

Memories of Vic Pozzi

July 4, 1931 - October 4, 2014

A 51-Year Ambassador for Windsor

Compiled by **Barbara F. Ray**

Much has been written about Vic Pozzi, but there's always another "Vic story" waiting to be told. According to Marie Coakley, "There must be a thousand stories about Vic!" His life history is interesting, but even better are the slices-of-daily-life stories told by Windsor folk who knew Vic well and appreciated his love of animals, good humor, and countless contributions to our community.

Vic's Background

Like most current local residents, Windsor was not Vic's hometown. He was born in Sonoma on July 3, 1931, to Gerry and Flora Jane (Sartori) Pozzi, who christened their son Victor Arcangelo Pozzi. Vic attended Sonoma schools, graduating from Sonoma High in 1950, where, as a senior and member of Future Farmers of America, he was honored with a Distinguished American Farmer Degree.

Vic's father, Gerry, was a dairyman, and Vic followed his dad's footsteps into the milking barn. After Gerry's death in 1963, Vic assumed responsibility for the family's dairy business, relocating to Windsor

with his mother and settling on a 20-acre Shiloh Road property. Soon, in addition to caring for his mother, operating his dairy and joining the Farm Bureau, he began to contribute in other

local men who helped fight a fire in Foresters Hall, whose main tenant was Alton McCracken's Grocery Store. In 1965 Vic, who had been a firefighter at the Schell Vista Fire Department in

Sonoma, became a cofounder of the Windsor Volunteer Fire Department (WVFD), which began operation with 11 volunteers on June 1, 1965, in an old blacksmith's shop.

In 1985, the Windsor Fire Protection District (WFPD) was formed, under the direction of Fire Chief Ron Collier, and Vic continued his volunteer service.

During ensuing years, Vic's commitment to Windsor fire protection would be recognized by his peers. Ron Collier points out that Vic received numerous fire department awards: "Firefighter of the Month," which, according to Collier, was changed to "Firefighter of the Year" because Vic won it so many months; "Most Reliable Firefighter" (won by Vic at least nine times and later renamed the "Vic Pozzi Award"); "Most Inspirational Firefighter," and a meeting room at Station 1 is



(Susan Nelson photo)

ways, especially in the area of Windsor's fire protection. The year Vic arrived in Windsor, before Windsor had a fire department, Vic was one of eight

named in Vic's honor. Vic also served on the WFPD Board of Directors. During his 41 years as a firefighter, Vic

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WHS President Steve Lehmann, Karly Avery Garcia and Stephany DelGreco award raffle prizes at the polenta dinner.

Mission Statement

The mission of the Windsor Historical Society is to collect, preserve, and disseminate the history of Windsor and the Russian River Township through museum exhibits, historic sites, educational programs and printed materials.

President Message



Special Windsor People & Events

Vic Pozzi

This edition is dedicated to the memory of Vic Pozzi. Vic was a legend, and I always said I was going to sit down and do the long interview that he deserved. Well, you never know. The last time I saw Vic was during Election Day. My wife and I work a precinct in Windsor and at about 7:00 p.m. Vic walked in. I knew it was not his precinct but he said he did not think he had time to get back to his before the polls closed and he wanted to drop off his ballot. He talked in a booming voice and when I shook his hand he nearly dropped me to the ground. He would not let go of my hand until I introduced him to some other members of the precinct. He seemed every bit like someone who would be around for a long, long time. He was a great guy and Windsor will miss him dearly.

Ed "Bing" Binggeli

We also were shocked to lose Ed "Bing" Binggeli, another iron man, in December. I was lucky enough to know Ed for about 20 years. Dean Lolla introduced me to Bing before I had heard anything about him. Pretty soon I discovered that if you talked to anyone about flathead engines the conversation would turn to Bing. I had a 1953 Mercury I bought in 1972 and my son has a '49 Mercury. Mine was kind of a family car but my son's was more like the James Dean car. When my son's engine was being built by another legendary flathead man, Vern Tardel, also of Windsor, he was told that Bing had worked a bit on his engine. I was envious, both Vern and Bing had worked on my son's engine. Ed and his brother Walt had "Bing's" auto repair in downtown Windsor after WWII. Later Walt moved to Oregon and Ed to Santa Rosa where he opened "Bing's Speed Shop". Ed was one of the nicest, most humble and giving people I have had the pleasure to know.

