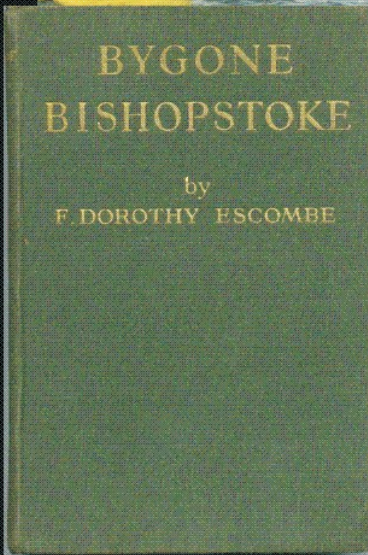


Pop Pops Chronicles



which sails popular sea the utmost enthusiastic year in advantages that



takes you to fascinating ports far from the ist track. the North Atlantic to Reykjavik, Iceland; summerfest, one of the most northerly towns to the North Cape, for the unforgettable ex- ving in 24 hours of daylight, splashed with down the rugged Norwegian coast for a visit ds and the summer camp of nomadic Lap- g the 300 mile stretch of fjords, hugged by and soaring peaks, fed by tumbling, roaring ur Caronia itinerary includes all four Scand- als: Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Copenhagen; sing in the Baltic with a visit to the Swedish and of Gotland; a stop at the Polish seaside pt and a delightful cruise up the Elbe River And still, there is more to come -- a compre- of Scotland, visiting Edinburgh, class city for n, bonny vacation spot in the western lochs; round the Emerald Isle . . . Dublin, the great he hospitable Irish air, and Glengarriff, tran- ot on the face of County Cork. Your last two rance and England. Perhaps you'll decide to pe after the cruise. Your return fare on any rder of your choice is included in the

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OBAN
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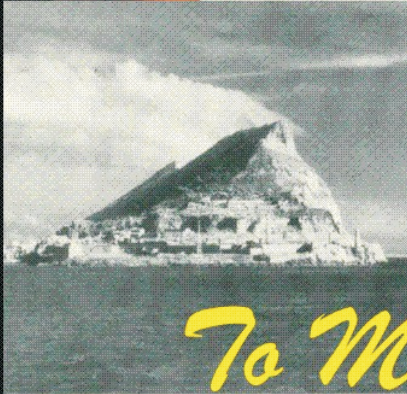
SOUTHAMPTON

LE HAVRE

FRANCE

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To My Grandchildren

1939-1962



Pop Pops
Chronicles

1939-1962
Volume No 1

Young and Restless

*A personal Copy for
a friend*



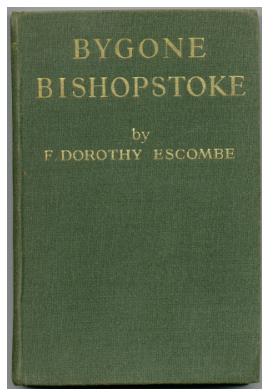
Released January 1st 2000

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter One

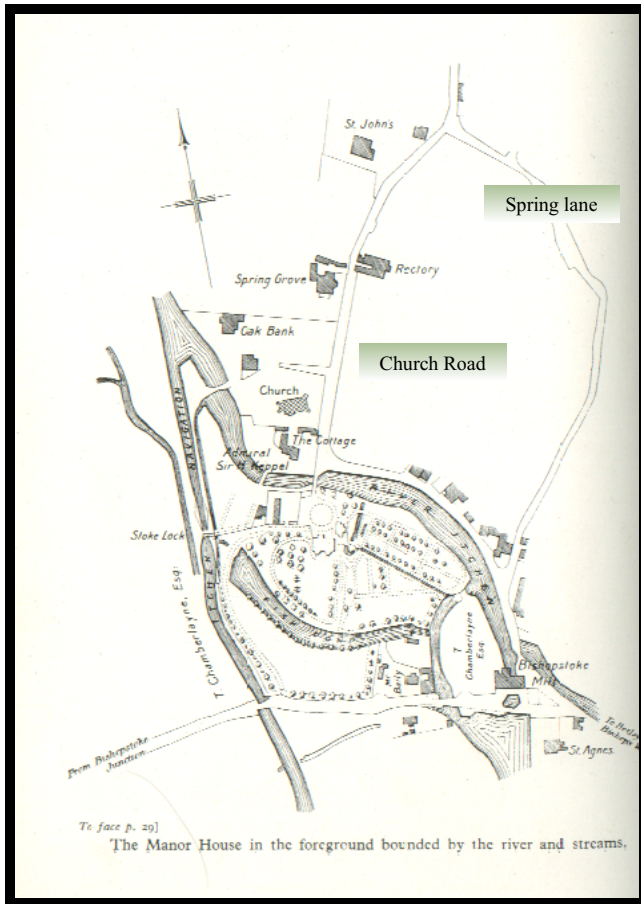
The Ages of Childhood

My birth certificate reads born sub district of Eastleigh, County of Southampton, 1939 October the twenty sixth and living at 53 Edward Avenue Bishopstoke Nr Eastleigh. This is where it all began my parents being Ada Maud Cripps and my father Arthur Ronald Cripps. Bishopstoke was a very quiet village whos origin stems back to 948 in the references by the Bishop of Winchester and that can be authenticated in a book titled Bygone Bishopstoke. The village is situated on the river Itchen that meanders through Hampshire country side and originates in the South Downs. Eastleigh now a

major borough is situated to the West. Eastleigh only had four major companies that one could be employed at either the Railway Locomotive Works, Railway Carriage Works, Pirelli Cables and the Airport in the air craft industry. Southampton, the main port for passenger liners, sits to the south about six miles away. Winchester in (Anglo Saxon times) was the original capital of England and is to the north some seven miles away. World War 11 had just broken out on September the 3rd 1939 and was of great sacrifice and hardship for the whole country and for most families. Obviously the early part of my childhood ages one through three, that is from 1939 until about 1942, is a blank in my memory.



Young and Restless



Bishopstoke

Scotter Road, Guest Road, Montague Road and Fair Oak Road that both ran along side the bifurcated part of the river that flowed Eastwards and eventually joined at the sheep wash. Farmlands surrounded the north East Side of the village. Today the land is still owned by the Dunford family. The main road from lower Bishopstoke routed Westward into Eastleigh was about a mile and half away. The town was a major railroad and aircraft production town and was a strategic asset to the war effort. Both landing craft and aircraft in great numbers came off of the production lines. The Germans tried in vain to bomb these factories, as they were kept very secretive. Eastleigh at that time most probably consisted of about three thousand families. Lower Bishopstoke was very attractive as part of the Itchen slowly flowed through the village and bifurcated just before the

Bishopstoke was a very small and close-knit community. As I said before, it sat on the Itchen which was on the West Side. The town was divided into Upper Bishy and Lower Bishy as the children affectionately called it. Edward Avenue, Longmead Avenue, Drake Road, Nelson Road, Stoke Park lane, St Margaret's Road, Church Road that turned into Stoke Common Road just past the church was Upper Bishopstoke and comprised of some 300 families. The topography or hill most probably was about 300 ft high above sea level. Church Road and Spring Lane were the local roads from Lower Bishopstoke heading north to Upper Bishopstoke. These roads converged together mid way up the hill. The church further up the hill sat on the right opposite the small primary school that had a maximum attendance of 120 children and accommodated grades one through six. Over the top of the hill the road descended down towards Colden Common and was quite a steep drop in elevation. Lower Bishopstoke consisted of the following: (roads) Church Road that ran along side the river for a short way, Spring Lane, Hamilton Road,

non-working flourmill at that time. A small public park nestled across the road from the old church and the river. The church was in disrepair and covered with ivy. The bifurcated branch of the river ran East down to the sheep wash and joined once more the main river below the village. A canal that once transported coal up the Itchen through the lock was the main flow of the river and that was on the West Side. Lower Bishopstoke had a population of about 800 families. Bishopstoke had four public houses at that time and additional pub was built after the war in Upper Bishy along Longmead Avenue. This village was a wonderful place in which to grow up. Meadows to the west farmlands to the east and large woods that extended out towards Fair Oak to the East. This was truly a child's dream to roam free with nature all around. Somehow school got in the way for most of the year.



Eastleigh is a railroading town with two major works. The Carriage works located on the Bishopstoke side of the main bridge linking the two. The Locomotive works located along side the train depot on Campbell Road is to the South on Southampton Road. The center of town in those days was exactly one block square. As one came over the bridge from Bishopstoke there were a few business locations opposite the railway station. Traveling south and a quick right you were on Leigh Road that went westwards towards Chandler's Ford. The town streets were Market Street and High Street both running North South The one road running parallel to Leigh Road but a long block to the south was Factory Road. On the peripheral boundaries of the main square are where

the community roads all running north and south and east west expand outwards. Commerce was always bubbling around town and today remains the same. Wednesday afternoons the stores would close, as they were open on Saturdays. In current times they are open all week and the Leigh Road is closed off on Wednesday as a market day similar to our flea markets. Vendors are permitted to set up a marquee and display there wares. The Train depot at the height of steam engines most probably employed some one hundred fifty men. The carriage works least 1500 men and the Locomotive works 2000 men. During the day Easteigh had a large transient population, as these men would travel long distances to be employed at the works. The town merchants did well as the men would visit the town during their lunch break. About a half a mile out of town on Leigh Road was the Town Hall this was where all the municipal business was conducted and even the courts. Dancing on Saturday nights would be allowed during the winter in the large auditorium. Many a touring band came to perform at the Town Hall. The crest and inscription above the center-stage always impressed me. It was written in Latin Salus Populi Suprema Lex but interpreted read "For the good of the people". The police station was diagonally adjacent on the right hand side. The only satellite bobby was the one

stationed in Bishopstoke. Fleming Park was a good mile from town out along Leigh Road. Geographically the park at the top end started at the ford (stream) that had a small traffic bridge over it to ChandlersFord and ran all the way south to Chestnut Avenue. Approximately the width of the park was about a $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile and about a mile and a half long.

Winchester City to the north was about seven miles away and as I said was a very historical city. King Arthur the mystical character and his round table were in residence in Winchester. The Cathedral that was built around 1097AD. It is a very Norman in its design. Several English Kings are buried there. The streets are very narrow most of the buildings Tudor style. Some side streets are still cobblestone. At one end of the city is a



Winchester Cathedral

bronze statue of King Alfred and is very prominently placed next to the City Hall. The Hants & Dorset bus station is opposite. The Wiltshire Bus Company shared this station. Winchester I mentioned because in the chapter Maturing Years I will reference it again the same as Southampton. The Lido was the dance hall in Winchester and the Winchester swimming club trained and used the pool facilities. The balconies of the dance hall looked out onto the Pool. Southampton to the South has about six miles and had about 150,000 thousand in population at that time. It was the main port for the ocean going lines as it had a draft of about 45 five feet. This meant that the large ships the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth that drafted 39 feet when loaded could sail in and out without a problem and dock. Southampton had a very sizable dry dock where all the liners would be retrofitted once a

year. The Trans Atlantic era of large ships ended around 1966. The airplane was now the dominant carrier of passenger and small freight across the ocean to the two continents. Southampton is known as the originating point of the Mayflower, Santa Maria and the Pinta that sailed across the ocean to America. The Huguenots from Europe stopped at the port to replenish and go on their journey to the New Americas and set sail from the port of Southampton. There is a commemorative plaque on the south wall of the old Southampton fort. Main Street Southampton as you walk south has a part of the old portal that was the north entrance to the city and still stands in the middle of the road. Traffic goes around it on a daily basis. The portal is preserved by the historical preservation society. Southampton had a large Guild Hall as it was called. Travel pantomime, flower shows and lectures were held at the hall. The capacity of the facility held

about a thousand people. Saturday night was dance night at the Guild Hall. The Dell is the home of the Southampton football club (Saints) and at that time they played in the Third Division South of the professional league.

The only recollection in those early days was related to a dramatic event that occurred while I was at the age of three. The war had left its scars on me as a small boy and I had to have an operation for rickets. It was due to the lack of calcium, that had left me with a severe bow to my legs. Operating on the legs was the only resolve.

Treloar's near Alton was the children's hospital at the time that performed such operations. I can only attest to the cost from hear say but it appeared to be some where around £230 pound which was practically two years wages in those days. My father and mother somehow managed to get through this major problem and my legs were healed. They took several years to pay off the debt as I recovered.



2 years 6 months

Nineteen forty-two was the year that I was admitted to Treloar. The Lord Mayor Treloar Orthopaedic Hospital and College was founded in Alton, Hampshire in 1908. This was a national appeal made by Sir William Purdie Treloar during his term of Mayor of London from 1906-1907 whose aim was "to train and educate boys and girls to face the battle of life with confidence and courage. The National Health Service took the hospital and college over 1948. Three things I vividly remember was the day that they took me to the operating room that as I recall I was wheeled out side and then down a long sloping access-way through swinging doors with a red beacon light on the outside. After the operation I was confined to a small room by myself as I was in a complete body cast that was to be part of me for almost two year. Remembering those years I can recall that it was lonely in a room by myself. I used to play with a lead casting on a base of farmer George that I could thread through a large U shaped magnet. A motor bike was another toy but this would not go through as it was made of steel and was attracted to the magnet. As I recovered the bed was relocated to the main ward I could see outside but with limited view as there were

barricades of sand bags on the terrace to prevent shrapnel and flying objects breaking the windows and injuring the children in the ward.

Homecoming was quite an event as my mother and father had not seen me for nine months. Visitation to Treloar's was extremely difficult during the war as rail lines were only used for the war effort. It would have taken over a day to get to the hospital. I was now five could not walk and had very little training in speech and muscle coordination.

One of my aunts remarked that I looked like a monkey with long trailing hair and could not walk properly only drag myself along. I do recall the room and a new chair and tri-cycle awaiting me. The tri-cycle was to get my coordination back. A new suit that my mother made from a German parachute was placed on my bed. The suit was for special occasions. The village was lucky to have retrieved a silk one that was shared by the neighborhood. My mother was extremely talented and made the complete suit out of it. The suit was worn for special occasions and was very smart. Rehabilitation took several years and I did not throw away my leg irons until I was nearly seven. The early set back in my life I believe made me very determined person with a drive to succeed.

Most of the men in the village were away for long periods of time due to the war. However, most were exempt from full overseas duty as they were needed to produce tanks and landing craft in the railway works. Our fathers were in the home guard so after work they manned to armament turrets located throughout the area around Eastleigh and Bishopstoke. We very rarely saw our fathers. At night Mom would put my sister Mavis and myself in the cage as I called it. These were special armored plate steel coffins with a heavy lattice type door would fold down and mom would lock us up during the night. These shelters were considered bomb proof and installed in houses with small families. Mom on occasion during air raids would sleep with us for comfort, as we would be pretty scared. German made doodlebugs appeared to be the worst for us as they would be sent from the French coast only eighty miles away. They could be heard as they sounded just like clock ticking and when they stopped one would hear a screeching sound coming to earth. One would hold your breath and one would hope it missed. Several bombs did hit around us, mostly up the farm and the sandpit.

I recall food being a major problem and most being supplied in a dehydrated form during the early time of the war. Families were allowed two quarts of milk a day. Those households with no children just one. Orange juice and cod-liver oil were issued by the Red Cross at the women's volunteer station in Eastleigh once a month. Towards the end of the war meat was available but rationed. One would have to wait in line for hours in the cold winter. Lines would start at about seven o'clock in the morning and we would get our meat at about mid day if there were any decent cuts left. Most of the time we lived on organs such as liver, kidneys, chitterlings and tongue. Rationing was part of the war effort. Families were issued fifty coupons a year for clothing. A suit at that time was twenty-six coupons, shoes about thirteen. One did not get a suit, as the children needed clothes and other necessities such as shoes. I remember trading sweets with my sister for various favors. We actually were allocated coupons for one pound of sweets a month. Each coupon was four ounces as sixteen were to the pound. This system made for some very intuitive bargaining amongst the kids. Today I will refuse to wait in a line for food at a restaurant. There has to be no waiting or I go home and have Nana cook a meal. Rationing did not end until early 1952 so we were rationed almost thirteen years.



Bishopstoke Primary School

Primary school that still stands today harvested many memories. The school was broken up into four groups Grenville, my group, Raleigh, Nelson and Drake and each relating to a color. Grenville was yellow and each group was the name of a famous admiral who served in the navy. One must remember that England at that time still had an Empire stretching around the World. Canada, Australia, India and South Africa were just a few of the countries. Smaller islands in the Pacific and Atlantic also made up the Empire and that's how the saying the sun never sets on the British Empire became a familiar saying in those times. There was always a part of the Empire in daylight. The great explorers from the past, were respected and cherished and that is why their names were

used. I can remember teachers at the school. The headmaster was Mr. Marshall, First grade Mrs. Holder. Second Grade Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Smith third grade also the music teacher, Mr. Lloyd was fourth and Mr. Jelfs fifth. Mr. Marshall also taught the older grade in preparation for the eleven plus exam. The eleven plus exam was the discriminator in those days. After taking the exam one went onto Secondary Grammar School or Secondary Modern school after the primary school based on test results. The Primary school was configured in two parts: the main office, sixth grade and cloak room with an attached house for the caretaker Mr. Collis was the first part. Across the Playground was the Annexe consisting of a building that had five class rooms. Mr. Collis was the churchwarden and rung the church bells on Sundays. Mr. Collis had a disability and wore a prosthesis as a leg and the kids played him up pretty bad. Having been in leg irons for some time made me feel very sorry for him but I could not stop the harassment and tormenting. The teaching staff was the foundation to my future and each one was very dedicated to teaching. Messing around in class in those days was not tolerated. All the class would be very quiet and concentrated on the task at hand.

The starting point first grade under the wonderful guidance of Mrs. Holder has very few memories. I can only recall that the lady wore her hair up and wore long ankle length dresses. The morning session for this grade ended early about eleven thirty so tables could be set up for the lunch. Lunch was prepared in the back area of the cloakroom. Delivery of food came from a central distribution point in the Eastleigh school district. I always remember that on rainy days the stench of wet rain coats mixing with the various

food (cabbage) odors was pretty bad. The cloakroom would be very slippery due to a tiled floor on rainy days and one needed to be very careful. I always remember welly (Wellington) boots all over the place and smelling pretty bad during the summer months at school from sweaty feet. Mrs. Long was the lady in charge of food preparation. The food for those that stayed was passable. As this was wartime we could go home for lunch as we only lived a half a mile from school on Edward Avenue. She lived in the first semi-detached house in Longmead Avenue. That house was directly across the road from school. I mentioned this because Mrs. Long was the watchdog as we all left school especially those children that passed her way to their homes on either Edward Avenue, Longmead Avenue, Drake Road and Nelson Road. No fooling or bullying as you would be reported to the headmaster the next day. Later on as I grew up her son Roger was part of the upper bishy group and played football with us. The room we had to work in during first grade was a partitioned room. In one corner of the room was an old wind up His Masters Voice victrola. The only reason I know this is because it had what I believe to be a logo with a victrola and bulldog on the side. Classical music was played on special occasions and for music lessons. The floor was suppose to be hard wood but over the years was splintered and one did get splinters if not careful.

After spending two years in this building one graduated to the upper class located in the annexe building that was located across the playground. The school did have a football field and a stone covered play area. Mrs. Grey the no nonsense teacher, with little patience. I was glad when that year passed. Mrs. Smiths class was very rewarding as she was a very kind lady and intense with her music. Mr. Lloyd, the Welshman he spoke with a wonderful accent. His passion was smoking a pipe with a great aroma as I recall. Once in a while his father would visit and together they would give class. Mr. Lloyd was good in basic English and Mathematics. I recall he had a wonderful hand and his chalk - board was always so neat. Mr. Lloyd's demeanor was striking as he was so upright and neat in his dress. His class was the introduction to paper mach'e and arts and craft. Mr. Lloyd was also the PE master and coached the football and cricket team. Mr. Lloyd himself was a good cricketer at both batting and bowling. Our school had a pretty good team and competed in the Eastleigh and District schools league. Mr. Jelfs was the schools idol and was a very dedicated man and taught with such warmth on all subjects Geography was his specialty. He made the whole lesson so much fun. Mr. Jelfs would tutor me in later years in Mathematics, as I would be given a second chance to retake the eleven plus exam while attending the first year at Secondary Modern School. Mr. Marshall, the only man I knew that wore a back brace to make him stand up properly and bragged about it. This made for a very long year in his class. History was his expertise, he was our homeroom teacher also. The homeroom teacher in those days taught the basic three R's. The other teachers taught their specialty subjects.

The typical year at school would start after summer break, which at the start seemed all too long. Back to school would mean up in the morning at about six thirty.

A wash down in hot water and then dress for school. Most days I would skip breakfast at home so that I could meet up with two good school friends, Brian Joslin and David Cockman. My sister Mavis was a friend of David's sister Mary I mention this as later in the chronicles I describe an event that was very rewarding after so many years being away from Bishopstoke. David's house was adjacent to the schoolyard so I would just hang out with a tennis ball until he showed up. I would practice kicking the tennis ball for hours up against the wall. On arrival we would both head down to the bakery and wait for it to open at 7-00 am so that we could buy a warm hard roll from Snelgroves the local baker for a penny. This would be our breakfast by picking out the center of these lovely warm



The class of 1951

rolls as would head back to the playground to continue playing football. Brian would join us and we would play one on one with a goalkeeper. David was most probably the brain out of us all but both Brian and myself did well at school. David to day is retired and his career path was in education as a teacher. Brian due to being in a large family went as we say on the railway as a stoker so as to help support his family. His brother John was the eldest by four years and also a stoker. Eventually Roy who was in our class,

joined the other brothers. All three brothers became railway engineers. Brian is still one today.

Classes would start at 8-30 am and go through to 3-30 pm with a break for lunch. Lunch break, one would run home to eat a quick meal and out again. School during break was fun. The school would have a football game on the pebbled stone area. Sides would be who ever could make it back in time before lunch was over. To control it Drake and Grenville kids would play Nelson and Raleigh, so each week the sides would change using the combinations of teams. I always remember the football was so oversized as it was very old and the leather very scratched up. We had so much fun. Some times we would have twenty a side playing. We could not use the main field that was used only for football, cricket and once a year sports-day. The school only had one football for the school team and was treated with a lot of respect. No one dare use it with out permission. During the summer months friendly cricket games were held in the back play ground against the wall, as the wickets were painted on this wall. Bowlers tried to bowl you out but no fielders were necessary behind the wicket. Our school also had air raid shelters in the wooded area in the back and we were very often rushed to the shelters because of air raids. When London school children were evacuated our school did accommodate some twenty additional children who stayed in the local neighborhood until the war came to an end.

Being a very heavily built boy I was not very athletic with respect to running and therefore sports day was very embarrassing for me as every one had to participate. I did participate in such things as the sack race and egg and spoon race.

The four class groups competed for the overall trophy. As I recall Grenville did not win the trophy the whole time I was at Primary school. Father's day for both football and cricket was my time to shine as I had made both teams. When I was eleven the adults-would play the graduating class in both sports. This was an event I looked forward to as we had some very good players and youth on our side. Mr. Lloyd and his father would umpire. They always looked immaculate in their white starched uniforms. Mr. Lloyd dominated the field being six foot two and was quite high for a man in those days. We never lost to our dads they were not that athletic but it made a wonderful evening on each occasion.

Summer in those days was very hot and when break started in late July we were ready to get out and have nothing to do. During the long summer break the days were spent, as would be every year with a fad thing to play. Dibs using stone square shaped dibs about ½" square was one I remember. Dibs is played with five of these stones and one starts by seeing how many you can balance on the back of one hand. After one throws them up and tries to catch them in the palm. the ones remaining that fall are picked up one at a time. Ted Doughty was the champion that year and hard to beat. He had been off from school for some time due to broken elbow and had plenty of time to become excellent at

it. Another year was bows and arrows but we played for real. The sandpit up the road had been closed down for some time but as a pit suggested it had a high bank. The interior had several bunkers and heather hedged areas with undulations of small mounds. A castle was built at the top of the ridge using turf to make portals. Bows were made from the Willow tree and Ash as the preference. Arrows we got from the young saplings on the Hazel Nut tree and the feathers we acquired from the fir tree as there were several jays nesting in the woods adjacent to the sand pit. Feathers from the birds would fall out and we used them for flights. Robin Hood and games relating to it were the main thrust that year. Taking the castle was a major task and at one time large bales of bracken were whirled down at us. This all ended when one of the girls took an arrow on the eyelid. Boy Were we scared of the local bobby coming up top upper Bisby to arrest us. All bows were disposed of in a hurry. The year after catapults and stones became the armory to use and sides drawn up. Underground den with a chimney and fireplace was built. The den was up the woods as we called it and was built by the older guys on our road. Food was stored for the gang's use. It had a metal roof with turf on it so you could not tell it was there.

One year it was potato picking. Actually, I did it two years. We would start at 7-00 am in the morning and pick until mid day. Break was one hour and then we would pick until 7-00 pm. That was eleven hours, six days a week for just two shillings and six pence. One would accumulate ten shillings over the four weeks but one had to finish the complete four weeks or nothing was paid. I was taken on as I was a big lad but at half pay the first year due to the fact that I was under twelve at the time. This meant five shillings for four weeks work. When one thinks back, it was certainly child abuse but money and life's extras were hard to come by. During one Saturday morning something extremely thrilling happened and that was, the foxhunt came directly over the potato field that we were picking at the time. Such a sight. Horsemen, Ladies side saddled all dressed in sparkling colors and shiny boots. While at least thirty hounds barking and howling ran after the fox that came straight down the field and disappeared into the lower copse. Magnificent site as the hounds were from the house of Otterbourne that was about eight miles away and I had never seen a hunt before. The long days at the farm meant also a long walk home and it would take a good half-hour to walk it from the upper barn as we called to our homes. If a utility van or delivery van passed the dust from the road used to nearly choke you as it hung in the air for some time. Pausing was inevitable just to let the dust settle. Come pay day we were all glad the weeks were over but it was quite an experience.

My athleticism began after the leg irons were removed and painstakingly I began to get coordinated. I would attend Eastleigh Therapy centre at least twice a week. The building was located on Leigh Road towards ChandlersFord where the new Eastleigh Council Operation and municipal buildings are located. The building was very drab and cold and I would spend hours doing exercises in bare feet. Sometimes they were so cold they

turned blue. During this time I became an expert at picking things up with my toes, as this was one of the exercises they gave me to do. The doctors recommended that I take up swimming and that summer I learned to swim. We had no pool physically located in Bishopstoke so its was off to the Lower Bisby river where the current was safe as the river bottomed out down stream due to high shale beds. There was a fun time while



Club Champion

learning to swim in the river and that was when the bailiff would cut the reeds up stream so that the river would run faster and flooding would not take place in the lower meadows during the winter storms. Massive reed bunches would flow down stream. These reeds had a peculiar odor but were great to use as kids would use today as rubber tires. One could jump on a reed bed and float down the river for about a quarter of a mile. Further down one would come to the mill and the water gushed through the wheels and weirs. Dangerous if one went beyond the limit opposite the marker. The marker was the local fish shop across the road from the shale beds. Swimming up stream took some doing and I was able to and determined that the river would not beat me. I was able to swim up stream by the end of the summer and this was the start of a completely new life for me. I was competitive in every sport I tackled from then on. Swimming the next year, as I was so good, gave me the chance to compete against any one at school. I won each time. Mrs. Smith was our class teacher at the time and entered me in the Eastleigh and district swimming against all the other schools some ten in all. Champion again and determined to go further. I was district school champion from the

age of nine until I was fifteen. I did join the Eastleigh swimming club and won every trophy outright that they had. This meant winning each trophy three years in a row, mission accomplished. The only trophy that eluded me was the men's one-mile race. I swam on the men's team at the age of twelve, as my time was so good for fifty yards in twenty-six seconds.

Sports was to be a great challenge for me. As time past football became a passion and I made the local Schoolboys district team. We played in the all England school under fourteen boys knock out and made the final of the Southern section being defeated by Tooting and Beck on the out skirts of London. Such a small school district to have come such along way in the competition. Cricket was also the summer sport along with swimming and I was selected to represent Hampshire County at the all England tryouts at Butlins in Filey Yorkshire.



John Arnold



Hampshire Local Pages

Eastleigh and its Villages - Bishopstoke

This page contains information about the village of Bishopstoke, other pages list [attractions](#) to discover in the area, and other interesting villages to visit.

Originally a very large parish of 3,340 acres. Fair Oak was formed from this parish in 1894 and Stoke Park was 'lost' in 1899, reducing the parish to 500 acres.

The earliest documentary reference to Bishop Manors Stoke was in 948. The Bishops of Winchester are known to have had a park here in the 14th century. In the Middle Ages it was called Stoke Episcopi.

The Manor House on an island was occupied by several of the Deans of Winchester. The old mill was demolished in 1934.



Toynbee Road Chess Team

Mr. Vine -Cripps-xxxxxx-Mr. Bowler

xxxxxx-Savage-Mills-Daniels

I held the Toynbee Road Secondary Modern school table tennis championship from the age of eleven through fourteen I played on the Chess team and also was selected for the tennis team. Not complete are my travels in sport and I will continue as we go forward with the Maturing years chapter.

The leader shows that style is no substitute for substance, that knowing certain facts is not more powerful than simple wisdom. that creating an impression is not more potent than acting from ones center.

John Heider

Harry Oliver-Bertha Ackland

James Cripps-Margaret Young

HARRY WILLIAM xxxxxx xxxxxx yyyy JAMES ALFIE MABLE EMA NELLIE MAY WESLEY SID CHERITT

ackland

young

Family Tree

BERTHA ADA WALTER MAY JAMES RUBY XXXXXX

MARGARET EVA CHARLIE yyyyyy

oliver

cripps

cripps

roberts

EVA WALTER RUBY ALBERT WORMULL SMITH FOX

BRIAN

MAVIS RALPH BAKER

ADA

RON

BILL

DOLL ROBERTS

buys

HAROLD PATRICIA

cripps

BRYAN DEBORAH SANDRA PHILIPS ERIC WALDENMAIER

LAURA

JEFF MENGER MATT HARDIN

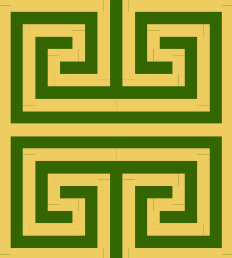
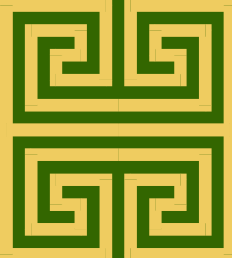
HEATHER

Caroline Heidi Jennifer Max Tristan

JANET RUDOLPH PAGE

AMERICA

1999



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Two

Family Tree

This will take some research and time I believe, as I was never interested in the genealogy of our family. My sister and cousin Janet Page, Auntie Ruby Fox and Auntie Vera Oliver are still alive in England and I will need their assistance in completing a family tree of some sorts. Genealogy is quite an American phenomenon. Most families research in great depths their family tree. The country obviously was founded on Immigrants and therefore one's ancestry is in Europe or Latin America. Generations of families keep the family tree in order and hope that their future descendants do the same. My starting point will be the Great Great grand parents on both sides. That is to say my grandfathers Cripps and Oliver. In the future you may find some pictures in various albums or loose and this will make sense of them after reading this chapter. I will attempt to write a small brief on each of the family members who were close to me during my upbringing.

After talking to my cousin Janet on September the 28th 1999 and for five consecutive days, I'm now able to put as one would say pencil to paper. The Cripps side of the family is as follows:

James Cripps my grandfather originally lived in Whitley Woods in Berkshire. The other six members in the family were Alfie who lived in Upper Bishy. Wesley who lived in London was a violinist and we believe committed suicide, Nellie also married and lived in London. Emma and Mable



Young and Restless

Cripps never married. The two sisters lived in Whitley Wood in the county of Berkshire. May Cripps married Sid Cherrit and lived in Chandlersford. My grandmother Margaret was a Young who had three other siblings Eve who lived in Lower Bishy and Charlie who was severely injured in the First World War and lived in Upper Bishy. The third sibling I can not obtain information on. Last time I was in England I did visit the grave of both my grandparents your great grand parents. The grave is on the left side of the church in Upper Bishy if you ever have an interest to visit.

James Cripps had three children Bill, Ron and Margaret.

