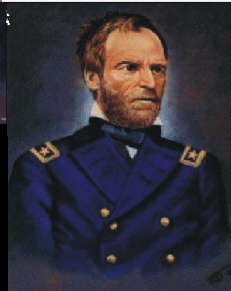
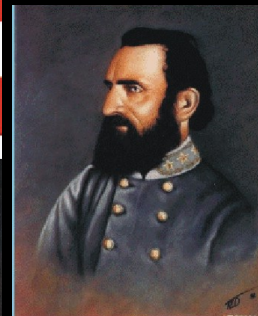
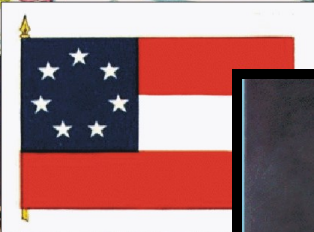
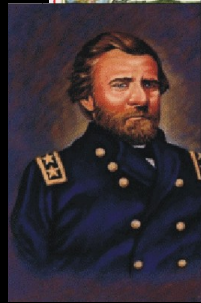
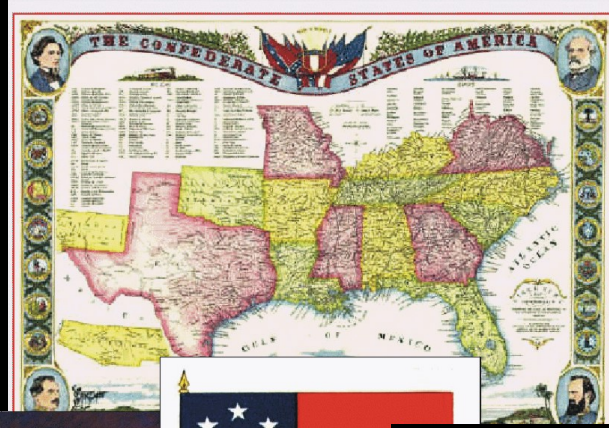


Pop Pop's Chronicles



To My Grandchildren

1984 – New Millennium



Pop Pop's
Chronicles

1984-New Millennium

Volume No 3

Southern Living

A personal copy for a friend



Originally Released
10/01/2001



Pop Pop's 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.



Southern Living

Pop Pop's Chronicles

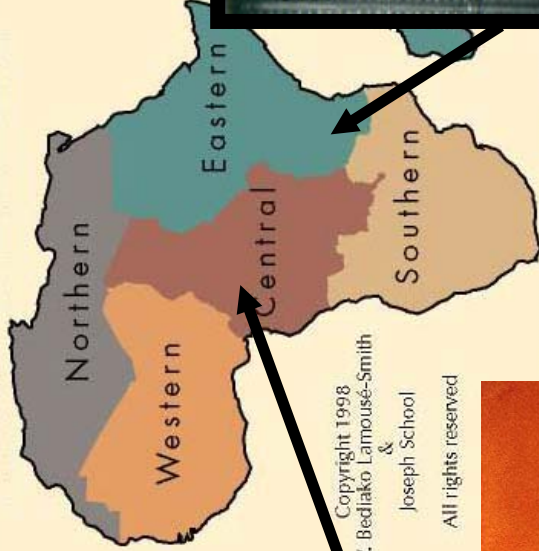
After a short sabbatical from writing my memoirs. I have now thought about how to approach the Southern Living Volume III. I believe that you all should know about my feelings towards Afro Americans and Segregation. This subject still has underlying tones and causes major cultural and social differences between whites and blacks in the South. It appears that also Yankees (referencing those born in the North) are just about on a par with the Afro American to a Southerner.

When growing up in England, I had little insight as to the plight of colored people living in a white society. My only reference point was obviously American movies. Your great grandfather would make many references to colored people and would say "those bloody blacks (Pakistanis) or Negroes (Africans) taking our jobs away". "What jobs?" would be my remark. "In the works"! He retorted. This statement was relating to jobs they had obtained in the Locomotive Works. Your great great grandfather was a true unionist and Laborite. This remark was very derogative to me and offensive. My thoughts, at the time, were they have to live too and have families to raise. These bitter types of remarks would continue on occasion up until I left home and immigrated to the USA.

To caption my early experiences during my final years at Secondary Modern school I met a head master from Kenya. We became pen pals. We would write over about three years until he moved to another school district in Kenya and I lost touch with him. He was a very quiet and a well-spoken man with compassion and understanding. This was my first experience until I settled in the USA. As you can tell, I had little or no exposure to the real problems, or plight of colored people. The next contact with a black or colored person was on Long Island at a pub with David Bligh. Several of David's friends were Negro as the town of Huntington Long Island was fairly well integrated. During the evening I had a conversation with one of the colored patrons. He was very surprised when I said "I had never talked to a Negro before and found it somewhat awkward". He just laughed and said, he could not believe that I had not spoken to a black person before af-

Southern Living

Friends and Associates



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&
Joseph School
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John Zigah Zaire



E.K. Mamafuka Kenya



ter living in New York for twenty years. My job as an engineer would pretty much isolate me from being in contact with colored people. Very few Negroes were in the engineering field. I did have the pleasure of working with just one at Burns and Roe. Jimmy Smith was just a perfect gentleman and what a pleasure it was to have been associated with him.

While I worked at Chemical Construction I met John Zigha who was from Zaire Africa. We established a relationship at work that would eventually become a lot closer. John would visit our home in Kings Park. On one occasion John visited during a trip when your great great grandfather was visiting us. I was quite surprised because your great great grandfather got along real well with him. I was expecting quite the opposite although he provided no threat, not having a job in the Locomotive Works. John was having financial trouble and so I advanced a ticket for his wife to come to the USA. For some reason she could not get her papers to immigrate so he eventually gave the ticket back after about fourteen months and I cashed it in. I have not heard or seen John since 1980.

Prejudiced I'm not, and feel that the plight of the Afro American is very painful for me to comprehend. A human being a slave just does not compute. Servitude under any circumstance is unacceptable having experienced it at Vickers Armstrongs while serving my apprenticeship and obtaining my journeymans papers. On arriving in America 1962 drastic changes were taking place in the Southern States. Settling in New York pretty well made Pop Pop and the family immune to the revolution that was taking place in the South. There were great riots and marches on segregated institutions and school systems. These were headlines in the news media and did not have an impact on my social environment. New York City was very integrated at that time. The colored situation very rarely came a social confrontation or social uprising. People in New York in the early sixties had accepted their rolls and seemed to work and live in harmony with colored people. There was demarcation as far as neighborhoods. Colored and white were still segregated by geographical boundaries and school systems except in New York City proper. The South

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA.,
April 9, 1865

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked, and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

U.S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General

would be a new enlightenment as to the relationship of Afro Americans and Southerners when we relocated in 1984. In this time period the Negro intellect in the South were trying to incorporate into the American society the Term Afro American. Negro was now termed to be very derogatory. To this day in the South there is still a prejudice towards Afro Americans. The War between both South and North (Yankee) has not been resolved in the mind of South-

The Surrender Terms

erners. They did not surrender at the court house in Appomattox VA on April 9th 1865.



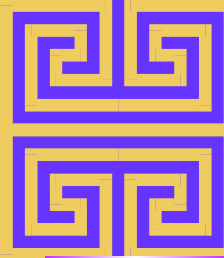
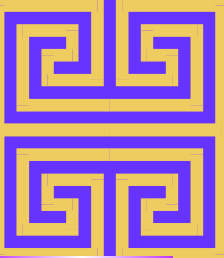
The Surrender

Confederate flags of the Southern forces still fly on State Capital buildings. These are reminders that the Southerners still live in the past. I never did see a Yankee flag flying while living above the Mason Dixon Line including New York and its suburbs. On a personal experience there were several occasions while purchasing items at a major store the a sales person would ask, “Where do you come from?” I had learned to say “New York” then pause and say quickly “originally England”. The sales persons tone would change immediately after announcing I was English. I was to him no longer a Yankee or a foreigner. He could now deal with me on equal terms and without malice. I can recall while

working in an office in Atlanta people talking about Afro Americans in such derogatory tone and saying “Each white man should own one”! and continue with a laugh. What a statement to make it made me shudder and want to shout out “Thats a crueland inhuman”. There are a lot of beautiful things to be grateful for while living in the South. The casual living style, respect for elders, and the quality time with family. All of these have a gratifying way of influencing ones life while living in the South. We all need to live on this planet in harmony. It is bad enough that we are destroying our planet. Our resources will run out in time, and in not so distant future. With arrogance and the willingness not to change earth as we know it today will not exist.

While writing the following chapters for Volume III I will try to hi-light my experiences with respect to both of the issues above one, being colored and a the other, a Damn Yankee.

We are what God made us. Prejudice is unrelenting and shameful



Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter One

A Social Change

Reiterating from Chapter Nine Volume II. Nana Pats remarks where “we will move to Atlanta”. First we had to get the Kings Park house in good shape. The winter of 1982-1983 was very severe on Long Island and considerable amount of snow had fallen. The February thaw, that year had left us with quite a lot to be done in the backyard. About twenty feet of the backyard had washed into our neighbors yard and the entire back fence was brought down. Our neighbors yard was about fifteen feet lower than ours so there was quite a large amount of topsoil carried down into his. We would need a new retaining wall built with railroad ties so as the pool also would end up in the their yard. The thaw also leaked through the basement windows and had flooded the basement practically destroying all my tools and trunks containing all our past financial and pertinent keep sake records. First was to paint the Basement floor and then the walls. It looked real smart. Next task was the retaining wall that cost about \$3,000. We paid for with our income tax return money. There was just no getting ahead of bills and we were, Nana Pat and myself, very frustrated. The fence was next. First Eugene Doherty cut up the entire fence and took the wood to burn in his fireplace. We replaced the fence with a much cheaper style, as it would cost about \$2,500 to replace the entire fence around our property. The house in spring of 1983 was now ready for the real-estate companies to advertise the sale \$139,000. The whole year passed, and in the end we took it off the market, as there were no buyers. Just as we did Frank, our neighbor, asked what price we would be the lowest price we would accept. Desperate at the time \$133,000 I thought might make us a deal. Frank said, “One of his colleagues at work was very interested in purchasing your home.” This was in the early summer of 1984. A deal was made, but final closing would not take place until September that year. Two years later the property skyrocketed to \$329,000. Just our luck.

Well, it was now time to make plans for moving. Pop Pop did not have a clue as to the route to take to Atlanta. Auntie Charlotte could not help as



Southern Living

she flew down from New York when she migrated to the South. AA (Automobile Association) used to give out trip tickets that were very informative as to the best route to take. I was not a member so to the drawing board as they say. I obtained a map of the Eastern Seaboard and small spiral notebook, one that you could hold in your hand comfortably while driving. I spent several hours drawing the route and logging miles and times at pit stops along the way. Recently I found the book, it was quite interesting to reflect back.



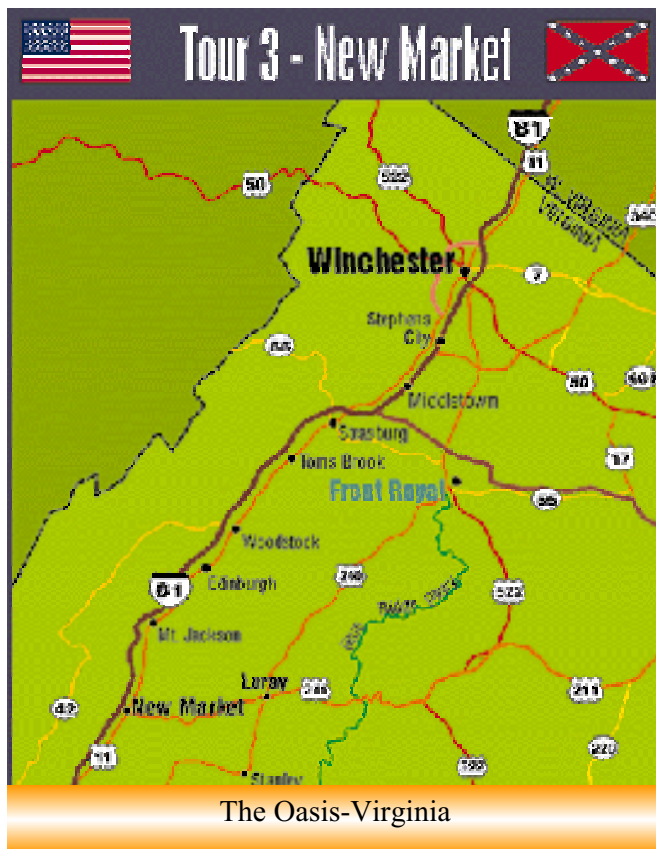
The route would take us across Long Island over the Throgs Neck Bridge and then the Cross Bronx, The George Washington Bridge and straight out through New Jersey using Route 80. At Parsippany I would pick up route 287 and head for Clinton via route 78/22 in New Jersey. The Pennsylvania border was not far away and would then pick up 81 at about six-mile South of Fredericksburg. The route would then continue South passing through Harrisburg (PA) to Hagerstown Maryland. Maryland is only about twenty miles wide at this point and you quickly pass into West Virginia again only a few miles wide so one would enter Virginia and head towards Winchester (Programmed to be our first stop). This was to be our target for the first day of the journey. Next days trip would be straight down the Shenandoah Valley to Austinville. At this junction I would pick up route 77 South a short distance of about 5 miles to North Carolina. Continuing South to Charlotte North Carolina and then about thirty miles to Rock Hill South Carolina where Bryan was to attend college.

It was planned to stay over and the next day back track to Charlotte picking up Billy Graham Parkway to join Route 85 South to Atlanta. With distances and expected times of arrival at the various stops along the way we were now prepared to venture on. I had never traveled through this part of the country so it would all be a new experience. The total trip is about 890 miles.

August the 14th was our scheduled departure date. Bryan was due to attend training for the Winthrop College Soccer team on the August 17th as I recall. The Chevy station wagon was packed the night before with all of young Bryan's college things along with the necessities required for Kathie and myself to live with Aunt Charlotte in Atlanta. The Chevy wagon, not quiet like a Conestoga wagon in the old days, but would serve as the same purpose. The wagon was fully loaded and overflowing with stuff. The top luggage rack was

packed two tiers high with our suitcases. I had not provided or did not think of a heavy duty covering to protect the luggage during our trip. What a mistake. Nana Pat would stay behind to complete closing at the beginning of September. With good byes we were on our way to a new world living in the South.

The month of August had been a very hot month and as the sun rose as we approached the Throgs Neck Bridge we new we were in for another scorcher. The wagon would be a little uncomfortable with all the nick knacks packed in so tightly. We had the back seat pulled down to allow for sleeping if some wanted to. The air conditioning was now on full blast and was having difficulty keeping up with the relative temperature change on the outside as the temperature rose to 94 degrees expected to reach 99 that day. The traffic as usual through the cross Bronx was very congested and slow moving as we were in rush hour traffic. At about 8-30 am we were on the New Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge and moving quite well, heading for Parsippany. I took route 287 heading towards Clinton and there we had our first pit stop. Bryan had occupied the lounge (back seat pulled down) for the first two hundred miles. It would be Kathie's turn to have some sleep so they exchanged places. Bryan would call out the next major city or town that was listed in the quick trip spiral notebook. "Twenty miles to go", he would say to the next town about 15 miles. As you can tell we were moving along at a pretty good clip and should reach Harrisburg (PA) by about mid-day. There is a very long bridge that crosses over the Susquehanna river bypassing Harrisburg proper. It is very impressive as you travel across the bridge.



The rest of the day we made very few stops as both Kathie and Bryan were dying to get to the motel for the first nights lay over and rest. With the sun now setting and a nice cool breeze we pulled into a motel on the outskirts of Winchester Virginia. We all showered up and got ready for supper. After all the arduous hours of driving this was certainly an Oasis. The motel was very quaint and beautifully kept. A picketed white fence outlined the motel area that was situated close to the highway on a very large piece of property. The flowerbeds were immaculate and the vegetation (bushes) and trees pruned so neatly. Our rooms reflected the whole atmosphere of the motel and were immaculate and clean, when we went to the dinning room it was tastefully decorated and very pleasing. Each table had a tablecloth and linen napkins, very unusual in most motels.

The meal was great and afterwards we just walked around the property and went to bed as it was now about 9-30 pm. I have recently past through Winchester but did not see the motel. I believe like all towns, progress does take away some of the good of the past. Winchester is about or was close to the halfway point of our journey.

Next morning after a quick breakfast we were on our way at about 8-30 am. Traveling now on route 81 and heading south west towards the 81/77 interchange. This part of the journey was straight down the Shenandoah Valley so it was quite flat with very little scenic parts to enjoy. At Winchester there is an alternate route to the south using the Sky Line Highway that takes one through the Smoky Mountains. This trail or highway is very beautiful but very time consuming. Obviously this was not a route for us to take although it would eventually passed close to Charlotte North Caroline where we were heading. At about eleven o'clock we made the juncture point at 81/77 and started to travel due South towards Charlotte. Then came the rains more like sun showers. As I said before I had not packed the luggage correctly on top of the wagon and did not even think of it raining but it was. About twenty minutes on route 77 one comes to a spectacular event. The journey takes you from the upper plains down to the lower levels of North Carolina the slope is very steep and it takes a good ten minutes to travel to the bottom of the hill. The route twists and turns as you descends. Your brakes are on constantly as the slope is 1/3 and I would think you drop a good 3000 feet from top to bottom. Trucks have a major problem with this slope and as you travel down the slope there are emergency off ramps provided incase there is a runaway truck that cannot stop or whose brakes have given out. The ramps have massive sand banks so that a runaway truck can plough into the bank and stop. It gives one a very eerie feeling when speeding down the hill even in a controlled mode of operation. With this part of the journey over, we were on our way to Charlotte and went through the capital of North Carolina about three in the afternoon. At approximately 3-30 pm we arrived at Rock Hill South Carolina. First stop was a Mac Donald's for some fast food we thought. First the order and the replies "Yes Sir", "No Sir" respectfully given. I was already finding it difficult to communicate with the young lady as her accent I just could not understand. After several times repeating the order we finally got it straight whether it would be delivered correct, a whole other experience.

Well, this is certainly not New York. Twenty-five minutes later the food arrived. Now bear in mind this only 3-30 pm in the afternoon. Lunchtime had long passed so it was not that crowded. If this had been New York I kept thinking we would have had our food in about five minutes. To start off with this was a double whammy. My first experience of dealing with southerners. I said to myself "you are in for a big change in your life style". Well, we made the motel the Holiday Inn and checked in without to much trouble. Bryan and my self went to the bar and Kathie got some rest before supper. Again at the bar something that struck me so different was that the liquor was not poured from bottles, or lined up on shelves. As the evening wore on I asked the bar tender "What was the reason for serving liquor in miniature bottles". The reason the bar tender explained, is there is a liquor bottle tax in North Carolina and you get about eighteen small bottles to one quart bottle. State tax tobacco and liquor revenue collectors make more money that way. Made sense to me, although very different. So far in one day I had quite a lot to digest with respect to customs and attitudes in the South. The early evening passed and we had a nice meal at



Winthrop University Coliseum

the motel. After we went for a ride to see the Winthrop Campus where Bryan was to report two days later. We had arrived a day earlier than expected. Not much to see as it was a very small campus, but neatly kept. The Coliseum used for basketball and graduations on the outskirts of the campus was impressive.

The following day the 16th, we had to kill a day as Bryan was not due to register with the college until the August 17th. Kathie and Bryan wanted to go to Carolwinds about 11 miles away for the day. We had breakfast and arrived at the park at

11-00 am. I did not go in as I had no desire to go to a Entertainment Park. I would stay in the car for about three hours, slept a little until they had had enough and wanted back to the hotel.

Thursday August 17th up early and ready to get Bryan settled in at Winthrop at about 10-00 -am to 12-00 pm. We all had lunch together and then we took Bryan back to his dorm, said good-bye, and headed out for Atlanta. The time was about 3-00 pm

Kathie and myself with a lot more room in the wagon started out for Atlanta. We had to back track about 30 miles until we were back inside North Carolina. Picking up the Billy Graham Parkway we headed due west just south of the main city of Charlotte. We passed the airport that services the city and within about five miles got on route 85 heading for Atlanta. Expected time of arrival was between 6-00 pm and 7-00 pm. We had called Aunt Charlotte the night before and told her our plans and that she could expect us some when about that time. At about 4-30 pm we passed through Greenville South Carolina and still had a good two and half hours left to the journey. Crossed over the border at Lake Hartwell and was at last in Georgia after a very long journey. The sun was starting to go down and I was hoping that we would arrive long before it got dark. The sun was a brilliant red as it was setting slowly in the west. It was quite annoying shining in you eyes while driving. The sun visor did not do a very good job as the sun was now setting well below the visor line of sight. I had no sun glasses, but sure learned that they would be needed in the future when driving in the south. Already I had learnt several differences between living in New York and the South. Exit 32 Claremont Avenue we were told to get off and Charlotte said "that it was not far from downtown Atlanta". Using the directions Aunt Charlotte had given us, we pulled in at 7-30 pm just as the sun was about to set. What a couple of days we had. All told we traveled 890 miles from door to door.

