

V. II #2
1978
—

Skipmunk

A Story of Chicopee



Debbie Moore

In the past, the staff of SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE has used this inside front cover for a variety of reasons. Here, for example, they have silently protested the mindless destruction of such historic buildings as the McArthur house and the Almshouse. They have also alerted the public to the need for preserving the knowledge of the slowly diminishing customs and life styles of the past. Today, although this page has a different author, the amount of editorial comment will not be diminished.

When SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE began, back in October of 1976, we were excited about the concept of producing an adult and professional magazine. In this light, we almost entirely concealed the fact that the staff was comprised of teenagers taking on an adult task. Recent criticism of our schools by our higher administrators, however, has altered our position.

The entire staff of SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE is comprised of students from Chicopee High School. Although they accept and encourage articles from outside the staff, the majority of the content for this magazine is done by students. They do research, write articles, conduct interviews, shoot and develop most of their own photos, edit, lay out and design the copy, write the majority of their newspaper releases—and during their “spare time,” they do attend classes and do complete their homework assignments. In reality, approximately eighty percent of the work involved for SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE is done outside of the classroom—on the students’ own time.

The intent of this page is not to praise the staff, but to ask the public to realize that in many instances, criticism of schools is not always as encompassing as it might be. People frequently criticize schools, and overlook the good aspects that evolve from them. Because such one-sided criticism is common and unfortunately, very human, it should not be taken as offensively as it often is, and it is with this attitude that I present a small segment of the “other side:” SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE is produced by students at Chicopee High School!

With this summer issue, SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE has come well along into its second year of publication, and I, along with the staff, sincerely hope to continue bringing Chicopee a written history of its life. We have learned a great deal about Chicopee and have enjoyed our role thoroughly. We hope that you have found enjoyment within these pages.

Stephen Olivo
Advisor
SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE



Chicopee High School—Class of '96.

Chicopee as a Town 1848 to 1890

By Bessie Warner Kerr

The great event of the 1870's was the building and dedication of our new Town Hall, and this seems a good place to describe the building. It is of brick with stone trimmings, planned by Charles E. Parker of Boston. The unusual tower, 147 feet high, is much like that of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, Italy. The town hall in Easthampton, also by the same architect, is the only one known to be similar in design. The front of the building is recessed, and flanked by two memorial tablets dedicated to our dead soldiers. The steps are of Monson gneiss.

The clock was paid for by subscription, \$400.00 being raised. The bell was purchased later, and was used many years as a fire alarm and a curfew at nine o'clock, as well as striking the hours. The gold eagle was placed in the corridor of the building just before being raised to the top of the tower, and the school children of the town were allowed to file past it to view it. It is seven feet from tip to tip of the wings. The dedication exercises and consecration of the tablets were held Dec. 21, 1871. The music was given by the famous Patrick Gilmore's Full Band, very famous in those days. The presentation of the tablets was given in "behalf of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society," by Emily F. Lombard, the Mrs. Abbey-Gill of Springfield, who has given much to Mount Holyoke College. "The Concert at 7½ o'clock, and the Grand Ball at 9½ o'clock were given by the Gilmore Band."

What stories the old Hall could tell! Of High School graduation exercises, the annual May Parties, Band Concerts, Dramatic Clubs in action, concerts by the school children conducted by Michael J. Sullivan, our first music supervisor. The first one was notable, as here Mary Garden gave her first public appearance, as a little old lady, although she

was only nine or ten. Later she sang at an entertainment given by two young peoples' groups, the Earnest Workers and the Busy Bees. Her song: The Milkmaid's song, some of us will never forget. One small girl was more impressed by Mary's two enormous braids of tawny hair.

The first newspaper, 1840, was The Cabot Chronicle and Chicopee Falls Advertiser; later these shortlived papers appeared: The Mechanic's Offering, Cabotville Mirror, Chicopee Telegraph, and a Chicopee Weekly Journal. The latter has a description of the new Dwight Company's dam at Chicopee Falls, built in 1856: "It is imbedded in solid rock which slants across the river at a place seemingly designed by nature for the purpose. The bulkhead is of granite from the Flint Quarry in Monson. Several factories share in the benefits as well as the expenses of this dam."

During the 1848 to 1869 period, Edward Bellamy was born at Chicopee Falls. His "Looking Backward," which "set the world ahead a century," was published in 1887-8, and has aroused much interest all over the world. It is a story of a social Utopia, written with remarkable foresight.

Even in its early days, Chicopee was interested in culture, arts, and music. A series of lectures in the old Cabot Hall brought several of the greatest speakers to Chicopee, including Edwin Booth, Charles Dickens, General Kossuth, and others forgotten now. In 1856, when Charles Sumner, statesman and orator, lectured in Springfield, we find arrangements were made so that many Chicopee people could go and come home on a very late train.

The anxious days of the Civil War decade caused a boom in some of our industries: swords, guns, locks, and small hardware. The cotton mills had a hard struggle. Chicopee sent more than its quota of soldiers and sailors to the front. Many had been members of the famous local group: The Cabot Guard.

In October, 1867, a singing school opened, and many fine voices were discovered; many fine concerts and entertainments were given by local talent, including scenes from Dickens, and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," from Burns' poem.

PATRONS

Mr. Timothy Murphy
Paul H. Thibault, Jr.
Mrs. Brenda Blanchette
Mrs. Shirley Kolby
Mr. & Mrs. Stephen A. Olivo, Sr.
Mrs. Lewis B. Larkin
Mr. & Mrs. J.F. Ogozalek, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Roy
Ellie Lazarus
Albin J. Mayer
William & Elaine Robinson
Mr. & Mrs. William P. Plifka
Stephen A. Olivo, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. William S. Starzyk, Jr.
Ann Marie Starzyk
Paul Sypek
Mrs. Helen Novak

John C. Sullivan
Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Stec
Mr. & Mrs. James E. Hastings
Mrs. Bonnie Solin
Emil Ferris
Rolland J. Asselin
Mrs. Alice S. Murphy
Mr. & Mrs. Eugene W. Asselin
Mrs. Marjorie Ducharme
Mr. Kenneth Leja
Mary M. Andrewes
D.J. Morissette, Sr.
Susan B. Burkhart
Judith A. Cadden
Mr. & Mrs. John F. Corridan
Stanley J. Czupryna

OUR FEATURE PATRON:
STARZYK MEMORIALS

81 Center Street
592-2144

The Staff of SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE would like to thank Mr. William Starzyk, Jr. and sons, for over fifty years of dedicated high quality service.

*Fairfield Mall Merchant's Assn.
Felix Furtek Agency
Durkee, White, Towne & Chapdelaine
Granfield Insurance Agency
E. R. Lavigne Insurance Agency
Old Colony Bank of Hampden County
Chicopee Education Assn.
Chicopee Municipal Credit Union
Edwards Insurance Agency*

*Universal Plastics Corporation
Starzyk Memorials
Falls Provision Co., Inc.
Class of 1978, CHS
Class of 1979, CHS
Class of 1980, CHS
Chicopee Highlights
Ferris Young World
Spiro's Pizza
Mickey's Bike and Toy Shop*

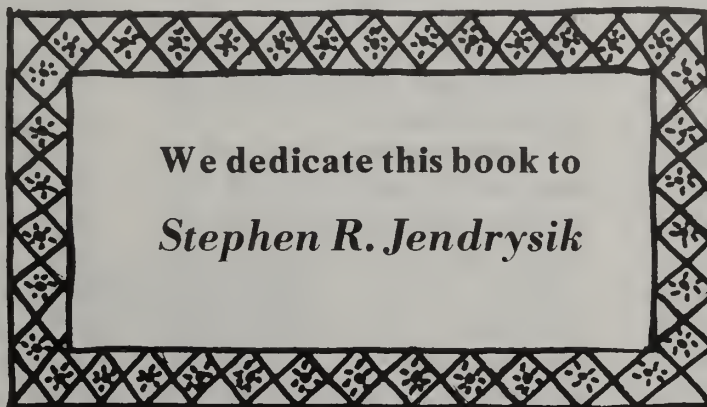
TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE:

The Story of Operation Little Vittles by Ann Marie Starzyk.....	4
Crossers of the Bridge...Beware! by Terry Bourk.....	8
Meet Harry Carlson by Nancy Woodard and Terry Bourk.....	10
Recipes.....	14
A Family Tradition by Ruth Ogozalek.....	16
A Family Interview by Angela Rucki.....	22
Casey's Lunch by Mary Frisbie.....	25
Bessie Kerr Talks about Old Times.....	26
In High School Days by William Kimberly Palmer.....	29
Relic of the Past? by Deborah Shea and Gary Keefe.....	30
Comments Please.....	32



"CHICOPEE"
Birch Bark Place and Raging Waters



SKIPMUNK is a self-financed, non-profit and continuing historical publication directly or indirectly related to Chicopee's History. PATRONS for subsequent issues will be greatly appreciated. Suggested donations are \$25.00 and \$12.00 for large and small businesses or organizations, respectively, and \$4.00 for individuals. Please make checks payable to SKIPMUNK.