The Polenta Dinner

Polenta Dinner 2015 was a great success. It represents a lot of work but also a lot of fun. I hope you enjoy some of the pictures (pg. 4). This is the third year that we have sold out in advance. Besides the wonderful volunteers and generous donors, we are lucky to partner with Windsor High School AVID students, too, who help serve. AVID stands for Advancement Via Individual Determination. These students are college bound, and this year the Polenta Dinner raised \$500.00 for the program. We also set another record of sorts. We had over 50 raffle prizes and over 50 silent auction prizes. When you see a name on the list of donors remember to thank them for supporting the Windsor Historical Society.

Myrtle Pappas & Friends Visit Museum

Around the Museum we have had a busy and interesting time. Most recently we conducted a tour with life member Myrtle Pappas and a group of her friends. We are available almost any time for special visits to the museum and I really enjoy them.

Calls from George & Jack Hinkle

We also had back-to-back phone calls from the Hinkle brothers. George, 94, lives in Woodland and his brother Jack, 82, is in Oregon. They both shared some Windsor stories and George sent me a couple of stories he had written down. The Hinkle family came to Windsor in 1924 and both George and Jack had some great stories. Their father owned "Hinkle's Store" in downtown West Windsor across from the Masonic Lodge. George had to share how flabbergasted he was when a friend told him he was coming to Windsor to play golf and stay at the Trend West timeshare. Golf?? Time Share!! In Windsor. I think George is still laughing. I can't wait to talk with both of them further.

The Caster Family & Camp Windsor

We have also been visited a few times recently by Drew and Patricia Caster. They live on part of the homestead of the McCutcheon family. Drew's family came west during the dust bowl and stayed for

Continued on page 3, Pres. Lehmann

Pres. Lehmann, continued from page 2
 a while at Camp Windsor. They shared some great photos of the camp and also started me thinking about another tour of Camp Windsor. I would like to invite folks who have a connection to the camp and I know relatives of the migrant families, relatives of guards from the POW Camp, relatives of individuals that worked at the POW Camp and even relatives of actual POWs. It would make an interesting visit. I'll keep you all posted. If you have any leads on folks with a "Camp Windsor" connection please let me know.

**Robyn Kasper's Award for
 Camp Windsor Video**

Thinking about the POW Camp, the Historical Society was delighted and proud that Robyn Kasper, a WHS member, is receiving an award from the Sonoma County Historical Society for her video production of "Camp Windsor." The video is a great addition to our archives. Ms Kasper is an accomplished film maker and producer who wrote, directed, filmed and edited "Camp Windsor." You can view it by searching online for "Camp Windsor, YouTube."

See you around the museum,

Steve

WHS Member News

WHS Board Member Profiles Introducing Dave Turnes, WHS Vice President & Membership Chairman



Dave Turnes, Windsor Historical Society's Vice President and Membership Chairman, was born and reared in Soulsbyville and Sonora, in Tuolumne County, California. He and his wife of 38 years, Millie, moved to Windsor in 1996. Although relative newcomers to our community, their energy and commitment to preserving local history — both in Windsor and Tuolumne County — are greatly appreciated.

In 2010, after 42 years of service with the Pacific, Gas and Electric Company, Dave retired as a Supervising Engineer. Also in 2010, he joined the Windsor Historical Society where he soon began volunteering as a docent at the Hembree House Museum. He is

currently a member of the WHS Board of Directors, serves as WHS Membership Chairman, and, in 2013, was elected WHS Vice President.

Dave and Millie Turnes have two children:

Don Joseph Turnes, who lives in Windsor with his wife, Stephanie, daughter, Brynn, and son, Cooper

And daughter Cassie Gleason, who also lives in Windsor with her husband, Ben, and their sons, Jaden and Jackson.

