

Pop Pop's Chronicles



To My Grandchildren

1962-1984



Pop Pops
Chronicles

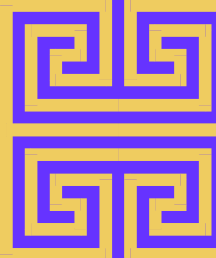
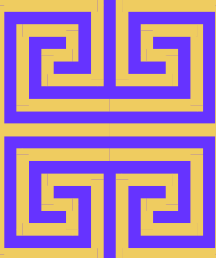
1962-1984
Volume No 2

Spirit of America

A personal copy for a friend



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Pop Pops Chronicles Preface

I would like to thank the friends and associates who have contributed to this publication. All of them with great care and enthusiasm have made some impact on the final draft of my chronicles.

Nana Pat.

My dearest friend John Moody.

My dearest friend Geoff Moody.

My Daughter Deborah.

David Cockman Class of 1951.

My friend Jane Nevins

Thank you all for your time and effort.



Spirit of America

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter One

The Long Awaited Arrival

Departure on the 27th of September was with mixed feelings as, I stood on the Boat Deck and looked down on my mother and father. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Ray their daughter who I grew up with and my cousin Janet with her year and half old daughter were accompanying them also for support. Cordial talk and pleasant well wishing on



United States

the quayside before boarding but not one person said “you will be back”. My Uncle Bill had remarked in the pub the night before “I will give you twenty years and you will come home”. The “United States” at that time held the Transatlantic crossing record in four days and two hours holding the Blue Riban. The ship sounded its horns and we were away. From the dock I waved goodbye and could see my mother wiping her eyes after cry-

ing. The day was overcast and a slight drizzle so I did not stay on deck long and did not look back as did other passengers while the ship slowly sailed down Southampton Water. I had been in and out of port so many times it was a little boring. Arriving at the cabin about an hour after embarking I found a very elderly gentleman about seventy years old there in my cabin. This cabin was almost like steerage and it was the cheapest way to get to America. The gentleman was from Indiana and worked in the steel industry. He had been on a tour in Europe to see old friends and acquaintances. He said he needed to do this before passing on as it was about forty years since he left Poland and now felt relieved that he had accomplished his goals.

Spirit of America

Meal time approached at seven in the evening and we both walked to the dining room and there split up, as our table assignments were different. As luck would have it I was sat with a young group of college students going back to the USA. These students had been on a student exchange program in Europe. All were very nice and quite up to-date with their music taste. They were all typical students but came from rich families. It would appear that this was their first fling away from the family with no ties. Boy, did we all carry on during the four days at sea. During the last night at sea the finale or gala ball was a blast. I even got to sing similar to day Karaoki request in front of all the passengers. I must have had a few beers to do that.

Arrival started about 7-00 am and as the ship sailed into the harbor on October the 2nd 1962 it was something very special. I went up on deck early and just hung over the side rail and watched the day slowly wake up. The Shore Line Drive in Brooklyn by this time had cars speeding in either direction. From the ship they looked like little ants busy going nowhere. The day was a beautiful sunrise and a typical what New Yorkers called Indian Summer's day. I remember I missed breakfast, as my new life was about to begin. The ship passed the Statue of Liberty and the adrenaline was now flowing and I was getting excited about disembarkation. The piers passed one by one and by nine o'clock we were just north of Pier 49. From the ship one could see that the shore was full of traffic and stevedores waiting to board the ship. The tugs came along side and maneuvered us into dock-side. I could not see Nana Pat but knew she was somewhere amongst the crowd of people. It took about two hours to get through Immigration and US Customs and I was given a lot number where to find my trunks, all two of them. As I came down the gangplank I could see Nana Pat waiting with such a wonderful smile. Hugs and kisses as I set foot on American soil as a permanent resident. What a thrill just to know I was finally in America after having the longing in my heart for such a long time. I remember landing and while unloading two trunks, one being a very large toolbox, that may surprise you as Pop Pop was not known as a handy man. Pop Pop was 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's Uncle Johnny was at dock side with a car. The car I always remember was a 1953 Chevy green and white with lots of chrome and looking in great shape. Johnny kept this car immaculate. Inside it had plastic seat covers because he was a fanatic about his car. With a special welcome he loaded the boot and we were off to 32 Arden Street Upper Manhattan. The temperature now was about eighty degrees and it felt real good compared to England. On arrival at Arden Street, the trunks were unloaded and we walked up five flights to the new apartment. This was to be my new residence. Opening the door it was just something to behold. Nana Pat had worked so hard to get it in shape, it was glowing with pride and ready for the newly weds to be. Uncle Johnny put the trunks in the middle of the spare room and with best wishes left. On going he said "you young ones have a lot to talk about" and disappeared.

Nana Pat and Uncle Harry had spent a considerable amount of time in sprucing up the apartment that was a single bedroom unit. Mrs. Denham next door who was Kathie's mother had informed Nana Pat that it was available. Mrs. Denham was also English



Arden Street Apartment

which made it very comforting to be next door to her and her husband Henry.

The apartment was pretty narrow in the foyer but this was to be our dining area and the corner supported a small credenza and dining set for four chairs. On the wall was an oil painting that was one of those do it by numbers that Nana Pat had painted just to give the room character. The main living room which was quite large with a kitchen utility set on one side. To the right was the bedroom that had a small dresser at the time. The bathroom was elegant with a pink and white shower curtain and accessories. In the living room we had a couch that was a pull out that was originally Nana Pat's mother's. Nana Pat had it decorated white and with accessories that made it so pretty and pleasant to live in. It was home and that's

where we started with very little, but with our future ahead.

After settling in we both walked down to Auntie Charlotte's apartment at about six o'clock to meet and have a meal. There was just a terrific excitement in the air and we all talked freely about the wedding that was to take place on the twentieth, just a few days away. Thinking back, what a step to take coming off a ship and in two weeks to be married.

Nana Pat, with Charlotte's help, had arranged everything and we sat down that night to review what tasks needed to be completed to pull the wedding off. The wedding was to be held at the Kings Bridge Armory in the officers quarters. That night Auntie Charlotte handed me the key to their apartment and said make yourself at home tomorrow. She passed it to me knowing that we did not have a TV in the apartment. Expecting me to be quite bored and needing a place to go the next day she expressed as she gave me the key. The next day as I was at the apartment a terrible event took place. About two o'clock in the afternoon sounds of Police cars and ambulances with their screeching sirens invaded the neighborhood. It persisted for several hours and I was worried as to what had happened but dare not venture out, as I did not know the neighborhood that well. That night on TV came the sad news that 23 Secretaries had been killed at the AT&T Building that was just a few blocks away on 213th street. It was a horrific sight. The heating boiler in the building

*Mr. and Mrs. Marinus H. Buys
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of his sister
Patricia Anastasia
to
Mr. Bryan Ronald Cripps
on Saturday, the twentieth of October
nineteen hundred and sixty-two
at five o'clock
St. James Episcopal Church
2500 Jerome Avenue
Bronx, New York*

Announcement

had blown up and traveled straight up three floors killing all those young ladies in its path. The whole thing was heartbreaking. That evening we all sat glued to the TV awaiting any news of those that survived. I believe this building was a major asset to AT&T because it was their billing department. There were mostly girls and ladies at these premises. Having gone through this day it was very unnerving and sad. The day after I took a walk to 213 th street to view the damage. It was just devastating and very eerie.

The next two weeks would be extremely busy trying to complete the wedding plans. I would not have to report to the Armory until November the 1st so I had a little time to settle in. I had contacted Colin Appleton in advance and he said he would be my best man at the wedding. I did call during this time period just to confirm and it was great talking to him as I was feeling just a little home sick at the time. Colin said he would be down on the Thursday evening driving, from Buffalo New York that would take about eight hours, as it was 380 miles from New York. On Friday that week I went down to the Americana Hotel that was getting prepared for grand opening week that was to be the same as our honeymoon day. I paid in full for the Honeymoon Suite and came back in the evening with receipt in hand another mission accomplished. Things were now falling in place. Major problem occurred that weekend. Because of the Cuban Missile Crisis the country was put on high alert The Cuban Missile crisis was created by Russia having assembled nuclear warheads in Cuba. These war heads were only eighty miles from the US shores. Nana Pat and Pop Pop were in Macy's when the president announced the strong warnings to the Russians to remove the rockets and war heads immediately. All civil attached personnel to the National Guard were forbidden to report to work and no new applications were to be executed at the Armory. Officers Club was now off limits due to the crisis. First this meant I did not have a job to go to. Secondly it meant the wedding plans all had to be changed and the guests needed to be informed as to the new location once we had obtained a hall big enough. When I look back this could have been a strain on our marriage to be. Young and foolish though, you have a lot of tenacity for such events. Harry scurried around and found a new location in Yonkers on Mc Clean Avenue opposite the racetrack in Yonkers. The cost would be approximately \$10 ahead with a full sit down dinner and wedding cake. I believe we went up to the place about ten days before the dead line of October the 20th. The place was an Irish bar called Donohue's but what could one do under the circumstances. This was decision time, otherwise it would all need to be cancelled. This was not an alternative as far as I was concerned. Nana Pat and I would be married no matter what.

Nana Pat had paid for everything at that time in full including the flowers, limo's, stationery, and the band. Her dress needed to be paid in advance and all this was all taken care of. I landed with what was \$300 dollars to spare. All in all we were looking at a bill of about \$500 to pay off our mounting debt. Nana Pat took out a loan of \$500 to pay for the wedding reception. Nana Pat made \$80 a week as a secretary and worked for Morgan Guaranty a prestigious company in the financial district Downtown Manhattan. I was out of work. What a predicament to be in. Nana Pat as always was very calm and just kept saying things will work out don't worry.

Harry and your great Auntie Charlotte were just marvelous throughout this whole mess we were in. There was always a warm welcome at the apartment an encouragement for us



Bridle Party Isham Street

during this whole affair.

The week prior to the wedding, Harry would let me accompany him to visit his customers, as he was an electronics salesman and doing very well. The car was a brand new light blue Thunderbird very flashy and chic at the time. Well one day at about one in the afternoon he stopped at a bar on what was Old Country road in Westbury Long Island. After about an half hour he said "I will be back in about an hour. Stay put". As though I was going anywhere. I did not have a clue at that time where I was so I said "ok". Beer was 15c a glass at that time. A case of beer was 89c consisting of six 16 ounce cans. Three hours later and after about ten beers that I had drunk he walks in saying "I got tied up" Harry was feeling no pain by now. I could not free him away from

the bar so we drank until about nine o'clock. Getting into the car and driving home was another problem and he kept getting lost but eventually we got on the Throgsneck Bridge and headed across the Cross Bronx Expressway then on to the Major Deagan and home. Nana Pat was pretty mad and so was Auntie Charlotte at Harry. I seemed to have an excuse, so I was not in the dog house, at least not that time.

On the Thursday I had an audience with Reverend Law at St James church on Jerome Avenue in the Bronx. We arrived at about 8-00 pm in the evening and were invited to his study room in the back of the church. I was pretty nervous as I had not attended church for about seven years and thought this might be a stumbling block in the whole affair. Shaking as we entered Nana Pat was holding my hand real tight and giving me a warm smile as if to say it's all right. Reverend Law quietly while smoking his pipe said do you mind if I smoke. I was not going to argue and start off on the wrong foot. "No" I replied and sat down next to Nana Pat. First thing was my background, the church and my commitment to the church. He said that the announcement had been made on three prior Sundays in accordance with canon law as Nana Pat requested. This being completed without any rebuttals made it official to proceed with the wedding. You will be required to attend this Sunday and the 10-00 am service also. The necessary forms would be ready the following week and we need to come back to sign all the paper work. This would be accomplished the night of the rehearsal. During this whole evening that lasted until 9-30 pm Reverend Law would talk about his experiences in England, so it made for a very nice and cordial evening. As we were about to leave he said, "Young man you're lucky to have found such a wonderful young lady". "Very lucky" I replied.

Colin arrived on Thursday a little later than he thought, about 6-00 pm in the evening and he stayed at our new apartment with me. Friday was just a lot of small talk getting ready for the bachelor's night out that was to be just him and I. Well ,at about eight in the eve-



Newlyweds October 20th 1962

ning we drove downtown in his car. We must have hit at least twenty bars and we were feeling pretty bad come three in the morning, that is Saturday morning the day of the wedding. Colin stated it was time for breakfast and so we stopped around 57th street at a local restaurant that was still open and may have been a pancake house. I remember this so well as it was the first time I had a triple stack of pancakes with sausages and syrup. Not the wisest meal after drinking all night. But we had fun and that was the purpose of that night. During our escapades that night we had visited several belly dancing clubs over on Eight Avenue that area of Midtown was noted for them.

Arriving back at the apartment at five in the morning and ready for bed we both were exhausted but feeling good. A sound sleep was in order and we would be fine for the big day ahead.

Saturday the 20th of October 1962 was just a beautiful day the sun was out and the sky was clear temperature in the high seventies. Perfect for such an occasion well I thought the Lord had helped us on this day after all the problems we had encountered. Colin and I drove down to 211th street under the elevated subway tracks that ran from 183rd Street up to Van Courtland Park overhead. We ate at a small lunch place and then went back to the apartment to get ready for the arrival of the Limousines. I had rented my clothes from an outfitter in the Bronx and they fit very well. Colin brought his own attire down as he said he had been in several wedding parties and had kept his evening set. Well, the waiting was killing me, but Colin and the rest of the ushers came to the apartment about two in the afternoon and that made for a lot of conversation so as to calm me down as I was very nervous about the whole thing. No cold feet just trembling in my shoes and wondering about the unknown. Of course we had had a dress rehearsal on Thursday night and things supposedly should go on plan. Colin did attend the



O Donohue Yonkers

rehearsal as it was scheduled at 8-00 pm and was aware of the game plan. Why should I be worrying," it will all go well " they kept repeating, "don't worry, Brian, things are under control". Uncle Harry was with Nana Pat and the bride party as he was to give away.

Four o'clock the two Limos arrived and we all climbed in What a relief, I thought, now on my way. Limo driver thought the wedding was five o'clock, so we were pretty early. The

Limos turned down 10th Avenue under the elevated subway and headed for Upper Manhattan passing over 231st bridge into the Bronx and then on to the New York Thruway and headed for Westchester just for a drive. Now I'm really concerned as we were traveling miles away from the church. After turning around thirty minutes later on Westchester Avenue we headed South again towards the church. Jerome Avenue is in the Bronx and we arrived about 4-30pm just enough time to get scared out of my wits. Colin was a tremendous help and tried to keep me under control. The conversation was about our childhood days growing up in Bishopstoke. Who would have thought that both of us would be together, this being my wedding day 3200 miles away in America. Time seemed to pass pretty slowly as I stood in the small room close to the altar and feeling very nervous.

Knowing it was time I proceeded to the aisle and waited at the altar. A magnificent sight to behold ! Nana Pat was looking so radiant and beautiful. Organist playing Here Comes the Bride brought tears to my eyes. The aisles had small candles flickering and showing her the way to my arm. Nana Pat said that when we held hands I was absolutely shaking and she was so relaxed. Reverend Law conducted a heart felt and short sermon and ceremony wishing us both a happy marriage and that God would bless us with children. Little did he know. The ceremony took about forty minutes and after we walked the aisle back to the door, now man and wife. Pressure was now off but there was the awesome responsibility of me to nurture and support Nana Pat. The event outside was fantastic as the sun was now going down in the west and the light started to dim somewhat. The temperature was about 76 degrees and with the leaves just starting to fall and the trees showing their fantastic array of color was just breathtaking. What could be better? After about a half hour it was time to make our way to the reception in Yonkers.

The wedding party was early again so it was another trip further up the New York Thruway just to kill time. Well, at 6-30 pm we arrived at the hall and the wedding party unloaded out of the Limos. Chatter and small talk all around every one was so happy. Guests including Reverend Law at the head table were already seated and now waiting for the band. Anxiety the first hitch of the day but not the last. No band and the meal was waiting. The owner informed us that we must proceed otherwise the food would be served cold. Timing for these large affairs is everything. Well Uncle Johnny to the rescue as he was the only one who could play the piano for the entrance and introduction of the bride party. Johnny could not read a note but played by ear. Here Comes the Bride played on the piano for the first introduction bride party and attendants. Then the bride's maids in waiting were called in. The stars of this whole thing Nana Pat and myself made our entrance. "Here comes the bride" was played at least six times. Harry was frantically calling to find out where the band were. They arrived one hour late. First song was When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. Every one laughed as they had thought it was an Irish wedding. Obviously the premises being Irish would indicate to them that it had to be. The band made up for there inexcusable lateness as they played with out stopping and with only one intermission. They were under union rules and would normally stop every twenty minutes. It was customary to feed the band and that was the only break they took. The Reception was just wonderful and the beer flowed. There was a liquor set up on each table of rye and scotch. Nobody was drinking the hard stuff, as it was called in New York, but beer pitchers were plentiful and relentless. Harry's friends were all Irish and big

drinkers. During the night catastrophe number two happened . While Nana Pat passing one of the candles her veil touched the flame and it started to go up in smoke. Uncle Johnny to the rescue. He was in the right place at the right time and put it out quickly.

The clinking of glasses was constantly indicating we were to kiss and Nana Pat laughed each time so it was quite exasperating to kiss that night. The launching of the Bride's garter and bouquet took place as this was tradition. "Twisting The Night Away" was a popular song along with other twisting music and the band turned the night into just one great occasion. Cutting of the cake followed as a dessert after the really a delicious meal. Everyone had a wonderful time and late in the evening around eleven the owner donated one extra barrel of beer to the party as we were having such a good time. Bear in mind the party



Honeymoon Suite

had gone through five barrels at that time and as we only had about 109 people of all ages. It was an immense amount. Needless to say we departed about 11-00 pm and went back to Harry's apartment to get ready for our first honeymoon night at the Americana Hotel in Midtown. The guest partied until 1-00 am they all had a great time. Our guests had given us gifts in the amount of \$890 Dollars. This would mean the loan paid off and a small amount to put into the bank. The loan was \$500 dollars and was paid off the following week.

The cab arrived at about twelve o'clock and we drove down to Mid-town through Central Park having departed the Westside highway at 96th street. It was such a clear evening and with the city still in its hustle bustle mode made it very exciting.

Arriving at the hotel we entered and sheepishly placed ourselves off to the side and put down our luggage. I then proceeded to the check in counter. Producing my paid in full document requested my room. Panic set in behind the front desk and with a "hold on sir" they went to find the night senior assistant clerk. Informing me that there was no room for us was like an explosion going off inside me. This was now catastrophe number three. Still harboring a British accent and being very angry I requested the night manager immediately, Sir said "he is attending the main gala ball tonight". The expletive that I can't put down, and in a very British accent, they got the message and went off. The manager after some twenty minutes arrived at the front desk. I was informed our rooms had been offered to someone else and there were no other rooms available, I said "I have a Honeymoon Suite paid in full what are you going to do?" This could have been a major lawsuit against them I found out afterwards. The answer came after several phone calls and we would be transferred to the Park Sheraton Hotel and our money would be refunded and that was all. Cab fare to the other hotel was offered and I took it as I was very disgusted with this whole affair and it was now 1-30 am in the morning and we were tired. I decided to go to the other hotel.



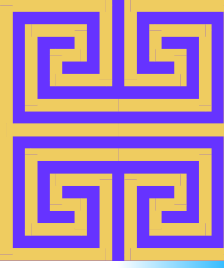
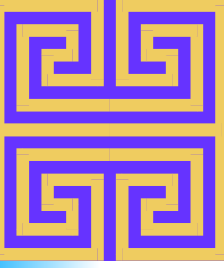
Honeymooners at The Empire State

The next day we did what most honeymooners would do in Manhattan, visited the Empire State and Statue of Liberty and took a ride on the Staten Island ferry. After the second day we decided to go back to the apartment, as we would be much happier there. There was no sense spending all our money in Manhattan as we could always visit the tourist places at a later date. It was now Tuesday and Nana Pat had to report back to work on Thursday. Well Wednesday was a blast as we went to the race-track at Belmont. It was my first time at an American racetrack. The spectacle and being able to get close to the horses was something. I could not do this in England, as it was very expensive entrance fee to view the horses in the

(Golden Ring)as it was called. We had a great day with Harry and Auntie Charlotte and in the evening went out for a Chinese meal together on 207th street. What a way to finish our honeymoon with terrific company your great Uncle Harry and great Auntie Charlotte. Reflecting back it was just a wonderful time and experience.

“Loves initial declaration should be an enduring commitment”

Brian R Cripps



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Two

Manhattan Living

Reality sets in after the honeymoon and to put it in perspective I'm in a foreign country married and no job. Where to start job hunting, as it was, family to the rescue. During the week Nana Pat's Uncle Bill, now retired, called and said he could help and would I meet him downtown at 23rd street at the BEW. The BEW was the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Local three. We met outside and he explained that I was to have an interview with Mr. Van Arsdale Junior. Senior was then the President and leader of the union. As we stood waiting in the corridor, Mr. Van Arsdale senior came through and as he passed commented to Uncle Bill. "He's a fine looking boy". This connotation I was afterwards informed meant that I was big enough for a bodyguard. The interview went well and first I was asked if I would consider doing my fifth year apprenticeship over again in America. It was explained this way they could issue me a full "A" construction card and I would get assigned to one of the Empire group Electrical contractors. I declined this offer. Well Mr. Van Arsdale said "then lets set you up on our labor force at Madison Square Garden until we can work out a solution". After a phone call to the Garden I was told to report the next day. That was a Thursday. Starting hour rate was \$4.75c and hour. That rate was very good and I would make for 40 hours about \$190, about twice as much as Nana Pat was earning at the time.

Madison Square Garden in those days was on Eighth Avenue and 49TH- 50th Street. Reporting the next day to a Mr. Marrinelli a small Italian gentleman. He said "welcome you will be on the "C" team" He then took me to the locker room. The shift was the 7-00 pm to 6-00 am. Introductions all around and then it was off to work. Well the duties that night was to set up the Garden for the weekend hockey events, as the New York Rangers were to be at home for the next two weeks. It's amazing but every piece of equipment was assigned a letter and number code. First the ice rink outline and then the lower platforms and seats all slotting into place. Gradually the arena took shape with all the seats in place. The whole operation took all night but finally the water was poured over the bed of sand and the ice formed in about six hours. The night was



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pretty tough and although I was in fairly good shape by morning at 6-0 am I was ready for bed. The 50th street station was right below the Garden so it was convenient for me as I could then take the local "AA" train to 59th street and change for the express "A" train to Dyckman Street. Arriving at about 6-45 am at the new apartment. Nana Pat was just getting ready for work so we had a small breakfast together and she was off to work.

At about two o'clock I would wake up and get ready for work at 7-00 pm. this meant I had to leave by 6-30 pm. Nana Pat would arrive home from Lower Manhattan at about 5-45 pm which gave us all of 45 minutes together. Normally I would start the meal and Nana Pat would finish it on arriving home. The routine continued for about eight weeks. Friday night at the Garden was quite exciting, as I had never seen a professional hockey game. The night gang could watch but off to the side inconspicuous, as we did not have to start until the game was over. Final whistle and the crowd now all out we would start at the upper decks cleaning out the seating area as there was tons of peanut shell all over and discarded soda cups and programs. We were assigned certain aisles and rows as teams one would pick up the trash the other two would work the rows and sweep up the peanuts. This task took us until about our break. I had never seen so many peanut shells in my life and it took me a long time to even eat one. The gangs were ex-hoods or union strong men retired so little was said as you did your job. Just work and hold up your end. No over working everything was timed and equally shared out strictly to union rules. That night after the ice hockey and cleanup, the task at hand was to convert the arena into a basketball court. Again each item was stored in racks under the stairs and would be brought assembled in a special order by numbers. This whole operation was perfectly timed and orchestrated by the two supervisors. The basketball court was finished at about 10-00 am in the morning and we went home to sleep and be back at ten that night. That was Saturday night. The change over was back to a hockey rink this was the continuous routine for the next two weeks. Well after a week I got paid on the Thursday. What a surprise ! \$347 was a lot of money in those days. Well we were working seventy to eighty hour weeks and the union rules being time and a half and double time after so many hours made for a great paycheck.

About Mid-November the Annual International Horse Jumping show came to Madison Square Garden. This change over from ice hockey to the arena being ready for the Horse show was really something to be involved with. After all the tiers of seats and once again arranged differently from that of hockey were in place. The sidewalls were constructed giving it a pit effect. Well late in the afternoon trucks started pulling into the arena dumping tons and tons of topsoil. Rollers were used to compact the soil and a layer of red sandy material went on top. When all the jumps were in place it looked very impressive. At one end the big electronic time clock and results board. Riders started to arrive on the Thursday from all over the world. In the lower level of the arena we had installed about a hundred and twenty stalls for the horses. Hay was delivered and strewn about in each stall by the night gang. Water was piped in on a temporary basis for the horses. As they arrived one by one with their grooms and got settled in. It was quite something to just view and take in all that was going on. The show started and the evening gang was to clean up and manicure the arena. I was assigned the job at certain intervals to clean up the dung that the horses had defecated in the arena and also the walkways.

The event was the one, as we say that broke the camel's back. Nana Pat had not seen me that much and it was telling on us as newlyweds. After the change over I quit the job. We had saved quite a sizeable amount of money I believe around \$900 so I was not going to be in jeopardy financially. Next week it would be to find a job in engineering and or designing with an engineering company. We had another problem as Nana Pat was feeling pretty poorly and was throwing up quite a bit.

We obtained a copy of the New York Times and I carefully identified possible job opportunities in my line of work. Engineering in the early sixties was having a problem supporting the companies doing business in New York. There was limited hiring practice in most companies at that time. The first day downtown I went to several job service companies and had interviews with no luck. On the Wednesday after beating the pavements as it was called I went to a job placement service on lower Broadway in Manhattan not far from where Nana Pat was working. Grano Engineering services was the company and the interview went well and he said he would call the next day. I did receive a call and was told to report to Gibbs and Hill on Broadway and 34th street Midtown New York on Friday. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Paul Miers the head of the electrical design group interviewed me. The following Monday I was informed that I was to report one week later to start as a designer with Gibbs and Hill. This was certainly a great break. Starting salary \$139 a week. Mr. Grano would receive one months pay as a signing on bonus or finders fee. This stipend was taken out of my pay for the next three months. December the 5th was my start date so I was quite settled in by the time Christmas came along.

Gibbs and Hill was a very good experience for me and I would work for them for at least a year. During this time in early December Nana Pat went to doctor Snow as we had tested her urine using the rabbit test procedure and it came out negative. Nana Pat was still having problems in the mornings and we suspected she was pregnant. Doctor Snow's office was around the block on Thayer Street. The appointment was on for us to see him on a Saturday morning. Mrs. Denham had recommended the doctor to us. That morning we got up had breakfast and with a leisurely walk we headed to Doctor Snow's office. Doctor Snow's office was something to behold. It was on the ground floor and very dark inside the furniture was 1920 vintage and decor was very heavy window drapes and a small non flowering tree in each corner. It looked like it came out of a Frankenstein movie. Nana Pat had an internal and the result were that he thought she was not pregnant. Disappointed a little we left. Two weeks later we were back and convinced that she was pregnant, as the rabbit had died this time. The good news came and it was affirmative and it seems Nana Pat had conceived on our honeymoon and the newborn would be on July 21st. Nana Pat and myself were so excited and could not hold back and we went directly to Auntie Charlotte and Harry's apartment to tell them the good news. They were ecstatic about the event and Harry was just beaming with excitement.

Our first Christmas together was a short time away and we were looking forward to having a great time. A Christmas party at Gibbs and Hill was in the Roosevelt Hotel on Wednesday before Christmas Eve and it was my first experience of such an event. The party was with a full sit down meal and a cocktail hour before. The food and its presenta-

tion was just first class. Service and retirement gifts were given to members of the company and the evening was just splendid. Yes I got home late and it was pretty cold that year as I remember so I sobered up pretty quick when I left the hotel walking all the way to the "A" train underground station at 34th street. Nana Pat was awake and we sat up talking about the whole affair as it was very new to me. Nana Pat would have her Christmas Party Thursday with all the secretaries at Del Monico's, the famous Wall Street restaurant. This was again something to look forward to. I remember going downtown to pick up Nana Pat from the restaurant as she was still getting not only morning sickness but having difficulty traveling home on the subway. We would stand between cars so if she needed to throw up it would not inconvenience other passengers. Most days from here on in I would leave from work uptown and travel downtown to meet Nana Pat. She would wait for me until I arrived down town and then we would catch the next uptown train. This routine we would continue until she quit work in February. Nana Pat was having problems with a bladder infection also and rest was the only cure as directed by Doctor Snow.

Well our first Christmas Nana Pat and myself went to Midnight service at the small Episcopal church Holy Trinity on Academy Street. It was rather somber as the church was what is called a low church with very little in the form of icons or ornaments. Christmas Day was at Auntie Charlotte and Harry's apartment Uncle Billy also came over. Bernie and Betty Nana Pat's cousin lived at Isham Street in the same building also, so we visited them during the afternoon while the Turkey was cooking. The day was just wonderful and the meal spectacular Turkey that I had never tasted before and with all the trimmings was just exquisite. The talk was now concentrated on the football play offs which were to be between the New York Giants and the Green bay Packers mid January. At this place in time 1962-1963 season there was no Super Bowl. The weather was bitter cold with temperature around zero and below.

The decision was that, as the game was blacked out in New York we would all travel to Connecticut. All agreed and Harry would find a place to hang out for the play off. The day arrived and we all packed into Bernie's car as Harry was not to be the designated driver that day at least. Harry by that time had quite a reputation for drinking and we were not to go if he drove. The bar looked out over the Long Island sound and was already icing over. It has never completely iced over as it is salt water and about ten miles wide. The bar was in Bridgeport Connecticut. The whole afternoon was \$5 all the beer you could drink and with a marvelous spread of meats and chicken wings and cheeses. The shouting and team spirit amongst all the patrons was really something and I guess it was a typical New York Giant day. It was a day to remember except for the Giants getting beat. Coming home took a little longer and we arrived back about 10-00 pm. We had extended our stay past the dead line of six o'clock. We left at 8-00 pm. All four of us had a few beers too many but Bernie was the designated driver and kept his drinking within reason.

