



E. Irving Blomstrann

October 31, 1916 - November 11, 2009

E. Irving Blomstrann, 93, a New Britain native, passed away at home on November 11, 2009. He leaves his wife of 40 years, Lois Lynch Blomstrann. He was born in New Britain on October 31, 1916, the son of Emil and Ruth Dahlgren Blomstrann. He graduated from New Britain High School and attended the Hartford Art School, which led to his interest in photography. He served on the staff of Wadsworth Atheneum for 30 years as their photographer and the New Britain Museum of American Art. As an independent photographer he also worked for museums and artists across the country. He specialized in silver photography and photographed the collections of silver at the Atheneum, Yale University, Detroit Institute, Williams College etc. His name appears in a number of books and magazines, art text books, museum catalogues and covers of record albums, praising him for his artistic talent, patience, diligence and skill. He was given a one-man exhibit at Central Connecticut State University in 1968.

During World War II, he was proud to have served as Staff Sergeant with the Americal Division, 164th Infantry, Company E in the South Pacific in the Phillipines, Fiji, Bouganville and Japan. He entered the world on Halloween and departed on Veterans Day.

He leaves two step-children, Joanne Deschler and her husband William of Essex, CT., Daniel Ice and his wife LaRee of San Carlos, Mexico and three

grandchildren, Alex Ice of Wichita, Kansas, Wells Deschler of New York City and Whitney Deschler of Essex. He also leaves his sister, Phoebe Lorenson and her husband, Harold of Bristol. He was predeceased by his brother, Robert, and his sister, Rachel Carlson. He will be fondly remembered by his nieces and nephews, especially his niece, Laura Carlson Raizada, who was also his God-daughter.

A Memorial Service will be held on Sunday November 15 3 PM at the South Church, 90 Main Street, New Britain. There are no calling hours.

Memorial gifts may be made to South Church, 90 Main Street., New Britain or to the Art League of New Britain, 30 Cedar St., New Britain, CT 06051, where Irving as a teenager, had received a scholarship, which started him on his career. The Carlson Funeral Home, New Britain is assisting the family with arrangements. Please share a memory or note of sympathy by "clicking" GUESTBOOK at the bottom of the page.

Tribute Wall

1A

“ *Our thoughts and prayers are with you at your time of loss.*

164th Inf. Assn - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

AD

“ *Lois~
So sorry to learn of Irving's passing. He was a true gentleman and a delight to all.*

Arlene & Dan - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

EN

“ *It is so very sad to hear of the passing of one of the WWII soldiers of the heroic 164th Infantry Regiment. I very much enjoyed his contributions to the News and will always remember him on Gloria DeHaven's birthday :-). Lois, our thoughts and prayers are with you.*

Editor 164 Infantry News - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

KJ

“ *Irving and my dad Paul were first cousins. I have many fond memories of him at my grandparents' house. Then in later years, we saw Lois and Irving a few times. My mom, Phyllis, and I were both sick and contagious today, and unable to attend . Please accept our sincere condolences and sympathy.*

Karen Gustafson Jahne - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

TB

“ Lois and all,

I have so many memories of you and Irving I hardly know where to begin. I have a tough time believing that he is gone. I always assume that the ones you love live forever. I know that they do in our hearts but their day-to-day absence is hard to handle.

I remember the very first time I saw Irving. I had just moved to CT in November of 1989. I got up one morning and looked out our bedroom window into the backyard. There on the ROOF of our neighbor's garage stands a white-haired gentleman and a SHOP-VAC! He is very calmly and matter-of-factly vacuuming up the leaves on the roof of the garage as if this is the most normal thing in the world. As I came to know Irving better, I realized that for him this was true!