Aunt Charlotte would greet us out side her apartmnt in the Regency Woods sub division on Briar Cliff Road. It was very spacious compared to those up north. Kathie would sleep in the bedroom and I was to sleep on the couch in the Living Room. Charlotte had her own room so it was very comfortable. We unloaded the wagon and started to open the

cases. Surprise! what a stench. From the rain storms we went through during our travels the clothing was wet through and now starting to go moldy. Charlotte said “stick them all out in the small veranda” The town house had on the outside veranda adjacent to the living room. It was screened in so the clothes would not get any further rain on them. But what a mess as the mold was everywhere. Kathie was now upset as she had to go to school on Wednesday and was worried about all her clothes. After Kathie had quieted down after the assurances from Aunt Charlotte. She said that they would all go in the wash tomorrow and the rest the cleaners. We settled down to an evening of talking about the experiences of the drive. Time passed and we all went to bed after a quick conversation with Nana Pat at about 9-30 pm

Next Day was Friday and Aunt Charlotte had left early for work. Kathie and myself first had the task of finding the cleaners which we did following Aunt Charlottes directions. All the clothes were guaranteed to be back on Monday at the latest. Kathie was now feeling a little home sick so it gave her a boost. Friday I did a lot of calling around to confirm Kathie’s registration at school and was advised that the records we had provided in advance indicated that her tetanus shot was out dated and she would need a booster. We did not have a doctor so I found out where the local public health community was located. We were advised to appear on Monday for booster shots. Saturday was spent washing all the clothes and drying and the pressing ready for the week ahead.

I had somehow been informed that Bob Sullivan had moved from Florida and was living in Atlanta in the Stone Mountain area. What a surprise that was. Saturday I called Bob and he said “come out tomorrow to our house and we will have a talk I may have a job for you”. Sunday was my first experience of having breakfast out in the South. One may wonder what’s so different. First everyone goes to church or lets say the majority do. Not the minority as up North. Well, after church they all go out for breakfast, so if you get to the “I Hop’ around 10-00 am after the first service on Sunday is over the lines are a mile long. It’s so bad at some restaurants that you would get a ticket with a number and wait. Waiting was quite long and could be up to one hour. You know Pop Pop, he was not about to



Gated Entrance To Sub-Division

wait one hour for food. So we left and went and cooked back at the Town House. I must also point out that every one was so well dressed in their Sunday best. They all looked immaculate it was a pleasure to see. The weather being very sunny and hot obviously calls for very light clothing so men wear dress shorts with open neck, no ties and the women would wear long pants made of a very light material. Sunday down South is a special family day and church is a must for most families. That’s why it’s called the Bible Belt. There are an enormous amount of churches in the South, of all religions. Auntie Charlotte after break-

fast took us for a ride. Not knowing my directions at the time it seemed like we were going



Typical Apartment Entrance

round in circles. Fascinating to see was the Post Subdivisions that were so beautifully landscaped. Special planter areas with flowers, such Waxed Begonia, Pansies, and Salvia adorning the front entrance. Some subdivisions even had a traffic barrier and a guard on duty to control the traffic and visitors to the sub division. This was very different from up north. It was very impressive to see such care of the subdivisions. Red brick walls would stretch for miles around the perimeter of several sub divisions. The entrance would have wrought iron gates. These obviously were the upscale sub divisions for the wealthy.

So Sunday afternoon I went by myself to Bob’s house. The welcome from both Corny and Bob was something very special. They took away all the fears I may have had of failing, and having to return up North. It was a very positive and uplifting afternoon and evening . They even had a barbeque for me just like old times. Bob and Corny were just great to be around and good friends. During the evening Bob said, “I have called Morris Harrison who owns Morris Harrison Associates (Consulting Engineering Co) and he would like you to call him Monday to set up and interview”. Boy I have only been in the South a few days and I’m to have my first interview. How lucky can it get.

Monday I had several chores to do, not of the least was to get Kathie’s shoots straightened out and then get her registered at Cross Keys High School. Her age being 13 would mean that she could start high school much to my surprise. High school in Atlanta school system was 8th grade through 12th. Well we got the shots in the morning and registered her in the afternoon. All was set for her to start on Wednesday. I did during the early afternoon talk with Mr. Harrison who gave me directions how to get to the companies premises. It was not very complicated but I would need to use 285 the loop road south and get off at Route 20 heading towards the city of Atlanta. He said as you get off the Flat Shoals Road exit, our company is a group of small homes right opposite the exit ramp. The white building is our main office. I will expect you at 10-00 am in the morning and we will talk then. I thanked him cordially and hung up. In side I was shaking with excitement to have the interview so quick. I guess Bob had done some spouting off about me, and must have impressed Mr. Harrison.

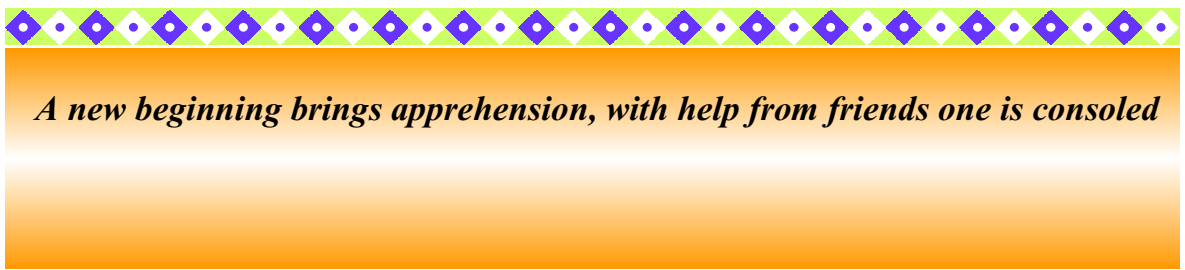
Tuesday I was a little nervous about the morning interview that laid ahead. About 8-30 am I took off for Flat Shoals road. The directions were pretty good that Mr. Harrison had given me over the phone. I arrived at about 9-45 am a little early, but that’s me never late. Matter of fact I get quite annoyed when people show up late at a scheduled time. I was shown into a small conference room and waited about half and hour. The secretary had given me a book to read so it was not boring just looking at bare walls. Mr Harrison

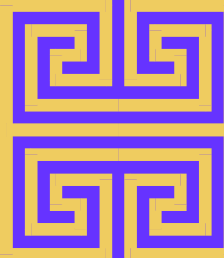
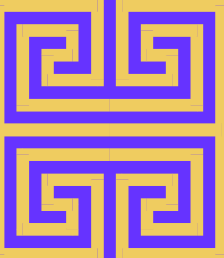
kindly apologized for the delay and and sat down across the table. Well, Brian you come with rave reviews from Mr. Sullivan. I thank him politely and we got down to the interview. The interview was pretty intense on my past experience and to whether I would fit into and A&E (Architectural and Engineering) type environment. This was quite different from my prior background in industrial type work. After about an hour and half Mr. Harrison said “you appear to have all the tools we need” You can start work next Monday. The rate had been agreed upon and to my surprise I would make about what I would up north working in an engineering company. Pop Pop would be employed as a project manager but was advised that one gentlemen who was currently employed will have some difficulty with me coming onboard in this position. I was therefore appraised of this situation and was to expect some form of negative attitude. I convinced Mr. Harrison that this would not be a problem for me, but he will have to handle it not me.

Arriving back at Auntie Charlotte’s who had taken the morning off to look after Kathie things had a great euphoria as I now had a job. Auntie Charlotte could not believe it. That evening we went out to celebrate at an Italian restaurant in Buckhead on Peachtree road close to the city proper. Another first. The restaurant was in a shopping center as were most of the famous restaurants in the South. This was extremely strange to me that restaurants would be located in shopping centers. We had two things to celebrate. Kathie would attend school the next day and I had a job. Things were now in place to have a normal work and school week.

We all got into a good routine. Kathie was first out the door at 7-45 am and would pick up her bus to school right opposite where we were living. The bus even drove into the sub division and picked up other children at various stops. Auntie Charlotte was next out and I was for the first week left alone to do some investigating as to where we would live when Nana Pat arrived at the beginning of September, now only three weeks away. First I drove out to the north east area around Holcombe Bridge road and investigated various sub divisions under construction. On one occasion I drove to Duluth north east of Atlanta and found a wonderful small sub division of contemporary homes. The one I liked was very large and we would have plenty of room for guests to stay over. It was a four bedroom with two and half baths. The Living room and great room were very spacious. I was not sure of the final settlement on the Kings Park House. I knew we would have a substantial amount to purchase a home of around 3200 square feet in the south based on the pricing structure I was experiencing when visiting the various sub divisions. This house would approximately cost about \$119,000-\$130,000. Homes in the south at that time were much cheaper. You got a lot for your money. I did know that I had to settle the out of court agreement with John Vitiglio to the tune of \$9000.00 on closing of the Kings Park home. The total expected gain would be about \$89,000 so we were in good shape. We would have about eighteen months to purchase a new home. Under the current tax laws at that time, if we did purchase a new home in the time frame, no tax as capital gains would be assessed. Pop Pop was spending a great deal of time on week ends scouting the whole spectrum from north to south and east to west of where we were now living with Aunt Charlotte. This was in preparation for the arrival of Nana Pat and Heather as to where we would live.

Nana Pat closed on the house September the 3rd right after Labor Day. All went well and we would have to wait until all the checks cleared from our attorneys escrow account. The girls drove the Toyota Wagon back to college in Oneonta New York. They now had means to get around campus and work off campus. I had left a Toyota station wagon that they would take back to college. Deborah and Laura were feeling a little lost as they did not feel comfortable about us moving south. Nana Pat assured them that by Thanksgiving all would be well. Pop Pop now had a job and we would be looking for a new home. After closing Nana Pat stayed over night with Ken and Maureen Groves in Hicksville. Maureen ran Nana Pat and Heather to the airport the next day to fly to Atlanta. I was to meet both of them at about 2-30 pm. I believe it was on a Wednesday and I had got permission to take the afternoon off from work. What a great sight to see both of them at the airport. Heather was only three and was quite taken back with all the travel. She was a little confused about the whole thing going on, and kept saying “she wanted to go back home”. Auntie Charlotte and Kathie had accompanied me to the airport so Nana Pat and her had a lot to talk about while driving back to Regency Woods.





Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Two

Settling In

The first order of business was to get the furniture that was in route to Atlanta in cold storage. Again we were lucky and got a cold storage unit on Druid Hills Road not too far away. The furniture arrived during the second week of Nana Pat's arrival. With manifest in hand I checked all the items in and recorded any problems. There were several pieces although small items missing and some damage. Having noted them on the list I would need to file a claim. What a game that was even though we had insurance. The max settlement was \$600. We accepted the claim settlement and waived any further claims, as it was such a hassle dealing with the carrier and the insurance company. I said to Nana Pat "next time we move long distance I will sell the furniture and only take the necessities in a U haul". I must say Nana Pat had done a wonderful job in closing and moving our family to the south. She had a great desire to make the new life style work as a family.

Nana Pat settled in really well. On the Sunday after arriving we looked through the papers and after a couple of hours came up with several possibilities one of which was right on Briar Cliff road. Nana Pat interviewed and got the job with Stewart Rubber Stamp Company. Heather would need a day care and there was one next door to our sub division that made it very convenient. This turned out to be the only problem we had. Heather would be served black-eyed peas twice a week for lunch, and hated them. Even to this day she shivers at the thought of black-eyed peas southern style. Nana Pat could leave work as late as 5-45 pm and pick her up before 6-00 pm. Things were slowly getting in order. The routine at Auntie Charlotte's was pretty good and we all got along fine. Auntie Charlotte was such a pleasure and made life easy for us. First order of business now that the money was in our bank account was to purchase a new car for me to ride to Flat Shoals road. On the Wednesday we looked at the Volks Wagon dealer on Peach Tree Industrial Blvd and purchase a new Diesel Rabbit. The sales person was very obnoxious and if it was not for Nana Pat calming me down I would



Southern Living

of not purchased the car from this particular dealer. This sales person I mentioned in the preface he was the one who asked if I was a Yankee in such a derogatory tone. But changed his attitude after I said "that I was English". My money was now golden. He even smiled when I said "I would give him a check and that there would be no financing, what can you do for me now". The price did change about 5%. The cost was about \$7,900.00. This was a very economical car and would make commuting inexpensive. Nana Pat could now have the station wagon that I drove down from New York. On weekends Nana Pat and myself would look for a town house of our own. We were looking for a place that would be close to Auntie Charlotte and Nana Pats work place. As luck would have it in October a town house became available in the same sub division Regency Woods. The rent was pretty reasonable \$550.00. We signed a lease for six months that was quite unheard of up north. Two-year leases were the minimum. The Town House was located in the back of the development but it was very tranquil and secluded. It suited us all fine. It was only a four-minute walk to Auntie Charlottes. We moved in the town house and got some of our furniture out of cold storage. The town house was quiet small compared to our home up north. The furniture needed to make it a nice place was minimal. It was pleasant to come home to each day. Well I had promised Kathie a grand piano after as part of the deal south now that she could play really beautifully. On one of the weekends we went shopping and purchased a new 5'-10" baby grand piano that fitted into the down stairs area. It was delivered but did take a knock along the way. The movers dropped it off the carriage that was used to transport it. Another round of negotiations although the piano company was "Johnny On The Spot" and the next day sent a whole team of finishers and specialist to correct the imperfections and damage. Kathie was now in seventh heaven having such a great instrument to play on. Music would pour out and sound like she was playing in a concert. Kathie also had a very good voice and was practicing in the school choir. This would lead later on to an all-state selection for vocal honors. I had found through Corny, a tutor who was the head of music for the first Presbyterian Church of Atlanta. Kathie started lessons on every Saturday downtown at the church on Peach Tree Road. Mr. Archer was just wonderful with her and she was coming along real well. The next year at 16 she had an audition for the Kodak School of Music in Rochester New York and was accepted for entrance when she was ready to leave High School. By now she was very talented and was approaching her full potential to go forward with her studies at college.

Our social life revolved around the friends of Auntie Charlotte and we were introduced to most of the people she worked with at Equitable Real Estate Co. Most of the friends were from up north, as the company had relocated a considerable number of their staff to Atlanta. Each time we visited a barbeque would be provided and it was quite a social event and very uplifting to meet such a wonderful group of friends. Charlotte was very lucky. Charlotte one week end acquired tickets from her boss for Chastain Park. The concert Friday night was a famous occasion during the Summer months. Well, Friday came around and Auntie Charlotte had prepared a very nice basket of fruits and snacks. She said we will stop off at Po Folks and get chicken in a bucket. Concealed in the basket was also a bottle wine for Nana Pat and herself. We picked up the Meal at Po Folks and proceeded to the Park. It was now sunset and quite a few people were making their way to the open amphitheater. We arrived and were shown to our reserved tables in the first row

back from the lower level pit. Only the very rich would have their tables there as they were money donors to the arts and the preservation of Chastain Park. Tables with beautiful clothed and some even had Candelabra's. Several tables, I assumed they were corporate, had Caterers bringing in food and with waiters to serve. It was a very spectacular night. Darkness arrived and the show begun. Very intriguing to see all the tables lit up with candles as the show went on. It was a very relaxing atmosphere. We were not ashamed to spread our meager meal and put out the wine, I felt very at ease. In other word we did it our way. This was all so different that up north and I must say very enjoyable.

One week Kathie said, "Dad and Mom you have to come to a Cross Keys football game". "Ok I said be-grudgingly" Pop Pop had only been to one High School game up north as very few people attended. May be a crowd would be one hundred up north. That would be at a play off type game. Friday night was the big night and we got tickets. When Kathie gave us tickets I said "what for" she said, "you will see". Kathie said "be sure you leave early at least an hour before the game is to start" I dropped Kathie of at the high school at Six in the evening. She would make her way to the event to be played at Druid Hills high by the school coach. I went back to the town house and got ready and at 6-45 pm started out what was a short distance just one exit on 85 to the Druid Hills exit towards the city. As I exited I knew that we were in for trouble. The traffic by now was backed up and it was slow going all the way to the Druid Hills high school. Parking was impossible and we had to park about a mile away from the ground. I said "they must have a special give away with so many people heading for the field". The flood lights from the stadium lit up the whole area and one could get to the stadium just by proceeding to the bright lights. On arrival and that was just about 40 minutes before kick off. It was quite a sight. I would say about 8,000 to 10,000 people were in attendance already. That night it was announced that 18,000 people had attended. This is just high school football. The spectacle was similar to the game I saw in Los Angeles. The half time show was well organized and the bands from both schools performed with perfection. I believe Cross Keys lost 28-7. It was their last away game. Their overall results for the year was a losing season. I could not get over such a following for a high school team. This is quite common in the south as football is all that the kids live for at high school. College dreams are only realized for most colored boys through sports. Football scholarships to the major colleges are given out freely for the outstanding athletes. I can now understand why players up north rarely get chosen for southern colleges. Its because there is so much talent down south to select from. The reverse however is not the same. Most northern colleges recruit from southern high schools.

A very special event we would attend one Friday night was the Stone Mountain Light show. Well, towards the end of October Auntie Charlotte said "lets go to the light show". We had arranged a pick up for our order at Po Folks. The advanced order on arriving at Po Folks on Jimmy Cater Blvd was ready. This was on the way to Stone Mountain. We arrived at about 5-45 pm and picked up a large order. It included sweet Ice tea Chicken legs, breast and gravy. Side orders of gravy, mash potato, and coleslaw. Thrown in were all the utensils and Cups. The total cost was about \$20.00. Very reasonable. Auntie Charlotte had packed a nice heavy duty tablecloth as we were to find out. The journey was about a half hour and we went the back way into the park. The back way took us through



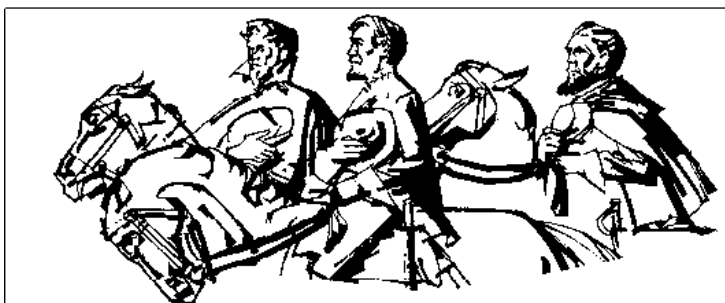
Stone Mountain Park Georgia

the outskirts of the village of Stone Mountain that was very quaint. We pulled up to the park entrance. The police office on duty said “do you have a permit for the season “ “No” was my answer. He remarked “next year you should get one as you can enter the park all year for just \$25.00. It really is a good buy’. I thank him as he took only \$4.00 for the car entrance fee. We followed the loop road and then turned off into a short road that would end up at he Mountain. Charlotte quietly said. “Brian pull over there”. That I did so at her direction. Pulling on to the soft shoulder I would park adjacent to a small picnic area. There were plenty of tables not yet occupied with families having their evening pick nick before the Light Show. It was very pleasing to see so many families all having such fun. Some were even playing horse shoes.

The table was made ready with the very neat and colorful tablecloth. The food was placed on the table, Auntie Charlotte and Nana Pat put the food out on the table it all looked so good and with a short prayer grace was given and we all tucked in. The evening was

quite warm about 75 degrees. There were a few bugs around but very few mosquitoes. I was thankful for that. Mosquitos think my blood is delicious and I normally by evenings end covered in large bumps from their bites. The meal would last about half hour and we would all then start out for the light show lawns. Unpacking the Station wagon we had low beach chairs and blankets forewarned by Auntie Charlotte as the ground gets pretty damp as nighttime falls. We looked like a refugee group with all these articles hanging from our arms but we trudged forward.

The road opened up into a parking area right at the bottom of the mountain. What a spec-



Confederate Generals

tacular sight. 825 feet of solid granite shaped as a dome petru- ding out of the ground and it is about one miles wide diameter. This is a very impressive sight to see. There is a cable car that goes to the top. At the bottom is a neat looking train station. There is a complete railroad track that goes also around the bottom it takes about 45 minutes to travel all

around. This is a great favorite of the children. The train is about five coaches long and is pulled by a small steam engine. After stopping to look at all the stores and the cable car ride we made our way through a small copse and ended up on a vast sloping green that had a Tea House (Laser Tech Building) at the top. When you looked down the green open field it sloped down to the railroad tracks we were about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away from the foot of the mountain. Carved into the rock face are the statues of several of the Confederate Generals all on horseback. These generals were President Jefferson Davis, General Lee, and Lt General Thomas Stonewall Jackson They are about 50 feet in height and located on the northern face about half way up the mountain. Bare in mind the rock (mountain) is very smooth ideal to be used as a background screen for the light show.

We made our way right across the field as there were a few boulders on the far side. They looked just right for leaning against. We laid down our blankets and spread out. The beach chairs were for Nana Pat and Auntie Charlotte, who had learnt all the tricks as she had been several times before. What a wonderful spot to pick and we were all comfortable. The wait would be quite long as it was now only seven thirty and the show would only start at darkness. We pulled out the Trivia pursuit deck and started to play as it was to be quite some time before the show would commence. That was normally about one half hour after sundown scheduled at 8-30 pm. The crowd was now starting to fill in the whole field and would be close to seven thousand by the time the show started. It was something to see all the happy people just relaxing after a long week at work. Kids were running everywhere. The train blowing its whistle would alert all the kids it was about to leave the station. Masses of children would run down the slope to see it pass by at the bottom of the slope. Some had put pennies on the track just to see them get squashed although this was frowned upon by the security guards. Of course at this type of event there was ice cream hotdog vendors. The unique thing was the light wands that lit up fluorescent in all various colors as darkness fell.

Announcement from the Tea House. Show to start in five minutes. People scurrying to their places and it became very quiet. Just amazing with such a large crowd. The test lasers were started and the adjustments and alignments made. During the setup, hip music was playing loud, and every one was singing or tapping their feet in beat. I kept thinking we are in for some show tonight. Auntie Charlotte was non-committal every time I would ask about the show. Her answer would be "wait and see". The show started with Disney favorites for the kids. Then into traditional southern songs such as The Devil Went Down to Georgia, and Elvis singing "Green Green Grass of Home", America the Beautiful was chilling When the song came to line about New York there were great boo's (Yankees still not liked). Each song would have a great light show of animated characters dancing and mimicking the music. Then on to the college football teams of the south Alma Mata's for such college Georgia Tech, Georgia, Tennessee, Old Miss, Texas A&M as each college logo would appear great cheers went up. I noticed no Yankee colleges were represented? The show was very inspirational.