Many of the articles appearing in this issue were accompanied by bibliographies and reference sources. Any questions on such matters should be sent to the editors, and they will be answered within ninety days of postmark. If sufficient requests occur, sources will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all correspondence to:

SKIPMUNK
SKIPMUNK, Volume II,
Number 2, Summer, 1978. A
Historic Magazine published
three times each year. Single
copies are \$1.75. Contents
copyright, SKIPMUNK©. All
rights reserved.

SKIPMUNK - Vol. II, No. 2
P.O. Box 830
Chicopee, Mass. 01014

Summer Issue, 1978

Ref 974.42 S628



The Story of
**OPERATION
LITTLE VITTLES**

By Ann Marie Starzyk

Postwar Berlin was very dismal. Here Frankfurt airlift pilot, Lt. Gail Halvorsen of Westover Air Force Base, Chicopee, feared that his airlift had become too routine. So he took steps to change this monotony. These steps were the beginning of Operation Little Vittles.

One morning Lt. Halvorsen hitched a ride to Tempelhof A.F.B. on a friend's airplane. Gail's intent was to be let off at an airfield in order to snap unusual pictures of planes at different angles as his friend flew them overhead. Gail thought that he would spend a leisurely morning indulging in this new hobby. However, as he was snapping pictures, he noticed a group of children carefully watching him. He immediately became aware of their patched clothing and dirty faces. He felt pity toward them and soon sprung up a conversation with them. Gail learned that the older children had learned English in school and that all the children loved watching planes as often as possible. Halvorsen thought that something was different about these children, but he couldn't exactly name it. Then it dawned on him. Throughout

his war years, youngsters always chased after him hoping to receive some candy and gum. Young German children were accustomed to consider American soldiers as walking candy stores. However, these children he just met did not ask for anything. They were too shy and too polite.

Halvorsen was intrigued by this, so he took the last two sticks of gum he had, divided them, and gave them to the children. In the words of Lt. Halvorsen, "The expressions on their faces were incredulous, full of awe--as if they were entering wonderland." Those who missed out on the gum were happy to have just a sniff or lick of the gum wrappers. Gail told the children to come back again the next day, and he promised he would give them more candy and gum. He said that his plane would be, "The one that wiggled its wings."

The following day Halvorsen kept his promise. From the flare tube of the plane he dropped out three handkerchiefs in parachute style filled with candy bars and gum for thirty children. After dropping the treats for the kids,

Halvorsen finished his run and thought this event to be over; however, it had just begun.

Day by day the number of children grew until clearly more than a hundred could be seen anxiously awaiting in hopes for the plane with "wiggling wings." Halvorsen's pilot friends asked him what the group of children were doing there every day. After hearing the explanation, the other members of the 17th squadron chipped in with more handkerchiefs and more boxes of candy and gum.

Now Halvorsen started to receive cards and letters of thanks from the Berlin children which were addressed to DER SCHOKOLADENFLIEGER (The Chocolate Flyer) or ONKEL WACKELFLUGEL (Uncle Wigglywings).

Shortly after this, Halvorsen and his wing commander had a little chat. The commander asked, "What in the world have you been doing?" Halvorsen answered guilelessly, "Flying like mad, Colonel." His superior exploded: "Look, I'm not stupid--it's all over the front pages of the Berlin papers. You nearly hit a journalist on the head

with the candy." In a mellower tone he added, "A good thing for you the general says to go ahead."

From that minute on the candy mission bloomed, blossomed, and was soon christened, "Operation Little Vittles."

The mission was named Operation Little Vittles because it followed in the footsteps of Operation Big Vittles headed by General Lemay. Similarly, Lemay also supplied food to hungry people.

Now since our own Chicopee had been established as the center for Operation Big Vittles here in the states, it was only natural that Chicopee should also become headquarters for Operation Little Vittles. In Chicopee a proposal was given by Mayor Edward Bourbeau and School Superintendent John L. Fitzpatrick to make Chicopee the "Little Vittles Headquarters" of the nation.

The children of Chicopee, as well as the women of Our Lady of



the Elms College generously gave their time, effort, and support by making the "parachutes," gathering materials and candy, and packing boxes. All of this work took place at the

abandoned fire station located at Grape and Springfield Streets. The fire station since then has long been demolished.

The tireless determination of Chicopee's young and old was recognized throughout the world. Consequently, everyone worked even harder knowing that their efforts were being appreciated.

Operation Little Vittles was running quite smoothly until it hit an unnecessary snag. Russia boldly protested that the candy violated the propaganda agreement among the Big Four nations. This protest, of course, seemed ridiculous, and the opposition eventually diminished. Officials of the State Department urged continuance of Operation Little Vittles.

One day Chicopee was surprised when Lt. Halvorsen came to visit and to thank all the local children that ran the Little Vittles Capital at the fire station. During this visit, he received many gifts and was made an honorary





citizen of Chicopee. Mayor Bourbeau told Halvorsen that whenever he wed, his wife, by virtue of her new name, would also become an honorary citizen of Chicopee.

Soon after his visit, the City of Chicopee received a letter from Gail which read, "Dear Mayor Bourbeau and fellow townsmen. Hope all is still going well with the Little Vittles capital. I'm still glowing from that wonderful visit I had with you not too long ago. I want to take this opportunity to ask you all to my wedding on April sixteenth, ten a.m., at 730 Park Street, Boulder City, Nevada. The bride is Miss Alta Jolley."

Mayor Bourbeau sent a letter in behalf of all Chicopee's citizens congratulating him and wishing him and his bride the best in life.

Eventually Lt. Gail Halvorsen was transferred, so he delegated the overseas project of Little Vittles to Captain Eugene

Williams and Lt. Lawrence L. Casky. Even though Halvorsen was to move away, he vowed to always keep in touch with Operation Little Vittles.

Conditions in Berlin eventually improved and soon Little Vittles was "phased out." The final step was completed when schoolchildren and dignitaries of Chicopee presented the last shipment of candy for the operation to Col. Joseph E. Barzynski, Jr., commanding officer of Westover Air Force Base, Atlantic Division of Military Air Transport Service.

It was estimated that Operation Little Vittles had processed over fifteen tons of candy. The candy had been supplied from manufacturers throughout America, and also by contributions from both individuals and organizations. In addition, the New England Container Co., of Chicopee, donated two thousand custom-made stenciled boxes; the Budd Company of

Philadelphia donated eleven thousand yards of ribbon; the Chicopee Manufacturing Company gave two thousand sheets of cloth; and the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the Connecticut State Department furnished three thousand handkerchiefs. It was approximated that thirty-two tons of candy and forty thousand parachutes had been dispatched from Chicopee to Germany.

So ended this exceptional war project of Chicopee. The immense involvement of Chicopee's citizenry in Operation Little Vittles is truly an illustrious episode in our city's history of which we can all be proud.

NOTE: Some information for this article was found in the Chicopee Public Library and the November, 1977 Reader's Digest.

This was the news as broadcast on WSPR

Our listeners heard this story over WSPR
on Jan. 27th 19 49 We thought you might like this copy

The Air Corps lieutenant who created what became known as "Operation Little Vittles," arrived in Chicopee this afternoon to meet some of the young people who supplied candy for the venture.

Lieutenant Gail Halvorsen, a pilot in the Berlin Air Lift, recently returned from Germany for re-assignment by the Air Force. He said he conceived the idea of dropping candy-laden handkerchief parachutes to German children after he learned of their silent longing for sweets.

Lieutenant Halvorsen arrived at Union Station in Springfield this afternoon. He was met by several Chicopee officials -- among them Superintendent of Schools John L. Fitzpatrick and a representative of Mayor Edward G. Bourbeau.

Halvorsen left immediately for Chicopee to attend a celebration arranged by the young people who sent him candy and other sweets -- eighteen tons of it, to be exact -- for the "Little Vittles" operation.