I mention some of these experiences as they were completely new to me and it was all part of being a New Yorker. I seemed to fit right in with the life style and thoroughly enjoyed every minute living in New York. This leads up to the great event in our lives. July 27th 1963 was a very hot day at 7-00 am in the morning and it was already 92 degree's. Nana

Pat had been in labor for about three hours and now dilating somewhat I called Doctor Snow and he said we should make our way to the Jewish Memorial Hospital on Broadway. Well Nana Pat said we could walk as it was only about seven minutes around the block. So quietly and very slowly as Nana pat was carrying very low and big she had



Deborah Christening

gained about nineteen pounds. It was all so overwhelming and yet wonderful to know we were about to have a newborn and someone else to care for. On arrival at the hospital Nan Patwas whisked away. I was left in the waiting room with just another person. Paul Cohen was his name and we started to chat and got along real well under these nervous times. About eleven a message came from the delivery room that Silvia and Paul had a baby boy. Nana Pat had a way's to go yet. After inquiring to ensure they were both ok we went out for a drink and sandwich. Paul lived downtown in the projects on 138th street and Broadway and did not know the neighborhood, so I said lets go to Markem's on the corner of Broadway

and Dykman Street that was about three blocks away. Well we got into playing darts and having a lot to talk about and timed passed on. We ran out of dimes for making calls to the hospital and had to get further change from the bar tender. The blessed event for myself had not occurred at three in the afternoon and we were getting pretty worried. Nana Pat had been in labor since three in the morning, just about thirteen hours and that was considered a long time. Well our blessed event arrived at four in the afternoon. We immediately went back to the hospital as the babies would be cleaned up and ready for viewing when we got there. What a sight to behold our own creation and a beautiful daughter Deborah in pink clothes and tucked in so tight. Her long fingers would curl and she would move her body still with a jerking movement like she was still inside the womb. The new-



Nana Pats Church

borne gas smile she would look just beautiful and she was so quiet. That day there were about twenty three births in total as the weather was so hot and it was a full moon as they say. These combinations spurn on the cycle of delivery, it is said. It sure did that day. Nana Pat was looking pretty tired out and had an IV in her arm to give her back fluids that had been required for the delivery. Paul's wife Silvia and Pat were in the same recovery room. They were blessed with a boy and were very happy. Who would not be, no matter what gender. I was so proud and after a while we both went back to the bar to celebrate as we could not see the babies again until regular visitation hours at 7-00 pm. The cigar shop was just around the corner so I



Harry and Aunt Charlotte

bought a box to give away at the bar and we celebrated pretty good for the next hour or so. Markems was quite a hang out in those days and Harry and Charlotte used it on occasions. The meeting of Silvia and Paul was to be a friendship that would last while we lived in Manhattan. I went home after the evening visit and called Western Union to send a telegram to your great great grandmother in England. When I did get a chance to talk on the phone she said she knew as the big time clock stopped at exactly that time and it never did before. Eerie to say the least. She sent over from England right away the christening gown that Deborah was to be christened in. Your aunts and uncle were also christened in it. Well that day Harry and Auntie Charlotte had gone to the Adirondack Mountains for a vacation. They

went with Auntie Ruthie and Uncle Johnny, Auntie Anne and George to resort. Nana Pat's Auntie Elsie and Uncle Billy were out on Long Island. There was no one to tell except Auntie Marion and Uncle Dougie and Mary Keihm and her husband Ritchie. Well the next day Ritchie felt sorry for me and said "come on lets go out and celebrate." So we did in the local neighborhood bar. Inwood where we lived was noted in the Guinness Book of records as having the most bars per square mile in the World and I believe it. We visited them all that day.

<p><i>Their First Smash Hit</i> <i>"A Girl In the Family"</i> with the brilliant star DEBORAH ANN World Premier July 27th, 1963 at 4:00 p.m. Jewish Memorial Hospital New York, N. Y.</p>	<p>ProducerBryan Cripps Co-ProducerPatricia Buys Technical Advisor..... Dr. Snow Description of Star Weight 6 lb. 4oz. Height 19 inches Color of Hair Brown Color of Eyes Blue Voice Soprano Disposition.Good(wet or dry)</p> <p>Scheduled to run Daily at 32 Arden Street New York 40 N. Y.</p>
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During the week while Nana Pat was recuperating Uncle Dougie, as he was a printer, came to the hospital with a great surprise. Beautiful announcement cards of the new arrival. This was the first grand child born in the associated families. The Christening for Deborah Ann took place at Holy Trinity church with your great Auntie Charlotte and Harry as Godparents. Great Uncle Billy who was really Nana Pat's cousin was there also. It was such a wonderful experience and was on a hot summer Sunday in August. We

had a nice meal at home with beers and just hung out in our small but comfortable abode. Our first born was just a pleasure to have around and we would soon be in the swing of things. Nana Pat had stopped working some six months before the birth so she had all things in order and things moved along very organized. What fun we had just bringing up Deborah Ann. Well during the first eight weeks we took a trip to England to visit your great grand mother and father. Because formula was not available in England we were

advised to wean Deborah onto milk which we did. The trip was in October and was successful as we visited all the English relations including “stone face” your great great grandmother Grandma Cripps. She actually smiled and was very pleasant to Nana Pat and myself. Quite a novelty was that. The purpose of the trip was that I would be best man at my sister’s wedding on October 19th, one year later 1963. Well things did not work out as planned. Bachelors night out was some heavy drinking and the next day I woke up throwing up and with no sympathy. Well we got to the ceremony and just as the rings were to be transferred I rushed into the cloister of to the side and with a heave threw up all over the vestry clothing hanging on the wall. My bowels were emptying out also so I was in some state. David Rowe my friend came running around the outside the church to help. What a mess! He retrieved the ring and said best of luck as I lay in pain on the floor. Derrick my cousin was driver that day and came to assist. He bundled me into a car and got me home. I was in pretty bad shape. Well David stood in as best man. The ironic thing was that he was in love at the time with my sister. Fate has many turns and twisted routes. My Uncle Alfie had come along to get me into bed. Before entering I was to wash down in the coal shed as my new suit was ruined from spew and defecating. The wedding was great success and all the guests had a wonderful time. Next day Nana Pat came down with the same virus. Doctor Wilson was called and he came and diagnosed the problem as Gastrointestinal. This is a sever intestinal virus and could cause death to young babies. Debbie was shipped off to Mrs. Jelly’s the lady in Upper Bishy who volunteered to look after her. It took at least seven days to get over the virus and that was with complete bed rest for four days. Side note, the whole choir at the wedding came down with it also. It appears if you are around the spew the virus is transmitted very quickly. Well I guess their vestments were the cause. We did have a problem at the airport when we came home. Your great grandmother had bought us a carry cot as they are called in England and at the weigh in we were 60 kilo’s over the allowable limit. Cost would be almost double what they had paid for the item. The stand would have to stay but the cot could go. The additional cost \$40 was reasonable and we paid the ransom. Surprise number two within six months Nana Pat was pregnant again.



*“ Never walk alone when there are so many willing to help steer you
through the journey of success*

Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Three

Apartment Style Living

This part of the chronicles leads me into writing about the style of living in a Manhattan apartment. This was a very happy time in my life. Such a lot to learn about the new country I was now a resident in. The Washington Heights and Morning Height sections of Manhattan in the early sixties were predominately Irish. There were small but very reserved pockets being of Jewish descent. The major road through this upper part was Broadway the same that existed at Times Square some fourteen miles to the



The Manhattan Apartment 1962

south. Manhattan is about 5 miles wide and 22 miles long. We lived at the time on Arden Street and the apartment was a five-storey walk up with about one hundred and thirty steps to the top landing. Nana Pat and myself lived on the top apartment. Mrs. Denham lived next door and across the vestibule Mrs. Lynch who was alone. The roof was our sun deck and we had our washing line strung out along with about twenty other peoples. On very hot days the apartment would be stifling hot, having the sun beat down on the ceiling all day. We would take our chairs and a small radio at night and sit on the roof, as it was much cooler up there.

Most nights Mrs. Denham would join us as Mr. Denham worked late at Sardis, the famous restaurant down town as a waiter. Nana Pat would do the wash down in the basement and

would leave the wash in a shopping cart for Pop Pop to bring up in the evening when I came home from work. We had a diaper service that collected the soiled cloth diapers and return them each week to your door front. This was a very convenient service and we used it during the first year that we stayed in the city. My shirts were cleaned and pressed at the Chinese laundry for 15c each. Eventually we were offered a washing machine from one of Kathie's aunts. She lived in the borough of Brooklyn around

Spirit of America

Prospect Park. It was quite a hassle to get it from her apartment in Brooklyn to ours in Manhattan. Joe and I took off one Saturday morning and I rented a truck and we picked it up. What a job getting up five flights of stairs. The washing machine installed in our apartment meant that Nana Pat would save a lot of climbing some 135 stairs. Nana Pat was very happy having the convenience of a washing machine in our apartment.

Nana Pat was obviously not working at the time as she was now pregnant with our second child. Her daily chores and looking after young Deborah made it tiring and carrying our new addition became exhausting. The climbing of stairs and walking to and from the local stores on 207th Street were now difficult tasks. The deli on the corner of Arden Street and Nagel Avenue was what you would call our convenience store or grocery store. Saturdays I would go with the long list and order the food for the week at the corner Arden Street. For a dollar they store and on Saturdays would deliver the food to your apartment, so this made it easy to get the weekly supplies. The deli had such wonderful potato salad and macaroni salad also. Quite often I would go down stairs and get a great roast beefy sandwich and potato salad. A six-pack of beer at that time was 69 cents for twelve ounce cans. Every Saturday it was a treat to get a six-pack and have a few during the day. Saturday the routine was an early start running the wash down stairs to beat the rush to the washing machines. As you can quite imagine with about twenty families living in the apartment complex it was necessary to plan ahead. We would do our shopping in the neighborhood for such things as lamps and general-purpose items. There was an excellent Chinese restaurant on 200th street and we ate out once a month as a treat.

Nana Pat on occasion when feeling up to it would walk to 207th street and across the bridge that connects to the Bronx on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, as they say. The walk was a good 4 miles one-way. She would visit with her Auntie Elsie on occasion. Her auntie was just a wonderful lady, very prim and proper. Nana Pat really enjoyed these visits and would spend the afternoon and arrive back home before supper. We quite often used to go to the Bronx to shop at Alexander's, the department store that was on Fordham Road. This was very close to the church we got married in. The neighborhood was very Italian and the stores quite interesting for just window-shopping. The most delicious franks one could purchase from a local vendor who was stationed street side. The movie house was located on Fordham Road and I always remember seeing the Longest Day at Fordham Road in the Bronx. This was all about the Normandy Landings.

Saturday we would take a stroll down to 207th Street and get our 5 lbs of chuck chop or hamburger meat as its called today. Chuck chop was only 39c a pound and we could live all week pretty cheaply. Nana Pat would make a meal for every day of the week out of this meat. Menu meat loaf, Salisbury stakes, hamburgers, meatballs and spaghetti, Fridays would be stop off in the evening and purchase a small pizza pie. We were saving for a new house as it was everyone's dream living in the city to move to the suburbs. Our goal was set and we were on a very economical budget, as you can tell. Another treat was to have a pastrami and rye sandwich with a beer at the local Jewish deli on 200th street on Saturdays. Nana Pat would order a Ruben sandwich, as it was her favorite sandwich. Saturday night we would of course go out with Uncle Harry and Auntie Charlotte or Nana Pat's

friends from the neighborhood. Bowling was very popular and it made for a very nice evening with all Nana Pat's friends Ritchie and Mary Gardener, Carol Keihm and several others. After bowling, we would all go to Jahns in the Bronx to the ice cream parlor and what a treat that was. We would order the kitchen sink for ten people and it was a massive amount of ice cream. This would be about one or two in the morning, so after it was home to bed.

On several occasions on Saturday nights we would go to Billy Mac's house, one of Harry's friends. This gentleman was the officer who originally got me a job in the National Guard. We would play cards for several hours with the girls joining also. Harry and I would drink soda all night long, as Bill did not like to drink. Some nights we would consume some ten quarts. But the games were friendly and a lot of fun and with plenty of food with cold cuts and rolls. The most one could lose was about ten dollars in an evening. Of course I was a loser. Billy later moved to Haverstraw in upper New York and we would visit on Sundays, as it was quite, a drive about two hours up route 85 and the route 10 West. Billy also taught at the Military College at West Point. The cadets would need training and the National Guard units would be hired to do the specialized service. On one of the trips we had the opportunity of visiting The West Point Cadet training center as class was out on their summer break. I was very impressed with the facility and it was a typical officer's training college. This is the training ground for the USA Army and a lot of prestigious officers had graduated this facility. The most noted of the officers had oil paintings hanging on the various scholastic dorms or utility rooms. Unless one has a son in those days in training you did not get a pass to visit, so it was a real treat to be able to visit this noted campus. Today the campus has women cadets. This campus was one of the first Military Colleges to admit women. The campus was well manicured and the grounds beautifully architecturally designed. I was suitably impressed and Bill being one of the youngest officers to reach the rank of Colonel. Bills success in the National Guard made me feel very happy for him.

Well, during the first year Kathie and Joe moved into the same apartment complex. Kathie was also pregnant. The two of us used to share our food and most nights during the week we would spend with them both. We all got along well and as Mrs. Denham close at hand made it very convenient if we really needed a baby sitter. Joe was quite a city person as he had lived in Brooklyn all of his life and knew his way around. The weekends we would visit all the well-known tourist attractions downtown or in New Jersey. It was very interesting to visit the village and just sit out in Washington Square Park. This period was the flower children time, as it was called and of course today these individuals are known as the Hippy crowd or Baby Boomers (Yuppies). Joe and Kathie's life style fell into this group and were somewhat weird. They would invite us to off Broadway shows as they were called. Boy, did we watch some winners with them. Joe was employed with a Catholic group as a camp chief administrator. The camp was located in middle New Jersey. His first stop in the day was downtown to the Catholic Headquarters to attend meetings and seminars. Afternoons he would head out to New Jersey to the campsite. At peak times in the summer about one hundred a fifty deprived children from lower east side of Manhattan would attend the camp. The majority of these children were from poor neighborhoods and broken families. Joe, I believe, could have worked for the Peace Corps and really

done well. His calling at this time was the camp. Before camp life Joe worked as a Biology teacher in a New Jersey.

One of my favorite places to visit was the Bronx Zoo. Sundays we would take the bus to the Zoo. Debbie was very young so we took a pushchair. The trip around the Zoo took several hours. The little one had such a great time. The children's petting area was just fantastic and the Debbie had such fun. This trip to the zoo was a long day by the time we arrived home late afternoon tired and with feet aching. The Botanical Gardens were located opposite the Zoo and also were a great pleasure to visit. City life was just plenty to do and places to visit. The public transportation was very inexpensive and gave one access to all the major tourist attractions and places of interest.

This was all an exciting time during which Harry on Sundays would teach me to drive. The area where we would take lessons was up around Manhattan College in the Bronx. After several weeks he said "I reckon your ready to take a trip now on the New York Thruway". After completing the run up to Westchester and back without incident I was now ready for my driving test. What an experience that was. Reporting to the motor vehicle department on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. This station was so busy it meant waiting in line with at least forty people ahead of you. After about an hour my name was called. Cripps report to Sergeant Hayes. A small man in stature and being Negro, came as quite a surprise. With a quiet voice he said, "Get in your car". With all the correct signals I pulled out and he directed me where to go. Boy was it tricky in major traffic and five road junctions with multiple lights. During the road test he summoned me to do a park between two cars. There was limited space and it was going to be tight. This I had practiced a lot as in the city it was hard to get parking spaces and one needed to be very good at this maneuver. Well, during the test with a shout he exclaimed use your mirror more. Well I immediately thought I had failed. Later during the thirty-minute ordeal we came to a major intersection. The traffic lights had failed to work so with caution I made a change in direction through the busy interchange. "Good judgment" he exclaimed. Four weeks later my test results arrived and I had passed on my first attempt.

A month later I bought a second hand car a1957 Ford Mercury. What a bomb! I paid \$175 dollars for the car. We now had means to get around on the weekends. During the week it was a pain in the neck as alternate street parking was in effect. This meant at night you would have to change your parking spot on odd days so that the Department of Sanitation could clean one side of the road. On even days they would clean the other side. This law made for interesting arguments and juggling for parking spots. Fifty dollars fine if you left your car on the wrong side. With this newfound freedom having transportation we started to look for a house in the suburbs.

New Jersey was our first visit for house hunting and the port of call was Parsippany. The homes we looked at were absolutely beautiful. The models all decorated with such taste and with accents to match. The house was about 3400 square feet with a huge Den over the two-car garage. Our pocket book was not quite in line with the price of \$29,500 dollars. This would mean a mortgage of some \$300 a month with taxes. We were looking for around \$200 a month. To this day I regret that we did not try to make this commitment.

Recently I had the opportunity to visit that area and the homes are worth around \$600,000 dollars. This would have been a tremendous investment.

Bill Quiles with whom I had become very friendly at work at Burns and Roe, said “why don’t you visit us one week-end and take a look in the Brentwood area?” Well Brentwood on a map was about sixty miles from the city. This was way out in the sticks, as they use to say. Early spring of 1964 we decided to take trip and look for a possible home in Brentwood, Long Island. After looking around the various new developments we decided to look at a small development just off the Southern State Parkway on Broadway.

The house was a high ranch about 1800 square feet , \$17,990 dollars, and with a mortgage and taxes of about \$169 dollars a month. We immediately put a binder down and started the process of obtaining a mortgage. After searching for a while the builder offered us a mortgage and the deal was made a couple of weeks later. The home would be ready in late November 1964. I would need to commute to the city and that was about seventy dollars a month. We were just a little over our budget but manageable. Our Savings at the time was about three thousand dollars. The deposit was \$799, as I would get VHA mortgage for around 5.25%. We traveled home so excited and were in heaven. I had just completed one and a half years in the country and we were going to buy a home. This was quite an accomplishment. Nan Pat and I were so excited and looking forward to having the extra room and the garden to bring up the children.

The following months on a bi-weekly basis we would visit the sight and see how the construction of the house was progressing. My copilot during these visits would be young Deborah as it was about 160 mile round trip and she made for good company talking to her while driving. I would take measurements of all the studs and locate all the piping risers. With this data on hand at work I would layout the floors so that I would have a complete picture of all the services. After we would visit Nana Pat’s uncle who lived in Sayville. Sayville was located on the coast on what is termed the bay. The home was where Nana Pats grandmother lived all her life until the age of eighty. Uncle John lived in the house and worked also in New York City at that time. We would visit John so that Nana Pat could rest for a while as she was be pregnant with Laura The trip would take about one hour and half from Upper Manhattan. Uncle Harry always remarked your never going to get me out there in the Boony’s. We would at times visit with Bill Quiles who would live about five minutes from our new home. Eventually we would become dear friends with them.

In the latter part of the year Burns & Roe asked if I would go to Fort Belvior in Virginia to work on a secret project. In the past year they had offered me to go to the South Pole to upgrade the controls on a small nuclear reactor upgrade. This project fell through due to timing and accessibility to the South Pole. I was at that time given secret clearance at level two, (whatever that meant). The result was based on the fact that I had in my past clearance for top-secret work in Great Britain during my apprenticeship years. Well, the offer was so good and as we were now saving hard for furniture and appliances I could not pass up this opportunity.

During this time period the blessed event number two arrived. Once again on October the

3rd. That day Nana Pat started labor and about 3-00 am and we proceeded to the hospital in the big Mercury. Laura Ann was born at 3-23 pm. A beautiful little bundle of joy. Laura Anne was such a quiet and peaceful baby. She would feed and just fall back to sleep without much fussing. Nana Pat now had her hands full, so our routine had to change to suit the new arrival. With little support during the week, as I was in Washington DC, Nana Pat would cope as usual and without complaining and was always upbeat. This arrangement with me out of town working would continue on and off over the years. Nana Pat has been very patient and understanding and the result has been a financially sound family.

The old Mercury ran backwards and forwards to Washington DC every week. I had a small efficiency apartment in a motel very close to Fort Belvoir. This was about September of 1964. Closing on the house had been delayed a couple of months which meant we



Modern Living Furniture

would not be in the house until January or February 1965. The trips in winter to and from Washington that year were very stressful as on several occasions heavy snow fell. On one trip it took almost ten hours to get home. The trip would normally take four hours. Nana Pat was quite relieved to see me come in the door at 2-00 am in the morning. I had spent five hours behind four snow-ploughs that were ploughing the whole New Jersey Turnpike. The snowfall was almost fifteen inches and it was certainly a rough trip. The return trip was to be on Greyhound bus and even that took six hours as it was once more snowing on Sunday night.

Weekends while home Nana Pat and I would visit all the furniture stores looking to furnish our new home. We spent many hours in Korvettes located on Westchester Parkway looking for such items as linens and accents to each room. Macy's Downtown and Alexander's in the Bronx were our stomping grounds. Well, eventually we found a wonderful store called Modern Living in the Bronx on Fordham Road. The store had every type of furniture and very modern and contemporary styles. Needless to say we purchased the Living room set in a Swedish modern style. A beautiful breakfast to match the living room set and contemporary Lounge chairs. The bedroom set was purchased the year before at Macy's. The complete set of furniture came to about \$2000 and we paid for it in cash. All was kept in storage until we needed to pick it up to deliver to Brentwood Long Island. When I look back we were certainly young with no fears and with our mindset not on failure. The late sixties in the USA was economic boom and jobs were plentiful once again in engineering. One had a sense of security in the fact that you could always change jobs with out losing income.



Last Christmas In the City

The second Christmas was spent with the two children and we made it quiet with just Harry and Charlotte visiting. Uncle Billy came in later as he had a new job at Lincoln Center as a security guard. Being on the bottom of the totem pole as they say, he had the holiday duties so that those guards with a family could spend Christmas together. It wasn't until later years that Uncle Billy would spend Christmas with our family. Uncle Billy who was really Nana Pats cousin had a very hard life growing up. His mother, I understand was just a lovely person, but spent most of the money the family earned in a bar. His father was confined to a veterans hospital with tuberculosis when Uncle Billy was very young. The household lived on a veterans pension which was very limited. Billy was always in and out of school so he missed a lot of schooling. This man was such a wonderful person but had limitations in his skills which meant that lower paying jobs were all he could manage. The security job at Lincoln Center was a blessing for him and we were all so happy. He had now settled down in his own apartment on Cooper Street. This was not far from where we lived. Uncle Billy would visit on occasion and enjoy the children. We had a wonderful time at Christmas. Our expectations were high, as the home would be ready for closing in just a few more days. So young we were and yet heading for a major undertaking owning our own home. Well late December 1994 we were informed that the house was ready for closing. We were advised to have council at the meeting or we could use the builder's attorney which we did. Our financial position was pretty good; Additional-closing cost as always came as a shock. \$80 for plat and deed verification, six months taxes in advance \$700 and One tank of heating oil \$175. This surely ate up a lot of our savings.

January 23rd 1965 was the great move to Long Island. Early morning I arose at the crack of dawn. Uncle Billy, Ritchie Gardner and both Billy and Joe Keihm were to assist in the whole operation of moving what furniture we had from the fifth floor to the truck. The enclosed truck we rented from Hertz the night before. The move to the truck started early and was complete about 10-00 am. We then preceded with the truck to the Bronx to




Our Dream House 1965 \$17,990

pickup the furniture in storage. Snow had started to fall, although fairly light at the time. The pick up took about one hour and with every thing on board I lead the way to the Long Island. Cross Bronx, Cross Island Parkway, and then the Long Island Expressway to exit 61 Brentwood. Normal journey one half hours, today three hours with the snow falling quite heavy. I was lucky to lead the convoy as I had a heater in the car the truck's heater did not work, so the guys were pretty unhappy and cold. I would go on ahead and get things ready, as Nana Pat and the two babies were in the car.

Arriving at Brentwood 122 Stahley Street was such a wonderful feeling and with true excitement. Young Deborah and Laura (our new

arrival in October) and Nana Pat and myself were quite away ahead of the truck so we had settled in and had lunch ready for the crew. The house was empty and bare with no furniture so it echoed when you talked to one another. The heating system was blasting away so it was pleasant inside out of the cold and miserable weather. What a sight to see as the truck arrived at our new home. The guys all needed to warm up and have a late lunch. With this done we unloaded the truck and put up the beds and cribs. We were finally in our new home. The truck left about six in the evening with about four inches of snow on the ground. Afterwards I found out they arrived back in New York pretty late at 11-00 pm as they broke down just before exiting the Long Island Expressway. It took about two hours to get a repair crew to the location. This move will go down in history. I'm sure it was a very exasperating experience for all the crew and they will always remember it. All I can say is thanks to them all for such help.



“ The stagnation of circumstance need not be for ever”
Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Four

The Commute

The week after we moved I had off from work so that we could unpack and get used to where we lived, north, south east and west etc. The month of January was coming to an end and it was perfect timing to acquire a ticket on the Long Island Rail Road.

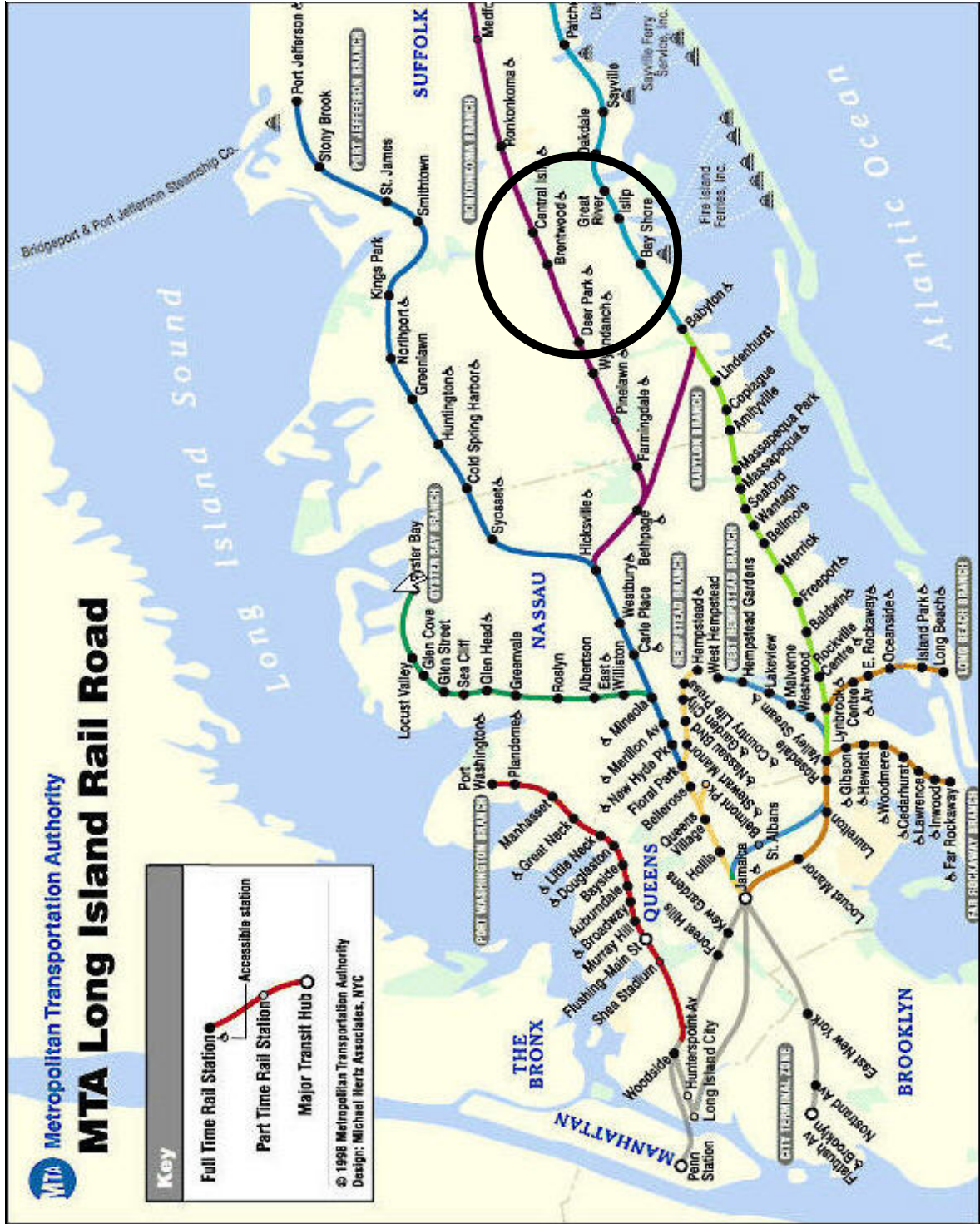


- Monthly tickets could be purchased on Saturday between 11-00 am and 2-00 pm. I hopped in the old Mercury on Saturday morning and went to the train station in Central Islip. When I arrived there was quite a line and I was on the outside in the parking area. About thirty people were on line. As I stood in line remarks from other passengers indicated that on Monday mornings it's even

worse. The lines are very long. With this noted and entrenched in my mind I would always purchase the ticket in advance. In later years one could purchase it by mail after the fourteenth of the month. It was pretty cold that Saturday so I was glad to enter the Ticket office proper after about ten minutes on the outside. As I approached the office window a small man from behind a glass window remarked "where to"? New York City my remark "what station? question no two. I need to go downtown in New York I remarked. Well, you have three options Hunters Point, Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn

Spirit of America

Long Island Rail Road



or Pennsylvania Station. "Yes, that's the one I said". "Weekly or monthly round trip" he retorted. "Monthly" I said at least I knew that much that it was going to be for a while. "\$68.00 dollars" he said. The commute for a month I thought at the time was fairly expensive. My salary at that time was \$210 a week less taxes.

Monday morning arrived. At about 5-35 am I left the house. Nana Pat because of the 6-00 am feeding of Laura was up. She had made a light breakfast of just toast and coffee for me. The light breakfast was sufficient to get through the commute of two hours. The Station was about eight minutes from our home but Bill Quiles had advised me to get there early, as parking was limited. I parked in the parking lot adjacent to the ticket office. It was extremely cold with my breath bellowing white smoke as I exhaled. The ticket office was packed like a cattle car, some people getting tickets others out of the cold. Bill was right the line for tickets was very long and if on the end you were about to miss the train. Bill and I teamed up and he said "lets stand about 50 yards down stream of the ticket office". About ten minutes later the barricades lowered with a ringing sound and red lights flashing. The barricade would stop cross traffic on Central Avenue. Out of the darkness came large hunk of steel looking like a dinosaur slowly made its way around the bend with its bell ringing announcing its approach to the station the time was 6-03 am. The bright headlight lit up about 100 yards of track in front to lead the way and sparkled on the cold steel tracks. As I stood at grade I thought. This is different as in England all stations have boundaries and usually fenced in. We were at grade and standing on just a one foot raised blacktop platform and looking directly up the tracks. One could actually walk the tracks, as there were no fences lining the rails in either direction.

