



WINDSOR
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Marsha Mason:
Share Your Windsor Story

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Marsha Mason

I have two little stories. One is about the post office, and one is about the police. [laughs]
Personal stories.

Marsha Mason

All right, we are recording. Anytime you're ready.

Sulema DePeyster

Can you start by telling us your name?

Marsha Mason

Sure. I'm Marsha Mason.

Sulema DePeyster

And what is your Windsor story?

Marsha Mason

I have two short Windsor stories for you. The first has to do with the post office, which I think is so wonderful. A number of years ago, I had ordered something on eBay and I was tracking it, and I looked and it said that it had been delivered one day, but it hadn't. So, I called the post office. It was about 6 o'clock at night. And surprisingly, this nice gentleman answered the phone, and I told him that they said it was delivered but it hadn't and could he just check and see if it was there. So, he left, came back a couple minutes later and he said, "Yes, I have it right here." And I said, "That's fine. I'll pick it up in the morning." And he said, "Oh, you don't have to do that. I get off work in about an hour, I'll drop it at your house." [00:01:00] And he did that. [laughs] The second is my police story. So a couple of years, I got up in the morning and I knew that I had a class, but I thought it was at 10:30 at Seabury. And when I looked at my calendar, I realized it was at 10 and I was still in my pajamas. Anyway, I rushed like crazy. I got dressed and got in the car. And I was speeding down Matianuck Avenue, what can I tell you? A cop car pulled out, and when this nice young cop came over, I said, "Gee, I'm sorry. I was late for a class." And he said, "Oh what kind of class?" And I said, "Poetry." So he went, he took my information, and he went back to the police car and then he came back, and he said, "I'm only going to give you a warning, but I want you to write a haiku about speeding!" [laughs] I don't know who he was, but it was wonderful.

Sulema DePeyster

That's a great story.

Jenny Hawran

Fabulous.

Marsha Mason

I have a good Lon Pelton story, too, but I have to go ask him what the year was that he did this [00:02:00] and then I'll come back.

Jenny Hawran

Okay, come on back. All right, sounds good.

Marsha Mason

This story is from the Christmas of 1974. Oh, I take it back – 1976, yeah. I was eight months pregnant with my daughter Jess and it was Christmas Eve day, and we were going to Simsbury to see my mother-in-law and take her out to lunch. So we went to Simsbury, and we got there and my mother-in-law, who my late husband described as having drunk more vodka than the entire Russian army, was already doing her vodka thing and she didn't want to go out to lunch. And there wasn't so much as a cracker to eat in the house, and I was eight months pregnant, and I was so starving I couldn't stand it. And it was 2:30 when we finally left Simsbury and we headed for home. So it's Christmas Eve night and nothing is open. Absolutely nothing is open, and we get into town, and we see that there are lights on [00:03:00] in Bill Arcari's Old Town Restaurant, which was an Italian place where the Indian restaurant is now. We were so excited. So, we parked the car, and we got out and we walked up the ramp and the door opens and this young man says, "Oh, I'm sorry. We're not open. This is for our employees. This is our Christmas party."

Marsha Mason

He looks at my belly and he says, "Come on in!" [laughs] So, the two of us had this wonderful meal at Bill Arcari's Old Town. 1976. Now, next story. I got permission to tell this story. Jenny Pier, who is Agnes [Pier's] daughter, when she was a little kid, had a really pronounced lisp, which she's corrected by the way. When she was about eight, she was at our house having dinner with us. She was the year in between my two girls. And my husband turned to her at the dinner table [00:04:00] and said, "So Jenny, how is it being the daughter of the mayor?" Jenny looked at him and said, "It sucks!" [laughs]. Okay, the next story is about Lon Pelton. A Windsor original. That's all I can say about Lonnie. Anyway, in the late [19]80s, the town decided not to spray for mosquitoes anymore. As a political protest, Lon made this gigantic mosquito, which was called Molly Mosquito. He got out the word that he was going to have a parade with Molly Mosquito, and [that] you should come with your kazoo to the Molly Mosquito parade. Some guy dressed in a gorilla suit was driving the vehicle that had this giant bug [00:05:00] on the back. And then there was about, I don't know, 15 of us with our kazoos and it was placed in the body of water that is down behind town hall.

Marsha Mason

One other story. [laughs] We were very good friends with two other families in town, and the Bernstein family, the two boys went to Orthodox Jewish school. They were little at the time, and

we went out to dinner, actually three families, and we had six kids all under the age of 9. The waitress obviously did not like children. But my daughters ordered Shirley Temples and when they came to the table, Stevie Bernstein, who was about 7, his eyes were as big as saucers and he said, "What's that?" And his mother said, "That's a Shirley Temple." And he said, "Can I get one?" And she said, "Sure. Next time the waitress comes around, you can order one." [00:06:00] So, we waited and waited. The waitress was paying no attention, a long time went by. She finally came over and said to Stevie, "What do you want?" And he said, "One holy temple, please." [laughs] That's it, for the minute. [laughs]