When not working around the museum, Dave enjoys a long list of other interesting activities:

- Traveling with Millie
- Spending as much time as possible with grandchildren
- Enjoying fine wine and wine tasting throughout California
- Planting his vegetable garden (mostly tomatoes and squash)
- Landscaping and maintaining his yard
- Coin collecting (and bills)
- Restoring wood furniture and woodworking
- Railroad logging history (preferably steam locomotives)
- American history, 1820 thorough 1860 (the time of the early settlers and fur trappers)
- American Civil War battles and strategies
- Music – "The Blues" (Texas guitar, Chicago Blues, Delta Blues and Louisiana Jazz Blues)

Welcome New Members

- Gigi Carpenter
- Ms. Leonie Locey
- Louis P. Galetti
- Josh & Kim Gilmore
- James Gore
- Don & Barbara Madson
- Mr. & Mrs. Steve Murphy
- Travis & Ann Marie Pitts
- Carol Sellers
- Michael & Maureen Shiells
- Annie Smithers

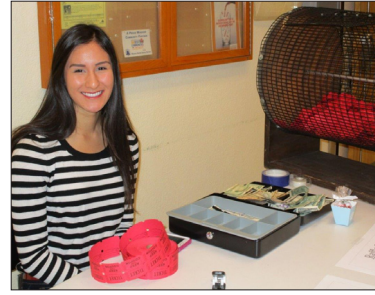
New Life Members

- Susan Coolidge
- Reg & Heather Cullen

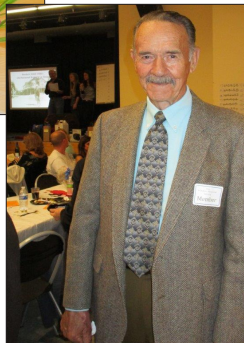


WHS Polenta Dinner, Feb. 28, 2015

(Marilou Del Greco photos)



Thanks to all who helped make WHS's polenta dinner a success!





Memories of Windsor in the 1950s

The “New” Windsor School

By Jim DuVander

What I remember most is being scared. I was in second grade. It was such a mass of confusion the day the new school opened on Tuesday, January 2, 1951. I didn't know what to do. Today, as Windsor's oldest school, it is now known as Windsor Creek Elementary.

Our family lived barely half a mile away from the school. We watched the progressive construction of this modern building for several months in 1950. Bright orange steel beams were the first visible signs of a structure. The concrete floor was poured over a steel pipe maze running through each room for circulating hot water on cold winter days. This was a “state of the art” building, earthquake proof and fire resistant. This was unlike any other building in Windsor at the time.

In each classroom there was a telephone, a public address system and a clock. The telephone was not connected to the Bell Telephone system but only to the principal's office. The public address system was solely for the use of our new principal, Walter Eagan, a native of Windsor, hired in September 1950 after teaching at Healdsburg Elementary.

Periodically Mr. Eagan would decide that there was something important enough to interrupt all the classrooms, announcing whatever it was over a loud speaker built high up on the wall. I remember my teacher's look of awe and respect as this “voice from on high” spoke. These were holy interruptions not to be taken lightly.

The clock was the essence of modern electrical design. A “king” clock resided in the principal's office. Each classroom had a “slave” clock that moved ahead one exact minute at a time with an audible click as the King clock directed it to do so. These clocks also announced with a buzzer the five-minute warning, the beginning and ending of recess, lunch and the end of the school day. As students, we too were slaves to these clocks following each direction. The school day began precisely at 9:00AM; first recess began at 10:20 AM and ended at 10:40 AM; lunch break following precisely 12:00 Noon to 1:00 PM. Afternoon recesses were more flexible depending on whether it was the primary grades or the older students.

This school was the first Windsor school to have a kindergarten, unknown to Windsorites before the school opened. Mr. Eagan successfully introduced this idea to the Windsor School Board.

All grades in Windsor had one classroom, one teacher per grade, up to and including the 8th grade. Windsor's 8th graders moved on to Healdsburg High School when they graduated. This only lasted a few years. A new Healdsburg High School building replaced the old high school. The old high school building became the new junior high school about 1955. The Junior High was 7th, 8th and 9th grades. This began a transition period of moving Windsor's 7th and 8th grade students to the new Junior High.