The next segment was on very modern designs accompanied with fantastic outer space music. Then on to the finale's the battle song of the South Dixie was played. The Generals where now highlighted on the face of the mountain. What was fantastic as the music came to an end the generals rode off into the dark each one at a time with great cheers from the

crowd. Fireworks were let off and the music had cannons exploding.

“The End Spectacular”!

Complete silence while the crowd gathered themselves. This is a show one must see and I have taken several guests when they visit from the UK. Words are so hard to find to explain it. It is sensational. We waited quite some time before leaving the slopes, as the crowd needed to thin out. Seven thousand people and about two thousand cars leaving is a problem. When we decided to leave I observed that there was no garbage left on the ground. The slope was clean this gives one a great feeling that people in the South really look after their property and parks. We arrived at the pick nick area to find still, a lot of cars that had not moved it was now about an hour after the show. Time was approaching 11-00 pm we would roll out of the park at 11-45 pm so it’s the only drawback about this wonderful show. We arrived home about 12-30 am ready for bed. People do travel from all over the South just to see this show.

Nana Pat and Pop Pop would go out on weekends to look for a neighborhood to settle down in. On one occasion during the month of October I took Nana Pat north on Route 33 (Buford Highway) that goes all the way to Charlotte. We were heading for Duluth as I has scouted the area before. The route is not very attractive and it was seriously run down on the South side of Duluth. Nana Pat was pretty upset with what she saw at first. We traveled through the small town and exiting I took a right on to Old Peachtree Walk. Peach Tree Walk subdivision was only a quarter of a mile on the right. We looked around and we saw several homes we liked but at the office found out that they were all sold. The sales lady said take a look down the road opposite the trailer. So we went down and liked two pieces of property. One we found out was sold. The other was well under construction and had a very wooded lot and contemporary style that I liked. The odd thing was that the garage faced the road. I thought this was different and of course Pop Pop has got to be different.

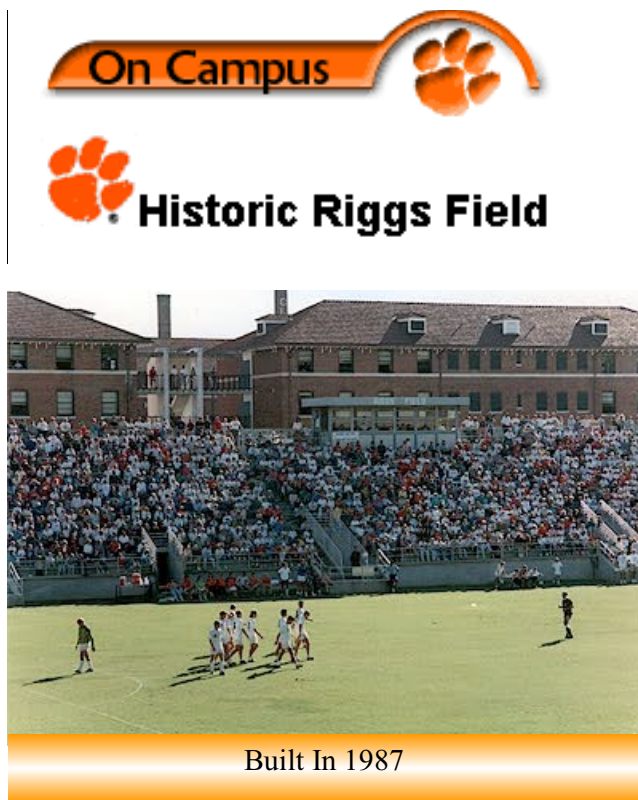


3388 Peach Tree Chase

We went back to the trailer and put down a deposit on the house at 3388 Peach Tree Chase. This was in October and was informed it would be ready for moving in in March. We now had to buy furniture as it was quite a large home. Basically we would need to furnish the den. The den had a beautiful fire place and had numerous windows all around. It was to be very pleasant to sit in. Exciting things were now going on and one Saturday we traveled to several furniture outlets but ended up at Levitz. On display was a modern looking five sectional couch and has-

sock with all accessories to enhance the setting. Pop Pop bought the whole lot, vases , flowers and all the accent pieces. Nana Pat, and myself were so pleased as it would fit very well in the big den, along with Kathie's grand piano. It would be delivered the day after we were to move in.

To digress to a different subject. Bryan had been selected by the college to play as the first string goalie. That was quite unusual as freshmen. Normally one have to wait a couple of years before playing first string. He played in several college tournaments and we had the pleasure of following some of his games. That year in 1984/1985 season he would play at Clemson in South Carolina. I got permission from Mr. Harrison to take the day off to see him play. I had no idea of how far it was or where the college was located. I left work at 12-00 pm and drove back home to pick up Nana Pat, Kathie, and Heather. We started our journey about 2-00 pm and headed North towards South Carolina. We passed over the border at about 3-15 pm and realized that we were now only 25 miles from the college based on the Highway signs. Much too early, But we did proceed to find the campus and arrived at about 4-00 pm. This was three hours before kick off. We had plenty of time to kill. After touring the campus and Death Valley where the football team play it was very impressive. The stadium holds about 80,000 fans and is always sold out for Clemson Football games. Eventually we found a small farming area and it had an fresh ice cream store on it. All of us had a large ice cream that was home made and just a wonderful taste



Clemson used to be a Military college, then an Agricultural University, and at present a fully accredited University. Time was still marching along pretty slowly and we were quite bored with waiting About 6-00 pm the Winthrop team bus arrived and we were able to talk to Bryan and his team-mates for a few minutes. The Riggs field was right opposite the dorms facing the loop road. The field was in immaculate condition. The teams ran out about ten minutes before kick off and they looked pretty good. The game was fairly good for college level. Clemson won 4-1 that night. It was the first defeat for Bryan in goal. He had 7 shut-outs up until then. That year as some consolation Clemson went on to win the National Championship. They had about five foreign players from Nigeria playing for them who were quite useful, as we say in soccer terms. Bryan's team that year got into the NCAAF regional finals for the Southern Region.

It was played at the Spartanburg campus of the University of South Carolina. They lost 2-0 the goals were both offside by a mile. I traveled to see the game. To Bryans credit that year he had 11 shutouts total and broke the NICA record. The team finished 16(W), 4 (D), 3(L) what was to be a very good year. Later during the college winter recess he was asked to play for a local team in Atlanta Data Graphics on weekends. This team won the Regional Junior Olympics. The team went to the Nationals and won, although Bryan did not want to go to California and play. He had a great year and needed to settle down to study. Students with a grade point average of less that 2.0 normally get on the bad list.

The first Christmas in the Town House was quite crowded. The girls with their boyfriends traveled South. It was a wonderful time. On Christmas Day they all played tennis as it was in the mid seventies. What a way to start our new life style in Atlanta. That year it was a very warm winter up until February. All hell let loose then one morning I got up and we had 5” of snow. I went out about 8-30 am to get some food. It was like a war zone cars everywhere piled up on side walks. Crashes two and three automobiles at a time. Cars stuck on hills. The South is not prepared for such an event and do not have ploughs even. Sanders are the only means of equipment to fight the bad weather. I did get what I needed and when arriving home I said “It’s like World War II out there”. Nana Pat laughed and said “I’m not going to work either”. It is known in the South that as soon as snow is forecast people rush to the stores for bread and milk and staples. If you get to a major food store several hours later there will be nothing on the counters. Southerners have no idea how to drive under such conditions. Always flat out, just like the roads had no snow on them.

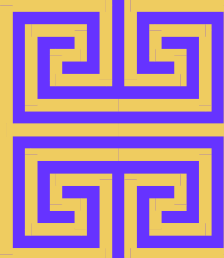
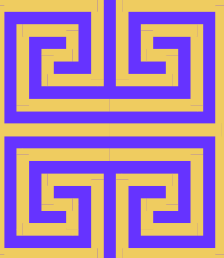
While Pop Pop and Nana Pat were looking for a house Mr. Harrison informed the office that we were to relocate. The new office now under construction would be on the North side of Atlanta in Norcross. As luck would have it our new house would be in the next town to the North Duluth. This would be just twenty minutes from the office.



Looking back will not enhance your forward direction.

Always peruse your dreams with a positive prospective

Brian R. Cripps



Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Three

On The Move Again.

Looking back over the years this was to be my 9th move in my life span. The winter after the early February snowstorm returned to a very normal 45 degree's and spring would be just a few weeks away. Spring is normally the first two weeks of March. Forsythia bushes first, then the beautiful Dogwood trees, Bradford Pear trees, and then the Cherry trees. All majestically highlighting the roads they are planted along. By then all the flowers open up such as Tulips, Daffodils and Narcissist. The South is in such splendor when it is in full bloom. We had taken several trips to the new house just to see progress and it was on schedule. The playroom was to be paneled and I provided the paneling and the builder put it up. Kathie was to have a bedroom down stairs in the additional expansion we had constructed as an extra to the base price of the house. Included in the extra was separate bathroom and shower. The down stairs unit could easily have been made into a Mother Daughter situation. Each would have their independence with a separate entrance. This we thought would be very attractive in the future if we sold the property. There were upgrades of carpeting and additional light fixtures and fans. We had brought our two chandeliers from up North and had them both installed. Closing was with the Wachovia Bank and it was scheduled for January as the house was to be completed ahead of schedule. The closing went well and we were reimbursed our earnest money. That was about \$3,000.00. The total house cost was about \$131,000 dollars. Pretty much what we had sold the house for up North. There would be no capital gains to pay quite a relief. After the down payment we would have a mortgage of about \$109,000. With taxes included it would be about \$1000 a month. Taxes were only \$690 a year not like \$690.00 per month on Long Island for the same plot of land. We had a sizeable bank balance left as a result of the move. The house for the square footage was a bargain compared with those on Long Island.

It was about six weeks before we would move in with all the furniture. Our



Southern Living

lease on the town house was not up at Regency Woods. Our lease was up March 1st on the Town House. We had arranged for the movers to unload our belongings and pick up the rest of the furniture from cold storage. Most of the items arrived at Duluth without damage so we were grateful for that. We settled in quite quickly and would need to register the children with schools. Kathie would attend Duluth High School and Heather, B.B. Harris. All was under control except I had to commute to Flat Shoals Road for about three months. One-way about fifty miles, traffic was pretty hectic as the interchange a spaghetti junction (285/85) was not complete and would not be until November of 1985. It would take a good twenty minutes in the evening to get through the junction and head North to Duluth exit 32 on 85. Mornings were quite different as I would leave very early at 6-00 am and get to work by 7-00 am. Just to give you some idea of the influx of people arriving from the North. There was a digital sign down town that indicated that the population had just passed 1 million when we arrived in 1984. It is now 3 million. At some point the relocations (transplants as Southerners called us) were in the order of 40,000 families a month. Atlanta had a lot to offer for Northern Companies, low taxes, clean city, great climate, and a comfortable life style. Employee's loved the move South due to the climate and low taxes. Northern Corporations such as Equitable, IBM, UPS, all headquartering in the South in Atlanta. This was the place to live in the eighties. Traffic today is a nightmare. Most people hate to travel to Atlanta because when you hit the North side of the city a six-lane highway starts that traverses the city from North to South and is about fifty miles long. Even in Duluth where we lived the traffic is just horrendous today and I say it in the past tense because we have since moved.

During the early part of the year I had a conversation with your great grandfather. I was told that Eastleigh Council had the house at 195 Chestnut Avenue up for sale to the tenants only. The price was 20% of the real estate value. This was an open ended proposition. I told him to look into the cost. Several days later he informed me that it was for sale for £8,000.00 pounds about \$12,000.00 dollars. Having money in the bank, I told him to purchase the home and I would send him the required down payment and secure the mortgage through John Moody at Barcalys Bank. This deal I could not pass up. John was very helpful and made sure all the paper work was in place. The mortgage would be in my fathers name but I would send the money over to cover the mortgage and additional cost. The additional cost were related to their rate schedule with the town would change and cost them more money. I believe we sent about \$180,00 a month to cover all expenses. Your great grandfather was to will the property to me at the death of both him and my mother. They now had a secured place to live and the town could not move them from what was the rental property. In England as one gets older the town moves renters to old age communities. These communities are similar to extended care today in the USA. Both my parents were very happy and could not thank me enough. The investment would prove to be quite good as I will explain later.

After the move in we really started to enjoy our new home and the activities with the children. One comment I will always remember was little Heather saying "I'm home now," as she sat in the kitchen chairs that we had bought down from Kings Park house. B. B. Harris was a very good school with a very aggressive and progressive principle. Heather was developing into a gifted child so she needed to be challenged and the school she attended

had challenge group. She was very happy in the school and made tremendous strides with her learning. Kathie was now In Duluth High and seemed to be settling in quite well. She joined the high school coral and her tutor Mrs. Zieker her music teacher thought she had a very good voice as a soprano. Kathie by now playing the piano extremely well under the direction of Mr. Archer. Her music teacher at school realized the asset she had in Kathie and would use her to play for the rehearsal performances of the various Broadway Shows the school produced. These extra activities did not deter Kathie from her studies and she was a very bright student as well. We had now three in college and one destined to go. Young Heather was showing great promise and she would eventually become the Fifth. Kathie was involved with all the sports jocks and would bring them to our home. I had one request from her, I said “ I did not want to see a F150 Ford truck with a gun rack and a rebel flag flying in the back window in my drive way.” She replied “ Dad Ok”. The first boyfriend did arrive and showed up in our drive way with a Porsche. I thought at the time this girl has got class at last. This relationship did not last long, But she always said “I did what you asked of me” I believe we went down hill from there on in.

1985 was the year of great expectations and our family. Life was going along very well. In July Mr. Harrison moved to Norcross so this cut my commuting drastically. I was working on a project for John Portman Architects in Jakarta. A very posh hotel and it had some very interesting challenges as the power service was not that stable and would be out 120 hours a month. Pop Pop engineered a complete energy center consisting of about 5 Mega Watts of standby diesel engine driven generators. This project brought me directly involved with Bob Sullivan as he was the Director of Electrical Engineering for John Portman. This architectural firm is renowned in the South as John practically built Atlanta. I say John as I did have the pleasure on several occasions to work directly with him on specialty type work. This man was the inventor of the atrium type of construction. He was also famous for the use of water falls, fountains, and reflecting pools in his hotels. A very creative man and with a wonderful flare for new architectural concepts. The Hyatt Regency, Apparel Mart, In forum (Computer Center) Peach Tree Plaza Hotel, IBM corporate office building, and two 40 story office towers all downtown. Morris Harrison was involved as the consulting electrical engineering company for the majority of these buildings. The development of downtown Atlanta was a continuing stream engineering work for several years for Morris Harrison Associates. I was in charge of all projects, but had my own individual one and that was a new Westin Hotel in Shanghai China. Morris Harrison Associates also designed his personal \$ 11 million beach house on Sea Island off the coast of Georgia. This part of my career was very rewarding and fascinating as I was always in the forefront of new architectural concepts. I was basically was the consulting engineer for the large hotels and that did include the Embarcadero West in San Francisco. I was very disappointed when Morris Harrison Associated lost the engineering for the Marriott hotel in New York That particular project went to Newcomb and Boyd. John Portman and Mr. Harrison used to play on the same Georgia Tech Football team so they were very good friends. Morris had the right to first refusal on most of the projects that were in house at John Portman, so it was a very strong bond between both companies.

In February both girls came home from college for a short break. It was arranged that they would both have the Chevy station wagon to use while up in New York. In the in-

terim Nana Pat would use Toyota Wagon that they had brought back from college. On leaving it was packed up once more for the trip North and off they went. After a few hours in the early afternoon we received a panic call the engine had blown all the plugs as a result of the severe cold weather. Result was the garage wanted \$1600 for new engine. The car was at a truck station and the girls were offered a ride to New York where Steven then Laura's boy friend would pick them up. After talking to the trucker it seemed legitimate and the girls had to back by Wednesday. I could not get to Roanoke Virginia in time for them to reach college on time. With these arrangements in place the girls would ride for about a day over night and Steven would meet them at a specific truck stop in New York. They set off and to this day will not talk about the trip as they were pretty scarred. The car was abandoned and as far as I was concerned the garage owner could have it, but I was not going to pay out \$1600 to fix the car. It was only worth about \$2700 in the Blue Book as they say. The girls did arrive safely at the pre arranged drop off point a were very relieved to see Steven. This was not a very good experience for them.



Pool Side Bel Harbor Hotel Miami

This was the first year that Eastern Airlines (Now defunct) had a weekender club. Each week in the mail would be a listing of special trips that were available at discount prices.

Our first weekender was to fly to Miami \$69 round trip. We were to stay at Bal Harbor at the Sheraton Bal Harbor Hotel. The only problem was that most of the flights were quite late on Friday night. One would return late on Sunday night. This did not delay our plans to go as it seemed pretty adventurous to go just for two days. The first Trip was

the 4th of July week end. The children stayed with Auntie Charlotte and we went off to Miami. We arrive at Miami International Airport around 9-45 pm and rented a car and drove North on Route 826 for about thirty minutes and then east towards the coast and arrived at Bal Harbor at 11-00 pm. Our rooms were in the Annex and it was very quiet. The room was very comfortable and well decorated. The décor was in a Spanish style, no wonder as Miami is basically Cuban. As this was a holiday weekend there were a lot of Cubans at the hotel. So the hall ways were quite loud with the constant chatter of Spanish and with Cubans being very emotional in their expressions. The passion as they spoke was in its self exhilarating to watch. This was rather interesting to me.

Well, we were now on a roll, and in July we decided to go to the Cayman Islands. Through Travel Impressions tours and Druid Hills travel agency we booked our first Caribbean vacation. The trip would be a short four days. The Schedule was to leave on Thursday July 17th and return on Sunday July 20th, that's what my passport revealed. The flight was a special \$179.00 return. Hotel price was about \$180 a day at the Holiday Inn on 7

Mervs Place & Casino Bahamas



Fisherman's Reef St Thomas



Holiday Inn Grand Cayman



7 Mile Beach

Caribbean Vacations

mile beach. The flight was obviously an international one as we would fly to Miami again and then connect with Cayman Air to George Town the capital. The flight down was a little rough as always over the upper part of Florida. This normally occurs when you pass the lightning belt Tampa on the West coast across to Orlando closer to the East coast of Florida. On arriving in Miami we had to change terminals and that was a hassle. After checking in we had very little time to spare and basically hung out at the gate ready to board. It was about 11-30 pm the flight was due to leave at 12-00 pm that it did on schedule. The flight pattern would route the plane over Cuba on the East side and then would turn West towards the Cayman Islands. The Islands consist of The Grand Cayman, Cayman Brac, and Little Cayman all were part of the British West Indies. The flight was about one hour and half minutes and the weather was very calm and the sky completely blue and very few clouds. One could see the whole Caribbean from the aircraft, was enticing to say the least. Suddenly the plane took a quick right turn and we were lined up with the runway at Owen Roberts airport. The plane taxied on the run way and docked about 50 yards from the arrival terminal. There were about 150 passengers on-board and it did not take long to disembark. A you approached the exit Wow! The heat took your breath away. It was fairly muggy as this time of the year both in Florida and the Caribbean the humidity is very high like 99%. As we walked across the apron to the terminal a small reggae band welcomed us to Cayman with music of the Islands played on



Cayman Air Logo

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steel drums, and tambourines. The Cayman Air courtesy staff guided us to customs and immigration. The processing for legal entry went quite fast and we proceeded out side of the terminal and were now officially Cayman Tourist for the next four days. Travel Impressions Tours, who we had booked our trip with had a small mini van for its patrons to travel to and from the hotel as an airport courtesy service. The journey to the hotel was

about half an hour after stopping at several hotels along 7 mile beach. The Holiday Inn



First Stop Over

was the furthest hotel North and the far end of the beach. It was very secluded and at that time with very little traffic passing by on the only road that serviced the hotels. Arriving at the hotel the front desk was manned with very pleasant and helpful young ladies. Mr. Cripps your room is 101 on the beach side. The bell hop loaded the trolley and off we went. 101 was right in the corner on the beach level. It was a very quiet spot as it did not face the pool. We were now checked in and it was about 2-30 pm. We were advised at the front desk that the drink coupons were good for two specialty of the house at the barbecue that started at 4-30 pm. Good timing. We opened up the glass sliding doors and enjoyed the wonderful view of the beach and the surrounding area. I just laid on the bed and rested for a while. As always Nana Pat was into her bathing costume off and running.

When we would travel Nana Pat was the first scout and would check out the whole place in the first hour. On arrival back at the room she informed me of all the activities scheduled for the day. "Lets go the barbecue at 4-30 pm she remarked". I guess she was dying to try those special drinks. Well the outside bar under a thatched roof was not far away. Nana Pat sat in the shade at the bar and had the specialty of the house. Pop Pop just drank, as usual beer. As we talked I noticed you could tell who had just arrived at the hotel as the completely white. The patrons who had been all week were by now baked and had beautiful tans. I was very careful as my skin was very light and I burnt easily. I was a



Pool Side Holiday Inn

great pleasure relaxing in the shade and having a few drinks before the afternoon barbecue would start. The smell of hot dogs and hamburgers was whiffing across the pool side and was making me hungry. Sea food was also being prepared on the grill. Music was playing in the traditional island style and one could say it really was like paradise.

Eventually food was served. Of course you had to pay for it. Pool side meal was fairly reasonable similar to what one would pay in

the USA, about \$15 Cayman dollars. The exchange rate was two American for one Cayman. To my recollection this is the only place in the World where the exchange rate favors the exchange rate for the country. The buffet was very palatable and appetizing. We thoroughly enjoyed the food and drinks. The atmosphere at the bar was relaxing and spirited.