Bill (William married Doll Roberts) who's family originally came from Wales. Grandma Roberts (Williams was her maiden name) lived in Eastleigh in Southampton Road. Bill and Dolls only sibling was my cousin Janet the informer in this chapter Ron (Arthur married Ada Oliver) two siblings Brian, your grandfather and my sister Mavis your great auntie in England. Margaret who became a (Mabey) was called babe, as she was the youngest in the family. The Mabey's had two sons Michael and Leslie

On the Oliver side Grandfather Harry married Bertha Ackland

Harry and his family lived on the outskirts of Bow Bells London at Nine Elms they were considered cockney by origin. They moved to Eastleigh as Harry was a train engineer and was transferred to the Eastleigh train depot.

The siblings of the Oliver family were Ada Oliver, Walter Oliver, Eva Oliver and Ruby Oliver

Walter Oliver married Vera Smith; Eva Oliver married Alf Wormull Ada Oliver great grandmother married your great grandfather Arthur Ronald Cripps. Ruby Oliver married Alfred Fox

Harry had three brothers and one sister who is totally unknown lived in Basingstoke. Brother William we believe was sick and was in the Mount Sanatorium in Bishopstoke until he died. His grave is in the cemetery located at the end of Brookwood Avenue Eastleigh. The head stone that is located on the same plot as your great great grand father Harry reads the address of 66 Ruskin Road where Harry lived. Brother two was a religious freak as Auntie Ruby put it. Brother three was a writer for the railway and wrote in the Socrates the railway newspaper. Auntie Vera quoted that he was quite famous for his writings. The names of the other brother and sister alluded my auntie's as they both said they were very young at the time and paid no heed to those things.

Bertha Ackland had two other siblings Ada Ackland who your great grandmother was named after and James Ackland. Ada Ackland married Walter May and they lived on the out skirts of Eastleigh on Barton Road opposite the Carriage Works on Bishopstoke Road. And after moved to Campbell Road when I knew them. James Ackland married Ruby and lived in Wimbledon originally on the outskirts of Southwest London. After the war they moved to Peckham Rye Southeast London.

James Cripps was a wonderful grandfather during what little time we saw him. Our recollection was he went into the army as a cook. Later he became a fusilier as a horse-

man in the cavalry, one of those riders you always see riding with the Queen. They are also were attached to the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace in London. Later in life he worked in the Locomotive works in Eastleigh in the casting shop a very demanding and extremely hot and dangerous environment to work in. James Cripps



Captain Eastleigh Firebrigade

was also chief of the Eastleigh volunteer firebrigade before and during the war. So his after hours were taken up by doing his duty and serving the community. Even to this day several of his trophies are competed for as special events at the main firehouse. The firehouse is located on Leigh Road.

Christmas was always special at great grandfather's house. All three families would gather in the small house but have such fun. Grandfather would make wonderful toys, as he was an expert in woodcarving and woodwork. I will always re-

member the special fortress he made and the Queen Mary that blew to pieces if you hit it with a steel marble in the center. A doll house for Janet that was just perfect. Several snakes made of wood and even a monkey on a stick that did special loops and a Yo-Yo for every one. We had very little money in those days but what presents to receive we were so lucky. At the Christmas table it was special, as Grandma always put silver coins (sixpenny pieces) in the pudding and you would be so lucky for the next year if you got one.

James was a fastidious person always on the move loved to garden and kept a well-trimmed back yard and vegetable garden. After the war each family if they wanted could purchase an allotment for twenty five square rod of land for ten shillings fee a year to work given by the village. My grandfather took four lots and made into a picture garden a small stream run by but not enough to use for watering. Fifty gallon rain barrels were used for that. Later he had a green house on his property and this would cultivate all the vegetable from seed along with flowers that lined the beds. The lots had several fruit trees apples, pears and plums. Grandma would make preserve out of all the fruits and those vegetables we all liked for the winter. Tons of potatoes were planted and harvested. Later on when he was close to passing away I spent many hours working the land with my father. Mornings would mean an early five o'clock rise to stoke the wood burning fire in the green house that was on the allotment. Spring would mean turning the eighty odd square rods of land quite a feat. This land was two strips 60 feet by 50 feet with some walk ways but a lot to turn over. Took about a backbreaking week to do it.

William or Bill Cripps was the uncle that I was very close to as we had a similar spirit to life. Bill lived just four doors away so we spent time together. Years ago Bill, much to his fathers disgust and without consternation, moved to the Jersey. This islands sits in

the Bay of Biscay off the coast of France about one hundred miles from Eastleigh Airport. I believe Auntie Doll did not join him and they got married on his return after a couple of years. Bill became the head of the Carriage Shop in the Carriage works. He always walked home to lunch and back after wards every day to keep fit. It was quite a climb from Lower Bisby to Upper. I would think it took a good Fifteen minutes and he would smoke a pipe going back. The smell sometimes hung in the air on a damp day and as I would walk from Lower to Upper Bisby to get back to school in the afternoon one could tell who had recently passed that way. As Bills legs became a problem walking just aggravated the limbs. Later he would take the bus that the majority of older employees took. He would always stop off after work at seven

o'clock in the evening to have his couple of scotches and a few beers in the Eastleigh pub next to the train station the Crown Hotel. The Carriage works was located on the Bishopstoke side of the iron bridge connecting Eastleigh with Bishopstoke. The Railway tracks ran directly North to South under the Bridge. Winchester to the North and Southampton to the South giving reference points. His trip home was by bus as you can well imagine after a few beers. I never did see my uncle drunk in all the years. Boy could he put it away. The routine on weekends was to have few in the Longmead Arms from eleven to two on Sundays. This routine lasted some twenty years or more. Bill was a master



Christmas at the Longmead Arms 1998
 Ralph baker-lee baker-rudolph page
 martin page-Uncle Bill-zoe baker-janet page

craftsman in woods and built Janet's white ash bedroom set. He would spend long winter hours at the lathe in his shed. Table lamps, special bowls and even salad sets all made of laminated woods of various types were turned on the lathe, such a great talent. He sported a pipe in those days and the wood shop would smell of this aroma mixed with wood shavings. The patio that was glass encased was lined with Fuchsia, as this was a passion of his cross breeding types. Bill did not like wall papering and I remember at one time the walls in the house were stripped ready but were never finished. They must have stayed that way for seven years never did find out who completed them. At times when I would visit from America he would want my jackets and ties and I would end up coming back lighter. Sadly he passed way this year at the age of ninety. In early years he would treat me to watch the local professional football (soccer) team Southampton played at the Dell if Mr. Cox could not attend the games as they both had season tickets. The Dell at that time held about twenty six thousand supporters so it was quite a crowd. I would admire the players in their red and white stripe and black

shorts. My boyhood dream was that some day I would play on this ground and represent Southampton. Uncle Bill was a very kind and generous man and very fair in his decision making.

Auntie Doll who lived just four houses away at 45 Edward Avenue and was my pillar of strength to hold on to when my mother was not around. At times when coming home from school mom would be still in Eastleigh shopping or having her hair permed (waved) down my grandmothers by babe. If not home I would bee-line for auntie Dolls. Cup cakes or cookies were always there and I used to love to watch her cook she made it all seem easy. Auntie Doll taught your great grandmother how to cook. One could go to either of their homes and the meal would be identical in presentation and style. Even my sister Mavis and my cousin auntie Dolls daughter Janet, all cook the same. Some times I would walk home from Eastleigh with Auntie Doll as we may both have missed the bus to Bishy and it was quicker to walk than wait. Sundays if my mother was very ill, as was the quite often I would have my Sunday meal with uncle Bill and Auntie Doll, after the pubs closed of course which was at two o'clock. Auntie was such a lovely person and would do anything to help my mother. At times she would do the wash just to help out. Auntie Doll once in a while would take me to her mother Mrs. Roberts house who lived way down Southampton Road towards the airport. Her mother was so nice and would welcome me with open arms. Remembering back I recall what could have been a serious problem. My mother had gone across the road to Mrs. Horns house. No message was around but she had left the stove (fat in the frying pan). The fat slowly boiled and caught fire while I was in the house having just come home from school. No problem Auntie Doll to the rescue. A quick stop up the road and a frantic Brian screaming fire! fire! as I entered the house. My auntie responded with extinguisher in hand and rushed down to our house to save the day. The kitchen had been badly burnt and the curtains completely disintegrated in a pile of rubble. The doors were scorched and the house was spared a major disaster. Mom came home after hearing all the excitement from across the road. Simply falling into my aunts arms and sobbing for about fifteen minutes. Who was going to tell Dad well auntie Doll stayed around to make the peace as no one was caught in the mess my sister was with my mother. Electric ovens were just becoming the fashion in 1952 we got one delivered to our house but Auntie Doll never did own one and until she passed away always cooked on a gas range. It was strange but all the years that television was around they always rented a set from a company called Granada.



The set was replaced maybe every five years. Granada today is a TV station in England.

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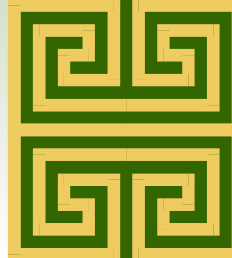
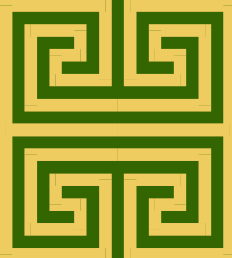
Janet my cousin and I grew up together (Jan her nick name) was three years older so I was not involved with her friends as I was to young. She obviously was almost in the graduating class at Primary school when I entered. She was in Grenville also. Janet was a pretty good student. After graduating

at Secondary Modern Girls school at Chamberlayne Road she went out to work in the Co –Op as a retail sales person behind the counter. My mom use to shop there all the time so I would see my cousin quite often. Janet in her late teens met Rudolph Page and later married. Rudolph and I swam on the Eastleigh swimming team together. Janet and myself are very close and even today feel great ties when we meet. I visited England this year and we spent time together at the Fishers Pond hotel. Janet was married young and I did not see a lot of her and Rudolph during the years of them having the children as I did not go home for some ten years at one time. Sad as it seems my family was in the USA and that was the priority of those years.

The one person Mrs. Moody who although is not a family member is included in this chapter and is deserved of a such a place of honor. This lovable person always had an open heart for me and I spent many hours sat in her living / dining room as it was a combination room. She would sit around the fire and talk and had such a wonderful cheeky laugh. We would reminisce about girls or events that took place in our week or in the past. Mr. Moody if he was home from work would join in. Jack was his name and he worked on the railroad as an engineer. A very rounded and self educated man and well read. Mr. Moody was noted as having read nearly every book in the Eastleigh Library. Mrs. Moody spent the early hours of the night cleaning at the bank and on weekends. If she went to work there was always a note to Geoff and myself you know where the bake beans are be careful with the gas stove and the piccalilli is in the jar. Jam preserve was out and all would be on a nice clean table cloth. This place at 236 High Street was my second home for at least five years. Mrs. Moody loved her Sherry and at Christmas I tried to buy her a bottle for all the times we had together as a family. Her other love was with little wagers she could spare was horse racing. She use to slip out on Saturday morning and go to the betting shop which was very close to have a bet. Mrs. Moody had a little bit of larceny in her blood and loved to go to the island of Jersey every year. Under clothing would be a petticoat with extra pockets so she could carry back more that the import duties would allow. Cigarettes and liquor for Christmas were on her manifest if they ever caught her. One year John and I went to Newbury race track. From the stands came a wonderful cry Beefy Beefy. Only one person knew me by that nickname. It had to be her Mrs. Moody. There she was with her group of friends at the track. John did not know she was going that day. Well that's how Beefy got started and it has been my nickname ever since to my closest friends in England. Another story was the last at Goodwood race track. Goodwood week was quite an event. On the last day the 4-30 pm and last race was a three mile race with two horses Huguenot and Bleep Bleep running. Huguenot favorite even money Bleep Bleep 33-1. Well I bet five pounds to win on Bleep Bleep. The horse broke the gate and rider fell. The horse completed a full circle around the track went back and re-ran the race to beat the favorite by a head. £165 Pound I won on the last race. What a party night.



Some people dream of success others wake up and work hard for it.



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Three

Upper Bishy

Our residence was 53 Edward Avenue and was rented from the brother of Mrs. Griffin who lived next door. My Uncle Bill and Auntie Doll lived at 45 Edward Avenue. I grew up spending a lot of time with my Auntie Doll and Uncle Bill. Our lives revolved around Upper Bishy as the war pretty much limited travel. Chapter one outline of the life style one had to live during the six years of wartime. Mr. Griffin next door eventually became a politician as a part of the Labour party for Bishopstoke. Under his advice we moved later down to Lower Bishy in to my Grandmas house. By doing this we would get a council house quicker due to over crowding. Next door to us on the left was Mrs. Singleton a wonderful older lady single or widowed as the case may be. The great thrill was to get invited into her house because she had a complete set of Encyclopedia Britannica. These books so impressed me with such beautiful color photos and knowledge. She would allow one hour to look at them from seven to eight on Sunday night after church and that was with such excitement. Mr. and Mrs. Horn lived across the road and my mother was very friendly with Mrs. Horn. Mr. Horn had Hodgkinsons disease and shook very badly. After he passed away Mrs. Horn used to let me look at his stamp collection as it contained some eighty thousand stamps in about eight volumes. Mrs. Doige was my mentor as a church friend and we would go every Sunday evening to church from six to seven o'clock. One day she presented me with a lovely prayer book for keeps. I was so surprised. I was the only kid that went to church during this time period and up until I was relocated to Eastleigh.

During the war years the only means of transportation was the horse or bus and a limited number of automobiles were around. My father did not buy a



Young and Restless

car and used his bicycle for sixty years as his only means of transportation. I did not get a bicycle until I was eleven as we lived more than a mile from Toynbee Road school and I was permitted to ride.

Horse and carriage would deliver the milk in the mornings with the rider perched up on top. The horses were a chestnut and well groomed. Back of the cart had a small step to reach the back upper part, perfect to seat about two small children. The children used to jump on and snitch a ride on the local roads much to the annoyance of the milkman. The milk carriage and horse at the end of the day would return to the main depot in Eastleigh. The stretch of flat road between Bishopstoke and Eastleigh was the only time one would see the horses canter and it used to remind me of a stampede. The horses were marvellously kept in the stables at the depot. On Sundays one could go by the main stable that was attached to the Hans Diary and watch the horses being groomed and fed.

Coal was the only fuel one could use. Start up fuel was blocks or ends of discarded planks which dad would bring home from the Locomotive works. I remember on weekends it was a chore was to split these blocks for the startup kindling. Delivery of coal was also by horse and a flat bed trailer. To heat our home during the winter it would take about ten to thirteen cwt. A hundred weight is 112 lbs. We were not on a metric system in those days. From this weight and measure the difference between a short ton and a long ton is as follows: A ton Imperial is 2240 lbs. which is twenty hundred weight. The American Short ton is 2000 lbs.

Mr. Elkins was the owner of the coal business and we all ordered our coal from him. He always looked to me funny as in delivering coal he was covered in black coal on his face. A beautiful white and grey carthorse similar to a Clydesdale drew the rig. My Uncle Alfie Cripps used to care for the horse on the weekends and evenings getting him bedded down for the night. Once in a while I would visit and help with cleaning the brass bridle work and polishing the saddle. Mr. Elkins always cleaned up the road after the horse defecated on the road. The horse carried a small pouch on the side for emergencies. The cost of a (cwt.) hundred weight 112 lbs was five shillings. My father only earned about three pounds a week (sixty shillings) so we would order only two to three hundred weights each delivery. After the war the first delivery truck was a general provision one that came around on Sundays late afternoon. On the truck would be the most deliciously tasting chocolate cupcakes mom would buy them as a treat. Mr. Elkins used a green truck for delivery of coal after the horse died. This obviously was the second automobile that I saw on a regular basis. The public buses were set up after the war and were run by the Hants and Dorset bus company. It was two pence to go to Eastleigh from Longmead Avenue. The bus stop was opposite the general store. The route after stopping in Eastleigh would take it on to Chandler's ford and the final destination in the westerly direction Hursley, before returning. Fleming Park was on the way to Chandlersford so we could get there in about half an hour from Bishopstoke or walk the three and a half miles. Being of little means, we walked the majority of the time.

A sad story in the neighborhood involved Roger Hutchison's young brother who was about four, and sadly was run over and died after being hit by a Rossi's Ice cream truck that used to come around our village on Sunday afternoon.

A guinea was a still an accepted a mount and was not support by a coin. The currency at the time and that was twenty-one shillings. Of course the one pound note was the basic currency of exchange and still is today. The quid as its called in England was the equivalent of 20 shillings The florin was still used and was two shillings. The two and sixpence a fairly large coin was minted in those days. The word sixpence is quite often used in the early nursery rhymes. One can equate dollars to pounds as at the time the pound was worth five dollars. And because of the exchange rate at that time being five dollars \$5 American bill became known in the USA as the pound. The threepenny piece was used and was octagonal sided in shape. There were at that time a small number of silver threepenny bits. Uncle Bill gave one to Nana Pat on her first visit to England. Nana Pat wore it on her charm bracelet for good luck. Even the farthing and halfpence or halfpenny was used. After the war there were changes in the currency and some coins were discontinued when the metric system eventually became the countrys weights and measures system. The standard currency was the Farthing that was a quarter of a penny, Half-Penny, Penny, Threepence, Sixpence, Shilling, Two Shillings, and Two and Sixpence all coins. The paper notes were the Ten Shilling and One pound note. Never saw a fiver or ten pound note in those early days.

The only telephone in the village including residences was the public phone in a typical red kiosk outside the local store on Longmead Avenue. Until and as late as 1983 your great grandmother and grandfather never owned a phone. This was just three year's before they passed away, both within a year. At Christmas time your great grandmother would go to the kiosk in Chestnut Avenue where we moved later in Eastleigh to wait for a call at a pre-arranged time. This was the only time I would call, as they did not have a phone during my early years in America.

Communicating in those days was by mail only and was delivered by a man we called Teddy Bear as he had such a way with children. We did have a post office in Upper Bishy in the local store on Longmead Avenue. The local store was attached to the butcher shop owned by Mr. Cox, my uncles best friend. Four other stores were located in Upper Bishy



Anglers Inn

opposite Stoke Park road. One was a general store, Delahase the other was the original butcher shop. Opposite the bus stop at St Margaret's road were Snelgroves and a clothing store that looked like it had second hand clothes on display. We did have an Off License store that sold open jug or open container beer. One could walk up and just get a pint in a stein or mug. The store stocked a great cider called Bulmers and on special occasions dad would get a bottle and let me have a shandy. Shandies are cider or beer mixed with lemonade (sparkling type).

I often wondered how the four pubs survived in the village. They were the Anchor Inn,

The Anglers Inn, The Prince of Wales all in Lower Bishy and the Foresters at the very top of Church road that turned into Stoke Common road just before descending down to Colden Common. The answer is obvious. If one stops and thinks. The village all around the outskirts and including the sandpits were either American Troops or Aussies and even Dutch troops encamped. I need say no more. Southampton common was the barracks for the American Troops. Baddesley Road that leads out of Southampton towards Romsey was the residence for the foreign interns. They were housed in what were called nissen huts. The war finally came to an end in ones mind the day the shelter came down that stood on White road which had no residence but ran between Long mead Avenue and Edward Avenue. The road was exactly opposite our home and was only a short walk to the stores. The big crane and ball came one day and we looked on in amazement. A ball on the end of the crane was something to be reckoned with and as it swung the ball backwards and forwards with great cheers from us all, as it would strike the shelter. Bricks and cement crumbled and the memory of those years ended in a big mound of rubble. On the corner of White Road was a large water storage tank about six foot high and at least thirty-foot long and fifteen in the width and oval shaped. This tank was for additional water if a fire broke out and was needed by the firebrigade. It slowly went into disrepair and became a hazard. What a skating rink in the winter we used to have such fun on it when it



Mark I Spitfires in formation

would freeze over which was not very often. Thawing was a problem as the water was stagnant and would stink pretty bad. I told you this part of the history as the land became the location for the last pub to be built in Bishy. The Longmead Arms was Uncle Bills hang out. Recalling one would give direction to people by saying he lives up by the Cat and Fiddle. Or for directions, say make a left at the Dog and Crook. These were the only reference points after the war as there was no factories or major structures left in most cities. During the latter part of the war my father came home one day and said “go

up to the clumps at the top of Drake Road tomorrow (June 6th 1944) you are in for a great surprise”. From this look out I could practically see all the way to Thorn Hill on the outskirts of Southampton. The valley below and the Itchen ran down to the sea from Bishopstoke. One could see the sheep wash and down to the Water Works way down the river. I would think on a clear day about six miles. Well the next day was the start of “D” Day which was the invasion of France to send Hitler on his way back to Germany. At about eleven o’clock a drone could be heard in the distance and as it got closer was deafening. The sky as far as one could see had Dekotas and Welington aircraft pulling gliders in formation and squadron upon squadron of Spitfires came over. For at least four hours the formations lasted. My father had been working in secret for months building landing craft and testing them down at Netley and Hamble on Southampton Waters. The landing craft were shipped down to Plymouth also. These were now en route to France with Platoons of soldiers on board ready to hit the beaches.

Factoid: A day to remember “D” Day ALLIED INVASION OF NORMANDY

Tuesday June 6th 1944

Sea / War

(Op, Overlord: Op. Neptune amphibious phases of Overlord)

At dawn 50 convoy begin landing 5 Div of AEF, US, British and Canadian troops on Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno, and Sword beaches.

“D” Day Forces:

Allied: 1213 Warships including 7 Battle ships, 23 Cruisers, 105 Destroyers 4126 Landing craft (your great grandfather help test and manufactured in Eastleigh Locomotive Works) 736 Auxiliary ships, 846 Merchant ships, 195,701 sailors 3467, heavy bombers 1645 medium bombers, 5409 fighter aircraft, 2355 transporters, 867 gliders (total planes 13743)

Troops landed 75,215 British and Canadian from the sea, 7900 air borne, 900 armored vehicles, 600 guns, 57,500 Americans from the sea, 15,500 airborne.

Germans:

50,000 men five divisions 100 tanks and 345 planes

“D Day Losses

**British 3000 casualties, Canadians 946, US: 660: 114 Allied planes
Germans 6500 casualties**

The end of the war was officially declared “VE” Day victory in Europe May 8th 1945 the village went wild that night. Tables were set up in the road and a party started and lasted until the early hours of the morning. People were so happy sharing whatever they had booze, beer and candy. The mothers had made cakes and rows of them lay in the center of the tables. Mr. Jelly who was a show pianist next door to Janet opened up all of his front windows down stairs and played music all night long. We had no amplifiers in those days so this was the next best thing. Mrs. Jelly made Toffee apples and we had barrel bobbing for the apples. As a footnote “VJ” Day the surrender of the Japanese in the Pacific was August 15th 1945

Sunday was a day of church that was special to me. Most of the children attended Sunday school held in the primary school and then after we, the older group would go across the road to church at eleven o'clock. I was the youngest of them all for as the war started in 1939. Very few children were born for obvious reasons until after. Most of the children attended confirmation classes but I was the youngest and could not attend. The next year I was the only one around, so classes were discontinued. Your Auntie Laura and I were actually confirmed together in 1972 at St Marks in West Islip New York. Our

church (Church of England) was constructed of cobble brick with very large beams to support the high apex in the Nave. The lectern was very high about six feet up the woodwork and carvings were detailed and it was a treasure. The Nave sat about 300 people and it was full only at Christmas. The stained glass windows over the altar were magnificent. Mr. Collis sat in the Narthex as the bell ropes came down from the tower into this part of the church. The bells sounded so cheerful and rang out with such gusto during the summonings. Mr. Leopard was the lector and had a very soft but clear voice and made the readings from the Old Testament so interesting. He was a professor and lived down Lower Bishy next to the mill. I was a choirboy for a short period before we relocated as a family to Eastleigh. Rev Allen came after the war. He was very community oriented and even would have a pint on a Saturday down at the Anchor Inn. The choir was quite large about sixteen people and they sang well. Services were a pleasure and the gathering and conversation afterwards outside was rewarding. Today very few people go to church in England and I believe it's because of the great sacrifice and tremendous family losses they endured through out the war years. Its sad to say but the nation never did get back on its footings spiritually.



St Mary's Church

After church we would have lunch and meet to walk the river Itchen either in the evening if we skipped Church or in the afternoon. The afternoon stroll would take us some times all the way to Shawford, which is north towards Winchester. The walk would be at least two hours. We always made it back from the walk by teatime at five. The river had a large bird population with swans and coots. It was relaxing to see the swan gliding down the river with such poise and ease. Fish such as grayling, trout perch, and of course once in a while the pike. The river was about thirty to forty

feet wide in parts and had a bank lining of trees of all types. The river would flow around the back of Bishopstoke. On a hot summer days we would go down the Loyed and swim as the current was very slow and about six to ten feet deep. You could access the Loyed from Stoke Common road way up the hill. There was a common right of way that led down to the river at that point. Wild ducks could be seen nesting on the upper part of the river away from the village. In the spring and fall the salmon ran and it was quite a site to see them try to bridge the lock at Bishopstoke. The bailiff kept a very attentive eye during this time. It was illegal to fish without a permit. Being young kids, we did not have the money, so poaching was our only recourse. Lenny Winkworth and I would go out times to catch salmon. I did never catch one but Lenny did on several occasions. One would sell the fish to the Hotels in Winchester or Southampton.

Sunday evening during the war was spent churning the milk to make butter. As I said families with children got two pints of milk but the milk was also cream milk. Cream milk would have about one inch of cream on the top. Mom would skim this off during the week

from each bottle and my sister and I would take turns by the fireside to make butter. The cream milk was placed in a liden jar and we would swish the jar backwards and forwards for about two hours to make butter. This action eventually gave us a small pat of butter for the week. We could not get butter in those days. Bear in mind, we had no refrigerators. Food was prepared on a daily basis. Preserving food meant keeping it in the cold pantry that was always on an outside wall in a house. My mother would shop every day for fresh produce and fish when it became available long after the war had ended.

I was always with nature and spent several holidays working on the farm owned by Mr. Dunfords as I was a friend with one of his farm hand sons. The cows would make their way to the milking sheds at about five thirty in the morning. I would be down there and wash down the udders and put hay into the eating stalls. The farm did have milking machines so it was not hand done. Some cows had to be hand milked due their udders being tender and hand milking this was my assigned job. Most cows would give about seven to fourteen quarts. Some cows would be exceptional and give twenty odd quarts. The cows would be turned out and we would then clean down the stalls and line them with new hay. Time would be about eight thirty. Ploughing cultivating and what ever needed to be done, lunch would be a packed one in the field. The fun part was egg collecting as the chickens would lay eggs all over the place. After discovery though they would always nest in the same place. Ducks would lay a greenish colored egg and pullets would lay much smaller eggs, as they are a breed of much smaller chicken. The hogs would need feeding but this took place on our evening tour up to the upper barn. Milking would take place again at two thirty and it was the same routine as the morning. I would think we had about a hundred head of cattle but just twenty milking stalls so it took time to do the cows. The bull was kept in a barn remote from the milking area and he was massive to us as we were pretty young about nine years old.

Upper Bishy was home for the tuberculosis center for recovery and it was called The Mount Sanatorium. Only severe case would be admitted and each had a separate cottage to live in. Ted Doughty was going around with a girl Jean Lawrie and both lived on Edward Avenue and both contacted TB as it was then called. Later as in about four years ago 1995 I was tested and it was found that I had been exposed to it. The result of the test was a tremendous reaction and my arm blew up and looked pretty bad around the immunized area. The diseases that we all worried about in those days were small pox, yellow fever and polio, as men from the war would be traveling home from strange and remote parts of the World.

We had a Boy Scout Troop in Bishopstoke and the den was located behind the Rectory. Entrance was from the church hall that sat adjacent to the rectory and from Spring Lane. We had five groups of six scouts. I was the leader of Curlew patrol as each group took on a bird name. Mr. Cousins was the troop master and his wife lead the girl scouts who were then called girl guides. They had a black Labrador dog that was always at the den. There was also a Rovers hut that was built by the rover scouts and was constructed similar to a log cabin. Geoff Hall and Eric Damond were the leaders of the Rovers but spent a considerable amount of time with the Boy Scouts. Both Geoff and Eric lived on Edward Avenue. Scouting gave me the foundation to teamwork and the means of survival. Each year the

troop would go to Scout Camp on the Isle of Wight. It was pretty rugged but such fun. The Isle of Wight is such a magnificent Island to visit and is well worth a trip over on the boat from Southampton. Queen Scout was the goal that one would strive for. I had completed all my badge requirements and did do the last task, which was a full weekend of survival. Two of us were just dumped in the middle of nowhere with a compass and minimal supplies. The task was to rendezvous within 48 hrs at a grid point on the map. Our team came out within the required time. A logbook was kept of our day by day activities and submitted with maps and charts of the experience. Did not find out the final decision on the award as to being a Queen Scout as I left the troop. Duty would call on every first Saturday of the month when the boy scouts would clean all the brass rails, servers and chandeliers this was my task or the Curlew patrols job. They did look beautiful when we finished they sparkled against the stained glass windows over the altar.

During the winter we would have fires in the log cabin and have great meetings in the den. One year we formed two sides and one was to defend Shawford hill as it had a cross on the top. On the cross would be a trophy of some sort that we had to retrieve and bring back to the den. The other side had to attack. The defending team was sent out about two hours before the attacking team. It was a beautiful clear night that made it tough for the attackers. Bear in mind Shawford was at least a one-hour walk up the river Itchen or through the roads. We had a great team and did manage to take the trophy. Getting home to the den was not so easy. Ted Doughty was on our team and fell on the way back and broke his arm, little did we know. He was in such pain but we did get him home after a cold towel wrap and by keeping it wet from river water that was pretty cold. Ted slept what little time he could until the morning with arm in a bucket of cold water. We were all scared to tell his parents what happened. The ambulance did come to rush him off to the hospital after talking to his mom and dad. That was the year that Ted became the expert in dibs after having so much time off from school. It was a very bad break and did not heal fast.

Spare time would be spent in the Planny behind our house. It was a small woods that ran from the top of Edward Avenue to the bottom. The woods paralleled the road that ran West to East. Its width was about fifty yards and was a half-mile long. Beyond the woods was the upper Bishy allotments. I mention this as my grandfather, you may recall had an allotment in Lower Bishy. The Planny had a wide variety of trees such as the Beechnut, Horse Chestnut, Sweet Chestnut, Hazelnut and Sycamore. The trees would be harvested in early September that being the Sweet Chestnut and Horse Chestnut season. The Hazelnuts came a little later and the Beech tree's in late September early October. The Chestnuts would be saved until Christmas to eat around the fireplace. The trees were pretty high I would say close to eighty feet. It was quite exasperating at times because one had to throw a heavy stick to knock them down some times it got stuck up in the tree's. You could not climb the tree as the fruit was on the very point of the limbs and it was extremely dangerous to go out on a branch. Easy it would have been if you could shake the branches but they were massive, about eight inches around, extending thirty -forty feet from the trunk of the tree.

The Planny became the home of the Bishy Bulldogs bike track. Again fads were in that year. The new Southampton stadium for motor bike track racing on dirt bikes opened

and of course the fad started. The older group Ted Doughty, John Joslin, John Wilmot and Graham White along with two subs became the team. Construction started the oval track was marked out up the Planny as there was a perfect oval spot for it. The surface was a little rough as some tree roots stuck up in the path of a rider. Riding and competing for me was forbidden due to my legs only getting stronger and only been out of irons just over a year. My father thought it too dangerous, nix! I could not compete. So I was named starter and steward and timekeeper. The bikes we constructed from any bits and pieces laying around in people's back yards. Handlebars were specially welded (Locomotive works) to make an open V shape. Gears and spare equipment were stored in a secret place. This was serious stuff. The first year it was basically racing against each other. Lo and behold next year we moved to the sandpit and made a beautiful track with turf curbs and Starting gate. Someone got hold of a stopwatch so it was timed events and so on. We even had are own colors and wore them like bibs. The team would ride to Fair Oak through the woods to compete against other clubs. Colden Common had a team but the Bishy Bull Dogs gave them all hell. Disbanded the next year as all the older guys went to work no more summer playtime for them.