He conferred for some time with the Chicopee school children who, under the direction of 18-year-old Mary Connors, set up the clearing center for the sweets. And tonight he'll be guest of honor at a dinner at the Red Barn in Chicopee. Other guests at that dinner will be Brigadier-General Archie E. Old, Jr., Atlantic Division commander of the Military Air Transport Service, and Colonel Joseph E. Barzynski, Jr., Westover Air Force Base commandant.

Eugene C. Zack
WSPR News Editor

From the Station which also brings you these News Personalities

Hubert Kregeloh (Exclusive on WSPR)

Martin Agronsky Dorothy Fuldoheim Earl Godwin Drew Pearson
Erwin D. Canham Arthur Gaeth Taylor Grant Sam Pettengill
Elmer Davis Don Gardiner Edwin C. Hill Walter Winchell

And for Sports News Bob Jones (Exclusive on WSPR)
Bill Corum Don Dunphy Joe Hasel Harry Wismer

CROSSERS OF THE BRIDGE . . . BEWARE!

By Terry Bourk

I can remember when my mom would drive me home from Grandmas by route of the Chicopee-West Springfield Bridge. I had a habit of holding my breath and blocking my nose when the tires of the car would jiggle the bridge floor. I finally went out and found the information my curiosity was crying for.

The Bridge

In 1848, the Cabot and West Springfield Bridge Co. was chartered by the state, and authorized to build a tall bridge across the Connecticut River near Jones Ferry (lower Exchange St.). The bridge measured 26 ft. wide and 1,237 ft. long. \$38,000 was raised by Chicopee residents who purchased shares at \$100 each. This method covered the construction costs. In December, 1849, the bridge opened to traffic and the first day's tolls brought in \$5.

In 1872, Chicopee, West Springfield, and Hampden County bought the bridge for \$36,000 (\$12,000 a piece) from the Bridge Company. Extensive repairs were in progress in 1903, when a fire broke out at the west end. The entire bridge was destroyed in a matter of minutes because of a strong wind. At this point a ferry was used to cross the Connecticut River.

A new steel bridge was completed in 1905. This one measured 23 ft. wide, and the center was 28 ft. above river level. That's the neat old bridge that I can remember. I loved it when the boards shook. It gave me a good scarey-thrill.

Location

The bridge is part of Chicopee and part of the center, but an article in *The Chicopee Herald* pointed out to me that, "Chicopee Center is really Chicopee South; the so-called 'center' is no more in

the middle of the town than Texas is in the middle of the country." The center was very definitely the hub of the city, since traffic could come from Holyoke to the north, Springfield to the south, and West Side from somewhere in between.

What Happened

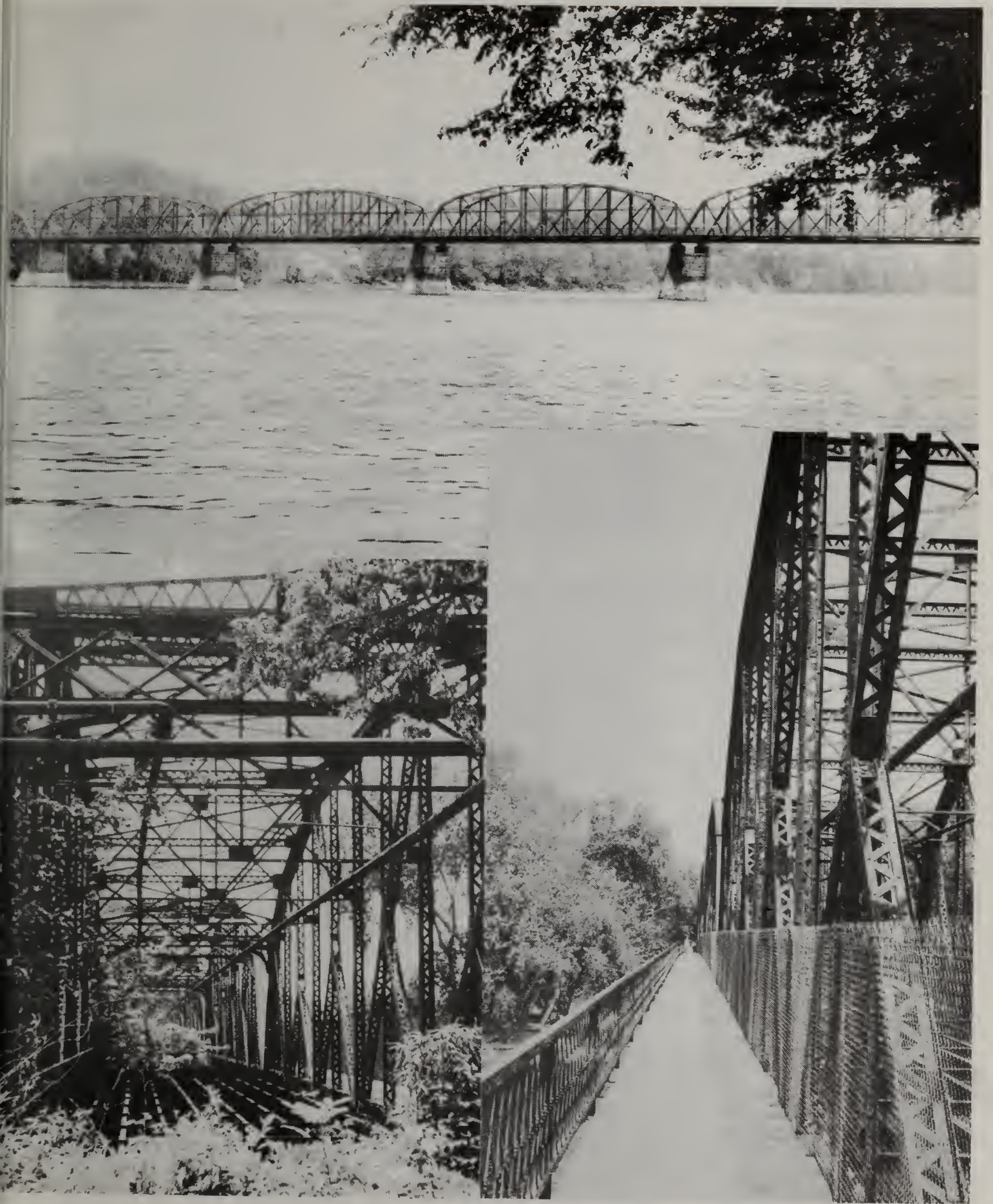
Common sense forced the closure of the bridge in December, 1969. Since then, three Governors of Massachusetts and the Chicopee legislators gave empty promises of a new bridge. Few people seemed to show any interest in the bridge beyond seeking publicity as former mayor Edward Lysek pointed out in his critical article entitled "Bridge That Gap!"

One of the few who did give an effort was Representative Kulig who filed and had the legislature pass the necessary bills which ordered the DPW to build a new bridge specifying the exact location for it, and Speaker John Thompson who had over two million dollars appropriated and earmarked for this bridge.

On February 19, 1976, a headline in the *Chicopee Transcript* read "Hope for Chicopee—West Springfield Bridge Lost as State DPW Claims Project Unfeasible." It listed a few options the DPW would consider taking, like the bridge's demolition which is estimated to cost \$450,000.

A second option available to the city and the town of West Springfield was the refurbishing of the bridge with both communities sharing 25 percent of the estimated \$1.5 million cost, with the state paying the remaining 50 percent.

Now the almost legendary bridge serves only pedestrians and there are no funds available from the DPW. The holes in the bridge are repaired with thin patches of street signs, so crossers of the bridge, BEWARE!



MEET

HARRY CARLSON

by Nancy Woodard and
Terry Bourk



Harry Carlson shown holding a model lobster boat.

“My family were all sea going people at one time or another. My grandfather lived in Sweden, they were all part-time fishermen there. In the winter they’d do lumbering and in the summer they’d do fishing and lobstering.

In 1901, my father came to the United States. He went to work for the Gas Company in New York where he became a foreman, a blacksmith and machine-shop foreman. However, he refused to give up his love for the sea and on the weekends we’d always go fishing.”

The son of that sea loving machine-shop foreman is Harry G. Carlson, who graciously allowed us to interview him recently at his home. During the interview he told us that he never let go of his boyhood fascination with boats. From the moody Atlantic where he fished with his father, his love for boats followed him to the inland where it found

expression in miniature model schooners; lobster and shrimp boats, tugs and sailboats, all of which took on a handcrafted look of the real thing. Of the uniqueness and authenticity of each model, he says, “I noticed in all the gift shops, they all had schooners, nothing like you’d see in the harbor. So I started to make them. Every one is different.”

Procedure

When it comes to boats, Mr. Carlson is his own boss. His native taste leads him to give his boats just a lacquer finish. It gives him control and dominance over the wood he is working with.