After supper the sun was sinking very fast so we decided to take a nice long walk along the golden sands. 7 mile beach runs North / South. The large red sun setting in the west was directly in your eyes looking at the water. The water was very calm, glittering, and warm. The cool evening breeze from the north in your face made it a very pleasant walk. Bathers will still soaking up as much of the sun, and water as they could. Several couples were walking the beach and very neatly dressed for the evening stroll. As this was our first night we decided not to leave the hotel and would continue our social evening at the indoor night club or outside at the pool side bar. They night life would start about ten o' clock and the music was piped out from the inside bar. Performing were the Barefoot Man . The music was a mixture of reggae and calypso. All the conveniences, arranged for you to have a wonderful vacation. People were very happy and with little to complain about, especially after three of the special drinks of the day. Who cared!

The next morning it was up early. The morning sun was still not up yet, so it was very cool. By the time we got back from our two mile hike along the most beautiful white sandy beach, it was starting to rise. Pop Pop was ready for the breakfast after the long walk.



7 Mile Beach Grand Cayman

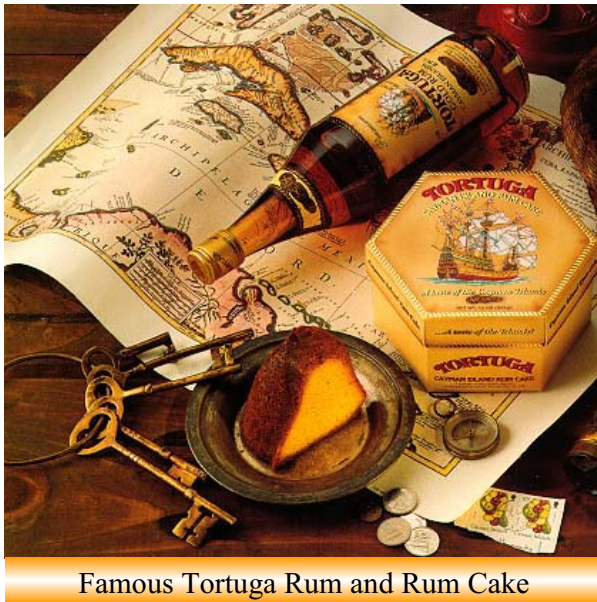
Breakfast was served in the lounge and was buffet style. The various sections were laid out. Cereals, Fruits of the Caribbean, (so fresh), and the usual Buffet Fired foods, Most notable was the sausages that were imported from England. There was two chefs at the waffle grill and hot plate for pancakes. The setting was so clean and neat with table cloths and linen napkins. Each table had a fresh flower in a vase and a complimentary guest greeting card signed by the manager. Nice touch I thought! Stuffed as I

moved away from the breakfast table, I thought to myself we did the walk at the wrong time, maybe it should have been after breakfast. Nana Pat said “Why don’t you hang out under the tree that’s outside our room”. She said, “This will be nice and cool for you”. After applying a ton of 30 rating sun lotion I was ready to relax under the tree. Most of the guests were just getting up and proceeding to the Breakfast Lounge. Good timing on our part. Nana Pat would take a deck chair and a book and proceed to the waters edge. Having part of the chair in the water would soak her feet as she read. Boy after about an hour she was baked like a red lobster and said “its time to take a dip”. I joined her and we swam in the water as it was still fairly cool but pleasant to swim in. The water was crystal clear one could see your feet through the three or four feet of water. Cayman Islands, including Cayman Brac is noted as some of the best underwater diving in the World. Several diving schools are located on the 7 mile beach and all leave at about 9-30 am for deeper waters off shore with about thirty people onboard. One such school operated right out of the Holiday Inn. Time was passing along and the day was starting to get very hot so

we decided to call it a day and go back to the hotel room. Walking back we must have had twenty or more land crabs running into their little burrows in front of us. Some of these cru stations had burrows close to our room and scurried around when we got close to them heading for cover. Nana Pat was not too happy about these little creatures being so close to our room. We cleaned up and were then ready for town.

There were plenty of cabs outside of the hotel and we hailed one and took the scenic route back into town. On arriving in George Town we were dropped of at the Town Centre. As one can imagine this was a typical colonial English town. White every where. Picket fences around the front gardens and just beautifully landscaped and manicured The streets were immaculate and clean no garbage anywhere. The Island was just immaculate. We started what normal tourist do, in and out of every store you can imagine. Custom jewelry, fragrance stores, polo shirt stores and then the general convenience store the only major one in town. We picked up some snacks and toiletries walked along the water front that at that time was not very commercial as the cruise ships had not arrived. In later years Cayman Islands would become one of the major stops on a Caribbean cruise. The island was a little unknown hide away at that time, we had it to ourselves along with another ten thousand odd vacationers. The Islands population at any one time is about 32,000 of which about 11,000 are actual Caymanians

Their was a small plaza in the middle of town and it was interesting to walk around and visit all the stores. In the court yard was a wonderful ice cream parlor. Time was now approaching mid day and time for a rest.



Famous Tortuga Rum and Rum Cake

Peaceful was the complete setting and Caymanians went about their daily lives with a happy bounce to their stride, and always singing a song. I thought what a great place to live but then questioned what I would do after about a year, stuck on an Island. Maybe go nuts. The water front property was well kept and one of the stores we walked into was famous for its rum and rum cake (Tortuga Rum Cake). This was the last stop on our first visit to town. We once more hailed a cab, and rode back to our hotel. On arriving I noticed that their was quite a convoy of mini buses they were close to the hotel. Under one of the trees was the owners all playing cards and just hanging out waiting for their turn to escort guests to town.

There must be enough traffic to maintain and support at least ten families judging by the number of vans. This was off season for the hotels as we were now approaching the hurricane season in the Gulf and Caribbean. Hotel rates I found out are considerably cheaper during July through October. The routine was similar to the night before, a couple of drinks at poolside and then get ready for the evening meal.

Today it would be different as we had seen a very quaint Italian restaurant in a strip shopping center close to the Holiday Inn and decided to try it out. Now smartly dressed for the evening at 8-00 pm we walked slowly down to the shopping center and entered the restaurant. Greeting all around and then seated at a very dimly lit dining table with just one small candle glowing and the wall sconces just about glowing. I though Energy efficient, being an engineer, but also tasteful. Italian music was playing very softly in the background just like honeymooners. It was typical Italian and the family operated the restaurant were all employed that included all three sons. Appetizers were ordered including calamari and conch. I even tried escargots (snails). For the entrée I ordered Fradeavlo. Nana Pat ordered, I believe, chicken franchisee. The meal was most probably the best Italian food I have ever tasted. The red wine to wash down the meal made for a very special time as this was only the second time since we were married that we had stole away together. Love was in the air once again as they say. The walk back to the hotel was wonderful and we chatted about the meal and the next days routine. A quiet drink at pool side was in order and we sat under a cabana made of reeds that it was thatched with. A little dancing and then ready for bed at around midnight.

Saturday would be similar except the Lunch trip was a stop at the Lord Nelson Pub a short walk to the north of the hotel. We were in for a lovely surprise as a lot of the Islanders used the pub at lunch hour and we got to meet them. I played darts and had a good time. The food was excellent and I devoured the beef and kidney pipe special washed down with an English pint. Nana Pat ordered a shrimp dish and we toughly enjoyed the whole lunch that lasted two hours. During the afternoon we took another trip into town. This time to buy presents, liquor and rum cake to take home. Saturday evening we ate a meal on the sailing ship that was a sunset cruise. This was very interesting as it was a glass bottom boat. The view of the reef and fish was magnificent. The food was not so hot. All in all it was well worth the trip.

Sunday we would be on our way very early as the plane left at about 7-30 am. There is a port tax when you leave, you need about \$6 or you cant leave the country. Most people would say who cares as its been such a great place to visit. A sign reads when you enter the terminal thanks for visiting. We rather you leave than stay. But please come back. The Island can only support so much commerce as it has limited water and electrical energy supplies. This is a problem for most of the Caribbean Islands. Homeward bound was quiet sad and we would arrive in Miami about 10-30 am. Customs is a pain in Miami international airport and as I was British I had to go on one line and Nana Pat the other. It would take a good hour for me to get cleared through customs and immigration. We had a flight at 2-00 pm so had time afterwards to look around the airport. We had been down earlier in the year so it was not unfamiliar for us. We found a very nice bar and had a couple of drinks and waited for the flight to Atlanta. We arrived home at about 7-30 pm after picking up the kids from Auntie Charlotte's. Tired but exhilarated and with plenty of wonderful memories we made our way home. Today this is still my favorite place to visit and we have been to Cayman five times. As you can tell, I spent a lot of time in my memoirs describing the Caymans it meant so much to me. I hope you all can visit the islands as you get older and enjoy the people and its culture.



Cup of Rosie on the Deck Duluth

One of the great events of the year was Deborah's graduation at Oneonta. Your great grandmother and grandfather arrived in April about one week before graduation. We had arranged that Auntie Charlotte would drive one rented car and Pop Pop the other. I rented two white Lincolns so we would have plenty of room for the 957 mile trip. We all set out on Thursday. The trip ticket this time was Route 85 / 95 to Washington DC. Pop Pop was planning on just showing them the White House and then heading for Baltimore. At this juncture we would pick up route 83 and head for Harrisburg route 81. Northward bound all the way on route 81 to Binghamton New York. The college Oneonta from

Binghamton was only about one hour away on route 88 heading towards Albany the capital of New York.

With trip ticket laid out we were on our way this would be the longest road trip your great grand mother and father had ever taken. We would need to plan for pit stops and meal times along with gas stops. I had made up large Oak Tag signs for each car so that we could communicate to one another. Bryan and Kathie were to travel with Auntie Charlotte while your great Grandmother and father with Pop Pop Nana Pat and Heather. It was to be an exciting trip as Deborah was the first in the family to graduate from an America University and every one was really proud of her achievements. She had now completed all her credit requirements and achieved a honors degree B.Sc. in Elementary Educations. First days journey we stopped at Petersburg in Virginia that is about twenty miles South of Richmond just at the junction point of 85/95. As the sun was setting we pulled into a Best Westin Inn and settled down for the evening. After a shower we all had a great meal and then hung out in one of the rooms and watched TV. Pop Pop went to bed early (as usual) as it would be a long days drive ahead to Binghamton the next day about 500 miles. We had already covered about 460 the first day. Both grandparents were enjoying the trip although it did seem a long time in a car. Our oak tag signs were working well and pit stops, etc did not slow us down to much. I believe every one was in bed by 10-00 pm ready for and early rise and off to Washington DC about 220 miles away.

We were on our way by about 8-30 am and heading for Washington DC. As we approached the ride along side the Potomac it was very impressive with the capital in the background. Pop Pop swung onto the 14 th Street Bridge and made our way to Pennsylvania Avenue knowing the White House is at one end. Well some how the one way streets got me all confused and we had to stop and ask a group of people directions. Hopping out of the car, I grab the first person and it happened to be a tourist (Japanese). Asked him “the directions to the White House” and got a very non committal expression. By now

Deborah's Graduation



Oneonta New York



1 9 8 5



every one in the cars were laughing about my actions. Arriving back in the car Nana Pat said "Boy you sure picked the right person to ask". As it was, we made a circular tour around the block that lead us in front of the White House and it was one of those you see it now, and then you don't as we swept by. This gave every one just enough time to take a picture. I quickly figured out that we were now heading into a bad area of Washington DC. I did not want to stop and ask directions. After a while we came to an intersection I recognized as it was the Greyhound bus depot, near the railway tracks. When I commuted by bus to Washington as I mentioned in Volume I the buses would pass this terminal. Knew my way out now so we headed for Baltimore that was about 60 miles away using the Baltimore /Washington Parkway. Your great grandmother and father were quite excited even if we did only get a glimpse of the White House. We all settled down and now were looking for a place to stop and have a meal as it was close to 2-00 pm. I remarked we will stop on the other side of Baltimore on Route 83. We were heading North on route 83 when all of a sudden three cop cars pulled up along side us and signaled us to stop. At a convenient spot I pulled over. The usual the officer said "do you know, you were doing 70 in a 55 mile an hour zone". "No sir" I replied " I was over taking the slow car coming down the hill". "Not then he said this was a way back we have followed for about ten minutes". Of course, I new that was a lie. He asked for details such as license and all that rubbish, and where we were going". I said to a graduation in Upper New York. "I'm going to give you a warning" he said, But lighten up on the pedal, you will need to show this paper work if you are caught speeding again and get pulled over". "Yes Sir," I said. Auntie Charlotte who was doing the same speed just behind me, was never bothered by the cop. After this we kind of kept to the speed limit until out of Maryland. After this interruption we were now behind time and what with having to slow down for another sixty miles I said "we will pull over at the next road side restaurant for a food stop. All agreed. A lot to talk about at lunch so it made for it passing quite quickly and we were off and running again. We eventually crossed over the state line. I immediately resumed our normal speed. I must admit Auntie Charlotte was some mean driver and kept up with us all the way. After about one hour we were heading North having passed through Harrisburg. I now felt like I was almost back in civilization (Yankee Land). The trip from Harrisburg to Binghamton was about three hours away. The country side is very pretty in the far Eastern PA and NY. Again the timing was pretty good and again we arrived just before sundown and pulled into the Holiday Inn in town. The hotel was very nice and the rooms comfortable. We had a evening meal with plenty to talk about. Your great grandmother and grandfather were holding up very well for the long journey and were having such a wonderful time. This was truly a family occasion and we were all looking forward to the next day. Graduation was to be at 2-00 pm.

We would move on to Oneonta on route 88 the next day and stop at a motel downtown for Saturday night. Most guests had checked out as it was graduation day. We had arranged to meet Laura at the hotel about three hours before the graduation time. All dressed and ready we drove up to the campus. This was a very exciting time for me as it was the first of our children to graduate. The emotion of the day is very exhilarating and every one in a festive mood. The campus is on stage and the event is to be well orchestrated. Parents need to be in their assigned seats early. First snag Debbie could only get four tickets so that meant Laura, Kathie, Bryan and myself would be standing on the outer ring of the

roped off enclosure. Nana Pat, Auntie Charlotte, and your great grand parents all sat in the arena. It was a bitter cold May day with the sun barely breaking through the clouds. The University was situated on a hill so the plateau at the top. It was quite windy adding to the whole affair being uncomfortable. The band struck up the Pomp and Circumstance (Land of Hope and Glory) and the faculty and students paraded in. I believe there were about 1700 graduates from all departments. The President gave the opening speech. Disaster followed as the Senior Senator from New York Monahan was the Honored speaker. He gave one of the worst speeches I have ever listened to. He was partially, if not well into his cups. The address was slurred and he sounded drunk. The graduates at this point just wanted their diplomas. After the long procession to the stand one by one, each graduate receive a scroll or certificate. The certificate is really a form that you send in to obtain your real diploma that follows graduation. The president announced officially the class of 1985 is has graduated. The students move their tassels from the the left side to the right and all hell broke loose. Mortar Boards thrown into the air champagne that had been well concealed broken open and it was party time. Every student, parent, and relatives where in a very festive mood. Thank goodness it's over. Your great grand parents loved every moment even though it was bitter cold.

After we all went back to Deborah's and Laura's apartment and had lunch and champagne. Students would come in and out as this was their last day to see one another. Their new world was awaiting, the joy ride was over. I can say it was a very gratifying day. The evening we had arranged a family supper together at the local restaurant called the Cathedral Farms. The room was very private and the family and the girls boyfriends joined us for the celebration. The meal was great and the evening ended back at the hotel still quite early but we were all exhausted. Deborah would travel home with Auntie Charlotee. Laura would stay the summer and work locally. The next day would be the trek back to Atlanta. The route back would be straight down 81 from Binghamton to route 77 as described in my trip ticket when relocating to Georgia a year earlier in chapter one. We did stop in Winchester as we did when driving South at the same hotel.

The trip on the second day seemed very long, as every one wanted to get home. The trip was a success and I did not get another warning or a speeding ticket. A sobering thought as we arrived in driveway in Atlanta, you have to do it again next year for Laura.

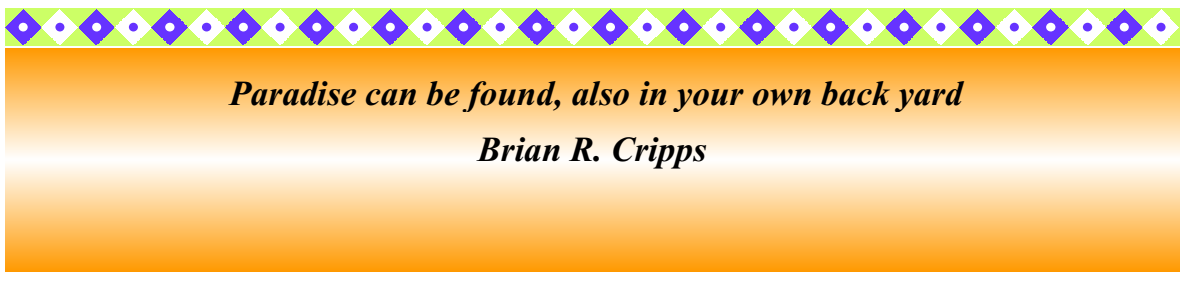
This was a special year for Kathie. In early summer as she would attend the Crane Music Festival in Upper New York State. This would be her second year. She would fly into Mc Arthur Airport on Long Island and stay with Terry and Vinnie from our old neighborhood Kings Park. They were kind enough to get her on the bus to Up State. She won the most outstanding player of the Crane Festival and had a great time. This festival is one that it noted in the musical circles as one to attend for up and coming stars.

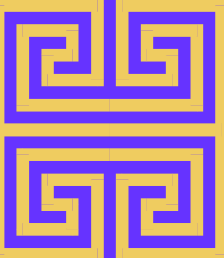
During the summer Deborah was at home working in a local daycare center. She had purchased a new ford escort that would be her main form of transportation for several years. Ford at that time had a special graduate program for students recently receiving a degree. With paper work (degree) in hand and Pop Pop to co sign the loan she marched into the local dealer in Buckhead and bought a car. Deborah would take a summer job at a local daycare center and made little money. It was sufficient to make payments and live home.

This was shorted lived as Eric her boyfriend came to visit and they both announced that Deborah was going to live with him in Portland Main. This was most probably the worst decision I have ever made. But having a small child Heather in our house, I told both of them to leave. Which they did. As I write it brings a pain to my heart as I look back on such a stupid action. Pop Pop was now becoming more dependant on beer and it was certainly showing up in our family life and decisions. Deborah first went to Auntie Charlottes and then left for New York to stay with Robin Riley on Long Island New York, a close school friend. Eric would eventually obtain a job with a tobacco Company and become a rep for the New England area. They would live in Portland for about a year. During this time period they announced their intentions to get married in 1987. Pop Pop was very happy to hear the news. Laura worked the summer so as to catch up on credits she needed to graduate the following year.

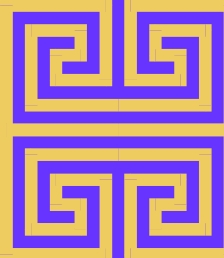
Pop Pop in 1985 was going through a dark and terrible time with drinking. Drinking was not affecting my work although, I was drinking several beers at every lunch time. My life started to revolve around drinking and the social side of drinking had disappeared. On a weekend I would drink three quarts from about 11-00 am to 2-00 pm then go out again and purchase a six pack of 16 oz beers for the rest of the day. This would be my outlet every Saturday and Sunday. Additional social drinking would occur if we went out. This routine would slowly eek away at my life style and the family would become dysfunctional. Nana Pat did not complain but would say don't you think you should try and get help. Of course at that time I shrugged off such remarks. I preface this at this time as it did drastically affect my life in the near future.

As I write today Tuesday June 26th 2001 it's the anniversary of being clean from alcohol for twelve years. Yes I have not drunk any alcohol thanks to the help of AA. I can admit freely that I am an alcoholic and cannot have the first beer no matter what. This part of my life I will touch on , later in this Volume.





Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Four



Troubled Waters

The year was to start out with my mother, your great grandmother, passing away in February. When I received the call I just stood on the stairs and cried. It was such a shame that she should pass away fairly young (73 years old) having only spent nine years in retirement. Her life was very hard, as her medical problems would plague her from such a young age. She really never was without pain from the age of 27 until the Lord took her. I flew over on about the 26th as it took two days to make travel arrangements and my tickets to arrive. Because of the circumstances an autopsy was performed and then she was laid to rest at the funeral home for about a week. I did get to have a quiet time with her at the funeral parlor before the official cremation day. My sister Mavis was just marvelous through the whole affair. The Funeral service was at the Bishopstoke church the one I would attend while growing up in England. Your great Grandfather was beside himself and was pretty bad on the day of the cremation.

The crematorium was at Baddersley Hill in Swaythling. A farewell prayer was conducted and the coffin was carried forward into the preparation room beyond.

The crematorium does have a silent prayer area where one can go on the anniversary date and pay respects. Its very well kept. In the Summer roses grow on the walls surrounding the area. I have only visited it once. My sister goes every anniversary.

The breakfast was back at 195 Chestnut Avenue where I grew up. All our relations and my mother's friends were there. The relations from Reading also traveled down and came to the breakfast. My father was obviously distraught, but held up pretty good during the Breakfast. Mavis had made up a wonderful spread for all the guests and the whole affair went off beautifully. The next day would be different your great grandfather was very upset and wanted to be alone. Your great grandfather had spells of depression and I was not about to leave him by himself just lying on the couch. This was to be a very depressing day for me as I could not console him.