Two neatly dressed conductors jumped of as the train came to a screeching halt. Steam was belching out from the under side off the engine and a great large smoke cloud hung around the steel monster. The conductors exclaimed all aboard and signal to proceed with departure to the engineer. By now Bill and I were scrambling for a seat. The train originated just one stop away in Ronkonkoma. The Carriages were pretty cold as the steam had not heated them sufficiently as of yet. Those already full up were obviously the warmest and near the front. Further back meant a colder car as the steam had not reach those cars but one could get a seat. Bill had over the winter tried all the different cars and found this car to heat up fairly quickly. As we walked through the cars men and women were already sleeping as the journey was to be long. We settled in and as it was still dark outside we could not see to much. With a big jerk we were off and the diesel train made its way on to Brentwood the next stop and so on. The train would stop at about six towns and then head for Jamaica Station in Queens. That is about twenty miles outside of the City which is considered Long Island also. Queens, though, is a borough of New York. The train stopped at Bethpage (Grumman)for those who worked in the aircraft factory on experimental planes. This being the last stop the train pulled away and got up a pretty good head of steam. After this stop the conductors would come through the train and punch our tickets for the first days journey of the month. We were traveling about seventy miles an hour at that point. Darkness had changed to daylight as it was about 6-45 am. Ice on the windows was completely removed as the heat was full blast and one could see the various towns and factories slip by as we journeyed on. The Central Line went right through the heart of Long Island, so it was very industrialized with light industry. The scenery was nothing to report about. At the junction of the railroad at Hicksville the central line to

the southern and northern all come together. The train would slow down considerably there was a very severe bend in the tracks. This station did have raised platforms and as a matter of fact it was built on a stilt structure some twenty feet above the roadways that passed beneath. The trip on in to Jamaica Station would take about half an hour and we cross over the border of Nassau County from Suffolk at about this time. Gaining speed once more the train seemed to fly on this long stretch of straight track and stations would zip by without even a glimpse of what the towns looked like. Eventually we pulled into Jamaica Station that was elevated. About half the train unloaded and we had to change platforms to catch the train arriving from Oyster Bay on the north shore. As we stood for at least twenty minutes, I was frozen solid out in the cold. The waiting rooms were just jam-



packed as this was the junction where all the commuters, some 150,000 in just two hours, would change for various final destinations in the city. We would hide behind advertising barricades to shelter us from the wind and cold weather. This part of the journey was not very comforting and but it sure woke you up in a hurry. My eyes that day were constantly streaming and the tears would turn to ice. Well, this was not to be the worst. The connecting train arrived and very few people disembarked which meant no seats. The aisles were filled and people were packed in tightly so we had to stand on the outside in the vestibule area in the open. It was absolutely freezing and by the time we arrived at Pennsylvania

Station we were like icicles. The conductor also punched our ticket on the way to New York, as it was customary to get your ticket punched for both the east and west bound journey out of Jamaica Station in traveling to or from Central Islip.

Arriving on an electric train from Jamaica station we would rush up stairs on entering the concourse that was well heated it felt like heaven. Both Bill and I proceeded to the Subway. Bill looked back and said “you will need to get tokens at the booth”. Having lived in the city this I realized and had three dollars ready that would purchase twelve tokens. The subway would cost a quarter at that time. I had obviously counted this in to my budget when making the decision to move to Long Island. So with tokens in hand we went up stairs to the “A” train that would take us to Chambers Street down town on the edge of the financial district. The Subway was also very cold but it was underground and not open to the high winds. The platform was crowded. A train arrived at 34th street and mobs of people moved out we hustled our way inside to be crammed in like sardines in a can. Early morning is quite somber and most passengers people watched. Bill and I were separated and so I could not converse with him on the way downtown. The subways have some real weird characters on them and I will explain a little later. Chambers Street about twenty minutes later arrived and as it was the first major stop downtown quite a few people emptied out. Bill exclaimed “ follow me”, as we maneuvered through passage ways we came up at or pretty close to the building where we worked at 70 West Broadway that was the Western Union Building in those days. Bill said “its time for breakfast” I was all for that, what with being cold as ice and needing to get warm. A breakfast meal to support my body for the rest of the day was in order. “In here,” he said. Yes it was a real greasy spoon place but the meal two eggs bacon and or sausages hash browns, toast and coffee 69c. That was a bargain. The owner and Bill got along real well. Entering the establishment we were greeted with a warm welcome and an immediate cup of coffee by the waitress at the counter. We very rarely sat at the tables unless it was crowded at the counter. The gentlemen that owned the restaurant was Spanish, as was Bill so they conversed in Spanish and joked about the New York Spanish community. Time now was approaching 8-00 am and we would need to clock in. Normally we would clock in around 7-50 am and our day at the office would start.

Homeward bound was at 5-00 pm Bill and myself rushing from the building and would head for a different subway train home. We used the “E” train that was several blocks over from our building so we needed to hustle on departing the building. Arriving at Fulton Street Station would mean waiting for train that would let us on, as this stop was uptown from the financial district. Office workers would empty out in droves from their offices all at the same time. The train would arrive and with a big push and shove we would enter. This was not very comfortable and the train’s first stop was 14th street and the 34th street and then branch out into Queens. We were heading for Hunters Point to catch the diesel that would originate in the yard at this point. A short walk from the subway and we would be at the loading platforms for the Long Island Railroad.

Bill said “ get inside this carriage”. I obeyed and into a smoked filled room I entered. Already it was quite full of people. It was about seven minutes until the train would pull out at 5-20 pm and start the journey home. Well, we were in the bar car full of commuters all conversing with one another and having a good old time. In the corners, groups who al-

ways occupied the same place each day, I was informed, were playing cards. God forbid if you ever took their spot. Bill asked what I wanted and “ a beer was fine,” I said, as I did not drink liquor. Beer was 50c a can. That was pretty expensive, as a six pack was only a dollar. All aboard was announced and we pulled out of the station. What was nice about the homeward journey was the fact that we did not stop at Jamaica Station we went straight through. The conductor did not punch our ticket until we had passed Jamaica Station. Bill and I were joined by several of his acquaintances that he had met in the bar. The conversation was partly around the new commuter myself and sports on the weekend. Homes, mortgages, taxes, and politics were all discussed at length so it was very interesting to meet a group of new people. I had not had the pleasure of such company in the past two years as I lived in the city and the commute downtown was quite lonely. During the commute home the bar tender put a large platter of sandwiches and Ouvre's Hours out for every one to have a snack. This is quite often done at bars in New York City during happy hour. In the bar car, as the journey progressed the air got thicker and thicker with smoke. We had secured a spot close to the exit door so it was not as dense as in the center. I bought Bill a drink and each of the group of five so it was two dollars and fifty cents. On disembarking at Central Islip I said to Bill “ I can't afford that every night” . Bill remarked it was my first commute and he thought it we could celebrate a little. However, we did not go every night not like some commuters. Friday nights we would have a few beers and would limit ourselves to just four. On arriving home at 122 Staley Street Nana Pat greeted me with. “Wow were have you been” my clothes and hair stunk of tobacco smoke. Needless to say I had to explain the whole thing. Her remark well commuting is not so bad after all. Boy if she had froze like I did in the morning the evening trip was like a reward. Convincing her that it would only occur on Friday nights and was not to be a routine she then said “well tell me about the rest of the day”. Commuting to the city would last for about two years and eventually got to be quite a strain on myself.

During the start of the second year I experienced the first of several strikes by the engineers and conductors of the Long Island Railroad. A strike meant that one would need to drive to Huntington or Babylon and take a bus service to the nearest subway on the outskirts of the city. On arriving at Babylon the wait on line was quite a long time so you would need to be there no later than 5-30 am to get on the early bus. The journey was to Shea Stadium in Queens. From there one would take the New York City subway to your destination. All these inconveniences just lead me to pursue the possibility of getting transferred to Hempstead, the office of Burns and Roe, Long Island. In the spring I did accomplish a transfer and would now team up again with Bill, as we would commute together by car.

After the move to Long Island Nana Pat and I decided that we needed a much more reliable car as the Mercury was giving us trouble. Bill Quiles on several occasions would pick me up in the morning and this was a little out of his way. On a nice sunny day, although still very cold Nana Pat and myself, went to West Islip to look for a new car as we felt this would be a right move rather than a second hand car. The show room was not too large but there in the middle was this great looking 1965 Chevy Impala. It was a beautiful blue. After negotiating the sales group reluctantly they agreed to sell me the floor model. I would need to put 20% down and that was \$360 dollars that I agreed to. The cost of the

car was \$1899 payments would be around \$45.00 a month for three years. Financing was by GM so it went very quick and the final papers were drawn up that day. My credit rating was checked and found to be very good. On Monday of the following week I picked up the car that had been cleaned and in sparkling condition. This was something special a brand new car, new house and two babies. One talks about guts or we were just stupid. The take home pay with all deductions on a Bi-weekly basis was around \$320. One paycheck went on mortgage, commute and car payments. Utilities and food came out of the other and we would have about \$100 a month to spare without overtime. This was cutting it real close.

Well, Burns and Roe came to the rescue. In early January of the same year. They would be awarded the Guantanamo Bay project and eventually I was assigned to this project and made a considerable amount of money. Overtime was unlimited. Our commute would need to be adjusted and I would take the 9-10 pm train from Pennsylvania Station to Babylon. The route was all along the South Shore arriving at 10-45 pm. Arriving at 10-45 pm I would climb into my new car drive home arriving about 11-15 pm. The train in the morning left Babylon at 5-55 am so this made for a very long day. I would leave the driveway at 4-45 am. Bill on a Saturday said, " Brian lets try and make the 3-10 pm Cannon Ball I will have Clara pick us up". The train originated out of Jamaica, which meant we would leave the downtown office at about two o'clock. Making our way to Flatbush Avenue Brooklyn and then the shuttle type service to Jamaica Station we would arrive at about 2-50 pm. As we approached the train now standing at Platform #4 Bill said, "go to the last carriage" that I did. Entering it was a parlor car the leather seats were all the way around and it was very formal. Bill I said we couldn't stay here. Just sit down he said and keep quiet. The 3-10 pm train on Saturdays was the only one that had a bar car. We waited and eventually half way through the journey the conductor threw us out. Making our way to the bar car the conductor followed us all the way to make sure we did not return to the parlor car. Bill today has a good laugh about that day. Having had a few drinks we arrived at Oakdale which was the first stop and a little beyond Islip where we should get off the train. Throughout the summer we made the 3-10 pm train from Jamaica on Saturdays as it had a bar car. We were making a lot of money and my paycheck had doubled bi weekly. As a treat we could now have a few beers on the way home and started to make it a daily routine. Even the 9-10 pm train had a small portable bar that took on seating arrangement. We used this carriage every night on the way home. I believe this was the start of what was to be problem drinking, as time progressed. I will talk about it later in my memoirs.

Saturday evenings Nana Pat would drag me out shopping for furnishings and the house was starting to take shape. From Korvetts in Babylon we furnished the down stairs playroom. Carpeting was added throughout. Sundays I would put up paneling and dress up all the rooms. By early fall the house was taking shape. We had invited your great grandmother over for a visit that following year in October 1966. We were in full preparation for the event.

Spring that year 1965 was very beautiful and the one very large forsythia bush blossomed early that was Dallas's property. It was the true indicator that spring had arrived. Dallas

and Armond next door were already dashing about getting their kids to various sports events and school activities. Eventually one Saturday morning we were all introduced and this relationship as neighbors and were soon to become extremely close. After introductions Dallas called over her in-laws Papa and Nana Nelson and we all talked for about an hour. Nana and Papa Nelson lived in a small cottage just one down from Dallas and their



St Marks Episcopal Church
Islip

land and ours intermingled. Dallas and her whole family lived on Long Island but they came from Newfoundland. Dallas had such a wonderful but cheeky laugh and would always be so light hearted. Armond on the other hand was quite serious and their marriage was well balanced. Armond commuted to the city but drove the company car into work. Armond worked in an area called College Point. On Sundays Dallas said the Episcopal Church in Islip was very nice to attend. Nana Pat was extremely interested in visiting, so the next Sunday they arranged to go and meet at the church. Dallas had four kids, so with Armond in the car there was little room for another passenger. Nana Pat arrived home very impressed with the church and this was to be our church in the future. The building itself was very Tudor in style and impressive from route 27A that passed by. The church grounds and rectory used to be the original Teahouse of the Vanderbilt's.

Sunday afternoons we would sit out under the cool of the large trees that divided our two properties. We did not have a fence at this time, so we could just walk straight across into their yard. Their bench outside could sit about eight people. Both families would all meet about two o'clock and sit and talk all afternoon. As the afternoon wore on we would either join Dallas and Armond for supper and bring our food over to barbecue or quietly drift back home. The children all got along well and Dallas's two eldest daughters fussed over our young ones. Andrea was now approaching twelve and Susan just a year and a half behind. We now had built in baby sitters and what a pleasure that was. On week ends Nana Pat and myself would get out



Great Grandad-Dallas-Susan-Armond-Andrea
Nana Nelson-Popa Brian-Deborah

On week ends Nana Pat and myself would get out

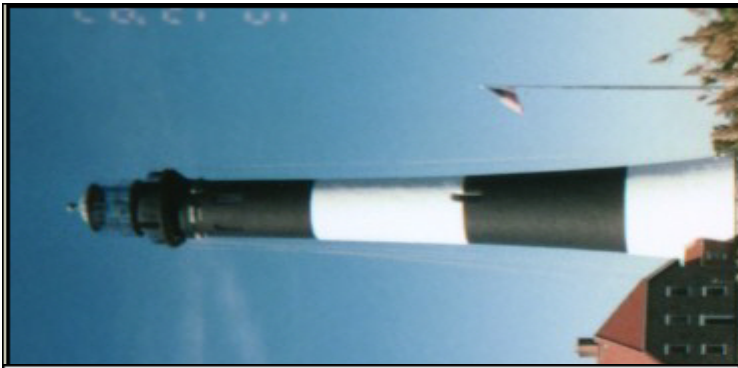
in the evening to the famous restaurants in the area and or further in towards the city in Nassau county. Our favorite place was the Saxon Arms down on the waterside at Oakdale. The first time we visited the Saxon Arms we were greeted by Jimmy the owner who apologized but said it was about a twenty minute wait. This was not too bad as there was a wonderful piano bar. Patrons would all sit around the bar and sing oldies. The view from across the bar looking out into the bay was special. The setting sun would fill the room and the glasses would sparkle. Jim had been a waiter at the Saxon Arms and eventually bought the place and turned it into a gold mine The whole place had such a great atmosphere and we would become very friendly with Jim and his wife. The Restaurant each year threw a golf outing and I was invited each year but only one year did I attend. The golf outing was always during the week and we were so busy at work. The Saxon Arms golf outings were the most sought after tickets and mostly business people would attend.



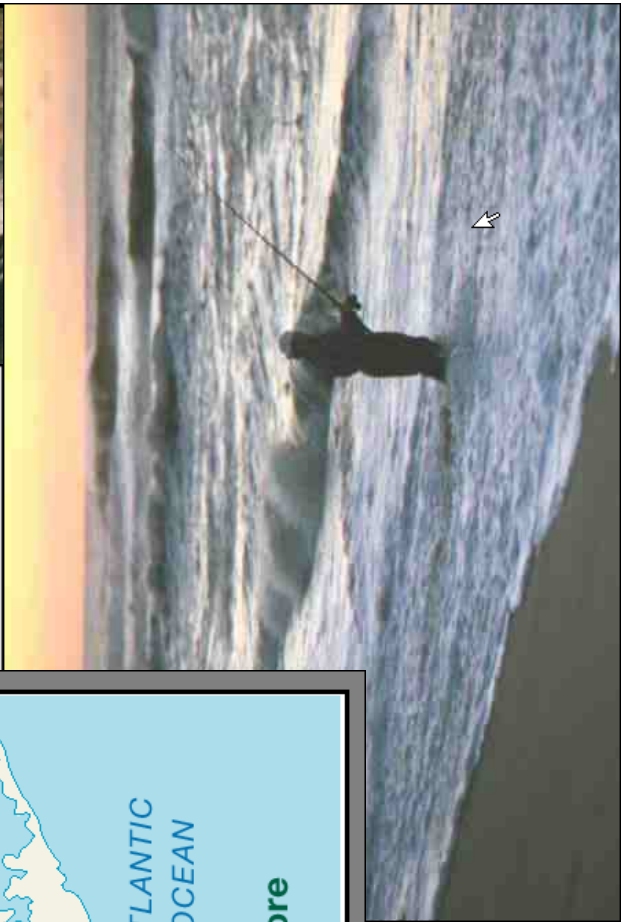
Ones duty to a family sometimes needs drastic decisions

Living with them is loyalty

Brian R. Cripps



Long Island



Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Five

Long Island

Long Island is really an extension of New York City both the boroughs of Queens and Brooklyn are geographically located adjacent to Manhattan as well as forming the Far Western portion of the island. The island stretches some 120 miles from West to East. Nassau County considered the start of Long Island borders on Queens at the Cross Is-



Eastern Long Island

land Expressway. From the expressway into New York proper is about twenty miles. Nassau County is about 30 miles long and Suffolk County where we lived is the balance of some seventy miles to the tip at Montauk Point. The Island at Great River or close to bifurcates into two peninsulas pointing out into the Atlantic Ocean. The North Fork has small villages such as Sag Harbor famous for its whaling population. The village Northville is the oil depository and storage for the whole of Long Island. Greenport is also a well visited commu-

nity on the North Fork. The South Fork has the villages of Moriches, Shinnecock, Southampton and Montauk Point. Settled between the two forks are two Islands, Plum Island and Shelter Island. One can take a ferry from either Port Jefferson or Orient

Spirit of America

to Connecticut on the main land above New York. Brentwood was situated about sixty miles from the New York City and slightly to the middle of the island and just South of the major famous highway Long Island Expressway that transposed the island from the City Mid Town tunnel to Riverhead about 100 miles to the East. The Long Island Expressway is always referred to as the longest parking lot in the world. This was considered the Boony's at this time in 1965. Nassau County had a population of 2 Million and Suffolk 1million. When one traveled to the City in the early morning it would take about 1 ½ -2 hours to commute and was bumper to bumper even then from Huntington on in. The railroad was the alternative and the prior chapter described the type of commute one could expect.



Vanderbilt Museum and Planetarium

The Island was a wonderful place in which kids could grow up. First concern was education and Brentwood at that time had a very good Elementary and Middle school program. High School was not so good as drugs were starting to take a hold. The kids, Deborah, Laura and Bryan were lucky, as at the end of our street was the entrance to the school. School activities, dancing and 4H kept them pretty active. PTA (Parents Teachers Associations) monitored the school system very closely and activities and community work were fairly evident in each child's development. Church was obviously another emphasis that was important for a good foundation. St Marks was the Episcopal Church in Islip on the South Shore which the family would attend. Nana Pat was dedicated to the church and all the family would attend on a regular basis except for Pop Pop who was mostly on the road away from home with job assignments.



Jones Beach Lighthouse

The island's cultural centers were diverse and spread out over the whole Island. The Planetarium was in Huntington on the North Shore. The Island had several Museums and Historical homes closer to the City in Oyster Bay, Manhasset and on the far tip of the Island in Southampton and Easthampton along with Sag Harbor. Southampton is still considered the rich persons playground during the summer. Most of the east coast famous stars, writers and artists live there for the summer months.

Professional Sports activities would center around the Yankees or the Mets at Shea Stadium in Queens. Winter it would be the Islanders Hockey and the Nets. Little League was established all throughout



Jones Beach on the Atlantic

Long Island. Soccer would become a very popular sport. The Long Island Junior Soccer League one of the powerhouses in Youth Soccer in the USA. The League had registered players, that just are in the travel leagues was 20,000 and total including intramural was around 230,000 during this time period.

The Island had beautiful Parks Sunken Meadow (North Shore), Heckshire State Park on the South Shore. There was a large deer population in this park and they were very friendly. The public were forewarned not to feed them during the winter months. Eisenhower Park was located in Nassau County. Jones Beach was a wonderful place to hang out during the summer months and the parking lots were normally full by 11-00am on either a Saturday or Sunday. This would mean at least 150,000 people at the beaches. The beaches pure white sand stretched from Long Beach in Nassau County all the way out to Montauk Point some eighty miles all told. The family spent many hours at the beach as it was only about ½ hour from Brentwood. The North shore had several, but small beaches and the longest was at Sunken Meadow State Park about 1-1/2 miles long.

Fire Island which stretches from the Nassau line all the way to Moriches is situated about three miles off the South shore of Long Island and runs parallel west to east. Ferries only run during the early spring to fall between the island and mainland. There is no other means of travel to island except by boat or ferry. Ferries leave from Bayshore, Sayville and Moriches. The Island is noted as being the hang out for Gays and the few bars that there are normally have a large Gay following. Aunt Charlotte used to have a summer home she rented on Fire Island. Deborah and Laura each visited their aunt on several occasions.

Our neighborhood for the first four years consisted of just the families on the first block of Stahley Street. The Sisias were next door to us the first house off of Broadway. Then came our house, Dallas and Armond next with Grandma and Popa Nelson. Armonds mom and dad lived in a small house on the same piece of property as Dallas and Armond. Our kids inherited both Grandma and Pop as their own grandparents as theirs were to far away in England. The Italian family, Mr. And Mrs. Calosi. Mr. Carlosi was a NYC



George Sisia-Clara Quiles-Charlotte-Bill Quiles

cop and lived in the last house on the end of the block. A small cul-de-sac with three homes ended the road before entering the back entrance to the school yard. Most of our association was with Dallas and Armond and the Sisias. George Sisia and Millie were just wonderful people have had a pleasure of live next to. Armond and Dallas we became extremely close to and it was such a pleasant time 1965 on. After four years a small cul-de-sac was opened up opposite our house and five new homes went up. With the new expansion of the neighborhood our circle of friends expanded to The Mc Cluclans, (3 children), Hickmen's (2 children), Nethaway's (3 children) Ingrassia (1 child) The Pinto's (2 children). Quite a full house. The

cul-de-sac became the play ground for all to enjoy sports and just hanging out. One could feel very safe about the kids playing without supervision as there was always some one peeking out of a window just to check on the activities. The only change while we were there was the Hickman's moved out after five years and Bob and Margaret Brockwell moved in. We all got along well and would celebrate holidays together and had block parties and of course drank quite a bit. The parties always had plenty of food and music. Mr. Pinto would entertain with his guitar and we had great sing-alongs. The late sixties into the early seventies were very prosperous times in America. Jobs were plentiful and one could change without fear of losing a paycheck..

During the early part of 1966 I left Burns and Roe Island office and started job shopping (contract personnel) as it was called in those days. This started a whole new phase in my career. First job was back in New York City called Design Associates who farmed my services to a company called Kellogg. At this assignment I met Vinnie Goglia who also lived in Brentwood, so we became sort of Business buddies during our working hours, but did not socialize on the weekends as I had a whole different group of friends and families we would socialize with. I was assigned to Jerry Wiesenburg who had hate for job shoppers and he rode me day-in and day-out. Any small error or something he did not like he would shout out loud "Cripps why did you do that"? Just to embarrass me in front of my cohorts. After about six months of enduring such ridicule time was up. Spring was in the air and after having a few beers at lunch. I came back to my drafting board and who came over because we were two minutes late was dear Jerry. Time up, as he came and lent over the board and with great voice said "Cripps you will have to make up your time" Last straw leaning forward and grabbing his tie and stuffing is big fat cigar down is throat I said, "you can stuff this job you know where" and walked directly to the head of the engineering department and stated in a very gruff voice "See Ya! I quit? From then on amongst the job shop group, who all knew one another in the City I was known a the rebel.

Next Job was Chemical Construction on Lexington and 57 th street a very nice company

to work with and I also met Jim again as he was job shopping also. Another piper (Mechanical Designer) I was introduced to was Victor Greco who worked on the same project as Jim Daly. I lasted at the company for about a year then in early 1967 just as the Vietnam war was starting I was contacted by Vinnie Goglia if I would be interested to go to Washington DC to work on a special project. This was on a Wednesday early in June. The rate was extremely good, \$9.00 an hour unlimited overtime. Vinnie said we must confirm by 5-00pm that night as there was a bonus of \$500.00 which he would spilt with me if I signed up. I was told to call John Flynn and did so, who offered me the deal but we had to be in Washington DC by Saturday for medical and final papers. This was a no brainer after telling Nana Pat that I had quit Chemical Construction and would be on my way to Washington DC she was quite surprised when I came home Wednesday night and gave her the news.

I arrived in Washington DC Friday night and checked into the Holiday Inn John Flynn met the four of us there. They were Vinnie Goglia myself, Gill Eager who I met at Kellog and Larry Sabine (The Horse) as he was known.

Saturday we all signed up and after a short medical started work that day at Page Communications in Georgetown, Washington, D.C. John Flynn paid for one week at the hotel so that we could make our own arrangements after that. We searched all week in the evenings and eventually got an efficiency apartment for two in Alexandria at the Alexandria Motel. I had lived in the same hotel four years earlier while working for Burns and Roe New York assigned to Fort Belvoir. This job was quite something and we worked two weeks straight and then went home on the following Friday and back on Sunday. Early in the year I purchased a 1966 Mustang, so it was a very speedy and beautifully kept car. We would share the ride home so as not to waste expenses that were two hundred a week on top of our salary. I would drop off Gill Eager in Queens just off the Long Island Expressway and then Vinnie in Brentwood. We all made a killing on this project and it would last until early 1967 in February. Well towards the end, Vinnie had purchased a used Cadillac which was in terrific shape. So one of the trips we all traveled in his limo. On the way back in Maryland at the toll booth we were stopped by the police and told after quite a lengthy wait that the car was stolen and it better get back in a hurry to New York state. The car if it had continued across state lines would have been a federal offence so the cops were very helpful to Vinnie at the time. Larry the horse was following and Gill and I went on with him. Vinnie drove the car back to Long Island. Headline News in the Long Island Paper two weeks later. "Cadillac Ring Long Island broken". Ring Leader was Tony Goglia, Vinnie's brother from whom the car was purchased. Vinnie was now in hot water and it took him a long time to clear his name. He did stay down in the Washington area until later in the year, but we lost contact and I have never seen him since.

In the spring of 1968 I started CRG Designers and opened up a job shop in Hewlet close to the city on the Port Washington line of the LIRR so it was very convenient to travel backwards and forwards to the city. The partnership was with Vic Greco who I had met at Chemical Construction. The first six months was slow going but I did get a contract with a Long Island Electrical Contractor, Mulligan Electric, producing contract documents for a Psychiatric Hospital in Copiague. Several field trips were required and I met Mr. Bob Sullivan on one of these and he asked me for my card. Several weeks later I went

into the City and obtained from Bob's company a large contract to review, check and upgrade some two hundred drawings on a GSA (Government Services Administration) building that was to be a CIA office complex. This was quite a project and took several months to complete. During my two years at GRG I was introduced to David Bligh of Bligh Control Company who was doing a very large project for the new Meadow Brook Hospital in Nassau County and he needed plans and wiring drawings done for the field people to install. All these projects kept me quite busy for a year and a half. Eventually we



Corney Sullivan-Irene Bligh -Nana Pat
Bob Sullivan First Party

closed down CRG as I was the only one working and sharing the profits with Vic Greco who could only work on weekends as he needed a steady job. I did complete Bligh Controls work at his office in Huntington and we became good friends. After CRG Designers I worked for a short time for David Bligh in his office in Brentwood so it was pretty convenient to get to work after commuting so many years to the City. The intent of working with David was to become partners in the company but after slowly getting into the book keeping I found many irregularities and decided to breakaway. Bligh Control could not complete its contracts and went out of business. I quickly met with the mechanical contractor and we formed a new company BRC Electric in 1969 and I got a union agreement with Local 25 of the IBEW (International Brotherhood of Electrical

Workers) on Long Island and went to work to complete the Meadow Brook contracts of Bligh Control. In addition we would now branch out and do Electrical Contracting all over Long Island . The company did basically state and county work. These projects required large bonding capability and also they were open bidding. We had won several large contracts and did very well up until the city and the state declared that they were bankrupt. All contracts were stopped and it was a pretty lean time in 1974. I have reflected on these time lines so that the next chapters will make sense as to how our family would unite with several others and establish bonds that last up and until today. 1975 was a critical time in Pop Pops life as BRC went out of business and I would once again change career paths and head back to the City to work as an engineer During this time period in 1973 we moved to Kings Park directly north of Brentwood on the North Shore as the older girls were about to enter Junior High School. The Brentwood School system was experiencing quite a drug problem. I have always said that soon as a house needs painting its time to move on. So we did.

Friendships last for ever if one is forthright.

Brian R Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Six

The Ties That Bind

After spending about one and a half years commuting to the Hempstead office of Burns and Roe I could tell it was time for a change and become a job shopper as I had indicated in the prior chapter. During this time we had beautifully furnished our home and paneled the playroom and the down stairs bedroom. One bedroom upstairs was also paneled as Deborah was having major problems with allergies and she needed a complete clean room with special bedding. The down



The Chevy Impala & The Old Mercury

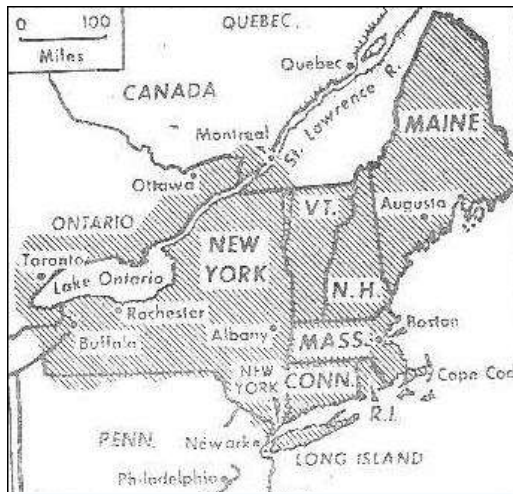
stairs bedroom would eventually become my study room and home based estimating room. The room had a drafting board and all the equipment to run a business from home. Bill Quiles and his family were very close to us during the early part of our first four years. Our homes on weekends would become intertwined as we spend a great deal of time together. For a while, I gave driving lessons to Clara his wife. Nana Pat learned to drive when we started living on Long Island. It was pretty much a necessity as I would take the car to work during the week and she would need it on the weekends for shopping etc. We did car pool to save some expense as commuting to Hempstead every day was about thirty-five miles one-way. Three of

us that lived in Brentwood would car pool and it drastically reduced our cost. This would mean Nana Pat every two weeks had the car. I kept the 1965 Chevy Impala immaculate at the time and it was always shiny and clean.