We were bewildered as to how he was able to make the gentle curves of the hull. His explanation was quite simple: “I soak the wood in hot water for about five-ten minutes. I take it

out and wipe them off. You can bend the wood too, because the kind of glue I use penetrates the wood and you can almost tie a knot with it.”

Mr. Carlson’s boats are not intended to float. They would require balasts to float for gravity. His wide vocabulary in sea language defined the term “water-tender” for us. “He’s the guy that balances the ship with the water tanks. He either pumps it in or pumps it out.”

A Russian columnist, Zera Aranow wrote an article, “Down to the Sea in Popsickle Sticks,” in the *Springfield Daily News*, which opened the public eye to what Mr. Carlson was actually doing. He had been getting inquiries from that write-up. “My big problem was that I was making them as they order them, so I never had anything to show.”

He makes about twelve boats a year. It takes a month to

assemble one, but he works with two or three at a time because he has to wait for the glue to dry.

Besides his boats, Mr. Carlson devotes some of his time to creating tables with the boat's wheel. This takes two weeks for him to do part-time. When he was asked if he would teach anyone this art, his reply was, "No, this is my own little baby. The boats I will tell them how to do it, but the wheels, that's my own thing."

Materials

"I used to make them as a kid, but I wouldn't buy the kit. I'd make my own. The family always did this stuff. They made boats and everything. It seems to me I always knew how to make them."

Mr. Carlson doesn't have to look too far for his supplies to produce his boats. Coffee stirrers, tongue depressors, plant markers, popsicle sticks and old wood from furniture scraps suit him fine. Along with these ordinary objects he also finds that reject gun stocks from Savage Arms make a neat walnut trim in front of the boats' windows. He chooses not to use plastic because as he says, "it's the cheapest stuff on the market." He prefers to use oak, birch, and especially maple because of its hardness.

Even though Mr. Carlson was a little embarrassed to show us his workshop, we found a lathe, band saw, drill, jigsaw, and a comforting pot bellied stove for those shivering winter months.

His Fishing

Mr. Carlson's models include just about every detail that the real boats need for fishing. The question "if his fishing rods on his model boats actually came down" brought forth a magnificent response from Mr. Carlson. "The fishing rod and line is attached to a clothespin and it's raised so it'll bring the line way out. They are not set up like this on real boats until they're out at sea because down around Freeport, N.Y. you got the low bridges and they have to open for the boats."

"They usually have two people piloting the boat because if you run into a school of fish you got to help the guy. If it's bluefish, you got to club them so they won't fight back. They

Open backed charter boat.

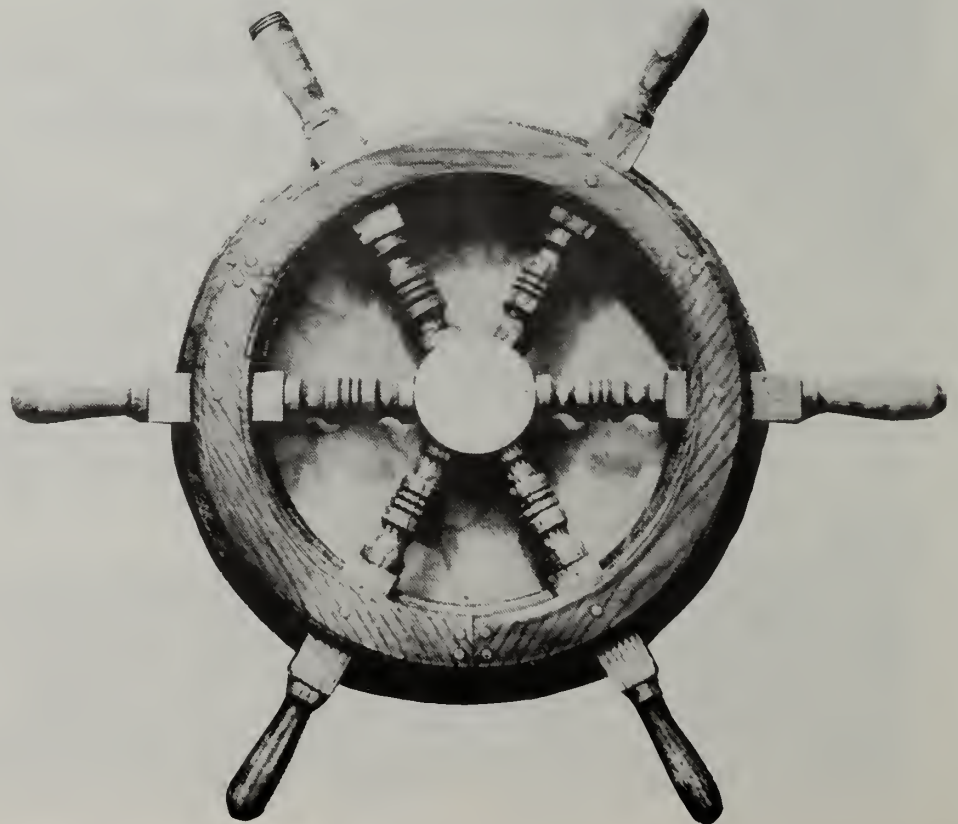




"Mr. Carlson's models include just about every detail that the real boats need for fishing."

weigh fifteen-twenty pounds, but they're vicious, like a piranha. If you get a big tuna, you got a problem. They bring them alongside the boat with a gin pole, it's like an extra mast with a pulley. When they get into a contest like the Rhode Island Tuna Derby, it's too big to bring it on the boat, so they drag it alongside of it. (A normal one would go for about thirty-forty pounds.) Some individual tuna go up to about twelve feet, eight hundred pounds."

"Sometimes you see sport fish; some you catch on the surface (this is surface fishing), some on the bottom. For these here, they use artificial bluefish or tuna lures. I've been given the boat to pilot, but I didn't like it. It's too much responsibility. I'm out there to fish."





“ . . . this is my own little baby. The boats I will tell them how to do it, but the wheels, that’s my own thing.”

RECIPES

Recipes contributed by Linda Fabbri and Jane Morin.

BAKED STUFFED POTATOES

Bake potatoes in jackets in 400° oven for one hour. When done, cut potatoes in half and scoop out insides. Mash potatoes. Add sour cream, salt, pepper, bacon bits and dehydrated onions to desired taste and consistency. Fill skins with potato mixture, top with fresh grated cheddar cheese and paprika. When ready to serve, place under the broiler for 5 - 10 minutes. Freeze ahead of time for dinner parties.

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

Place 2 cups of French style green beans (drained) in a baking dish. Add 1 cup heated cream of mushroom soup, not diluted, and 1/2 can crushed French fried onion rings. Mix well. Place remaining onion rings on top. Bake for 25 minutes in 325° oven.

MOTHER'S LEMON PIE

Heat 2 cups milk, pinch salt, and $\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar in double boiler. Gradually add 4 Tbs. cornstarch dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Stir until thick and smooth. Beat 3 egg yolks with fork until smooth. Remove milk mixture from heat and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup to the egg yolks. Return the beaten yolks to the mixture, beating well with fork until well-mixed and smooth. Add juice from 2 lemons and grated rind from one lemon. Rind mixture will look curdled until well mixed. Pour into 9 inch uncooked pie shell. Bake in hot oven until crust is nicely browned.

Meringue

Beat 3 egg whites until soft peaks form. Add 2 Tbs. sugar for each egg white, one spoonful at a time. Beat until stiff peaks form when raised. Spread meringue over hot filling carefully sealing edge of crust. Bake 7-10 minutes until lightly browned.

FRIED FISH BEER BATTER

Beat 1 cup flour, 1 cup warm beer, 1 egg, salt + pepper. Chill. Dry fish with paper towel. Dip fish into batter. Fry in a good amount of butter-oil combination.

A Family Tradition . . .

By Ruth Ogozalek

Co-Editor Sarah Ogozalek has discovered a segment of Chicopee history right in her own family. Carefully preserved, and lovingly protected, in her grandfather's modern ranch home on Woodlawn Street are three printing presses which were owned by Josef Ogorzalek, Sarah's great-grandfather, in the early 1900's. A few pictures and newspaper articles depicting the life of this distinguished gentleman are included on the following pages. Older Chicopee residents may remember the spot on Main Street, Chicopee Falls, where he settled and lived out his short life.