Southern Living



The next week my sister (Your Great Aunt) and myself tried to keep him busy. Trips out to pubs for lunches, and evening pints out in the countryside. I realized this was going to be wrenching when I had to leave. Your great grandfather had relied on your great grandmother for everything. This would now be a major change for him. From being around him for seven days I could tell he could not handle the day-to-day living and survival. I begged him to come home with me in America but he refused and said he would be "OK". Quite the contrary was my reckoning. Mavis and myself had a discussion and I said to Mavis "I will be back within the year. He can not look after himself". My concerns about his future were pretty bleak. We both agreed that he would pine his life away. I had to leave because of job demands although Mr. Harrison had given me three weeks leave of absence with pay. Mavis and Ralph drove me to London airport. I was then on a plane home. I arrived back in the USA March 12th 1986

This was not a very good start to the year and would continue all year long. Some good news was that Nana Pat got a job with a company called Minlerdorfs, a very large Mechanical Distributor in Norcross, not too far from my office. This position was after having several temporary jobs that she did not like. Minglerdorfs was very close to home. Heather would now be dropped of at School and Kathie would be home from High School to watch her off the school bus in the afternoon. Our schedules were pretty good and at times I would meet Nana Pat from work and we would have our salad lunch down at the Chattahoochee Park at Norcross. It was very peaceful down there. Small tables are dotted around the Park. Several are posted along side the river. It was very pleasant to sit down at and listen to the running water that flowed over the rock formations. The river is about 50 yards wide at this point and runs quiet swiftly. One could pass away the lunch hour very quickly but it was restful and quite a break from the office. Our home was kind of clicking along quite well although I was still drinking the same.



Laura's Graduation Oneonta 1986

After the ordeal of the funeral we could look forward to a very pleasing event and that was Laura's graduation at Oneonta. That was to be only a two months away. Preparations were underway. Once again we would convoy up to Binghamton going back over the same route we came home the prior year. Auntie Charlotte would have Bryan and Kathie and even Heather at times in her car. We only rented one Lincoln this time as Charlotte wanted to drive her own. Of course we did stop in Winchester at the same hotel the first night. The second night we had arranged to meet Tony and Wilma Giglio in Binghamton at the holiday Inn as it was only about two hours for them to drive up to see us. We checked in about the same time as before. The evening would be spent in the company of the Giglio's. The meal at the hotel was as I remember crabs legs and shrimp. All you could eat for about \$15.00. Well, at the table was Bryan, Eric, and Jeff, all of whom had a ferocious appetites. The hotel must of lost money that night as they ate pounds and pounds of shrimp. Deborah had

Lauras Graduation



Oneonta New York 1986



traveled from Main to meet us with Eric. The whole family was together for the occasion and it made it real special. The beer flowed pretty fast that night as it was a chance reunion with the Giglios. We had not seen them for about five years when we last met in the Pocono Mountains. Both families had plenty to talk about, and reminisce about old times. It was just a great evening. They did not attend the Graduation, although they were invited. We would continue the same routine as when we attended the last graduation and check in at the hotel in Oneonta the day of graduation.

Commencement speaker this year was xxxxxxxx and the whole affair was old hat as they say having been down the road the year before. After graduation we all went back to Laura's Apartment and celebrated. Had a few beers and food. At the start I went out with Jeff to get some champagne at the local liquor store. On the way we had a wonderful discussion and Jeff ask me for Laura's hand at marriage. Now we had a lot to celebrate. After Graduation we all went to Cathedral Farms again and had a great meal together. Next day was homeward bound. 947 miles to be exact.

Laura would travel home with us and would start a new job with The Hilton Chain as a beverage manager on Industrial Blvd in Norcross. This job lasted exactly two weeks as she did not like working long hours on weekends. So that Laura would have a car to drive I purchased another car for Nana Pat. Laura would now have the Diesel Rabbit. The commute to her new job as a Travel agent was about an hour to Druid Hills Road. This was not far from where we used to live. She seemed to flourish at the job and her boss was very nice to her. We would become on a first name basis, as she was also English. All future travel arrangements would go through her agency. Laura's commute would not be too exhausting as the Spaghetti junction interchange was now completed. The City of Atlanta transportation department started the extension of the northern spur from Briar Cliff road up to Norcross this would now extend very close to my office at Morris E Harrison associates. With extension complete it would be very convenient to travel to the airport from Norcross as it was estimated to take about 45 minutes. This extension did not disrupt traffic extensively on the lower part of Peach Tree Industrial Blvd, as the majority of the work was installed during the night hours. This was the continuing saga of a fast growing city. Highways and public transportation is the lifeline of success for a major City like Atlanta. Today the city is grown so rapidly that it had outstretched the planning committee's effort to avoid congestion and backups. Atlanta is a nightmare when you visit, traffic everywhere even the small arteries are overloaded. The infrastructure at present is maxed out. The population today is well over 3 million.

Summer came around and Kathie once more would attend The Crane Festival in New York. This time she would stay with a close friend from school. The parents were just wonderful and agreed to pick her up in Mc Arthur airport. On Sunday they would get her to the bus depot at Huntington Station and put her on the bus to Upper New York. This year Kathie was voted the most outstanding pianist for the second straight year. After the festival she would stay over for a week with her friend who would visit us during the next year.

The fall would be disastrous. During the year I was starting to get sever pains in my back

passage and would pass it off for awhile but in the end it got to painful and went to a urologist. Doctor Rottenburg was who I had selected from the phone book just because I had been successful with Jewish doctors and I loved their bedside manners. My first trip would result in trying medicine, as the sonic scan did not really show a major problem. Well six days later I had another belt of pains and he sent me for a complete check up of my internals both upper and lower GI series. I also had a diabetes check for sugar levels in my blood. The results were negative but I was scheduled the next week for a bladder inspection in the St Joseph's Hospital. Tuesday was too long to wait I was in such pain every time I emptied my bladder. Pop Pop drove directly to the hospital and admitted himself. It was so excruciating that I had to hold onto the walls of the bathroom. Thursday was my scheduled visit but Doctor Rottenburg gave up part of his vacation and came the next day to operate on me. The initial discovery was that they found a massive stone that was lodged behind the prostate gland. It was measured and the stone was found to be 23 centimeter's in diameter almost an inch round. The operation took about four hours, as they could not brake up the stone with lasers. They sent to another hospital for a hydraulic/ Sonic tool to break it up. The doctor said it split into a million pieces when it eventually broke and splattered all over the operating room. He did save me some of the stone. When talking to me afterwards he was very happy because he had expected the worst, cancer, as treatment with medicine had not worked over the past weeks. To this day I travel to Atlanta to have him check me out when I need consultations. Doctor Rottenburg is a marvelous person and so concerned about his patients welfare.

Kathie had a major operation on her sinus cavities and canals. The doctor indicated that it was a relatively simple operation. The back of the throat where the nose joins the mouth are two channels that needed to be enlarged. The small hospital in Duluth Joan Clancey was selected as it was close to the doctors office and very convenient for us to visit her during recovery. The operation was on a Monday we visited her that evening and she looked pretty bad. The operation was a lot more extensive that the doctor had lead us to believe. Kathie was in a lot of pain and her face was packed with ice. She was not looking good at all. By Friday she was near her normal self but with swelling still prominent around her eyes, She was looking forward to being discharged. She was discharged on the weekend and came home to recuperate. Her progress was pretty slow and she would take a good six weeks to get back to normal. This supposedly minor operation was certainly in my mind a major one.

The fall required young Bryan, to have a nerve relocated in his elbow. This was damaged from playing indoors Soccer, on the hard concrete floors. Doctor Funk, a renowned surgeon from Atlanta, would perform the operation. The operation was a success but it would limit some of his capabilities in throwing the soccer ball. Bryan would now have to spend time in rehabilitation and loose some time playing for Winthrop College. This automatically eliminated his scholarship that was helping towards his college fees. Admittedly the scholarship was minimal, I believe. Half of the tuition fees only.

The word came in late December 18th that your great grandfather had passed away. This was not such a surprise as I had been expecting the worst during the year. Apparently he rode his bike to my uncle Bills house in Bishopstoke, but they were not in. The trip was

about two and half miles up some very steep hills. He then went in a direction that was opposite to the homeward bound journey one would expect him to take. He was discovered laying in the road having collapsed of an heart attack about four miles away. Because of the circumstances the autopsy had to be performed to see if the death was hit and run by a driver of a car. This delayed the funeral, as Christmas was upon us, it was decided to postpone the funeral until the first week in January. I flew out on the day after Christmas. This Christmas we had a house full of guests, so I could not leave immediately. Bryans friend Tommy and Paul, Eric and Deborah, Jeff and Laura would stay at our home.

I arrived in England and made my way down to Eastleigh. I would stay the entire time at 195 Chestnut Avenue the house I grew up in and now owned. Your great grandfather was not transferred to the funeral home as they are called in England until the second of January. I could pay my respects once more to him in the small room at the funeral home. I made all the arrangements and Mavis once again provided the wonderful Breakfast meal afterwards. Your great grandfather was also cremated at the same crematorium as was your great grandmother. This was just ten months apart from the first funeral. Once again all the relations and friends were there and it was quiet sad to have to together in such a short period of time.

I needed to tie up all the legal arrangements and go over the will with the solicitors. Mavis and myself went to the office of Brooks and White in Eastleigh. I was to inherit the house and the contents was to be shared. I had arranged for Mavis to take what ever she wanted and also that she could have the all the money in the bank account. The house as you may recall I had purchased indirectly by providing the down payment and monthly mortgage fees and rates, while they were both living. The solicitor informed me that the will would go to probate and the title would then pass to me. I signed all matters relating to the finalization of a legal instrument over to the solicitor. The power of attorney was drawn up and I was quite satisfied with this arrangement. John Moody was in the loop if technical problems arose. During the next year all went well legally at least. I made arrangements with Eric Piper, who was a close friend from the Caronia days to look after the land and shrubs. Eric agreed to keep up the garden and use a the vegetable plot for himself. The heat and electricity was to remain on and Derrick my cousin would check out the place every couple of weeks. All now was in place I could make my way back to the USA with assurance that the house would be kept in good condition and with some one overlooking the property. I arrived home in the USA in February

I had not really mourned the death of either parent and I guess it was playing a big role in my life. Well, in Late March on a very warm sunny day I decided to get drunk. It was just before Easter weekend. After spending eight hours at a bar and consuming 30 bottles of beer I was practically paralyzed. I made my way back to the office and during this time had an argument with a fellow employee to the extent that a fight broke out and I ruffed him up pretty bad. His jaw and teeth were in pretty bad shape. I have never raised my fist to anyone because you have to drive me to extreme limits for me to respond in such away. Mr. Harrison was on vacation and this was certainly something that I would need to talk to him about immediately he arrived home. Easter Sunday we met and I explained all the

circumstances and he was very supportive and said you don't have to leave the company. Mr. Harrison said "that he would have full hearing on the Tuesday when he would be in the office". He had at that time only heard my side of the story. Tuesday arrived and I was not at work as he had said take a week off and cool down. Eventually things did get straightened out, but the person filed a law suite against me and this now required the services of a lawyer. The suite was for criminal intent and bodily harm. Once again we were back requiring the services of a lawyer. What a mess again. I was really scared of all the ramifications and was advised by the attorney to leave the state for awhile until he could get things under control. Eventually in late 1998 a settlement of \$1700 out of court ended this very aggravating experience brought on by my drinking.

The position at Morris E. Harrison was still open for me and I was in the middle of a large project in Shanghai China. The total project with John Portman Associates was under my direct control. It was a 10 story podium for hotel operations with the Registration Desk on the third floor. The podium had five types of restaurants. The entrance into through a magnificent court yard three stories high all in a Chinese style with cobble stone paving accented the yard. The elevators servicing the podium levels would ride in the hotel se-through a cascading waterfall. The roof of the podium level had tennis courts and a mini-ature golf course. Their was a 37 story high rise in the back for patrons and two high rise 47 story extended living apartments each side. The project kept me in constant touch with Bob Sullivan. We were at one time both sheduled to to visit the site in China. I had obtain all visas and necessary documentation, had shots and was ready to travel. The trip was canceled two days before departure, so once again I did not have the opportunity to travel to the Far East. The Chinese delegation had decided to travel to the USA and resolve all contract issues. They arrived about two weeks later and it was very interesting as their team consisted of about twenty people including several Ministers of Public Affairs. The negotiations as you can well imagine went very slowly. On one occasion with the inter-preter interjecting his slant on the subject there was a great laugh from the delegation. Our plans showed two parking levels for cars about 240 stalls. They said that there was only 200 cars in the whole of China at that time. The two level parking was eliminated and instead one level converted to bicycle racks for personnel. Evenings we would entertain the delegation at the famous restaurant Fisherman's Cove in the Peachtree Westin Hotel. The Chinese were crazy for our lobster and each would order a three pound one each night. As I sat at the table my thoughts would wonder and I would say to myself that this meal we were having would feed a whole village in China. You are very lucky to have been born in this wonderful country, as they say "The Land of Plenty"!

There was a happy time during what was a dismal year. Deborah was to be married in April in New York Elmsford at St Joseph of Aramethia in Eric's home town. With the ar-rangements now under way it kept me quite busy helping Nana Pat. The couple had made arrangements for their wedding reception to be held on a restaurant on the Sound on the Westcheter side. At the last minute it had to be changed as they went out of business. They did receive their deposit back after a fight and threats by Eric. During the fitting of the maid of honor dresses being produced in Atlanta, it was discovered that they had man u-factured them in the wrong color. Teal green was the color. They came out a spinach green. Panic set in as this was just three week before the wedding. The seamstress for the



Deborah's Wedding New York April 1987

company so as to fabricate them on time took the material home. Each was hand made. The company did agree to send the corrected colored ones air freight to New York. Nana Pat would have the ones for Kathie and Heathers with her to bring to New York. The reception would be at the Ramana Inn in Elmsford. Well, the night for us to travel on Thursday to New York Eastern Airline cancelled the 9-00 pm flight to New York. Remembering back we had another incident while checking in the wedding cake knife was taken from us as it could be used as a weapon they said. It was now starting to become similar to Nana Pat and Pop Pop's wedding. All arrangements going wrong. We did get another flight at 11-00 pm because of Nana Pats convincing way with Eastern staff. She told me to wait patiently on the side and we did for about half an hour until the crowds had cleared out. Of course there was a lot of bad tempers and words flying around because of the delay. Quietly with wedding gowns under her arms

she explained the urgency for us to arrive that night. After about fifteen minutes the supervisor came over and politely informed us to take the voucher and go to TWA on Course "C" as the plane would be taking off in twenty minutes for LaGuardia. Mad dash across Atlanta airport and we made the plane with both Heather and Kathie tracking behind. We eventually arrived at Elmsford at 3-30 am. Deborah had checked into the hotel and was very worried and thought the worst had happened. When we entered her room she just broke down crying with such joy. Friday night was the rehearsal and all went well. Derrick my cousin and Gloria his wife had traveled to New York on Tuesday. I had made arrangements for their rooms on my account. Amazingly on Wednesday when they went on the hotel courtesy bus to a local shopping mall for a few hours the hotel did some minor renovating as they put it. On arriving back after several hours they went to their floor to find it completely gutted. Derrick told me he was furious as they had moved all his belongings with out permission to another room on the fourth floor. He quoted as saying it looked like a war was in progress on his original floor. Deborah, had not been informed of this while making these arrangements that modernization was going to take place the very weekend of her wedding. To top it off two large dumpsters out front at the main entrance were stored high with rubbish. What a site for guests to see. The rehearsal was very nice and the reverend extremely pleasant. The church was small but beautifully kept with gardens and shrubbery all cut neatly. We all had a great time at the dinner after the rehearsal and the bridal party were very high spirit, although we had gone through several mishaps up until now. The wedding day was spectacular and it all went off without a further hitch. The weather did not behave and it was pretty stormy right up until the wedding started. Reverend Campbell gave such a lovely service. There was an hilarious part that had us all laughing. During they ceremony the doors were opened up as it got really hot inside the church. Kathie was singing one of the songs when a large bumble bee came into the church and kept buzzing around her while she sang some of the notes came out

Deborah & Eric's Wedding



1987



quite skewed or off key, as she was pretty scarred of the Bee.

The hotel did put on a very lovely reception and all who attended had a great time. One item that displeased me was the fact that they ran out of some hors d'oeuvres. I had specifically told the catering staff to make sure this did not happen. Jim and Mary Daly came from New Jersey and so did David Bligh with Lydia his daughter so it was kind of a home coming for me. Nana Pat's Uncle Howard and Emma from Connecticut Uncle Billy and Nana Pat's brother was also in attendance. Auntie Charlotte and Conrad flew up and stayed in the New York City overnight. Nana Pat's brother was not feeling to well at that time and looked very pale. Something major was going on and he would not talk about it. The wedding couple would honeymoon in Cancun Mexico. We were now informed that Laura and Jeff's wedding would follow in May of 1998 just one year away. I kept saying to myself "where am I going to get all this money from"? This, however, was a very happy time amongst the gloom hanging over my head.



Fisherman's Reef Lower Beach

The family during the Summer did travel to St Thomas and stay at Fisherman's Reef hotel. US Air flight from Charlotte to St Thomas, this time was very pleasant, and without the usual thunder storms one normally passes through each time you fly over Central Florida. It took about two and half hours to reach St Thomas. Well, the airport is not what I expected. Just a few nissen huts coupled together. After passing through customs we took the local bus provided once again by the tour company to the hotel. On arriving it was spectacular. The Foyer was tastefully decorated in pink and soft blue sea shells with wicker furniture. The receptionist was extremely pleasant and we were escorted to our rooms by the bell hop. Opening up our window shades we could see directly out to sea as the hotel sits at the entrance to the harbor way up on a hill. It was a fantastic view. Nana Pat once more the scout. After about an hour we all got together in one room and she gave us the scoop.

She explained that the pool sat overlooking the harbor with no obstructions in the way. It was a fabulous view. People were out side at pool side enjoying the afternoon sun. That sounded like the place to be. All of us jumped into our costumes and went pool side. As usual it was too hot in the sun for me so I sat in the shade of the bar. You could see the town of St Thomas and several cruse ships had arrived as it was Thursday and there is normally by mid-day three or four cruse ships in the harbor. From right opposite the bar was steps that lead down to a landing dock about four hundred feet below winding through very craggy rocks. A small tender boat ran every hour to and from the hotel. This short trip of ten minutes saved one from taking the bus all the way around the harbor to get to town. The hamburgers smelt good cooking and we all had a pool side late lunch. Kathie with Heather wondered off on a reconnaissance mission. They took the elevator down to the lower beach that was about a mile long. At the far end was a beach house



Pop Pop's Early Morning Stroll

where breakfast was served if you wanted it. The building had a thatched roof and was made of bamboo logs. This I would check out the next morning. The whole hotel was very upscale and expensive but worth every penny as far as I was concerned. One thing about Pop Pop he spares no expense when traveling. The evening we would spend time in the night club for a short while and enjoy the disco music. Kathie would put this on her list to visit when we were in bed.

Bright and early I arose, and made my way for breakfast, at the Beach House. Pop Pop, is a morning person and loves to get up and about before the crowds. After slowly making my way down the elevator, to the lower level the doors opened up right outside the Heliport pad. Guided tours were \$50 for about a twenty minute ride. "Not courageous enough to do that" I said to myself. Passed this by and then strolled along the beach listening to the waves silently nestle on the sand, and rolled back of the beachhead.

The water was very clear similar to the Cayman Islands. The stroll along the beach I would come in contact with the locals now out preparing the beach for the hotel patrons. The beaches are beautifully kept in the Caribbean. By the time the hotel wakes up all is spick and span as they say. It was so quiet walking along the beach but I arrived at the Beach house and made my way through the foyer up stairs to the landing as it was a wide open vestibule. The staff were busy as the food was just being rolled out at 6-30 am. I was greeted with a pleasant good morning and seated at the front of the room. As I sat down the blinds or window shades were opened up and you looked out into a small cove. The warm clammy air moved through the building as each window dressing was opened up. There is no air conditioning in St Thomas. The main building at least for this hotel did have it for the patrons. The food was buffet style and the fruits were very fresh and tasty. Of course I had my usual eggs, bacon, potatoes, and toast and a fresh bowl of fruit. There were delightful pastries and rolls. It was very relaxing just to sit and let your mind drift into space. It was surely paradise. This would be my port of call every morning for the four days we were at the hotel. Nana Pat and Kathie along with Heather were not up until about 8-30 am. I just went for a very cool swim in the pool as the sun was just brimming the hillside and the sparkling water and reflections were darting around in the harbor. The cruise ships had left so it would be an ideal time to visit town during the day. As I sat at the pool bar obviously not drinking as it was still early in the morning about 7-30 am I noticed Iguana's hanging onto the trees that barely fit on the sloping craggy rocks around the hotel. These creatures are well known to the Islanders and they keep themselves away from humans. There must have been a family of six clinging to the trees and eating away. They are very colorful and look like they should be on the Galapagos Islands and not St Thomas. I had left a small supply of rolls for Kathie in our room as I knew she would not be up for Breakfast. Nana Pat and Heather eventually arose and would eat breakfast in the hotel. It was now pool time for the both of them and they made their way down to the lower level beach. I hung out at pool side in the shade. It was not drinking time yet, but it



St. Thomas Shopping For Gold

was very quiet and peaceful just to sit and be a people watcher. St. Thomas is known for its gold items and its about fifty percent cheaper than the USA. Kathie kept reminding me of this as her High School graduation was not far away. We decided as she did not want a high school ring we would purchase a fine necklace in St Thomas that we did and she was very happy. The afternoon when it was just too hot to sit out in the sun we decided to take the ferry across to the town. It was a very pleasant ride and the breeze in your face cooled you down. We docked exactly opposite the Mc. Donalds restaurant. How convenient. The town is quite small, The back roads and alley ways make it very unique and one can imagine what it was like in olden times with pirates living on the Island. We obviously did what all tourist do and that was just mingle and go between stores window shopping. Eventually we found a very beautiful necklace for Kathie for her High School graduation gift from Nana and Pop Pop. I was fairly reasonable around \$80 USA. We bought several items we needed such as crack-

ers and other snacks as they were much cheaper in the town. After three hours we went back to Mac Donalds and ate a Hamburger and fries. The Ferry was in dock waiting and we boarded and went back to the hotel. I always remember climbing the stairs up to the hotel and a couple of the Iguanas appeared pretty close to the pathway. The girls jump back a mile as they had not seen them yet this was their first encounter. Shreeks! and shrills ! and then with a laugh we eventually got past the creatures. On arriving at the Plateau were the pool was we all took a drink at the bar and cooled off. Plans were made for the evenings meal. It was decided to go the Black Beards Castle for a special meal.