Well late 1965 I left Burns and Roe and started commuting to the New York City again as I mentioned in the prior chapter. I used the South Shore line so I would drive to or

Spirit of America

Nana Pat would drop me off at the Islip station. The train stopped at Bay Shore and then Babylon after which it was non-stop to Hunters Point Station in Queens. Early mornings we would that is my new set of friends John Forte, Tony Giglio, Jimmy Savaglia, Clarence O Connor and Angelo Croch'e boarded at Bay Shore except for Tony who boarded at Babylon would meet in the Bar Car. The morning trip was Bloody Marys and Coffee with rolls and Croissants. Most days we played cards. Pinonucle was the game and we had some great players. The talk was always about sports, politics, religion and of course girls. Well this whole group became our social life on weekends. This was the start of a life long friendship with Tony Giglio and family.



Eastern Seaboard Blackedout

In November of 1965 while working at Chemical Construction on 57th and Park Avenue I experienced like another 8 million New Yorkers the great Blackout of 1965. This was a coming together of the masses as every one supported each other, not what you normally experience in New York. At 5-20 pm we were finishing our evening break and just left a restaurant close to the building on 60th street when bam! The City went dead no buildings were on and traffic signal lights went out. Immediately the sirens and horns from cars increased to an alarming level as it was rush hour and the City was jam packed. We went to the foyer of the building to find no elevators, so what next?. Obviously it was time to find a warm comfortable bar. By 5-45 pm you could not get near bars so we walked down to Grand Central Station because they had a massive bar called The Little Brown Jug. People were just having a fine old time as the commute was over and there was no way of getting home. Radio was the only means of news as the TV stations all closed down or bars had no power to support the media. Candles were out everywhere and we just made ourselves at home and waited what was to be a long night. At about 11-00 pm the bar was getting quite cold and the liquor and beer ran out. We made our way back to the building and climbed the 34 flights of stairs to the office. During the walk up one of our cohorts Mr. Faber experienced severe pains in the chest so when we got to the floor we need to get an ambulance. How? No phones no walkie talkies, and no heat in the building. I laid him out on a very flat table and he stayed there all night and suffered a couple of more heart attacks, not sufficient to kill him, but they certainly did damage to his heart. At 8-30 the lights came on and first order of business was to get the poor man to a hospital. Frantic phone calls and within an hour he was on his way to the Belvue Hospital in Midtown. He was out of work for an extensive period and it was almost a year before he was well enough to work again.

Early 1966 Nana Pat was now carrying young Bryan and I was working for Treadwell. This was quite a unique experience as the famous Twin Towers were just under construction in lower Manhattan. Our office was on the eleventh floor and we overlooked the

whole site. First was the task of blasting out tons of granite rock. This took at least two years and the hole was at least 50 ft deep. The H&M tube line to New Jersey was routed under the Hudson River and was propped up and supported with major steel columns while the Towers were constructed around the tubes. Across the West Side Highway a cement plant was constructed and the concrete was trucked around two city blocks and dumped as needed for the foundations. This was a 24/7 hour operation. So onlookers could not see the operation a ten foot fence was erected around the two city block wide and long site. Eventually the Kangaroo cranes came in as this was a new method of construction and the floors were all poured at the lower level and raised up and the cranes went up with the Tower floors. Very different. I was subsequently assigned out of town in Lukens Steel in Pottstown Pennsylvania. I was staying at the famous Downing Town Inn. The resort was a Jewish playground on weekends and Nan Pat and myself in later years would visit on two occasions just to spend a weekend at the resort. Needless to say while I was away Nana Pat called at 3-30 am on April the 29th and said she was on her way to delivery and I should get back home in a hurry. Well four hours later at 7-30 am I arrived home to be informed by Dallas, Bryan was born. Nan Pat and Baby at Good Samaritan Hospital in Babylon on Montauk Highway. A son at last ! Wow what a feeling to have experienced. The Cripps now had a chance to continue the lineage of the name. Armond had driven Nana Pat to the Hospital and was addressed by the doctors as Mr. Cripps that your wife will deliver soon. Armond stated that he was not the father and had to leave to go to work in the City. The baby was born quite fast around 5-30 am. We had such wonderful neighbors who just pitched in when needed.

That year in September your Great Granddad and Grandma came to the USA for their first visit and to see their grandchildren. They had only seen Deborah during our visit to England in 1963. The children were now starting to grow up and they both wanted to see



The Garage Party

them at this stage of their lives. Well, we threw a great party at the Brentwood home. Invited Jim Daly. Mr. and Mrs. Denham from the City along with all of Nana Pat's friends from the old neighborhood in Isham Street as we had not broken our ties at that time. In addition, we invited Mrs. Clements and her sister who both used to live in England. Mr. & Mrs. Clements were very close to Grandma in England so we thought it would be nice for Grandma to meet both sisters while in the USA. It was just a wonderful time as we spent most of the time in the garage as it rained on the parade. But we barbecued in the garage with the doors open and we had Beatle music playing and music from the late fifties and early sixties; We had a blast.

March 1997 after just over five months, a panic request went out for your great Grandmother to come over immediately as Nana Pat had to go into the hospital with a gall bladder problem. Nana Pat had her gall bladder removed and was unable to lift the babies or look after them. Grandma Cripps to the rescue. With a quick phone call she agreed to come over, as I had to go to work to support our obligations. Job shopping one got paid only when you worked and it was with no benefits. While Nana Pat was recuperating and after only one week Grandma Cripps was having problems with young Bryan as he was too heavy for her. The young girls were old enough to help themselves. A call to Kathie and Joe in New Jersey who said bring him over and they would look after young Bryan. Loaded Grandma and Bryan in the 1966 Mustang and off to New Jersey (Clinton). After



Nan Pat Home From Hospital

about two hours into the journey Grandma Cripps started crying as she was not aware that New Jersey was so far away from home. The journey from Long Island was about two hundred thirty miles. After a while I did convince her this was the best solution and she calmed down.

Kathie and Joe were just marvelous and kept Bryan for three weeks while Nana Pat recovered. The sad part was that Grandma had left her own father on his deathbed. But your great great grandfather had given her permission to make the journey as he said the young need the help and his life was coming to an end. What a wonderful thing to have said to Grandma before leaving to come to the USA. There were some wonderful

times with Great Grandma in the house, as she had problems with switches that operated the opposite to England and various other small things that she would get frustrated with. She would call the little ones, “ ducky go get your shoes,” and they would just quack quack back in defiance. Grandma Cripps experienced one of the major snowstorms that hit Long Island. She kept saying the flakes are so big and after twenty hours of continuous snow kept saying I have never seen anything like it and exclamations, “ how are we going to get out!” I kept telling her when it stops we will dig out and it will take several hours to clear the driveway. It was quite a storm some 18” fell and drifts were up to the windows in the front of the house.

In the driveway, it backed up to the garage door some six feet or more. We eventually got out and got supplies. But now after five weeks had elapsed Nana Pat was well again and able to cope with the family. We went out to New Jersey and picked up young Bryan. Grandma Cripps was so happy to have him back home and some how we got through the whole thing. Grandma Cripps was informed just before returning that her father had passed away and it was a sad time and a long journey home for her with sad sadness in her heart. I’m sure mixed feelings about the decision to come to the USA. In later years she always said in her heart she did the right thing, so I always felt good about it.

During this time I was working at Allied Chemical and I met a gentlemen who retired and bought a motel in Fort Lauderdale in Florida. Al Canaglia was his name and he was a

very nice person. Well in January the following year we had another big snowstorm that came in the afternoon while I was working in the City. I managed to get on a train about



The Trio at White Star Motel

3-30 pm, as the Pen Station was crowded with 150,000 commuters trying to get home. During a storm, as you can well imagine, the City empties out. The train took three hours just to get to the Woodside train station which was the first stop in Queens when one gets out of the City Tunnel that goes under the Eastside River. At First stop the Subway joins the Long Island Railroad at this juncture. I decided that the trip was going to be at least 10 hours to get home as the snow was coming down very heavy at about two inches an hour.

Well, I got off the train and took the subway back into the City and then to Auntie Charlotte's in Upper Manhattan where we used to live. Once in the warmth of the apartment I started to formulate my plans in my mind. We had about \$3000.00 in the bank which at this time was quite a lot of money. I

got up the next day to called the job to shop and quit my job. Called Al Canaglia in Florida and he informed me that efficiency was \$125.00 a week \$400.00 a month. Told him I would be down by the weekend and hold an efficiency for me. The called Nana Pat and said "we are on our way to Florida". Nana Pat booked up tickets at the mall, as there was a travel agency there. Bryan was almost two and the girls just close to five and four. I got home to Brentwood on the Wednesday and packed the Mustang up and said to Nana Pat see you in Florida. The journey from Long Island is about 1547 miles away to Fort Lauderdale. Getting out of New York and through New Jersey was a little slow but after that I was motoring south down 95 towards Washington DC around the loop and then straight on down to North Carolina where I stopped overnight. Second Day I barreled

across North and South Carolina,. In Georgia I picked up 101 and it was only a two way high way so is was slow going for a while. Just inside Florida took route 5 across to the Sunshine Parkway and arrived in Fort Lauderdale at the White Star Motel at about 7-00 pm. This had been quite a trip. I rented a unit called an efficiency for a month to start off with. Friday I had nothing to do so the evening found a nice little bar and hung out. I was hung over the next day but had time to straighten out before Nana Pat and the children would arrive at 4-30 pm. The weather was fantastic, eighties no humidity and was great compared with the cold snowy weather I had left in New York. Nana Pat arrived with the children and it was such a pleasure to see them all happy and ready for a vacation of a lifetime.



Parrot Jungle Scared to Death



The Seaquarium

The motel we were staying at was right on Route 1 and set back about fifty feet from the road. They had single units and duplex ones. We had rented an upper level of a duplex unit opposite the pool that ran partially down the center between both duplex units there was a total of about 110 units and as it was the height of the season in Florida it was fully occupied with mainly Northerner's from New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago and also people from Canada. We would meet so many wonderful people while we stayed for eight weeks. During the week a typical day was to get the children breakfast and then to poolside for a couple of hours until lunch. As we had efficiency we made sandwiches and had a light lunch.

The afternoon session after the kids had a nap I would get a case of beer and put it in the large ice cooler next to the pool. Every two weeks we would have a different clique as groups and families would go back up north. The motel was very neat and clean painted white with all red trim on the wood and the pool in the mornings glistened as the sun hit the water. The main office was closer to the road but accessible from the pool as it was directly adjacent at one end as Al would supervise and keep watch from the office to see if any problems were in the making. We met Paul and Pearl Pop from Cleveland, Jim and Ethel from Philadelphia and the Mr. and Mrs. Lollies from out side Chicago and we continued for many years afterwards to keep in touch. The group would hang out around the pool and we would have such a great time drinking and playing cards when we had had enough of the sun. The girls could swim but young Bryan could not. It was a pain watching after him as he loved the water and with no fear would just jump in at any time. All the adults around the pool had their eyes on him all day long. But once in awhile he would see me in the pool and jump in. Needless to say it was panic and we would get him out somehow. At the back of the motel was a canal with a very high baulk-head. But Crocs habited the canal and we saw several. The kids were forbidden to go to the back of the motel without us being there. Late evening towards seven o'clock we would all go to our rooms and get ready to go out to eat at the local restaurants. The food was always Smoggiest Board and for minimal cost one could feed the whole family for twenty dollars. We did this most probably three times a week the other days we cooked in as we had the efficiency. On occasion we would venture away from the motel and spend time on the beach over on AIA that ran along the coastline down to Miami. The children Deborah, Laura and Bryan just loved it at the beach that is your aunts and



The Spectacular Catch



Dressed Up For The Caronia

uncles. During the first week we took a trip to first Parrot Jungle. It was fantastic to see the marching Flamingos all in such a wonderful pink color. At the a particular command by their trainer they would all march in a straight line around the pen that contained them. As we left the Arena and walked along the paths towards the theater a whistle greeted us, then “how are you today?”. The kids looking up with amazement could see a parrot talking. It was a very hot day but the show was under a covered area and the parrots performed such feats and showed dexterity in pulling trains and walking tight ropes. It was a very rewarding trip but a long day as it was on the south side of Miami and was about 72 miles from the Motel.

The next week we decided to visit the Seaquarium in South Miami. That was a very long day. We arrive at the Aquarium at about 10-00 am just as it opened. The crowd in attendance was quite small that time of the day. As the day progressed the whole Marina got pretty full. Riding the seals and having photos taken was great fun. The large tanks contained sharks and groupers and even turtles. Your aunts, uncle and Bryan got a big kick out of the diver feeding the large fish by hand. The walk path around the complex lead you in and out of various aquatic pools where special breeds of fish would be swimming and eating their daily foods supplied by the Aquarium personnel. At one stop we saw a very large Manatee It was very friendly and slow moving weighing I believe some 800 lbs and about 12 ft long. Of course the Dolphin show and the large killer whale was a wonderful delight to all the kids. We had front row seats and got drenched by the whale when it did his tricks and plunges close to the pool’s edge. The handlers in the middle of the pool with skill and to music conducted various feats of strength and also memory for the Dolphin that swam backwards and forwards. One trainer would stand on a diving platform at least twenty feet off the ground and the Dolphins would swim with such speed and jump to retrieve fish from his hand at, I would say, thirty feet out of the water. The whole show was something to remember. Today as I write there are several Aquariums in Florida but the one in Miami was the original.

Florida has expanded now that Disney World and Universal Studios are in Orlando and they have facilities that are very modern. We have not visited these new or what is at least twenty years old now Disney World. Well, as closing time approached it was time to head back to the motel and as it was quite a way back. As the sun was setting around eight o clock exhausted we drove into the motel, The kids wanted a dip in the pool as the lights were now on in the pool it was a very warm and refreshing evening just to sit and rest.

About the third week into the extended vacation, I was reading the paper and saw that the Caronia, the ship I cruised on as an engineer, was to be in the Fort Lauderdale Port at the other end of town. After she docked I went down by car to see who was on board and got to meet Ronny Munford whom I mentioned in the first volume. I had not seen Ronny in about five years so the reunion was emotional. Ronny was so pleased to see me also Jack

Atkins and Randy Stevens all of whom worked together as stewards. The stewardesses associated with the group insisted that I bring down the children to meet them the next day. We had prearranged to meet at 2-00 pm after the lunch was served for those passengers still on board. All spruced up and ready to go we left the motel the next day for the short trip downtown Lauderdale. We swung into the docks and eventually ended up alongside the Caronia. The whole afternoon was spent touring the ship and having just a special time with the stewardesses and Ronny and friends. The children all were spoiled with gifts and all the food they could eat as the stewards would just run down to the kitchen if they wanted anything. Nana Pat had met Ronny. Once he came a party in Manhattan at our first apartment in 1963 early spring after the world cruise. The time passed quickly and we had to leave as the gang had to serve evening meal and clean up the cabins for the bloods (passengers) as they were called. It was a short trip back to the motel and a light meal at the apartment and to bed. We were not able to meet the ship the second time she docked as it was just a few hours and she was back out to sea again as only passengers embarked for a Caribbean Cruise.

During the one of the weeks we met the Pops and he invited me to play golf. I had no clubs so I went out in the evening and bought a Spalding set for about \$120. I played golf nearly every day in the mornings with Mr. Pop. Par three courses are very common in Florida as mostly retired people live there, some 13 million. Par three courses are very short and one uses mostly irons to play each hole. We would play from about 8-00 am until 12-00 pm as it was slow going with all the retired people ahead of you. The regulars had booked green times for a month so it was hard to get an earlier start. Lots of fun the golf was and my iron game became pretty good. The clubhouse was very small but the one good thing was that they served St Louis Budweiser in long stem bottles it was quite a different taste to that on the East Coast. Inquiring I was informed by the bar tender that it is shipped special to Florida for the tourist season. Being out by the pool and also on the golf course I was beginning to have a wonderful tan and looked very healthy.

Nana Pat had formed quite a bond with Pearl Pop who offered many times to look after the children if we wanted to go out in the evening. We did take up the offer on one occasion and went to the Myi Ti. The place and food were terrific and it was very close to the motel at Collins and 101. Large lantern flames reaching pretty high would light the roadside entrance. The foyer entrance was terracotta and with plaster arches forming small cubbyholes were one dined in privacy. The table spreads were very delicate linens in pure white with heavy pewter tableware. A marie achie band floated around and a violinist played romantic music requests from the patrons. The setting was just perfect for a special night out. Nana Pat looked just radiant and we did have a romantic evening without the children as we had been down about four weeks without going somewhere by ourselves.

We also became very close to Ethel and Jim from Philadelphia and were invited to their home when we got back they said. The Lollies were always talking to me as I resembled their son who had passed away in a car accident two years earlier. We did keep in contact with the group for many years. It was sad but we never were able to get together as a group in Florida again.

The fourth week changed what was a quite time into a whirlwind affair. A family arrived from Boston after traveling about twenty hours by car. They were a go-go group and we would always be on the run. Cards by the pool, Dog track at night and afternoons at the races trotters. They owned two trotters and knew many of the owners who were racing at the various tracks in Florida. The party including myself went to the trotters by day and dogs at night so I was always invited to join them at the events. The first time at the dogs was at Hollywood which was just two towns away going towards Miami. The entrance fee was one dollar and you needed a Kennedy one dollar coin to get in through the turnstile. So after obtaining change we entered and got really good seats at the track. Temperature in the low seventies and with light clothing on made for a very comfortable evening. First race first leg of the Tote Double. I had the first leg, second leg was anybody's guess they said as having been followers of the dogs and owners. Pop Pop bet on number three I was told it won paid \$86.00 for the tote double. The track was in great shape and the whole atmosphere was full of excitement after winning their money up front (that is now) I was playing with track money. After I believe ten races I came out with about \$140 to the good, not bad for the first time at a dog track. Later on I would take Nana Pat to the track and we would have less luck and gave back maybe fifty dollars of the prior weeks prizes. Two occasions we went to the Pompano Beach harness racing track that was about twenty miles north of Fort Lauderdale in the afternoon. I was fairly successful and by the time they all went back to Boston I had made about three hundred dollars up, so this paid for the next months rent of the efficiency.

March did approach and by now we were pretty well cooked in the sun and ready to return back to New York. I put Nana Pat and the kids on a plane about March the fourteenth that was eight weeks after we left and then spring was in the air we thought up north. I started the next day driving which was a Sunday left at about 6-00 am. The mustang was cranked up and I just felt like driving. Early Sunday morning very few cops were around as most were doing church duty I assumed. By 2-00 pm I was at South of the border that is on the North Carolina / South Carolina state lines checked into the motel and had three hours sleep. After the short nap it was off again pulling out of the motel I picked up with someone driving a Pontiac Firebird and we would share the lead all the way up to Washington DC that was late evening. He went around the Washington DC loop but sped out towards Binghamton New York. I continued and drove straight through to New York completing the trip home in twenty three hours and arriving on March the seventeenth St Patty 's Day. What a surprise! Snow fell that day about four inches in late afternoon. So much for spring. We all looked pretty healthy with our tans and stood out a mile at the super market while shopping the next day.

On arrival it was a look at the mail and to my surprise a job offer in New York again. I started work. It was time to start my new company CRG Designers as outlined in my career path in the prior chapter

The family roots will always bind the branches of succession

Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Seven

All Good Friends

Easter was late in 1968 and after experiencing the snowstorm on St Patty's Day it was quite a relief when it came in with a bang with some very warm temperatures. That year we were invited to Auntie Charlotte's apartment for Easter Holiday. We packed up the children on Saturday and left about 8-00 am we arrived at about 10-30 am and of course as always parking in the city is always hard. Double parking is not allowed but the cops just ignored it. So I dropped the children at Isham Street and tried to find a spot to park. Eventually I found a spot up on Broadway and 213 th street. It was about a six-block walk back to the apartment. The hustle and bustle of New York even up until today just has me enthralled in the essence of New York Living. As I write I have to get my dose of New York City every now and then. If money were no object I would move back to the city proper at the drop of a bucket as they say. Enough of that. On with the events that followed. Saturday was just wonderful with both Auntie Charlotte and Uncle Harry. Harry and I did go out for a couple of beers at 213 th street near where uncle Billy was living at the time. I met all of Harry's friends and we were real good as we got home by 6-00 pm. We had a meal and then took a walk up to Inwood Hill Park with the children, as it was such a warm evening. After the children Deborah, Laura, and Bryan were put to bed and we played cards for the rest of the evening.

Sunday Easter Day was a very special day as we had arranged to visit the Bronx Zoo as the children had not visited the Zoo since we had left the city some three years earlier. Uncle Billy



Bronx Zoo Easter Time
Uncle Billy and Uncle Harry

Spirit of America

arrived at about 11-00am and we all piled into two cars as Harry had a Thunderbird and I had the Chevy Impala. Arriving at the parking lot we were amazed that it was not as busy as we thought. Uncle Harry paid for and got a stroller for young Bryan just in case he tired. We all looked so well dressed in our Easter outfits. Nana Pat had forgot Bryan's matching pants to his outfit so he wore just diapers and was happy. We went to the seal lion's pool, then to the snake dens and into the Great Bird aviary. The primate house was next and then to the children's petting area with goats, sheep and rabbits in an open pen. Off to the primate cages and then the African animal safari trail that was about a mile long. There was an overhead train that ran through the Zoo and one could have a great view of all the park while riding to and from the parking lots. However we had decided to walk. It was a spectacular day but towards the end we were



The Animal Petting Area

ready to go home and have a wonderful meal that Auntie Charlotte cooked. This was a great day and we would load up and leave about 8-00 pm at night and head back to "The Boony's" as Harry always affectionately called our home.

I should include a portion in this chapter to the ancestry of Nana Pat. Nana Pat's family being from Bohemian and Sayville on Long Island. The Dutch side (Buys) from the Dutch names VanBous and the Bohemian side being Novotny. Both sides emigrated from Europe in early 1800 and were basically oystermen by trade. Sayville, Long Island was a great choice, as the South Bay, as it is called, harvested large volumes of oysters and clams. Cherry clams come from Long Island and they are a very small and sweet to eat clam and well known. Over the past years they have deteriorated in quality and quantity due to heavy pollutants in the Sound's water. Nana Pat's grandmother had three boys Howard, John and Harold, Nana Pat's father. While Nana Pat was growing up she would spend many summers out with her grandma and really enjoyed country living away from the city streets. John never married but Howard lives in Connecticut and Nana Pat's mother and father had passed away, even before I would of had the pleasure of meeting them. Nana Pat's father had died of a heart attack in 1959 while traveling the subway home from Columbia College were he worked. Nana Pats mother was very sick and eventually died of fluid on the lungs the year I met her. So the only immediate family was Uncle John and Uncle Howard along with Charlotte and Harry. Uncle John, when I first met him had a seat on the Commodities Market New York stock exchange. The commodity he traded was Sugar and did very well. John had worked himself up from a runner to owner of a seat. Quite an accomplishment. John sold his seat when he retired for \$180,000 and that was the going price at that time. A seat today is worth about \$500,000



Charlotte-Billy-Harry-Nan Pat
Laura-Uncle John-Bryan

Some of my early lessons on how to conduct a business lunch and the correct attire (to wear) were given to me by John, as we would eat out on occasion together on Long Island. John was retired and at that time still owned a small farm in Oakdale close to the Sunrise Highway and would cultivate vegetable crops on it. Nana Pat had an eccentric Aunt Volerie who also owned an appreciable amount of land around Oakdale but she was a recluse. Eventually she passed away and left what would be today a considerable sum to the church in Sayville. Nana Pat's mother and father are both buried in the cemetery in Sayville. We would often visit when we lived on Long Island. We would take the children to Johns house and he took delight in having them around for a while. John, at that time had inherited the family home that was over a hundred years old. Sturdy construction outside and

with beautiful cherry columns on the inside holding up the upper level of the structure. It was quite small but sufficient for John. It did have a basement and had three small bedrooms. John always kept the house very smart and clean. John would visit after we moved from Brentwood to Kings Park and the children loved it as, he would, when leaving a restaurant grab a whole bunch of candy. The children knew this and would immediately run to him and fish in his pockets for the goodies. He really loved our small family and seemed to have a good time on each visit. Uncle John had been fighting continuous angina and a heart problem for many years. The problem slowly spread to major organs. Diabetes started during this time (period) and with all these medical ailments took his life at the age of eighty three. John had been retired since he was 55 and had a good life until the last few years. He really was a very nice person and we miss him.



The Cripps Bash
Pony Ride and All

The year of 1968 was quite a year it was the start of a series of years whereby the Gigilos and the Cripps families would become life long friends. Tony in early August invited us to a party at the Babylon house. He said just a few people I knew from the railroad were coming over. Well, with a bottle in hand, that is Scotch that I did not drink and a case of beer we arrived to find no parking anywhere. We parked quite some distance away from Tony's home. On arrival introductions to each others families were made. The men I traveled with but their wives we had not met. John Forte and Sophia, Angelo Croch'e and Connie with six kids. Clarence O'Connor and Anne, Jimmy Salvaglia and his Mary, Frank De Brawn and Mabel (being English), Tony Forina and his

wife. Frank Handley and his English wife. Tony's four children and our three at the time rounded out the whole gang. The house and yard were quite full of kids and adults. To dampen the day it was quite overcast and at times it drizzled rain off and on. The day went along with music and plenty to drink. Tony had rented a carousel and the kids had such fun for about three hours. They were completely occupied with the ride. Later in the year we had a large party at our house in September. Not to be outdone I rented a pony for the whole afternoon. I even commandeered the Ice cream truck to stay a while.

The meal was steaks, corn on the cob, and wonderful desserts. What a size the steaks were! The guys all chipped in and made the task at hand a very smooth running affair. Late evening drew near. Who was missing but Pop Pop. The drinking had taken its toll Pop Pop by now had drunk too much beer and fell asleep under a bush where no one



Giglio's First Bash of Many

could find him. After searching, the discovery was made. Pop Pop was hauled into our new station wagon and Nana Pat drove home. By the time we got there I was able to get up stairs and into bed. The party and the start of many to follow, was a great success. Tony still talks about that party even this weekend when we visited them in Atlanta 2001. We had the pleasure that Christmas vacation to meet Tony's wife Wilma's mother who was just a very southern lady having grown up in Virginia. She had such a southern accent and sat quietly in her chair with her cane poised in front of her. She conversed all night long and told stories of Wilma and her brother Jack growing up in Virginia. At this time Jack owned the first American Motors dealership in the USA and it was in Washington DC. Jack had invested in real estate and owned land down on the Potomac on a creek called Nan-

jamoy.

Tony and Wilma in 1970 moved to Bay Shore and bought a huge old mansion with about thirteen rooms. It needed work, but on moving in Tony had a pool installed as the side piece of property was large enough for another house. The Giglio's at that time lived opposite the original owners of Entenmanns Bakery. Entermanns was originally and still is a Long Island company making baked goods. This company was one of the first to ship fresh baked goods around the country and had a large fleet of refrigerated trucks along side its baking plant in Brentwood, New York. We would visit the Giglio's quite often in the month. Both families spent time with each other and became great friends. I always remember the first Christmas in the new house. Tony at that time was making very good money in his own graphics design and publishing company. His twin brother Sal also worked along side him. Well, he fitted out the games room that was in the back of the house complete with 45 rpm juke box, full size pool table, bubble gum machines, dart board and table tennis board. The recreation room was just a fun place. It became a pretty competitive room, as one did not want to give up the pool table in a hurry.

Our new baby had arrived. That is your Auntie Kathie in 1971, so Wilma and Nana Pat would stay in the living room as it was quite large and talk and look after the young ones. Between the two families we now had eight kids. Tony's children were Lynn, Karen, Mark, Craig, Ours were Deborah, Laura, Bryan, and Kathie. Daniel would come along later and Wilma's family would then be complete. The two families just got on marvelously and we would be together quite often. Kathie first was taught by Wilma on the piano at the age of four and quickly mastered the elementary rules and chords etc. Wilma always said that we needed to get Kathie into classes as she was very good at a young age. Friday nights, as I was now working in my own company, I would meet Tony after he got off the train in Babylon and have a few beers with him at Casa Bevy close to the train station, half a block away. Clarence, John Forte and few others would hang out for an hour that was between 6-30 pm to 7-30 pm and then it was off home. Weekends on several occasions especially after Christmas when we were all broke we would take the three families Tony Giglios, Angelo Croch'e, and the Cripps for a pizza evening at the local restaurant in Bay Shore and would just have a cheap evening with the kids. As Tony's daughter got older we would have Lynn babysit the whole group, as she was now fourteen and could handle the boys who had become full of it. When Bryan, Mark and Craig got together it was who could beat who at everything they did. The two couples would go out to a famous restaurant such as the Mi Ti in Huntington, famous for their cocktail. The girls Nan Pat and Wilma would get looped on just one, I did not drink liquor but stuck with my beers. The food at the restaurant was superb and we would have just a great time.

Another restaurant was the Sea Scape in Islip and the Saxon Arms Oakdale. The Fox Hollow Inn in Syosset, and the Miller Ridge Inn Hicksville and The La Grange in West Islip. There were so many great restaurants on Long Island. We frequented them all. For a sing along evening we would visit the Duck Pond restaurant on the outskirts of Babylon on the way to Copiague. One year in the evening on Kentucky Derby we visited the Duck Pond. Specialty of the day was Mint Juleps. The girls, Wilma and Nana Pat got smashed. Both normally drank very little but this night went berserk. Our social life was extremely busy and if not going out with Tony and Willie, we would have the next door neighbor's daughter Andréa baby sit and would stay out until quite late and even have early breakfast at the diner in town. David and Irene Bligh or the Sullivans were also included in a lot of our group outings. We would all dress up to go out in the evenings and would all look very neat and modern at that time. Nehru jackets were in for a while and so were leisure suits made of Dacron. You don't see Dacron in apparel today, as the by-product waste is very carcinogenic and very hard to dispose of. The country had become very environmentally conscious and regulated with respect to waste materials. One day we went to a new Chinese restaurant in Oakdale and we were half way through when a call came that trouble was at hand in Bayshore. Someone or many were trying to break in the house and Lynn astutely called the Restaurant. We were, that is Tony and myself, out of there like a shot out of a cannon. Driving at high speed we got back to Bay Shore in what would have been half the time. On arrival things had quieted down and the cops had arrived and were taking notes. The kids were pretty shook up and one could tell as each one wanted to tell the cops his side of the story. Nobody was hurt, so it was a good ending to what could have been a pretty ugly situation, as the kids trying to break in had baseball bats. Although



Lynn—Steve
Huntington Town House

they were hitting the outside walls they were not breaking windows. Quite a scare. The wives came in a little later and by then things had calmed down.