Conkers as we called it was the neighborhood game during the later part of the year. This was the one sport that both girls and boys played against one another. The Horse Chestnut grew with an outer shell that looked like a Calvary mace in the old days would have a spiked ball on the end. The points were very hard and if you stepped on a Horse Chestnut it was strong enough to get through the sole of your shoe. When one opened the shell the fruit in side was very brown and shiny and one could squeeze the fruit and it would indent. Leave it about two weeks and it was impossible to break. By the use of a hot pick after heating it in the fireplace it would burn its way through. The next phase was to thread a heavy string through it and tie a strong knot on the bottom side as they were kind of round in shape. Looking somewhat like a pumpkin but much, much smaller. The game was to break the other person's conkers and tie small beads to your string to show that you're conker was truly the champion. One would use it similar to a slingshot but holding the conker between ones fingers very tight on one hand. Using the other arm one would releasing at the peak of your swing and try to break up the concker only three shots were allowed. And then it would be the other persons turn to try to damage yours. We would play for hours in a group and at school during break. I always remember the champion was Maureen Light who lived on Drake Road. I mentioned the allotments because this was our source of refreshments which would be acquired from fruit bushes such a Gooseberries, Red berries, Straw berries and tree fruits from these allotments during the harvesting season when they were ripe. I never got caught. We all came close at times. Uncle Bill had an allotment for a few years. These allotments took a lot of pressure off of the government to produce adequate vegetables and fruits for the nation after the war.

Saturday morning was the movies. They started at 9-00 am and went until 11-00 am. There were, would you believe, two movie houses in the small town of Eastleigh. Both were owned by the Wright family. For Saturday viewing only the Regal was opened for the children. Our Janet, as I affectionately called her, was in charge and controlled us pretty well. My mother would give us one shilling each. The movies at that time was sixpence, the bus was a penny each way and the sticky bun that we got after the movie was

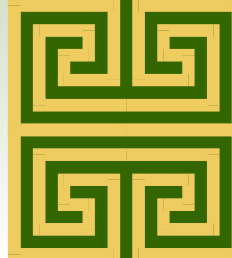
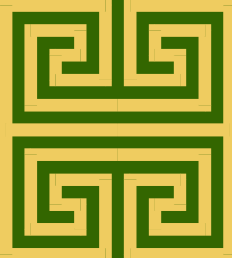
three pence. Those sticky buns were fantastic to eat all nice and hot. Prior to the start of the show the organist use to start playing music and the organ would rise out of the ground to the cheer of the kids. The movie was normally a western of Hop along Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Johnny Mac Brown and Zorro the Great. The best part was the news from America by J Arthur Rank. This impressed me so much that the movies and news got me thinking that I would love to go to America. Some how the excitement of America was always on my mind.

Just after the war I would think about 1950, a new magazine was published for the children was not in American comic book style. Shiny or gloss covered paper in color it was called the Eagle. Fantastic alien green man UFO or Star Wars story on the front . The back page was dedicated to a religious story and in the first issue was the life of Saul. Each episode I waited in anticipation each week just to read the next part of Sauls life as the front page was of little interest me. There was also a section on this is my life about famous people and sports stars very, very interesting. Dan Dare was the detective series and always won the day. I believe recently at Sotheby's an original first edition was auctioned for £15,000 pounds. During the fifties 1953 Queen Elizabeth II was crown and it was quite an event. The only family at that time was my who had a colored TV and a console 17” Auntie Babe living in Winchester . It was a must to view it in color. 9 -00 am arriving at there very small terrace house next to the prison we all settled in for what was going to be along day of watching the famous Coronation that was on June the third 1953. The pageantry was spectacular and the service at Westminster Abbey in London with all the royalty with knights and barons in attendance was breath taking. I believe we watched the event for six hours . This really was something to remember. The day before Mount Everest had been climb by an Australia led team. The gentleman was Doctor Edmond Hillary later to become Sir Edmond Hillary. This was the last major geographical achievement to be accomplished. There was also the Sherper from Nepal who accompanied him on the final climb. Doctor Edmond Hillary spent all of his latter years in Napal caring for the people of that country. A wrenching time came as I was approaching nine Mr. Griffin had spelled out to my father the ground rules for qualifying for a council house as I had indicated early in the chapter. So as we needed to move out of the home on Edward Avenue due to the fact that Mrs. Griffin’s brother wanted to sell the house. By law it was rent controlled an we could not get evicted. But this was a political move so we could get on the council listing and obtain a new home from the council quickly. Who was on the committee for approving such things, would you know, Mr. Griffin. Sad as it was moving to Lower Bishy, my father would always say it was for a good cause. Two years living with my grandmother was hell. The only woman in the World I ever met that never smiled. With old age her stone face just got wrinkled and looked like it was etched in a granite



“The strongest and sweetest songs yet remain to be sung.”

Walt Whitman



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Four

Lower Bishy

Transferring to lower Bishopstoke meant a whole group of new friends and people to admire. We lived at 44 Hamilton Road. In what was a very small terrace house fifteen feet wide by about thirty feet in depth with an upstairs with three bedrooms. It was extremely dark on the inside and the wallpaper did not blend in, as the color scheme was brown and gold with dark green and brown doors. It had a very small dining room where my grandmother sat all day and the front room was converted into our dining room with a pullout couch.

With only three bedrooms upstairs. My grandmother slept in the middle, one myself in the back room and Mom and Dad in the front. I believe Mavis my sister slept on the pull out couch. The kitchen down stairs was fairly long and skinny with the bathtub on the right as you walked in. It was covered with a large board that was used as preparation table for food. The bathroom was outside in a coal shed. My grandfather had passed away by this time so this was another reason the move was made so that my grandmother would have company. I was very unhappy under these conditions and always being talked down to by my grandmother. The reason for this was that Michael, Auntie Babes first born was her pet and she was very jealous of all my success with school and sports whereas Michael could not tie his own shoes or had two left feet as one would say. Michael's scholastic achievements were not the greatest and he was always falling behind at school. In later years he did do a lot better and made something of his life. A kind of a late bloomer was my cousin. Michael and I got along fine by ourselves. Leslie his younger brother was a charmer as they say and I got along real well with him. I spent as much time as I could away from these surroundings.



Young and Restless

One of my favorite places was the Eastleigh Swimming Club. To reiterate the pool was on Bishopstoke road just before the Carriage Works on Bishopstoke road it was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from Hamilton road. Mr. Bentley was the gentleman that maintained the pool for Eastleigh Council. It was always immaculate. Mr. Bentley himself was an excellent swimmer and water polo player. He played for Eastleigh if the events were at the home venue. The pool opened in April and outdoors training would start with earnest. Price of admission in those days was three pence for children under twelve and sixpence for adults and no freebies. Water temperature sometimes was in the very low forties.

As you can imagine the sun rarely shines in England and the water did not warm up until mid August. After the initial shock one would swim quite fast to get the blood moving and soon after a few lengths one would be acclimatized. The secret was to stay in until your training had finished which was a good hour and half. Upon exiting one could purchase a wonderful cup of Bovril that was the similar to your Bouillon

Mr. Bentley was the trainer for the club and was pretty rough on us. All told training would be over two miles of swimming. Time trials were held at the end of the sessions to see what stamina one had.

As I said my trials resulted in me swimming for the men's team at the age of twelve. The team was John Wright lead off. Second was David Saunders or Derrick Clare, Rudolph Page and myself last. Mickey Sprake was an alternate This rotation changed but I was always last because of my speed. I swam the 50 yards in 26 sec or 27 sec the others swam around 29 sec to 30 sec. On Tuesday nights we would travel all over Hampshire from Alton to the north Portsmouth to the east, Bournemouth to the west and Southampton to compete.

After racing there would be a water polo match and Mr. Bentley would play and Podge Riley would play in goal. I played on most occasions but I was really a sub being so young and on a men's team. Physically I was out muscled but not out swam. Traveling became part of my life and I was very lucky to have been able to travel as my father your great grandfather, worked for the railway and could get a special pass for six months at a time for a minor.

Tuesday nights was always training down the Southampton indoor pool, as the club rented Tuesday evenings during the winter months. During these indoor sessions the club would hold there yearly championships. The pool was only twenty-five yards long. This made it a lot of turns for the long distance events. I was champion of the 50 yards Juniors and Seniors, and 100 yard champion for the Juniors and Seniors three or four years in a row and won the trophies outright. The club could not afford to give them to me so I got a small replica that stood about five inches high. I did win the diving championship on two occasions but this was pure luck, as I did not dive as a specialty, as it is today. The mile race I came in third or fourth, I was not a great distance swimmer.

In the latter part of my career I changed clubs and swam for Winchester City Club as my qualifying time was around the Hampshire junior championship time. Winchester

was the home of all the champions. Paddy Brooks at eighteen was the champion of the senior division of Hampshire and swam a 50 sec for the one hundred yards; I swam 54 sec so I was a good dummy for him when training and in trials. This obviously improved my speed and I came to beating him on his off nights. Johnny Wiesmuller held the World record at that time I believe around 49 sec for 100 meters, One hundred meters is a little faster than 100 yards by about three hundred inches equal to eight yards approximately. I left the club after two years as I went to work at Woolston. The journey to Winchester by train was just too inconvenient and my swimming career finished.

Having spent many a Monday night training over at the Bisby pool I became friendly with the Eastleigh Boys Club manager Mr. Painton. One night he invited me to join the Boys club as I was now fourteen, I was so thrilled. The boys club ground gave one entrance to the pool facilities. The club was granted permission to use the pool facilities one half-hour after they had closed. This now gave me the flexibility to train every evening. Joining the club I became involved in the Table tennis team and was pretty good at it. Mr. Cotton used to train me on Saturdays in the new wing that was built during my time at the club. Thursday nights during the winter was table tennis night I made the club team. This would again have me traveling all over Hampshire as we were in the Winchester league and played most of the teams from Northern Hampshire. From competing in the mens league made the school competition fairly easy and I won the Toynbee Road Championship, as I said before, four years in a row.

The Lower Bisby groups were pretty much loners and did not share a comradery similar to the Upper Bisby group. Most of the friendships were school oriented as we would meet and walked up the hill to school together mornings and after lunch. Brian Gillingham and Bernard Harding were the closest friends as they were pretty good athletes. Brian was at the time playing for the Hampshire colts and could play football pretty well, as he was a big lad in those days. Bernard Harding was a goalkeeper so we all loved him because no one wanted to play in goal. Brian's father owned the paper and sweet shop for the Bisby area so he spent a lot of time working the business. Lenny Winkworth's father owned the convenience store two doors up the road from our house at the time. Lenny went to Southampton Tech, a prep school, so we did not see him too often either. At that time Lenny was with the Southampton Boys under fourteen team and trained or played most weekends. Lenny had a vision problem and eventually had to give up football. He was a great player in his youth. Lenny and I would fish together when he was available on a weekend or evening during the summer.

The rec, or Recreation Park was the hangout in those days. This is where the local romances took place in those puppy years in our teens. One would meet down at the rec as it had a beautiful garden and well kept and always trimmed. The Itchen was only a short walk away and in the summer evenings we would all take a short walk pass the lock, and up to Otterbourne. Cricket would be played in the evenings also. Sides would be drawn up and the game would last until sun down. Thirsty and dying for a snack it was off to the fish and chip shop for a packet of chips for three pence wrapped in the

News Of The World paper. The fish shop was located across the road from the Itchen as it flowed for a short time adjacent to Church Road. Pepsi had just came to our local fish shop in those days. I remember passing both the Anchor and Anglers on the way to the shop and when the doors were open the stale smell of beer and smoke pouring out of the pubs was obnoxious. The other meal that was very popular in those days was Faggots and peas and savory ducks served with potato fritters and onions. This meal one had to get from Eastleigh and was normally a Saturdays mid day meal. Faggots were long spicy like sausages made of ground beef. Savory ducks looked just like a duck feeding on the bottom of the river with its behind up. These were made with a spicy meat also today one would call them a croquette. Peas pudding was a yellow or green dried pea and with the onions, potato fritters and gravy made for a great meal. Bear in mind the British mid day meal (lunch) was served, as their main meal of the day. Evening meals would be light. Such as baked beans on toast English muffins or bread with dripping that was the fat from the roast on Sunday and topped with Bovril.

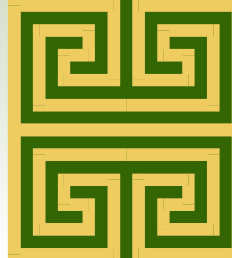
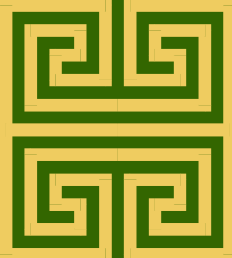
My father would loan me his bike on occasions and I would bike to ChandlersFord about three and half miles away to visit with my father's auntie and uncle the Cheritts. Sid Cherrit was noted for his oil paintings of Bishopstoke and I would visit to have art lessons from him. His oils of the Sheep Wash, the Allotments and the Itchen were just beautiful. He was also a still artist and all of his paintings hung in on the walls in his home. They never did have any children but had a lodger at one time that they took in as their own child. Your great grandfather's Auntie Nellie from London would visit and sometimes I was lucky to be there visiting also. Nellie was Auntie May's sister and when both Sid and May passed away she inherited the paintings. I remember calling her several years ago and requested they be willed to me. She said she would but I did not hear from anyone so I guess they were sold. It's a shame when the treasure in a family get distributed elsewhere.

Later I did get a rebuilt bike while I was still at the home of my grandmothers, just before we moved to Eastleigh. That would be about mid 1951. Relocating to Eastleigh I was looking forward to as I would be free again and we would be in our new home. Dad and Mom had several interviews with the council and eventually we were notified that a house was available on Chestnut Avenue in Lower Eastleigh. This was to be a very happy time of my life.



“A station in life need not be a permanent stop”

Brian R. Cripps



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Five

The Maturing Years

Actually the title is a misnomer as I will continue at the point where destiny takes me to Secondary Modern School. The eleven plus exam steered me in this direction and I believe in my heart the wrong scholastic avenue at that time. Secondary Grammar School I think would have challenged me to a greater degree. Although after the first Semester several of us got the chance to retake it again. John Gibbs, Brian Joslin and myself all came from the same class in Bishopstoke primary school. None of us was accepted or gained entrance into the Secondary Grammar school and I often wonder why? My mother and father paid for tutor under Mr. Jelfs who felt and believed that I was suited for the Grammar school system. I studied some eight weeks prior to the exam and still did not make it this was a big disappointment. We only had one Grammar school in Eastleigh that was Barton Peveril; Peter Symonds was located in Winchester see Appendix on 11 plus exam in back of chronicles.

Secondary Modern School was very special though. I say this as in England we went out to work at fifteen in those days. I would continue in my studies and achieve quite an outstanding record of some 147 excellence (A+) marks out of 160 possible. During the last year we were all tested for our IQ as it was the benchmark for intelligence at that time and I received a mark of 147. 120 IQ was the norm and 147 bordered on genius I was informed. My scholastic achievements did not go unnoticed. When applying for an apprenticeship at Vickers Armstrong Supermarine, the aircraft Company, they stated that my results were exceptional. They



Young and Restless

would make me an offer quickly after checking all references. Vickers at that time was one of the most prestigious companies to get into. I could have spent two more years and gone on to Grammar school to take my "O" and "A" level certificates but I felt this was a great decision at the time and I went into industry. Toynbee road school was again broken down into four Groups or houses Barton, Winton, Leigh and Hampton. Each represented the small hamlets that comprised of Eastleigh in the 19th century. John Moody's (my friend for life) wife Madge always comments why are you Eastleigh boys so competitive. I believe it was because from the age seven one would compete on a regular basis every day at school. During those years our sports program was terrific and Mr. Lodge and Mr. Martin both contributed greatly to our success as a school. Both coached the schools gymnastic team that use to go on tour, as they were so good. John Moody was a member of the team. Lunch hours again produced some tough competition between houses. During cricket season we had a caged net area with a hard mat made of hemp. This is where the school team would practice bowling and batting during the lunch break also. I spent some wonderful times at batting as this was my strength in the game although I was a pretty good bowler also. During the year paddle tennis was played on a small raised wooden rink. Handball and basketball were played on the courts in the yard. Again all sports were team related and champion ships awarded. Winter indoors meant table tennis and this is where I took the coveted prize as school champion for four straight years.

For regularly scheduled sports such as cricket and football each class would have to walk about ten minutes to Fleming Park the municipal park that was very well kept. The complex had tennis courts a putting green and about eleven football fields to play on. For cricket during the summer most probably five pitches. To this day still it is a major attraction to the community as an indoor pool and football six-a-side courts have been added. The complex is immaculate and is well used by the community and athletes. Swimming was quite a walk to Bishopstoke road where the pool was located and took about twenty minutes. Most classes were scheduled directly after lunch so that a full half-hour of swimming could be taught before dressing and walking back to school. Every year was the marathon race, as it would seem to a first year pupil at Toynbee. Each student year as a group would have a two minute start on the others it was quite an event the first year I ran in it I came in 119th out of about two hundred and twenty-six as the run was about six miles. The rain was pouring down as we left and turned out of the school yard up Toynbee road across Blacks Road and up over the railroad bridge. What a mess here you can imagine 200 boys trying to cross a six foot wide bridge and then heading for Ruskin Road that was about a mile long. We would converge for a short distance on Otterbourne Road and then head over the fields to the west alongside the piggery that was foul. The route was due west for about a mile across the field over the style. The track would then head south down along side Boyatt woods through the meadows until one hit what was termed Cow Shit canyon. It was appropriately named as the road was totally covered in cow dung and would, on a rainy day cover your whole body with dung by the time you exited the canyon. Once out of the farm and making an Easterly turn down Kipling Road each runner would make a short dog leg at the end on Brookwood Avenue then Leigh Road and heading straight

for home only a quarter of a mile to go Toynbee Road. What a sight to behold as you turned the corner six miles and fifty-five minutes later not quite in world record time but I did finish the course. One had to go home to shower and wash down, as we had none at school. Mom would wash me down outside with a hose first and then a bath. “This too makes a man out of you “was the quote from the teaching staff. I would love to have replied (you're all full of shit too) but knew it would be trouble for me.

From the school seniors prefects were selected by the teaching staff I made a prefect in my final year at Toynbee. The motto for our school is “Steadfast” and is located under the bottom of our logo at the time. This was an all boys’ school and the equivalent of Chamberlayne Road Girl’s school where my sister went. This is where John Moody and myself first met at Toynbee as John when I joined the school in my first year was a senior prefect for Winton.

I played on the school chess team and this was a tremendous experience as our tutor Mr. Leslie Vine played on the English and Hampshire county teams. We would play after school lightning chess one on one with him. Every year he would take the team at that time to Stockbridge in the Test Valley to a large estate owned by another player on the English team and we play several of the team players. This was certainly an event to look forward to. We would enter the estate through the large iron gates that had a gold painted crest in the middle. The gatehouse was twice as big as my home and this was for guests only. Lining the roadway was a mass of daffodils, hundreds and hundreds, what a sight to behold today this still sticks in my memory when spring time comes each year. The journey ended at a turn around at the mansion front. Both the butler and the owner of the mansion cordially met our car. I had never been inside a mansion on a personal invite. It was extremely dark and as we were lead around I always remember that the arbourtorium because it was the only bright room as it was



John & Geoff

constructed of glass. Hanging from the walls were large numbers of fuchsia plants of all species. Some of these plants were very rare. Small humming birds flew around sucking the nectar from the flowers. The chess games were held in the Games Room and Library. After a great afternoon we were invited to tea. Tea was served in the main hall by the butler. The menu I can not remember. This was another first in my life. The team of five sat around a beautiful mahogany oval table about twenty foot long. The gentleman made us all very comfortable and I can remember the conversation flowed. After the team we had the long journey home and I remember the car flashing past once more the daffodils as we exited on to the street roads on the outskirts of Stockbridge.

Geoff Moody and I became friends through Anthony Treacher who went to Peter Symonds School with Geoff. It started on Sundays Geoff traveling to Lower Bishy to

meet Anthony at the Local recreation park opposite the Itchen. This was the hang out at the time on Sunday mornings, as we would have a football game starting at 9-00 am and lasting until mid-day. It was very, very competitive, as the older players were now playing for town clubs like the Locomotive works and or Pirelli's. The young group was playing in youth sides. There was a lot of talent. Lenny Winkworth played for Southampton Boys, Ted Doughty played for Railway, and The Joslin Brothers played for teams also. Wilmot played for Winchester Castle Offices. Boy it was like war when we went out on the field. Geoff came over for about two years and then was drafted. John Moody then started joining the Bishy gang and we eventually became strong friends. This was the start of my career as a football player. I realized during these skirmishes that I did pretty well and could play equally as good as the older players. Next Year I joined the Pirelli's Youth team under sixteen's. The team was very strong and we really destroyed the opposition as we were so strong that they took the whole team to represent Hampshire County in the all England under sixteen youth knock out tournament. We did quite well until we played against a team from Essex.

The next season was about to start in 1956 / 1957 I was under eighteen. First time ever a walk on. One Tuesday night I decided I was going to make the Southampton FC professional under eighteen squad. Boots and gear in hand off to Southampton. Entering the professional stadium at the Executive entrance I was greeted by a stern gentleman obviously a guard of some sort. Exclaiming "What do you want"? "To tryout for the Youth Team" I quoted. "Well son your in luck" was his remark. Mr. Bates then manager of the club heard the conversation and opened his door wider and then invited me to sit down in his office. This is most unusual as we normally scout players but your determined so we will give you a try. A phone call to CPC sports one of the farm teams. The owner Mr. Banfield answered the phone and Mr Bates said "I have player I need you to look at next Saturday". Mr. Bates told me to call the next day to CPC Sports get instructions. CPC sports were part of the farm system in those days supporting five teams in the Southampton Senior league.

To my surprise Mr. McGrath lived just two houses up on Chestnut Avenue and was a driver for CPC the Construction Company. Mr. Johnson always had a van parked outside his house. Saturday morning at eleven I took the bus to Southampton and made my way to Shirley Warren the Head quarters for CPC Sports. On arrival I was told to go with the fourth team. I remember the coach was a Scottish man and loved the game. Away we went all very silent in a van as I did not know one member of the team. It was out towards Gosport to the east about forty minutes. Kitted up and the team was read out I was playing right back. I had a blinder of a game as they say in England. After the game the coach put his arm around me and said brilliant, meet me when we get back to the depot. Taking me aside after emptying out of the van at the depot he "said son you can go places but first you need to accompany me over to the Dell now and talk to the "A" team manager". We got into a van that Mr. Johnson was driving and went directly to the Dell. Mr. Green came in a little later as the "A" team were playing home that weekend. After the coach had talked for some half hour both he and the "A" team manager came out and started talking to me. I was told to report on Tuesday for train-

ing with the youth team. Mr. McGrath took me home and he was very excited for me, as he was the driver on Sundays for the Youth Team training camp.

Well the indoctrination was not very good, as the team were pretty resentful of another player coming on board. The team comprised mostly ex-Southampton Boys players who were scouted and signed on as semi professionals. I was playing well so I just did my best and after Thursday evening practice the teams would be posted for Saturdays games. I'm not on the list but the "A" Team manager talked to me instead and said I would like you to play a couple of games for CPC sports senior side.

I was at my peak of fitness and playing extremely well so after just two games my name was listed on the fourth farm team that was Lymington who played in the third division of the Hampshire County League. Several of the youth team were on the Lymington side. This was a big leg up in my football career at that time. In January of 1957 my big break, I was listed as playing at the Dell in the Russell Cotes Cup. This cup was for all the semi-pro teams to compete in. Andover vs. Southampton "A" I would wear the uniform of the club on the pitch at the Dell. My dream comes true at last. It was an exciting night under flood light and in the rain of course. About three thousand spectators showed up for the game. Die hard fans Southampton had at that time. The writer for the local paper the Daily Echo wrote "the right back has great potential and played a very constructive game". That was me. I was so proud of myself. After the game I was asked by the club to sign semi-pro forms for the FA.

This was the official signing and Mr. Bandfield of CPC sports and Mr. Green manager of the "A" team, broke champagne open at my home. This made it official as a member of the Southampton Football Club. For three months I played on the "A" team. I was



also training and playing for Southampton Youth during the year and we did well in the Professional Youth Cup losing to Chelsea at Stamford Bridge in the semi-finals. The year before The Youth Team had lost to Manchester United in the final. This team scouted me and wanted me to go to London to play but it was just too far and inconvenient due to travel.

I did play three times in a club team comprising of all professional play-

ers that would visit amateur clubs on our weekends off from league play. Such teams as Yeovil, Bridgwater and Torquay as friendlies that year.

The next year I was only able to play the early part of the season as I was badly injured. Another player took my place so I sat out quite a long time and eventually gave up left the club as the leg would not heal. What a fantastic experience to have played in those colors. One that I will always remember and is close to my heart. Football is still a great love of mine and once in a while I do something stupid and fly off to England to see a very important match. I'm afraid its in my blood.



Great Grandmother & Great Grandfather

In the early years when I was thirteen for vacations the family would go to a Butlins holiday camp. There were several located throughout the country. We visited Skegness in Lincolnshire that was about a four to five hour journey by train. First to London Waterloo station then change to Kings Cross and about three hours out of Kings Cross on the Lincolnshire fens is Skegness. The train pulled right into the camp, which was very convenient. The

camp was a working classman's holiday and would accommodate some 2000 people at a time. Each family would rent for the week small chalets so my sister and I would share one and mom and dad in the other. Meals were served at set times with two sittings and we always got the first because of the daily organized events. The food was very good and each night they would spin a wheel that had table numbers on it. The lucky table would win a bottle of champagne.

The camp had plenty of sports for the young and also a very large swimming pool. Organized sports were conducted by the camps red coats. They were famous and it was hard to get a job with Butlins. All the red coats were hand picked and very creative. There were specialized sports like cricket that I attended for the teenager. Mr. John Arnold who had played for England in both cricket and football was the coach. He was the only one ever at that time to have achieved that sports honor. I attended all of his coaching lessons that year for both the morning and evening lessons. My sister Mavis used the roller rink and was quite a good skater, and could do all the fancy stuff. There was a beach but very small and very few people used it, as the water was pretty cold. There was a very large dance hall that was built Bavarian in style it had a balcony that ran through the center of the hall with staircases at each end and the center. There were beautiful flower boxes and ivy clinging to the woodwork. Most indoor events or rain day events were held in the Hall. Nights were just wonderful as the dancing would start at 8-00 pm and last until 11-00 pm. My father was not a good dancer and at this time I was taking dancing lessons so I danced quite often with my mother. The weeks flew by and it was so sad to leave the camp for the long journey home. The train home was packed with vacationers. All were very happy so it was rewarding to see people happy after the long war.

The following year was when I was introduced to Geoff Moody and we soon became

friends. Mrs. Moody became my second mother and I will talk about her in the family tree chapter. Geoff and I would grow up together through our teenage years and we have the same friends in Bishy. The gang at the time was Ted Doughty, John Wilmot, Anthony Treacher, Colin Appleton, Geoff and myself. I was still involved in swimming and the Eastleigh Boys club so I had plenty to do. Weekends we would that is Geoff and I would go dancing on Saturday night either in Winchester or Southampton, First was either a meal at Geoff's or our place depending on the place we were going. Winchester would mean Geoff's and Southampton would mean my place. We only used Eastleigh Town Hall if it was Christmas or New Year.



The Rat Pack Eastleigh Town Hall
 Pop Pop Geoff Moody Mike Kemp Pudge Parker

At times we would obviously take a girl home and as usual would miss the bus home. Only choice was to walk the hour or hour and fifteen minutes from either Southampton or Winchester. Bear in mind the last bus ran at 11-00 pm, and the dance ended at 10-30 pm. The trek home was a bummer but one had plenty of time to think. Some nights the sky would be clear as a bell and one could just imagine so many

wonderful things looking into space. If the gang and friends got home on the bus it was play cards at my house or Geoff's as pre-arranged. We would play to about 5-00 am and then go home. Sunday was early up and play football at Bishy as I have described before. The afternoon was spent at Fleming Park either watching a football match or competing once more on the great putting course. What an event every week. The competition was fierce and we would have teams between us if there were an even group. If it was singles it got darn right rough. For the eighteen I held the record for putting with a low score of twenty-eight this meant at least eight holes in one.

Sunday evening was a quick meal at Geoff's (baked beans and piccalilli) and then off to the movies either in Eastleigh or Southampton based on our financial position that week. Movies started at 7-00 pm so we could catch the 10-10 pm-bus home from Southampton. Never missed this one as it was up at 5-00 am for work the next day. If we went to Eastleigh, the Regal Theater, it was back to Geoff's for a quick tea and then home. As you can tell I spent a lot of time at the Moody's in those days.

Geoff during the latter years was very friendly with Colin Appleton and the two of them joined by myself went to Skegness for a Butlins holiday. During the stay Colin informed us that he was going to America. Boom ! A big bang went off in my head and I spent time talking to Colin about it, After the week in Butlins Colin was going to the USA Embassy and of course who went along but myself. Obtaining all the forms observing Colin's third interview I found it quite interesting for me. Forms in hand and arriving home now I'm ready. Well it was not to be, My father refused to sign the re-

lease papers so I could get out of my apprenticeship. This would have meant repaying back two years of the stipend my father had received for my signing on with Vickers



Pop Pop (being brash)

Armstrong Supermarine. This was quite a disappointment at the time but later changed. Colin was going to Buffalo, New York, as his auntie lived there and the climate was supposed to be excellent for his asthma problem that still plagued him. We all bid him farewell and wished him the best in his future. Colin today is very successful as an actuary in a bank. I have lost touch with him over the past few years. On returning to Bishopstoke I quite often visited with his mom and dad living on the corner of White Road and Longmead Avenue to catch up on things with Collins career path and family.

Geoff was summoned to boot camp and by that time John, his brother, and I became very friendly. John was out of the air force just as Geoff went in the army so Mrs. Moody had to put up with me a lot longer. John became a friend with my group from Vickers at that time. The Vickers gang Danny Baines, Peter Lacy and Phil Potter from Winchester. John, by now, after giving up his moped had bought a car. Flexibility and not being confined to public transportation was fantastic. We could now get around and extend our explorations to Bournemouth and Portsmouth about an hour by car to either one in those days. Today the expressway gets one there in less than half hour.

Traditional and Main-Stream jazz was popular at the time and John and I would go to concerts all over to hear Acker Bilk and Kenny Ball jazz bands play. Each year we would go to the Beaulieu Jazz festival held at the estate of Lord Montague. What an event Jazz Bands from all over England and Europe came to play it was truly a spectacular event. John and I would first, on Friday night, travel to Botley. At the Bugle Inn they had a great group who played traditional jazz. Huddled tightly in a small pace we would listen from 8-00 pm until the pub closed at 11-00 pm when last pints were called. This would be about our third or fourth pint. Drinking in those days was not a concern as there were not many drivers on the roads after 9-00 pm at night. So the law was a little lax in those days. Obviously today that is different. After the pub closed it was off to Southampton for a Chinese meal in the Four Corners Section of Southampton. The restaurant was pretty large and by twelve-clock it would be full up with all young people. Mostly drunks just joking. After the meal it would be home for a card session with the friends from Chestnut Avenue. They gathered at the Cripps because we had a large dining room and we all fit pretty well. Other haunts such as the Yellow Dog and the Concord were frequently visited also. Saturdays, now that John had a car, we all chipped in for gas was off to Bournemouth or next door Boscombe at the Royal Ballroom. John was a very good talker and even today tells wonderful stories of his experiences. The girls loved it and he always ended up with very pretty girls. Always re-

member Shirley from Portsmouth I think John courted her about a year as it was quite a journey to Portsmouth. Then there was Andrea, a stunning girl from Portswood near Southampton. John seemed to pick them all that way, stunning. These latter years being a teenager and the maturing years to adulthood were just wonderful. What a vibrant time to go through. When Geoff came out of the Army at twenty he fell in love with a wonderful girl, Janet Godwin, who was such a pleasure to be around so I was very happy for him. Geoff was now hooked and did not spend much time with us. John was always falling in and out of love so our friendship and time was kind of on and off depending on his situation at the time.



“ Life's path is not always paved with clear walkways, one needs guidance from friends and the wisdom of mentors to succeed.”