With us now all spruced up, and ready for a nice evening meal, at 8-00 pm we took a cab



Breakfast At The Beach House

into town. The trip was about twenty minutes as the cab would wind its way up the steep hills to the top where the hotel was located. On arriving we were escorted to the outdoor patio. The view was just breathtaking with the night lights shinning in the harbor. looking out in to the ocean the moon sparkled on the calm ocean it was just like a mirror. It was a very sticky night, and the restaurant had no air conditioning so it was very uncomfortable. The meal was very extra special and well worth the trip. With the meal over we went down to the harbor and walk for a while typical tourist. It was very restful and two cruise ships had arrived so there was a lot of activity all along the dockside. People laughing and just having fun it was so enjoyable to here their voices. On settling back at the hotel Kathie was itching to get to the night club. So we said good night and made our way to the rooms for a welcomed sleep after a

busy day. Saturday would be our last day and Nana Pat would join me for an early morning breakfast at the Beach House. It was so nice just to sit and listen to the waves braking over the rocky coast line as we sat in the veranda. Nana Pat stole the pasties as she knew Kathie and Heather would not make breakfast. Its always sad on Saturdays when you visit the Islands as you know its your last day. The routine was pretty much the same lots of pool and beach, The evening meal we had on the hotel patio and it was very enjoyable evening. Kathie partied again I said she needed to be up at 6-00 am as the flight was at 9-00 am and we were to picked up at 7-00 am. Sunday came and we made our way to the airport. The Nissen huts were not air conditioned and it was a very muggy morning. The lines were long getting through immigration and customs but we boarded and would take off. Wow! what a surprise the plane takes off in a direction heading straight for a mountain. The captain steered us just over it and made a sharp turn to the east. My thought were what for?. Planes that take off from St Thomas need to be as light as possible as the runway is short, and to get over the mountain. Refueling is not permitted at St. Thomas as the planes need to be as light as possible. Well, we headed just a short distance and landed in St. Croix. After an half hour lay over and the fuel tanks loaded up the plane took off for Charlotte North Carolina. We arrived home around 2-00 pm in the afternoon having experienced a wonderful four days in the Caribbean.



25th Weeding Anniversary

October this year 1987 was to be our 25 wedding anniversary. The family would all have a reunion at VA Beach. We flew in on a Thursday night and would spend a memorable weekend with the whole family. As I write these memoirs we are now approaching our 40th anniversary. The union of man and wife in the New Millennium seems to be vanishing. Only last week I listened to a factoid where by it was quoted “That by 2010 80% of all the children will be living with single parents”. This surely a sad state of affairs in the USA. Our country is slowly falling into an abyss of non religious practices, much to its demise

Laura and Jeff were to be married in Atlanta in May of 1998. New plans to formulate. The wedding would be at the Mansion, a very famous reception and catering facility.

After several visits and talking with the management staff it was decided to hold a garden wedding service out on the patio alongside the fish pond. Laura’s maid of honor was Deborah and her best friends were also in the maids in waiting. The guests were all to check in at the Ramana Inn downtown Atlanta. The Limo’s would leave from our home at 3388 Peach Tree Chase. The Friday evening rehearsal went off without a hitch, well not quite. Mr. and Mrs. Menger, Jeffs, parents had checked in at the Ramana Inn and came down stairs for a drink at the bar.

We were all there as I had blocked twenty rooms for guests and friends. Jeffs friends had arrived from Charleston as they were on a week bender boozing and playing golf. It was

great, all pleasant talk and drinks flowing pretty good. Mr Menger went back to the room for some money to find that they had been cleaned out of clothes and money. What a start to this wedding I thought. This whole affair would tie them up for a couple of hours with the police, etc. The hotel were very good about the whole thing and even gave them an allowance to get clothes for the wedding. I had to shoot off to the airport to get Uncle Billy who was flying down. Uncle Harry was very poorly and in the Hospital. His flight was late and I had to drive at some speed to make the rehearsal at the Mansion. Billy always said it was like being at Daytona for a short twenty minutes, that's all it took from the Airport to the Mansion. After the rehearsal that was conducted at the Mansion the wedding party all went to the Pitty Pats Porch in Atlanta proper. The pastor was invited but declined. I was praying that nothing else would happen as we had such problems with Deborah's wedding. Wedding Day the weather was beautiful and we were all in a great mood. Derrick Gloria and Simon their son flew over and were staying with us. They went down early to the Mansion and we would follow in the Limousines. On arriving the Mansion had been turnover to a perfect setting with an arbor and rosés every where. The restaurant was be-



Laura's & Jeff's Wedding Atlanta

ing set up and was a two level construction and was very intimate and perfectly done out with flowers. I was very pleased with the way it all looked. Pastor xxxxx arrived and would take his place under the arbor of roses. The Limousines arrived one by one and every one looked fantastic. I wore, as did all the ushers light grey with a gray cummerbund. The band Laura had chosen was in place and we were ready for the service and party that would follow.

The pastor conducted a beautiful ceremony and the word and vows were so different. As they both made their vows birds were singing out loud and it just made a perfect setting.

All said and done it was party time and every one did carry on. The food was excellent and everyone was invited back to the hotel to drink

on Pop Pop at our room as we had a very large suite room with adjoining doors to a spare room. Derrick had set up the bar during the day so that we could all carry on at night. Ice was bought in. The party never ended as the honeymooners were staying over at the airport hotel in Atlanta airport. The party wrapped up at about 3-30 am. The Giglio's would attend as they had just moved to Atlanta from Pennsylvania. Bob Sullivan and Corney and a very good friend David Lue from Morris Harrison Associates. Nan Pats Auntie Emma and Uncle Howard took the long journey down from Connecticut. It was quite a trip for them as Emma had back problems and Howard only drove during the daylight hours

There is a sad side to all of this and that is that Bob Sullivan on the following Tuesday passed away after having a massive heart attack. Such a good friend to have lost. I still feel very strongly towards him and I hope he can tell in heaven. We were good friends. Its strange how God works. The year was extremely difficult for your great Uncle Harry he

Laura & Jeff's Wedding



1988



had spent such a lot of time in the hospital and was dying of cancer. I was obviously close at hand being in New York at the time and was able to visit with him on several occasions while he was suffering in the Hospital. Eventually he would succumb to the cancer and pass away on June 12th just a few weeks after Laura's wedding. The whole family would fly to New York and attend the funeral.

Eventually in September I would resign from Morris E. Harrisons Associates. After several weeks of job searching I decided it was better for me to move to New York. I knew I could get a job right away in New York. After talking to several Job shops I did sign up with a company I had previously worked for. Pop Pop would be employed by Lever Brothers once again. This was my third time with the company. I called David Bligh, who I knew was living by himself and ask if he put me up for awhile. He replied gladly. We agreed on a rent and I would make my way up north. It was now early November and I made the trek north once more. The journey would, or was planned to pass by Deborah's and Eric's apartment on the way up to New York as they were now living in Virginia Beach. I spent a lovely evening with them both and the next day headed for New York. It would take about seven more hours to get to Long Island.

I was now to live in Huntington Station with David. This of course was not the best solution as David was a very heavy drinker and we used to party a lot together when we were younger. But I was with a friend and we did get into a good routine. That Monday after arriving I got my old job back as an electrical engineer in the Central Engineering Group, at Lever Brothers in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. I had made arrangements to start work at 6-30 am and leave at 3-30 pm so that I would miss the rush hour in New York. Lever Brothers management were quite aware of my commuting problems and did accommodate a change in normal hours. They had instituted flexi hours so it worked out well for me. The first job assignment was a project being developed in Greenville South Carolina. After about two months of travel backwards and forwards to Greenville they ask if I would relocate to Greenville and they would pay for a hotel on a monthly basis for the next four months. I'm now only two hours from home so weekend commuting to Atlanta was very accommodating. Twice a month I was required to go back to New York. On returning to I would stay with David as I still continued to pay rent. Prior to going to Greenville I had about three months with David and we did carry on during weekends much as we left off when we in business together. David had been out of work for about two years so I was footing the bill for our soirees.

The project in Greenville was not going to to plan, CRS. Serrine were having difficulty meeting the standards expected by Lever Brother's. My part of the project was to get it back on track as far as the electrical engineering and design drawings. The fast track construction schedule was falling further and further behind schedule this meant lost production and projected revenue. The construction site was in Cartersville Georgia about two hours from our home in Duluth. During the project at CRS. Serrine, through Mr Bill Hammon head of the Electrical Engineering Department I was offered a permanent position in the Greenville office. I had a discussion with the Lever Brothers management team and they were very helpful and said go ahead as you are pretty well wrapped up in the office in Greenville with our project. With their blessing I interviewed with the man-

agement team at C.R.S. Sirrine and was hired, I would need to report for business on July 4th. Well my first day would be a holiday what luck, may be things would change now in my life. Now I had to pack and move down South again to Greenville. Once again I stopped over in Va Beach as it was about the halfway marker and had a great time with both Deborah Eric and Laura and Jeff were now living in VA Beach also. Jeff This worked out real well and I would stay with David through July 1998. After moving to Greenville I would rent a one bedroom apartment. The job would require me to commute for eighteen months between Greenville and Atlanta. so that Kathie could finish High School and Heather elementary school. This new job was very demanding and I was Bill Hammonds fireman as they say. If a project was in trouble I got the assignment to check it and make recommendations and corrections. This would mean extensive travel and of course a lot of time away from home during the week. Several times I just flew to the West Coast for a three hour meeting with PG&E in Portland and got on the red eye back to Atlanta. The project was a chip plant for Fujitsu in Gresham. This would mean I would be in the office the next day at 9-00 am after flying 6400 miles in just twenty four hours. I spent a lot of time in Wichita Falls, Texas at a fiber plant. Richmond Virginia was also another port of call. Phillip Morris tobacco plant. At one time I had flown in twenty seven aircraft in seventeen days. All of this stress was slowly taking its toll. I was now drinking as soon as I got on a plane in the morning. Most flights I was able to upgrade to first class so I could get a beer. The one way fare was only thirty dollars for an upgrade. I had accumulated so many frequent flyer miles, about 220,000 spare at that time so I could use either the miles or pay for upgrade that I did. This was a very busy year and I was not in touch with the family spiritually or physically. When I was home I would drink most of the day on weekends as I said before. Alcohol had taken over my life. Some how my job did not suffer but I wonder how as I look back at this very miserable time of my life. I really needed to get into an alcohol prevention program but Pop Pop was not yet ready. I had not fallen far enough down to realize my plight and what it was doing to my body. Nana Pat stuck by me through all the rough time of the late eighties. Was there to be a relief? Pop Pop has found this chapter very painful to write as it brings back many sad and bad memories.

There were some bright spots along the way Kathie was selected to governors honors for both voice and for piano. We did not go to Savannah with her for voice but did go to Valdosta for her piano. Honors for Georgia school of music would last six weeks so it was very intense. The journey further south towards Florida would take about 4 1/2 hours and was only 14 miles from the Florida State line. The college was a very neat but small. Kathie was voted the outstanding pianist and played with the string quartet. This was quite an honor for her. The State even flew over Mr. Bates from Spain who was a famous concert pianist to tutor her for a week. She was making big strides with her playing and looked certain to go to Rochester New York to study music.

1988 would finish up on a more positive note. Christmas would be quiet at our house as the older girls and their husbands would stay in VA Beach. We had arranged for Kathie and Heather to fly to Va Beach the day after Christmas as we were going to settle the estate in England. The house was put on the market in September and was sold within three weeks. Closing was to be handled by John Moody acting with power of attorney

prior to our arrival. The house would need cleaning out for the new owners to have occupancy, February 1st. As an investment the house turned out very successful, and we would realize after all expenses about \$89,000. Allowing for the mortgage and initial down deposit we made about \$60,000 in about One and half years. We would stay in the house for the entire trip.

First order of business was to thank Eric Piper for looking after the garden and grounds that were in excellent shape. I invited him to take any of the gardening tools or ladders he wanted. Eric was so appreciative as the ladders were worth together about 400 English pounds. With all the gardening tools and accessories he was very happy. Next was to have Mavis finish cleaning up the attic and take what she needed. The clothes that had been left in the furniture were removed and given to the Salvation Army. Derrick and Gloria had advertised a furniture sale during the Christmas New Year week. We also had distributed flyers at several major car parking locations. The response was quite good and the majority of the large furniture went before we departed. What was precious was your great grandfather's tool collection. I had arranged with Mr. Bill Luffman the union representative who was now a councilor to meet with the local Technical College and donate the tools. The tools we were told would be prizes for the next five years to the outstanding apprentice at the college. This pleased me, and would have certainly made your great grandfather happy. With a few pounds in our pocket from the sale of furniture I gave Gloria a Derrick 150 pounds as a gift. The expenses for looking after the home had been paid to them on a monthly basis. We still had several items left over. Derrick said "he would get rid of them and send us the money". This was now closure on what had been my life in England.

We returned to the USA in early January. Gloria and Derrick asked if they could come to the USA and stay with us until he got a Green Card as it was in those days. They were scheduled to arrive in late January just three weeks away.

I could never fathom out why they did it this way. They sold all their belongings house and belongings and just came over hoping to immigrate by being in America as they really like the USA. Who wouldn't. They arrived as scheduled and we had them settled in to our home. Derrick was a pretty big drinker so this did not help my situation on weekends. I was still traveling a great deal with my job and would schedule to be home weekends. Nana Pat would see very little of me as I was always out having a few beers with Derrick who was bored all week with nothing to do. Derrick was just having fun and not contributing to the house bills or food they ate. Each time we went out I picked up the tab. In March they bought a new Chevy Beretta that Nana Pat and I had to cosign for. For three weeks they took off for Texas to see friends they had visited before.

Late March while I was traveling to Texas I stopped off in Atlanta and made a call. Nana Pat said "come straight home Kathie needs you". This was the start of a terrible time in our house as Kathie was having a severe depression that would require professional counseling. The family would need to attend several sessions and that included me. Well to keep the story short the psychiatrists insisted I get into a program for alcohol addiction. My remark when leaving and walking across the parking lot was. "No shrink is going to tell me what to do". The family was dysfunctional and the pivotal person as head of the

household was in deep trouble with drinking. I still did not see me as needing help and things were getting pretty bad. Again I say my job was not suffering and somehow I could function quite well. I guess my timing to drink when I was in the office was basically after hours. I did go directly to a bar every night while at the apartment in Greenville. Kathie was slowly recovering and would need several months to get on her feet. She would graduate in late May. Winthrop College was her choice to advance her education. In April John and Madge Moody came over for a visit. They first would visit Washington DC and then make their way to VA Beach. John would rent a car from a new outfit call rent a bomb (meaning a second hand car). They were both happy and stopped off at Williamsburg before the final destination at VA Beach. As I was still doing a lot of traveling and would be close at hand in Richmond. I was to fly into Norfolk close by and pick them up for their final destination being Duluth Georgia. This I did and they arrived for a stay over of about two weeks. Derrick now had a partner for the week and both couples would visit local area historical places as Derrick had already been to most of them in Atlanta. One important stop while they were with us visiting was the Laser Light Show that we all would attend. I was deathly sick that night with a heavy cold. John and Madge were very impressed with the show and could not keep from talking about it.

Sunday would be a special Lunch at the hotel on Lake Lanier as it was John and Madges last days with us, they were going to travel home on Monday to Washington DC. The last leg of their journey would take them over the pond to England. We all got very neatly dressed and went to lake Lanier With valet parking we pulled up directly in front of the entrance. A service person all neatly dressed in a white uniform took the car and parked it. Pop Pop had made reservation in advance and had requested a window seat. We were placed looking out over the lake and the view was breathtaking. The food was even better. It was certainly a fitting place to send John and Madge on their trip home. After brunch we walked around the complete hotel and soaked in a little sun on the upper deck before leaving. With farewells in the evening I was on my way back to work in Greenville 134 miles away. Derrick would run John and Madge to the airport.

During my week days in Greenville prior to starting AA I met Charles Humphries. Charles was the son of the owner of Umbro Sports apparel company in England. Charles was on assignment in the USA, and awaiting a Green Card. His duties were as an agent for the company on all overseas sales. We became good buddies as you might say and would spend many an evening at the bar talking about the English Premier League. Charles father who had passed away was originally on the Board of Directors for Manchester City. Charles knew the international world of soccer and all of the main game players. He had a collection of famous player shirts, as Umbro supplied shirts to such teams as Brazil, Italy and England. During the past years Umbro was broken up over a hostile take over of the company and it was quite disastrous for Charles as he was out of work and still had not gotten his Green Card. Eventually he did obtain it and would settle down in the USA.

God must have been looking in on the side lines and in June, on the 26th while I was driving towards a bar in Greenville I turned off and called AA. They told me where the meeting was that night. I made my way there and sheepishly slid off to one side. After about ten minutes a

member came over and introduced himself and said “Can we help you” “I said it was my first time” and he replied “welcome and please make yourself at home”. He also said “I only need your first name” “Brian,” I replied. He said if you could help please put out the chairs as its about a another twenty minutes before we start. I am not going into details as it is to remain Anonymous just as the AA symbol means Alcoholics Anonymous. I attended meetings in both Greenville and Lawrenceville Georgia. Mondays ,Tuesday, Wednesdays, and Thursdays in Greenville. Friday nights Saturday Morning and Sunday afternoon in Lawrenceville. I would continue the recovery program until the end of the year. This was such a turning point in my life. As I have said Before, I’m still clean thanks to the companionship and counseling of AA.

As it is One Day at a time and only one to get through. If I drank one beer it would be the case. So there is, “ no one beer in my life today”!

June 1989 I was asked by Bill Hammond if I would like to join the newly formed Power Division of CRS. Sirrine. He said “it would be with his blessing as I had all the tools they needed, having come from that background and experience”. This was to be a very rewarding change in my careered path. Mr Bill Nelson who was the Chief Electrical Engineer assigned me to business development and project proposal work. This would mean that I would be involved in all new proposals and start of a brand new Electrical Power Department. I was now settling in with my first permanent company in nearly 30 years and I needed to start thinking about my retirement investments. The steady type of corporate structure and security would allow me to invest in the newly approved government 401K plans. One could invest 10% of your salary and that’s what I started to invest in.

In late October Derrick, after losing a lot of money on a business investment in Greenville and not obtaining a Green Card was advised by the Immigration Authority to leave the country, as his visa or visitation was over extended. This he immediately responded too and left the country. He had tried several time to secure a Green Card with the federal Authorities, but was advised that you must obtain it in England period. We have since become estranged and never talk or communicate with each other. I think it is in the best of interest that we part ways. This whole affair was pretty demanding on Nana Pat as they did little in nine months to help in the house or bills. They basically scrounged off us.



October would be the turning point of what was a very bleak ending to the eighties. It was my Fiftieth birthday and I decided to take the whole family to the Cayman Islands for a Pop Pop fully paid for vacation. We were scheduled to arrive October 26th on my birthday and leave October 30th. What a trip this was going to be after such a dismal three years. We were to all to meet in Miami. Eric& Deborah, Jeff & Laura, Bryan and Kathie would come home from college as he was graduating in December. Nana Pat and myself along with Kathie and Heather would fly out of Atlanta to Miami. We met in the Cayman Airways terminal and the fun started. Pop Pop was given a standing ovation on arrival. The 50 year old pin big enough



Family Arrival Grand Cayman

so every one could tell he was over the hill was placed on my shirt. The atmosphere was electrifying and we were all in a happy mood. The seating on the plane split us up a little but it was only a short flight to Cayman. Nana Pat and Pop Pop were the only ones to have been there before. What a great surprise onboard was about twenty people dressed up in 17th century dresses like pirates and wenches. I did not realize that when we booked the flights that it was the famous Pirates Week celebration on the Island. This always is celebrated during the last week of October. When we arrived there were at least three bands playing the traditional music

as it was last time we visited. Customs over and we were all on our way to the Holiday Inn on seven mile beach. I had booked rooms in the same section as we had last time but on the third floor. The troops were on the Tennis Court side away from the pool so it was a lot quieter. Everyone checked in it was time to party at the bar and hang out at the pool. This was to be my first big test with AA (One day at a time). The troops were ready and the beer and special Island drinks were flowing quickly. It did not take our group long to get into the Pirates Week celebrations.