During Winter season we would visit on Christmas and then wait for the playoffs for both Football and Hockey for the big rivalry between families. The Cripps were Dallas Cowboys / Islanders and the Giglio's were Denver / Ranger fans or any one that the Cripps were not. Tony had installed a new front lit projection large screen TV. It was just out on the market in 1973 so we all went to see the play offs at the Giglios again. Tony's den had a big wrap around dark brown couch. It was real great to just cuddle up in, but the corner spot was the one every one fought for. From that time on I have always loved that couch and have purchased a similar type

so that you can lay down and watch TV. Pop, Pop hates to be in a upright chair to watch sports as he always laid down even in the city to watch the Mets. As time marched on we would be invited to Lynn's Graduation and then Karen's who would go on to just one year of College. Lynn became a Coiffeuse and later got married at the Huntington Town House. This was the first wedding that we attended that was in such a prestigious place. It was just spectacular and quite an event. Steve and Lynn, were just made for each other and always a joy to be around. Karen her sister was very young when she was married settled in Florida. This was a sad time for Tony and Wilma as their family were so close to one another.

Through my association with Bligh Controls both David and Family would become real close also. Irene and David had five children also. We were invited to most of the graduations of Kathie, Lorie Jean, Lydia and Ricky and John's through the years of our association. During these years David and myself would become good friends and until to day are close. I have lost touch with him but I'm still trying to link up. The most memorable outing was one where both families spent all day at Jones Beach and in the evening went to the Islip drag racing figure eight circuit. Not knowing how it all worked we got seats very close to the rail and at the start of the first race decided to move as we all got covered with mud from the race track. It was after all a great day and the Blighs talk about it when we meet. Irene has since passed away with cancer at a very young age of forty-seven she was a great loss to the family. David's drinking by this time had got him in serious trouble where he could not keep a job and the family started to suffer. Both the boys did well in later years and John is now a detective with Nassau County Police New York. We did have the pleasure of being invited to Kathy's wedding at the Syosset Country Club and it was on a Friday night. Due to the fact, one there were no vacancies at the church they went to and secondly Friday nights were always cheaper. Only a very few people would get married on this day of the week. It was also a spectacular affair with Valet Parking. The evening started with a casual cocktail party at pool side, that was very relaxing. I knew a lot of David's family and friends so I was quite at ease and we had a great time. It

would finish around mid-night after starting at 5-30 pm. I have not been in contact with David the last two years but He lives with Lydia and her husband in the Blighs house, as Lydia bought the home from her father 192 Iceland drive Huntington Station in 1998.

Our circle of friends also included the Sullivans who lived in Northport. Bob and I became friends over the introduction while I was with CRG Designers. I developed quite a bond with Bob. Bob was very selective to whom he would let into his inner circle but I managed to meet his criteria and we would become friends for life. Corny was just a wonderful person and got a long famously with Nana Pat. Believe it or not they were both born on the same day and year October 13th 1941. Friday the thirteen falls it quite often on Nana Pats birthday and also your great Great Grandfathers also as his was January 13th and both always fall on a Friday in the same year. We first went to Bob and Corneys house, I believe in 1969. The Sullivan's home was a real do it your self type house. The construction was made of solid stones and this made the house during the winter very cold inside. I always remember Bob would need to put visqueen screens up every year to help out with the heating bill that was still large each month. Bob's bathroom was the only one where the Toilet seat was always warm as the contractor had piped in the plumbing incorrectly and the hot water pipe was connected to the toilet. You can tell from these construction problems what a time they both went through while living at this house. The first piano we got was given to us by Corney and Bob. It was an upright with eighty keys, if I remember correctly. The keys were all chewed up from the dog they had. Your Auntie Kathie studied on this piano and developed her marvelous gift at playing. We used to go out quite often with Bob and Corney and would frequent the Thatched Cottage in Centerport. It had a great a sing along bar that looked over the water on the north shore. Bob had lost the lower part of his right leg and I never did ask him how, but he walked with a cane. The prosthesis did not fit too well and would cause infection. Saturdays once a month I would drive Bob into the city to get treatments. After treatments we would go to his office and check out mail and those employees working over time on Saturday. The trip home was always a stop off at a bar somewhere in Suffolk county Corney would get so mad when we got back to their home and I would leave at the curb side not to take her wrath. I always thought that Bob was a big boy and could take care of himself. Corney informed me recently that that was not the case, but I still think differently. Bob has passed away having had a heart attack just three days after attending Laura's wedding in Atlanta. The wedding I will talk about in a later chapter. While I have been rummaging through all the photo albums for photos I have come to the conclusion that Nana and Pop Pop did a lot of traveling and we had a great group of social friends and neighbors.

During the early part of 1966 I met Jim Daly through working at Burns and Roe. Jim and family lived in Nassau County in Rockville Center very close to the city line . We established quite a friendship, which still lasts until this day along with several other families I will include in these memoirs. Jim worked on the Guantannamo Bay job as did myself and we would need to coordinate portions of the job together so we were in constant touch. Lunch times we would go out together. Jim at that time was rebuilding a very old but established house, so during whatever time he had to spare. our lunch hours were spent looking for pipe fittings, hardware etc. The renovations must have taken at least three years to finish. The first party we went to at Jims, I believe was to celebrate the finality of

his painstaking efforts. It was quite a bash on the small lawn at the back. Jim was not a pretentious person. On the day of the party he just quietly went around and had fun with all his guests. I did sneak downstairs to the basement, that still had some final touches to be done, but it was modern and very tastefully done. He was very proud of his accomplishment and so he should have been. At the party were his cousins Jack & Anne and Tommy Mc Partland & Silvia, and his cousin Jack a detective from the City and Andy and his wife Evelyn who was Jack's sister. Vito and Joan came in later. This whole group could certainly drink, all being Irish except for Vito and myself. Between us we must have had twenty kids of all ages who all got along fine. This group would stay together for many years and we would eventually be invited to the weddings of each child as they got older. Such days as Saint Patty's, 4TH July, Columbus Day were all celebrated with this group, either at one of the homes or at the Knights of Columbus In Rockville Center. Jim Daly would become Grand Knight of Rockville Center and so we were invited to several affairs with Mary and Jim.

One year we took the whole bunch that is kids to the Pocono Mountains to white water rafting the rapids on the Delaware river. The trip was over the weekend I believe in August. It was a brutal weekend, temperatures in the 90's. Friday night was the first night at the base camp at East Branch. We all had little leantows with low roofs just enough to sleep two people. Of course we got little sleep as the kids were having so much fun running and jumping from one to another roofs of the chalets. Early morning was a quick breakfast at the camp Mc Donald's. We were to start at Roscoe and we were driven to the starting point by the camp personnel. A special SUV with about ten aluminum canoes about twelve foot long escorted us up river. On arriving some fifteen miles upstream we all unloaded and picked partners to paddle with. No, I don't want to go with him! She is not very strong! Two days with her I can't take it! What a game to sort out teams. The only way was to have a lottery that was the solution and whomever you got you were stuck with that was your partner for two days. The party proceeded down river. It was fairly deep in places but shallows occurred several times and one would need to get out of the canoe and haul it over the shale beaches to the running water again. Well at about ten thirty after two hours of paddling we came to a long bend and you could here the noise of the rapids and white water at Cooks Falls. We stopped all of us above the rapids and had an hour break and a few beers as we had traveled a distance, I would think about seven miles. After this it was back to the task at hand. As one approached the rapids the locals were on the banks cheering and clapping the successful crews that got through. For safety the canoe company had spotters on each side to help if a group was in trouble or a swimmer was having difficulty. Boy what a ride. Laura was in our canoe and we got hung up on the rocks and she got so scared. I had to get out and un-lodge the canoe. Well, in doing so, It took off and I was dragged down stream with only Laura screaming at the top of her lungs "Help! Help!".We did eventually arrive at the calm waters below the rapids. Needless to say only one crew made it through. That was Jack's two sons Richey and John. We rested for a while and then in what was a very uneventful afternoon paddled on down stream. We arrived late afternoon at the campsite. Unbeknown to the kids on Friday the river was very wide at the campsite and opposite was a huge rock at least forty feet high. The kids all loved it because you could climb the rock and jump into the deep cool water. The sun had taken its toll on the open river and all of us had got quite

burnt. After what was, most probably two hours the kids were exhausted and ready for supper and a good nights rest. The guys went out for a few beers in the local town and got back about eleven o'clock to find all of them sound asleep. Not like the night before.

Sunday morning it was rise and shine early 5-30 am and ready for breakfast at 6-30 am. The whole group went down to the moorings and set sail for another journey down river. The Sunday was less eventful and the river further down had several low shale areas and it seemed that we were lugging the canoes more that we actually paddled. Several of the homes that were close to the waters edge had coca cola or fresh orange juice drinks that you could purchase. Obviously much more expensive than in a local store. I thought it was pretty unique at the time. Water front service. The temperature was once again high into the nineties but we had all learned our lesson the first day and wore some form of protection against the sun. The lower part of the journey took us until about two in the afternoon and when we had completed the full trip a jeep was at the mooring dock to take us back to camp. That afternoon we took all the kids out for Pizza at the local store and had a wonderful time talking about the experiences of the past two days. The journey home was about five hours, so it was quite late especially for the Cripps group as we lived about 1 hour and fifteen minutes from Jims house further out on the Island. All in all, it was a terrific time and even today your mothers and father still talk about the great trip we had in the Poconos. Jim and Mary and Jims mother who was now living with Jim-moved to Livingston, New Jersey while we had moved to Kings Park. The 104 miles travelling to their new home did not stop us attending many wonderful affairs at their home, As always the whole group of Jim's cousins would attend with their kids so it was happy times. Several times Nana Pat had to drive home after I had done too much drinking. It was quite a journey through the Bronx then on to the Cross Island Parkway and Long Island Expressway and at exit 61 on to the Sagtikos north to Kings Park.

During my early job shopping days working at Allied Chemical I met Mr. Dev Jyotirmoy, Mr. Dev as he wished to be addressed. Mr. Dev was at that time very young and had just emigrated to the USA after attending college at the University of Kentucky on a students visa. He had a degree in Power Engineering from the University of Bombay and a Masters from Kentucky. Dev and myself sat next to one another out on the design floor at Allied Chemical. At times we would both be assigned the same project and it would need coordination between both of us. I basically taught Dev the ways and means of practical Electrical engineering. Fridays in the last half hour of work we would have a trivia session just to keep our minds sharp and escape from the doldrums of engineering. These sessions were quite challenging and also stimulating as they were on all topics. Always remember the number of member countries in the UN (united Nations) that was it 1964. I got 97 out of 107. The ones I missed were the newly formed African Nations like Zaire. Lunch times at work we would skip out, especially at the base ball World Series time and have a couple of beers together. Bars in New York City would be crowded and the atmosphere being very exciting and with lots of cheering and clapping for either side. New Yorkers, although very dedicated to their home teams, always recognized the professional skills of the opponents and would acknowledge great plays. Mr. Dev and myself became good friends.

After the World Series the next event in late fall is Thanksgiving. Nana Pat and myself in-

vited Dev and his wife Mena to our home on Long Island for the weekend as it was quite a trip from Florham Park to Brentwood. A day trip just for the occasion would be a lot of traveling and the roads would be very crowded especially in the City like the Cross Bronx Expressway. It was decided that a weekend trip would be best. Nana Pat, while preparing the turkey, Mena looked on in amazement at what she was doing cleaning and stuffing it. Mena still wore her traditional sari. The day was a great success and Dev and the children Boris and Jagha played really well with our children and it was a very happy time. On the Friday we all went to the beach as it was quite warm in the fifties and took a long walk along Jones Beach. After about an hour we stopped at the food services building and had refreshment. Hot dogs and hamburgers Americas' fast food diet and Dev's children ate them, much to my surprise. Dev and Mena at home still ate traditional Indian food. Dev was slowly becoming Americanized and Mena was certainly going to stay Indian in demeanor and in her dress style. Evening after the children were all bedded down we got to play Chess. Well, all hell let loose during the game as I was getting beat by Mena, but had the opportunity to castle and change the game to basically a draw. Mena did not know the rule and was pretty infuriated about my move. I insisted it was in the rules book but she never did forgive me and insisted for several years that I cheated her.

The following year we visited Mr. Dev on Thanksgiving and it again was a terrific time and on Thanksgiving day we all went out to Morris Town to see the site of the encampment of George Washington troops prior to the battle where by he defeated the British at Valley Forge in Pennsylvania. During the preparation of the meal Laura was to open a can of pumpkin pie mix to prepare for the pie. An explosion happened as she opened the can and released the pressure inside the product exploded all around the room we had pie mix over the whole kitchen. Laura was pretty shook up. The mix had fermented and stored up a tremendous pressure inside and unbeknown to any one opening the can it was a time bomb and exploded. The kitchen became Polka Dot pumpkin all over. It took a lot of hard work cleaning up the kitchen ready for the great feast. On Sunday we traveled home and, as I recall it was a bitterly cold spell in New York that year. Thanksgiving was always the start of the deer-hunting season and on arriving at the Whitestone Bridge on the homeward bound journey we saw several station wagons with large deer strapped on top of them. It was so sad to see such a fine animals dead and limp. I have never held a gun or shot one even today as I write, so I see no sense in killing such an animal. Conservation and killing for survival of a species somehow does not cut it with me.

After the great vacation in Florida we did not take a holiday until the summer of 1969. Looking through the Sunday papers and writing for the brochure we decided on a week in the Poconos. Blue Ridge Mountain Resort was our selection so in late August we drove about two hundred miles to the vacation spot tucked in the mountains. We arrived the day after it had rained for about a week so the grounds looked pretty run down and saturated with water. First inclination was to turn back, as Nana Pat was quite upset. The Office as you drove in off the highway was opposite what was supposedly a pool. The lake was roped off and the area was considered the pool. The water was obviously murky after the heavy rain. I approached the front desk and signed in as they already had 80% of our money in the advance payments. The rental was a cabin for five. The cabin was just off of the lake on the other side. We drove around and found the cabin 207. Opening the door it

was poorly furnished and rain had washed down one side of the wall. Nana Pat did bed down the children for a nap as it was about 3-00 pm in the afternoon. By five o'clock most of the guests from around the connecting states (NY, NJ and Pennsylvania) had ventured in. The first evening meal was a get together with other guests all of whom had complaints about the poor condition of the facilities. Those in the main lodge seemed to have the most problems like, ice machines not working, no bed linens, lack of toiletries and on and on. All the families were in the same boat having paid upfront the majority of the rental for the week. I believe it was about \$390. That was quite expensive especially for the run down facilities.

The mealtime introduced us to what would become a close-knit group of friends for the week. Vinnie & Marie (New Jersey) Tom and Janet (Philadelphia) Sal & Jean (Brooklyn). All told we had eleven kids between us. After supper we all got together at the games room where the kids could play table tennis, darts, pool, and foosball. We all drank pretty good and closed the place late at 12-30 pm. During the evening kids would be put to bed by their moms and the adults continued to have fun. Sunday was a quiet day with most activities indoors. After the evening meal it was back to the games room, no drinking permitted on Sundays. To the rescue Sal and Jeans room as they had a suite with two a-djoining rooms. Sal had brought with him a coupe of bottles of liquor both Scotch and Rye. Ice was still a problem for the Liquor drinkers but Sal intuitively had found out how to get it from the kitchen by using the back door that was left unlocked. I was the only beer drinker so I did not drink Sunday night. The only night of that week.

Monday happened to be a day to visit a farm and have a hayride. The kids were all up for this event and it was pretty good. The train of two coaches arrived into the front parking lot pulled by a tractor. The kids all jumped in and were away for a few hours. Adults teamed up and played deck tennis. Of course drinks were involved and we had to go and purchase beer down the country store in the next town, as the bar was not opened until five o'clock. Beer in Pennsylvania is only 2% rated alcohol and must be purchased at a state run liquor store in those days. With drinking 2% rated beer it took a long time to get a buzz on and also cost more money.

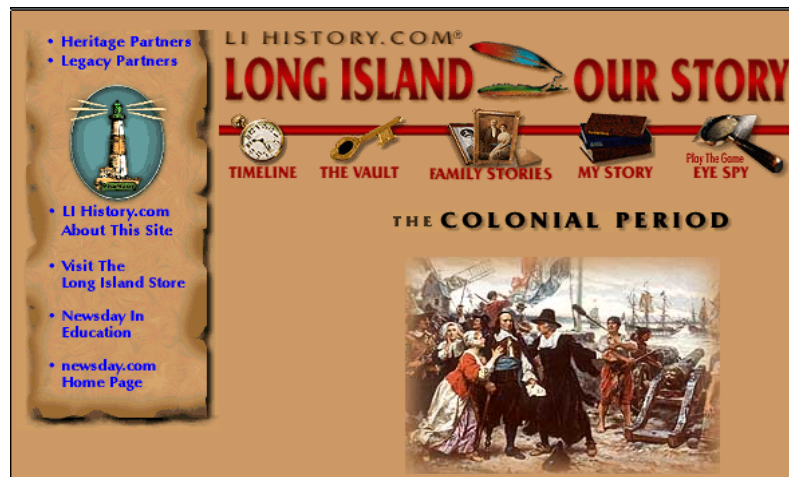


The Pocono's Gang On a Trip

The kids arrived back at about 2-00 pm and seemed to have had a great time. Nana Pat and myself had played what was her first game of tennis at the resort had a couple of tennis rackets and tennis balls. The restaurant opened at 5-30 pm and by the time every one was cleaned up and looking very smart we would all take our places and converse about the days high-

lights. Back to the games room Sal and myself were pretty good table tennis players and we got into some very intense games with other guests looking on. Throughout the whole week we would all congregate in the games room and sit in the bar adjacent to the room. The kids were next in the games room so we could keep an eye them up until bedtime. I think it was Wednesday and the Guys all went to the golf outing and that was just a great day. Well, Friday night finally came around and we all carried on, as it was awards night I won personality trophy for the most congenial person at the resort for the week. The trophy we found recently up in the attic. The next day after farewells and the exchange of telephone numbers we all parted from what turned out to be just a wonderful time for all. Sporting a pretty bad hangover after drinking Pabs Blue Ribbon beer the trip home seemed endless. We did meet Vinnie and Marie in New Jersey on a couple of occasions and also Tommy and Janet in Philadelphia but we could never could get together with Sal and Jean. As time passed on we lost touch with the group. After a disastrous start the week turned out great and with fond memories.

The preceding chapter outlined our close circle of friends and families. These families we would become closely associated with throughout the years in New York. I have tried over the years to keep in close contact with the majority of our close friends even though we all went separate ways.



Bonding with others is a natural course and when one exposes the inner self. Happiness will follow

Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Eight

The Big Jigsaw Puzzle

I have had to take a small sabbatical for about a week to get my thoughts around the whole presentation and how to go forward. After rummaging through drawers and photo albums I'm at last able to put together the final chapters for Volume II. The time line and events I believe are correct and Nana Pat has helped in the chronological order. Confusing was the intertwining of social events with family special occasions that we have now sorted out.

The late sixties were still a very lucrative time in America and it was the most prosperous decade of the century up until then. School would now start for Deborah in 1968 and Laura in 1969. Young Bryan would not start until 1971. During this period I was deeply involved with BRC Electric and would only get involved with special school events with Nana as the kids grew up. Deborah had,



Laura as a Brownie

major allergies during the early years. She would get three shots a week and they were pretty expensive, I believe \$40 each. I did not have medical coverage, as I was self-employed. Because of Deborah's allergy problem we had to make her bedroom a Class I germ free room. I went to work and got special paneling that you could wash down and fitted her room out in white and black. Nana Pat would get all special bedding and drapes on the windows. The whole room would need cleaning every day. It was quite a chore for Nana Pat. Deborah would not get off shots for about eight years, just before we moved to Kings Park. Deborah was also on a very strict diet and could not have eggs which she loved. This was most probably a good thing knowing the problems that eggs can cause with your heart. Laura and Deborah in time would get involved in dancing lessons and her little

Spirit of America

girls participated in dance. Laura would take both ballet and modern dancing while Deborah loved tap. They were all a delight to watch at the grand performances on stage. The dance teacher had to be complimented for the articulate dance routines they performed and sang. Bryan eventually joined a baseball team and played in the Little League in Brentwood. In the evenings as soon as I got off the train I would head for the ball field just in time to catch the last innings of Bryan's games. My parental task was to clean up and stock the equipment in the lockers and check the audit sheets to make sure all was accounted for. Bryan was a pretty good hitter and shortstop.

During Bryan's tenure at cub scouts the Box Car Derby event took place, as it does every year. We started the week before and carved and made it really streamline looking. Wednesday of that week, the day of the races, I took the car to work to get it filled with lead. Well, after work I stopped off at a bar with George Sisia who was now my driver and had a few beers. Forgetting time I got back home at eight o'clock, one hour late. Bryan was in tears and would not speak to his dad I could understand why. I had let him down. To this day I still feel this was the start of our strained relationship. I believe he has never forgotten that day. It still saddens my heart to think of it. All these activities seem to be character building and it was wonderful to see them all slowly mature into their teens.

The Nelson family was about six years ahead of us in social school activities. Their station wagon was always moving in and out of their driveway with doors slamming. I would be lying on the couch and would be woken up from a nap on occasions. The driveway was close to our playroom and den. I would say to myself I'm not going to be doing all that running around and delivering kids to such events as baseball cheer leading etc. Little did I know that in later years it would happen to our family also.

We still spent time with the Quiles on weekends. On one occasion during a snow storm Bill came over, as neither one of us could get to work. After a few scotches Bill indicating and acting like he was drunk fell in our kitchen and broke his leg. The EMS came and what a mess, the stairs leading from the front door to the kitchen upstairs became. There was snow and mud everywhere just trying to get him on a gurney and out of the house. He sued me later after healing and did get a settlement from the insurance company about two years after. Eventually the Quiles moved to Commack and we would visit on special holidays but slowly drifted apart. Our life styles had changed and Clara somehow decided that our families should not see one another, for what reason we never did find out.

In 1970 I would visit England, as I had not been home since 1963 when Deborah was born. This was a quick 10 days but it was to see my sister also who now had Lee, her firstborn. The trip was more with family than with friends.

Kathie was born in Smithtown hospital October of 1971 and as we thought, would complete our family at that time. Bryan was very upset about not getting a brother as he was getting beat up by his sisters. Nana Pat to the rescue. The first day home from the hospital Nana Pat let him feed her. Kathie was now his; to this day they are bonded very closely to one another. Kathie being just a baby was obviously mothered by her sisters also. The children all got along fine and we would have very little arguing between siblings. When



Pop Pop Showing Off Lee

we took the children out to special restaurants people would comment on their manners and how well behaved at the table they were. I must say they were all a pleasure to be around.

During this time period BRC Electric (myself) was inducted into the NECA (National Electrical Contractors Association). This now meant ½ % of payroll would now go in dues to the association. The company was doing really well at the beginning, so my contributions were pretty large on a monthly basis. The association met every Wednesday at its headquarters in Deer Park on Route 107. There was always a beautiful spread after the meeting and plenty of beer and liquor. It would start at 2-00 pm and last until 7-00 pm or until our representative (Barry

French) threw us out and closed the place. At these meetings about forty contractors would attend and the business was always what jobs were in the offing and who was doing them. Jobs were negotiated or passed over to others based on workload. Long Island was in a major development program. To put it in perspective Sid Farber was building 1200 homes a year and I did most of his work. Sid was one of the smaller contractors doing track building at that time. I also did industrial sites and those were always 10,000 square foot buildings. After about two years I was fully involved with various committees and would work even on the National Electrical Code committees for contractors.

The first NECA Convention we attended was in 1972 in San Francisco. We had arranged for Mrs. Hall, who was Margaret Brockwell's mother to baby sit, for the week. The trip started and we had pre arranged to meet young Tom Carney junior in Los Angeles at the Marriot hotel in Santa Barbara. We arrived early afternoon as I recall after getting lost for a while in LA. Tommy and his wife arrived late evening and we had already eaten so we sat and talked while they ate. This was Friday night and on Saturday we both took off for the ride up the coast I believe route 101, heading for Solvay, as we were told it was not to be missed. About three in the afternoon we stopped after getting off 101 and traveling about fifty miles inland from the coast. It was so barren and desolate. Well, to our surprise on arriving it was a Bavarian Town with beautiful flowers everywhere, but it did have dirt roads. The town was about three city blocks and was very quaint. Lunch was in order and with brockwurst and rye bread and beers we sat out on the balcony of a German restaurant. It was special and the meal delightful. In the afternoon we headed for Madonna's Mountain Ranch Resort at San Luis Obispo. The drive up the coast was the smart way to travel from Los Angeles to San Francisco as you were on the right and therefore not on the outside of the mountain road that intertwined up the coast. The road is just a two lane route and very twisty. One traveling in the other direction one would be on pins and needles as there were no guard rails on the outside and in places we were up about 3000 feet with a shear drop into the canyon on onto the beach. The coastline is very rugged and the journey quite time consuming. It was a two-day trip and I'm glad we had

allowed enough time to see what we wanted to see. Madonna's mountain was something to behold as we approached the carrel gate the mountain had a huge "M" outlined in the mountain. Checking in at the front desk the concierge asked what chalet would you like? We did not know it at the time but each guest chalet is furnished in a different traditional styles. You could stay at a Chinese chalet or an Egyptian one or a Texan style or Louis The Fourteenth, any thing you desired. I can't remember but I think Nana Pat and myself stayed at the Main lodge and Tommy and his wife did stay at a chalet. This was not the only thing unique about this ranch was the men's room. As one enters the room it had a massive rock wall at the far end. The color scheme was very striking and with a special lighting effect was fairly dim. One approached the rock to pee in the trough below a spectacular scene, just like a Hollywood movie The scene was initiated by an electronic eyes as you approached the rock along with loud rock music and the water would start following

over the rock just like a water fall and one peed directly into the falls. Bus tours would stop off and let their passengers look at the men's room at Madonna Mountain. It was special to say the least and definitely California style.



Tom Carney At San Sim'on

We stayed over night and the next day early morning had a typical Texan style breakfast. Two eggs over easy on a 16-ounce steak with rye toast. What a way to start the day. After breakfast the next town to visit was the Hearst Castle at San Simeon. The trip up the coast was most of the day and we arrived about eleven o'clock at the lower part of the state reservation. The castle is situated about two thousand feet up in the mountains. Coaches are provided to transport visitors up to the Castle as wild animals roamed the hills around the Castle. I'm talking all kinds from

Africa, India and exotic countries such as the Philippines. The castle was built by Randolph Hearst the wealthy newspaper baron. The place was just stunning and the opulence darted out at every corner you took as the tour progressed. The great dining room, movie theater, indoor swimming pool with tennis courts constructed on the roof of the pool at grade. The Grecian pool with its lavish water falls cascading down to the open-air pool that sparkled in the afternoon sun. Massive columns like stalagmites adorning the whole pool and the landscaping. This was really worth the visit and during the afternoon tour I ask a guard how long it would take to finish our journey to San Francisco. "About five hours he said" My reply was, "why so long as its only eighty miles on the map" "You will see", he said. We started out at about 4-30 pm and he was right at about 9-30 pm we pulled into the St Francis Hotel at the bottom of Market Street where the trolleys turned around: Very convenient for moving around the city.

Our ETA was to have been at 6-30pm supposedly but the gentleman was right at Hearst

Castle as the route along the coast was very treacherous and required slow going. In places one could see cars and trailers that had not made it and had gone over the cliffs. Nana Pat and I were glad to get into San Francisco. As we waited at the front desk Nana Pat said “did you feel that”? “What!” was my exclamation “Tremors she said”. Well until then I had not thought about earthquakes in California. Nana Pat was right you could feel slight tremors most of the time while we were in San Francisco. 1906 was the time of the great earth quake. It left I believe some 50,000 people dead and the city in ruins after a devastating fire that was the result of the earth quake.

We were assigned our rooms 2007. That meant we were in the new section on the 20 th floor. Not what I wanted based on the tremors but we had no choice as we arrived late. NECA had about 30,000 total people attending the Convention so hotels were completely booked up. Choice was not an option. We boarded the elevator at the reception level and proceeded up to the 20th floor. The elevator was very new and totally glass all the way around and floor to floor. As we ascended at a very quick rate and went through the three enclosed floors in a hurry and then out into the open skies as it was constructed on the outside of the building. Nana Pat screamed and turned inboard so as not to see the view, as it made her feel sick. This problem lasted the whole time we were there. She never did see the sky line at night all lit up. It was just beautiful with the setting sun. Tommy arrived later at about eleven o'clock as they went to Carmel to see the famous golf course. This was Sunday night and most of our Chapter had checked in and were in the lounge down stairs. Open bar for our group as we had an open tab and Barry French entertained those who were at the bar and lounge.

Monday was the start of the first set of lectures and workshops. Normally one attended morning workshops and then after lunch the lecture in the main auditorium. Monday's speaker was Mr. Coby of the CIA and he was very interesting. The speakers would finish about 4-00 pm. Now for the party to start 4-30 pm until 6-00 pm was cocktail hour on the main concourse of the Convention Center. The whole concourse was laid out with specially decorated floats with ice carvings. There

must have been at least six floats about twenty foot long. Each of the floats represented a different country and the cuisine was all from that country such as Italian, Chinese, Mongolian, French, Mexican and German. What a feast! In addition to the NECA functions we had our own hospitality suite and had a marvelous spread and full buffet from 11-00 am through until the last person left at night or early morning. One could invite other chapter members and local relatives if you had someone living in San Francisco. After the cocktail two hours it was off to an evening meal (like you really needed more food). Our had rented an electrically driven trolley cart that was waiting to take us to the Blue Fox restaurant. This restaurant was very famous in the sev-



Pop Pop at Fishermans Wharf

enties and very exclusive. Needless to say it was a perfect meal. Arriving back at the hotel every one went to the hospitality suite to have a few more drinks before retiring to bed. All of the affairs and suite rooms etc where paid by the Chapter. One did not have to spend a penny except for your own pleasures, if not with the Chapter. The whole week was a similar schedule except the women had their own seminar and speakers. I believe one was Celeste Holm the actress. Nan Pat was so impressed with that lady. The great hall at the symposium had every vendor you could think of associated with electrical contracting business. The vendors at each booth had hundreds of give a-ways. We came home with hats for the children and lots of fun knick-knacks. During the week we did have the pleasure of having lunch at Skomos, the famous dockside restaurant located at Fisherman's Wharf. The food was just wonderful. All types of sea food were served and their famous sea food bisque.

On the Saturday morning while Nana Pat and myself, along with several members of our chapter, were walking along the Fisherman's Wharf and sampling fresh clams and shrimp a car came around and with its horn blasting stopped close to us. Who got out but Barry French. Shouting across the open area "Brian do you want to go to the Oakland Raiders vs 49ners game at Candlestick Park" if so, jump in Nan Pat and my self, Immediate decision, no brainer, in we got and off to the game. Barry played for the Washington Redskins and was a good friend of YA Tiddle who was coach for the 49ers, from whom he

got the tickets. Out to the stadium we went and this was to be my first and until this day only time I have had the pleasure of attending a professional Football game. The whole thing had a very upbeat and festive atmosphere and of course being in California was wild. The fantasy atmosphere was ecstatic with jugglers in one corner of the field and a jazz band in the other on a podium. Cheerleaders in another and of course the mascot doing his thing all the way around the field. It was a great afternoon and certainly one to remember I believe the Oakland Raiders won 49 -24. We arrived back at the hotel and got dressed for the Grand Gala Ball, as all of us would travel home the next day. This was our first of three NECA conventions that we would attend.



First Pro Game Candlestick Park

During this period early in the early seventies Auntie Charlotte and Uncle Harry got divorced and Charlotte lived in the same apartment with her mother who quickly passed away with cancer. They lived on Broadway Terrace -184th street just off Broadway. Several times we would visit and have just a great time or pick her up and bring her out to the Island. I had a leased Cadillac through the company and it was a pleasure to drive. I had several Cadillacs during the seven years I was in business. Deborah always had a problem riding in Cadillacs as they had a bounce to them and she would get travel sickness. In 1972 I gave up the 1965 Chevy and gave it to Uncle Harry as he was out of work.

1973 I purchased not through the company a new Monte Carlo Super Sports Blue with a white Landau top. This car flew along and it's a wonder I did not get a ticket for speeding. Although through the years I have only had six tickets and have never been in an accident resulting from my bad driving. I have had two accidents of late but both while I was stopped at red lights and the other person ploughed into my car from behind. I've had a clean driving record for about three years as the last ticket was in Atlanta, Georgia.

Aunt Charlotte in 1973 decided that she would accompany the whole family, Nana Pat and myself on a trip to England. NECA this year was to have its annual convention in London. We had taken off for England one week earlier than that scheduled for the week-long convention. It was a little tight in your great Grandmas house. Grandma had your Great Grandfather put up a small cot down in the living room and Charlotte slept with your great Grandma in my old bedroom, while Nana Pat myself and Kathie in the the master room. Bryan, Deborah ,and Laura had bunk beds in the smaller room that was your great aunties old bedroom. On the Monday after arriving I leased a manually driven 5-speed transmission car. Driving back from Southampton after leasing the car I had quite an experience, as I had not driven in England for a few years. Kangaroo starts and stalling at several cross roads made for a lot of drivers being frustrated with me but I did get home in the end. I spent several hours just getting use to clutching and gear changing, and did get the knack of it in the end.



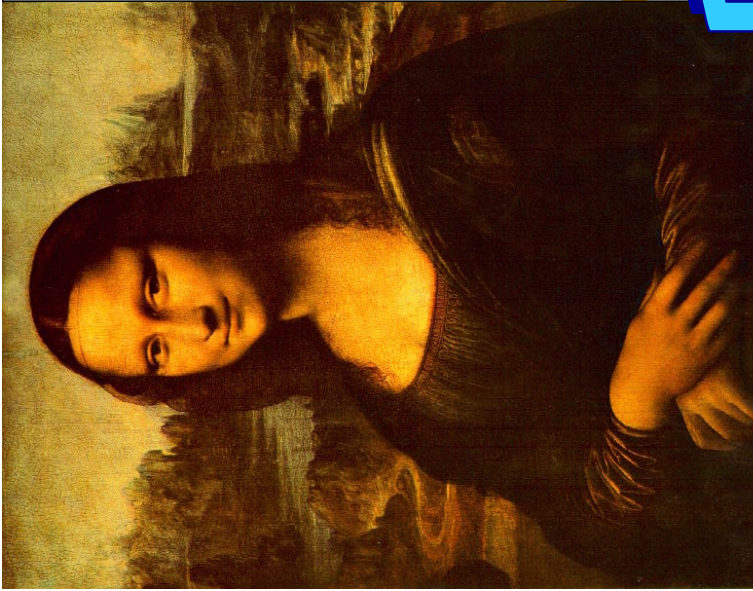
Auntie Charlotte at Cheddar Gorge

Monday, off to Cheddar Gorge and Longleat the home of the Marquis of Bath.

Proceeding down the Southampton road on the way to Sholeing I had to pass some road construction that had red bollards along the whole trench that was being dug. A double decker Hants and Dorset bus passed me and I flinched and moved over too far and knocked over about twenty cones some tumbling into the trench. Looking back in the mirror several heads appear out of the trench with quite a worried look on their faces. I was lucky not to have ended up in the trench and injured a worker.

After about two hours we arrived at Longleat and took the tour of the building and gardens. During the visit to the gardens we observed peacocks on the walls and one would put on a show and display a full fan of feathers., On to Cheddar Gorge and we ar-

rived at about 2-30 pm. The gorge has a great tour through the caves. Stalagmite and Stalactites adorned the caves and with special lighting reflect a wonderful array of colors. Recently a skeleton was found in the cave dating back 3000 years. A local school teacher got the idea to have the class in the local school have samples taken from their mouths to



Visiter
Investir
Etudier
Sport
Paris
Paris

The Louvre Pyramid, a modern glass and metal structure designed by I.M. Pei, located in the courtyard of the Louvre Museum in Paris. The pyramid is shown from a low angle, emphasizing its height and the intricate grid pattern of its glass facade. A small Union Jack flag is visible in the top right corner of the image.

Paris Visit 1973

check if anyone now living in the area could be descendant or connect as a relative to the cave dwellers. DNA reports came back after six months and the teacher himself had the same genetic DNA genome. This made news print in England, but I thought it would be interesting to include it in my memoirs. Outside in the village of Cheddar there were dunking barrels with caramel apples and the children did some bobbing. Fresh Cider was served at the local store and I had a couple of pints. We left at about 6-30 pm and arrived home at about 8-30 pm and had just a great day.

On Sunday of that week I would go to London and check in at the Grosvenor House The NECA chapter group had checked into the Playboy club hotel. Nana Pat would join me later in the week as she and Auntie Charlotte were looking after the children. As luck-would have it plans went array as the National Railroad System went on strike and Nana Pat could not get to London for the affair. There was one outstanding event that took place on the night of the Gala Ball. The mayor of London had arranged for the Queens guards to perform at the Ball Room of the Grosvenor house. This was unheard of. Mid evening entertainment started as the Queens guards marched down the spiral stair case from the balcony and on to the Main Ball Room floor. The whole contingency of NECA contractors stood and with such applause no one sat down for the next half hour as they performed at least ten marching songs marching backwards and forwards across the floor. Chills still go up my spine remembering such an event.

The next week on the Wednesday Auntie Charlotte and myself took a side trip to Paris, as Nan Pat could not travel with Kathie being so young. Your great grandma could not figure out how Nan Pat would allow the two of

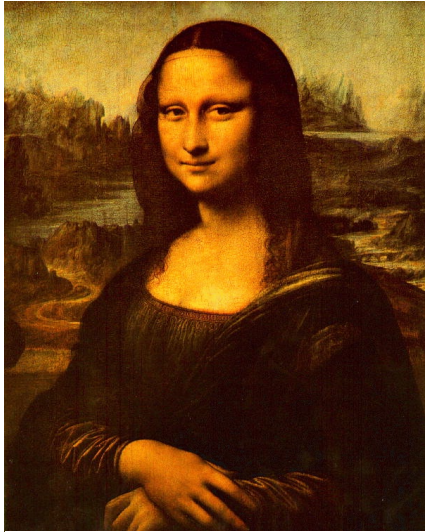


Pop Pop and Auntie Charlotte Paris

us to travel together. She was convinced some hanky panky was going to take place. You would of thought she could trust her own son! We flew out of Eastleigh airport, as there was a service directly to Orly airport in France. Orly is about thirty miles to the south of Paris and when we arrived we took a French cab into Paris proper. The cab ride was something to behold as the traffic was very crowded and the cabby would curse out of the window and bang on the side of cars and coaches to get through. Eventually we arrived at the Hotel Saint Pearce The accommodation were clean and quite quaint. There was a small bar down stairs adjacent or partially protruding into the dining area as I recall. The phone system was pretty primitive and the Hotel was

being rewired so cables were everywhere. By the way, Paris today has one of the most advanced telephone systems in the world. After studying the tour guides, we decided that on Thursday we would first take the Tour Bus around Paris to get to know the layout and the main attractions and those places we would not like to visit. After the tour, which lasted

about two hours, it was time for lunch. From our hotel it was not far to the Bastille and we started out on our first visit since arriving, walking for about an hour to the courtyard adjacent to the Bastille. We found a small café and ate out on the patio or cobbled stone area outside the café. Onion soup and a salad were ordered. The soup came out in a crock that had to be six inches deep and a foot around with cheese just overflowing on the sides. The soup alone would have been sufficient, but the salad was refreshing. After lunch we looked at the monument commemorating the Bastille, was the uprising by the peasants of France and the monument in itself was impressive. As the afternoon grew longer with the sun going down we walked slowly back to the hotel: mission accomplished. That first night we did go out for an evening meal after the concierge had given us a menu to use in French on



Mona Lisa Louvre Gallery

a piece of paper, as neither one of us spoke a word of French. He did say if you need any help just ask a young child because English is taught in all schools and they can help you. The restaurant was perfect and the French menu we had brought was a perfect finale to a great day.

Day two we would leave the hotel and walk to the Louvre that opens at about 10-00 am. The lines in the foyer courtyard were very long when we arrived at nine thirty in the morning. We patiently waited and at 10-00 am the line started to move. On entering the Louvre one has a true sense of the past and it is quite eerie as one collects one's thoughts. A tour guide was in order and we did follow for quite some time but I got impatient in the end, as I wanted to see the Picasso collection. This was in the Modern artist section so we both went to the Spanish painters wing and did see the wonderful collection of his works. The Main hall as you entered had the great David's paintings just spectacular canvasses twenty feet by twenty. The battle scenes were so real that you thought they were right there in the great hall. The Mona Lisa now hung back in her rightful place as the painting had been on tour. Again just breath taking Nana Pat had seen the painting in New York a few years before. You really need several days to visit and take in the whole tour as the number of paintings that hang on the walls are breath taking. I have since visited the Prado in Madrid and I will talk about that in Volume III. That night we were going to take the evening river cruise on the River Seine and have supper on the boat but alas we had to cancel out as it rained pretty heavy. We had a nice evening at the bar and talked to other patrons.

By Friday we were now considered Parisians and we thought we could venture out on to the Metro or subway as we call it in the USA. We studied very carefully the route to take at the breakfast table and were then ready for our first trip ever. The short trip to the Eiffel Tower took about twenty minutes and I believe we had to change trains to get there. Boy we accomplished the task and came up from the Metro right at the bottom of the Eiffel Tower. A short elevator ride up to the main visitors deck and there we obtained tickets for the journey up to the top of the tower. The elevator ride to the top was very unusual as

the elevator cab followed the outside contour of the tower itself and therefore followed a hyperbola tracking system to the top where it straightened out to true vertical.



Les Invalides

The day was very clear after the rain-storm the evening before and having got our bearings from maps we were able to pick out areas of interest that we needed to visit. The view was breath taking and with a slight breeze blowing made it very pleasant as the temperature had been up around eighty during the visit to Paris. We could see Notre Dame and the Les Invalides both of which was on our tour schedule for Friday. We visited Notre Dame in the afternoon and then a walk through the wonderful gardens to Les In-

valides. The Day was just fascinating and rewarding. That evening we went to a very posh French night club and spent most our time playing charades with the group of French people we met at the club. They had a hard time speaking English and we understood no French. The music and the singers were fabulous and the evening was a delight. Well Saturday was homeward bound and the trip went off with out any major change in travel plans. Arriving in England kind of lightened up your great great grandmother a little.

Your great great grandma, while we were away planned a trip to London for auntie Charlotte and her. In the plans were an evening show and lunch in Forte's. They left on

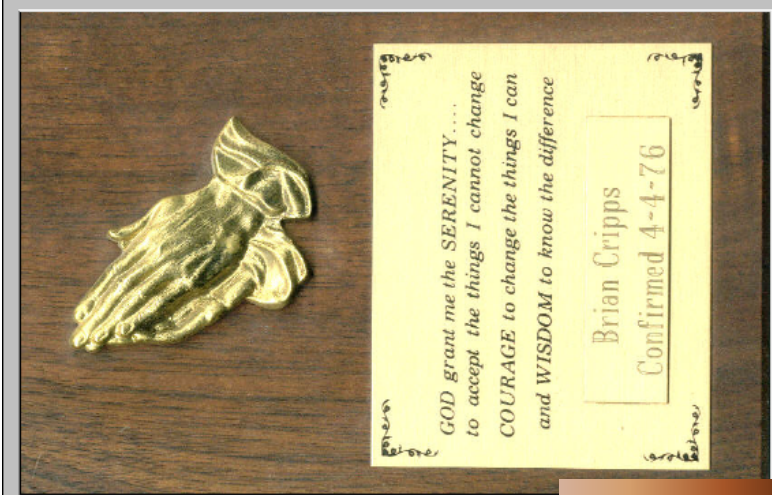


Great Great Grandma-Auntie Charlotte

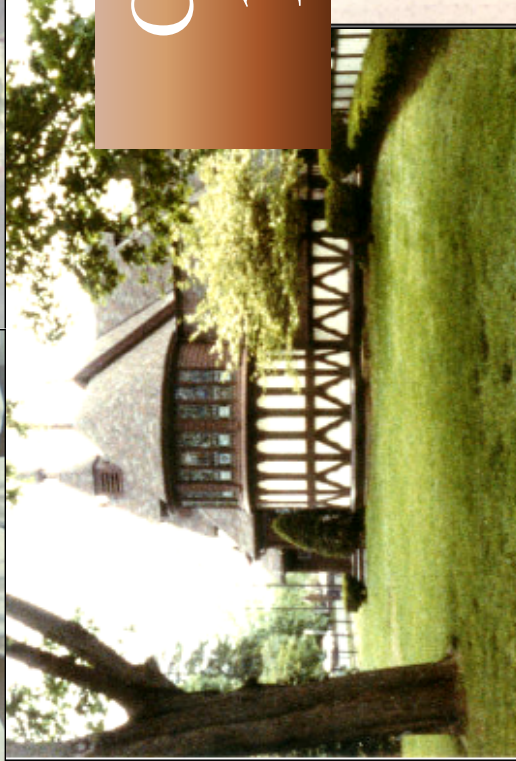
Wednesday by rail early morning but after the rush hour as the trains were cheaper then and they could get a cheap day return ticket. That means you leave after 8-30 am and return after 7-00 pm. The high speed train to London only takes about 55 minutes, if one selects a straight through service stopping at Winchester and Basingstoke and terminating at Waterloo. During the day while resting in St James Park, Aunt Charlotte left her handbag on a bench in the park and she never did get it back. They told us on arriving home that it was quite a hassle with the Police. So the day was quite disappointing in that way but they did see a great show and had a good time. Not all was lost.

Friday night was to be special as we had invited the whole family out for dinner at the Thatched Cottage.

Rudolph & Janet, Mavis & Ralph and David Roe a dear friend from the Caronia days to accompany Charlotte, as David was still single and I believe still is. The evening went off really well and the four course meal was served with no expense limits. The affair was on Pop Pop and I was only to happy to have such a wonderful part of our family together to



Confirmation 1975 -76-78





Nana Pat and Charlotte
Dressed for the Supper Date



Confirmation Cake

celebrate what was to be a fantastic trip and with memories that will last for ever. Saturday was the long trip home for every one but your aunts and uncle remember it all so well. Pop Pops dream is to take all of you when you are around ten or eleven on a similar trip.

Early May 1975 was a wonderful affair at the Brentwood home Deborah would complete her requirements for her confirmation at St Marks. The day was special as Father Bill would perform the service and the Bishop would lay on the hands. This was the last party bash. As we were moving. So the Living room had been emptied out . Our modern wall units had been removed from the walls and there was therefore plenty of space to get around. Uncle John, Uncle Howard and Emma were in attendance from Nana Pats side of the family. The Sullivans, Blighs and all our neighbors were invited. It was just a great Sunday morning and afternoon. Laura's confirmation would be the following year and I will continue in the next chapter as that was an even bigger party. This was really our farewell to what had been a happy home, as Nana Pat put it.

Early In 1975 we started to look for a home on the North Shore and eventually decided on Kings Park. A new sub division was under way on the back side of town that bordered on Fort Salonga. We went to contract on a Colonial type house. To our shock after closing the builder went out of business. That day, he declared bankruptcy. This was on a Wednesday. I went to his office on Thursday to find it padlocked with federal and state noti-

fications that there were liens on the property. We had no recourse now and had to finish or at least make the house habitable. Nana Pat and myself pitched in and made the house presentable. There was quite a lot of clean up to do on the house. For instance the bath tub was still full of garbage. The fire place had cinders where the construction workers had used it to keep warm. The rooms still covered with large amounts of dust and debris, The grading was not finished and the land was not graded on the outside. In the month of June we got the house to our liking The house was a very large colonial type about 3400 square feet with columns holding up the upper deck along the front of the house. We had several extras included like the foyer tiled floor that was very striking when you entered . A spiral stair case climbed to the upper level that looked out over the front entrance. So as



Our New Home on Twin Oaks Drive

to complete the whole effect a 20 ft by 12-0 ft pool was constructed and the whole property was fenced off with a red wood lattice style fence. Sod was put in and a under ground sprinkler system. When finished it looked picture perfect. The pool with its sparkling water and the large sun deck in the back highlighted the backyard. By July of 1975 our new home was ready for guests and friends. Chapter Nine will highlight the journey forward in the life of Pop Pop. This was yet another milestone in the progress of our family. I felt it would be very constructive for the children as

they would be now in a better environment than that in the Brentwood School district. Our spiritual life would still revolve around the church congregation at St Marks.

“The moulding of a life is in itself rewarding enough “

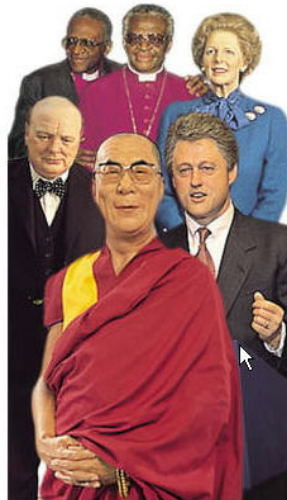
Brian R.Cripps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Nine

Mixed Feelings (The good the bad and the ugly)

Young Bryan and myself took a two- week trip to England in July 1975, soon after we had moved in to our new home. We traveled first class and that was quiet an experience in itself. I believe there were only four other passengers on the British Airways plane leaving Kennedy Airport. The service was top shelf, as they say, and we had the run of the whole upper deck by ourselves. The bar was upstairs so I spent a lot of time I think all the time sloshing down beers. By the time the plane reached England I was into my cups and feeling no pain. We took a cab into Waterloo station from the airport and had just missed a fast train down to Eastleigh. Waterloo station had been renovated and there was a bar upstairs at the restaurant. Needless to say I had a couple more pints, as I

had now sobered up having been off of the plane four hours. After waiting what seemed interminable time of forty-five minutes to the next train we boarded the high-speed train to our destination. Would you believe, a bar onboard, so I consumed a couple more beers on the way down to Eastleigh. The train stopped only at Basingstoke and then Winchester City. We arrived home at Chestnut Avenue mid day and with lots of gifts being exchanged I went to bed. Late afternoon I got up and went out, to see my sister, Mavis. Auntie Mavis family was two children Lee and Zoe. Lee was seven and Zoe two, so Bryan made friends with Lee al-



The Wax Museum Madame Tussaud's London

Spirit of America

several years younger. During the whole stay in England they would be buddies.

During this stay I took my cousin Janet and Martin, Mavis and Lee and Bryan and myself on a three day outing to London all expenses paid. We checked in the 6th floor at the exclusive Grosvenor House. At the same time we checked in, a sheik had checked into the whole Seventh floor. Our boys were paranoid about the sheik and his body guards as they had never seen one in person before. The entourage consisted of several wives and multiple children, some twenty in all. Well, the second night after we had visited the Tower of London Janet, Pop Pop and Mavis were having a quiet drink down stairs in the main lobby, shouting noise emanated from the elevator as the doors opened. Three kids that were ours came running out in just their pajamas and looking pretty scared. With screeching voices at the top of their lungs. “They’re after us, the sheiks men”. They believed that the sheiks bodyguards were after them, as they heard noise outside of their rooms and were scared to death. It was pretty embarrassing but those in the lobby had a good laugh about it. We visited the Tower of London, MadamE Tussauds, Buckingham Palace, and all of the tourist sites. The trip was a success as a family and the boys all got a long very well.

The following week I took your Great Grandma and Granddad Cripps to the Sandown Park racetrack. On arriving and picking our spot for a quick exit we parked the car and took a short walk to the Grand Stand. Your Great Grandma said. “Why here.” I said “We are going to the clubhouse for a meal”. Wha Bri! was her exclamation that’s only for the rich. Well that’s me I replied. Taking the elevator upstairs we arrived at the Golden Ring Club where only the rich and famous hang out. That day Phil Bull, the owner of



Race Card July 4th 1975

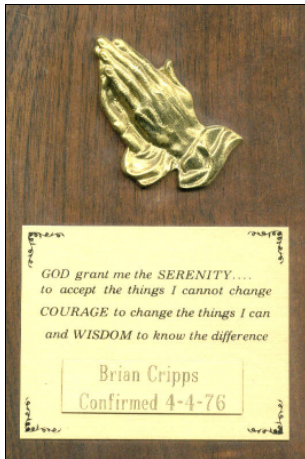
many champion horses, was at the Club House and entertaining about twenty guests. We were seated politely by the Maitred d’e and were advised of the buffet service. There was a magnificent display of cuisine laid out. Several chefs were on hand at each of the meat cutting stands and the whole spread was just breath taking. Your Great Grandma Cripps was in awe of the whole thing. We studied the cards during our meal and then as it was close to race time at 1-00pm started down to the Golden Ring arena where the horses for the first race were being paraded around. Great Grandma Cripps just went straight up to the rail and secured a post or spot against the rail that she would not leave for two or three hours. “Why are you staying here”? I asked. “Well, I have always wanted to be on TV at the races and as its televised today I’m sure I will be on TV if I stand here and people will let me know when we get back home”. Young Bryan I had given the equivalent in pounds (\$50) to bet on the races and he picked out his own horses by looking at them in the Golden Ring. He did not win a race all day, neither did your Great Grandfather. Pop Pop started off well with the winner first leg of the tote double. The tote double means you have to pick both

winners of the first two races. The second part was a little tricky, as Phil Bull had a horse running in it and he always had sweet winners at long odds. Well, I did bet on his horse and lost. The fifth race another Phil Bull owned horse at 13-1 and I bet on that one. It was a winner and all his guests at the table had bet on it also. Quite a jubilation when it won and champagne flowed for a couple of hours at his table. I ended the day after winning that race, about ten pounds English money. This did not pay for the whole day out, but it was a delight to see Great Grandma Cripps so happy. We got out of the parking area quite quickly and were on the M3 homeward bound after about a half hour that was pretty good for leaving a racetrack. Arriving home, it was put your feet up and have a quiet night before retiring to bed. Well I think Bryan may have had a lesson on horse racing because even today he still thinks he got ripped off at the races.

Later in the week we would go up and have a few drinks at Pirelli's Clubhouse. Martin and Bryan would play on the putt putt course. Bryan thinking he was a golfer swung the club too hard and it hit Martin just above the eye. What a shiner he got and both were banished obviously from playing any further. The week passed by with little or no major catastrophes and we were soon back on a plane heading for New York. I believe Bryan had bonded with his cousins and it was just the kind of trip I wanted him to have.

With BRC running into financial problems early in 1974 as its government contracts were rescinded, New York State declared it was bankrupt and also New York City. The company had several construction contracts that were cancelled and ran into financial problems. All our vendors were paid off and we basically closed our doors breaking even. This new era would require major constraints to be put in place. John Vitiglio, on paper still owned 51 % of the shares in BRC. So I moved the company over into his premises thus freeing up rent. The arrangement was that after Meadowbrook hospital was complete he would sign over his shares. The day before Thanksgiving Day he said that BRC would be closed down. His staff had been going over the books for a year and he thought he had cause to sue me personally. One month later he issued a lawsuit in the appellate court in Nassau County citing embezzlement. This came as such a surprise, as I had kept the books accurately and with independent auditors. I had no choice but to hire a lawyer to answer the charges. I was recommended to John Petoni, whose father was chief Attorney General for Nassau County. After five years of the suit going its full course and even depositions were taken. The court hearing never took place as John Petoni after reviewing our books found out many improprieties in the John Grace book keeping records. John Grace really wanted BRC as a big write off and tax evasion scheme. BRC's dissolution was used for the write off. John Patoni had found out that they used BRC Electric illegally. And so the plot thickened. Well, three days before going to court they backed down and settled for \$9000.00 as an out of court settlement. The on going suit would put a big strain on our marriage as the Attorney's fees came to over \$20,000 and that was paid in cash. The settlement came out of the capital gains on our selling of the Kings Park Property.

May 1976 was a very special time at the Cripps home. Both Laura and myself were confirmed at St Marks Church. At last after all these years and as Pop Pop expressed his disappointment in Volume I not being confirmed meant it was a realization at last. The family continued their Sunday worship at St Marks up until the family moved South in 1984.



Dedication Plaque

The girls, Deborah and Laura were the first acolytes to be girls at the church as the cannons of the church now allowed females to serve at the altar. Bryan was also served as an acolyte at the same time. The Confirmation party preparations took a lot of planning as the backyard was turned into a party for at least forty guests . We had a very modern band selected by Deborah. I hired two bar tenders to tend bar and a lifeguard to attend the pool in case someone fell in. The guests arrived about 2-00pm and the band played for at least five hours with a multi selection of oldies, sixties and disco music . The food was catered by the local German deli, except for the usual hot dogs, hamburgers and steaks. I always remember little Kathie just sat looking at the band leader all afternoon. She had a crush on him. The bar-becue went off with great enthusiasm and all who attended had a wonderful time. The Party ended at about 8-30pm after the last guest had left.

Father Bill Viola would become a deacon at St Marks during the mid to late seventies and I would become very friendly with him. The church vestry committee had authorized a Chapter of the Brotherhood of St Andrews. One of the early tasks was to repaint the Rectory and the off site home of the deacon, During this effort Father Bill and Pop Pop would become close. Pop Pop would take Latin Lessons from him on Saturdays and we would go over to his home on occasions. Father Bill eventually moved to a parish way out on Long Island to a missionary church St Anselm's in Shoreham on the North Shore. From Kings Park it was about a 1 ½ Hour drive out to the east. We would visit and even spent a Thanksgiving Day together. We still keep in touch and recently, that was two years ago he



St Marks Stained Glass Windows

came to Columbia ,South Carolina and we talked on the phone. His youngest daughter was possibly going to Law School at the college of South Carolina Honors. The Parish of St Anselm's is no longer a missionary church as Father Bill built it up to full status of a parish. Father Bill loved old Ford cars and had a passion for restoring old cars. In his garage was a 1928 one that looked brand new and he did most of his pastoral duties and home visits in it. Pop Pop was lucky to take a ride in his treasure. St Marks did suffer a major set back as some arsonist torched the beautiful church. Today it has been rebuilt, but its not the same architecture as it was. The stain glass windows were restored from the glass that was saved by sifting

through the rubble. Tiffany glass company donated their time to restore the windows, although the religious scenes could never be recreated. The altar and glass stained window is as shown today in the picture above.

Our house in Kings Park, as I said bordered on the State Park Sunken Meadow. Mornings especially during the spring I would rise at 6-30am and jog down the hill and enter through an opening made in the fence. It was about a mile across the park and over a small bridge that spanned the inlet from the sound. The parking lots were about a quarter of a mile wide so it would a fair old jog to the Concession Building at the east end of the board walk. Entering the board walk with the cool sea breeze at your face was very refreshing. The arduous task though was at hand. The Board walk was just about one mile long and I would try and run four miles. The sun rising and the birds all chirping away made it just perfect for the jog. This part of the park has several acres of bogs and streams leading into the sound that are protected as a state reserve and had many rare species of fowl. Occasionally I would see a fox on my exploits but most mornings the air would be filled with skunk excretions. The early morning the sun drapping the honeysuckle bushes along the jogging path would release their wonderful fragrance. The mist



The Back Yard Twin Oaks Drive

on the grass would slowly enter my shoes as I made my way back to the hole in the fence. On exiting the park it was a very steep uphill battle to our home at the top. Most of the time I would walk up the hill as I would be pretty tired. One could not see the park from our house because the area had large oaks growing all around. The bluff at Kings Park State Mental Institution was also a very pretty place to hang out and watch all the boats come and go through the outlet that joined Sunken Meadow State Park at the east end. On many an occasion Nana Pat and myself would just drive down and spend quiet time up on the Bluff, as it was about 100 feet above the Sound. The Sound being not on the Atlantic side of Long Island was very calm. Recreational yachting and fishing was the past time of many Long Islanders. The inlet was a perfect spot to launch a boat

from. There was a great little restaurant down at the dock and we would eat there several times during the summer season. Sunken Meadow had a 18 and a 9 hole golf course and I used to play them on Saturdays if I was not working. It also meant that you had to be at the gate entrance before 5-30 am or else your tee off time would be 10-00 am. I would arrive and even at that time I may have been number twenty on line. Other friends would come later as I would get the starting time for the foursome. The Park opened at 6-30 am and first tee off was seven. I normally got the fifth or sixth tee off time. We would have just a great morning and finish up by about 11-00 am. After a few beers in the club house and a hamburger I would arrive home close to twelve after a fun and relaxing morning. Sunday Mornings before church I would go to the local bakery and buy a dozen rolls and two dozen doughnuts. Breakfast was my forte and Pop Pop cooked eggs bacon and sausages and home fries and we would all tuck in and have some quality time together before traveling to the South Shore to St Marks Church. The journey was about 26 miles, one way so most Sundays we did not arrive home until 1-00 pm, "Starving!" was the exclamation as the family entered the house and sat down and immediately ate all the cold cuts potato salad they could lay their hands on. Sunday afternoon was normally quiet time out in

the backyard swimming and barbecuing with who ever wished to attend. Some times the high school friends and other times Giglios and Sullivans. This was very informal. We loved to entertain and Nana Pat always had a happy heart for all who came to our home. She was and still is very special person. The first year in the new home a major snow storm came through and deposited about one foot of snow. Sunken Meadow Park was just beautiful as the layer of blanketed snow was virgin and untouched in the early morning. By mid day it was crowded with those adventurous enough to go out in it with sleigh riders . One of the hills had a great sleigh run for about half a mile. Our kids loved the trail and we spent all afternoon on the slopes until young Bryan crashed into a fence and bloodied his nose. By then we were all pretty soaked with the snow creeping into our garments and making them saturated with water. It was the appropriate time to leave. After pulling Bryan and Kathie on the sleighs across the Parking field we dumped the Toboggans in the station wagon and went speedily home. Nana Pat made hot chocolate and we all had plenty to talk about.

Late 1975 after the collapse of BRC I was out of work until early March 1976 and eventually went back to work as an engineer. My first assignment was in Murry Hill New Jersey. The commute was 109 miles one way. Pop Pop would rise at 4-00 am and be in the station wagon and on my way by 4-30 am. By the time I would reach the Long Island expressway the traffic would already be bumper to bumper. The trip into the City normally flowed quite well and I would be on the Cross Bronx by 5-15 am. Then over the George Washington Bridge that connects the abyss between New Jersey and Manhattan Island (New York City proper). The journey would take me out on route eighty and then South on the New Jersey turnpike Route 95. I would then have to take Route 22 West to Murry Hill in Middlesex county New Jersey. This would take another hour from the George Washington Bridge. So I would arrive at 6-15 am. The premises did not open until 7-30 am. Now for a short nap in the back of the wagon in a sleeping bag. The alarm clock would go off at 7-30 am and I would go to the cafeteria and have a breakfast before starting at 8-00 am. I worked most lunch hours so I could leave at 4-00 pm in the afternoon, as the traffic home ward bound would build up by 3-30 pm. The trip home would take on an average 3 hours and I would arrive home at 7-30 pm or 8-00 pm depending if there were any accidents to hold up traffic. My commute was right through the heart of New Jersey and New York traffic. The Cross Bronx is noted for having major traffic jams and accidents. Major sports events in the evenings would increase the traffic and make for even longer delays. During the Summer months I would leave at 3-00pm in the afternoon and still not get home until 8-30pm. Traffic Friday nights leaving the City was horrendous of because people traveling to the Long Island Beaches and out to the Hamptons on the far end of Long Island. The project lasted until late September and I was glad to be told that my services would terminate. By this time engineering prospects in the City had changed somewhat and I was able to get a position with Environtech in Mid Town at one Pen Plaza. Once again I would be back on the railroad commuting to Manhattan. During this period I would meet up with Bob Sullivan again as we now commuted on the same line and used the same bar car. Tony Giglio I would meet on Tuesday nights, as I would attend St Andrews meetings on the South Shore at St Marks and therefore travel on to Islip with Tony. February 1978 was the great Ice storm that hit the North Shore of Long Island. I recall it was on a Tuesday and when we woke up in the morning icicles glittered on nearly every

structure and were very thick. Power was out throughout the county. About 450,000 customers were stranded. The first day was not too bad and we kept a fire going in the living room. The second day we all huddled in the play room. It was apparent we were not going to get electricity on for some time. A call went out to the Giglios who had electricity and had plenty of room for us in the Bayshore house. "Come on over" was Wilma's reply on the phone. We locked up, left the water slowly running and went over to the South Shore. Most of the services except train service to the city as from Hicksville on to the City line had been hit by the ice storm. The children had a ball for about four days as we shared food and ate and played in the great games room, they were all extremely happy. Those first two days of suffering were just a memory as the Giglio occupation was an event none of them ever forgot. Sunday we moved back home much to all the kids' disappointment. The storm due to its severity and length of stay with the Giglios and has bonded both families even closer. It still continues today.



Irene Bligh- Corney Sullivan- Bob Sullivan

The late seventies would mean that our close relationships with the Sullivan's, and the Blighs would slowly dwindle away. The Giglios moved in 1979 to Strougsburgh in Pennsylvania, the Pocono Mountain region and the Sullivan's would move South to Florida and live with Corney's mother and father. We lost touch at this point in time. The Giglios we would visit on New Year's of the first year that they had moved in. The second year around February we took a trip to the Poconos to see them. This was special as snow was on the ground the kids all went to the ski slopes and had a wonderful time. The family seemed happy in their new home. Tony had quite a commute to New York City to his place of business. Our ties slowly drifted apart as it was a very long trip to their home about 220 miles away and was a weekend trip rather

than a day trip. Our family ties with the Daly's in New Jersey continued and we would travel to many affairs at Jim's home in Livingston.

David Bligh now commuted to the City and worked at 36th street, about four blocks from where I worked. I would see him at least every two months and at times would get off the train at Huntington and have a beer with him in his local haunts. On those occasions I would drive in the morning to Huntington Station and catch the electric train into the City. Weekend overtime, that was on Saturdays, I would commute using the same route, as the diesel train service to Kings Park on Saturday which had a very limited schedule. It was very convenient to drive to Huntington and by taking the back roads along 25A I could get there in about twenty minutes. The job with Environtech would last two years at Pen Plaza. This meant that I would tie up with either David or Tony and we would have a few beers in the City on Friday nights and take the 7-30 pm or later train home. Eventu-

ally the projects with Environtech required my services in the field and so I became electrical field superintendent, residing in Niles, Ohio. The plant that was leased from Republic Steel assembled a new line of Gas scrubbing cars that took the coke oven gases and cleaned the Pollutants out before emitting the waste gas into the air. This was a major clean up project and was very successful. Environtech had fifty of the rail car-scrubbers on order. Nearly every major steel company had placed projects with the company so we were extremely busy . Each machine was worth several millions of dollars, I believe 20 million. I lived at the Holiday Inn in Niles for about a year and commuted home every weekend. During the year I was asked if I would do double shifts as they did not want to hire another engineer just for the other shift. I had followed the project from Initial concepts through production so I was very familiar with the equipment and its fabrication. I agreed to the schedule but worked ten on four off. Time and workload would slowly tell on me. Excessive hours at work eventually made me very tired and I had to come home. I made a lot of money and we slowly got out of debt but was it really worth what it was doing to our marriage. The Kings Park house also was slowly draining our marriage and I was drinking more and more, the field assignment did not help, as I would have time to



Heather At Universal Studio's

drink on lunch hours and from five until the next shift at seven. Nana Pat pleaded with me to change but I continued my drinking habits. During this time period what came as a surprise was our fifth child Heather Lynn in 1980. Heather was just beautiful and rewarding to have around. This would now complete our wonderful family.

Having quit the Ohio job just after Heather was born I now needed a employment and did get a job offer in a short period of time with Lever Brothers on 57 th and Lexington Avenue once again back in Manhattan. This company I had very happy memories of and was most

probably the best job I ever had. One project I was handling in 1983 would mean several trips to Los Angeles. On one trip we decided to go as a family with Heather who was now about three years old. We were routed through St Louis . The connecting flight was at gate 96 and we arrived at gate 12 this meant a scurry across the airport. The picture is still in my mind. Little Heather with her blue jumper knitted by your great grandma and with a knap sack on her back. She was a real trooper and just followed directions from Nana as we transferred from one people conveyor to the next. Afternoon when we arrived at the hotel a major problem arose after four hours. Heather started to have an asthma attack or the equivalent. I tried desperately to help her by standing in a very hot and steamy shower but this was to no avail. Nana Pat called the front desk and she was immediately transported us to the hospital by ambulance. Pop Pop followed in his rented car. The pediatric Surgeon consulted with us and informed us that her problem was a reaction from something in the hotel. We discovered afterward that our rooms had been sprayed with Cladane to kill the ants. This was the cause of her attack. We were at the hospital until about 1-00 am in the morning so were all very tired the next day. I reported to work at the Lever Brothers plant on the east side of Los Angeles. The day would drag on due to the episode the night before. On arriving back at the hotel we went out to eat and had a

Mexican meal. This was not a good start to the week. During the week though Nana Pat took Heather to Disney World. On the Saturday I was able to join them and we went to Universal Studios and had a great time. Jaws, the famous movie had been out in the theater and the model was still on display at the studio. The coach ride around the studio was very entertaining and with very scary props to wake you up if the tour was boring. The trip ended with a very nice meal at the Waterloo Station on top of a mountain that you took a glass encased carriage to. We had no problems on the way home and the week ended with a tremendous feeling of satisfaction. Kathie had stayed with her best friend Te Se as she was nicked named up the road. These were neighbors, that was Vinnie and Terrie, who still keep in touch through "e" mail today.

During this period the girls had started at Deborah at Junior High School. Laura went to JR Osgood Elementary school in town and it was only a short walk to school. Bryan went to Fort Salonga elementary school. Laura and Bryan would at one point be in Junior High school together. Bryan was 1 1/2 years behind Laura so there was a gap before he would be close to home at the Elementary School. The Kings Park School system was very advanced in the educational skills of the faculty. The students were encourage to be free thinkers. One room was strictly used for project work and advanced reading skills. Computers we just coming into the school systems but as an administrative tool and not for academics. McIntosh (Apple Computer) were purchased by nearly every school district and to this day the majority run on Apple computers.

Deborah was the first into the junior high school system and again the school was just around the corner from the elementary school and a short walk to school. The bus though did pick up and drop off outside our door. The school system was financed by the Taxes on ones home and at least 50% went to the school system . On a 1/3 of an acre plat you would pay about \$3000.00 a year in school taxes, so it was quite a lot of money pouring into the school district. The schools themselves were very new only about seven years old and I always remember the Architect they were Abraham-Solomon- Moses. This group were from Westchester County and were known as the best Architects to hire. Bryan while at Elementary school played at the age of twelve for the varsity team, as he was a great soccer goalie even at a very young age.



Glad to be Home

The older girls were now growing up to be young ladies. High school would mean that our house would become the hang out and several of the football stars would be in their close knit set of friends. Albie Spozanza, the quarter back, Joe Marcione receiver, Mike Falcone tight end and so on. They were a very nice group to have around and were always very polite and entertaining. They looked after our girls and I felt very good about there involvement with the group. Laura would run track and play soccer for Kings Park. Her track team won the Suffolk county 4x100 yard relay. They were very good. Extra activities were encouraged. Both Deborah and Laura

would both become cheer leaders and compete in competitions all over Nassau and Suffolk county. I believe for the Long Island championship Kings Park came in third in the all Long Island competition including Nassau County Schools. The girls were now working at the Reggies Bakery in Commack and we would have to run them backwards and forwards on the weekends, as they were not able to drive yet. New York was 16 years old at that time for a junior license. One of Deborah's boy friends while she was in her final year of high school robbed a convenience store and was sent away for two years. This became a problem, as Deborah insisted on seeing him. Nana Pat and Pop Pop agreed to let it just run its course and not interfere. Deborah did visit him in prison, Up State New York but eventually the love affair broke up. We had the normal bashes for each graduation from High School. The Girls and Bryan qualified for college with SAT score close to 1000. Bryan had to go an extra semester just for PE and therefore would work out the spring of 1984 before we moved. He would serve cold cuts at a local deli counter in for the food chain giant Key Food.

Nan Pat would have to do a lot of driving. Deborah would be the first to go to college at Oneonta in 1981. Deborah, when she got off the bus in Huntington Station, was some twenty pounds heavier. She had acquired the Freshman Pounds, She was beaming when she stepped off the bus and as it was Christmas break and just glad to be home. The first semester was not a very good time for her at college and when she settled in at home expressed that she did not want to go back. Nana Pat to the rescue and she convinced her that it was only for a short time and her sister would be joining her in the fall. Nana Pat would drive the girls to college in the station wagon. It took about 5 hours to get there in upper New York State close to Binghamton. It was a rough round trip in one day but Nana Pat would be determined and always completed the trip in the one day. The girls really loved it together at college and of course Laura on her first semester got on the Deans list not for academic achievement, but for socializing. I believe today she regrets the low marks for that first semester. The first semester grades would pull her overall grades down so much that all the straight "A" going forward she could not get above 3.2 average. Both Deborah and Laura would graduated with B.Sc. Degrees.

As the family, one by one, were now embarking on there own paths. Nana Pat would still



Kathy's Confirmation

be bringing up our new born Heather. The new born would be spoiled by her older sisters, and Bryan. Kathie would have baby sitting duty and was very good with Heather. The last confirmation in New York was that of Kathie who would be confirmed at St Marks. We had another great party to celebrate the occasion. Dallas and Armond from the old neighborhood came and the Burns from around the corner on Kohr Road. The Burns had become our friends, as their son was playing on the soccer team I coached. Chapter Ten will highlight Pop Pop's soccer involvement on Long Island Kathie would start piano lessons while at Kings Park under the direction of Michelle Zukerman.

She progressed at an alarming rate and by the time we were about to leave Kings Park I thought she was ready for a recording studio. From business friends at work who had a band I was referred to a studio in Brooklyn. One Saturday morning we went in early as I had booked a three hour session from 9-00 am until 12-00 pm. We arrived at the location and the technician lead her through the routine. After just twenty minutes it she was ready for the first recording. She played beautifully and somewhere we have the complete recording session. I have tried to find the tape but I cannot find it. Well, later that year she was selected for New York Governors Honors. She was voted the most outstanding player. This award she would win twice while attending the following year. Pop Pop promised her a grand piano if she could play Tschaikowsky Piano Concerto first movement. This she accomplished before we moved to Atlanta. So the piano was purchased on arrival in Atlanta.



Kathie At The Studio

This was about the time that Nana Pat would now go back to work to help out in our financial situation. Taxes were increasing and we were in the early eighties paying about \$6600 a year in Taxes and the mortgage was close to \$700 a month, so between Taxes and mortgage are monthly bill was about \$1380. 00. This was over twenty years ago, as I write so you can tell it was quite a strain on our marriage along with my drinking. Utility bills were running \$300 for electricity and the oil heating bill for January would run about \$600, all contributing to a major financial crisis in our house. After struggling for about two years 1982 to 1984 it was time to move on. One night laying in bed Nana said its time we made a decision to move. I said “lets talk it over “ the options Arizona as in the past we had wanted to go there and live. “Maybe Florida “ I said that was out of the question as there was to many elderly in Florida. “How about Georgia?” We knew that Auntie Charlotte had moved there about two years earlier and seemed very happy. Nana Pat called and Auntie Charlotte and she said. “Come on down” I have room until you get settled in. The decision was made in May of 1984 the family would trek South to Georgia in August. Bryan was about to start college that year and through a mutual friend got a scholarship to play soccer as a goalie at Winthrop College in Rock Hill South Carolina. The college would be about a four hour trip from Atlanta, not too far away. Deborah would start her final year and Laura had two to do, so they were a little upset about our move out of state.

Life without adversity has no foundation for improvement

Brian R. Crippps

Pop Pops Chronicles Chapter Ten

The Passion

Through all the years I have never lost my love for the game of football. Football as it was called until the Americans decided it was time to become a football nation. Soccer is now used to differentiate between the English game and the American game of football. Early years when I first arrived in the USA it was considered just a rich kids college game in the Ivy Leagues along with Lacrosse. Enough of us old blokes emigrated and were called to duty to try and salvage this new fledgling sport. American coaches at the time were not familiar with the real game and would try and relate it to Ice hockey. Formations were not understood or even to be considered as part of coach's tactical skills. Training was limited to one touch ball and endless running. Spectators would use such language as good punt and boot it. God forbid the ball could be headed by a player. It was just too dangerous and players would not try.

Well one day in 1963 Pop Pop was approached by a team, The Greek Hungarians in Queens New York as they were interested in me playing for them. On a Tuesday evening I made my way out to the club.



Jim Spence CYO League
Bryan Cripps-Denis Byrne

club was no exception. I boarded the train that took me to De Kalb Avenue and changed subway systems and ended up at Detmus Avenue Station. On the platform as pre-arranged was a club official and he escorted me directly to the bar. The negotiations on wages and bonuses and training dates were discussed. Wages were \$50 a game and \$10 bonus for a win which was very good. My regular salary was at that time around \$169 a week Next a visit to their home field that was completely grass free and with field ruts and tufts of grass all over. I immediately said to my self this is not for me. With a young family one could easily get injured and be out for some time. On the Thursday I declared my intentions not to play for the team.

Spirit of America

It was many years after before I would get involved with soccer in the USA. The time line was when we moved to Kings Park 1975, although not immediately. There was a CYO League (Catholic Youth Organization) that was run by Jim Spence and his wife. Bryan had played under Dennis Byrne and won their league that fall 1977. In 1978 a call went out to a group of people to help run the CYO League. I was asked to get involved. Pop Pop was ready and offered his services in the administration and coaching. Late towards the end of winter in February a group of us got together and formed what is now the Kings Park Soccer Club. Jim through an attorney acquired a New York corporation charter as a non-profit organization and we were now in business. First order of the day was to form a Board of Directors. The first board obviously was any one who knew anything about the game. Kings Park had a family residing in it called the Byrne brothers, seven in all who had immigrated to Long Island and had a great passion for the game. Three of them Denis, Kieran and Richard were contacted and agreed to join the Club and Board of Directors. Hans being German knew the game well and also his wife Shelly as secretary and Jim Spence. The last members on the board were myself and Tommy Leonard. The board was in place now. First task was organizing registration. Stations were set up in the schools and the club had that year 700 registered members all ages and gender signed up. I believe registration was about \$35 and with discounts for multiple children in a single family. This would mean we had a budget of around \$24,000 to buy nets, uniforms, grounds keeping tools and materials. We made it that first year with about \$2000 to spare so we patted ourselves on the back at our good fiscal planning.

Tryout and insurance papers were distributed and when all the collecting was done we entered about seven teams in the Long Island Junior Soccer League as the forty -seventh club to register. Most of the teams would be in division three of the respective age groups. As we were a new start-up club and our strength and weaknesses in age groups were unknown to the league at that time. My club duties were equipment and grounds. The Byrne brothers went to work and got permission to construct a field on the lower level of the state grounds. In their off hours they constructed a great full size pitch and it was seeded and had it ready for the up coming season, It was decided to leave it fallow for a season so that it would be ready for the next year, which we did. The next year only U16 U17 U19 would play on it but it was very convenient to home so I managed the grounds and equipment nets and corner flags etc.



Michael Tinchute Artist
Designer Kings Park Logo

In the spring season I was assigned the U10 Boys team to coach. It was a great little team and I spent many hours training them and preparing them for the next coach Don Martin, who's son was on this team. Our results were reasonable and we came in fourth in the league. My recollection is that we did not have a league winner that first season. I had some great little players such as Luke who could easily hit a ball seventy yards and with skill. Luke's only trouble was that he had to score all the goals. Luke lived with his

The Team of 1979

Dear Geoff,

I have recently had a 5-bypass operation on my heart. My recovery has taken about eight months but I'm now feeling very fit and healthy. Rigorous diet lots of workouts and weight lifting in moderation have got the heart on track. This recuperation period has given me time to write the second Volume of a series of three about my memoirs. I have now started the 1979-1984 section and chapter ten is one that is dedicated to my soccer involvement.

The team (High School Seniors) of spring 1979 was very special to me. I can always remember the first visit to my home from the co captains Sewell-Sexton-Thompson who pleaded with me to coach the team as they had registered with the Long Island Junior Soccer League Div III without a coach. If there was a special moment in time it was the decision to coach the team of 1979. The team took a lot to formulate and mold in to a cohesive unit. But it was that in the end. It was just a great team effort during the season. Through all the years of coaching this team was the most dedicated, and spirited group of young men. The secret to all coaching is motivation and this team was motivated. Hard work they never shied away from or complained. When I would play out on the field it gave me great pleasure to see the players work and joke with one another about the game. We spent many hours out in the cold rainy weather and running down at Sunken Meadow. As the team took shape and our league results although not spectacular the team finished in third place. It was the enthusiasm and complete dedication that made this team special.

As I was writing chapter ten I put together a couple of pages from the memoirs that I thought each and every one of you should have. The enclosure features in the centerfold the soccer ball you all presented to me at the end of the season. It holds a dear place in my heart and it is always handy to hold and reminisce. It gives me great pleasure to have shared just a small part of your lives. I'm hoping in the future the enclosure may spirit you also to write your memoirs and leave a legacy to your grandchildren, Hope you are healthy and enjoying this wonderful country we live in.

Yours truly,

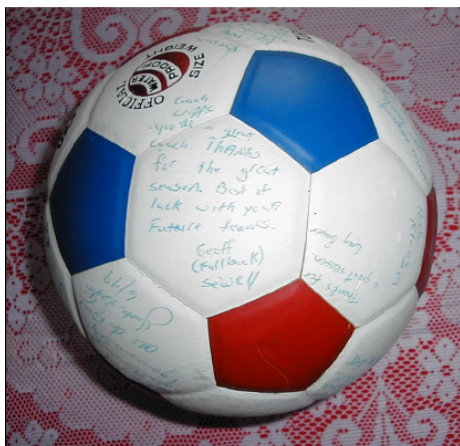
Coach Cripps

grand parents and after I left the team would often show up at our doorstep and plead with me to come back to the team. I had moved on as I had equipped Don with the basic concepts of coaching a team and he would continue with them for the next three more years.

That summer the local High School captains, Geoff Sewell, John Sexton and Tim Thompson showed up one evening at my door and said could they come in. We sat in the living room and I asked what their intentions were. "Well ,coach we know you were an ex professional player and you did a great job coaching with the younger boys. We would love you to coach the Kings Park High School team that has entered the Long Island Junior Soccer League but we don't have a coach. The high school coach, although English, is not that good and we need help". After outlining the ground rules such as a no-nonsense, approach, attendance and outlined tryouts they all said they're ready and would pass the word down to the whole high school team. Try outs I scheduled during the summer break. I had developed a skills program that I judged players ability by. From this I established a ranking system so that I could eliminate players who just did not have the basic skills to coach. From experience a boy who under eighteen years old needs to have basic skills otherwise the other players will become frustrated at their game. Simple and accurate passing is the secret . I could dedicate a whole chapter to training and skills, but will pass on the subject as it may be to boring to read. The skills needed in my estimation based on the tryout sheets formulated the team and then with small game situations six aside I picked the final eighteen. This was a rag tag bunch of young adults but with such enthusiasm and determination could become a force on the field. We trained all winter and used the York Hall facilities in the Kings Park Mental Facility as it was not used. Dennis Byrne was able to convince the director that it was for the good of the community. Early spring 1979 we were now becoming a reasonable soccer team. Training down on the beach at Sunken Meadow at and the start it was Washington's Birthday or President's Day as its called today. That year the Long Island Sound had nearly frozen over all the way across. Large chunks of ice were all along the beach as the coast-guard kept the shipping lanes open. As you can tell it was bitterly cold but the players all showed up and I kept very accurate records of attendance. Our training would start at 6-30 am on Saturday mornings. As you

well know young adults ready to leave high school were known to party on Fridays. They would all admit today it was rough going for the two hours in frigid temperature having partied the night before. Attendance was very good and I could tell they were going to become a cohesive force.

The season started and we did very well and were unlucky not to come away with a trophy that year. I must say this as one of the most rewarding teams I have ever coached or had the pleasure of molding just a small portion of their lives and character. They presented me with a soccer ball autographed by all with short comments at the end of the season. This treasure is always in my sight as it rests in my closet.



International Rovers
Presented To Coach Cripps

Occasionally I will hold it and treasure the memories of this wonderful time in my life. I would only coach the team one season as they would all graduate and pursue their own way in life. I did get invitations from several of them to attend their graduation either from Officers candidate school, military college and or university. We were residing in Atlanta at the time and I had to decline the kind and thoughtful invitations. John Sexton who joined the army would always stop by when home and have a couple of beers with me. It was encouraging to see him slowly join the main stream, as he was quite a handful at the age of eighteen. Jim D Angelo went AWL during his first year at boot camp, but I understand that he made amends and is now successful in life. Yes, this was a rough bunch of kids to coach.

Bryan asked me to coach him as a goalie after he had played one year at CYO and I said I would but it means a lot of hard work. In 1980 at the age of 14 he was selected by the high school to play in the senior side. Bear in mind Bryan was only in middle school at that time. The transportation bus would pick him up first, as he would be able to leave twenty minutes early from class. He played several games that spring and would become the youngest player ever to play for the senior squad. Bryan developed into an excellent goalie and diving skills were unsurpassed by any teenager of his height and ability. He was poetry in motion.

Christmas –New Year 1979-1980 young Bryan was asked to switch clubs to join a very powerful club, Cow Harbor. They were located in the next town. A rush decision and Bryan was on his way to Miami during the Christmas Break. The team was playing in the Greater Miami Super Bowl tournament. They had three shut outs and made it to the finals only to be beaten by a team from Dallas Texas, the Titans, who were a select team and not a club team. The game was on local TV and they played at the University of Miami's stadium. This was the first of many wonderful experiences that would follow.

Spring that same year Bryan was successful in being selected for the New York State team and would attend the Hofstra campus for a weeks training and games scheduled with other state teams. New York City select team was always one to be reckoned with and there was always great pride when we would meet up. That session at Hofstra The U14 New York Team played Connecticut and New Jersey and won each time. Bryan would continue with the State program through under eighteen and represent them in many games. In the Summer Bryan would have the opportunity to try out in England, at Derby County. Arrangements were made to stay with a gentleman, Joe Slater of the Sheffield Rangers club who had been over the year before competing in the Hicksville International Tournament. Joe had seen Bryan play and said he thought Bryan should go to the club to see what they thought. Bryan after only two days was taken out of the U14 group and moved up to the professional youth group U18. This group of players normally signed on professional forms and play in either the reserves or third team. They were physically stronger and he would need to compete much harder. Reports came back that they were very impressed with him.

So much was happening the year of 1980. Cow Harbor asked if I would coach Bryan's team 1966 U15 in the fall and I was glad to do it. It took one season and I needed to weed

out some of the players were not up to Division 1 standards. We trained all winter in doors and then tryouts started in early spring 1981 gave me a chance to develop a team



U15 Boys Team
Coach Cripps

strong enough to win a championship. Through the select team programs I had watched a lot of players and had formulated a list who I thought could really enhance the team. Off-season a player could be approached, so I made it known that certain players were the targets of my transfer request. All talented players I had scouted such as Patrick Leonard (Kings Park) Dennis Byrne (Kings Park) Clifford Byrne (Kings Park) Phil Doherty (Smithtown) Peter Schmitz (Smithtown) and Doug Michaels (Smithtown). I sent letters out to the parents that if they were interested in the son joining the club and being on the Cow Harbor Colts to please contact me. All responded and each one in turn I interviewed in my house. The meeting outlined my intentions, training, and moral support each parent would need and to give assurance

that the player would be encouraged to participate in all tournaments and that there would be a lot of traveling involved. Each player would be required to participate in tryouts, as they were not automatic shoe-ins. From the list above the Cow Harbor Colts became a formidable team in the First Division of the U15 Boys of the Long Island Junior Soccer League, as they all made the team. At least seven players from the prior season would be dropped. I did pick up one player from the second division team Walter Demeracki. He was the fastest player I have ever coached. Lightning speed, good shot with both feet, a little problem in ball control, I have always said "he was the fastest white man I had ever seen". The club was very supportive of the measures I had taken as they were very competitive and loved to win trophies. The club had thirty -three teams in travel and a total of 1300 kids playing soccer. The club was the second largest only to be surpassed by Massapequa that was larger with 2700 kids participating in soccer. They only had twenty travel teams or premier as some leagues called them. Long Island Junior Soccer League had 23,000 kids in travel league. The only league larger today is the Dallas-Fort Worth League.



Northport Tournament Winners

During the Winter I trained this team very hard and we also used York Hall at the hospital. The team slowly became a close-knit unit and it was very different than the one that went to Miami and became finalist. Of that team only nine remained so it was a new beginning. There was some animosity to start off with but when trophies and medals started they all became good friends. This was truly a team to be reckoned with as three had made the New York State team and to compliment that two others made the Long Island Select Team. I have included a collage of the achievements of the team in 1981 and they were the best team on Long Island very talented in this age group.

During early 1979 with my plate being pretty full I was

asked to coach the U16 boys team by Mike Melchome who was English and was helping the league set up a select team program for The Long Island Junior Soccer League. My association with Mike was through the Cow Harbor Soccer club. This chance I could not pass up, so I went to work and organized try outs and they were held at Eisenhower Park. We looked at 100 players and needed to pick just 22 to start of with. By April we had formulated our decision and informed the player by letter who had or had not made the team. Six Massapequa players were in our squad as they were very powerful and very skilled. We had only been formed one month and we were invited to play the Australian National Champions U17 Squad.

Hofstra to our rescue through Ken Groves of Hicksville Soccer club, who was able to rent the grounds for an evening. The field was the only Astro turf surface and therefore the rain did not affect the surface too much. Ken was very smart and went to the Australian embassy in New York, as he worked just a few blocks away to get a recording on tape of the anthem and national flag. We had already purchased banners of the Long Island Junior League and made haste to get plaques made up in Hicksville. Through Ken's effort he became a member of the U16 staff of coaches also. Mike and myself had taken the whole team to lunch at the Australian Inn restaurant in Centerport. We discussed tactics and how we were going to approach the game. Mike and myself announced at the lunch the captain and the players all seemed ready for their first international game. We played the Australians on a very windy and rainy night. The opening ceremony with Flags Flying of both countries along with the playing of the respective national anthems made it something special and banner exchange at center field gave the whole event a magical send off. The first half went really well and the score was 0-0. The opposing coach came into our dressing room and congratulated the team and coaches for an outstanding job. This was based on the fact that it was the hardest single half the team had encountered since its existence some four years. We were all pretty proud of that moment. The game ended in a 3-0 loss but for our first game together and with little training it was a good result.

In the summer of the same we were invited to play, at Old Bethpage Park as a team was visiting from St. Germain of Paris. They had traveled with and U19 and U16 team so we asked by the league to participate in a game. We could not get enough international experience and so we took on all-comers. The game resulted in our team winning 4-0 which was very good result. The U19 lost 2-0 . Once again the team played some very attractive soccer and we were starting to get a name around the north-eastern states as the team to beat. We traveled to Pennsylvania and won the round robin tournament and won the final knockout. A last minute call came from Peter Collins. " We have a German Team coming in on Tuesday. Can you billet and arrange games". Ken and Pop Pop to the rescue. We got together on Monday and formulated our plans. The outdoor round robin would be at Eisenhower Park and we would invite the New York City Select team. If rain should happen we would hold an indoor knockout at the New York Apollo's training on Long Island. The camp now had an indoor Astro turf surface. Saturday I would take them all, that was coaches and players, on a trip around Manhattan. It was so organized that they all came up to me and complimented me on my organizing skills. When we arrived back at Hicksville our game was called off at Hofstra. Plan "B " went into gear and we played a round robin at the training ground of New York Apollo's. It went well, but the Germans were

disappointed, as we beat them pretty bad. With this and other successes the Select program was well on its way to a very established and respected program. Mike Melchome would leave in the fall and Ken Groves would become manager and I would still be trainer and coach. We still remained U16 coaches so we had a new crop of players to try-out in the fall ready for the next year.