Brian R Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Six

The Indentured Chains

1955 at the age of sixteen I started my apprenticeship. The result came of your great grandfather being a dear friend of a gentleman by the name of Lenny Gouch. Lenny and your great grandfather went to university together and lived on Hamilton Road opposite one another so they were friends. Mr. Gouch had become a manager of the Woolston aircraft



Hursley House from the south-west, 1825 to 1902

building shop of Vickers Armstrongs that sits on the Itchen just before entering Southampton Waters. Your great grandfather asked Mr. Gouch if there were any vacancies or possibility to join the company. About a month after the inquiry I was summoned to an interview at Hursley Park which was the corporate head quarters at that time. Having gathered references from Mr. Bowler the headmaster at Toynbee Road school and Mr. Painton the Eastleigh boys club manager and Mr. Griffin the then Mayor of Eastleigh I was armed for what ever came. Included in the total manuscripts were my transcripts of

building shop of Vickers Armstrongs that sits on the Itchen just before entering Southampton Waters. Your great grandfather asked Mr. Gouch if there were any vacancies or possibility to join the company. About a month after the inquiry I was summoned to an interview at Hursley Park which was the corporate head quarters at that time. Having gathered references from Mr. Bowler the headmaster at Toynbee Road school and Mr. Painton the Eastleigh boys club manager and Mr. Griffin the then Mayor of Eastleigh I was armed for what ever came. Included in the total manuscripts were my transcripts of

Young and Restless

four years at Toynbee Road Secondary Modern School. Vickers was hard to get into as they only let in about twenty boys each year from all over the South of England.

I took the bus to Hurlsley, as I was scared that I would get a puncture in the tire of my bike and this would mean a no show. I arrived at about 10-30 am for an 11-00 am appointment having walked up the long road that led to Hurlsley House that was a Mansion. It was spectacular, ominous and a little scary. As I entered a man came running



West Hall

down the stairs who was about six foot three wearing a crew cut that was very unusual in those days and weighing about 16 stone (14 Lbs to a stone) he was Mr. Grominski. Polish by descent. “Cripps I guess you’re here for the interview?” “Yes sir “ I replied. “My boy wait here at the bottom of the stair case and I will return shortly” he said. I sheepishly awaited his return, sat on leather couch next to a plant of some sort. About ten minutes later he returns and in a very quiet manner he said “upstairs son”. This was to be a very warm introduction and the initial start to five years association with this person. Mr. Grominski would be in charge of my welfare and counseling of me for those coming years; little did I know at that time.

The interview was very in-depth and he read every reference allowed and would comment like good, excellent, out-standing character Cripps. Your transcripts impresses me. With such warmth at the end after one hour he said I would be hearing from us in about a month as to the results of this interview. This was during the summer and I had complete my final term at Toynbee up until July 28th. It was a long wait for the result. With great expectations the letter arrived about Mid September

Dear Brian,

We wish to inform you that you have been accepted into the company of Vickers Armstrongs Supermarine aircraft company. We hope that the next five years of your apprenticeship as an electrician is rewarding. By continuing your studies and graduate, a position as a Junior Engineer within the company will be offered. You will need to report on October 1st to the Woolston Works outside of Southampton.

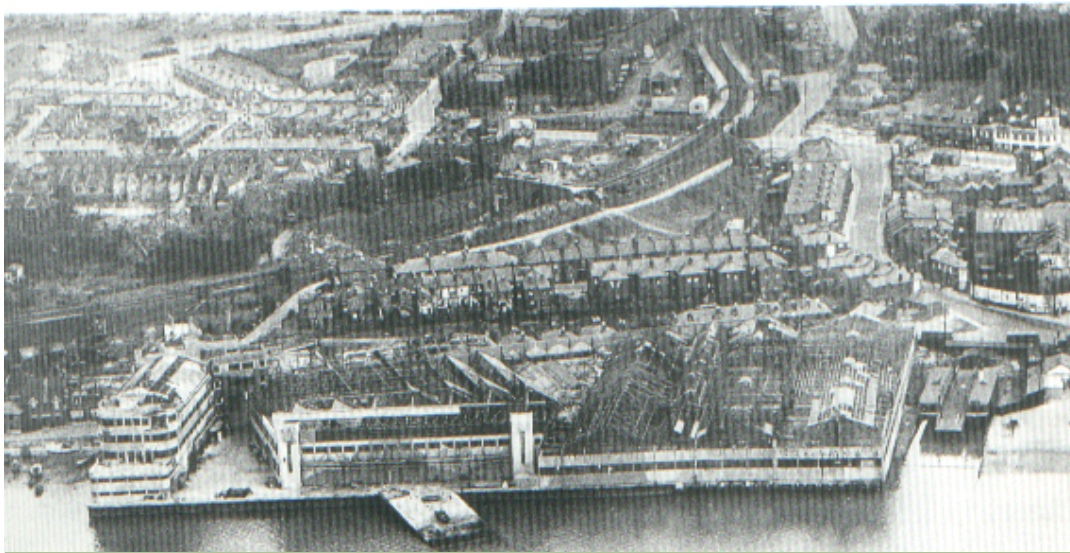
Best of luck in your career path

Mr. Grominski Director of Apprenticeship Programs.

This letter would be accompanied with a stipend of One Hundred and Eighty pounds to my father and would bind me legally to the next five years to this company. Basically it was for servitude and being a slave as our wages were pretty bad over those years.

Starting money was sixteen and nine pence a week, for the first year. Equating to the dollar just about three and half-dollars a week for forty hours work.

October 1st was a typical winter day dismal and overcast but not raining. At six twenty my father and myself took off for the Woolston Works. The bicycle journey took about forty minutes on a non windy day. This was the first time I had traveled so far on a bicycle. I can always remember the long hill it was marked 1 in 4 incline and we had to walk up the last stage to Bitterne Road. Bitterne is a suburb of Southampton but on the eastern side of the Itchen. Bitterne Road then ran parallel with the river but about 500 feet above sea level. One could see down to the river at certain points from the top of the hill. We were heading South and pedalling like mad. Out of the blue, there sud-



Woolston Works after the Bombings

denly came to a wide-open park that ran down to Woolston. My heart was pounding and I was nervous. We turned into the gate and circled in the drive way at the front entrance. The guard questioned our need to be there and with a cordial reply from my father. He said. "It's his first day at Vickers". What a thundering affect those words had as I stood outside the gatehouse with bike propped against me. This was to be my employer for the next five years it seemed burdensome but exciting. We were about forty five minutes early. My father left after being satisfied that I was in good hands with the guard. My father had made arrangements at his work place to be in a little later than usual on that day. As my father left I can recall saying to myself "O Boy, I have to get home somehow."

At seven thirty all the workers were clocked in. Mr. Long the gentlemen I was to be as-

signed to, came to the gatehouse and inquired “Are you Cripps? “Yes sir “was my reply. Come on in we have a lot of paper work to do. The morning was spent filling out reams of forms and getting photo Id’s. A physical checkup by the nurse and a clean bill of health. Reporting once more to Mr. Long in his office this then officially made me an apprentice attached to his department the sheet metal and specialty shop. Mr. Long introduced me to all the fellow tradesmen working in his shop. The last person I met was Mr. Wearing who was to be my mentor and trainer for the next one year. I would work along side this man to acquire all the knowledge about sheet metals and their capabilities. Rolling, shaping, annealing and anodizing. Mr. Wearing would teach me how to fabricate using the bending tools and cutting equipment. Special metal members were formed using hard wood jabrock blocks and working the metals after annealing. This man was very special to me and we got along really well. During this time I became friendly with Mr. Brisco. He was stationed at a bench (work place) adjacent to Mr. Wearing and my self. Mr. Brisco was a grumpy old man but treated me with respect and he loved to tutor me about the use of metals such as brass, tin, and copper. Welding and sweating procedures of each type were his specialty and he would spend time to teach me. Mr. Wearing had just finished playing football for Andover as a semi-pro at that time and as I was now in the Southampton Youth team. We had a lot in common to talk about. This was a wonderful time. After about nine months I was moved to the inspection shop and taught how to use the various testing machines such the Rockwell hardness tester. The inspection shop would take random samples of production line items and would make sure that quality control of components were produced to the utmost perfection. These items were being fabricated for the Navy fighter planes the N113. Woolston was appropriately named as the Supermarine Works because it produced amphibious planes in the early thirties it had a launching dock that led down to the Itchen. Towards the end of the first year at the interview and progress report I was asked as to what I would like to do next. I said my interest would be in the maintenance as an electrician.

Caption item:

I bicycled to work for the next nine months but as the second winter approached I decided to go by train. My wages were now twenty three shillings and nine pence. My budget was 10 shillings for my keep, five shillings for clothes on (Tick as it was called) Layaway today. Train fare was two and ten pence for a weekly return leaving me five and eleven pence to be a big spender. This paltry sum was the equivalent of one dollar and fifty cents at that time. Movies then cost two shillings at the Odeon in Southampton. The bus ride to Southampton one and sixpence. Total left over two shillings and five pence that I could spend at will. Paper in the morning on the train two pence that meant a further ten pence out of my budget.

The following week I was transferred to the small group that did maintenance on all the Vickers Aircraft production facilities in Southern England. I was still assigned to Woolston as my home base but did do installation work at other plants. This depart-

ment you had to be a jack of all trades and some of my previous training came in handy. Mr. Hallet would now be my mentor for the next year. In this department a plant wide modernization program was in place. Each plant was to be upgraded with new electrical distribution centers, transformers and motor controllers. The Department would construct new offices and do lighting layouts. On the production floor we would constantly retrofit areas to accommodate new production techniques. Very constructive time for me as one would have to improvise and design the electrical requirements.

Sadly, I thought at the time. At the start of the third year, I was advised to report to Hursley. Thinking back I will miss the people who had devoted so much time to my education and apprenticeship program. The facility at Hursley was an experimental and mock up unit not only for Vickers but also Rolls Royce. Rolls Royce engine testing



Experimental hangar interior. Photo: Cambridge University Library.

was done at this complex in conjunction with proto- type aircraft. This assignment meant that I was closer to home and no more bicycling to work. The bus stopped up at the Smithy on Chestnut Avenue and I would then catch the bus every day to work. The facility was very exciting for me as we were in the forefront of development type work. I was once more assigned to bench type work and there met a great group of men all very talented, as this was the cream of Vickers at this facility.

The NII3 was still under the proto- type stages even though we were up to number six or seven. There were at least one hundred and fifty modifications and these were all fabricated in wooden mockups. Proto- type planes would be brought in to do engine testing and for a time I was assigned to that task. Fuel balancing testing rig and the wing destruction test were also part of the services the electrical group would modernize and test. All these were experimental and we worked very closely with the engineering department that was located on the grounds of Hursley House.

My studies were going along fine. I was then in my third year of college at Southampton Technical Institute. The Institute was part of and integrated with Southampton University. One would study for the ONC Ordinary National Certificate at the Technical College for four years and then take the next two years HNC Higher National certificate the University. Passing the ONC at Vickers gave you automatic entry into the design-engineering group. College was one full day a week, two nights and Saturdays depending on the course you took or availability. During our apprenticeship it was required to spend one complete year at Vickers Design school located in Hursley House

attending one day a week. This program was kind of like a co-op program in the USA. The hours at design school were very productive, the tutor and was Mr. Bollenger who



ing office interior. Photo: Cambridge University Library.

was the expert in propeller designs for the spitfire. This aircraft was the Vickers flag ship during the war. Our challenges were pretty complicated and we would be required to design special gears and tooling dies. The most complicated was the design of a four-way valve with all its components detail. Not only was it designed but sent out a to fabricating shop just to make sure your design was valid Hursley House was not to be my final assignment. I was transferred to Eastleigh, as they

needed experienced apprentices, as they were short on a labor force. About twenty of us were sent there to help out. It seemed to me to be cost overruns and we were cheap labor at that time and as we were becoming close to a skilled journeyman in our chosen profession. For the first time in three years I was close to home but it was back on the bike again riding to and from work.

Eastleigh was the wing fabrication division for the N113 and they were behind in production. It was pretty boring work and with little incentive to be aggressive. The company went on a bonus plan to increase production. After the first two months and with a little cooperation from fellow workers the work task program was rigged. But apprentices were not allowed to work as participants in the bonus time plan. Mr. Butler was in charge of the apprentices and he was very friendly towards me. After watching me work and looking at my studies came to me one day and said “Brian its time for you to go into the engineering group, you need to be challenged.” Boy was I glad. This would mean now taking my further studies at Swindon Tech College. My final year of ONC was at hand and my advanced studies at Swindon University.

Off to Swindon, the Marston works I had been there on several occasions for field-testing of aircraft from Hursley. I did do sea trials on and aircraft carrier for a week . The aircraft stationed on the carrier were N113 and were launched using slings made of steel wire. For each launch the sling would fall into the ocean at the cost of £120 pounds per sling. My thoughts at the time were what a waste of money when there are so many people suffering. Vickers had a placement program and one could interview families you wanted to stay with. I was very lucky as the family I was to interview with had a son who needed to be transferred to Eastleigh Railway works. It was a perfect arrangement. I slept in his bed he slept in mine. We just crossed paths every Monday and Friday for about a year.

The design office was the first real challenge that I was to encounter. On arrival I was

introduced to Mr. Wearing, chief of the electrical design group would you believe. He was not related to the first person I worked with at Vickers Woolston. The electrical engineering staff were very nice people the total staff consisted of only three engineers and six designers. This was a very close knit group and they all got along fine. At first it was the usual type of work drawing upgrades and modifications to aircraft after they were signed off from Hursley. Painstaking as the drawing was all on linen cloth and Indian ink was used to draw on it. This took a little getting used to. To prepare the drawing surface one would need to treat it with a special and very fine powdered chalk.

After about after a month I was summonsed to the Chief Electrical Engineer's office. I was pretty scared as I thought "what have I done now." Well Mr. Rice who was very well liked in the company said "Cripps we have a problem". Explaining the nose cone of the N113 is interchangeable for various night flying and or daytime with special armaments and we are getting conflicts between the various setups electrically. Your task is to find out the problems and you will work in a task area that is of a very secret nature. The next day I walked into the designated area all under security the drawings were laid out on tables for the various aircraft. "Go to it" was the remark from Mr. Rice. Six weeks later I came up with the solutions and I had found that the conflict. The Atom bomb set up wiring had been transposed in the color-coding. The walls in the secret room were covered in drawings of various colors one set for each nose cone and by using transparent drawing paper one could over lay each system and match up the wiring. Mr. Rice was suitably impressed and kindly thanked me for my hard work and resolve. Two months later I was assigned to the first reactor simulator. Vickers was now expanding their horizons and started working in the nuclear field. The Trigger reactor built under license from America was now in the completion stages. I was sent to Calder Hall to take a look at the facility and get familiar with the operation of a reactor. Next assignment came right after I was to work with an engineer on the model of a reactor to be used as a simulator. The two of us designed the rod controls both graphite and fuel rods were simulated. We even had to come up with a unique way for simulating energy levels. A scram system needed to be in place and spent fuel replacement system. This was some challenge and we completed it in about six months. The mock up was in a restricted area in the shop. It was pretty impressive as it stood about twelve feet in height and eight feet in diameter.

Social life was not much in those days as we were now away from home with plenty of studies and not much play. To get to Swindon was about two and a half to three hour journey. This is how I met Peter Lacy, Danny Baines and Phil Potter as we were all transferred to Swindon during the same time period. Peter had a car so we would all chip in for gas for the trip backwards and forwards to Southampton. Because Eastleigh was out of Peter's way I would make it easier and travel to Winchester and meet up with Phil Potter at the Andover Road drop off and pick up point. Pick up was five thirty in the morning on Mondays. For me this meant the Four forty five train from Eastleigh to Winchester. I would walk the short distance to Andover Road. During the week we would treat our selves to a night out and Pete would drive. There were some very delightful and quaint Pubs around this part of Berkshire and Warwickshire. We

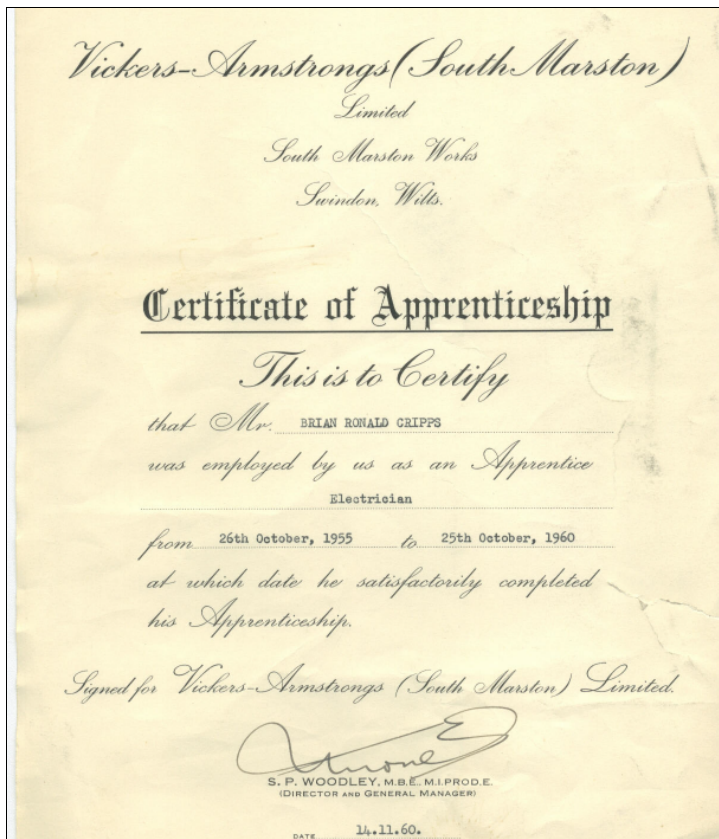
eventually found a “hang out” chosen because a pint of bitter was 10 pence and a cheese sandwich and an onion or what is called a ploughman's lunch was two and six-pence. At that time we played darts until closing and had some great times together. At home on weekends we would all meet at the local jazz clubs and have parties at vacated homes.

The winter before I completed my five years during the early part January a storm came through the south of England during the homeward bound route. About one foot of snow accumulated and drifts of two to three feet across some roads. The trip home that particular Friday was a nightmare. In the end we found the Salisbury railway station, after several detours on Salisbury Plain. This was a close as we could get to Southampton or Winchester. We arrived at about 11-30 pm at night and parked the car by then we had been about seven hours on the road. The weather was now called a blizzard on the radio. Next train was to leave at 5-30 am. What a cold and shivering night, as we were pretty wet after digging out on several occasions. The journey to Eastleigh needed a plough train up ahead to get through the snow laden tracks. The normal journey would have taken about an hour. The trip took until 9-00 am and after walking home from Eastleigh station I was safe at about 10-00 am. This was some ordeal and

several people died on Salisbury plain during that storm. We were lucky.

Yearly at the Swindon works all the apprentices would have a Christmas party. It was held in the massive dining hall that sat about one thousand workers. It was a wonderful time as you got to see fellow apprentices that you had worked with at the other facilities. The awards were for best student of the year and also for best apprentice neither of these honors did I achieve. Competition was pretty stiff in those days at Vickers as I said earlier only the cream got into their training program.

My last year was at hand and I only had to complete the next ten months to get my final papers. During this time



Five Years for this

period I was looking as to a new direction for my future. My father could not, upon completion of my apprenticeship, dictate where I was to stay or what my future would hold. As the weeks came to a closure of what was to be a wonderful career path I was planning my future unbeknown to anyone. The letter came and my final papers contained my new labor rate of five pounds ten shillings. This was equivalent to twenty-five dollars a week. At that time my sister had started work. She had been in the market place three years. My sister was making six pounds a week where was the justice? My father made about Seven pounds a week.

Decision time the letter read.

Please accept my resignation as I have future plans that do not include myself in employment with Vickers Armstrongs. I wish to thank all the kind and talented people who have made this a rewarding experience over the past five years but I must move on.

B R. Cripps

Vickers Armstrong Supermarine became Vickers Engineering and as I write these chronicles the company, only last week was bought by Rolls Royce, in October 1999.

The resignation caused a lot of castigation in our household and hours of arguing I was relentless and would not change my decision. I was now to be a sea going engineer in the Merchant Marine for Cunard White Star Line Steam Ship Company. The same owners of the Titanic, that the famous movie was made about recently. The ship came to a disastrous end after colliding with an iceberg.



“Ones journey may not always be the desire of others. You must always be willing to offend the faint at heart to gain.”

Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Seven

Open Seas

The month of November immediately after my resignation was quite a busy time.

First I had to report to the old docks. I went to the engineering office. After completion of the required paper work I was directed to the Ministry of Transportation office on Lower Docks Road. This office was to confirm that I was listed on the official register as a sea going engineer. They gave me my sign of book. Each crewmember had a book and when you signed on each trip you would be V.N.

C. (voyage not complete). If one did not sign off correctly at the end of a trip and accumulated two of these stamps on your book you were banned for life. Officers were signed off independently in our wardroom. The crew would need to wait long hours to sign off. After registration I went

R 736394		SEAMAN'S RE		CORD BOOK	
3		AN		D	
CERTIFICATES		OF DISCHARGE		16 FEB 1961	
NATIONAL INSURANCE NUMBER LR 96 74 42 B		UNION OR SOCIETY ELECT. T.U. No. EASTLEIGH 170		NAME OF SEAMAN SOUTHAMPTON	
INCOME TAX CODE NUMBER AND DATE S		DECLARATION		*SURNAME (in Block Letters) CRIPPS	
PENSION FUND AND REGISTERED No.		I DECLARE (i) that the person to whom this Discharge Book relates has satisfied me that he (she) is a seaman and (ii) that the photograph affixed bearing my official stamp is a true likeness of that person, that the signature within is his (her) true signature, that he (she) possesses the physical characteristics entered within and has stated to me the date and place of his (her) birth as entered within.		*CHRISTIAN NAMES (in full) Ronald	
		SIGNATURE OF SEPT. AT MERCANTILE MARINE OFFICE— <i>M. Patterson</i>		DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH 26 Oct 1939 Bishopstoke BRITISH	
		DATE 19th January 1961		Height 5' 10"	
		M.M.O. EMBOSSED STAMP		Eyes BLUE	
				Hair DARK BROWN	
				Complexion FRESH	
				Tattoo or other Distinguishing Marks Scars near knees both legs	
				GRADE NUMBER AND DATE OF ISSUE OF CERTIFICATES OF COMPETENCY HELD	
				B.S.J.C. Serial No. 06684 A	
				N.S. (AF) Regn. No. or Service in Armed Forces	
				SIGNATURE OF SEAMAN <i>A. R. Cripps</i>	

Young and Restless

out and had a couple of pints with the lads, as they say in town for the afternoon. On Tuesday that was the second Tuesday in November I was requested to report to the QEI in the New Docks.

Well Monday of that week I went to Southampton Docks and took the train on disembarking at the terminal. Walking directly across the road I came upon the outfitters for all the crews that served in the Merchant Marine. This was the only one the other store was in London. Opening the door and with a loud clanging bell as I entered I awoke the salesman. Quietly from the back after a few minutes came this portly elderly man. "Well young man what can I do for you?" He already knew my purpose as his was the only game in town. I have signed on with Cunard was my reply and with pride "as an officer" beaming in my eyes. "Officer you're pretty lucky" was his remark. He picked up a slate board and affixed was an order form. Then he stated. "We will fit you out properly. "You will first need

Full dress uniform cost hundred and twenty pounds £120

These are very special made of cashmere" his quiet voice stated

"Officers hat next "he remarked cost twenty five pounds £25

"Nearly forgot and a Cunard crest" his remark. Following with "Well you know they are made of gold braid" "Yes sir how much?" "£50 he explained"

"Full officers whites cost thirty pounds" £30 each

"You will need at least three pairs to start off with", he said. "Nearly forgot", was his next remark "are you expected to sign on the Caronia?". "Yes sir soon as she is in dry dock". "Well you will need to pick up at least two more sets". This does include two sets of white gloves for dress occasions. Boy on the house was my thought.

I was wrong again £14

The register was just going ching, ching and ching in my mind.

"Your work overalls white are next at eleven pound £11 a set "

"You will need at least four sets and you will of course do your own laundry?"

"I guess so." "Well we do have a service when you arrive back in port."

"Dress shoes next sixteen pound £16".

Quietly he said "They are very sturdy and are the standard dress code for Cunard".

Total Bill £369

"You can take the overalls with you so you can work tomorrow as we have them in stock" so he informed me. The rest of your articles will be delivered to the QEI in about two weeks.

"Step up on the stool" and with gesture of his right hand directed me to the stool. He proceeded to take measurements and after a while said step down. Mr. Cripps he said "young man your now fitted out". After a pause I asked "sir can I pay it off on tick (layaway) ?"

“certainly, he said practically the whole of Cunard owes me money. Your amount is very small compared to the total Cunard bill”. “I will make arrangements to pay it out of my salary at the end of each month the sum of £30 made payable to the store account”. “That’s fine” he said.

At that time I had about £120 in my account and I was now looking at a pretty hefty bill. As I left the store with the bell clanging behind me I thought what have I done now. I have not even started work or made a weeks salary as of yet and I’m in debt pretty big.

To put things in perspective I signed on at £89 a month. My father your great grandfather made £47 a month. So this was a very good salary in those days. We also got paid additional stipend for Saturday and Sundays at sea along with accumulating leave of one day each for every Saturday and Sunday you served at sea. During the sailing in a War Zone or Far Eastern Waters one got an additional 15% on your base salary. The Mediterranean Sea was considered a war zone so when you went through the Gibraltar straits one got extra pay. I mention this, as I will reference it later.

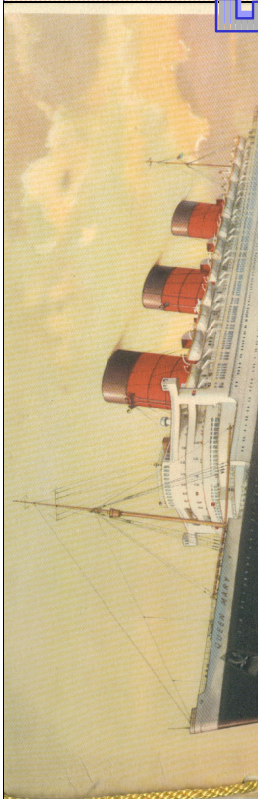
Tuesday came and I reported to the New Docks gate #104 and was informed that the QEI



was up at dry dock. Quite a long walk I would say. At least one mile and a half. Reporting to the Electrical Engineering shop I met an engineer called Yimmer as he wished to be addressed. He was the ranking senior third engineer and was on stand-by duty for the days in port (lay-up). The junior engineers were to assist if problems arose. The only part of the mechanical room operating was a donkey boiler that generated enough steam to support a small generator supplying electricity to the kitchen and engineers quarters. Very little work to do while you were on watch for eight hours. All the equipment had been sent ashore because of the work crews who stole anything in sight. Many years ago the Queen Mary’s propellers weighing at least 20 to 30 tons and made of white metal disappeared while they were laying dockside during a retrofit. Wednesday I moved into quarters in the engineering section of the ship that was isolated from the passengers and crew on the Sun Deck.

I was introduced to my steward who would keep my cabin clean and neat. The duties of a steward included waiting on the officers in the dining room and running for beer. So now I’m officially and officer and gentleman. I was relieved from watch by John Bishop from Yeovil he was to become quite a friend during my stay with Cunard.

About the second week I was summoned to the office and told to report to the Caronia, as she was due in for retrofit on a short turn around. Lo and behold who is there also Yimmer. “What are you doing here “I said. Well this is my official ship I sail on and I have been on leave for three months and am now rejoining her. I was excited that I would be sailing with such a nice person who went out of his way to help me. I’m going to sail around the world starting January 4th was my thought. What an experience to look forward to. As fate would have it I slipped on a ship’s ladder and re-injured my left knee and was taken off of duty on the Caronia. The ship sailed without me and two weeks later I was assigned the Queen Mary, as she was about to start the winter season of transatlantic runs. The Queen Mary built 1936, 81,000 tons and was 1016 feet in length, 120 feet in



R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

- Juices: Tomato Grape Fruit Clam Pineapple
- Chilled Grape Fruit au Cérisse Florida Fruit Cup
- Helford Oysters on the Half Shell
- Smoked Scotch Salmon with Capers
- Terrine de Foie Gras Beluga Malossol Caviar
- HORS D'ŒUVRE**
- Champignons, Bordelaise Salade Beaucaire Thon à l'Huile
- Tomates, Cénoise Herring Roers, Piquante Salade à la Reine
- Prosciutti Ham and Dill Pickles Roll Mops Œuf, Mayonnaise
- Céleris Ravas Variantes Cervelles, Robert
- Salted Mixed Nuts Olives: Green, Ripe and Stuffed
- Crisp Hearts of Californian Celery

SOUPS

- Clear Turtle with Sherry Crème Pompadour
- Cold: Cream of Asparagus Célee de Volaille, Napolitaine

FISH

- Poached Salmon, Cucumber, Hollandaise Sauce
- Broiled Swordfish Steaks, Hot Lime Butter
- Fried Whitebait au Paprika Fillets of Dover Sole, Cleopatra

FARINACEOUS

- Raviolis, Bolognaise
- Choux-fleurs au Parmesan

ENTREES

- Cornish Hen à l'Estragon Beefsteak sauté, Stroganoff
- Baked American Ham, Peaches, Sauce Madère

CONTINENTAL SPECIALITY

Escalope de Veau, Parmigiana

Seasoned Escalope of Veal dipped in Whipped Eggs and Bread Crumbs, lightly cooked in Butter, covered with Sliced Mozzarella and Grated Parmesan Cheese, moistened with Tomato Sauce and sprinkled with Paprika, baked in hot oven to complete cooking

JOINT

- Roast Leg and Shoulder of French Pauillac Lamb (Mint Sauce and Red Currant Jelly)

SORBET

- Curacao

GRILL (to order):

- Sirloin Steak, Marseillaise
- Turkey Livers en Brochette Pork Cutlet, Compote of Apples



First Class Menu

Saturday, April 29, 1961

GALA DINNER

RELEVE

- Roast Turkey, Chestnut farcie (Compote of Cranberries)

VEGETABLES

- Green Beans sautés
- White Turnips
- Globe Artichokes
- Braised Fresh Celery Hearts
- Egg Plant Fritters

POTATOES

- Boiled
- Chateâu
- Creamed-Purée
- Delmonico
- French Fried

COLD BUFFET

- Roast Prime Ribs and Sirloin of Beef, Horserradish Cream
- Roast Chicken, Game Chips
- Fresh Home-made Brawn
- Galantine of Veal
- Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
- Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce
- Rolled Ox Tongue
- Baked Ham, Pineapple Salad
- London Pressed Beef

SALADS

- Hearts of Lettuce
- Chiffonade
- Sliced Tomato
- Mixed Bowl
- Fresh Fruit
- Jack o'Lantern
- Lorenzo
- Hawaiian

DRESSINGS

- Mayonnaise
- Vinaigrette
- Ritz
- Thousand Islands

SWEETS

- English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce
- Toasted Coconut Chiffon Pie
- Charlotte Russe
- Banana Split
- Coupe Lake Success
- Petits Fours

ICE CREAM

- Vanilla
- Pistachio
- Rum Raisin
- Pineapple
- Chocolate-Fruit
- (Hot Melba Sauce)

SAVOURY

- Canapé d'Amour
- Quiches, Lorraine
- Croûte Radjah

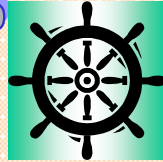
FRESH FRUIT

- Apples
- Ortaniques
- Bananas
- Tangerines
- Pears
- Grapes
- Plums
- Almonds, Figs, Table Dates and Raisins
- Coffee (Hot or Iced)

Last night at sea

SUGGESTED MENU

- Pamplemousse saupé au Cérisse
- Tortue Claire au Xérès
- Saumon poché au Cresson, Hollandaise
- Dinde rôtie farcie, Sauce d'Airelles
- Celeris Braisé
- Pouding aux Prunes à l'Anglaise, Sauce Cognac
- Assiette de Petits Fours, "Queen Mary"
- Petits Fours
- Café



breadth and drafted about 39 feet below the water line. This just made it possible to sail up Southampton Water during high tide, as the clear depth was 45 feet. This left very little room for error or the ship would be marooned on the sand bars. Southampton Water is constantly dredged so that there is always clear passage into the port.