The routine on the Islands is pretty regimented and follows a similar schedule as you normally only stay for two complete days and one half day on arrival. The fourth day is traveling home. The whole intent is to get as much of the sun, history, town, tourist attractions, and pleasure at the hotel as you can all in short order. Yes, it's very tiring especially with this group as there is so much going on. Friday was hang out at the Beach at the hotel early morning. The big guys went snorkeling and went out pretty deep. To their surprise they came across a small hammerhead shark about 4 foot long they came back swimming as fast as they could. Thus ended their snorkeling activities. Lunch was at pool side. At



Booze Cruise

two in the afternoon it was a quiet walk around George Town. The evening we would go on a booze cruise out of the Hyatt Regency hotel on the bay side of the Island but just a short distance from our hotel. It was a very comfortable night so we walked to the hotel and waited for the 7-00 pm cruise on a catamaran. We waited in the courtyard of the hotel and took a good look around. It was very neat and impressive. On the balconies were several of the revelers from the plane still dressed in their costumes. I guess this was to be

two in the afternoon it was a quiet walk around George Town. The evening we would go on a booze cruise out of the Hyatt Regency hotel on the bay side of the Island but just a short distance from our hotel. It was a very comfortable night so we walked to the hotel and waited for the 7-00 pm cruise on a catamaran. We waited in the courtyard of the hotel and took a good look around. It was very neat and impressive. On the balconies were several of the revelers from the plane still dressed in their costumes. I guess this was to be

their entire wardrobe for the weekend. We pulled out on time and the cruise would last



The Love Sun Crowd

for two hours supposedly. Well, about half hour into it a terrific storm blew up and it was as black as could be. The captain turned the catamaran around and headed for calmer waters in close to the Island. The party was still a great success and we danced the night away. Arriving back on land we all went back to the Holiday Inn and partied to the music Barefoot Man out at pool side. Nana and Pop Pop went to bed at about midnight having had just a great time with the family. The young ones would party until the wee ours of the Morning as the music stopped at 2-00 am.

Friday morning was very quiet and we all except for Pop Pop would hang out on the beach. Pop Pop would only stay for a short time so as not to get burnt. Mid day we all ate at pool side and would continue the rough life sun bathing until about six in the evening. At seven in the evening we all got spruced up to go to the same Italian restaurant we went to when Nana Par and Pop Pop visit in 1985 four years earlier. We all had a splendid meal and agreed that the food was some of the best Italian we had all tasted. This is saying something for the quality and preparation of the food as we were all New Yorkers and knew what Italian food should taste like. This was Pop Pop's fiftieth birthday treat on the kids as they say. It was a very special evening to see everyone so happy and enjoying themselves, After we strolled back to the hotel and had after dinner drinks the troops would carry on all night again.



The Lord Louis Darts

The morning routine on Saturday was the same. A quiet rest on the beach as each of the young ones were nursing hangovers. Most of them got burnt as the day was a very hot and sunny one. Having lived in VA Beach and worshipped the sun you would have thought they knew better. Lunch time was fun as we went up to the Lord Louis and had a pub lunch and a game of darts. In the afternoon when the pub close we took two taxis into town. On disembarking from the taxis the whole place was decorated for the Start of the weekend blast. At about 4-30 pm a galleon appeared in the harbor and slowly docked along side the small quay. It was quite a sight as onboard was at least fifty pirates in traditional costumes and with wenches flung over their shoulders walked up the small beach-head. Barrels of beer were rolled down the gang plank and the party was on.

The peripheral of the courtyard in the town was cordoned off with barricades to stop traf-

COLLEGE

OR DEGREES
6, 1989

ANE LETTERS

Charlotte, NC

ADMINISTRATION

udget

nce Degree

- Dora Lynette Darby.....Belton
- Michelle Marie Daubenspeck.....Podmont
- Christopher E. Davis.....Easley
- Philip Rodger Dean.....Simpsonville
- Sharon Kenneth Deslers.....Woodhodge, VA
- *Kimatha Louise Douglas.....Chester
- Gregory Allen Edgerton.....Fort Mill
- Pamela Strickland Ellenberger.....Rock Hill
- Candace Michele Fielding.....Columbia
- Keisha Leigh Firkins.....York
- Thomas A. Fore.....Charl
- Kyle Burns Foster.....York
- *Roman Jeremiasz Gerner III.....Chari
- Kenneth Gerald Gresham.....York
- Michael Gust.....Fort Mill
- *David James Gauthreaux.....New Orleans, LA
- Leslie Marie Gray.....Eastover
- Daryl W. Grayden.....Greenville
- *David Howell Griggs.....Greenville
- Stephanie Tracy Hampton.....Pineville
- *Donald Burton Hayes.....Charlotte, NC
- *Cynthia Ann Henderson.....Ninety Six
- *J. Wyrms Holland.....Seneca
- Marvin Reed Hook.....Charleston
- Timothy Hampton Hopkins.....Charleston
- Carla Dianne Higgins.....Spartanburg
- *Robert James Hunter.....Charleston
- *Lee Ann Inzelle.....Louisville, KY
- *Angela James.....Florence
- LaSaundra Ramona Jeter.....Greenville
- Stephen Carl Vincent Jolly.....Rock Hill
- Michael K. Keller.....Fort Wayne, IN
- Laura Beth Kraft.....Fort Myers, FL
- Lucracia Louise Lanford.....Rock Hill

Bryans Graduation

ons Graduate

- William Darin Bourwright.....Fort Mill
- Lisa Aileen Hopkins.....Rock Hill
-Spartanburg
- *Maier Thomas Coleman Brewer III.....Pageland
- Richard Samuel Broad.....Irmo
- Robert Mayes Brooks.....Goose Creek
- Miss Velma Gerlise Burgess.....Kingsree
- Terry Eugene "Me" Butler.....Taylors
- *Mary Jennie Carrette.....Macon
- *Mariama Fatou Zelle Cisse.....Dakar, Senegal, France
- Miss Linda Carol Clark.....McGill
- Kenneth James Clarke.....Mooresville, NC
- *Mauri Dean Childreter.....Charleston
- Robert Daria Garnwell.....Rock Hill
- Scott William Couchenour.....Fort Mill
- Bryan Ronald Cripps.....Kings Park, NY
- Jason Robert Culbreth.....Mauldin



fic. Vendors of all types with their traditional food being prepared. The smoke whiffing across the yard smelt wonderful and although we all ate at two in the afternoon we were ready to sample the goodies being prepared. Beer was now flowing and the police did not care about open containers and drinking on the side walk as would be the case in the USA. They looked the other way as long as there was no trouble in town. It was a free spirited time and both Tourist and local Caymannians were having a blast. Young children letting off fire works and you had to be careful as it was out of hand.

The atmosphere was exciting and was building up to a crescendo. When, and at what time



Were Leaving "What Fun"!

I could not imagine. The whole town was ready for this occasion. The Governor of the Island gives permission for this to occur every year and I'm glad we there to see the spectacle.

The evening meal was in town and we arrived at about 7-30 pm before the rush. The restaurant was upstairs on the second floor looking over the harbor. The food was not as good as we had before and it was a little let down. After finishing the meal it was now about 9-00 pm and we made our way to the town square. Bright lights, bands playing traditional music and disco people were in a frenzy and the whole atmosphere

was exuberating. Pirates roaming the streets women on their shoulders and sword fights going on. I was amazed at the trash that already had accumulated from the start only a few hours ago. I understand the next day after church the whole Island community comes to the rescue to clean up their beautiful town. By Monday we told its all back in ship shape awaiting another year. Saturday night is kind of sad, as you know you have to leave tomorrow and early in the morning at that 6-45 am. Tour bus was scheduled and it would take us to the airport for customs clearance. A port tax is needed on every person leaving the Island and at that time it was \$6.00. Having gotten through customs and entered the departure hall we all looked sad but had had a wonderful family vacation the first of several to come.

This was certainly a happy note to end the decade of the eighties on !

I almost forgot Bryan would graduate in December. It was a bitterly cold week end very unusual for the South. Temperatures were around 7 degree's above Zero and it really took away from the whole affair. The Commencement was held in the Coliseum and it was a small number of graduates as it was the Fall graduating class. We all stayed at the Embassy suites in Charlotte close to the airport so that it made it convenient for Laura, and Jeff who flew down from VA Beach. It was gratifying to see him obtain his degree as he had struggled with calculus that was a requirement to graduate. A very devoted Professor Mrs. Xxxxxx would tutor him and he did pass in the end. The professor was at the Graduation just to see him walk, and receive his diploma. This would be the third in the

family to obtain a degree. I was very proud of him.

The Decade of the Eighties

Ends

*Still waters run deep, there is always and underling current of troubles, we all will
experience. Life is not perfect*

Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Five

The Last Decade of 20th Century

After eighteen months of commuting backwards and forwards on weekends to Greenville it was time to make another decision. My career path seemed to have settled down, as I was now a permanent employee on company benefits. Having established myself in the newly formed Power Division at CRS.Sirrine, I thought this job would last me until retirement. We decided to move to Greenville as this would be my tenth move over all the years of my life. The house in Atlanta we put on the market, but was unable to sell the house as Contemporary homes were not a marketable home. Little did we know when we purchased it. It appears down South that people prefer traditional style homes.

On several weekends Nana Pat and Heather visited and we would go around Greenville looking for a home. Young Heather had a shopping list of requirements. One, it has to be near a lake. Two it has to have a clubhouse and swimming pool and. Three, it has to have a tennis court. Why a tennis court I will never know.

Well after the third week end on a Sunday we stumbled on a house that had just been put on the market one day. Called the builder to find out it was his first house he had built but we were very satisfied with the construction and the size. Cost of the house base price \$119,000. 00. The home met all Heather's requirement and she was extremely happy. She even picked out her own paint for the room and carpeting. We met in the afternoon and I put down \$2400.00 earnest money and proceeded on Monday to obtain a mortgage. We did negotiate several costly extras that drove the final price up to around \$131,000.00. Within a week I was approved and closing was set for late October. We had Thanksgiving Day in Atlanta and on the next day moved to Greenville South Carolina.

With two Mortgages this was going to be pretty tough for a while until we could get a renter in for the Atlanta property. Eventually we did and it be-

Southern Living

came less of a burden on us to support two mortgages. I will explain the problems with renters in a later chapter. The move went smoothly and we would settle in ready for Christmas.

The start of the new decade we hoped would bring us a more settled time. Pop Pop was now in AA and our family would return to a normalization and function as a unit instead of being fragmented.

Happy times ahead 1990

The family would start to attend St Peters Episcopal Church in the section that is now called the children's church. It was a small parish of about 103 families would regularly attended. The total registered in the community was about 150 families. Nana Pat would go back teaching Sunday School. The Second year she teamed up with her now very close friend Marion Mitchell. Heather was in her class. Heather was required to catch up with the other children and needed to study the Bible and have a test to receive her initiation into the Bible club. Heather caught up with in three weeks took the test and passed. She was now in the mainstream and really enjoyed classes. The second year the church was starting to burst at the seams. It was decided by the Vestry to have a fundraiser dinner for the new church expansion. This always amazed me as at the dinner about 109 families attended and the amount raised was \$680,000.00 a huge amount, for such a small church. With money committed a mortgage was secured and the new building would go ahead. The church as it stands today took about eighteen months to complete. It has a very modern design. The parish now consists of about 320 families registered with the church. This explosion in the parish obviously has caused a great expenditure in outreach programs and the church has a budget of around \$150,000.00 a year today. I was on the vestry for about eight months out of a two year term as my job would require me to travel overseas and I had to resign my duties. Nana Pat and Pop Pop were very involved for about ten years in the church but recently have decided to take a sabbatical. We both attend other churches and religions. We occasionally attend St. Peters but we have drifted away as of late.

Bryan came home from college at the beginning of the year 1990 and would basically do odd jobs until he found a 9-00 am / 5-00 pm job with Dow Jones in Greenville.

During the fall that year he decided it was time to move out and got his own apartment. Kathie was still attending college at Winthrop so we were all together in South Carolina. Heather was attending Sarah Collins Elementary School and was immediately graded and put into the Duke University gifted children's program. Her progress would be monitored by the University and later she would be eligible to attend special summer classes at the Duke University for advanced placement.

July of the same year saw Nana Pat, Pop Pop with Heather on a trip to the Bahamas that was on July 4th weekend. We arrived in Nassau and would take the local jitney to the hotel to Paradise Island that is connected to the main Island with a very high expansion bridge. As the jitney weaved its way around the local roads we passed the Governors Mansion and I made a mental note of it. This trip we would stay at the Sheraton Hotel a d-

jaacent to Merv Griffens Casino Hotel. It was just a short block to walk to the Casino in the evening. The rooms were very nicely laid out and the hotel was very quiet as it was off season. Merv's place on the other hand was booming with gamblers. We obviously spent a great deal of time on our hotels beach but evenings would spend time at the Casino. This Island is quite different as it allows beach vendors and they keep pestering you from early morning until late afternoon to buy T-shirts or have your hair platted. It was unfortunate that we had not checked into Merv's Hotel but I said to Nana Pat next time we will. Heather and Pop Pop would drink virgin penacalatas in the foyer of the hotel as there as a great bar in the front of the hotel. Nana Pat would modestly gamble and we took turns spending time with Heather. Well, by the time it came to leave Heather did end up getting her hair platted and looked very cute. During the Friday we took the small ferry boat that left from Merv's Hotel. The trip would take about fifteen minutes but it was pleasant just to feel the breeze in your face. Always remember American Express had their courtesy boat in the harbor it was painted black and platinum just like the card. The boat even had a small heliport and a black and platinum helicopter strapped down on the deck. We did visit the famous Straw Market where the straw bags and bowls were made along with leather goods. We only went once to the town as there was not much to see. The governor does have tea party on Thursdays and one can request an audience with him and his wife. Missed that event having arrived that day, otherwise I would have called and hopefully been invited. This was a brief vacation but very relaxing and enjoyable.

In April of 1991 I decided that I would go to England and watch a Cup Final In May. First I would need tickets. Charles Humphries to the rescue. Charles called Umbro's UK office and told them to get to tickets for me. On the Tuesday before the event I was informed that two tickets would be in the mail to my sister's address in Southampton. I was



immediately on a plane on Wednesday and flew over just for five days. Thursday I visited with my Uncle Bill and Auntie Doll in Bishopstoke and we had a lovely hour together. Uncle Bill brought out the drinks but I could not indulge. I believe it was an excuse just to have a couple at home. Friday we had lunch with Janet my cousin at the River side Inn. I guess it was cram as much as you can in as I had only five days to do it all.



I met John Moody on Saturday and we went to Wembley Stadium London to see the game. Spurs vs Nottingham Forrest. What a game it was 80,000 were in attendance. After full time it was all tied up 1 vs 1 so it

John Moody and Pop Pop Party Time



1 9 9 1

Dear Dave,
As you may know Brian is coming over
to England for just a week for the Cup
final.
Hope you can come along on the
12th
Regards
Mavis & Pop

Open Briefs
will be At Home
For a get together at his sister's house
On Sunday 12th May
All anytime after 4.0 am/pm.
All 152, Bedy court's Rd,
Chandler's Ford, Eastleigh,
Hants.



A Pint at Riverside Inn

AT HOME



Valerie & Eric Piper



Harry Marchant



Pop Pop Cousin Janet



Harry Fox Robbie Fawcett



Sister Mavis & Pop Pop

went to extra time and Spurs won 2-1. Having had a wonderful day we drove back to Chandlersford. On the Sunday unbeknown to me, my sister had arranged for a party with all my old school pals, soccer, and mutual friends at her house. She put on a great spread and every one had just a terrific time. The small talk was about old times, and a whole series of events. There was a least thirty people at the affair including my Auntie Ruby and



Back Row—John Moody-John Joslin
Front Row—Harry Fox-Robbie Fawcett

Uncle Albert Fox. Harry Marchant and his wife Dorris. Harry was now in his eighties. Harry would treat all my soccer injuries when I played down the Dell for Southampton. Harry was well known in the field of treatment and therapy. He had treated many celebrities who had major injuries.

The evening went off really well and when it was over late Sunday night all I could think of was that on Monday I was on a plane back to the USA again having just spent five days in England. Quite a short trip but memorable.

Passion II

In the spring of 1991 Pop Pop got the urge to once more coach as it had been about eight years since I had been involved with a team. Looking through the Sunday paper in the sports section I found an advertisement for a coach for an under fourteen squad with the St Giles football club. I made my intentions known and they had an interview set up with all the families at St Giles church I gave a talk on my passed experiences and my philosophy on training ,character building, and dedication to a team, Most of all the parents were advised that it will require a lot of traveling as I intended to play in tournaments around the South. First was to get the players in shape for the Spring State wide league. I also advised them that my services were free and not like most of the Southern coaches who were charging about \$2700.00 per season. My expenses I would pay myself as I could well afford to do so. The team had won the U12 State wide championship but came up shy in the U14 division earlier in the year. The Spring season was successful as we came in Second in the State wide league and on the local Greenville City League. The Summer would have us move up to the U16 age group under the USA Youth Soccer rules. Different from the rest of the World at that time.

The team needed a fresh start so in the Summer I had arranged with Ken Brown of Scotland to put on a Mini Camp for the club. The whole intent was to find new players for the team and hold tryouts at the same time. The one week session went off really well and several new players showed up for trials. We played as friendlies, although they never are. The U17 and the U19 boys in our own club. We beat the U17 and lost 3-0 to the under U19. With the training and conditioning now complete we were ready for the Pele Tournament in Atlanta. We won the tournament convincingly. The team looked awesome and I was making good progress with them. The fall season we would tie for the State wide

Atlanta 1991



Coach Gripps

U16 Boys Champions



League with a team from Columbia. We entered the Thanksgiving Day Tournament and were in the finals to be beaten by a select team from Atlanta. Pop Pop was scouting a team from Atlanta called Concord Silver, who supposedly was the cream of the crop in the South in our age group. They did not want to play us as they saw win the Pele Tournament and wanted to keep their record in tact, the St Giles team was a threat. We never did cross paths again so I was disappointed that the team could not perform at a level that I thought they were ready for. All of the players from the school district of Riverside High School made the senior squad in the Spring and they won the State wide School championship. The fall we played in the Greenville Men's league and came in third in the league. This was all in preparation for the team eventually moving up to the U17 in the Summer with a new coach who had had a tremendous success with the U19 squad and went on to the regional but lost. No team had ever gotten that far from St Giles, although we had several teams of various age groups make the regional's but failed to get into the finals. I found out through the grape vine that most of the players were signed up with the colleges after during their U19 year. This was very rewarding experience with this team. PopPop has not coached again as I'm afraid age is creeping up. Ken Brown and Pop Pop talk quite often on the phone and the subject is always teams, coaching, and about the beautiful game of soccer.

The year did close on a very sad note. Uncle Billy passed away on October 16th at the age of fifty three with what we believe was kidney failure. Billy was having a lot of trouble with diabetes. The coroners report did not define the death that way on the death certificate. Nana Pat and myself were informed from his company at Lincoln Center that he did not report to work as should of been the case. After two days they sent some one to his apartment to find him dead. We immediately flew up to Newark to claim the body as it was in the city morgue. Billy had no one other than himself and Nana Pat. We were the ones designated on his life insurance policy so the police contacted us. It was not a very pleasant thing to have to claim someone from a city morgue. We flew into Newark, New Jersey on Thursday. We checked In at the Lowes on route 80 just outside Englewood NJ. The next morning that was we went downtown and reported to the New York City morgue. What a hassle the paper work was. Very detailed and time consuming. It took about two hours. After we drove up to the precinct at 181st to claim his belongings. It was apparent that the cops did not want us to find out to much. There was little to claim and they were very evasive. The land lord of the apartment told us the cops stayed in the room all night and drank several bottles of Billy's liquor. Billy told me he always had a thousand dollars tied to his mattress on the underside this was missing also. The cops had cleared out anything they wanted. I believe this was the case. We had arranged for the funeral at Good Shepard at 207th street and Billy was laid out at Connors Funeral Parlor. All our kids (your parents) made there way to New York to pay there respects. Nana Pat got a chance to meet some of her relations that she had not seen in some close to thirty years since Bernie and I had a falling out in 1963. The funeral was very well done and the Tenor who sang all the hymns we requested, sang so beautifully that Uncle Billy would off loved it. Uncle Billy was laid to rest at Gate of Heaven in Westchester County in a very quiet and well maintained cemetery.

During this visit to New York we were able to attend a church service on Sunday at the church in the Bronx where we were married on our 29th anniversary. It was very touch-

ing when the Reverend announced that we were guests at the church today. He also remarked that we were married in the same church. We stood up to a standing ovation.

The year passed along and I had made arrangements to fly to Edinburgh so I left directly after Christmas day. I would fly into Heathrow London and change for a domestic Flight to Scotland. Ken Brown along with his son Keith met me at the airport in Edinburgh. Ken was off from work as it was Christmas Break for the schools. Ken is a Chemistry master. Ken actually was in charge of all of Edinburgh as far as curriculum was concerned for the school system Chemistry Program. We had pre arranged to meet with seven top Scottish coaches from most of the Scottish Premier League. I had rented a room at the Boat House a very exclusive hotel on the outskirts of Edinburgh. Ken and myself put on a great presentation. The reason was that I had formed a company in the USA called All Pro. The intent was to bring over to the USA top soccer coaches for a six week period and provide good coaching camps for the young soccer enthusiast. Greenville City Sports department were very interested in the idea as it would also be a revenue stream for the City Sports Department. Ken and I would open up a similar company in Scotland. We were to have coaching clinics on both sides of the pond as they say. The morning session went well and it appeared all of the coaches were very impressed with what we had to offer. Comments were very professionally done. Lunch was provided the seminar concluded around three o' clock. The full contingency signed up to come over to the USA. I would provide contracts when I got back to the USA. That day was one to remember Ken's Best friend George Stuart who had played for Hibernian's was and obviously knew we that were in the hotel. When we all went down for a swim the party had started. Although George and his two friends had a leg up as they had been drinking since 9-00 am at pool side. As always in Scotland it's party time and this night would be no exception. We bounced all over Edinburgh. Bare in mind I could not drink or did not desire to drink. (Still one day at a time). Early evening at 10-00 pm we all went to a Chinese restaurant and had a great meal. There was several prominent people in our group and I'm not going to mention names. We all partied to the wee hours of the morning and I believe I got to bed at around 4-00 am. I was scheduled to be on a plane at 2-00 pm back to London. It was now New Years Eve the big day for a celebration in Scotland. I knew I had to get out so it was good that I was on my way home. I checked in at the Forte Hotel right in the airport for one night as I would be on a plane home New Years day. I arrived home in one piece and did not have a drink. Quite proud of myself. I applied for visas for the coaches and had made all the arrangements with the City. It was now up to the government. Sad news arrived in April that they were all denied visas. This was tremendous disappointment for all. Notifying Ken would be hard, but it had to be done. I did call my congressman and see if things could be done to change the status of my application. After several weeks the answer was still denied. This could have been a wonderful experience for our young soccer players. I still have the satisfaction of trying though. I met a lot of very talented and forthright people through this experience.