Joseph, whose name was originally spelled the way Polish-speaking people still pronounce it, "Josef Ogorzalek" (he later dropped the "r" and Americanized both names) was born in Poland in 1875, and traveled to America some time prior to the mid-1890's. He settled first on Grove St., Chicopee Falls. The first trip was made only with his brother, but he returned in a few years to Poland to marry his childhood sweetheart, and still later went back to fetch his sister and their mother. The exact dates of these trips are unknown, but the family history can be accurately traced back to 1900. Joseph and his wife had three children: John (Sarah's grandfather) who was born July 21, 1900, and later Mary and Stanley. John and his wife, the former Josephine Rymarczyk from Hartford, Connecticut, are also the parents of three children: Irene, Cecelia, and John, Jr. (Sarah's father), all of whom



Josef and his Polish bride.

in turn have parented three children, two girls and a boy each.

To return to Joseph, and the starting point of this particular slice of Chicopee history, we have pictures of the clothing and dry goods store which he opened

at 70 Main St., after his marriage. The family lived on the second and third floors of this building, and Polish people of the community found Joseph a valuable and trusted friend, always available when they needed him.



An early view of the Clothing Store



Inside the Ogozalek Store.



*Front view of Ogozalek Store, draped for Fourth of July Celebration.
[2nd and 3rd floor had been added.]*

Joseph had become something of a self-taught legal and real estate expert, and assisted Polish-speaking immigrants in arranging passage for their relatives in Poland, and in buying homes in the surrounding com-

munity of Chicopee. The Ogozalek store was a gathering place where Polish immigrants learned to write and speak English, get the latest information on property sales, arrange to be reunited with families left behind

in their home-land, and outfit their children for school. Joseph also worked in the local drug store, attended night school, and played the coronet.

In addition, having learned to run a printing press at Rich



Rear view of 72 Main St., Chicopee Falls, where the Ogozaleks lived.

Lithographing Co., Joseph set himself up in a small business with his own presses in the store at 70 Main St. John, his eldest son, was taught at an early age to set type and run the presses. This became John's beloved avocation, and for his entire life, until the Main Street building was demolished in the urban renewal project in 1968, he followed his father's footsteps of

printing raffle tickets, church notices, wedding invitations, and advertisements for those willing to reimburse him for the materials and supplies needed for their work. He proudly displays samples in the photographs following.

Joseph died on December 17, 1913, when his son John was only 13 years old, but he had passed on the legacy of a skill

which is woven into the lives of the Ogozalek family, and the community.

Perhaps it is from her great-grandfather's influence that Sarah is now, more than 75 years later, involved in keeping the history of Chicopee alive and preserved on the printed pages of the SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE.



Printing Presses preserved by Josef's son, John F. Ogozalek, Sr.



STRONICA

POLSKA

CHICOPEE JOURNAL

∴ APRIL 18, 1913 ∴

Obywatel Józef T. regu lat tu nam znany pro-
ubrania dla dzieci,
krawatki, kołnierzyki, over-
sprzedaje karty
pieniądze do wszystkich części
najniższych. Do-
Sądowych w starem kraju.
zakres drukarst-



Ogorzałek od sze-
wadzi handel Bławaty, obuwie
kapelusze męzkie,
holce i wiele innych. Również
okrętowe, wysyła
świata po cenach możliwie
radza w sprawach
Wypełnia wszelkie roboty w
wa wchodzące.

TRANSLATION OF ABOVE:

Citizen Josef T. Ogorzalek, known here for many years in the textile business, has shoes and clothing for children, men's hats, ties, collars, overalls, and many others. He also sells ship tickets, sends money to all parts of the world for the lowest possible price. He gives advice in legal matters in the old country. He fulfills all types of work in the publishing field.

A family interview by Angela Rucki.

*Two by a table,
A light above, in between:
Speaking
Listening:*

*Amber-cased memories
Preserved through time,
Now shot with a light needle
Triggered by a question,*

*The beginning unsure,
Lost in shadows of yellow,
Light intensifying
Sparkle spreading-*

*Focus Front St.,
A church,
House nearby,
Neighborhood setting,*

*Youth-
Depression,
Playing with
"Neighborhood friends",*

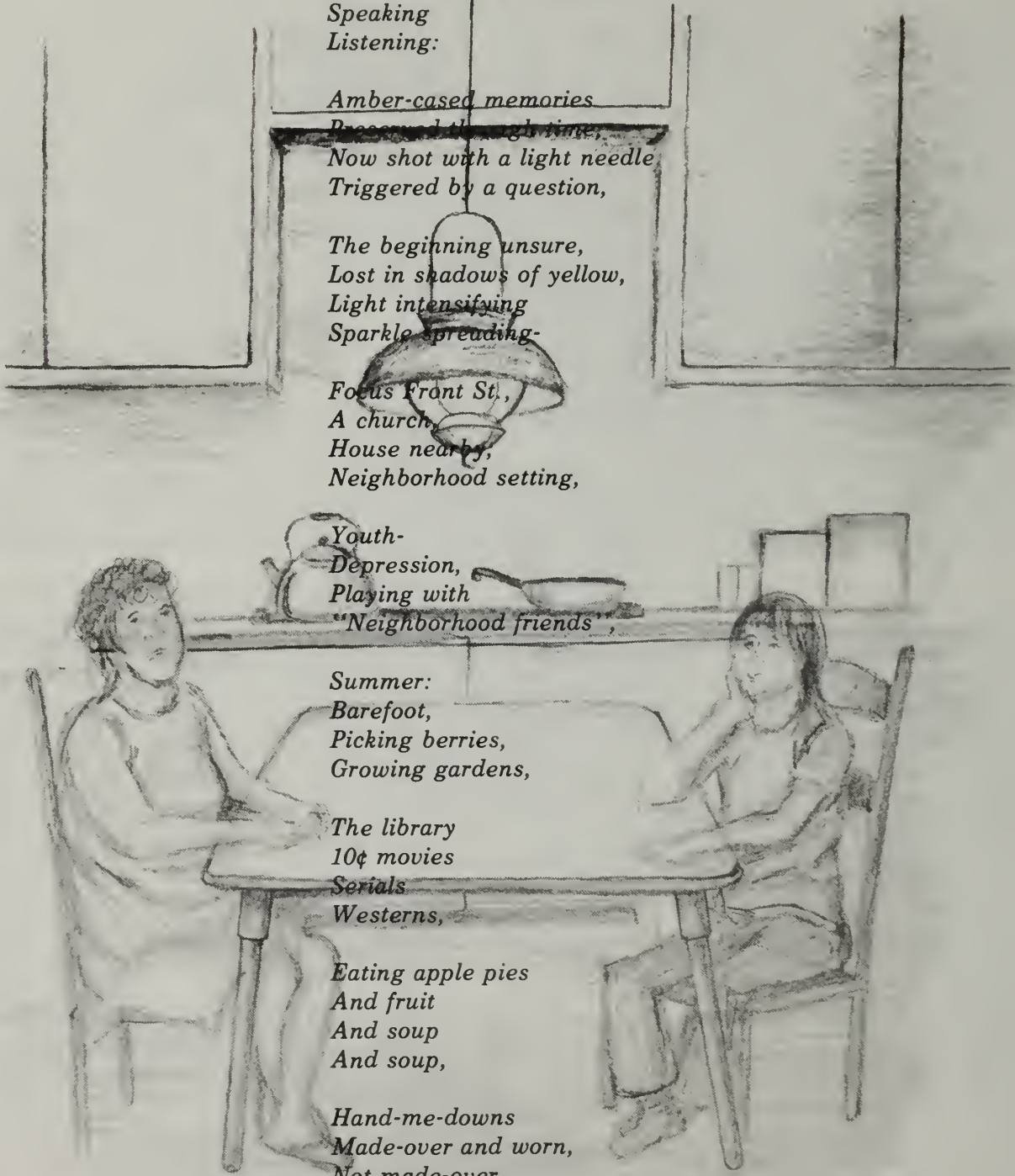
*Summer:
Barefoot,
Picking berries,
Growing gardens,*

*The library
10¢ movies
Serials
Westerns,*

*Eating apple pies
And fruit
And soup
And soup,*

*Hand-me-downs
Made-over and worn,
Not made-over
And still worn,*

*Harcerstwo
Excercise, singing, dancing:
Saturday mornings
Polish lessons,*



*4-H canning
August or September,
Displayed
Ribbons, first, second, and on,*

*"Neighbor helping neighbor"
Trust;
Doors not locked
Skeleton keys-*

*Light to heat
Intensifying
Throbbing
Amber melting,*

*Memories rising
From melted yellow,
Slowly, slowly,
Free!*

*Older-
Dating strict,
High school,
Few to college,*

*A woman:
School
Job
Marriage,*

*World War II;
President Roosevelt,
Fireside chat,
Crying,*

*Brothers,
Friends,
Leaving,
"And we were sad"*

*Women working
In factories;
Air raid wardens
Keeping lights out,*

*Peace:
Brothers, friends
Coming back,
Happiness-*

*Memories fly,
Dancing in the heat,
Leaving
Yellow prisons behind,*

*Sparing
Swooping
Circling
And twining together-*

*Christmas eve:
Family,
Wigilia,
Oplatek,*

*Cutting hay,
Linen tablecloth,
Pierogis, borsch
Potatoes, cabbage,*

*Holy Saturday:
Priest
Blessing
A table of food,*

*Religion,
Church,
Sacraments,
Commandments-*

*Memories
Slowing
Falling,
Sinking into liquid amber;*

*Hot to cool
Light to dark
Solid
Encasing memories*

*Released
By one:
Now held
By two*

CASEY'S LUNCH

by Mary Frisbie

Mr. Casimir (Casey) Godek was once the owner of The Open Kitchen Lunch Restaurant. Until he was drafted into the service in 1943, the restaurant was the only business he knew.