First trip to sea was quite a disaster we sailed across to Cherbourg only 5 feet waves and I was sick as a dog and laid in my bed for a few hours. Well the trip across the Atlantic was quite something waves at least eighty feet high. When one looked to the horizon one could see just three waves coming at you and we were pushed around pretty bad. The Queen Mary looked like a little toy amongst those waves. Well just off Nova Scotia around the city of Halifax the seas settled down and the stabilizers were extended. In rough seas the stabilizers were retracted otherwise they would be ripped off. The stabilizers did just that stabilized the ship and stopped the roll affect that leads to seasickness. The Mary had a very bad pitch and rolls and would cork screw back into the water after riding the waves. The elevators would stop in their tracks in a rough sea and were shut down in most cases. As we approached the American shoreline the temperature was nine degrees below zero very, very cold. Would you believe the ship lost a boiler fan and we had to change out the bearing in the fan deck on the drive motor. This was a long process as you could only work in that weather for three minutes at a time. It took almost the whole complement of electrical engineers to change out the bearings in shifts. We had about twenty-four electrical engineers and one hundred and thirty nine mechanical engineers. The leave party consisted of about thirty engineers. The Queen Mary had a total of close to 190 engineers.



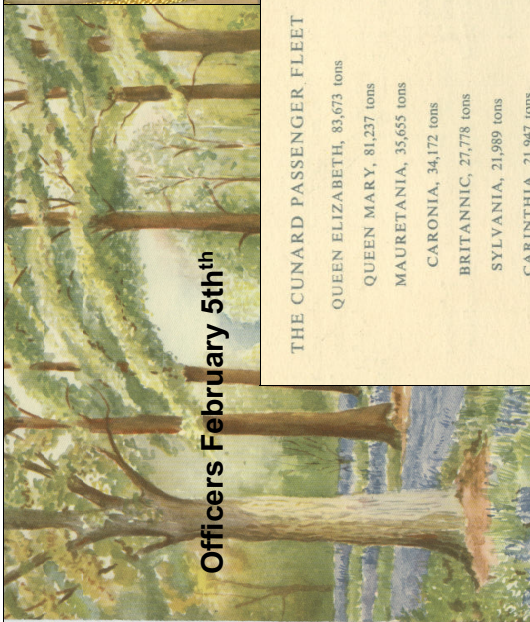
Ambrose Light House is at the entrance to New York Harbor and is the official marker for voyage complete in the westerly direction. As we past the marker I was completely overwhelmed. The view of America in the distance got me very excited but shivering with cold with a deck temperature seven degrees below zero. The ship slowly made its way past the Statue of Liberty what a sight to see for the first time. Passing by the Shore Line drive in Brooklyn with so many cars going places at five in the morning made one feel exhilarated. Slowly we sailed up the Hudson River to pier 50 as the river was frozen over and large chunks of ice were flowing.

There was very little passageway to work with and you could hear the ice clanging against the hull of the ship. Tugboats were used to bring us in to dock and by about eight in the morning the ship was moored and tied off. When the ship is coming into port there is a tremendous amount of work is required down below for the engineers keep changing the valving for each of the captains commands. Slow forward-Slow Reverse takes a lot of steam changes to the drive engines in each direction. The three-hour watch coming up the river is a very busy one down in the engine room and you work up a pretty good sweat. I was on the early watch so I could go ashore at 8-00 am after customs clearance. It was

about ten o'clock and a group of us decided to brave the elements and visit Times Square. Our English clothing was very light for the type of environment and we froze. All we could do was go from pub to pub making our way to Time Square. Disappointed after one hour we gave up and decided to stay in the warmth of a bar and drank. As the afternoon approached we slowly made our way back to the diner just under the elevated West Side Highway at 49th street. My first taste of American food and it was a large bowl of pea soup with croutons what a delicious meal in such cold weather. Next door to the diner were several stores with American gear in them as we used to say. This meant ties tacs and special shirts with collars using pin bars. Flying jackets were the rage at that time beautiful with dark navy blue with fur collars. Needless to say I bought one for just twenty dollars. The store also had dolls that stood three feet high and I bought three to give away when I got home. The boat boys as we were called in those days were a very well dressed group and always looked sharp. Back in England you could tell when walking around town, that is Southampton, who was a boat boy. The dress code was all American accessories and Edwardian style suite periwinkle shoes (very pointed) at the time and of course this was the start of the Beatle mania.

A little disappointed we set sail for the homeward bound journey with very few passengers, as the weather was so bad. The trip home was not quite as rough and therefore I was able to spend some time on watch in the after Generator Room. The Queen Mary generated enough energy to supply a small town with all its needs. If I'm correct and my memory serves me well it was about 80 Mega Watts. This was an appreciable amount of energy. The smaller aft-generator room was the responsibility of the junior engineers. We controlled the distribution and the maintenance while at sea of this generating facility. The Main generator room had four generators and produced about 60 Mega Watts. The remaining capacity was produced in the aft generating room.

Things went well until we hit the Bay of Biscay off France. The sea was known to be rough in this part of the Atlantic. During the storm and on the watch change I was left with a note that the crow's nest watchtower heaters were not working. The mast that supports the crow's nest started above the boilers on the fan flats. On-ward and upwards the crow's nest sits at least 130 feet above the water line and with a listing of 15 degrees will travel side to side some 75 feet in a matter of seconds. After climbing some two hundred stairs up a ship's ladder on the inside of the mast I entered the crow's nest. Just one look at the raging sea and the swinging side to side my meal came up all over the crow's nest. What a problem for the watch keeper who exclaimed "What the hell you doing here". In reply "Your heaters are out" I remark "not to my knowledge". This had all been a prank by the engineers as I was having a rough time with the seas. Needless to say I went back to my cabin and slept off the storm after completing my watch. I never did find out who cleaned up the mess. Arriving at Southampton was uneventful and I went home as I was on shore duty and had to be back at midnight for the 12-00 pm to 8-00 am watch. My arm from the small pox inoculation was pretty bad and swollen with infection. That evening I went to the doctor ashore who immediately put me on sick leave and bed rest. The arm took about three days with medication to heal up to a point where I could once more use it. I was now ready for the next eight trips to America New York. By this time I'm close to my first leave on shore of three weeks. During this time while on leave I got a letter to report on April the 25th to the Queen Mary as a member of the relief crew to sail out to New

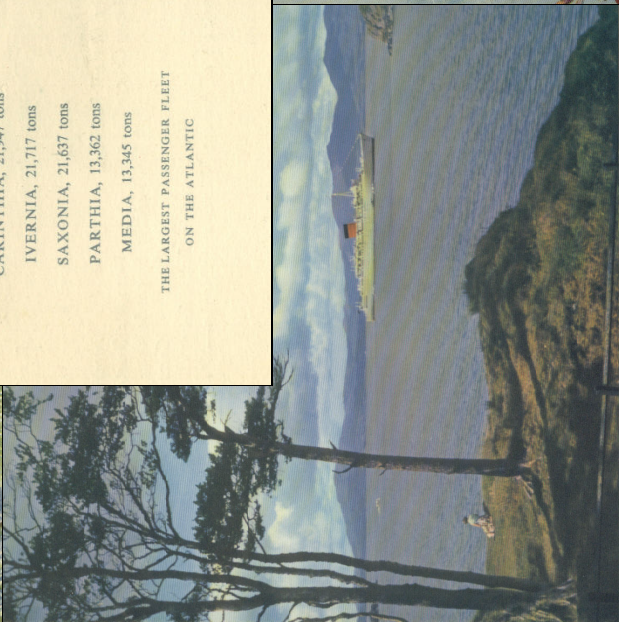


Officers February 5th

THE CUNARD PASSENGER FLEET

QUEEN ELIZABETH, 83,673 tons
QUEEN MARY, 81,237 tons
MAURETANIA, 35,655 tons
CARONIA, 34,172 tons
BRITANNIC, 27,778 tons
SYLVANIA, 21,989 tons
CARINTHIA, 21,947 tons
IVERNIA, 21,717 tons
SAXONIA, 21,637 tons
PARTHIA, 13,362 tons
MEDIA, 13,345 tons

THE LARGEST PASSENGER FLEET
ON THE ATLANTIC



The CARONIA off Olan, during a North Cape cruise.

**Summer Mediterranean Cruise
September 27th**

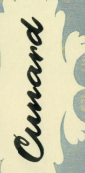


Queen Mary

Transatlantic April 29th



Transatlantic April 28th

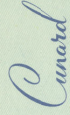


**Cunard Menu's
1961**

Cunard Menu's



Transatlantic April 30th



Transatlantic April 27th

Bagal Ede

about ten o'clock and a group of us decided to brave the elements and visit Times Square. Our English clothing was very light for the type of environment and we froze. All we could do was go from pub to pub making our way to Time Square. Disappointed after one hour we gave up and decided to stay in the warmth of a bar and drank. As the afternoon approached we slowly made our way back to the diner just under the elevated West Side Highway at 49th street. My first taste of American food and it was a large bowl of pea soup with croutons what a delicious meal in such cold weather. Next door to the diner were several stores with American gear in them as we used to say. This meant ties tacs and special shirts with collars using pin bars. Flying jackets were the rage at that time beautiful with dark navy blue with fur collars. Needless to say I bought one for just twenty dollars. The store also had dolls that stood three feet high and I bought three to give away when I got home. The boat boys as we were called in those days were a very well dressed group and always looked sharp. Back in England you could tell when walking around town, that is Southampton, who was a boat boy. The dress code was all American accessories and Edwardian style suite periwinkle shoes (very pointed) at the time and of course this was the start of the Beatle mania.

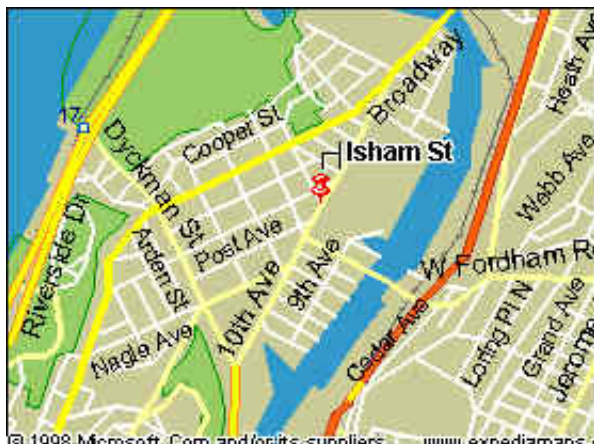
A little disappointed we set sail for the homeward bound journey with very few passengers, as the weather was so bad. The trip home was not quite as rough and therefore I was able to spend some time on watch in the after Generator Room. The Queen Mary generated enough energy to supply a small town with all its needs. If I'm correct and my memory serves me well it was about 80 Mega Watts. This was an appreciable amount of energy. The smaller aft-generator room was the responsibility of the junior engineers. We controlled the distribution and the maintenance while at sea of this generating facility. The Main generator room had four generators and produced about 60 Mega Watts. The remaining capacity was produced in the aft generating room.

Things went well until we hit the Bay of Biscay off France. The sea was known to be rough in this part of the Atlantic. During the storm and on the watch change I was left with a note that the crow's nest watchtower heaters were not working. The mast that supports the crow's nest started above the boilers on the fan flats. On-ward and upwards the crow's nest sits at least 130 feet above the water line and with a listing of 15 degrees will travel side to side some 75 feet in a matter of seconds. After climbing some two hundred stairs up a ship's ladder on the inside of the mast I entered the crow's nest. Just one look at the raging sea and the swinging side to side my meal came up all over the crow's nest. What a problem for the watch keeper who exclaimed "What the hell you doing here". In reply "Your heaters are out" I remark "not to my knowledge". This had all been a prank by the engineers as I was having a rough time with the seas. Needless to say I went back to my cabin and slept off the storm after completing my watch. I never did find out who cleaned up the mess. Arriving at Southampton was uneventful and I went home as I was on shore duty and had to be back at midnight for the 12-00 pm to 8-00 am watch. My arm from the small pox inoculation was pretty bad and swollen with infection. That evening I went to the doctor ashore who immediately put me on sick leave and bed rest. The arm took about three days with medication to heal up to a point where I could once more use it. I was now ready for the next eight trips to America New York. By this time I'm close to my first leave on shore of three weeks. During this time while on leave I got a letter to report on April the 25th to the Queen Mary as a member of the relief crew to sail out to New

York as a passenger. The purpose of the trip was to join the Caronia that had completed its World Cruise in New York. This came as quite a surprise as the Caronia was the flagship of Cunard at the time and very hard to get assigned to it.

This trip is where fate takes a mighty turn. Arriving in New York we had to layover on the Parthia a cargo ship that was also in the fleet of Cunard shipping line. This was about May 3rd and was just a wonderful warm sunny day. We had nothing to do except visit Time Square and Radio City music hall. Our excursions around Manhattan were quite fun. The group of officers I came over with were all very friendly and I was lucky to have John Bishop along with the relief crew. By now, drinking for pleasure was ingrained as a sea going Merchant Marine officer and was part of daily life. We must have visited six to seven bars on the following afternoon May 3rd. We were now on board the Caronia and on day watches. That night I was told that a hotel called the Great Northern had a dance from 8-00 pm until 11-00 pm. for European officers. Well still harboring the results of afternoon drinking I had enough courage to start out walking towards the hotel on 57th street and around Park Avenue. As I walked along 57th street two young ladies were ahead of me both enjoying light conversation as I could tell by their actions. One of them dropped her handkerchief and as I passed I quickly picked it up and made haste to give it to one of the ladies. With a kind reply of thank you from what I thought was just a wonderful person with a soft voice. This act of chivalry kind of reminded me of Sir Walter Raleigh and the moment when he laid down his cloak to let Queen Elizabeth I walk across puddles of water.

Well that night I stayed in a corner table at the dance and drank a few beers the table was loaded with empty bottles as the evening wore on. The dance was organized by a lovely lady whose name eludes me was British and was eventually awarded the OBE (Order of the British Empire) for her effortless work in America for the officers and club on 57th street.



As the night came to an end a progression dance was announced and this resulted in partners splitting up and getting others to dance on the floor by approaching ones opposite sex. Who came up to me was Nana Pat so wonderful a smile and looking just beautiful. Asking me to dance, well this was the last one in the progression, as all parties were on the floor and we did not have to separate. The dance continued for quite a while and we exchanged small talk but with great feeling towards one another. Dance

ending and I can remember walking Nana Pat back to her seat just as the last dance was announced. What luck I thought no choice but to ask for the last dance and with pleasure it was accepted and we danced the last waltz together. Needless to say I asked if I could have the pleasure of escorting her home. By now Kathy her friend was about to go home with a KLM pilot so it made it convenient and we all took the sub way “A” train to 207th

street I did not have clue where I was going.

At 213th Isham Street that is located on northern tip of Manhattan I said good night and having already obtained Nana Pats phone number at work said I would call on Friday. Well a cab was available and the KLM pilot and my self took it back to lower Manhattan. This was the first encounter with Nana Pat and what a night for me. We set up a date for Saturday night and I was to pick her up at 2-00 pm as Nana Pat loved to sleep in on Saturdays when she was young. Well the introduction to her brother was quite an event. After knocking on the door Harry her brother came to the front of the apartment. My first words were "Did Pat have a good lay in and if she's not ready I will knock her up tomorrow." Both quotes totally shocked her brother who turned completely red in the face with embarrassment. The two quotes I had made are used totally differently in The USA compared to England. To lay in means sleep late and knock you up means call on you tomorrow in England. I'm sure you are all aware of the connotation in the USA. With this over I did stay awhile in the apartment and we talked pleasantly about England and my life at sea. About five o'clock we left and went down town. After walking around midtown we got tickets to a theater for the 8-00 pm performance. This performance was to be very special as the movie The Return to Peyton Place was the premier at New York. Movie stars were all attending the show and were seated in the orchestra seats. We had very good seats in the loge. The evening was quite a success and after the show we did not attend Sardis's as did the stars but went back to the Caronia. The officers wardroom was very well decorated but stately and with bar and a console type record player. So after a few drinks and meeting other officers and their girl fiends we stepped out side onto the Sun Deck. The Sun Deck had a large pool so it was very pretty and the night was so clear and warm and romantic. This was the moment and I quietly proposed to your Nana Pat. To my shock she accepted and that was our first date and proposal all in one. My heart could not stop beating so fast and at that time and a million thoughts went through my head. Least of which was how are we going to tell her brother after such a quick courtship. Well we kind of did not tell anyone and three days later I sailed away on the Spring Mediterranean Cruise. I can remember writing a letter every day to Nana Pat and they are still in the attic today. The cruise was about thirty-nine days and then with a lay over in England I would be back in The USA. So it was about mid June that I was back in New York. While in England I informed my mother who told my father of my intentions and they were not surprised at my decision. The next North Cape Summer and Mediterranean Cruises were very special and is worth describing in chapter eight and nine.

1961

THE SEA GOING RECORDS OF SIGN ON AND SIGN OFF

R 736394		7 CERTIFICATES		8 OF DISCHARGE		NAME B.R. CRIPPS		
Compiled from Lists of Crew and Official and copy of Report of Character		Log Books or from other Official Records, if desired by the Seaman.						
No.	*Name of ship and official number, and tonnage;†	Date and place of		*Rating	Description of voyage	Copy of Report of Character		Signature of (1) Master ; and of (2) officer and official stamp
		Engagement*	Discharge			For ability	For general conduct	
1	issued on entry into Merchant Navy				1			(1) (15) 25 FEB 1961
2	LIVERPOOL OFF. No. 164202 G.T. 81,237.19 N.T. 33,015.32	25 JAN 1961	SOUTHAMPTON	2	NEW YORK	VERY GOOD 155	VERY GOOD 155	(1) [Signature] (2) [Signature]
3	QUEEN MARY LIVERPOOL OFF. No. 164282 G.T. 81,237.19 N.T. 33,015.32	25 APR 1961	SOUTHAMPTON	3	NEW YORK	VERY GOOD 140	VERY GOOD 140	(1) [Signature] (2) [Signature]
4	CARONIA LIVERPOOL OFF. No. 182453 G.T. 34,171.82 N.T. 18,592.55	3 MAY 1961	NEW YORK	4	FOREIGN RUNNING GREENEAT	VERY GOOD 165	VERY GOOD 165	(1) [Signature] (2) [Signature]
5	CARONIA LIVERPOOL OFF. No. 182453 G.T. 34,171.82 N.T. 18,592.55	19 JUN 1961	LIVERPOOL	5	FOREIGN RUNNING GREENEAT	VERY GOOD 226	VERY GOOD 226	(1) [Signature] (2) [Signature]
6					6			(1) (2)

* These columns are to be filled in at time of engagement.

† In Engineers' Books insert Horse Power. In Radio Officers' Books insert gross tonnage and radio classification of Ship.

“A brief moment in time commits one to a life long relationship that never falters if its truly made with enduring love.”

Brian R Cripps

1

Cruise Schedule 1961 Spring Mediterranean

City	From	To	Cruise	Remarks
NEW YORK	MAY 3rd	MAY 6TH	SPRING MEDI #1	Late Departure
SOUTHAMPTON	JUNE 2ND	JUNE 18TH	PORTSIDE	Layover
NEW YORK	JUNE 18TH	JUNE 23RD	TRANSATLANTIC	

2

North Cape Cruise

City	From	To	Cruise	Remarks
NEW YORK	JUNE 23RD	JUNE 29TH	PORTSIDE	Layover
NEW YORK	JUNE 29TH	AUGUST 6TH	NORTH CAPE	
SOUTHAMPTON	AUGUST 6TH	AUGUST 12TH	PORTSIDE	Layover
SOUTHAMPTON	AUGUST 12TH	AUGUST 17TH	TRANSATLANTIC	

39 days 18 ports 12 countries 12,170 miles

Only six wonderful, sun-filled days from New York and the Mediterranean is waiting . . . ready and eager to be visited. It's Spring, the air is fresh and warm, your enthusiasm swells and you disembark at the first of 18 fascinating ports . . .

MADEIRA

Beautifully landscaped by nature to be the "Flower Garden of the Atlantic." Its quaint capital, Funchal, rises up a steep mountainside to form an amphitheater around the small, deep bay. Hillsides checkerboarded by terraced farming and dotted with thatched cottages, beaches of jet black sand, cobblestoned streets, costumed women and children, fruit peddlers with "funny" hats . . . all wrapped up and encircled by the glistening blue Atlantic. Pastel-painted houses, mosaic patterned sidewalks shaded by blue flowering jasmindas make the capital look like a fairy tale town. From atop the "Terra do Lacta you will enjoy a bird's eye view of the "Botanical Island." You'll find no better place which to see the handiwork of Spring . . . tropical toboggan sliding down the steep slopes . . . "treat. Inspect the exquisite . . . bodegas and sample of the . . .

TANGIER

Crossroads of the world—a melting pot of languages, costumes, customs, races, peoples . . . of washing in cosmopolitan color. Your first glimpse of Tangier will be white houses cascading down steep amphitheater into the bright blue sea. . . . where you set foot on land the . . .

rious color and tempo . . . to get you. For the ultimate shopping . . . end all . . . don't miss Petit Socco . . . the city markets! Visit the famed Casbah . . . changed on the open streets . . . see bargaining, . . . and loafing mixed together in true African style. Explosive color unsurpassed even by the artist. . . . "Nature has made plenty of scenery but man has made only one Tangier."

PALMA

A miniature of all the best in the Mediterranean—colorful communities, quaint villages, unspoiled folk-lore, spontaneous hospitality . . . eternal Spring and perpetual sunshine. No hunting for bargains in this city—they seek you out! . . . it's a brilliant spectacle of markets begging to be visited. The majestic 13th century Cathedral La Seo is perched on a terrace high above the harbor. In the valley of Valldemossa stands the Carthusian Monastery . . . filled with vivid memories of Chopin and George Sand. The Caves of Drach are one of the most magnificent works of nature to be seen anywhere. . . . Lonja (1425) the ancient Stock Exchange. . . . San Miguel, originally a mosque but presently a Church . . . exquisite casitas of Belver and Miramar.

VALLETTA

It's a "Swiss cheese" of golden-bronze limestone, tunnelled from end to end by a maze of passageways and some of her most historic sights are sub-terra. Since earliest history it has been fought over and sought after . . . beginning with the Phoenicians and today it is a British possession. Each interim race and religion has left its mark on the landscape and people. Upon entering the harbor you'll see the immense battlements

NAPLES

As the Caronia sails into the azure harbor of the Bay of Naples you'll be greeted by the cliffs of Sorrento on the right, and verdant, villa-dotted hills on the left . . . the same view that met the Phoenicians and Greeks of old. Elegant Mt. Vesuvius—4,000 feet of passive, graceful, soot-blackened volcano provides a lowering background, Naples is rich in such fabulous accessories as Pompeii, Capri, Ischia, Sorrento, Amalfi, Ravello and Salerno. Gay, garish color pours down onto the landscape . . . stucco stone buildings decorated with lacy balconied windows. . . . Baroque and Rococo churches. The National Museum, San Martino Museum, King's Palace, and the Opera House . . . each holding keys to a treasure chest of art and history.

LIVORNO

The Caronia will sail into this 15th Century port for the first time—offering you an opportunity to visit the fabulous city of Florence. City of art, home of Renaissance architecture and famed for noble beauty. Old, narrow streets, overshadowed by massive palaces help to preserve its Medieval mood. Florence is rich in the treasures of the past; a Renaissance city of undying artistic value. To mention but a few examples . . . Palazzo Vecchio—ancient fortress and palace . . . Piazza della Signoria—statued public square . . . Duomo—the great Cathedral of ornate marble and massive octagonal dome . . . the majestic Campanile—bell tower and Bapistry whose superb bronze doors Michelangelo called "Gates of Paradise". Galleria Delgi Uffizi—containing Italy's finest collection of paintings. Florence is a city to be experienced, savored and explored rather than enumerated.

erected by the Knights of St. John . . . beyond are the pro-Cathedral and the Palace of Grand Masters. Outside Valletta you'll want to visit the Mosta Church, which has the largest known unsupported dome and the statue of St. Paul.

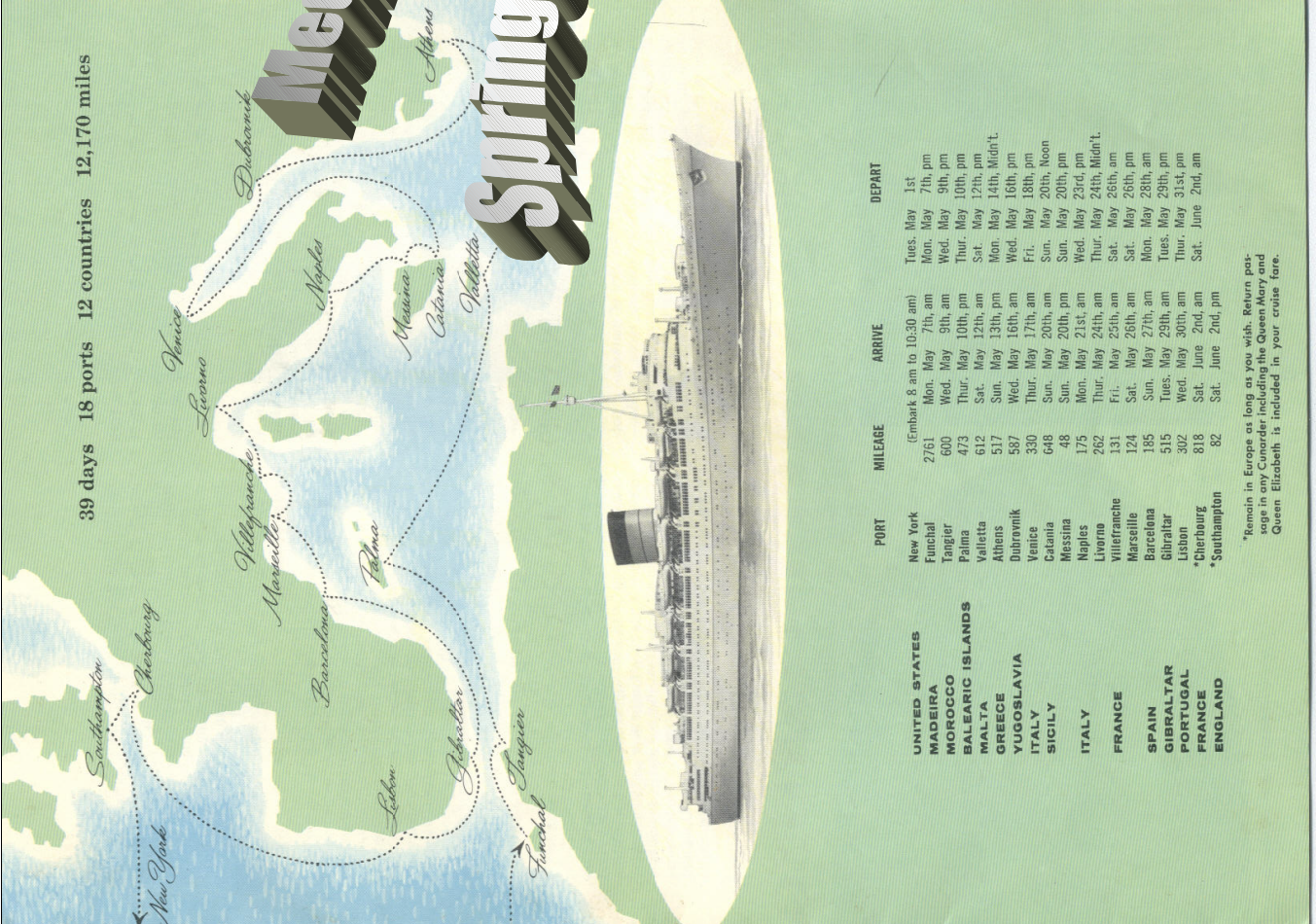
ATHENS

The pride of Greece! Her glorious past is evidenced by . . . the ruins of the Acropolis with its Parthenon, Erechtheum, Temple of Zeus, Temple of Jupiter, and the magnificent marble stadium, scene of the original Olympic Games, Temple of Thesus, Theater of Dionysius, Theatron, Tower of the Winds, the ancient market place, Agora, The National Museum. . . these are but a few of the relics of the Golden Age of Pericles, an age never since equalled by any civilization. Symbols of a Greece that was . . . a Greece that gave birth to Western philosophy, literature, legislation, physics and mathematics. Your tour will be a pilgrimage from the great, to the greater, to the greatest.

DUBROVNIK

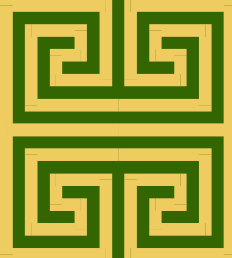
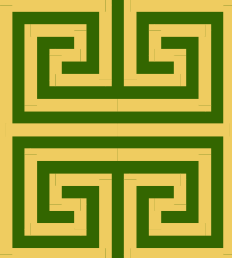
Shaw has said of it . . . "Everywhere in the world I have looked for Paradise and here I have found it." Set in the framework of grey mountains, blue sea and bright flowers . . . rich in ornate buildings and bright with a charming medieval city—surrounded by ramparts and entered by a draw bridge. Its monuments, hundreds of years old, are unique in their well preserved state . . . having been spared the devastations of war and invasions. It's a startling white city—patterned after Venice . . . rich in ornate buildings and bright with geraniums. Stroll through the narrow, winding streets . . . unchanged since the 15th Century—visit Sponza Palace, Ducal Palace and the Monastery with its pharmacy dating from the 14th Century.

Mediterranean Spring Cruise 1960



UNITED STATES	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART
MADEIRA	New York	(Embark 8 am to 10:30 am)	Tues. May 1st
MOROCCO	Funchal	Mon. May 7th, am	Mon. May 7th, pm
BALEARIC ISLANDS	Tangier	Wed. May 9th, am	Wed. May 9th, pm
MALTA	Palma	Thur. May 10th, pm	Thur. May 10th, pm
GREECE	Valletta	Sat. May 12th, am	Sat. May 12th, pm
YUGOSLAVIA	Athens	Sun. May 13th, pm	Mon. May 14th, Midn't
ITALY	Dubrovnik	Wed. May 16th, am	Wed. May 16th, pm
	Venice	Thur. May 17th, am	Fri. May 18th, pm
	Catania	Sun. May 20th, am	Mon. May 20th, noon
	Messina	Mon. May 20th, pm	Tue. May 21st, am
	Naples	Mon. May 21st, am	Wed. May 23rd, pm
	Livorno	Thur. May 24th, am	Thur. May 24th, Midn't
FRANCE	Viterranche	Fri. May 25th, am	Fri. May 25th, am
	Marseille	Sat. May 26th, am	Sat. May 26th, pm
SPAIN	Barcelona	Sun. May 27th, am	Mon. May 28th, am
GIBRALTAR	Gibraltar	Tues. May 29th, am	Tues. May 29th, pm
PORTUGAL	Lisbon	Wed. May 30th, am	Thur. May 31st, pm
FRANCE	*Cherbourg	Sat. June 2nd, am	Sat. June 2nd, am
ENGLAND	*Southampton	Sat. June 2nd, pm	

*Remain in Europe as long as you wish. Return postage in any Cunarder including the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth is included in your cruise fare.



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Eight

The First Caronia Cruise Mediterranean Spring 1961

Having just met Nana Pat this cruise was going to be a bit harder to take than I thought. The love bug had smitten me pretty good and I was having lots of thoughts about our future and how to broach the subject to my family. I suppose I was madly in love and nothing was going to stop my destiny. We set sail on a beautiful day that was warm and of course in New York in May with still a slight breeze in the air. I was on deck watch that day so it made it convenient to watch the spectacular departure. Bon Voyage streamers falling from the deck and the ship's band playing on the Sun Deck made it a very happy occasion. The stand by watch took normally about 2 to 3 hours. The Moran tugs came along side and it was then steam ahead as we slowly backed out into the harbor. Turning us around in the Hudson River took at least four tugs, what power they had. Once we were parallel to the shore and with boilers at full steam ahead the ship slowly but gracefully slipped down the Hudson River. The time was about two o'clock in the afternoon and as the piers one after another passed I could see the west side highway with so many cars moving in either direction. The movement against the skyline with the Empire State building in the background gave me the feeling and real sense that I belonged in America. The ship passed the Battery Park and that day the fire department water hose ship was in the harbor and as the Caronia sounded its resounding horn they replied with a spray of water from each of the boats hoses. The Caronia made its way past the Statue of Liberty and Ambrose Light house the buoys as we passed rang their unique bells as the wash from the Caronia passed by and they swayed. Jumping



Young and Restless

from the staircase leading down the side of the ship I saw the pilot who had navigated us through the New York harbor. Voyage was now officially under way and we headed out to open waters.

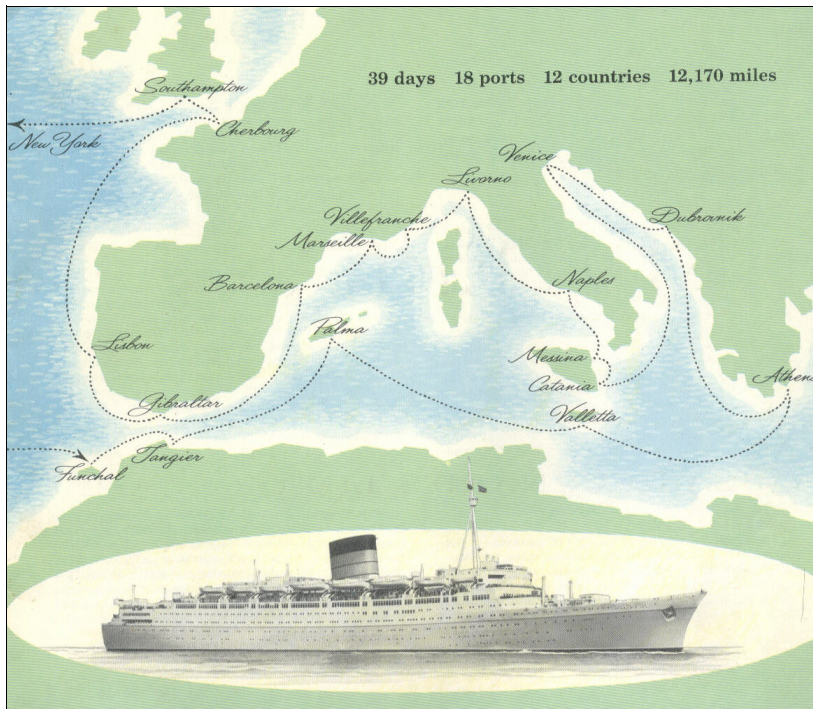
The electrical officers is responsible for the lifeboats, elevators, cap stain and the steering gear. Each had to be tested on a regular basis. Fire drill was called about six at night and all would muster at their designated boat. At each muster once a week a series of boats would be lowered over the side until level with the boat deck. This was done on a random basis and any boat and its hoisting equipment failing would need immediate attention. My job was to keep all of these in good working order. The deck electrical engineers were also responsible for setting up passengers during the first day at sea with power converters as the American voltage was 115V ac and the ship was 240V DC. We would be quite busy after all the passengers settled in and getting ready for their first meal at sea. This duty got me very friendly with several cabin stewards and I would go ashore with them at times. Ronny Munford who had been with Cunard some twenty years was very close to me and I would spend time in his galley on Main Deck during the evening watch if things were quiet.

The daily routine of an officer is quite mundane and if all the equipment is in good working order one can get quite bored with the whole thing. Because my watch was the twelve to four it would mean that I would miss the evening meals in the officers mess hall. Evening meal is served at seven o'clock and it's quite a hard to wake up to get served and then turn too for your watch. My expensive uniform would not be used as full dress code was only required at night. Breakfast one could dress in a blue fatigue uniform and lunch was in whites as we were going to the Mediterranean. The menu in the officers mess was always the same as the first class passengers. One had to really watch your weight, as it was easy to put it on. Those officers down below in the engine and boiler room did better at weight control. It would be about 120F degrees on the boiler flats and about 100F degrees down around the boiler front. Those officers used to sweat pretty good down there. On a watch you could loose about six pounds due to sweating. It was mandatory to take salt tablets as one could collapse and cause oneself a serious injury or impair the ship due to lack of implementation of your duties.

Well the first order of the day on the engineers bulletin board would be the passenger list. It was common to fine this list highlighted with all the Miss names identified. Engineering officers competed with the pursers for the acquaintance of the young ladies on board the ship. This was strictly a love boat operation. The engineering officers were only permitted once a week to attend the weekly dance on Thursdays. Dress code was full whites and gloves. Most officers looked sharp in their full whites so this impressed the young ladies. The engineers had an advantage as they could lay in the sun during the time off so they got very bronzed (brown) as we say in England.

The breakfast meal was served at 4-00 am and was really great as the whole watch of both electrical and marine engineers would be together at this seating. Lunch would also be a problem as we would be on watch again at mid-day. This watch was for the

drinkers as the meal bar opened at 10-30 am so one could have few before watch. The meal bar opened again at 4-30 pm and closed at 10-00 pm. These times scheduled in nicely with the evenings being off at eight in the evening for that watch. After a short time one knew all the crew and as I was on deck and looked after the main kitchens and all the electrical stoves. This would put me in direct contact with head chefs of each department and I could get food any time I wanted it.



The trip to Madeira took about six days. The Atlantic Ocean was so calm different from those days crossing during the winter on the Queen Mary. The atmosphere for the passengers was euphoric and they spent many hours on deck at playing and relaxing. I should note the Caronia was the only ship to do World cruises at that time. The Caronia had a yachting license. Who would know being that she weighed 34,000 tons. This made it less expensive

for port fees based on this Lloyds rating her this way as a yacht. The weather was beautiful clear and a sunny day in Funchal as we approached the harbor entrance. This is the major port for the island of Madeira. John Bishop and myself were now off watch and were taking a dunk in the pool on the after deck. It was about ten in the morning. Well a catastrophic event occurred that morning. The ship to avoid a sailing ship that crossed its bow turned sharply as I was about to dive into the pool. As the body lunged forward I could see the water disappearing from the pool due to the list we had to take to avoid the sailing ship. Needless to say I entered the pool with just about one foot of water. Crunch as I hit the bottom and my skin splitting open on my forehead. The blood gushed out and by the time I got up from the hunched position the water was now flowing back into the pool with great force limiting me to get to the surface. On arrival at the surface passengers were alarmed at the amount of blood turning the water red. John and several crew members rushed me to the doctor I was in a lot of pain. Well the cut did not require a stitch but I had put my spine out of joint and the rib cage had slipped out in several places. Pain shots and with a couple of weeks of therapy I was back in shape. Most nights I slept upright with a backboard to support

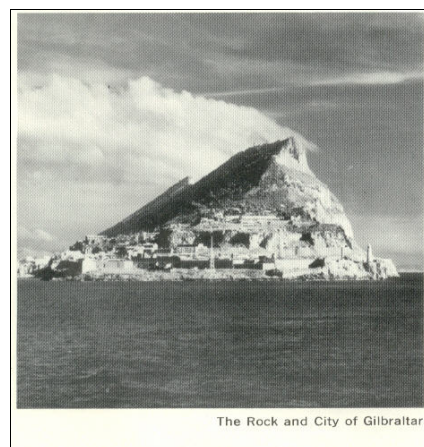
my spine. This did not stop me going ashore and visit the first country I had visited other than America.

Madeira is a tropical island with fantastic vegetation and is famous for the wooden toboggan. that one can ride down the mountain. Of course for five dollars we took the ride up the high mountain that overlooks the harbor. At the top it was some 3000 feet above sea level. As we climbed I noticed that the mountainside across the valley was

MAIN DECK		Suite for Two \$8700.	
Suites, M-36 and 38, 39 and 41. Comprised of Bedroom, Bath, Shower and Toilet, Sitting Room and Pantry			
Outside Rooms with Bath, Shower and Toilet		Room Alone	Each for Two
Two beds, M-36, 39, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53		\$---	\$3250.
Two beds, M-54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 65		---	2750.
Two beds, M-64, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71		---	2650.
Two beds, M-70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77		---	2550.
Two beds, M-52, 55, 76, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83, 85		---	2500.
Two beds, M-84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93		---	2400.
Two beds, M-92, 94, 95, 97	3575.	---	2375.
Two beds, M-96, 98, 99, 100, 101, 103	3525.	---	2350.
Two beds, M-79	3500.	---	2275.
Two beds, M-18, 21, 32	3475.	---	2225.
Two beds, M-20, 23, 26, 29	3425.	---	2200.
Two beds, M-12, 15, 37	3350.	---	2175.
Bed and upper berth, M-34, 35	3025.	---	2000.
Bed and upper berth, M-28, 31	2950.	---	1925.
Bed and upper berth, M-106, 108, 109, 111	2800.	---	1900.
Outside Rooms with Shower and Toilet			
Bed and upper berth, M-102, 104, 105, 107	2500.	---	1850.
Bed and upper berth, M-10, 11	2375.	---	1775.
Inside Rooms with Bath, Shower and Toilet			
Two beds and upper berth, M-24	---	---	2100.
Inside Rooms with Shower and Toilet			
Bed and upper berth, M-14, 17	2025.	---	1525.
Single bedrooms, M-16, 19, 22, 27, 30	2000.	---	---
Single bedrooms, M-40, 43	1975.	---	---

tiered and this was to accumulate the rainwater when it rained on the island. Madeira football stadium was on the plateau at the top and was quite a sight to see. At the top we John Bishop and myself proceeded to board the toboggan. Each sat two people and a driver who ran along side of the carriage to start of with and then rode down on the back to guide the toboggan. What a journey down it gave you quite an adrenaline rush and it took about fifteen minutes from top to bottom and we got up to about forty miles an hour on the downward journey. At the bottom it was a relief to get out with a laugh from the attendant (driver). He knew he had scared the life out of us. That evening I had the pleasure of dining out at one of the most exclusive restaurants in Europe Reids that sits overlooking the harbor and built on a sheer cliff. The drop to the ocean is several hundred feet with large breakers crash-

ing against the forbidding rocks. The view was just magnificent the sun setting across the harbor with the bright white glitter early on and then changing to a spectacular red as it went down in the west was just one of those moments that time gives you to reflect on. The food was very exquisite and the waiters were top shelf. The Queen Mary and Caronia were both the start of my taste for fine things and dinning. The ship left the next day and on to Tangiers that took a full day's sailing. The heat was pretty unbearable for the crew but the American passengers loved it. In the UK they are not use to such heat. Well it was my time to do launch or tender that meant I could only go ashore for a short period of time and stay close to the dock. It was mandated that the duty officer ride backwards and forwards to the ship just incase there was a problem. The ships launches would be lowered and made ready for tendering the passengers to and from shore. I did get a quick visit the local Casbah and trade for goods this was a new experience for me and it was to continue throughout the whole trip. You never paid the



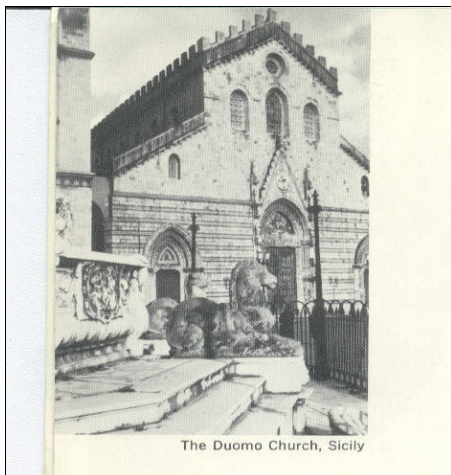
The Rock and City of Gibraltar

asking price for an article or present no matter what. It was expected that you would bargain and get respect that way. The Casbahs was smelly and with a throng of people milling around, pickpockets were very prevalent and you needed to be cognizant of the fact at all times. Strange sounds would penetrate the surrounding market place snake charmers tried to make a living off the tourist. This was my first exposure to the African traders and those indigenous to this part of the world. Sailing in the evening we made our way to Palma one of the Balearic Islands. This short distance is where I was badly sun burnt as it was an overcast day as we passed between Gibraltar on one side and Africa on the other. Dividing the two continents is about thirty miles as you enter the Mediterranean Sea. One can see why the British captured and guarded this natural structure for centuries. The obtrusive granite structure as it protrudes out of the ocean and stands as a master watching over the entrance gives one a chilling affect. On this day early in the morning after watch it was overcast and I decided to lie out on the small deck provided for the officers and was secluded. With towel and no lotion because I thought it was safe I passed at least two hours away sun tanning myself. Lobster red is all I got and with such pain at night along with my bad back was excruciating. That evening during watch it was unbearable to go through the boiler room as the intense heat would burn the skin and it was very painful as the sweat got into the pores. I dare not go to the doctor again as he would have a fit and send me home from the next port so suffer I did . About three days later it calmed down and I was in good shape with a nice reddish brown tan.

Palma was very flat and the harbor jutted out to sea quite away. The harbor had a breakfront with a fortress type structure as you entered and with a lookout station. The stone barrier made way for smaller boats to enter so once again it was launches and tendering to and from Palma. Only took brief trips into and out of the main dock so I did not visit the city of this port. The port of Valetta was next on the island of Malta that was still a British protectorate at that time. This entrance to Valletta is very impressive as the stark gray sheer cliffs greet you and with what seems to be no place to dock. After closely observing the coast line one can see stair cases winding down the cliff face to the waters edge. The top of the cliffs must be about 1000 feet from the water. People lived in the sides of the cliff and homes seem to be perched on ledges. The sun set that night was beautiful as the whole sun in its full array and looking like a melting ball of fire dominated the skyline. This island is another having an alliance with the British meant a strategic dominance in the Mediterranean I thought at the time. Next port of call was to be Athens and after two days of sailing we came into the port of Piraeus. This was an exciting stop as the buildings were full of Greek Mythology and the famous Acropolis. One could talk for hours on this country and its history. The people of Athens were very friendly and one would quickly get into a conversation in a local eatery or bar. Most spoke English, as was the case with the younger set. Motorbikes or mopeds were the major traffic jam. It seemed every one and his uncle had one. Riders would double up and the noise level was intimidating. I did get to visit the Acropolis but was not very impressive, just a big old structure with columns. I guess I'm not into Greek history.

The journey now headed back in an easterly direction and we sailed to Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. This port was very picturesque and used to be used by Tito as his summer resort. His home was situated high up on the mountain and was very charming. The city was striking, as the building architecture was of an ivory color with red tiled roof similar to that of a Spanish or French town. This area was known for its beautiful flowers and trees. Just outside of the harbor on one of the smaller islands was a nudist colony and was my first to see. One could see the campers walking around in there bare skin and I guess feeling good about themselves. The passengers really loved this quaint port and were saddened to leave. Venice was next and the port was very low and as you know the city is below the water line and is actually sinking into the mud below. What strikes one immediately on landing in Venice is the lack of automobiles and no sounds from traffic horns. We tied up early morning so I got a chance to go directly to the city after my watch. The walk from the Caronia to St. Marks Square was not that far, might be one mile over several canal bridges and along cobbled sidewalks. The Square was very architecturally pleasing and was full of a busy and industrial group of people. The women I noticed had very strong and hard calf muscles and I believe this was from constantly walking over the canal bridges as they were stepped. The younger women were very pretty but after thirty became very matronly. Men even on the dock front wore suits with white shirts and ties. Seemed odd to me to go and work the waterfront this way. Very few bicycles were used as most of the population walked to and from work in the maze of streets that were so intertwined. The gondola park was just outside of St Marks Square on the waterfront. I visited a glass factory and bought two wine sets one for my mother the other for myself. I wondered around and after acrossing the Bridge of Sigh's discovered a small market place. One of the carts sold beautiful dolls that stood about three foot in height and their dresses made of very delicately made crinoline and bright colors. Yes I purchased about four of them for thirty-two dollars and gave them away when I got back to England. About eleven o clock the orchestras in St Marks Square would start playing at each of the bistros and it seemed that they were in competition with each other to attract the biggest crowd. Each bistro had quite a large front that extended out into the courtyard of the square. The tables

were arranged very neatly and it was a pleasure to sit and take a coffee and pastry while listening to the orchestra.



The Duomo Church, Sicily

As it was approaching my watch I went back to the ship. That evening I was invited by Cooks Tours who were permanently assigned to the ship to dine at an exclusive hotel. The event of the evening included a top fashion show for the passengers who were extremely rich. This outing was just another taste of rich living for a quiet Bishopstoke born young man. I was invited many times by Cooks to attend special functions as they said that I made a good ambassador for the ship and conversed very well with the passengers. The fol-

lowing day we took the hydrofoil to the Lido beach that was outside of the harbor and spent the morning in the sun but had to return for the four o'clock watch. Most of our time off in the majority of ports was short and the time frame was only eight hours to do anything and one needed to sleep in between watches somehow. Cruises are very demanding and one gets little sleep if you intend to see all the wonderful places you can visit, I did this much to my demise.

Venice was over and we made our way to the Island of Sicily located at the bottom of Italy at the tip of the boot. The first port of call was Catania on the southern tip of the island. It was basically a short stop over just to let the passengers ashore as they were to travel overland to Messina. At night the ship sailed around to Messina passing the always erupting and smoking volcano Mount Etna. This was a very exciting night as we passed right by the mountain at night and the eruptions light up the night sky with large geyser affect type fireballs reaching high into the sky just like a gigantic Roman candle firework. It was really unsettling as the mountain that night was very active. Morning came and we docked in Messina. This was a very laid back Italian fishing city with horse and carts and a startling slow pace compared to Venice. As all tourist do we that is John Bishop and I, took a ride in the horse and buggy around the town and came back to the center of town in time to see the famous church chime on the hour. Small people came out of the bell tower and rotate around the outside swinging their hammers and striking the bells it is breathtaking event and sounds melodious. The engineering of the system must have taken quite a time to build and is ingenious. Naples was just one days sailing away and we arrived early morning, as was the case in most ports. I went ashore for a couple of hours early morning only to be robbed by the street ruffians before I got across the main road directly outside of the gate. This was common in Naples and the captain warned us in advance that such events do occur in this port. Because of the warning I carried little money about five dollars but it's amazing how quick they are to spot you and clean you out even though you're forewarned. The motto was don't walk out take a cab ride to were you want to go. That evening we went to the club called the Snake Pit this was to be an experience to remember. It was just like the movies a round pit with a stair case that lead down to the main floor tables were all around and of course ladies of the night (hookers). There was a large gathering of Caronia crew so it was party time and beer and wine flowed freely. The dancing and partying went on until the early hours of the morning. I had to make watch so I left about two just to get a couple of hours nap before watch. The next evening we went to the American USO club as the Caronia had an open membership and we were invited as a group. That night a famous Italian guitarist was performing and played classical music with such grace on the instrument. The following morning I took a quick trip to the Opera House just to see it before we left and on our way to Livorno Italy. I did not go ashore at this port as it was catch up time on sleep. The next visit to Naples was very different and we visited The Sorrento and the Isle of Capri. Villefranche I was again on launches again after we arrived and as the ship stayed anchored out at sea. The port had several American naval ships part of the Sixth Fleet moored also trouble brewing. The captain mustered the whole crew on the boat deck.

This your captain speaking in a very clear and austere voice. To all members of the crew and officers you are forewarned that rough housing and fighting with the Ameri-

can Navy personnel is forbidden and will be an immediate V.N.C. You will be sent home at your own expense. Well even that did not stop some fights. One must remember that half the crew came from Scotland Road in Liverpool known as the hardest neighborhood to grow up in the North West part of England. I was assigned launch duty for the first few runs to shore. The dock was very neatly kept and being a duty free port along with an American base made it attractive to cruise ships. The waters were quite choppy and a strong breeze was blowing as the first launch disembarked from the Caronia. The spray from the front of the launch with its salty taste made for a wet trip. Passengers all talkative and with happy faces were discussing their respective trips. Villefranche is situated between Cannes and Nice on the French Riviera. Monte Carlo the small country still hosting a monarchy Prince Rainier is also adjacent. You would have heard of the famous Monte Carlo Race and the Cannes Film festival of course. This area is noted as being the play boy mecca for a Don-Juan. Upon mooring at dock side the passengers took their respective bus tours for the day. The Crew members would be allowed on the launches after all passengers were ashore. Neatly dressed and smelling of wonderful cologne the crew in small groups would make their way ashore. These groups were off to Monte Carlo to do some serious gambling at the tables. Cannes itself and the harbor is very picturesque. During the season it is crowded with very expensive yachts from around the world some in the millions of dollars. This was the rich mans play land and with plenty of celebrity film stars and the like milling around. Young ladies seeking a sugar daddy and hoping to latch on to one. One had plenty to do and see in a very relaxing atmosphere on this layover.

Having been assigned the launches for the first few hours left it late for me to do much touring so after watch I made my way to the water front. The stores all had a tremendous inventory of liquor and perfume all duty free. This is where I first bought the men's cologne Gin Fizz and wore it for some three years. Collected several free samples to bring home to England. A bottle of Bacardi rum was seventy nine cents for a quart. My ashore task was to buy the liquor for the ward room and we would stock up with cases and cases of booze. These cases would be impounded by customs when we docked at the port of Southampton and released on the next cruise. Sailing to England was only about two weeks away. Well after walking around the docks I settled for a short hike up the hill and in the back roads discovered a small wine house. The cobbled stone roads and the unique way that the Wine House would sit in the hill side was fascinating. Huge doors at least fifteen feet in height would open up and the wine barrels with colored tops and specially engraved markings as to their age of wine appeared. One could walk up along the platforms that ran from one end to the other and the brew master would tap what ever wine was your desire for a minimal price. Cheese and Wine was served on small tables outside so it was very pleasant just sitting and sipping in the afternoon sun. As the day passed the shadows length-end and slowly crept up the cobbled street. It was time to make our way back to the docks. Needless to say we got a buzz on and when we returned to the dock side were feeling no pain. The local Bistro was now well attended with both American Navy and Caronia crew members and trouble seemed inevitable. By the time I took the launch back at ten o'clock that night one could tell that all hell was going to break loose and no captains warning was going to

help. Next day resulted in at least five crew members being sent home early. On the last launch I would load up all the cases that we had purchased dock side and bring them back to the ship. Other officers would unload the cases and store in the ward room locker. The next morning at about ten the ship slipped out of the Villefranche port and on its way to Marseilles just a few hours away as the ship cruised at about 22 to 26 knots an hour. I remember entering Marseilles on the evening watch and while on deck thought it to be pretty industrialized and with numerous small shipping vessels. Again this port was time to make up some sleep so I only went to the dock side and back just to say I had visited Marseille. Barcelona was next on the itinerary and was an overnight short trip. The port of Barcelona is very flat and ships can tie up in port at dock side this obviously gave me more time to spend investigating the local history and museums. Of course bars were included. The dock in Barcelona has two large Horses on the parapet of the terminal and are quite massive in structure.

Well the Caronia crew were noted for leaving there mark to identify the ship had passed that way. During the night both horses got painted in red white and blue what a commotion the next day and the captain was pretty mad when addressing the crew. Only officers could go ashore the next day. Shore leave was cancelled for the Seabee's as they were called. Cunard had to pay the bill for clean up and the crew would not be released for leave until Lisbon in Portugal. Barcelona I was requested by Cooks to attend the tour to Montserrat on the Sunday. Montserrat sits about four thousand feet up in the Pyrenees mountains and is accessed using very narrow roads. The journey is about fifty miles from the center of Barcelona and wound very slowly up the pass to the plateau on the top. The coach actually if you sat in the front, as I was, would protrude over the road edge as the tight turns were made. I could see a straight drop down several hundred feet into a valley below pretty scary to say the least. At times we would have to back up into a layaway so the farmers with their horse and carts could pass. On arriving at the top it was a wonderful site the church at Montserrat. Lunch was served in a cloister area. They were snack packs with red checkered table clothes made up from the ship and carried in wooden baskets so it was pretty neat, as we all sat around and talked about the hair raising trip up the mountain. About twelve o'clock the choir sang inside the church and their voices echoing through out the church were just beautiful to listen to. There was a monastery about a further two hundred feet up the sheer side of the mountain a small cable car holding just four people would slowly ratchet its way to the top but what a view of the surrounding country side and Barcelona in the distance. This is a must trip if either of you get a chance. On returning to Barcelona I spent a little time with John Bishop and we went out for a few beers later in the late evening. The side walk café's were quaint and very relaxing as one sat out on the main street or concourse. I noticed the police carried machine guns that was kind of odd but as the Basque nation to the north were causing trouble and it made sense. Even as I write they still have skirmishes with the local police as the wish to be separatist from Spain. This City was also the home of Picasso in his youth and Paris. The recent Olympic games were held in Barcelona just before the USA. I understand the city is changed with all the new construction and infrastructure required to support such an event.

Gibraltar overnight trip and arriving the next day its pretty impressive to see the rock and its apes running wild all over it. Spain is annexed by a flatland and the rock itself

and one cannot fathom it out how Spain never attacked and reclaimed the rock back. Its said that if the apes leave the island the British will also. Today its still under British rule. Other than the being the gateway to the Mediterranean and of course a strategic gem I believe there is little to see except that its totally British in parliamentary rule and customs. Closing out the Cruise was the last port of call that being Lisbon on the coast of Portugal that runs north south alongside of Spain but has a totally different language. The port has a very long and narrow entrance but two things that are spectacular are the statue of the Christ and a sculpture of Galleon of the Santa Maria standing at least eighty feet tall and made of solid concrete and very pronounced at the head of the harbor. Lisbon has some historical buildings but they are replicas of other European stately homes or buildings as well as the White House. What is unique are the homes they are very well kept and with flowers growing everywhere. Truly a botanist delight. Some ports were more interesting than others. From my writings you can tell and in some cases they are in detail others brief as was the experiences. Last leg to Cherbourg to meet up with the Queen Mary and transfer passengers, as they were on their way back to the USA. The final and journeys end was the eighty miles and the four hour stand by sailing Southampton Water. What excitement with Nana Pat on my mind and the thought of going home for a short period of time and then back to America.



“Time spent in the journey of destiny is never a wasted moment if we are happy and love ones self “

Brian R. Cripps

“I feel good “ James Brown

Summer Mediterranean

3

City	From	To	Cruise	Remarks
NEW YORK	AUGUST 17TH	AUGUST 20TH	PORTSIDE	Layover
NEW YORK	AUGUST 20TH	SEPTEMBER 28TH	MEDI CRUISE #2	
NEW YORK	SEPTEMBER 28TH	OCTOBER 2ND	PORTSIDE	Layover

Fall Mediterranean

4

City	From	To	Cruise	Remarks
NEW YORK	OCTOBER 2ND	NOVEMBER 20TH	MEDI CRUISE #3	
SOUTHAMPTON	NOVEMBER 20TH	NOVEMBER 20TH	PORTSIDE	Layover 8hrs
LIVERPOOL	NOVEMBER 22ND	JANUARY 2ND	PORTSIDE	Lay-Up Retrofit

NORTH CAPE

MEROK

On the Geirangerfjord, one of the most beautiful in Norway, lies the charming village of Merok. A motor coach excursion journeys past the glacial lake of Djupvatn to the snowy heights of Dalsnibba Peak where expansive views of the Geiranger Valley and Fjord unfold.

BERGEN

An excursion of this busy old Hanseatic city begins with local sightseeing and a visit to the neighboring village of Fantoft. Here stands the graceful 13th century tower of its kirk, reminiscent of the one in Scandervig. Another tour by automobile includes sightseeing of Bergen and Fantoft, and features a visit to Trollhaugen, the home of the great Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg. Bergen and the resort villages of Voss, Stalheim, Gudvangen and Flam are offered in a unique two day excursion by train and motor coach, returning to the CARONIA in Oslo.

STAVANGER

On the south shore of the Bøken Fjord lies Stavanger, one of Norway's oldest cities and major seaports. Bustling with industry and proud of its ancient beginnings, Stavanger holds a varied charm with its remarkable blend of ancient and modern architecture. A motor coach tour of Stavanger acquaints its members with both the new and old sections of the city.

OSLO

The beautiful capital of Norway offers cruise passengers a varied and extensive program of excursions. A sightseeing tour of Oslo includes a visit to Frogner Park with its famous Vigeland sculptures and Vigeland fountain and moorland, a trip to the Skokholm island and the "Polar Museum." Oslo is also offered from Stockholm. Oslo to Stockholm for those passengers who wish more time in the Swedish capital. A three day rail tour from Oslo visits the old city of Karlstad and on to the popular quaint village of Falun, returning to Stockholm and the CARONIA. A flight from Oslo commences a three day tour to Gothenburg, Sweden's second largest city and a center of culture, where fine examples of Carl Milles' works can be seen in the museum. The tour continues to the historic city of Kalmar from which there is an interesting excursion to one of Sweden's famous crystal factories.

STOCKHOLM

Stockholm, the city on the water, provides attractive tour itineraries for the CARONIA passenger. A sightseeing program in Stockholm includes a drive to both North and South Stockholm and a visit to Skansen where a performance of Swedish folk dancing is given near the famous open air

museum. A motor boat tour through Stockholm's many canals is also featured. A gala dinner with entertainment is scheduled for an evening excursion. During the afternoon, a motor coach excursion is afforded the opportunity to visit the city of Uppsala and the unive and included in this tour. Sigtuna and to vary owned c

Automobiles at sightseeing in the city of Uppsala. Olympic Stadium colorful Marks Moscow tour originating from Moscow tour itinerary including former summer palace and now richest collection opera performance Kremlin, the Soviet Perman stores, the Moss of interest. T includes sightseeing of Warsaw, central Park, Ze and Science. CARONIA in

Visby, an ancient city, is the first member of the Baltic Sea. A sightseeing tour of Visby is offered from Stockholm. Visby to Stockholm for those passengers who wish more time in the Swedish capital. A three day rail tour from Oslo visits the old city of Karlstad and on to the popular quaint village of Falun, returning to Stockholm and the CARONIA. A flight from Oslo commences a three day tour to Gothenburg, Sweden's second largest city and a center of culture, where fine examples of Carl Milles' works can be seen in the museum. The tour continues to the historic city of Kalmar from which there is an interesting excursion to one of Sweden's famous crystal factories.

On the coast of the North Sea lies West Germany's immense seaport city of Hamburg. Long the hub of German shipping, Hamburg has emerged as one of the most cosmopolitan cities in all of Europe. An excursion has been planned for city sightseeing including a drive into the city's outskirts where intimate glimpses of Hamburg's suburban life can be enjoyed. There also is a tour to the old city of Holsten. An overnight excursion includes Berlin, the former capital of Germany and includes the Western Sector, the Olympic Stadium, the old Reichstag and Brandenburg Gate; and the Eastern Sector, including the Soviet Embassy, the statue of Lenin and the Leipzigerstrasse.

Queensferry is the port for the city of Edinburgh, whose ancient buildings are full of memories of a

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There will be no organized tours at these ports as cruise members generally prefer to exercise their own choice of sightseeing or post-cruise travel. Because the cruise will terminate during the height of the summer tourist season in Europe, passengers who plan to remain in Europe after the cruise are advised to consult the office or travel agency through which they booked passage and make reservations for independent travel as far in advance as possible. The facilities of the Foreign Independent Travel Service of American Express Company are available through your travel agent.

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June-July-Aug

CRUISE 1961

romantic past. A sightseeing tour of the city includes visits to Edinburgh Castle and the Palace of Holyroodhouse. An overland excursion into Scott's Country takes tour members from sightseeing in Edinburgh to Abbotsford House, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and Dryburgh and Melrose Abbeys. Automobiles drive along the scenic route to Stirling, Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond and many other Scottish villages famed in poetry and prose. A journey to Glenaeags is also featured in an overland tour. Some of the most beautiful country in all Scotland is enjoyed on this excursion. Herds of heathered glens are passed as the tour drives through the Glenaeags Hotel accommodations are provided in Edinburgh, Balmoral Castle and Braemar. The tour drives through the scenic, Glasgow, Loch Lomond and the famed Loch Lomond Thankful Pass.

From the charming seaside resort of Dun Laoghaire is an excursion into Sootland, passing Loch Gilphead, the port for Dublin, and the famed Loch Lomond.

OBAN

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DUN LAOGH

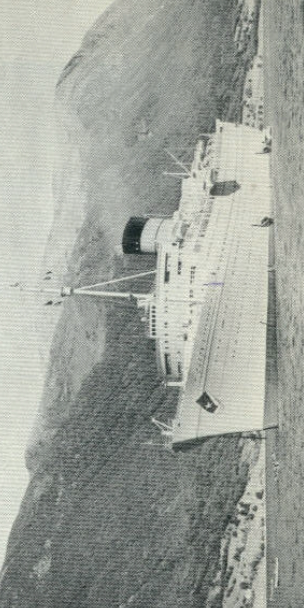
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GLENGARRIFF

An excursion by motor coach from Glengarriff on lovely Bantry Bay visits the land of the Irish lakes - Killarney. Here the Emerald Isle becomes a reality of quaint country villages, merry horse-drawn jaunting cars and memorable vistas of lake and sea.