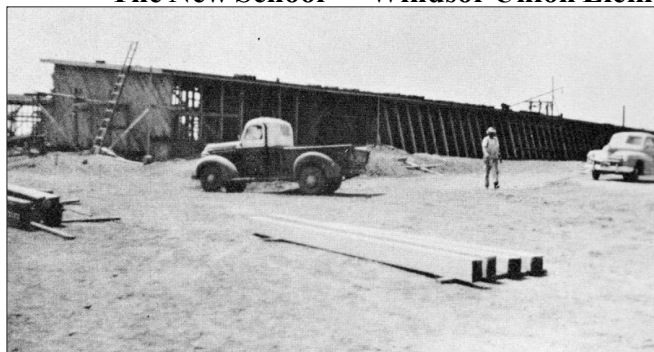
Moving 7th and 8th grades to Healdsburg opened up two classrooms. The School Board decided to consolidate some of the small outlying one-room schools into this central Windsor building. When I was in 3rd grade, 1951-1952, the Starr and Sotoyome School Students moved to the consolidated Windsor Union Elementary School. Some classes became too big for one teacher, so the larger classes were divided in half between two teachers. This was distressing to many of the students, including me, when a favorite friend ended up in another classroom essentially isolating us. It felt almost like siblings in a divorce being assigned to one parent while the other siblings go with the other parent. We'd become like family in those first three years together.

Once settled into this new school it was a warm comfortable place to be on a winter's day. We would settle onto the toasty floor during Noon hours and play games such as Jacks. The girls were always better at Jacks! The large North-facing windows provided plentiful glare-free light and a beautiful view of Windsor's pastoral scenery, all the way to Mt. St. Helena and the surrounding foothills. The open fields in 1950s Windsor did not obscure these long distance vistas. Today houses, the freeway and thousands of landscaped trees have obstructed these vistas.

I was a second grader on that first day in 1951. We'd spent the first half of

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The New School — Windsor Union Elementary School (Now Windsor Creek Elementary School)



←
**Before
(1950)**



→
**After
(1951)**

the year in the old, wooden fire-trap-of-a-building across from what is now the Church of God parking lot on Old Redwood Highway near Windsor Palms shopping center. After Christmas vacation we were told to show up at the new school. I arrived in time to see a seething mass of children who were loud, chaotic and milling about with no direction. There were no teachers visible. And there was no landscaping. It was wet and muddy with puddles here and there, piles of left over construction materials of every kind scattered about. By today's standards we would say the school site was not ready for students. However in 1951, ready or not we were moving in!

Distressed, I asked a familiar big kid where I was supposed to go. He pointed to the other side of the building. So I trudged around the building, over piles of left over lumber scraps, mud holes and scatterings to the East side and finally arrived. There was no one else there. I sat in tears wondering what to do. Finally a teacher came along and pointed me to our new classroom and all was well again.

Today we wouldn't think of sending children to an unfinished school but back then that didn't seem to be a major concern, we were used to things being that way.

The playground was to the south, or backside, of the school. It too was undeveloped, just a field. One feature did stand out however. The contractor had dug a very deep hole, almost a perfect cube 3 feet by 3 feet by 3 feet. To what purpose, I have no idea. Soon it became "jail" for any small child caught by one of the bigger, aggressive boys. I spent time in this holding cell unable to escape until rescued by some sympathetic older kid. A playground of children of large age differences can be a scary place for the little ones.

Eventually, the yard was divided, where primary grades played in the East section and upper grades played in the West section. Also, the yard duty teacher got more vigilant about policing the misbehavior of some of the more aggressive boys.

I met recently with Walter Eagan, age 94, at his Windsor home. Walter is still alert and full of memories of this chaotic time. He remembers being frustrated by the slow

reaction of the contractor to clean up and finish this project. He said a lot of planning went into the move with each teacher being responsible for his or her own classroom. If you've ever had a teacher in your family, then you know how much "stuff" they have to move. I'm sure they didn't have much vacation in their Christmas break while preparing for the move.

The staff I can remember at the time of the move, or soon after was; Dorothy Johnson, 1st grade; Alma Kirkpatrick, 2nd grade; Mrs. Lizemby, 3rd grade; Mrs. Hogue, 4th; Miss Book, 5th and singing; Charlotte Simone, 6th; Jim Thomas, 7th and Don Landauer 8th. Also, the School Nurse Pearl Marks, Custodian and Bus Driver Mr. Barger, Secretary Janet Augustino and Librarian Mrs. Higby. The following teachers were added as classes were divided: Irving Kopple, 6th; Jack Small 5th; Miss Mancini, 5th; Max Bauer 6th and band; Phil Henry 5th and 6th; Mrs. Colton 3rd; Miss Nickles 3rd/4th combined classroom and Vye Santucci, 2nd grade. I'm sure there were others but these are the ones I remember.