We seemed to have some particularly snowy winters when we lived next door to Lois and Irving. Marty and I both knew that Irving couldn't take the cold for too long. Despite that he was determined to not only remove every bit of the white stuff from their walks and driveway but to do the same for half of the other neighbor's yards as well. So, if it snowed on a weekend Marty and I both took on the task of "chasing Irving" trying to make sure that he didn't end up with frostbite. We quickly learned if we took over the snowblower that he would just go get a shovel! That was not the desired effect so we just left him with the blower and shoveled faster. During the week, if it snowed I would take on the task of "chasing Irving". Now, I am not an early riser but Irving certainly was. Marty would keep an eye on their garage door on snowy weekday mornings. When the door went up, he would call me. I would jump out of bed, throw on my "snow" clothes and chase Irving for most of the morning. Lois was always poking her head out the door demanding that Irving come in. We both knew that wasn't going to work, there was no stopping Irving until the job was complete. Finally, when we had removed the required amount of snow, Irving would acquiesce to Lois'demands and we would go in and have a hot drink and a visit. I

really loved those mornings.

One sunny spring afternoon I came home to find Irving out at the edge of the street shoveling up the sand that they spread on the streets in the winter. Here he stands with his bucket and shovel. I rolled down the window and inquired "what the heck are you doing now"? He very straight-faced informs me that he had run out of SNOW and that he required something to shovel! That was just so Irving.

I have two more favorite memories to share. There are so many others but these are really the ones that make me smile when I think of Irving.

One beautiful sunny afternoon, Marty and I, our friend Nancy and her young son James, were invited over to Lois and Irving's screenporch for an early evening meal. James was probably 2 years old at the time. He had bought his current favorite toy with him to supper. This was a stack of multi-colored plastic cups that nested inside each other. The largest was 4" in diameter and the smallest maybe an 1-1/2". James decided that all the adults at the table needed to wear these multicolored plastic cups on their heads for the duration of the meal. He proceeded to pass them out to each of us, and on Irving he bestows the tiniest blue cup. As we all sat there with these cups on our heads for James' delight, I can remember two thoughts that I had. I need a camera! And, that Irving sitting so straight and distinguished, with his white hair and perfect posture, dressed for dinner as always, with the tiniest blue cup on his head was always going to make me laugh right out loud. His grace and aplomb with that cup on his head has always spoken to me of his amazing sense of humor.

My final memory that I feel compelled to share is about Irving and the wind turbines on the roof of their house. Every fall, Irving would climb up onto the roof and cover the turbines with a garbage bag for the winter. As he aged Lois demanded that he stopped climbing up that ladder to the roof for this little project. She insisted that they

would find someone to take care of this we would have volunteered but we had already moved to Indiana at this point. So, Irving being the obedient husband that he was, agreed that he should not be climbing on the roof. Lois left for one of her meetings and Irving promptly headed for the garage and that ladder. He reasoned that he would set up the ladder in the right spot for the job and place the cordless phone at the bottom of the ladder. The theory involved here was that IF he was to fall, the phone would be right there for him to call for HELP! You have to appreciate his ingenuity. And after all he hadn't lied to Lois, his agreement that he shouldn't be climbing on the roof, was not the same as saying he WOULDN'T climb on the roof.

When Marty and I moved to Indiana in 1995, we tried very hard to convince Lois and Irving that they should come with us and be our next-door neighbors in our new home. We were very serious in our offer. We have made a point over the years since to always visit them when we make it back to CT. We have had some lovely neighbors here in our new home. But never have we found two people quite as special as Lois and Irving. We are so blessed to have had them both in our lives for all these years.

I am wishing that we could be there in person to honor this most amazing man and dear friend. We can only send all our love and prayers. Know that here in Indiana he was very loved and will be sorely missed.

Love to all,

Theresa & Marty

TC

“ Dearest Lois:

What a remarkable and talented life Irving had! And the two of you together not only enriched each other's lives but contributed your skills abundantly to the benefit of New Britain and environs. We are so sorry that this team effort has come to a close, but know also that Irving has found peace and a release from suffering. We will always remember his love of the absurd, especially at Halloween Birthday parties. Please, give us a call if we can give you a hand in the days to come.

With love, The Beaches

Tina Beach de Cruz - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

RS

“ Dear Lois,

Our prayers are for you now that your husband has found eternal peace. We wish you strength and comfort from friends and family during this time of your life. Please remember that we are here for you and feel free to let us know what you need.

Yours always, Ron & Pat

Ron & Pat Simard - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM