town and attained the high honor of Eagle Scout. Beth, 25, was in the Air Force for five years. She met and married Steve Brooks when they were both in the service. They now make their home in Wichita Falls, Texas. Beth was a girl scout and today is a member of the Air Force reserves. Ann, 24, as her brother and sister, graduated from the Windsor Locks High School, was a girl scout in her younger days. She works in a bank in Seattle, Washington.

The Olszewski children are spread over the United States giving their parents a good excuse to visit interesting parts of this country. Jan has travelled to Poland on several occasions, with Nanette doing the same to merry old England. One honor the family is very proud of is the listing of Paul in the Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges.

Jan's employment record includes Atlantic, Terry Steam and the Hartford Steam Service since 1962. His boy scout association within town covers nearly two decades. He is the assistant scoutmaster of Troop 263 and Commissioner of the Windsor Locks area.

When asked who he most admired, it was divided between two great men . . . Nicolaus Copernicus, Polish astronomer, (from his hometown) and Leonardo da Vinci.

# The Bonesteels: The Full Life

By JACK REDMOND

This is your life . . . Irving Bonesteel, Sr. and Mable Burch Retallick Bonesteel. Behind the statistics of 17 children, 55 grandchildren, 38 great-grand children and one great-great grandchild, you'll find two hard workers of many years, with a share of the so-called old-age miseries, but never losing their faith in God and a real love from their large and happy family spread all over the United States from Arizona to Connecticut.

Irv and Mable have been married 18 years. This was his third walk down the aisle. Irv's first two wives passed away while residents of Windsor Locks. His eight children (five boys and three girls), of which four were his own and two stepchildren from each of the first wives. From Mable's first marriage came nine children, four boys and five girls.

The Bonesteels have lived in town, at Elm corners, since 1978. Irv was born and raised in Petersburg, New York. When asked of his nationality, he said, "I guess you'd say I was quarter German and three-quarters "Swamp Yankee." He is 79, Mable, one year older. She was born in Sherman, Connecticut, near the New York state line, in the Danbury area. Mable is of English and Danish heritage.

Irv retired in 1967 from Roncari Industries, after 15 years of driving a truck. His working career covered jobs in New York, some of the New England states, but mostly in Connecticut. The jobs were in many of the tobacco farms. He also had a share of factory work with the Imgram Clock Company and New Departure.

At the early age of eight he would chop wood for the family. This prevented him from attending school full time. He managed to complete some schooling, until the age of 14. At this time, he secured working papers (legal in New York State at the time) for employment on a farm at thirty dollars a month. He was on his own. He left home and began a life of work and many years of happy marriages.

One of his jobs he remembers well was horse trading before World War One. When the war broke out, he gave up the horses for the uniform of the National Guard. He served nearly three years. After the war, and a few odd jobs, it was back to the army for a three year hitch.

When it came to discussing his three marriages, he related, in his frank manner, "I met all three women by writing to them. After a few letters and some time, I'd meet them and we would get married." Today, both Irv and Mable have had their share of operations. They keep life easy now in their comfortable home off Elm Street.

Around their home are many of their treasures. Pictures of children and grandchildren, Irv's carpentry skills and Mable's quilts. One of Irv's masterpieces is a beautiful grandfather clock made from a black piano. Recently Mable finished a large quilt. When asked by her friends who it was for . . . she said, "I like it so much, I think I'll keep it myself." Irv said his hobby in the carpentry field was realized many years ago when he built three houses in the Wolcott, Connecticut area.

Some days their hobbies have to wait. One of their companions is the television set. Mable's favorite programs . . . "The Waltons" and "Grizzly Adams" are both off the regular viewing, however, "The Waltons" are back as reruns. Irv's viewing is limited to boxing and stock car racing. But for the Bonesteels the time of the day that is most satisfying is when, "we both read the Bible." They have tried to attend church, but lately due to their illnesses, have been unable to go on a regular basis.

When asked, what advice did they give their children, it was for both of them to say, "tell the truth . . . work hard . . . and everything will turn out good."

Irving and Mable Bonesteel retold their life stories. It was all true . . . they worked hard . . . and for them everything has turned out good.

For them, the following is so true . . . "Grandchildren are God's way of compensating us for growing old."

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*Cabbages and Kings*

## Cabbages and Kings

# What Christmas Stockings May Hold

By JACK REDMOND

Christmas and New Year's bring church services, parties, snow, lights and the time to conjure up just what Santa may leave on Christmas morning or what the new year of 1982 has in mind for some of us Windsor Locks citizens:

For:

Cliff Randall, our new First Selectman, a fruitful new year for the town . . . and a book from Ed Savino entitled, "How to keep the job of First Selectman in a Great Town."

Allie Colpitts, a book from his wife . . . "How to Ice Fish on the Farmington River."

Francis Cook, a schedule calling for Irish songs at Christmastime.

Lou Halenor, a return trip to Australia.

Jack McGladrigan, another trip to

Ireland.

Frank Bout, to attend the 100th Year celebration of the Knights of Columbus.

Walter Coelho, a book on "How to Save the Whales," or is it "How to Save the Whalers."

Dr. Abe Gottesman, two GHO tickets at the 18th Hole on Sunday.

Joe Cooper, a new year without the price of postage stamps going up.

Dave Parry and Jan Olszewski, New hiking areas to conquer in the new year.

Seb Shonty, the role of playing his horn at the ground breaking ceremony of a finished downtown.

Phil Juneau, keeping an active schedule for the town's senior citizens.

State Sen. Con O'Leary, a cable package for this area and the nomination for U.S. Representative from the Sixth District.

Joe Fiore and John Scanlon, a full house at next June's weekend retreat.

John Lingua, a book on these cold winter nights, probably called "Where Did I Go Wrong?"

Ed Brazalovich, a book called "Where the Yankees Went Wrong in 1981."

Bill Reilly, directions to Fenway Park and a place to discard Yankee Stadium directions.

Jim Grasso, instructions on when the best time to enter politics.

Marie Dengenis, a picture of Russ Lose (So she'll know who just almost beat her at the last election for town clerk.)

Barry Gray, to write a book called . . . "Where I Went Right."

Coach Pat Scelza, a book on "How To Keep Football in a Soccer Town."

Coach Dan Sullivan, a book called . . .

"Keeping Soccer the Number One Sport in Town."

George Hall, Johnny Pesky of the Red Sox attend the next sports night in town.

Dick Williams, to write a book on "How to Enjoy Life without Politics."

Paul Miller, continued good health in the new year.

To Whom It Might Concern . . . suggestions on how to live with a beard and the latest taxi schedule to Bradley Field.

And not to take ourselves too seriously in the coming year.

With full stockings for all the kids.

And a great year for the town, state and country.

And best of all . . . Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year to all the readers of the Windsor Locks Journal/Observer and Cabbages and Kings.