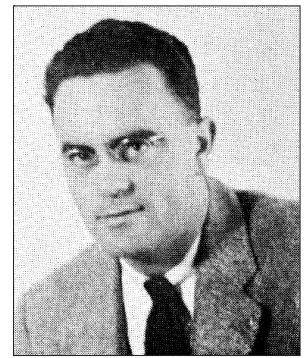
A lot of speculation and the rumor mills were grinding away when a romance seemed to bloom between Mr. Kopple and Miss Mancini. The romance ended with the completion of the school year, however.

Two years ago, when I began writing about this school, I visited the Windsor Creek School. Because it was in the summer, only the custodian was there. After introductions and an explanation that I was writing an article about the school he showed me around. The school has been added onto a few times in the last 64 years! It all looked so familiar to me. What really got my attention, however, was that the same clocks are still clicking away. The King clock is still there directing every move. In an era where a two-year-old computer is obsolete, it is refreshing to see 64-year-old technology still clicking away. What electrical device is made today that will still be used 64 years from now in 2079?

In spite of a rather shabby start, this school building has held up well. After 64 years, it still stands strong, doing its job, while thousands of Windsor boys and girls have learned the 3 R's within its durable walls.

A post note about Walter Eagan: Every Windsor School student will relate

when I say, "Mr. Eagan scared the daylights out of us kids!" He was big, wore a facial expression of being somewhat angry. He was an intimidating figure to us students. We did not dare or even think of acting out around Mr. Eagan.



Mr. Walter Eagan, Principal Windsor Union Elementary School

I got a teacher's view of Walter, however, from my aunt, Dorothy Johnson, who was not known for keeping secrets. It was clear from Auntie Dot that, as an administrator, Walter was well liked by the teachers. He was respected and did a wonderful job of leading the Windsor School during his tenure. His excellence found its way to the top and Walter was promoted to District Superintendent and served in that role in Sonoma County for many years until his retirement to his family vineyard here in Windsor. It was at this time that I became Walter's neighbor and as an adult came to appreciate him as a warm human being. He is a man who dedicated his life to raising the educational standards of Windsor and our county school system.

In 1950 Walter inherited a school system that was barely out of the 19th century's one-room schools. When Walter left Windsor School, he left many improvements to our schools, both in the curriculum and with the modern building. He hired new teachers that were dedicated educators. Walter also brought a well-baby clinic and a school nurse to Windsor Elementary. These improvements may have been influenced by his WWII Navy experience as a medical corpsman on a Liberty ship. Additionally, the years spent away at college must have opened Walter's eyes to a bigger world than he knew in our insulated, pre-war Windsor. Walter Eagan is a native Windsorite who made a deep, positive mark on all those who went to school here. I, for one, am very grateful to Walter for his contributions to our larger community and me. Way to go Walt! Thank you for all that you did for us.



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responded to approximately 220,000 emergency calls.

Vic's Lighter Side

The lighter side of Vic Pozzi is as interesting, and to many as admirable, as his community service. Following are a few memorable Vic stories, beginning from earliest to most recent.

My Boyhood on Vic's Ranch

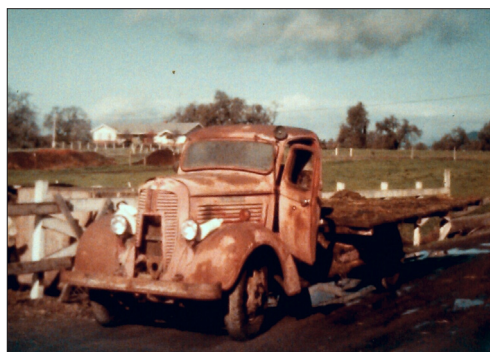
by John Curcio, Spearfish, South Dakota

When I was a young boy my parents rented a house on Vic Pozzi's ranch beginning in 1964. Vic was a really nice man who liked having me around, and I enjoyed doing farm chores with him. Often, I helped him milk his herd of 80 cows after school, a chore that

was done by milking machines. I couldn't wait to get off the school bus, change out of my school clothes, and run across the field to help Vic work. He taught me how to hook up the milk sucking devices to the cows' teats, and before long, I felt like a pro. He had names for most of the cows and would greet them as each one would come through for their milking routine. My reward for each



Vic's Barn and Cows. (John Curcio photos)



Vic's Hay Truck. Vic converted a former fire truck into a hay truck for his ranch. (John Curcio photo)

afternoon's work was a big, cold, glass of fresh milk. On the weekends, Vic's mother who lived on the property, would always make us a big lunch.