Mr. Godek originally came from Rochester, New York. He came to Chicopee to visit his brother when the Depression hit in 1929.

Open Kitchen Lunch

The Open Kitchen Lunch was opened seven days a week from 5 A.M. to 1 A.M. when the business first opened, then closed at 2 P.M. on Sunday.

"I started in the business when I was eighteen, and stayed with it until I was drafted into the service in 1943.

I first started out as a dishwasher for five dollars a week, then when I went into short order cooking I was getting fourteen dollars a week, for six days a week, twelve hours a day.

We served a regular dinner with soup, coffee, pudding, and the plate for thirty-five to fifty cents. A short steak (full-course) dinner we were serving was sixty to sixty-five cents. A cup of coffee with two doughnuts was only ten cents!"

The restaurant specialized in home cooking instead of portion-controlled meals, as most of the restaurants do today. The overhead wasn't as high, and the help was more reasonable. Raises weren't expected as often and costs weren't as high since there was no minimum wage. Along with no minimum wage, there was no compulsory insurance, workman's compensation, unemployment compensation, or social security payments, which protect the common worker.

With minimum wage and the cost of things today, you couldn't operate a restaurant the way Mr. Godek did in the 1930's.

"One of our biggest sellers was either soup or beef stew. But every Thursday we served corn beef and cabbage. We used to make chicken pies one day a week, but we used to break up our own meat. I used to buy sides of beef and cut up my own meat; we'd have goulash, pot of beef, spare ribs, and sauerkraut."

Mr. Godek told us that although the sauerkraut was served at the request of the Polish people, most of the other customers seemed to enjoy it also.

Truck Drivers and Celebrities

Truck drivers frequently stopped at "The Open Kitchen Lunch" on their way through Chicopee. Many celebrities also stopped for lunch—people like Vaughn Monroe, who was a well-known singer in the 1930's, Jackie Cooper, Romeo Bishop (Joey's brother), Liberace and many others.

"Once the word got around that we had a good eating place, there was always a mess of trucks parked around the place."

Robbery

The Open Kitchen Lunch experienced one break in its thirteen years as a business. Mr. Godek told us about it:

"There was one break in, where they smashed the cabinets and smashed the register. Even though we never left anything in the place, the register was still pried open."

Casey's Lunch

In 1945, after Mr. Godek was released from the service, he bought a restaurant from Mr. Kos in Chicopee Falls and named it Casey's Lunch.

"My second restaurant, Casey's Lunch, was in Chicopee Falls on Main St. across from where the First Bank is now. We were opened six days a week from 5 in the morning to 7 at night, and closed Sundays."

The prices in the 1940's had almost doubled since those of the 1930's! Mr. Godek told us that "in the 1930's you could get a cup of coffee and two doughnuts for ten cents, but that now (1940's) the coffee was a dime already, and one doughnut was a nickel. The meals were already sixty to sixty-five cents compared to the ones we were serving ten years earlier for thirty-five to fifty cents."

Although the prices had changed in the 1940's, the food was still the same and served in the same portions.

"If you have to raise the prices don't cut the portions," Casey told us. You won't save money; you'll lose customers. They won't want to pay the price for the amount of food they get."

Higher Overhead

In the 1940's the overhead was higher and help was harder to come by.

"I had five full time employees, three part time, and my wife came in two or three times a week to help out."

II Robbery

Casey's Lunch also experienced a break in, but this time there was a great deal of damage done.

"The T.V. was stolen, all my cabinets were broken, they opened my walk-in box, and threw everything all around the restaurant, smashed eggs, meat, and threw everything all over. I had to be closed the next day."

Closed

Casey's Lunch operated for twenty-five years, then was forced to close in 1970 because of Urban Renewal.

Mr. Godek always operated a clean restaurant with high quality food.

"The most important thing is having a clean place, and good, wholesome food. I wouldn't want to serve something I wouldn't want to eat myself."

ODDS and ENDS . . .

The following notes by Bessie Warner Kerr were found among old family pictures.

It seems as tho by this time you may be satiated with the History of Chicopee and I was not sure what I could bring, so decided to give you odds and ends of items I had found interesting and that have not been too much published.

How did I become interested in collecting and tabulating our story? It really grew out of our helplessness at the Library when once a year, the school children came flocking in calling for a history of Chicopee. There wasn't one! We had Mrs. Palmer's *Annals of Chicopee St.*, usually called *Annals* by the inquirers; the *History of Hampden County*, 2 histories of Western Mass., Holland (?) and Copeland, the W.P.A. paper-covered project book, an article by the Rev. Burnham of C. St. which appeared in the *New England Mag.* in 1889 and which now is entirely out of print. We had made typewritten copies of that, but it didn't go far enough. Mrs. Palmer's book is the simple short annals of Chicopee St. before 1875 and the others were out of date. There was a small, very precious copy of *Chicopee Illustrated* printed by the *Holyoke Transcript* in 1892. This is out of print and there were few of them anyway. This was made up, almost entirely of a series of papers written by the women of our church, the 3rd Cong'l., and a few of the original manuscripts have been preserved. My aunt, Miss Howard, wrote on the Schools, Mrs. Leonard's mother wrote the paper on the churches of this town, Miss DeEtte Chapin about the Chapin family. I can look back and hear her chuckle as she gave us the joke about the Chapin family pride and that some wag had insisted that they thought there were two classes of people, the Chap out of the Ark and the Chap in. I have heard lately that the *Springfield Republican* also printed these stories.

We have had repeated references to a history by the first town clerk and treasurer, Wm. Berius (???) Bemis, but as far as I know, it is not in existence.

Miss Smith had made a wonderful file of clippings on Chicopee in World War I, so I was sure

we should do the same for World War II, but that is another story. It was about 1921 or 2 that I had the idea of the Library's having a history of its own and even went so far as to write at least two starts or first chapters. One of these I called "Chicopee, River and Mead and Town" sort of a Grey's Elegy style and then I stopped, as the need at that era died down a bit. Then when I was asked to run a serial in the *Chicopee Herald*; I used the first chapter just as it was. Their firm used my *Chicopee River and Mead and Town* just once but wanted to know what it meant. In 1943, when the library celebrated its 90th anniversary I told the Kiwanis Club I was anxious to get out a history, and they were so interested one member told me he was sure there was a city fund that would sponsor it. Heard no more of it! One of the ideas I talked of, was a chapter called *Gossip, Tradition and Rumor*. But by the time I wrote that chapter for the *Herald* 2 years later, there were so few who could appreciate some of the old jokes, I left them out. (Arthur Fitz' nose, Mary Gater & J the Baptist, Susie B's man can't vote—heard one this morning). Of course, while these articles were running I had several telephone calls and letters to correct mistakes in 1st names, initials and omissions, (my worst fault, it seemed). In some cases research proved that I was right, but on the whole, there weren't too many errors. I was a bit prone to think past residents had not only left the city but had also died. The recent printing of the *Chicopee Herald* has been on the whole correct. I was sure Paul Bellamy had died and found his death, like Mark Twain's had been greatly exaggerated, but there really was an item to that effect; another awful blunder, evidently that I was to blame for, was when the Polish National Church on Bell St. was likened to the Lutheran, and that is still rankling. Why, I don't know, as I had to go by a certain woman's story.

In 1938, I sent a circular letter to the 22 churches in the city to get their history and statistics; the response was very good, so I invited

the ladies societies of all our churches to a symposium and tea at the Federated church. Seventy-five ladies came and we had a fine afternoon. Later I incorporated this material into a lecture given twice at other church gatherings and put more gossip and pep into it.