LE HAVRE • SOUTHAMPTON

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Dublin, Ireland



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Nine

The Second Caronia Cruise North Cape 1961

On arrival home, I knew I was going to have once more a problem with my father . How could I scheme around what was to be a major confrontation. Mom to the rescue as was the case most of the time. The second day, after dad had gone to work I sat down and had a lengthy talk with my mother over a cup of tea about my future intentions. She said in her heart she knew that I would not be part of her life on a permanent basis. Her quote was, “ God only loaned you to me for the shortest of time”. Growing up and maturing means

new pathways and challenges. She also said,” I'm hoping that I have equipped you well for your future” and then sadly cried for a short period in my arms. Her only request was that as long as she lived I would not become American she said it would break her heart. As you all well know I'm still a British citizen. I have reservation about becoming an American although I have spent many years here. Maybe it's in the back of my mind that there is always a safety net if things ever do go badly for me. Who knows only God. After the emotion of the moment she said “I will take care of it with your father”. No further dialog was needed and I went about shore leave and running backwards and forwards to the ship moored at the old dock. Time home as



Nana Pat –19 years

Young and Restless

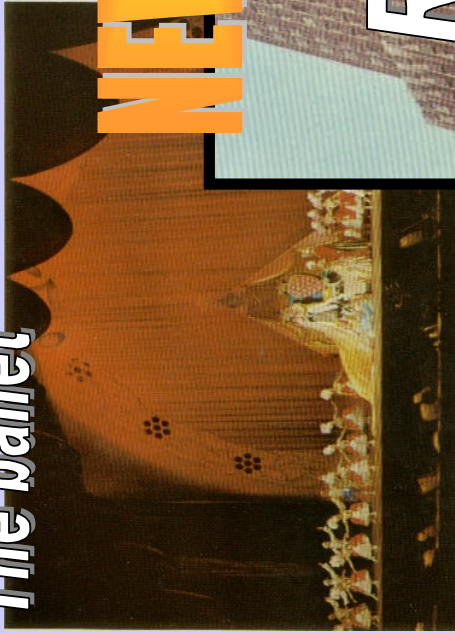
short as it was just a week and was a never ending state of go, go, go. Parties and drinking and just moving around Southampton visiting all the night clubs and coffee houses. Some of my steward friends had cars and would pick me up at around 11-00 am to go out for a few beers and have a good time. The after noon s would be spent gambling at the Roulette tables in the special and illegal night clubs. Money was no object as we had all got paid off when the cruise was completed as was required by maritime law.

I recall I had accumulated just in a short time about £300 pounds and that was a lot of money for seven days home to spend. John and Geoff were both settled down and making arrangements for marriage and I did not see them. But of course did visit Mrs. Moody to find out all the goings on as we used to say. During this period I was responsible and went and paid about an additional £100 pounds off of my account for the uniforms and clothes I had on tick. The leave ended on June the 18th and we set sail for New York on a Transatlantic crossing with about 1500 passengers onboard. The weather was calm and the trip went off with out a hitch. Arriving in New York on June the 23rd I was lucky to get days instead of a full watch. This meant that most evenings I would be away from the ship from 4-00 pm until 8-00 am. This worked out perfect and I would be able to spend more time with Nana Pat as she would be off from work in the evenings also. I was now getting the hang of New York cabs and knew my way around Manhattan Island pretty good. Directions and North , South, East and West are not Nana Pat's greats attributes. I called soon as the boat docked and made arrangements to meet that evening. As I hailed the cab outside the pier at 50 th street it came to a screeching stop after traveling over the wet cobbled stone drive way. "Sir could you please take me to Isham street Upper Manhattan" "jump in" was his reply. The cab took off at a thundering pace and I thought to myself what's the hurry? Well it was about six o'clock in the evening and this was rush hour in New York no time to spare or waste. This constant motion always got me excited about New York. People going nowhere but in such a hustle bustle attitude. One thought just don't step in a persons way you might get knocked down or just abused verbally for being an idiot. New York has a very brash way about it but you will always know where you stand with a New Yorker and up front it will be said. Beyond their hard shells though there stands a very kind and gracious person in a New Yorker much to most peoples surprise. Racing up the ramp and on to the West Side highway was the start of a twenty minute trip. The drive as the evening sun was setting is very interesting as one parallels the River Side drive running just a few blocks over to the east. St Johns The Devine Episcopal church is on River Side drive. The journey will wind and twist with great number of curves as this highway is elevated for most of the way and follows the coast line of Manhattan. Around 135 th street heading North you catch the first glimpse of the George Washington Bridge having both upper and lower decks. The massive arches stretch the abyss between New Jersey and New York. As we passed under the structure the next exit off the highway was to the Cloisters. Exiting at about a mile passed this exit was Dyckman Street. The exit is the start of Washington Height's section of Manhattan and is a very cosmopolitan neighborhood or was in those days. After a brief stop the cab made its way to Isham street some ten blocks further to the north. "Ok buddy you're here \$4-20 cents" was his remark with a two dollar tip. I slammed the door and he took off in a rush to who knows where . Standing outside the apartment was kind of overpowering looking up at the buildings all red faced brick and with wrought iron escape ladders descending down

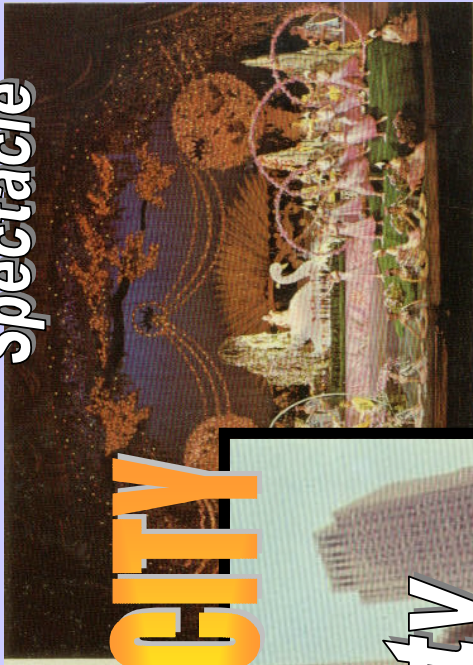
the outside. Several family members would be hanging out the windows on both sides of the street and conversing with other members at the street level. This conversation was kind of a yelling match as there would be several going on at the same time. The buildings were all about five or six story's in height and attached one after the other. Most buildings were walk ups as they say so it was walk up to the third floor. This particular building had a nice court yard lined with bushes before you entered the front door. A very distinctive door chime and annunciator was posted on the side. One would announce your name and purpose and the tenant for that particular apartment would acknowledge and release the door lock. As you entered the vestibule noticeably it was very , very clean and smelt of Lysol having just been mopped. The stairway and floors were made of Terrazzo with distinctive patterns and shapes embedded in it with tiles. Reaching the third floor and determined not to make the same mistake as the first date I rang the bell and waited. I was a little concerned as the last date had resulted in Nana Pat getting home at two in the morning and not as per the curfew at 12-00 pm. To my surprise Nana Pat answered the door and with such a kind smile begged me to enter. Your great Auntie Charlotte was in the kitchen cooking the evening meal as Harry her husband was not home. Auntie Charlotte was very pretty and conducted a conversation with such charm and made me feel very at home. I believe we had meat loaf that night as I was to be informed that I was to eat with the family. After supper all three of us took Spotty the dog for a walk in the neighborhood. All this was so interesting and intriguing for me and I was like a sponge and took it all in. This was a typical New York neighborhood where every one knew one another. It was a warm night and we walked up to the park and back . Nana Pat had a wonderful look in her eyes and I guess it was love and we acted as though Aunt Charlotte was there but yet not as our eyes glimpsed and our hands touched one another as we walked. I was excited as this was to be the night of the announcement in front of her brother. Later that night at about ten o'clock Harry arrived back at the apartment and I announced my intentions. He had little to say except ask Nana Pat is this what you wanted and with a yes it was official and quite a lovely evening talking and asking what our plans would be. Of course I would come to America as it was a great desire within me. Plans started I had to obtain a job as I knew this would make it a lot easier to Immigrate if I had a job offer . Harry thought I could get a job with The National Guard as a civilian attachment.

The three days I would spend with Nana Pat were just in bliss and with excitement traveling through my veins. As you must recall this was only the second time that we had together. On one of the evenings Kathy, Nana's friend showed up with Joe her fiancé and asked if we would like to go to a drive in movie located in the Bronx. Off we all went in Joe's car which was pretty large compared to English cars. It was a bright evening and just perfect for an outdoor movie. Much to Joes consternation Nana Pat and I had the back seat. Pulling into the open Theater I noticed rows and rows of stanchions or post protruding up like a cemetery would have head stones. With no comment expecting to look dumb I thought what the heck are they for. Reflecting back to English picture house I can recall small news shots of Drive In movies. Joe by now as we were early and darkness was not upon us pulled the car into a very good spot on the back row. My comment was why are we not up front of course this came with great laughter from all in the car. Joe while I was making the statement reached out and took off the hook from the stanchion, a big box, and hung it on the side of the window by lowering it and the attaching it

The ballet

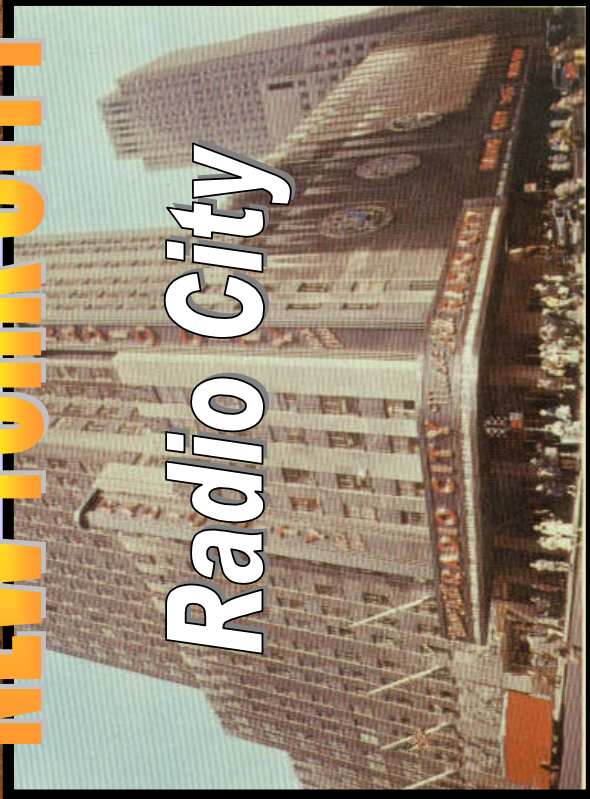


Spectacle



NEW YORK CITY

Radio City



36 Rockets



Holiday Fun

on the inside and then wound back up the window. He requested the back windows opened and I obliged. As I recall it was quite humid that night. Darkness came and it was announced that the movie would start in a few minutes and with immediate captions an advertising campaign started with all the local businesses and national ones like Coca Cola also. I was so intrigued with the massive screen and rows and rows of cars I believe the Drive In had spaces for at least 300 cars. The screen could accommodate the newest type of projection 3D. Well the movie started and for some reason I cant remember the feature film. The sound from the unknown box hanging inside the car was quite distinguishable and we all settled down to watch the movie as I thought. Not the case. As the movie played on both Kathy and Joe made out and with no intention of really watching the film. I was rather shy under these circumstances and it took me several minute to catch on to the fact that's what all the other cars with teenagers and young adults were doing. Well intermission came I had never seen so many car doors open at once and one big rush to the concession stand it was like the Oklahoma stampede. Being strategically located in the back made it difficult to negotiate through the long lines of cars up to the stand that sat right under the large screen. The bright lights and Marquee over the concession stand made it a what I call typical American Big, Brash and Beautiful to the imagination. The lines were long but the wait was well worth the effort. Well after purchasing large sodas, popcorn, and hot dogs we proceeded back to the car. As I looked at the paper plate another first the hot dog was so large it spilled over the edge I thought that this is enough for two meals as we stood outside the car food was passed through the window to the ladies. Joe exclaimed "keep my car clean and don't spill the Ketchup on the seat. He announced that it was so hard to clean it up as the seating was a weave of some sort and it matted pretty bad . Movie concluded and we made our way to the exit well strange things happened and we ended up going north on the Saw Mill Parkway instead of the Cross Bronx Expressway. Joe in his light hearted way said we had just as well take a ride to Westchester. It was fairly late by then about ten thirty and we had to be back at mid-night. Thinking to myself I said "Joe I hope you know what your doing as on the first date I got Nana Pat home late and this would not reflect very well on my character if it happened a second time". Speeding along at about sixty miles an hour we ended up around the Westchester Country club and got lost. Time now was marching on and I'm concerned for Nana Pat and my relationship with her family. The officer and gentleman was about to go out the window. After about thirty minutes we entered the Thomas Dewey Highway that runs down the west side of the Bronx and once over the bridge at 231st street you are then close to Nana Pats neighborhood. With one minute to spare we pulled into Isham street and with a quick good night to Kathy and Joe it was rush upstairs and in the door. We had made it and with my reputation still in tact. What a relief.

Sunday the watches changed and I was unable to meet with Nana Pat. Monday after work I met Nana Pat in Midtown and we strolled around Times Square, Radio City and ate in a small restaurant. If you ever get to New York its well worth the time just going in and out of all the small stores between 42nd street and 34th street as we did that night. My watch had changed and I was scheduled for the four to eight for the next cruise. We had a great evening just visiting around New York Mid town and then I took Nana Pat home in a cab. With a quick good by at the curb side on Isham street it was back to the boat and get some rest for the next watch. Tuesday was embarkation and passengers would start arriving

early morning. The dock side on this day is thriving with people and the noise from cabbies and stevedores is mind boggling. The ship was still having all the goods and supplies brought on board along with linens and bedding. Alongside the boat would be an oil tanker filling the boats storage tanks and fresh water would be last delivery as it was always the last necessity to be stored. Oil and water were checked by the engineer in charge and samples would be taken every day and checked for quality. This was just a very busy time at dock side and took several policemen to keep it all flowing in a reasonable manner. Trunks upon trunks came on board and ladies would be very cautious as to where they were going. The stevedores delivered them to the main Purser's distribution point and all ended up in the right cabin some how.

Passengers were allowed visitors but I believe limited to six if I recall correctly, well those rules were always broken. "Bon Voyage" parties and guest's were all over the boat two hours before sailing. It was quite difficult to get around the main decks due to the amount of corridor traffic and guests spilling out of each cabin. Champagne flowed and Hors D'oeuvres were sent up from the kitchen. Balloons and streamers everywhere. It was a very joyous occasion with merriment all around. Sadly to say at 1-30 pm the captain announced that all guests should now make arrangements to disembark; party over.

At two o'clock the boat pulled away and the most picturesque cruise was underway. Reykjavik was about six days sailing away around about two thousand seven hundred miles. The Caronia would cruise at around 20 Knots an hour and it is the equivalent of about one point one miles and hour. So in one twenty four hour period the boat would sail 528 miles approximately. The boat passed alongside Halifax Nova Scotia and then Newfoundland and afterwards headed out to open seas but sailed towards the Arctic Circle. The weather was dreary and rainy until we approached Iceland. The days at sea were pretty boring and all I did was write a letter to Nana Pat every day and sleep. I avoided the ward room and was a recluse during the six days at sea. There were a couple of special watches called when the boat sailed into iceberg territory. The resounding fog horn would sound for hours letting other ships navigating in the same waters know we were around. Icebergs are normally afloat in the early spring around April but as a precaution

we were called to stand-by watches for two days while sailing in the Arctic Circle. This meant eight hours on and four hours off watches, very demanding and tiring.



Reykjavik

Reykjavik was a Viking settlement and is noted as having the first Democratic Parliament. The islanders are very rugged looking but extremely friendly. I was not on tender duty so I took some time ashore and walked what was just a few blocks of stores. Polar bear throw rugs with the animal's head still attached were sold. I thought this to be so cruel and made me

feel ashamed that the human race would do such a thing. Ski shoes and leather hand bags and wood carvings are the specialty of the inhabitants. The island is noted for its hot wa-

Passenger List



Caronia North Cape Cruise of 1961



Cunard Line

1961



Cunard

The Caronia's annual North Cape Cruise, which sails from New York every June, is one of the most popular sea trips of the year. Capacity is limited to ensure the utmost in roomy comfort for everyone; and many enthusiastic travelers start planning for this trip close to a year in advance. There are dozens of special travel advantages that

Sail through a cool summer to Enchanted Lands



combine to make this cruise such a favorite: The Caronia, air-conditioned luxury liner assures comfortable, joyous living throughout your cruise; shore excursions are arranged by American Express, experts in land travel; the itinerary routes you through cool northern lands in mid-summer, and takes you to fascinating ports far from the ordinary tourist track.

You cross the North Atlantic to Reykjavik, Iceland; then up to Hammerfest, one of the most northerly towns in the world; to the North Cape, for the unforgettable experience of living in 24 hours of daylight, splashed with exotic colors; down the rugged Norwegian coast for a visit to Viking lands and the summer camp of nomadic Laplanders; along the 300 mile stretch of fjords, hugged by granite ledges and soaring peaks, fed by tumbling, roaring waterfalls. Your Caronia itinerary includes all four Scandinavian capitals: Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Copenhagen; extensive cruising in the Baltic with a visit to the Swedish Hanseatic Island of Gotland; a stop at the Polish seaside resort of Sopot and a delightful cruise up the Elbe River to Hamburg. And still, there is more to come — a comprehensive view of Scotland, visiting Edinburgh, class city for arts; and Oban, bonny vacation spot in the western lochs; and a swing around the Emerald Isle . . . Dublin, the great capital with the hospitable Irish air, and Glengarriff, tranquil beauty spot on the face of County Cork. Your last two ports are in France and England. Perhaps you'll decide to linger in Europe after the cruise. Your return fare on any scheduled Cunarder of your choice is included in the cruise fare.



NORTH CAPE

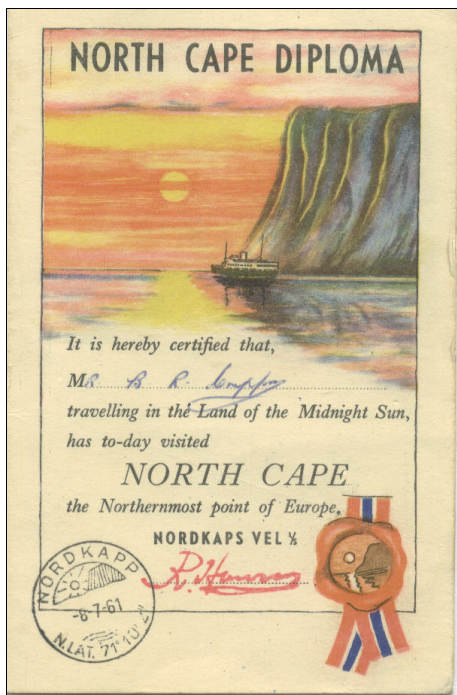
ter springs and outdoor open baths all used during the winter months also. These springs are fed from geothermal water deep under the surface of the earth and explode as vertical geysers at the surface. The minerals supposedly are good for your body to soak in and judging by the healthy look of the people it must be true. Recently I believe in the seventies a massive volcanic eruption took place and practically destroyed the whole lower part of the city that laid towards the ocean. Three thousand Islanders were killed and by the ash that was dumped on houses was twenty feet or more. The town was obliterated.



Laplanders

Continuing our journey it was off to Hammerfest close to the North Cape sailing took about three days. This stop was very brief one and I remember it was a beautiful warm day and the crew did some fishing of off the aft deck as there was no

shore leave. Throngs of Laplanders in canoes approached the boat some twenty to thirty in all. This is where I became annoyed with the American rich passengers. From the decks they would throw Oranges and other fruit out into the bay and the Laps would scramble for the fruit in their Canoes. The passengers would laugh at the fighting and literally the gnashing of teeth going on in the water. At about this time the movie The Ugly American was on the circuit in the movies houses and it was truly a reflection of the acts that were being portrayed on this day. Rich does not give one the right to degrade another human no matter what their station in life is. This whole act of a feeding frenzy was a disgrace to those who are such wonderful Americans. The Laplanders living so far up into the Artic Circle made them nomadic as they would relocate in the summer to the warmer climate to the south. The Caronia arriving was timed so that they could sell there meager goods and make money off of the tourist.



We made sail within a few hours and with the Norwegian pilot who would command the boat through the treacherous waters and fiords for the next twenty days. It was a short trip to the North Cape that is the most northerly point in Europe and just a few hours away. Arriving in the very calm and icy waters of the bay at the North Cape it was kind of eerie and over-cast. The time was 10-00 pm in the evening and still day light. This is where you really get the feeling of living in the Land of the Mid-Night Sun. No sun but it was an experience to look back on. The tenders were under way and I took the second one in to the dock with passengers. You could not see the top of the mountain as a mist covered it. The mountain is 1000 feet above sea level and quite a climb at about 11-30 pm I arrived at the Cabin atop of the mountain. The pathway up had moss cover and was slippery and you needed to be careful. It was slow going to the top. On arrival there was now

about fifty passengers milling around and as I poked my head inside the cabin that was about thirty by forty feet with and a small café located on the porch I thought “what a zoo inside” noise and laughing. Outside a huge wooden card standing at least fourteen feet high and eight feet wide with hundreds of visitor signatures affixed. Mine next was my thought the line was short as most of the passengers were buying up the store, this was the feature port. Somewhere on the board today must be my signature just confirming my visitation. Eventually I did get inside the store and purchase a certificate with the same photograph of the outside card and one could get your signature authenticated by the a duty guardian with a certificate in hand. In the attic is this certificate. Nana looked and with success to found it. We did not get back to the ship until three in the morning, still day light but gray like. The thing that struck me was the silence of the area no birds, animals and vehicle noise. It was as if time had passed this place by and one was in another time zone and place.

The boat raised anchor about two hours later and we were now in for a marvelous treat of



Glacier at Svartisen



Village of Bergen

scenery and picturesque villages along with majestic Norwegian cities at each port of call. The first day’s sailing was through the Lofoten Islands very tricky and needing the skill of the pilot. During the second day the boat sailed into a small fiord Svartisen. There is a famous glacier that flows right down to the waters edge. The glacier ascends very slowly away from the waters edge and I would say out about a mile and a half as it reaches its apex and joins the upper part of the mountain. Its very slick and watery on the surface and one cannot walk on it. It was strictly a viewing stop from the boat’s decks as was my recollection. Trondheim was the next port and I did go ashore with John Bishop and after a few beers got up enough courage to take the amphibious plane ride over and up the fiord . The plane revved up its engine and with six passengers on-board took quite a long time to eventually leave the surface of the fiord . What a sight flying over the Caronia and zig zagging across the fiord as the plane reach its final altitude. We flew for about twenty minutes the trip was pretty bumpy with air currents speeding upwards from the fiord. This was my first flying experience and what an event to remember. On arrival it was back to the bar to settle one’s nerves. So this

gives one some idea of the trip. The Norwegian ports were all very short visits and were a day at a time so the villages of Anndalsnes, Hellesylt, Merok and Bergen all passed very quickly and to me were all basically the same in culture and ancestry.

Stavanger was quite different as it was very quaint but industrial. I spent some time ashore walking the streets just to get the flavor of the Viking people,. The city has a charm about it also. Of course is very Norwegian or what we imagine to be a Norwegian look. Pelts of animals again were sold and were very cheap. The passengers seemed on a relentless purchasing spree and the launches were always covered with goods and articles of purchase on the way back to the boat. From Stavanger the boat set sail for Oslo the Capital city of Norway. The standby watch during the entrance to the port is very long as the ship weaves between a great number of small islands to its eventual mooring at port side. The famous Kon –Tiki raft that was used to sail from Chile to Australia without power is anchored in the harbor and is a magnificent site. We took a sightseeing trip before drinking in the local bars at dock side to Frogner Park.



Frogner Park Oslo

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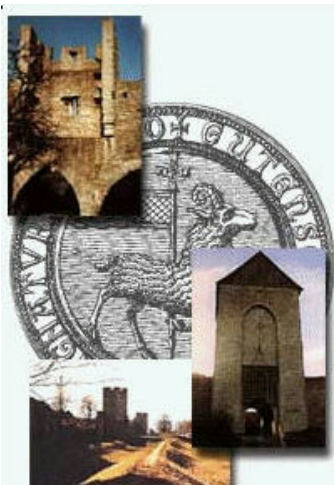
These statues stand at least twenty to thirty feet in height. The flower bedding is beautiful and the shrubbery blends well as a park. Its about I would think 100 acres and this is a guess but I was glad that I went and visited this well known feature of Oslo. The stop over was two days as we waited for passengers that may have taken the Overland journey from Stavanger. The next port was to be Stockholm in Sweden just a full two days sailing and with time to catch up on sleep.

The arrival in Stockholm was again a fairly long stand-by watch and as I was on the 4-00 am to 8-00 am. The boat moored very close in to the center of the city and was only a short distance to travel to the business district. At quay side just to sit and captures the attractiveness and similar life style of the Swedish people and relate to New York as the hustle bustle was inevitable . Architecturally the buildings have a 18th century look but very immaculately kept. Vessels in the harbor sailed backwards and forwards in a hive of activity and there was a constant sound of horns. The port, from the activity conducted a substantial amount of commercial cargo business. Commerce and transportation was conveyed throughout the numerous canals that are very clean. The cleanliness of Stockholm is what strikes one first and then people being friendly. First evening was spent in a local dance hall and it was very modern as the Beatles music was playing in bars café's and in arcades the song's belted out everywhere we went. The craze was on and Stockholm had the invasion of their music. Beatle mania had also reached the shores of America. After the dance ended at about 1-00 am we went back to the boat for rest before the 4-00 am watch started. I was very impressed with the attitude of the Swedish nation and their acceptance to go forward with modern times. Up sail as they say and we were off to Helsinki Finland being are next port of call. I recall there was kind of a market at dock side and it stretched about two blocks up a slight hill as we walked towards the City. The weather was just perfect seventies and sunny. Passengers at this port could elect to take side trips to Leningrad or Moscow as they were a relative short distance by coach. This made for small talk that was exciting as of course the cold war had already started and there was a lot of intrigue at that time visiting a communist country.

The communist bloc was intact and travel was very restricted to those countries. Passengers being some of the richest people in the world strings were pulled, need I say no more.

Helsinki held the great distinction of having a commercial building constructed with an Atrium Store that was four story's in height. We visited this beautifully manicured and immaculately clean store. A small elevator let us off at the top floor and we made our way around each level obviously window-shopping as it was very expensive the same up scale as a Nieman Marcus of New York. The sun shining through the wide-open skylights sparkled on the glassware in each breakfront or display unit. The light would change to various colors, as the refracted light would allow. I recall deep blues and greens and a pale orange glassware on display in marvelous modern shapes and ornaments for Christmas. After leaving the store we slowly walked back to the ship taking in the sights and the hustle bustle of the market. The quay was adjacent to all the commotion so it was then a quick trip in a tender launch back to the boat.

Departing after a short layover we sailed on to Visby on the Island of Gotland in the Baltic Sea this was now heading back in an westerly direction. I did have the pleasure of an



Gotland-Visbey

American Express tour at this port, as they were now the resident Travel organizing company for this tour. The landscape around the island of Visby is very rugged and steep with high cliffs along its coast. Streets are very narrow and you barely step out of one store and within two paces across the road into another store it's that narrow. Transportation is basically by bicycle. Islanders that inhabited this geographical wonder are mostly elderly people as the youth were drafted during the Second World War. This island is extremely pretty and has very white sandy beaches as I recall. Flowers grow in profusion throughout the island and people manicure the front and windows of their homes with boxes of flowers also. This island is one of Europe's best-kept secrets.

The evening after just a brief few hours in this port the boat pulled away from the island and set sail from Sopot Poland. This is the port is for the City of Gdansk. In recent years this city is now famous as the start of the fall of communism. Union Leader Lec Lewenska started the fight against the communist régime in the shipyards. The 20,000 workers from the shipyards became so belligerent and cohesive as a group that the Polish government caved in to their demands. Later this gentleman received the Nobel Peace prize for his courage. Enough said on this subject. This port I had little interest to go ashore but was very surprised when a whole platoon of communist guards came on board. These guards informed all passengers that money would not be exchanged on land. The officials would only allow a certain amount of money to be exchanged and it was very minimal. Statements were made to the fact that if one tried to get black market dollars ashore you would go to jail. I derived from these statements that it was not worth going ashore and went to sleep. The visit ashore for the passengers was a very short half a day and we set sail in the evening.

Copenhagen was next port of call and arriving in the early morning on a Monday on my watch gave me a chance to experience the arrival scenery and skyline. This port has a very famous mermaid at the entrance to the harbor and from the ocean looks very impressive. This is the land of Hans Christian Andersen the famous writer of children's novels. We moored and tied off at about eight o'clock and my watch was over. At ten I went ashore and took a long walk around the dock and local canals. The buildings were all very colorful and a neatly kept typical fishing port. In the evening we went to the Tivoli gardens what a sight with miniature lights adorning every structure. In the center of this complex was a dance hall and of course we all went that was about six of us. The women were very



Star Club Hamburg

pretty and modern in their style of dress in mini skirts. Mostly blondes and as the Beatles music was popular it was played all night long. Having had a few beers and feeling no pain we went back to the dockside. Time was now about two in the morning as we passed one of the noted bars a group of other Caronia officers summoned us into the bar and drinking stated all over again. My watch started at 4-00 am so I stayed for just a brief time and then crawled into bed for one hour before watch.

The next day on Tuesday we set sail for the Port of Hamburg in Germany the boat was towed in by tugs and anchored out in the river. Tendering once again gave me little time to see the city but after the evening watch and I was able to visit the Star Club where the Beatles were playing. The Beatles could not get started in England so they went on tour to Europe and were playing in Hamburg. What a crowd at the theater mobs of people milling around this music was truly going to be a phenomenon. It was impossible to get tickets so I just stood around and absorbed the spectacular of the night. After the concert started I made my way back to the ship. Jay walking in Hamburg was a major offense and you had to walk at all crossings. Special policeman were assigned the duty of issuing fines. Arriving back early it was time to catch up on sleep again ready for the short trip to Queensferry Scotland.



Edinburgh Castle

I remember waking up early in the morning and attending my watch ready for the arrival at this port of call. It was a typical overcast and misty morning as we anchored under the Forth Bridge about half a mile from the quay. The sun finally showed its head about 11-00 am as I was going ashore first stop the local pub. I mention this because this particular pub was used to take the Tavern The Haws Inn shots for the movie of Robert Louie Stevenson's book Treasure Island. One had to say that you had drunk at that same pub. After a few beers we took a cab into Edinburgh that was about eleven miles away. This

city with its famous castle is so impressive it keeps one in awe of the beauty. Castle or not

the people are just wonderful and very friendly. The gardens in front of the castle in what was the old moat are just amazing. The National Museum is a treasure and is a must to visit. Local sweaters and Tartan wool clothes all in various color patterns representing the clans can be purchased. And of course we did sample a couple of pints in one of the local pubs. The castle is so prominent in its structure it can be seen from nearly every street in Edinburgh. To this day if the weather was more cooperative with less rain it would be a great place to retire.

Around the top of Scotland through the Faroes was rainy and quite unevenful and after two days sailing we docked at Oban on the Western side of Scotland near the Isle of Mull. Very pretty place and is a vacation destination for a lot of British and Scottish people. Going ashore in the evening we met a nice group of people in the local pub and when time was called at eleven o'clock were invited to their homes. I say homes because the whole family we were drinking with in the pub at that time. Well little did we know these people were crofters and living in mud floor houses cut into the side of the mountain outside of Oban. This was a wonderful experience as they made us so welcome with what little they had and we all sat around a large wood burning stove that belched smoke into the room so it was very smoky inside as well as that going up through the mud laden roof. Food was bread cheese and beer all shared out of a common bowl. Sadly this night had to come to a closure I can recall it with the fondest of memories as having spent a short time with such lovely people. The cab came as we had previously arranged at 1-00 am and we slowly made our way back down the mountain to dockside. What an evening.