One of my fondest memories was an old fire truck that Vic had bought from the Windsor Fire Department and converted into a hay truck. I use to ride atop 10-foot stacks of hay on that truck, using hooks to toss down bales of hay when Vic gave the word. Vic also taught me to drive a tractor when I was 10 years old.

When I last visited Vic in the late '90s, he greeted me with a vice-grip handshake and we walked around the property. There was a string of animals following Vic everywhere he walked: his dogs, a cat or two, a few sheep and two or three ducks all following closely behind. Wherever Vic went, they went.

I loved playing in Vic's barn as a kid. When he took me there again, it hadn't changed a bit. There was the old tractor, just as I remembered it, and the familiar

fragrance of hay, grain and cows. Even the old rope hanging from the roof beam that we used to swing on as kids was still there.

Windsor was no longer the town of my youth, but Vic's barn was exactly the same. As I left the ranch, I realized Vic's barn is the only thing in my life that has never changed.

Old-Fashioned Vic

by Ron Collier

Vic was an old-style, hardworking, man who appreciated simple things. He was gentle and he didn't like confrontation, nor many of society's



Vic Sweet-Talks His Brahma. Gentle Vic lavished his animals with tenderness and sweet-talk. (Susan Nelson photo)

modern trends.

Vic was kind of like a second father to me, and I spent a lot of time at his ranch, intrigued with what he did. I learned a lot and helped Vic when I had free time from work, with everything from routine chores to pulling calves when cows had difficult deliveries.

I used to take my children, Theresa and Troy, to Vic's where they learned about ranching and enjoyed bottle feeding orphan lambs.

Vic's mother was a wonderful lady who took care of the house and did all the cooking. Vic never used any electronic appliances until after Mrs. Pozzi's death. Then, Vic learned to operate a microwave oven, which was the only cooking device he ever used.

Vic's Pickup

One of Vic's funniest habits involved his license plates, which he never put on his vehicles. He drove around for years with just a dealer's paper plate on his pickup. Periodically a traffic cop would pull Vic over and advise him that he had to put on the metal license plate.

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with updated renewal stickers on it, which Vic would agree to do. But he never got around to it. Instead, he kept the license and stickers in the glove compartment, where they piled up.

Vic also had probably six months worth of newspapers in the cab of his pickup. One of his favorite pastimes was sitting in his pickup reading those newspapers.

Vic the Protector

Vic loved his “honkers,” wild geese he had tamed with hand-fed treats so they approached him without fear. One time, on nearby public property, a guy shot two of these geese, which had walked right up to him and took point-blank fire. When Vic heard what had happened, he was livid, and I think he would have killed the guy if he had been able to get his hands on him. If Vic had had his way, no one would get away with ruthlessly harming God’s creatures — human or animal.

* * *

Bachelor Vic and His Brood

by Susan Nelson

Vic’s Babies

Late one cold, rainy Sunday evening more than 20 years ago, I ran into Vic Pozzi at Raley’s Market in Windsor. When we stopped to talk I noticed that



Vic and Arnie, His Favorite Emu

(Susan Nelson photos)



his shopping cart contained a hair blow dryer and several boxes of baby formula. In light of Vic being bald and having no children, I couldn’t help commenting about the unexpected contents of his cart. “Well,” said Vic, “seems like my ewes have decided to begin lambing tonight during this storm so I have to be ready to help the babies.” We said goodbye and I watched Vic hurry down the aisle with his dryer and formula: a bachelor prepared to spend a long night helping his “babies”.

Show Animals

For the last several years I enjoyed photographing the many visitors who gathered at Vic’s front gate to feed day-old bread, bagels and donuts to his sheep, emus, Brahmas and geese. Vic happily sliced the tough old loaves of French bread with a slightly bent, very

rusty knife, and handed stale hunks to his visitors of all ages. As the sheep and cows and birds clustered along the fence line, guests would ask “What do you do with all these animals, Farmer Vic?”