Mr. Mellinger (minister) called me last week to ask if there wasn't quite a bit of bickering as the church members began to leave the 1st church on Chicopee St. (gone for about 75 years) and build their own. I had not found it, but he said there was a tradition in their archives to that effect. Miss McKinstry, the historian of Chicopee St. is doing a fine work and I will pass on her idea--(scrap books---must find out where she gets them, for I have done the same for years and found the paper of the cheap books does not last). Of course, I have the history of the library at my tongue's end and it has been written many times. The story of the old Cabot Institute founded 1846 giving their library of 900 books to the town for a permanent public library, which the town received in 1853, is very well known. A bit of information I found in the old archives of the Institute amused me very much. Somebody who had been appointed librarian of the Reading Room, had been very careless and 124 books were missing. These intrepid young men called him before the club and voted to chastise him by forcing him to post lists of the entire number of books missing in 7 public places about town and get the books back, and as if that wasn't enough, he was to sweep and clean the reading room every week for a month. There was one item some months later saying Mr. So & So had resigned. One matter has disappointed me very much; the Library should have celebrated its 95th anniversary the 14th of May, but the new force is evidently too young to think of celebrating birthdays. But our library is one of the oldest of N.E. free public libraries. It is one year younger than Springfield's and one year older than the Boston Public L.

This week we have really celebrated the last 100 years and have not said much about the first 200. This controversy of the last month about early foreigner's coming is sort of amusing to us old folks of the older stock. I wanted to get out into the open and shout; what were the Yankees doing for 200 years before you got here but preparing a place for you, where you could enjoy the life you are so pleased to crow about. Please give us some credit even if we have become nearly extinct. See Oliver Wendell Holme's remark about some of the older

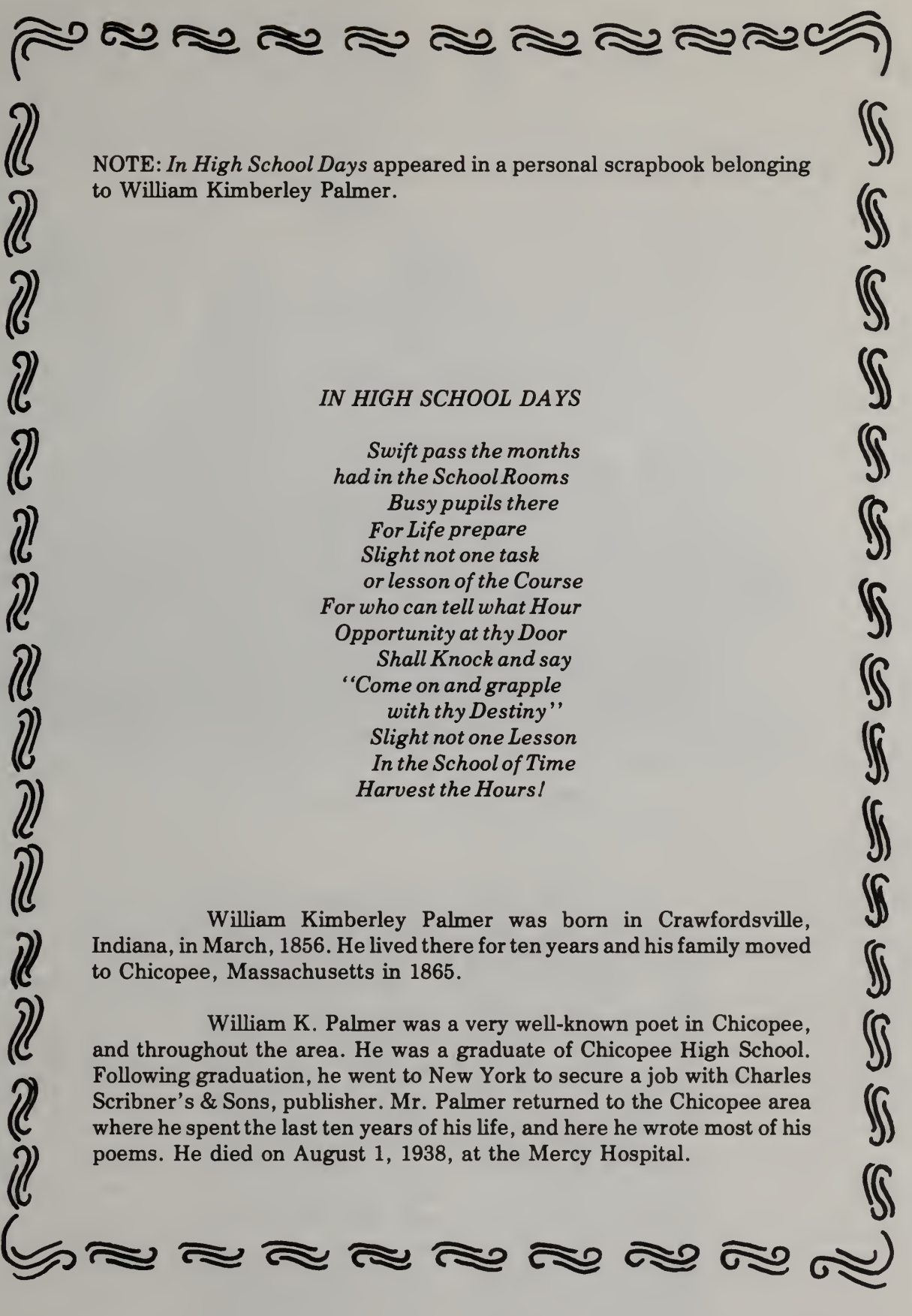
Boston Families "like the potato plant, the best part underground."

Well, except to a few of us, I have kept quiet, which reminds me of a story I heard last Thursday. A woman who is an expert on reading problems and is working with one of our private schools for backward children, told of a shy boy who was quite stricken when he saw a lovely little new girl come in. He exclaimed in amazement: "is she one of we?" So, I think we should work together a bit more closely. This Protestant Brotherhood is a fine idea and I hope it will thrive in Chicopee.

When we think of the first days of the settlement of this middle Conn. valley, I have a sort of vision of the scene, and if there is time, I'd like to read to you one of the drafts I made as the introduction to a history of our city.

"One beautiful day in the spring of 1636, a band of "adventurers" as the Plymouth colony called themselves, left their homes in the present town of Roxbury, for better pasturage. They had talked for months about leaving for a better place in which to build their homes and had planned to leave the Eastern seaboard as soon as the travelling was not only easier but safer. Fabulous tales had drifted into the Massachusetts settlement of a wonderful country about 100 miles west. Wood abounding in furbearing animals, especially beavers and of streams abounding with fish, both useful for barter or trade with both Indians and whites. The Great River, as the Connecticut was called by the Indians, teeming with large edible fish, has been seen by several white men and praised beyond belief. Near the banks of this river were fertile plains and valleys where crops could be raised, homes built with plenty of timber for building (virgin forests).

In May 1636, the people of Foxbury were given, by the Mass. Bay Plantation, "the right to remove themselves any place they should think meet, not to prejudice another plantation, provided they stayed under the government of Massachusetts Bay Colony." As in *Bible* times, spies were sent to the promised land, so a Wm. Pynchon, a moneyed man and a magistrate of Roxbury, sent a small band of explorers to the West, where they built a cabin on the west side of the Conn. near the spot called Agawam by the Indians. As they arrived just in time to meet and feel the spring freshets at high water, this spot was abandoned and a flat narrow strip on the other side of the Conn. recommended. So, that is why Springfield is where it is.



NOTE: *In High School Days* appeared in a personal scrapbook belonging to William Kimberley Palmer.

IN HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

*Swift pass the months
had in the School Rooms
Busy pupils there
For Life prepare
Slight not one task
or lesson of the Course
For who can tell what Hour
Opportunity at thy Door
Shall Knock and say
"Come on and grapple
with thy Destiny"
Slight not one Lesson
In the School of Time
Harvest the Hours!*

William Kimberley Palmer was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, in March, 1856. He lived there for ten years and his family moved to Chicopee, Massachusetts in 1865.

William K. Palmer was a very well-known poet in Chicopee, and throughout the area. He was a graduate of Chicopee High School. Following graduation, he went to New York to secure a job with Charles Scribner's & Sons, publisher. Mr. Palmer returned to the Chicopee area where he spent the last ten years of his life, and here he wrote most of his poems. He died on August 1, 1938, at the Mercy Hospital.

Relic of the Past?