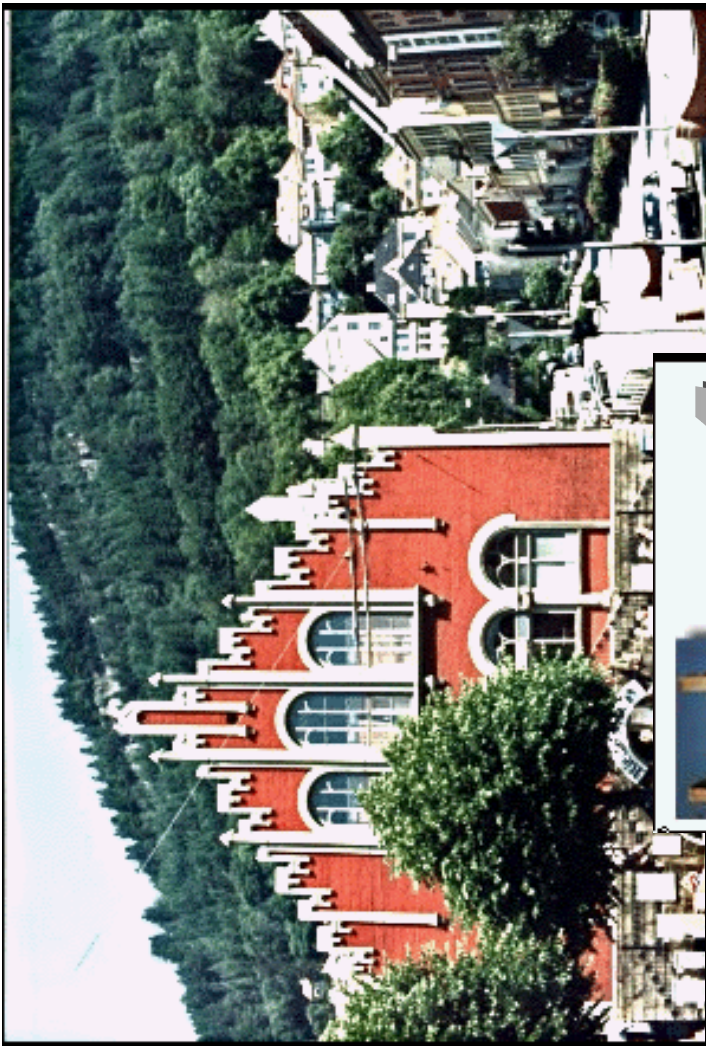


Glengarriff-Bantry Bay

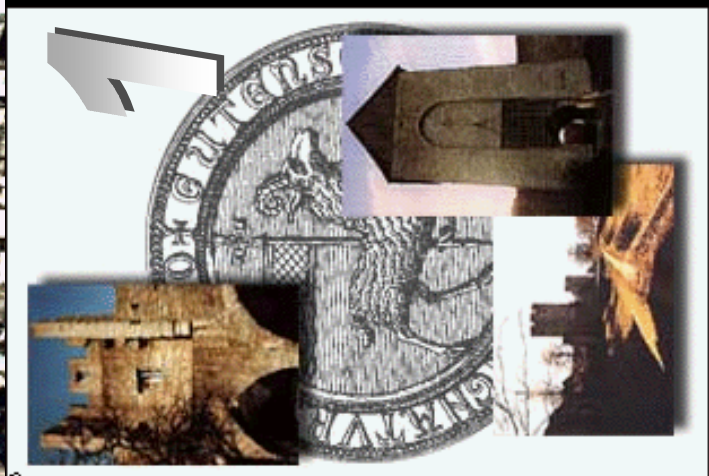
Ireland and the final country on the cruise was just a short distance away and we docked in Dun Laoghaire the port of call for Dublin. I had no desire to go ashore and regret it years later in retrospect. The passengers the majority left the boat and went on tours and would rejoin the boat in Glengarriff in County Cork at the southern tip of Ireland. This last port of call was over night cruising from Dun Laoghaire and we arrived in the morning at Bantry Bay, as was the case for most ports of call. Tendering was again used and I went ashore in the morning for a short period of time. The

people were extremely poor and with very little means to barely survive. In the main street. children played while their ragged clothes dangling from their frail bodies. No shoes were on their feet and most looked like they had not bathed in for quite awhile. Streets were very cluttered with branches and discarded materials not usable for preservation of the family. The striking thing to me was the capability of everyone to sell beer out of their homes. As soon as the boat arrived and the crew would go ashore shutters opened and beer would be made available to any one passing by each house.

One must realize that the boats crew probably spent £4000 pounds at each port so it was a



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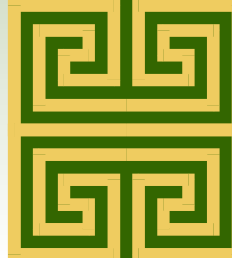
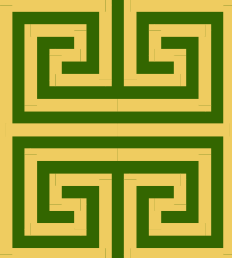


windfall for the local inhabitants. The local pub was only a short walk up the cobbled road. Needless to say we spent a few hours in this pub. At about twelve o'clock the owner who by now we were on good terms with invited us to the Bantry racetrack so off we went four of us in his old Humber car. We said we must be back by 3-30 pm and he said that would be the case. It was a nice day sun out and the racing day was typical Irish and with such enthusiasm. We did arrive back on time and made watch. I did not kiss the blarney stone that was a short distance away in County Cork. This cruise came to an end at Le Harve France and just two days later passengers disembarked and The Queen Elizabeth would take them on their final journey to The USA. Southampton Water was a welcomed sight but I would have stored in my memory such wonderful events and people to have met. This cruise was certainly one of the high lights of these chronicles and I hope you will all get some pleasure out of reading about my adventure in time.



“The window of opportunity opens for such a brief moment in time. One’s inner sense must seize the chance to pursue the uncharted course and prevail”

B R Cripps



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Ten

Exodus

After a quick turn around at Southampton I was on my way back to the USA. Nana Pat and my self had the pleasure of attending our first wedding together as it was Auntie Charlotte's niece Jeannie's. This was a typical Italian New York wedding and nothing was spared. The bride looked absolutely beautiful and the groom very smart her husband being of Italian descent. The wedding held in a Catholic church in Queens was with a full communion. White Limos to usher both bride and groom attendants around Queen's for a few hours was the order of the day. The reception was at a local catering hall on Queens Boulevard and was very exquisitely decorated in an appropriate style of the time. The church had the aisles all lined with white lilies and being that it was scheduled in late after-noon required full dress tuxedo and tails. Each attendant wore a flower in his lapel and it was just a splendid occasion for all. At the reception it was a full sit down meal roast beef or chicken. There was a hour of Hors D'oeuvre and what a magnificent spread. A full dance band played oldies and modern tunes. This gave me some idea as to what I was in for in the future. Cost was not mentioned but from Harry's remarks it was not cheap about \$7000 dollars lot of money at that time. After learning about the cost I was pretty scared of the possibility of my future wedding leaving me completely broke and working to pay it off for years. Beer flowed pretty well and we were assigned a table with a very happy go lucky group and Nana Pat and myself fitted in well.

The early evening was a complete success and we eventually left the reception and were invited back to Jennie's house and I met Howie her father. The house was full of gifts for the newly weds. We passed the evening with just wonderful conversation and laughs. I believe Jeannie came back for a while to join the party and then left for her honeymoon. In the kitchen they counted



Young and Restless

the money they were given from guests and it was an astronomical amount in my humble terms. The wedding would be paid off and with money to spare. What a relief you could see it in their eyes as the grand total was assembled. Later that night I would make my way back to the boat to sleep and rest until Sunday evening at eight o'clock when I got off watch. Nana Pat that evening just wished to take a stroll in the neighborhood and we did. I believe this was just to show the friends that I did exist and was not a figment of her imagination. Introducing me to friends and neighbors was pleasant and we even took a stroll down to Dyckman Street. On the way back we stopped in a small soda store and I had a milk shake for the first time. Soda stores I had seen in the movies but never imagined them to be so clean with and sparkling chrome or stainless steel and so well kept was all the equipment. We just hung out and made light talk as I absorbed the moment in time. New exciting and very New York style with people conversing across the room this was strange to me as in England every one is quite so reserved. This was a lovely evening and was my last as we set sail the next morning on the high tide. This cruise was the Mediterranean & Black Sea cruise starting late September and ending late November in Southampton. Most of the ports were the same as the Spring Mediterranean Cruise and I will skip them, as there was little to do ashore as I had visited most of the ports before.

The latter part of the cruise however was quite different as we left Tunisia and made sail



The Pyramids

towards Alexandria Egypt I will pick up the cruise at this juncture in time. Alexandria was very flat and as we approached as I was on deck watch, the stench of sewage could be smelt from at least two miles out to sea. The odor would remain with the boat the whole time we were docked some four days. When we moored at dockside the rat cones went on the tie ropes so that rats would not get on board the ship. They were placed about every fifteen feet along the ropes and for good reason as at night while on the 4-00 am to 8-00 am watch I could watch several rats at a time trying to climb the ropes. Well John Leighton and myself decided we were going to visit the Pyramids and invited other officers to come along. We would lease a van and split the cost. The van would hold seven and we were able to fill it with no problems. Beer was to be supplied

so it was my duty to get it from the lockup refrigerators in the galley. No problems I made arrangements with one of the chefs and it was taken care of, to have ice-cold beer for the trip across the desert. Six cases were ordered. The group was not going to pay for beer so we took it along any way as we thought we could barter with it if it was not consumed. The trip started about eight in the morning and it was about a two hour run into Cairo straight across the dessert with no watering holes (pubs). We had a moving Oasis on board with all the beer stashed away. Air conditioning did not come with the van so it was windows wide open and plenty of beer to keep you cool except it was not for the non-paying members of the trip and they suffered. The road trip joined and ran along side of the Nile about twenty miles from Cairo. People of the Nile delta are extremely poor, as was the rest of Egypt at that time. We passed very little except for small fishing villages

along the Nile. Mules were used for either ploughing or turning the water wheels that fed the surrounding land. The vegetation was very lush even though it was very hot. By mid-day the temperature would reach ninety degrees. We arrived at the center of Cairo and were informed by the cab van driver to make our way back to the same spot at 10-00 pm at night. We were adjacent to the new Nile Hilton that was under construction at the time. The group broke up and John and my self went first to the Cairo Museum and what a treasure it is. Very stark was the architectural feature and a typical alabaster in color and with tinges or orange, sand color mixed in. Roof of the courtyard was red tiled. These combinations gave it a typical Middle Eastern look.

During the visit we came across a class of young children enjoying a day out at the museum. After a few words they asked us if we would draw the tomb of a mummy and the surrounding area. Well pencil to paper in hand and a few beers under our belt we accomplished it with great delight to each child and continued until all twelve of the class had a sketch each. With giggles and many thanks from their teacher they left. As we strolled the densely populated streets we came across a Mosque. Pausing for a while to watch a religious man recited the Koran in a singing voice while sitting cross-legged. He had three students around him and they would all repeat in harmony his words. This was fascinating to watch. We did remember to take off our shoes, as is the custom when entering the Mosque.

Mid afternoon was approaching and it was time to head out to the pyramids hailing a taxi just as a local bus passed left us covered in dust. Bodies were hanging on the back windows sides and any structure they could fit. The bus was the only means of getting around, bodies every-where dangling as the bus made its way around Cairo. The Taxi followed the bus and we did have the privilege of seeing the residence of at that time King Farouk. It was a pink building but exact replica of Buckingham Palace in London. Several very expensive Rolls Royce Silver Clouds were outside in the courtyard. King Farouk was one of the richest men in the world at that time and had him self weighed with gold bullion that he owned. He supported some twenty odd stone at that time two hundred and eighty



Sphinx

pounds and was just five feet five in height. If you convert to troy ounces it was 5376 ounces of gold. At to-days value of \$300 an ounce equates to \$1.6128 million. After a brief stay it was off to the outskirts of Cairo to the southwest heading for the pyramids. On arrival we were mounted onto camels. The ride to the pyramids this was my first. With head dress just like an Arab we slowly made our way to the three marvelously preserved pyramids and of course the famous Sphinx. This Sphinx had its nose blown off because of Napoleons armory cannons constantly using it for target practice. What a huge structure you just could

not miss it. At the bottom of the pyramids we dismount our camels. First there was the bet with a small young lad who said that he could climb to the top of the pyramid and back in less than three minutes. Sucker bet as they say but worth the one dollar. About twenty people bet and at the start with sound of a whistle off he went scrambling up the face of the pyramid. One must bear in mind that the pyramid was constructed of limestone rock



Tunnel Entrance

at least eight feet long and by ten feet by ten feet square on the ends. These blocks are in some cases 16 tons in weight. His path to the top was pretty quick and with a white scarf waved at the top. Two minutes and fifty seconds later he appeared at the bottom. Question was it the same boy that left at the start? who knows they all looked alike but we lost and they kept the money. Next was the walk up inside the Pyramid quite something to remember the passage starts out fairly wide but as you ascend it gets very narrow and eventually you are almost on your knees crawling the last fifty yards to the top through the passage way. The tunnel opens up into a cavern in the middle and about 1000 feet up. Not much to do except say mission accomplished.

Later that evening as the sun set and what a glorious site as the big red ball slowly disappeared behind the Pyramids. We sat out on the balcony of the restaurant and sipped a few beers with a spectacular movie show of the Pyramids and with a narrator describing all the events leading up to modern time. This was very interesting and well worth the hour and a half. Quickly we departed so that we could get back to the van at The Nile Hilton. On arrival all members were present. We had about a half hour to spare. A Casbah was close and I bought a beautiful Onyx stone ring and it's the one I have in my jewelry box today. The ring is always a reminder of the one-day trip in Cairo. The third day of our layover at Alexandria was my birthday and what a bash that was. After watch we had a spread prepared by the first class chef in my cabin and beer was laid on. The chef made a fantastic Bacardi punch and it was all served up in the first class punch bowls on loan of course. Music was blasting out and it was just good fun.

Next stop on the port of call was Haifa and again I was lucky to be invited by American Express to tour Bethlehem and Nazareth. The vegetation in Israel was very sparse and with olive trees and dates being the only exportable products that would grow in this environment.



Nazareth

The trip was very interesting and I was pleased with the visit to Nazareth the home of Jesus. I remember walking up the hill towards the residence and the Church of Joseph and again the stench of sewage very prevalent, as the only means of disposal were open troughs running down the sidewalk as we walked along. On arrival the house was very impressive and had a certain reverence about it. The church is built adjacent to a sacred site. Jesus is said to have lived in the fairly large room in the center and was all one room as I recall. Steps lead one down to the lower floor from the

front door. The entrance to the house obviously had a souvenir shop outside in the chapel and I purchased a Bible for Nana Pat. I was so happy with this purchase as I thought she would love it. After two days we set sail for Rhodes and then Istanbul, Turkey. The Caronia made a short stop at this port and then it was off to Yalta in the Black Sea.

The Dardanelles and then the Bosphorus leading to the Black Sea are very narrow and the stand by was quite long. We started out passing under what was the first of the cables being strung across the gap between Turkey and Greece for the bridge that now is one of the most traveled bridges in the world. Well it was hair raising as the mast cleared by the smallest amount of space underneath. Boy was everyone concerned as this was a power cable and would have caused a serious problem for the boat. With this incident over it was clear sailing through the Bosphorus. The narrows or passage for the ship has only a few feet on each side to pass. When we entered the Black Sea a submarine net to block the entrance closed and we would be locked in. One must understand that the Berlin Wall was now under construction and the city would be annexed from the rest of Germany. The wall started being constructed in August 15th 1961. Political tension was high and we were now in Communist hands with eighteen hundred passengers on board.



Yalta Conference. From left to right: Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin

The sailing across the Black Sea had me concerned as the Russian Navy were following our boat with three submarines with their snorkels at times just penetrating the surface. I personally saw them four or five times while we cruised throughout the Black Sea. This constant surveillance made us all feel uncomfortable. After docking in Yalta I was again asked if I would like to tour with the passengers and we would go to the Czar's palace looking down into the bay. The house had been turned in to what I would call a very primitive hospital. I did not know at the time until we arrived that this was the original place where the Atlantic

Pact alliance was formed between Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt. The famous seat was located in the lower garden as the terrain sloped down to the sea. Yes I did get the pleasure of sitting on that famous seat and pondered what Churchill was thinking on that day in 1945. Yalta had, to my amazement a Coca Cola machine out on the sidewalk at a convenience store. This shows just how powerful the Coca Cola company was then and today remains the most internationally recognized. Most of the buildings and structures in Yalta were cheap versions and or imitations of the West. This city is today used as a vacation spot for the Russian workers. While in port several cruise ships set sail with Russian workers on board enjoying their one-week of R&R.

Special coaches were driven down from Moscow for the passengers to take trips to Odessa. The first night a party was thrown by American Express to welcome the tour guides and drivers. It was quite a night and the conversation one might think was limited but it was pretty international. Each of the tour guides was hand picked from the Moscow University and I'm sure were all party members. They could converse in English very well so it was a very pleasant evening. The next day the passengers took off for Odessa. The boat raised its anchor in the evening and we set sail for Odessa. This port was very industrialized and modern compared to Yalta. The passengers had stories to tell on arriving back at the boat two days later. All safely on board we set sail for Constanta in Romania.

Arriving in Constanta the tenders were once more used and it was again my duty to be as-

signed the task of transporting backwards and forwards to the quay that lay about a mile and a half from the boat. It took about ten minutes to get to shore.

The seas were quite rough and the small tender launches bounced around and a few passengers felt seasick. This city is noted as being very Greek and has a lot of history tied to



Istanbul

Greek Mythology. Problems arose the sea got so rough we could not tender. Night came and the passengers stayed ashore. The local Mayor made arrangements for the passengers to stay in the latest hotel being built. Passengers remarked it was just like a shelter with limited water, food, and blankets were issued and most people slept on the floor. I understand the Hotel had no furnishings, as it was incomplete.

What an ordeal for the rich American passengers, they certainly were not used to being treated in this fashion. As it was, the rough weather and it had lasted almost five days the boat was having difficulty at anchor and we were running out of water.

The captain decided to put to sea under these conditions he had no choice. I understand as the boat left and went out of site the passengers were extremely worried as they were now left in a communist land. We had to sail back to Istanbul passing both ways through the submarine nets now being opened and closed as we passed. Replenishing the ship with oil and water and returning took about three days sailing. The passengers had now been, almost a week at the hotel. I understand they had a lot of fun and when we arrived back and were just glad to be on board again. After a short embarkation we set sail once more for Istanbul and then to Athens which was the third time that year.

The cruise and port of call were identical to the Spring Mediterranean Cruise so very little time did I spend ashore visiting. But I did do some socializing with the officers. Matter of fact we played a football game in Naples against a local men's club that was very enjoyable. The climax to this cruise was that when the Southampton Water stand-by was called all the oilers and greasers refused to go on watch. This was declared a Mutiny at sea by the captain and was very serious as it put some 1500 passengers at risk. There was quite a lot of concern down below, as at first they would not let the officers man the boilers and keep the boat at full steam. Each member of the group of some fifteen in all had a wheel key that is a very lethal weapon. If struck by this tool and with the hook on the end it would cause some serious damage. The chief engineer negotiated some form of deal and at least the engineers were permitted to man the boilers. I was on deck so I did a lot of running between the engine room and the deck officers on the bridge explaining the situation down below. Passengers were not aware of the problem at hand. The boat pulled into the new docks at about 10-00 am in the morning. From the Sun Deck I could see what was going on. Soon as the boat docked at least twenty policemen came on board. About six stayed ashore with rifles drawn it was the first time I had ever seen a policeman with a gun in his hand. It is not routine to have a gun in England and is still the same to day. Well after about half an hour all the greasers were lead ashore hand cuffed and locked into the paddy wagons and were sped away. This event made big headlines the next day in all the

major newspapers. The press followed this case very closely during the pretrial and at the court. Several months later after I had resigned from Cunard the case came to court. The ring-leaders were sentenced to ten to twelve years the others varied from five to seven years this was a very serious crime unbeknown to the crew members. So this was the last port of call at Southampton and the passengers disembarked. Quite and eventful cruise to say the least. I did not sign off in Southampton as I was asked to stay on board until we docked in Liverpool. I had already resigned from the Cunard Company and would be paid up until Christmas if I would sail around the South Coast to Liverpool. The additional pay would be very helpful as my plans were now focused on America. That year the Caronia would be retrofitted in Liverpool. I signed off on the 25th of November one month before Christmas. I made my way home by train and arrived about the 30th after having spent a few days with a friend in Liverpool.

Well Christmas passed and it was time to get a new job. In January my father informed me that Thorneycrofts were hiring for the lay ups and are short of men.

Down to the Union head quarters in Southampton and enquired as to the possibility.

Mr. Laughman was a friend of my fathers and was head of the union. Brian he said my brother needs help down at the New Docks to-night on the night shift can you make it. Sure was my reply. He called and I was to report at 7-00 pm with gear and tools. I was now what we call back on my tools as a journeyman. Pay scale was the best around at about ten pounds a week and that was one and a half times what my father was making so this is was a chance to save for my trip to the USA. Arriving at Dockside #106 a Banana, boat had just arrived from South Africa on the high tide and was docked. Mr. Laughmans brother lined me up with a teammate and gave us our work orders. Six motors needed overhauling and had to be removed and shipped back to the shop and turned around by the following night shift. The whole retrofit was scheduled for just twenty-six hours. Tackle it we did and by mid-morning they were on their way to the shop in Woolston.

That same day in the evening we received them back and fitted them up in place for the millwrights to couple. The labor in the docks was controlled by the unions and each journeyman had to work only on that which was under your union contract. After finishing the task Mr. Laughman came up to me and said put down twenty-six hours on your time sheet and go home you're finished for this week. Well two days later he called and said I was to be assigned to his section of men and to report to the Old Docks this time.

The Canberra had been moored and tied off that afternoon. On reporting to the shop set up on-board Mr. Laughman said I was going to get about eight weeks work on the night shift. This was terrific as it was a twelve hour shift and would be seven days a week. This would mean and automatic 4-hours every night overtime time and half and 24 hours at double time for Saturday and Sunday less taxes which was about 26% I would come home with about £50 pound a week if things went well. Not my luck after about six weeks the ship was in good shape after being fit out and was ready for her maiden voyage.

I was laid off and had to find another job. I had made enough money to secure a passage on the United States line leaving on September the 27th.

Now having time on my hands I could concentrate on my immigration papers and all the necessary confirmation of a job needed to secure a Green Card as it was termed in those days. This was mid February and I had what I thought enough money to get to the USA. My stipend for living home was five pounds a week and with seven months to go would

mean about thirty weeks equating to £150 pounds, I still owed fifty pounds on my uniforms I purchased for Cunard. I had saved I think about £600 pounds. So with all that was going on it was tight. I still did not slow down and would hangout with the boat boys and that took quite a bit of money. All in all there was quite a concern about what I was going to do with Nana Pat as she was scheduled to arrive May 5th for a visit.

My mother would keep asking how much you got now in the bank and I would just say enough. My sister Mavis offered to give me money for an engagement ring and I declined as I said our courtship was past that stage. Marriage was being arranged in New York for October and I asked her to keep it a secret. As days moved along my father and I drifted apart as I was not working and over me going to the USA. He would barely speak to me except for a good morning if was up at the same time at 6-00 am. Lunch I was never around and at supper it was off out with all the friends off the boats whom ever was on leave at the time or in the same financial position as myself unemployed benefit. I did receive unemployment for about three months so that helped towards my keep.

Nana Pat arrived on May 5th and it was Cup Final day that year and England stops dead on that day to watch it on TV or listen on the radio. I had arranged with John Turner a friend of my mother to pick up Nana Pat at the London Airport at about 7-00 am in the morning. Well the plane was on time and with customs out of the way we were on our way home to Eastleigh by about 8-30 am. The journey took about an hour and a half and we arrived at approximately 10-00 am. My father said that Nana Pat could only stay that day in our home as she must be a tramp. Well I was going to make arrangements for her to stay in an hotel in Southampton rather than fight the issue. My mother when we arrived was so loving and wonderful and made Nana Pat feel quite at home. Dad fussed around and would talk to her ever once in a while. Well the guys all arrived at 2-30 pm to watch the game and meet Nana Pat. John and Geoff along with Vernon Dover who was also a close friend. The game went off and we were all excited and having a few beers while Nana Pat was in the back dining room having tea with mom and getting sandwiches made for the break at half time. Dad was slowly talking to Nana Pat and after a long period of time which was just after the half time of the game he called me and I can always remember this moment as he pulled me aside in the hallway and said she is just beautiful and such a lady that she could stay with us. Boy was I happy at that time Nana Pat did not know all this was going on. The trip over had cost her quite a lot of money in those day \$398 and she was struggling to make things work out in New York.

Its amazing even today you can get to England for that same amount on special deals during the off season. Last year I went for just four hundred and seventy dollars, I forget who was playing but it made no difference as I was in seventh heaven now Nana Pat could stay.

The next three weeks we would make plans and just have a great time with my mother. John would take us out with his wife on special trips like to Windsor Castle.

During week days in the evenings to small pubs out and around Upham and Bishops Waltham. We did go to London for two days and visited all of the sights.

This no body knows but on the third Thursday Nana Pat and myself went to the Registry Office in Southampton to get married. Well we would not be granted the license as Nana Pat was still considered a minor in England being under twenty-one. This would mean

getting a letter from her brother stating that the arrangement was acceptable to him. Disappointed we both were but knew that some how it was going to turn out for the good in the end. Sunday must have been around the 22nd of May she flew back to the USA. John Turner did me a favor again and did the driving to and from London airport. John really liked Pat and was happy for both of us and said he was so glad he could help as he felt badly about my situation with my father. John was truly a quite giant as he was at least six foot six and spoke with such a gentle and concerning voice. I'm glad Nana Pat had the chance to meet this man. Well it was now up to me to finish the arrangements on the English side of the pond as they say. In mid August I got the call to go for the second interview with the USA Immigration Authority at the London Embassy. The letter from the National Guard had arrived just two weeks prior stating that on arrival and starting the first week of November I would be a civilian attached to the National Guard Unit in the Bronx at Kings Bridge Armory. The letter was signed by the Commander in Chief and was sent on special military stationery and was very formal. This being my ammunition to secure a Green Card made me feel pretty confident about the whole thing. At two o'clock in the afternoon it was made official after waiting three hours from eleven to two. The senior officer at the USA Embassy beckoned me to his room and informed me that I would be given a Green Card and all necessary work permits within two weeks.

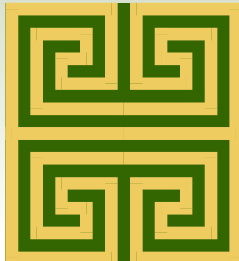
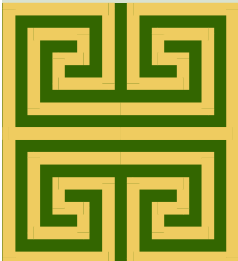
Boy what a relief, I know I went out that night and celebrated after calling Nana Pat and giving her the good news. Official it was and I would be sailing on the ship the United States on the 27th of September come what may.



Caronia Officers
22nd Birthday In Port Alexandria

“The symbol of concrete walls and tyranny can come tumbling down if social injustice is interminable“

Brian R Cripps



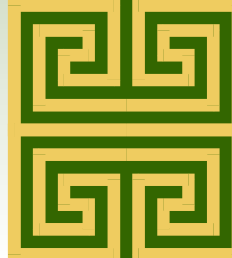
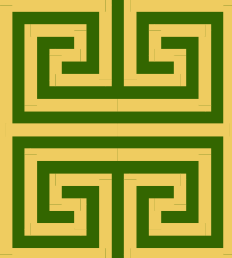
Pop Pops Chronicles

Appendix 11 Plus Exam

The eleven plus exam was a crucial part of one's social and educational future in the years after the war.

The exam although supposedly fair was in its self a discriminating. The reason for this is the fact that it had limitations based on availability of qualified establishments in a given geographical area. Hampshire had only two. One in Eastleigh the other in Winchester. The student population was about 50,000 throughout the county. Openings were about 120 a year in each establishment. This made it virtually impossible for more that a very limited few to obtain entrance into a Grammar school. The retaking of the test was a farce as the allocation of students were already assigned and no students were expelled due to lack of grades. David Cockman wrote in a letter to the Eastleigh Museum his feelings on the subject and are uncaptioned below.

The second photograph dates from July 1951 and was taken on the little playing field at the back of Bishopstoke school, (soon to be despoiled with 20 plus bungalows, I hear.) This was Class 1, i.e. the class in its last year at the junior school and about to go in the following September to the secondary school. The teacher sitting in the middle is Mr. C. Penn Marshall, the then Headmaster who also taught the "top class". (I am fourth from right in the back row.) I had just passed the 11 plus and in September would continue my education at Peter Symonds School, Winchester. Just as the railway had opened up a new door for my grandfather, so the 1944 Education Act, the 11 plus and opening up of grammar schools to able children of the working class, provided children of my generation (or at least some of us) with opportunities denied to our parents. (Although I was a beneficiary of the 11 plus system, I was always aware, right from day one, of its social deviousness and latent injustices. In the photograph I could point to several children who "failed", but who would have derived just as great a benefit as I did from a grammar school education. Those politicians who are now loudly demanding the return of the 11 plus and the grammar school still do not provide a satisfactory answer as to what is the best education for the 80% who will "fail".)

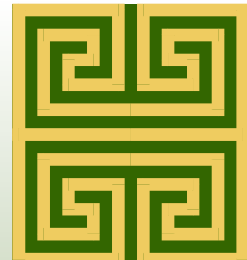
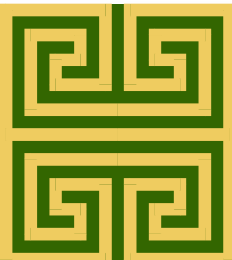


Pop Pops Chronicles Reflections and Dreams

Reflections & Dreams

Life in itself is similar to a reflection one can see of one self in a mirror or pane of glass. Some of these reflections are not always true in form and shape. The reflection that defines the journey of life is the reflection on a river it changes direction with sun moving around the world and the shadow always moving and changing direction as the sun moves. Some times it is short as the sun rises, other times in the evening very long as the setting sun goes down. These shadows represent that some lives end quicker than others do and God takes their soul to its resting-place in heaven. The shadow also varies in continuity based on the winds that send ripples across the water and break up the shadow this means that we are all challenged with adversity and change as we go through life. The shadow does return to the norm when the wind dies down. Life as we know it in my mind is very similar.

My life has been a wonderful journey, yes but not without adversity in my younger years but with rewards as life unfolded. To have been given the great gift of an alert and adaptive brain and then to seize opportunities that opened up in the work place. Boy scouts the development of character and the builder of team skills. The hardship of the war that put things in relative order so that ones place and station in life could reflect and draw strength on those hard times. To compete that was engrained in our youth and until this day never rests within me. Your great grandmother who was such a beautiful person and I know we can all say this about our mothers. But this lady suffered such adversity and pain and was still able to have a warm heart for every one. You're great grandfather who we all looked up to. Himself doing his part in the war effort serving.



The farewells at the dockside in Southampton looking down at both your great grandmother and great grandfather created a strange feeling in me that I would never return. And as the ship the “United States” (United States Line) pulled away I knew life’s journey would be different and exciting in the Americas. I did not look back as the ship sailed down Southampton Water out to sea as this was to be the way to my new future. Nana Pat was awaiting at the other end. Arrival at New York harbor the end of the journey that cut the ties to the old. New York’s hustle and bustle at the dockside was so vibrant and full of energy. I remember landing and while unloading all two trunks one being a very large toolbox, that may surprise you as Pop Pop was not known as a handy man. Better at engineering and designing than that of doing. A comment from a dockside New York policeman “Boy you sure came to work” the reply “Yes sir whatever it takes”.

Nana Pat was just a wonderful part of my life and as you can all imagine and I have experienced her great way of leading life and never ever saying a bad word about any one. The experience of the first born the second eighteen months later the third a son and then a gap the fourth arrived. The youngest some seven years later. These great treasures are now nurturing their own small families you my grand children. There were times when we struggled to make ends meet but somehow we got through them at the last minute. Life changed direction again and again, it seemed always for the betterment of the family. New York to Brentwood and then on to Kings Park. Troubled times during the last part of our stay needing a change we relocated to Atlanta and then to Greenville South Carolina. I have been lucky at work having always supported the family with all its needs and challenges.

I often think about the word wisdom and the Bible saying that Jesus had such wisdom. Whether it is knowledge, experiences, trust, or is it just age creeping along and affording us the luxury of all those experiences that we can now make intelligent statements and that other people will listen to and possibly execute. I feel it would be shameful to leave this world without passing on the skills and knowledge of engineering that I have acquired. I doubt if I will ever be called upon to do so but this leaves an empty place in my heart. This chapter I will continue as life with Nana Pat and myself approach our retirement years.



*God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,
Courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the
difference.*

Time Line