“Oh, I show them.” Vic would respond (for at least the hundredth time), as he’d flash me a grin.

“Really?” the surprised visitors would say. “Where do you show them?”

“Well,” Vic would laugh and say, “I’m showing them to you right here right now...and yesterday I showed them to some other folks, and tomorrow I expect I’ll be showing them to even more folks!”

Arnie the Emu

Without a doubt, Vic’s favorite emu was a big fellow he

named Arnie. One day as Vic and I were standing in his driveway talking, Arnie threaded his long neck through the wire field fence directly in front us. As he tried to back away from the fence, Arnie’s neck became caught and twisted in the wire, and as he struggled violently to escape, Arnie choked and passed out. At the time, Vic was more than 80 years old, but in one of the most agile and athletic moves I’ve ever seen, Vic vaulted over the five-foot fence to lift Arnie’s massive body and untangle him from the wire. In only moments, Arnie was free, but he lay still in a huge feathery heap. Vic stood back and said “He’s dead.” Moments later, Arnie surprised us by lurching up and staggering around in a wide circle.

For many weeks following this incident, Arnie could not regain his balance and could take only a few steps at a time before again collapsing. During all these weeks, Vic fed his beloved emu a slurry mix of polenta

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Vic’s “Show” Animals. Vic enjoyed showing his animals to the many visitors who came to his ranch. (Susan Nelson photo)

meal and water through a plastic turkey baster, although Arnie never showed much of an appetite.

One day, after many weeks, I stopped by for a visit with Vic. Vic gave me a smile and said “Come here, I want you to see something”. Around behind one of the outbuildings, Arnie stood in the shade. When Vic called to him, Arnie strode right over.

“He’s better! Arnie’s all better!” I shouted.

“Yah,” said Vic, cradling Arnie’s big head under his arm, “he’s better.”

In truth, I never expected Arnie to survive. It was summertime and the weather had been hot and dry. It was only through Vic’s commitment to keep Arnie fed and watered that the old emu was able to pull through. After a year or so, the scar on Arnie’s leathery blue neck was the only sign of the time Vic saved his life.

* * *

Vic’s Critter Capers

by E. Marie Coakley

Vic certainly was a very special individual, and I will always be so grateful that I got to know him. Our history goes back a “whole bunch” of years.

Quackery

When I worked for the Windsor County Water District Vic came into our office one day with a baby



duck in his shirt pocket! The duckling had managed to get its head through the “pencil hole” of the work shirt pocket! Mollie Lewitter (I worked with her for many years at the WCWD) and I came to the rescue, with four hands and a great deal of good luck we were able to extricate the ducky from Vic’s pocket.

Babe the Blue Ox

And who could ever forget when Vic painted a baby bull blue and entered

him in the Windsor Parade (also many years ago) as “Babe the Blue Ox” That bull literally dragged Vic through the parade route, it was all he could do to keep it going in the right direction. I remember him saying, afterward, “I’ve never been so danged sore in my life!”

Super Strong Vic

And you didn’t dare shake hands with Vic, or you would holler because he had such a strong grip -- the grip of a performing “strongman.” So the story is ... when he sold the milk herd (years ago) ... he never missed a milking in 30 years!!!! Not only were his hands extremely strong, so was his breadth of character! He loved animals, four-legged and two-legged. What a remarkable, gentle, loving, kind, most unforgettable, good soul! There must be a thousand stories about Vic Pozzi!

Missing Vic

It is truly sad for me to drive by the Pozzi farm, which I do when I go to Rotary every Tuesday morning. I miss (so very much!) seeing Vic and his “critters” out in the yard, and folks from WorldMark (a timeshare on Shiloh Road) that used to line the front fence with their children to visit Vic and his critters. Vic was always so very courteous, and shared wonderful stories with them at the fence, and I’m sure the kids of all ages enjoyed it as much as I did.

Vic milked cows for about 30 years, then sold the cows and collected bulls, llamas, geese, ducks, sheep, pigs, etc. He would have been lost without critters to care for. That’s what makes me so very sad now! Vic is gone (but not forgotten; the critters are gone (also not forgotten); and I miss them all.