By Deborah Shea and Gary Keefe



The Chapin Home at 354 Chicopee St.

Chicopee was founded in the 1660's by Japhet and Henry Chapin, sons of Deacon Samuel Chapin. Deacon Samuel Chapin was one of Springfield's early, prominent residents. He migrated from Roxbury, Mass. with his family in the winter of 1642-43. He served as a selectman who's concern was to watch over morals, health, and public measures. A statue of him by St. Gaudens stands next to the Springfield City Library on State Street.

John Pynchon administered the first recorded deed of Chicopee lands to Henry Chapin on March 9, 1659. It was for 200 acres bounded by the Connecticut River to the west and the Chicopee River to the south. The land comprised a major portion of the Chicopee Street settlement. Henry Chapin built his house south of the Chicopee River, Indians and safety probably major concerns. Japhet Chapin later settled to the north on Chicopee Street, on a tract of land secured by his father.



Front entrance of Chapin Home.

Today, Chicopee's earliest houses are located along Chicopee Street. The Chapin House at 354 Chicopee Street is representative of those days. Historic evidence points to the fact that this house is the oldest in Chicopee. This evidence places the back portion of the dwelling at a date circa 1710, and the front portion at circa 1730. Samuel Chapin, the builder was the son of Japhet Chapin. He was born in 1665, the first generation of local born; and he was married in 1690. It was a common practice to build the home at the time of marriage. Today his house (back portion) is the oldest remaining property in the city, and rivals among the oldest in the lower pioneer valley.

Chicopee was an agricultural community; the fields along the Connecticut River were fertile lands supporting farms and cattle. The mouth of the Chicopee River was abundant with shad and salmon. The Chicopee Street Settlement was the

most important of the villages springing up in Chicopee's boundary. The village tavern, stores, and post office were all located on the street. The house is representative of those times before the development of the Chicopee River as a source of power by Boston Investors, and its transformation into a mill town in the 1830's and 1840's.

It is interesting to trace the history of a city by still standing structures as well as by old photographs, maps, histories and oral history recollections. A late occupant of the house, Daniel Monroe Chapin adds another tale. In 1834, he met Alonzo Philips of Hartford, who had invented a sulfur match, but lacked the capital to market it. Daniel convinced Mr. Philips to come to Chicopee. The matches were made in sections, on a thin wooden card similar to today's cardboard matches. The matches were dipped in the sulfur mixture and eight or ten local girls were employed to pack them. Matches were sold all through New England, by horse-drawn cart.

The Chapin house (front house) is a three and one half story colonial with a steep pitched roof and massive, central chimney on a sandstone and brick slab foundation. The entire building is hand made. The nails and hardware are hand forged, the framing is hand hewn and the bricks are local products. It was the custom of the period to cut and number the framing members in the winter. The frame was assembled in the spring with warmer weather. The houses appear to be transitional in style incorporating characteristics of both colonial and early Georgian styling.

There are six fireplaces in the front house, all large, indicative of the period. A cooking fireplace with bake oven is set in the kitchen. It is large, 5' across x 4' high, the center of domestic activity. It provided warmth and cooking facilities. Fireplaces warmed the main rooms of the front house. The interior of the house is simple. Vertical field paneling decorates the walls, hand planing is evident by the irregularity of the lines. Today asphalt shingles cover original wood clapboards. A front porch covers the high styled Georgian entrance, a pediment with a fan window, supported by fluted wooden pilasters.

Today the Chapin House is for sale. Offers have been made to relocate this relic of the past to Connecticut or another city. The Historical Commission does not want this, since there are plans of creating a future historic district with this house as a keystone. Citizens interested in saving the Chapin House, or in contributing information about it, may contact the historical commission.

COMMENTS PLEASE. . .

47 Langdon Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138
September 17, 1977

Dear Mr. Olivo,
My brother, Dr. Robert L. Kantor, sent me a copy of
your interesting magazine.

I would like to bring to your attention the
Chicopee City Hall!!! When I was in the Hague in
Holland I was amazed to see the Peace Palace was
the original inspiration for our city hall... Now that
would be an interesting piece of research!

Very truly yours,
Jeanne Kantor Landon

35 Moore Street #2
Chicopee, Mass. 01013
October 23, 1977

Dear Mr. Olivo:

Enclosed is a check for four dollars (\$4.00). I
would like to be a patron for your excellent
magazine, Skipmunk. If the amount enclosed is
not sufficient please contact me. I will also be
interested in subscribing to the magazine after
January 1, 1978.

It was a pleasure to read a magazine that had
the theme of pride in our Chicopee's history. I
wish you all continued success.

Sincerely,

Judith A. Cadden



. . . Our Contributors :



Ann Marie Starzyk is a CHS sophomore and wrote the feature article "Little Vittles."

Betty Gwiazda is a '77 graduate of CHS and has done many of our borders and much research for SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE.

Maureen Conway is a guidance counselor at CHS and has helped us with her artistic talents.

Deborah Shea, Historic researcher for the Chicopee Planning Department. BFA University of Massachusetts.

Gary Keefe, Chicopee Historical Commission, Chairperson.

Debbie Morin sketched our front cover, Little Vittles. She is presently an art major at Holyoke Community College.

Stephen R. Jendrysik, a local historian, heads the Bellamy Association and teaches at Chicopee Comprehensive High School and STCC.

Bessie Warner Kerr served as head librarian from 1939 to 1947, her articles on the "History of Chicopee" have appeared in the Chicopee Herald and SKIPMUNK.

Jan Balicki is the SKIPMUNK photographer who worked on our articles.

Angela Rucki, a senior at CHS, who enjoys writing poetry, interviews and works in Graphic Arts.

Harold McCall, for whose cooperation and patience we are grateful, is the Graphic Arts teacher at CHS.

Nancy Chapdelaine is an integral part of our interviewing and transcribing staff.

Kim Martin is a business student who helps with correspondence and typesetting.

Kathy Nowakowski, the treasurer of SKIPMUNK, also works on interviewing and writing.

Ruth Ogozalek, author of "A Family Tradition," is a Psychology major at Springfield College.

Stephen Olivo currently resides in North Chester. He has shown great concern and hope for restoration of the past by initiating SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE in our city. Without his optimism, ideas, strong support, and leadership, much of Chicopee's past might have very well remained unnoticed.

Laurie Brzewowski is a junior at CHS who has contributed much of the artwork for this and past issues.

Theresa Gill is a junior at CHS and will be majoring in Art and English after graduation.

Theresa Kolish, an editor of SKIPMUNK, has put much hard work into making the magazine a success.

Nancy Woodard, a member of the English Department at Chicopee High, serves as SKIPMUNK'S grammatical consultant.

Mike Hutchinson is a CHS Graphic Arts student who helps with the design and mechanics of our magazine.

Mary Frisbie is a new addition to the SKIPMUNK staff and is involved with the bookkeeping, soliciting patrons, and subscriptions.

Sarah Ogozalek is our oldest (though not in age) editor. Her leadership has been a tremendous factor in bringing you SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE.

Karen Wegrzyn, a CHS junior coed, is a talented English major, as well as one of the four editors of SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE.

Terry Bourk, a senior at CHS, has been an immense help with not only her writing abilities, but also with her typing techniques.

Jane Morin, is a senior at CHS and has contributed many articles, recipes, and borders.

Claus Kormannshaus sketched our birch tree emblem which has appeared in each issue. He is presently an art major at the University of Massachusetts.

Donna Stefanik, another CHS junior has been instrumental in typing and proofreading.

Linda Fabbri, graduated from CHS in 1976, and contributed some of the recipes in this issue.

Jill Hastings, a new member to our staff, is a junior at CHS and is talented in art. She has taken on the task of patrons and subscriptions, and we are grateful to her.

The Chicopee Center Public Library, particularly **Dolores Allen**, **Rita Thormeyher** and **Doris Bresnahan**, get our final and most sincere thanks for devoting time, patience, and many words of encouragement to the SKIPMUNK staff.

MACARTHUR MEMORIAL
Reflecting the Past, Present, and Future



DEDICATED TO
**LT. GEN.
ARTHUR MACARTHUR**

U.S. ARMY
BY THE PEOPLE OF CHICOPEE, MASS.
ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1942
BORN IN HOUSE AT THIS SQUARE JUNE 2, 1845
DIED SEPTEMBER 5, 1912



CHICOPEE SAVINGS

main office : 70 center street

569 East Street - 594-6692 - Fairfield Mall

1122 01133

Chicopee Public Library
% Mrs. Alan
Market Square
Chicopee, Mass. 01013