Amy—Ken—Maureen Groves

During the annual Hicksville Tournament that Ken Groves was in charge being the the current President of the Hicksville Soccer Club, an international team from Scotland visited. It is or was then customary to billet visiting teams from out of state, if you entered any tournament on Long Island. 1979 Salvesen Boys Club U18 team came over and put on a show that was just spectacular. The first game scheduled was New York Sate U19 they won 20-0. Then came the what was to be a strong challenge from the Cosmos Reserves (Professional team) they won 11-0, The Long Island U16 select team, the one that Ken and Pop Pop coached 6-0. This result put us in a class of our own, yet way below the quality of players and the staff of Salvesen Boys. Eight of the team went on that year to

the Pro's, Today Bowman, (Glasgow Rangers), Coventry City and Falkirk, Peter McKay Hearts service fifteen years retired a year ago. Ian Westwater, reserve goalie Hibernians. This team left its mark on Long Island and went home with the U19 trophy from the Hicksville tournament. It was through Peter McKay that Ken and myself had established

a good relationship and we indicated that our team would love to visit Scotland in 1980. Peter said. "Game is on I will make arrangements with the club secretary, Mr. Duffy, when I get back". The initial contact was made and Mr. Duffy confirmed that it would be an honor to host our select teams.

Ken and myself were both very organized so the transition in the fall of new coaching staff went very smoothly. Ken had taken his Hicksville U19 team to the National Finals in 1979, Omaha Nebraska. They won the Eastern Regional and went on to play in the semi finals beating a Team from Boca Ratan, from Florida but losing in the final to a team from Cali-

Two LIJSL Select Teams To Tour United Kingdom



UK Tour Is On Official Kick off Meeting
No stopping Now

While there has been quite a number of exchanges between teams of the Long Island Junior League and teams from overseas, either here or abroad, never before have select teams of the League been engaged in touring foreign countries. This situation will be remedied next August when 40 select players, 20 in the 1964 and 20 in the 1966 category, will travel to Great Britain for two weeks. The two teams will play seven games each. Two games will take place in Sheffield, two in Edinburgh and the other three near Southampton in the South of England. Besides playing those seven games the youngsters will be exposed to a lot of sightseeing, receptions and British soccer in general. Four officials of the League will accompany the two teams during their tour from August 1 through August 17. They are Kenneth J. Groves, head coach, and Brian Cripps, assistant coach of the U 16 team and Frank Schurz, head coach, and Peter J. Cunningham, assistant coach of the Under 14 team and select team administrator. They met with their 40 select players last week to discuss the preliminary preparations of the tour. The financing of the tour will have to be done by the select players themselves and various ways of fund-raising were discussed. SOCCER WEEK publisher W. Eric Besser was present and explained one way of raising funds by selling

fornia 1-0. This feat was repeated in 1980 once again. They lost 1-0 to a team from Miami in the finals. The Hicksville Club he was renowned for its accomplishments. Ken and Pop Pop made a formidable team. In the fall we formulated together the possibility of a tour of the UK including stays at Wrexham-Sheffield-Edinburgh.

I sent out early letters and got confirmation that the respective clubs would billet us and save a considerable expense. Ken talked to Joe Slater and Mr. Williamson of Wrexham FC and I confirmed the arrangements with Salvesen Boys club by October. It was a go situation. All we needed now was to be sanctioned by the Long Island Soccer League to go forward. Ken and Peter Collins were both with the Hicksville Club so it was just a matter of a formal letter, which we received and we would be on our way. Not so. We had a very busy six months ahead of us, fund raising, training and tryouts, not necessarily in that order.

I would meet Ken directly from work and would catch the 5-45 pm train to Hicksville and walk to his home about a half a mile away. Planning such things as uniforms, bags jackets and dress clothing. Ken would obtain framed proclamations from both Nassau and Suffolk counties to hand out to the respective town mayors in each city for their hospitality extended to the select teams. Organizing took a lot of work and we would meet with the U14 coaches on a regular basis as we were going over with a full compliment of forty, including about 36 players in the group, including the U16 and some parents. Fund raising was the hardest part and we had several fund raising events that netted about \$20,000 out of the \$28,000 needed for the trip. Each boy would need about \$300 in addition to the money fund raised. The accounting side Ken kept and I would do all the charts and let parents know where each player's account stood at all times. Some players raised enough money, I think it was four of them, that went on a trip free with no additional money required.

1980 Ken Brown U18 team from Salvesen Boys Club would visit and enter the Hicksville tournament. This team also went back home winning the trophy that the club had defended. During the social hours away from tournament games Ken Grove and myself visited the coaches of Salvesen Boys club and had a night out on the town. We pub crawled and had plenty to talk about as was always the case when coaches get together. The passion for the game is intense know matter what country you come from. Topics from games played to next opponents, Professional teams past, present, International players and famous clubs. This passion never ends whether you are in America or in Scotland, Argentina or Brazil. Soccer , Soccer, Soccer is all that is talked about. We did have a problem and through this Ken Brown and I would become dear friends. This was now July 4 th weekend and we were to be on a plane August 16th just five weeks away. I explained to Ken that Mr. Duffy the clubs secretary was not answering my letters and we did not have final arrangements. Ken was visibly upset knowing the organization and hospitality of the American families had shown to the players and coaches they who billeted. Ken assured us it would be taken care of, and so it was done.

Frank Schnur, after many weeks of planning let us down. The only task assigned to him was the ordering of the dress slacks to ware at special events The light gray slacks that were part of the dress uniform did not show up until we were at the gate to take off. That

was embarrassing having to distribute clothing at the airport prior to take off. We had even secured the VIP Lounge through British Airways at Kennedy Airport and they put on a nice spread and drinks for all the families prior to take off. This made the departure very easy as we did not have to stay in a long lines but would get all the exiting documentation in order right in the VIP Lounge.

The trip over was quite uneventful and by the time we took off and had a meal most of the team just went to sleep or watched the movie. Breakfast was served at about two hours out of London and every one was pretty up for the trip by the time we arrived at Heathrow London Airport on August 16th 1980.



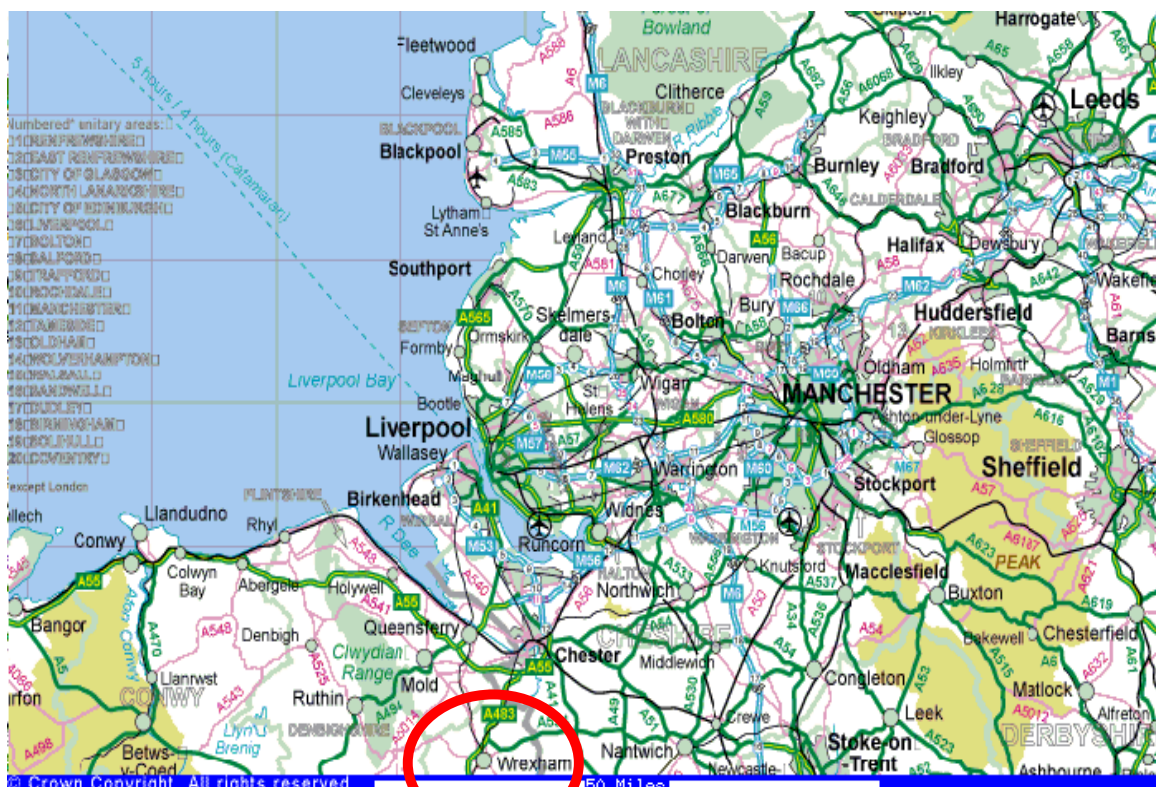
Ken –Mavis-Lee-Nana Pat-Pop Pop
Heath Row

Surprise! Nana Pat had left for England about a week ahead of Bryan who was on the U14 Team and myself. Who showed up at London airport at 6-30 am in the morning was Nana Pat and my sister, your great auntie Mavis. She had told her company of the pending arrival and they provided the boys with gum and sweets (candy). There was a lot of confusion to start off with as the coach was at the wrong terminal but eventually did show up. Seat locations were random as they all clambered into the coach. Reserved for the four coaches were the front row seats one on each

side. The coach was a deluxe super carrier with bathrooms and rest areas for eating and playing cards. This was to be our home for the next seventeen days 8/16 thru 9/1. After the short talk to Nana Pat we would pull out of London Airport at approximately 8-00 am on our way to Sheffield.

At about 9-30 am we pulled into a Granada Station. They are similar to our full service Hot Shops on the major highways. Ken and Pop Pop went for a typical English breakfast of eggs, bacon, sausages, potatoes, fried tomatos and fried bread. This English specialty is not very good for the heart, but delicious. Once finished we loaded up all the players and were off to our final destination in Sheffield. About two hours later we pulled off the M1 on to a local road on the outskirts of the city into a parking lot for the local pub. The driver needed a break, the players needed the bathroom or was it the coaches needing a beer, so we stopped. A couple of beers later we were on way into town. First major problem we found out was that the under fourteen team had been gambling on the way up to Sheffield. Two of the Boys were broke and out of spending money. Now to get this all sorted out so that they could continue and have money to spend. The big winners were disappointed, as they would have to give back their winnings. The ringleaders were forewarned if it happened again gambling on the bus they would be escorted back to London and sent home immediately. Arriving downtown Sheffield at approximately the arranged time of 2-00 pm we were greeted by a large crowd of Sheffield Ranger FC club supporters families and friends. Every one wanted an American boy to stay with them, so it was a very friendly atmosphere.

The roster was read aloud by Mr. Slater and each player went with the assigned family. I had told each one to stay up as long as you can on arrival day otherwise it is so hard to get on European time and jet lag will then affect you for at least a week if you go to bed right away. I was assigned a family who had been over for the Hicksville tournament and they were just wonderful to stay with. We spent a little time on Saturday evening down



their local pub and got to meet all their friends. In other words we had a bash. Sunday was to be a day with the families and a get to know you day. Monday was the first day of training and small six a side games against the Sheffield club teams and proved to be very helpful for our players as to what to expect from the opponents on tour.

Tuesday we had arranged the first side trip to Wrexham. All the players were to report at 9-00 am at the coach station downtown and board for a three-day trip. This was most probably the most heart wrenching part of the trip as parents did not want us to go and said change your plans and stay in Sheffield. We will find games for you to play. Ken had made a commitment to the Wrexham club as they had been over to the Hicksville tournament and wanted to return the Welsh hospitality. Robin, our coach driver, was very patient and waited for all to be onboard and say farewells for three days. Some of the parents were already in tears after only knowing the players for such a short time. I turned and said to Ken “This is going to be a very emotional trip” as the doors closed and we pulled out of the parking lot. The journey to Wrexham took about five hours and again we arrived at about 3-00 pm on schedule. Waiting were the new families who would billet the player and coaches. Ken and myself stayed with Mr. Williamson at a beautiful home

and we were treated royally. On Wednesday we played club teams from Wrexham and both the U14 and the U16 were just too strong for them and we won both games with comfortable margins. Thursday was a little different as we were to play select teams from City of Wrexham. It was a spectacular day, sunshine, that is rare in England, warm in the seventies. The fields had been fine cut, lined and watered the night before. The players when they ran out on to the field looked very professional and their uniforms sparkling. The games were very tight and as the seniors U16 were first to play so it would give us a chance to watch the second game. Our result was a win 3-2 and the coaches were very impressed with the athletic ability and skill level of our players. The U14 won 4-0 and it was great to be able to support them from the sidelines. So far both teams undefeated.

Friday would be a travel day back to Sheffield. Robin the coach driver asked if we wanted to go to the Horse Shoe pass in Wales before heading to Sheffield. The route home would require a detour that would route us also through Chester. The stop in Chester was quite interesting as they still had the town crier



Center of Chester

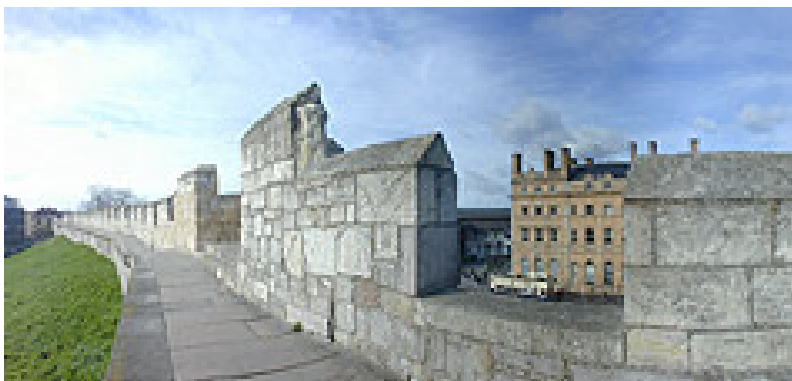


Town Crier

who at 12-00 pm every day walked the town center and cried out the news. This was very interesting for the players to experience, it was also my first time. After lunch we drove up the Horse Shoe pass and it was about 3000 ft to the top. The view was magnificent, as it was a clear sunny day. The players got a kick out of the sheep wandering all over the place, not fenced in. Of course it was time to chase a few and try and catch them, but it was to no avail. We left Wales late afternoon and headed back to Sheffield and when we entered the parking lot down town a resounding cheer went up from the parents who had billeted the team player for just two days before we left for Wrexham. That ovation was chilling and there was a lot of happy faces in the crowd. Saturday was the start of the Sheffield Tournament. The venue was high up on a hill overlooking Sheffield and of course it was typical English day, overcast, blustery and cold with rain coming down. At lunch-time we all went to a pub and had a few drinks with the clubs administration and tournament director. Typical English pub

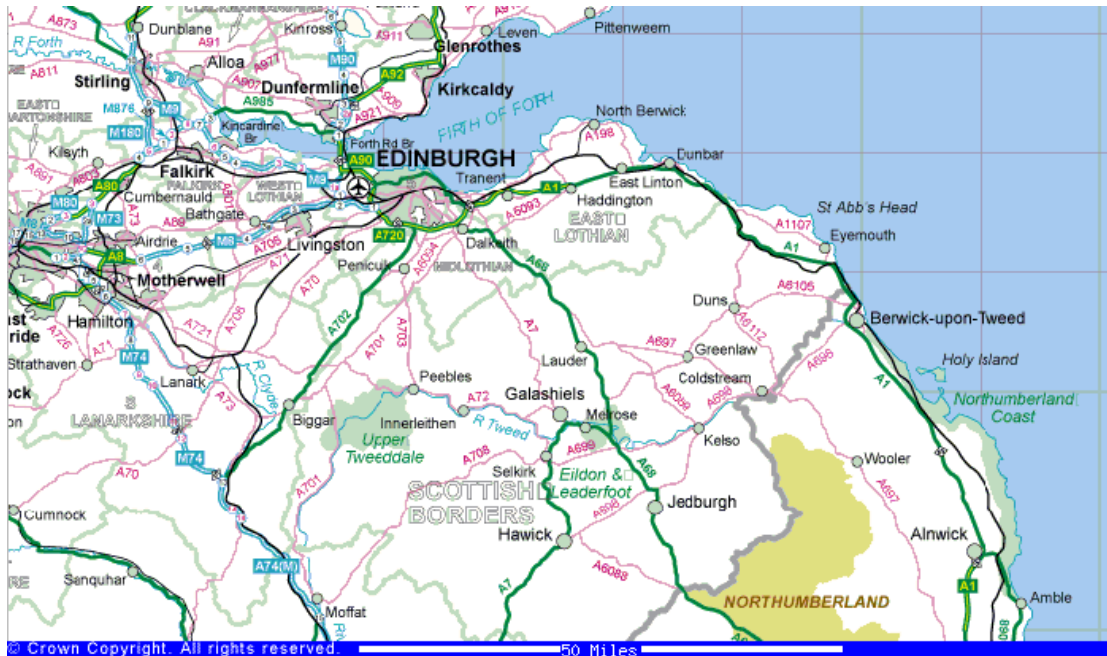
low roof with solid ceiling beams and log burning fire-place that was a warm welcome after being out in the weather all morning. Well, lunch was steak and kidney pie with mushy peas, the specialty of the area. Boy, was it good and with plenty of soccer talk the hour passed very quickly. Both teams had won in the morning so we were off to a good start. The afternoon weather turned into quite a nice day with the sun breaking out between the clouds, but there was still a chill in the air being about 1500 feet above sea level. The playing surface was good but sloped down hill. So it was rough playing uphill and against the prevailing wind. The afternoon proved to be good fortune for both teams again and with one more win both teams would be in the semi-finals. Sunday was up early and off to the venue. Again the weather was a beautiful clear and sunny day. Ken and myself helped set up the fields and cut the sidelines and lined the fields ready for the day's events. The teams arrived at 8-30 am ready to play. The U16 played first and won so they were into the semi finals. The U14 played at two o'clock in the afternoon and once more it gave the older boys a chance to cheer them on and they had a convincing win 4-0. Both teams were now in the Semis, to be played Tuesday night.

Tuesday night there was excitement in the air as the coach made its way to the top of the Knoll and parked outside the grounds. On Monday we had a problem as two players had poison ivy and that was quite panic trying to get a doctor who knew how to treat it. We did find one that had been to America the year before and was aware of the nature of the problem. They were treated and were told not to play for three days, so it was quite a loss to our squad, the U16's as one of the players was the captain of the side. Our team got eliminated in a very closely contested battle with a local Rotherham side. The U14 were into the finals. What an accomplishment for them. Wednesday we were able to visit Manchester City in the evening to see Sunderland Play Manchester City in what was then the first division of the English League. We had great seats front row right behind the goal to the left side. It was just a fantastic evening for the teams to see this type of professional game and they all thoroughly enjoyed the evening, although we arrived home fairly late. The big day was to be Thursday and the U14 would be on stage. About eleven hundred people showed up for the game and in places they were two deep all the way around the pitch. There was a lot of excitement in the air the U14 boys when they ran out looked very smart and ready for the challenge. The game was exciting and played with such skill. The



The Great Wall at York

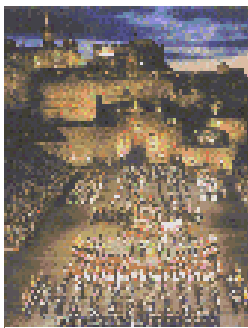
Sheffield supporters throughout the tournament would remark how good our teams performed and that they were fast as lightning. One can safely say that the American athlete is very fit with speed and endurance. Our tactical knowledge may have been lacking but they were certainly spirited. The result was that they won against a local Sheffield team 4-3 and



would bring the trophy home to the USA. It was quite an accomplishment. The U14 were still undefeated having played 7 games and won all seven. The U16 had one defeat so we can be very proud of their results, as competition at the U16 level is a little stiffer as players in England are ready for the professional teams at that age.

On the weekend both teams would visit Sheffield Wednesday’s stadium as it opening day of the soccer season. This experience alone, to be amongst the crowd on opening day of the season is very inspiring for both players and supporters. It was just a great occasion. Monday would be farewell to all the wonderful people of Sheffield who had had been so gracious to billet our players. It was very sad. The coach pulled out of the City Center at about 10-30 am and we were now on our way to Edinburgh, Scotland. Mid-day the coach stopped at York. The City and the cathedral was the center of the Church of England in the north. The City has a large fortress or wall that one can climb and walk around the old outskirts of the Mediaeval City. This was a very interesting stop off and at 2-00 pm we were again on our way north to the border. The scenery through Cumbria was barren, but beautiful as heather was now in full bloom. Scottish thistles adorned the roadside and the sun highlighted the hilltops between the clouds. As we rolled on towards Edinburgh I wondered what could we expect after such a wonderful time in Sheffield.

The coach pulled into Watts Road School at about 6-00 pm and we got of the coach all piled into the cafeteria. Ken Brown had come through and had it all well organized parents and players would be paired up. In some cases families took two players, so it was a very warm welcome to Scotland. This was my third trip to Edinburgh. Today as I write these memoirs it holds the fondest spot in my heart. If the weather was nicer I would love to have retired, there but alas its miserable at least eight months of the year.



Edinburgh Tattoo

Well, on Saturday your great grandmother and granddad arrived at Waverly Station to stay with me for a week, while we were in Scotland. It was wonderful time to have them both at hand while we played in Scotland. The week started with Tuesday being a rest day and the families took most of the players into town to show them Edinburgh proper. Games were scheduled on Wednesday. Our team lost and the U14 drew 0-0. On Thursday it was a trip to Loch Lomond and it was an all day trip, but the weather was very rainy and it was a little disappointing as the trip was picturesque. The timing of the trip was during festival week in Edinburgh and it is one of the largest festivals of the Arts in Europe. During the week the Scottish clans (Regiments) have a Military Tattoo in the concourse of the Castle. The marching bands of

each clan and bagpipes make this a spectacular show. The show ends with the Castle Keep being dimly lit and with one spot light on a single piper who looks animated in space as he is on a gang plank supported off of the Turrets. The piper played Amazing Grace and the whole castle after the tune. The lights slowly comes back to be fully lit and with the Tattoo concourse now in silence. The end. This is a must if one visits Edinburgh. We did play a round robin tournament on the weekend and the U14 boys won two games and tied one. Our team lost two and won one. We did not make the play offs, but again the U14 Boys did and won this mini tournament also. On Thursday of the second week at 11-00 pm we arranged to leave. The coach was waiting and again parenting families and girl friends were there to say good-bye. It was very emotional, as the hospitality was once again awesome. To our surprise when the coach closed the doors all the families focused their car head lights on the coach and two bag pipers fully dressed in their respective clan uniforms piped us away. Tears still come down my cheeks even now as I write. We found out later

that Mr. Westwater who was president of Salvesen Soccer Club was also Director of Police for Edinburgh and arranged the whole thing with two of his top pipers.



Windsor Castle

Seven hours later in the early hours of the morning we pulled into a pre-arranged pub in Watford on the outskirts

of London that was Robin's local pub and had a farewell eggs bacon and sausage breakfast. We were now well fed and with time to waste as the flight departure was at 3-00 pm. Robin suggested an unscheduled trip to Windsor Castle. Well, the Queen was in residence as the royal banner was staffed when we arrived. The players did get to tour the castle and found it very rewarding. As we visited the castle several planes would fly over as the flight path that day was over the castle and it would give you a beckoning feeling as to say come on home. I think we were all ready for the trip home and some long awaited hamburgers. When we left Windsor the trip was ending on a very upbeat tempo. At Heathrow airport we said farewell to our tour guide and driver Robin and waited in the international holding area until the boarding was announced. What a trip, results we did not expect the U14 came back undefeated 12 wins 2 draws and the U16 5 wins- 2 draws and 5 losses. Arriving at Kennedy Airport late evening was time for champagne and the player parents had several on hand when we arrived.

During the next year 1981 Ken and I were relieved of our duties as select team coaches. The reason we were removed as coaches is because of the politics within the Long Island Soccer League Board. We had not played a son of one of the board members all of the games and he felt his boy should of played in all games. We explained he was the weak link and did not play well in six of the games he did play. This was to no avail and we were dismissed.

One moves on, so I was deeply involved with Bryan's team and also with a senior side with Cow Harbor Colts. A new indoor soccer rink had just opened up in Commack and I entered a team as DLB that was made up with a group of the best players from Kings Park, Smith town and Northport. The team played in the men's league and they held their own and it was exciting soccer. We came in second in the league. I joined the Cow harbor men's team and lost about twenty pounds and got in shape and had a wonderful winter playing in the over 40 league indoors. This was the first time I had played since I was eighteen at Southampton FC as a professional. I had not lost the skills, just slowed down a little, but it was rejuvenating and fun to play once more. In the spring of 1982 we played outdoors on Sundays and had a respectable season, coming in third in the league.

Bryan that year would visit Southampton FC and try out. He had a great three weeks and would have made the team except they signed England's No 1 goalie Peter Shilton the weekend he left. The Falkland War was declared while he was in England and this added to internal pressure and I believe had some bearing on the decision not to sign him. Kevin Keegan who had played for England thought he was exceptional for only sixteen years old. At that time the English teams could only have two foreign players on staff and they had their quota. He did come back having experienced training and playing within an English professional club. This experience would give him a good foundation for his future college career.

Well, stupid me just could not get enough of the passion inside me. So once again I announced that I would take the Cow Harbor Colts on tour in 1983. The organizing went really well as the Brynes brothers, that is Denis and Kieran, would assist in whatever way possible. We had a 60's dance racing night out and the biggest success was a color console

Scottish Tour

1980 & 1983

Scottish Regiments tattoo



The Great Hall Durham Castle

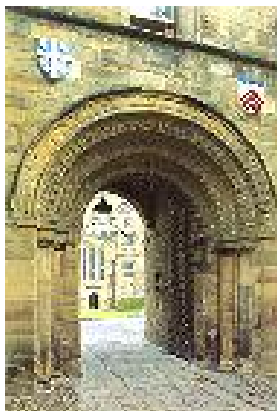
TV. The TV brought in about \$6,000 and the complete fund raising brought in \$9,000. The players went for about \$100 out of pocket. I had arranged the trip the same way as before through Ken Brown and would fly into Glasgow on the west coast of Scotland about 100 miles from Edinburgh. We flew North West Orient Air Lines and again we had the courtesy room on departure. The players were all under 18 so it was not as strenuous as the earlier trip. This trip we only went with thirteen players and five adults. They were myself Eugene Doherty, Tommy Leonard , Kieran Byrne and Mr. Greco flew in from Italy. The party was well received once more by the Salvesen Boys Club and we were all settled in very quickly. The Adults stayed at the Richorten Arms in Currie. The food was excellent and the accommodation was perfect as all we had to do was walk through two secured doors and we were inside the pub. Needless to say quite a bit of drinking went on every day, Salvesen Board of directors would meet us for a few beers before the games talking tactics and team positions. We played about 11 games and came back 6-5 which was a pretty good result as the teams were very strong. A memorable moment was that we beat the Hearts professional U18 side and it was around town in hurry.



Durham Castle The Keep

There was a side trip to Durham on the Thursday of the second week. The trip down was along the coast and the scenery was beautiful. It was about 180 miles to Durham and we would need to go through Sunderland but skirt Newcastle. I had made arrangements to stay at the castle for the night. The game was to be played against the winners of the local U18 league. We beat the team 3-0 and the coach congratulated the team on a great performance. He said that he coached in the USA and felt the team could beat any college team. I was very proud of the team. After the game we invited all the players back to an evening Supper in the Great Hall of the castle. It was just a fantastic evening as the local boys came from a very

poor neighborhood. We entertained the boys down in what would be the dungeon that had been turned into a bar. After cocktails we all went to the Great Hall. The tables were



The Portcullis Entrance to The Castle

years old just like mediaeval times and the Knights flags flew above the tables all along the walls. It was just a marvelous setting to break bread together. The meal was a seven courses and after presentations of plaques and banners the party broke up. The opponents could not thank us enough for our hospitality. Well, our players went out and partied that night and on return found themselves locked out as the entrance had the Portcullis lowered and they needed to announce who they were when entering through a side door. The keeper night watchman checked everyone returning. It was quite an experience for the boys. The high light of the stay was that all had a bedroom in the Keep in the center of the castle and each boy had a separate room just like the old days with just one window to fire the arrows from. We departed the next day and went via the low lands of Northumberland. That is quite hilly. The coach first stopped at the boarder between England and Scotland.

At the border a lone piper who performs for a few shillings all day long. All the player got photos with him and took shots of the dedication stone at the border. After this stop we had lunch in Jedburgh at the only pub in town and the players ate heartedly as it was about two in the afternoon. We arrived back in Edinburgh about 6-30 pm. On Saturday Salvesen Boys Club threw a Fancy Dress party at a local pub and it went over real well as all the players dressed up in various costumes , coaches too. I went as Caesar and your great grandmother helped me with the dress up. They left on Sunday and made their way down south to Eastleigh. The trip to London would take about four hours on a fast train. From London to Eastleigh about one hour. It was such a pleasure to have them on holiday with me and young Bryan. We left on Monday from Glasgow and arrived home late evening after what was a farewell trip to all boys on the team as I would not coach them in the next season. I had coached the Cow Harbor Colts for three years and it was time to give them up. Kieran would take over the duties in the fall of that same year.

1984 was the year for decisions and as I said in the prior chapter it was time to move South. I was to leave behind such wonderful memories and friends. I do keep in touch every once in a while but distance does tend to dilute the fine relationships we had with families and friends associated with soccer. There are so many stories to tell it would take forever about soccer but I have attempted to highlight those that I think you would be interested in. Young Bryan at that time received a call from Winthrop college that they needed him to report to Rock Hill, South Carolina as their goalie Bob was involved in a major car crash and was paralyzed from the waist down. Although a tragic event Bryan and Bob are very good friends. The timing was perfect as this would also influence our final decision to move South



A passion can consume the individual

Brian R. Cripps