Vic gave so much of himself to

our community, our fire department, and beyond Windsor. He was a kind, God-fearing gentleman that I shall not see the like of again in my lifetime, and I value the memories I have of him, and his mother, whom he cared for until her death in 1986.

* * *

Town of Windsor Award

On September 15, 2010, the Town of Windsor honored Vic with an award presented by Fifth District Representative Mike Thompson, who summed up the character of Victor A. Pozzi: “. . . a true ambassador for Windsor, for firefighters, for farmers and for everyone who believes that a good citizen is one who participates and gives back to his or her community. It is appropriate that we honor him . . .”

Farewell, Ambassador Vic

Yes, Vic was a fine ambassador for Windsor — lover of all critters, dedicated firefighter, honorable man — and he will live on in the memories of those who knew him. Many stories about Vic have been shared, but there are countless others yet to be told.



An Apple for the Animals. Vic taught numerous inexperienced city folk how to feed treats to farm animals. (Susan Nelson photo)

Our Generous Sponsors for the Polenta Dinner

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Ken & Marilou Del Greco
Edna Honsa
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Barbara Ray
Josephine Rebich
Cheryl Strong
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Thank you!

Our Dedicated Volunteers Members & Friends of Windsor Historical Society

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Mike Bailey
Frances Brooks
Terry Carroll
Cassie Gleason
Stephany Del Greco
J Faber
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Jan Lehmann
Chester & Benita Morris
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Loreen Romero



Silent Auction Table,
WHS Polenta Dinner, 2015

Windsor Historical Society Announcements



1927 illustration

Neither rain, nor sleet, nor dark of night shall stay this courier from delivering your *Windsor Walk* newsletter ... but if you get it online, you can see it in color.

Need more copies of the *WHS* newsletter?

Additional copies of the *Windsor Walk* are available for \$2 each, plus postage for addresses outside of Windsor. To place an order, call Steve Lehmann, 707-838-4563.



Museum Hours

Windsor's Hembree House Museum is open every Friday, Saturday and Sunday (except holidays) from 9:30 to 4:30. It's a great way to experience Windsor's past.

Hembree House Museum
9225 Foxwood Dr.
Windsor, California

Windsor POW Camp Video Online

Turn to Channel 26 or YouTube to see a fascinating video on Camp Windsor, the WWII POW camp located on Windsor River Road. The video was filmed by Robyn Kasper and includes historic photos, facts, and interviews with Windsor folk who remember the camp.

WHS Needs Yearbooks



Do you have vintage Windsor or Healdsburg High yearbooks? Would you be willing to donate them to WHS ... or allow us to photocopy them? We hope so, because we need them to gather information and photos of Windsor students for our archives. And if you can identify the Windsor students in those yearbooks, even better!

Vintage yearbooks needed: Windsor grammar schools, Windsor Junior High, Healdsburg Junior High, Windsor Middle School, Healdsburg High School (prior to 1995), and Cali Calmecac. Donations of current yearbooks are also appreciated.

To donate or for more information, contact Steve Lehmann, 838-6152.

We Invite You to Join Us

Windsor Historical Society • P.O. Box 1544, Windsor, CA 95492

Membership Application

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Type of Membership _____

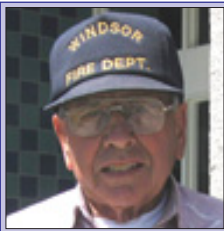
Please select from the following list of memberships:

- Life Member \$300.00
- Family Membership \$ 25.00
- Family of Seniors (60+) \$ 20.00
- Individual \$ 20.00
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Area of Interest

- Museum Receptionist _____
- Research _____
- Publicity _____
- Garden Club _____
- Grant Writing _____
- Board Member _____
- Newletter Articles _____
- Fundraising _____
- Other _____



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Memories of Vic Pozzi

A 51-Year Ambassador for Windsor

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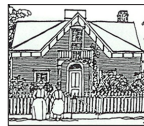
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Jan/Feb/Mar 2015

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Windsor Historical Society

P.O. Box 1544

Windsor, CA 95492

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www.windsorhistory.org—and "Like Us"
on Facebook—Windsor Historical Society
& Museum**