In early May of 1992 Nana Pat, Heather and PoPop would once more visit the Bahamas This time we stay at Merv's Casino and Resort on Paradise Island. It was a wonderful time and we all enjoyed the occasion. October would be different as it was to be our anniversary. Nana Pat had always wanted to go on a cruise. Pop Pop having sailed on a cruise



IMPORTANT
YOU MUST PRESENT THIS PASS TO REBOARD AFTER VISITS A SHORE

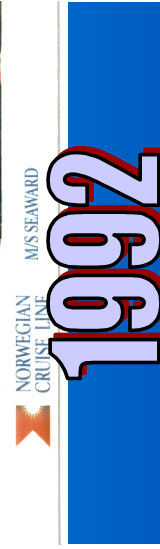
SAILING 10/18 CABIN 3018

DINING RESERVATIONS CONFIRMED

MAIN SEATING
 FOUR SEASONS DINING ROOM
 LATE SEATING
 PLEASE SEE MAITRE'D
 SEVEN SEAS DINING ROOM

TABLE NO. 142

NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE



NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE
M/S SEAWARD

30th Anniversary

George Town (Grand Cayman)
Cosumel (Mexico)
Ocho Rios (Jamaica)

ship was not too enthusiastic about our 30th Anniversary at sea. Your Auntie Laura was working for a travel agency in Virginia Beach and made all the arrangements. October the 17th we flew into Miami and spent an evening at the Bel Harbor Hotel. The next day on the 18th we needed to report to the ship at 3-00 pm for embarkation. When we arrived we were ushered into a large shipping hall most probably used as cargo storage years before. The hall was very hot and not air conditioned. We were fairly early so it did not take long to process us for boarding. I can remember going up the gang plank, and saying to myself “ you haven't done this in a long time (30 years to be exact). On arriving at our small but very neatly kept cabin we changed into casual clothes. Nana Pat was off once more to scout out what was going on. In the interim we got a wonderful surprise of champagne and flowers delivered to our cabin. The kids your aunt's and uncle had sent a very lovely gift for Bon Voyage. After visiting the onboard party we made our way to the front of the ship on boat deck. Slowly the ship slipped from the dock and out to the open sea as the band played on the upper deck. The evening sunset was rather disturbing as it was drizzling and we thought, what a way to start the cruise.

The evening meal at 8-00 pm was not a rush to get ready. All spruced up we made our way to the Dining Room. On passing the casino I said to Nana Pat “see that machine I'm going to hit tonight”. This was the first one armed bandit close to the entrance. Nana Pat just smiled and we proceeded to the Dining Room. The Metra Dee respectfully introduced himself to us and lead us to our table. We were extremely lucky to be sitting at a table with four other couples. from Calgary Canada, Pennsylvanian and from California.

The group were all in their fifties or late forties so we had a lot in common. The meal was delicious. Introduction's around the table made for a wonderful evening of chatter and pleasant experiences. After the meal ended Pop Pop said to Nana Pat “it's time to play the slots” so off we went. George from California went to the black jack table as this was his favorite game to play. Changed \$100 travelers check and took twenty one dollar coins. Loaded three in to the machine first pull 777 came up paid out \$600.00. Lucky Pop Pop. Nana Pat could not believe it. The machine kept on chink, chink, chinking as the coins dropped into the lower holding tray.

Nana Pat immediately went to the office and got a bunch of containers to store the coins in. After filling several containers I was told by Nana Pat that I could have all but \$300.00 to play with. She said “we will save it for later on and get a present with it”. Pop Pop did hit twice more that night but only after I had lost about \$240.00. The night ended with about \$150.00 in my pocket for future nights. We strolled quietly to the theater as that night was a great show. Grease was playing as a Broadway Show. The cast did a very good job and did get encores. The day ended at about mid-night. As always on a cruise ship a night meal is served out on the upper deck. This night it was too windy so it was in the dining room section two. We had eaten in section one for our evening meal. This meal is Smorgasbord. The food was of all varieties and one would think you could eat no more after the evening meal but you do find room. With the alker seltzer handy we crawled into bed having started the cruise off with a bang.

Early to rise found us anchored off an Island in the Caribbean. This Island was owned by the Cruise Line. We had breakfast on the after deck and it was very enjoyable just to sit and watch the tender boats start making their way ashore with passengers. The warm sea

breeze brushing across your face made one feel completely relaxed. Of course Pop Pop had his usual pastry, eggs, bacon and sausages as would be the case every day. About 10-00 am we decided to join the other passengers and went ashore. There was a barbecue set up and concession stands for the children to get all their needs for the day's picnic at no cost. Each of us was given a basket to take ashore with a lunch in it. Table cloth and knives and forks included. They were silverware not cheap plastic. Ashore was pretty hot although a balmy wind blew across the Island and we had a splendid day just people watching and having fun. 4-30 pm was the last tender back as the ship would up anchor at about 5-30 pm.

I went to the casino as outside there was an electronic tracking board indicating mileage traveled next port-of-call and all the information you needed to keep track of the trip. I looked up the cruise time and it was a short trip to the Nassau in the Bahamas. We had been there twice before so it was of little interest. Thinking back we could have taken the boat to Mrv's Casino and Resort. Pop Pop did have money to burn. Nana Pat was really interested in the market place so Pop Pop was not let off his leash well, not as yet.

The ship arrived in Nassau by 7-00 am in the morning and the routine was pretty much the same. The weather was warming up and we felt the heat. Mid day we sat up stairs overlooking the market place and had a very nice lunch. On the walk back to the tender Pop Pop purchased a nice ice cream cone and enjoyed eating it as we made our way to the ship anchored in the off shore. We met up again with all our friends at the table and had plenty to talk about. Each evening meal at sea would have a different flare. Tonight would be Italian night and all the waiters were dressed as Italian waiters blue and white striped shirts a white apron and white long pants with a red kerchief. Very effective. The food was superb and we were all stuffed before leaving the table. There was no way I was going to attend the mid-night buffet this night. The evening would be spent gambling playing Bingo. This capped off a great day. Nana Pat was really enjoying the whole trip and loved our fellow guests at our table. We all got along famously and had so many stories to tell. Life experiences family ties and special events were all part of our daily conversations.

We sailed away from the Bahamas heading for the Cayman Islands. Now this was going to be a real pleasure, having visited the Island three times before. Pop Pop had made special arrangements that night as were to dine at the private return up on the poop deck on the aft end of the ship. We had a wonderful meal and just enjoyed one another's company and conversed about our thirty years together. Yes! it was very special to us both. The overnight passage was pretty rough and the swell was up about ten feet. The ship pitched and lunged all night long and Pop Pop expected very few people would show up for breakfast as they would have sea sickness. Pop Pop had a slight headache but this would not stop him eating on the aft deck as the sun came up. We had made arrangements with other couples at our table to show them around Cayman and have lunch at the Hyatt Regency golf club. A storm came in around 9-00 am the rain was pretty severe and even up to about fifty mile an hour gale force winds. The morning would mean all of us continually run in and out of stores. One store we went in Pop Pop purchased a bracelet that I still wear today. This purchase was out of the money Nana Pat had saved from the first nights gambling. She kept saying "aren't you glad I saved it now look what to have got". Like always Nana Pat was right on the money, as they say.

1993 would be a bumper year. Kathie would graduate from Winthrop college and what a

W I N T H R O P



Kathies Graduation



WINTHROP COLLEGE
COMMEMORATION
1993

special event that was. Andrea her friend had a brother who is now your Uncle Matt Hardin . Kathie and Matt the year before told me they would like to get married shortly after graduation. Just more money from the tree that seems to grow and replenish every year in our attic or bag of tricks. The family, that was Heather, Nana Pat and Pop Pop would drive up from Greenville. Bryan would travel by himself as he was going to visit friends in Rockhill having spent Four and Half years there. Jeff and Laura flew into Charlotte airport and rented a car for the weekend. We all checked into the Embassy Suites. We were to have the dinner after graduation at the hotel as one of Bryan's fiends was the catering director at the Hotel. It was just great having every one together the commencement went off well and Kathie would get her degree. This was now the fourth one in our family. The evening was spent at the Embassy suites and we all had a wonderful time. Laura and Jeff would leave on Sunday and we would make our way home. Matt was gracious and would drive Kathie home with all of her school stuff (belongings). Kathie quickly obtained a job with an environmental company as an accountant. She really loved it after she had settled in.

During the four months leading up to their wedding Kathie and Matt we had looked at several options for a place to hold the wedding reception. As always I did not put any limitations on what they could spend. I just said use your heads and get the best deals you can. One day we went up to Pretty Place as it's called. The name is appropriate and it is located on the North– South Carolina border up in the mountains about one half hours run from the Hotel we had selected for the guests to check in the night before the wedding. It was a spectacular view looking out over the mountains. It is weather protected with a lean-to. Guests would be wind swept on a rainy day. All this in consideration the Peace Center in Greenville proper was selected. Kathie wanted a DJ at her wedding and had auditioned several before signing one up. The Peace Center was informed by me that I did not want them to run out of food or liquor. The bar was to be an open bar and not carts. The ceremony would be a St Peter's in what was the new church. All was going to plan.



Jim and Mary Daly From New Jersey

No hitches. Matts two cousins would be flower girls. The matron of honors Deborah, Laura Sandy and Lynn from Atlanta. The party also included Matts sister Andrea. Ralph had promised Kathie many years ago that he would not come back to the USA only to attend her wedding. They arrived on the Wednesday before the wedding. Gloria and Derrick would attend as they were visiting Auntie Charlotte in Atlanta. Still sponging off everyone. They arrived the week before. Mary and Jim Daly flew down from New Jersey. We all checked into the Holiday Inn on Friday night and would have an evening together as other guests arrived. Saturday September 25th it was up early and get ready for the big day.

Kathie and Brides maids were to leave from the hotel. Getting ready in the hotel was exciting as the girls would run between rooms chatting all the time. The guys hung out at the bar and got ready about an hour before the wedding at 4-30 pm. The limo's arrived and

Kathie And Matt's Wedding



1993

everything was just clicking along. Pop Pop kept saying to myself something has to go wrong. Well, the unexpected did not happen we all arrived at the church on time and things went off without a hitch. The ceremony was beautiful. The limo's pulled away from the church and we all made our way downtown to the reception at the Peace Center. Now it was party time! The whole affair was fantastic and all the New Yorkers really got into it. After about an hour most of the Southerner's had left as they are not used to long weddings like up North. Our group partied until 11-00 pm. It was then back to the hotel for more drinks and celebrations in our rooms. We had the whole third floor booked so as not to disturb other guests, Hopefully! The group partied all night long but we retired around 1-30 am.



UK Family off Home After A Great Trip

In the morning, it was very nice as I had invited several of our guests to share breakfast with us and it was then that we got a chance to talk to Jim and Mary Daly our close friends from New Jersey. By mid day we had all cleared out and were back to normal. Not to be, for Pop Pop and Nana Pat. Pop Pop had rented the hideaway for a week at Palmetto Dunes at Windsor I. My sister Mavis, and Ralph along with Zoe went of to the Dunes. Heather wanted to come so we all went to Hilton Head. Pop Pop rented a white Lincoln for the Wedding and for the trip to Hilton head also. On arrival

when my sister Mavis saw the condo her remark was. "This place is like a film stars place, I have just died and gone to heaven" We did have a great family reunion for the week and when it was over the following Monday they were off to the UK we traveled to Charlotte to see them off.

The majority of the decade I have covered in other Chapters but there was now a wonderful happening in our family. Grandchildren were coming into our lives and would share a place hearts and be part of this very special family.

Caroline Forest Cripps	Born 2/14/1995
Heidi Elizabeth Waldenmaier	Born 4/12/1996
Max Menger	Born 3/7/1997
Jennifer Rene Waldenmaier	Born 10/25/1997
Tristan Zachary Hardin	Born 1/20/98

Time does heal, a new life will emerge

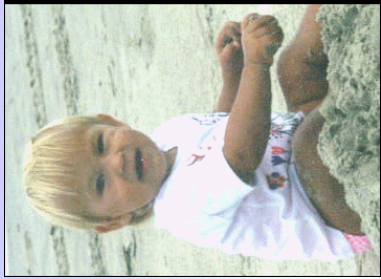
Brian R. Cripps

Caroline



1995

Heidi



1996

Max



1997

We Are Family

Jennifer

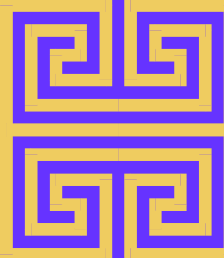
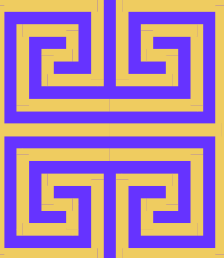


1997

Tristan



1998



Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Six

The Nerd

After settling in at CRS. Sirrien and having been exposed to computers for a period of time. Mr. Hammond informed me that it was now time for Pop Pop to learn the basic steps to Computing by getting familiar with Windows 3.0. This was a whole new language for me and I was a little apprehensive to jump into what appeared to be a nerds heaven. This would mean learning the computer on your own time. The company had computers but only in specific task areas and on certain projects. There was not a computer per employee or individual task force cubicle. I'm now have to overcome my apprehension and plunge into this new tech age.

Reflecting back it was quite a basic system compared with to days powerful machines. Pop Pop purchase in 1991 in September a 32 meg Hard Drive, 24 meg htz speed processor and a 15" Colored monitor for \$5200.00. It had a 51/4" floppy for 0 .66 Meg diskettes and a 31/2" disc drive for 0,67 Meg diskette. low density. Double density were not out yet but were due released in 1992. These High density diskette's would hold 1.44 Meg of data. Most of the computer software was written in Dos. Windows and the associated programs like Word, Power Point, Excel and Access could all be loaded on a machine using up about 11 Meg of hard drive. It appeared that you had plenty of space left on the hard drive for data-base. This was soon to discover that it did not take long to take up storage space. Graphics and Photos took up a lot of space on the hard drive. Most of the conversion programs to JPEG or TIFF did not have a very good compression ratio and a normal photo would take up to 2-3 Meg just to store it on to your hard drive. There were great limitations to the system. This was my first one and I needed to get familiar with the computer and how it operated.

Word Perfect was word processing software most commonly used in companies. Its still on the market in a new format that works on a Windows based operating platform. It has since lost its popularity. Graphics programs were pretty limited just to clip art. Paintbrush was the only graphics tool one could use and it had major limitations. I did some very creative work



Southern Living

though using this program. Pop Pop plunged In and started working on several in house projects meaning that I had my own corporation and worked at it part time. Well, lets say every day during daylight hours and some times into the wee hours of the night. I was hooked as they say. I did come up with a new gaming system software, but thought it too powerful to market so it sits in the bank vault for posterity.

The new company I formed was not one but two E Z Promotions Inc and E Z S core Software Inc. In late 1991 I had been working on the South Carolina state Soccer board and was assigned score keeping and League Coordination. To do this I would spend considerable hours on Sundays after all the scores of came in working on Excel tables. I decided that there had to be a program to do this. I did a little research to find out there were very few software programs geared towards running a soccer league. Those that were on the market, were extremely expensive about \$1200.00. I thought this left a wide open market if Pop Pop could find away to develop a good piece of software that was suitable for not only the USA market but also the European Market. There were no software programs in UK at that time. Ours would be the first.

I knew an engineer at Sirrine and I was introduced to him. I presented the proposal and he was keen to get started. Pat Little the engineer said “first I would need to develop a

story board” for me to work with. I did this assignment in about week. He went to work compiling the code in a Dos format. We had to make a major decision as Windows 3.0 was due to be released in 1992. I believe looking back we made a bad business decision at that time. Code developing tools require to program in the Windows operating platform were very limited and expensive. Dos had been around for several years and was the operating platform of choice, After this phase I spent many hours explaining all the small details and scoring methods that needed to be included. The scheduler was the big draw back as it had to limit the teams playing in a series to two consecutive games at home or away. This part of the program took us at least three months to get it to come out correctly. The poduct was moving along slowly as we were both doing it in our spare time. The development by this time was consuming both Pat and myself. Long, long hours would be required just to get the software program ready for market and in 7/19/93 the software was ready for marketing.



I had formed a small agency in England to take care of distribution in Europe. M. Paul

Munn was in charge and E-Zee Score UK would share an office with his company along with a secretary. Distribution and duplication had been set up and the product looked very promising. Pop Pop advertised in all the major sports papers and international sports magazines. In USA I advertised in some of the most prominent magazines like Soccer America. Pop Pop was finding little reponse on the American market but the product was doing fairly well in the UK. The product was way ahead of the individual PC market so only institutions were buying the product. This of course lead to a limited market at that time. In England we were keeping our head above water just about. Pop Pop was hoping for a turn around as the PC market in UK increased. The total number of PC's in the UK at that time was only 7% while the USA in 1993 was running about 18%. The USA market for PC's was on a tremendous ramp up and I thought the software eventually would turn around as we had only sold about 30 copies in the USA and about 150 copies in the UK. Not to be deterred by the lack of sales we decided to launch a Windows 98 version and would take it on the road to various major sports shows.



CD-E-Zee Score Professional Version

The Windows version took about two years to complete but was a very fine product with no glitches in it. So we thought. As far as the PC's in the USA we had no trouble loading the software. In the UK we experienced a problem with two programs that used the same shared files in the Windows database they were FIFA Soccer and PC Tools for Windows 95. So we needed to forewarn those who would purchase the program. The complete package had a CD and installation instructions. Pop Pop secured a Web site www.ezee-score.com and the Tutorial we had put up on the Web for people to download. This direction of marketing saved a huge amount of cost with respect to a manual being produced. The first Symposium we were to visit was in Louisville Kentucky the NIRSA convention. The program seemed to get a good response and we passed out around seven hundred demo's

over the three day s of the show. Orders did follow but only about six were placed. Was not a great success. The following year we went to St Louise to the YMCA Convention and that was without success also.

Pat in the interim produced a mini version of the Security portion of the software. The new software was an ID badges, bar-coded scanning system for entry control and personnel time tracking. In the UK we sold about four of these systems but never one in the USA. The software, with digital camera was about 350 English pounds \$575 dollars and that was the cheapest thing on the market in Europe. I thought at this time it would be ideal for Day Care Centers as a tool for identifying those who had permission to pick up chil-

dren from Day Care. Somehow this did not fly either. The product was a very good one, but somehow we missed the market and Pop Pop tried everything he could think of with out success. Through the E-Zee Score products I did form several associations with people of which Tony Wood (Darts World Magazine) in England has become a real good friend.



I have recently given the software a new look but I'm afraid it's a little to late to salvage the product. Pop Pop has already started to give the software away. First customer was in England.

I'm afraid by September of this year 2001 I will close down my Web sight and call this whole ten years just a great experience but a business failure. The cost over the years was about \$160,000.00 out of pocket. Side bar issue Pop Pop now has a 1.5 gig speed machine 75 Gig hard drive 20x CD Burner, 100 Meg Zip drive and DVD drive with sound around speakers. TV ready for cable. TV and screen in screen viewing. I have the latest on the market purchased in 2001

Why was it not a success ? I just don't know

Begin each new day as if it's the beginning of your life, for truly it is the beginning of what is left of your life
Unknown Author

Florida Vacations



Amelia Island
Plantation



Sanibel Island Sea
Plantation



Key West

Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Seven

Family Vacation Extravaganza

Our family was fairly settled for quite a time period up until each sibling had their own family and life to get on with. Deborah and Eric along with Jeff and Laura were living in Virginia beach and just having fun before starting their families. We would visit on July the 4th and have great time at Deborahs as her next door neighbor Doreen and John would knock down



July 4th Party Deborah

their fence each year and the two homes would become one. Families would travel from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Nana Pat and Pop from South Carolina. Deborah would put on a marvelous spread and Eric would do the honors at cooking all the meats. It was always a fun day. Fire works at night as the guys acted then as school kids again setting up rockets cart wheels on the fence. As the night drew on it was then over John and Doreen's to play pool until the early hours of the morning.

Kathie would drive up from college and Bryan would drive from Greenville. Nana Pat and Pop normally flew in . We did this for several years and it was to be a tradition. Eventually Deborah and Eric moved to Richmond and the group of friends got split up. We still do see John and Doreen when we visit Laura an Jeff. They are a wonderful couple

Southern Living

CAPTIVA



South Seas Resort



Extravaganza #1:

Was the family trip on my 50th birthday in Chapter Five

Extravaganza #2: South Sea Resorts

During the nineties we had several family outings that Pop Pop treated the whole family to. First it was the trip to (South Sea Resort) on Captiva Island. Captiva is the smaller of two adjoining Islands the other Is Sanibel Island that is the larger one. I had accumulated enough Frequent Flyer miles to give everyone a ticket to Fort Myers. When all the family arrived at Fort Myers Airport I rented two Cadillac's to drive to the Island's. It took about an hour to arrive at the South Sea Resort. The gate keeper let us through the secured entrance and we all went to the Registration Building.

Our beach houses were right on the beach in section' R" The beach houses were very beautifully decorated in bright sea colors and they had all the amenities one would need. We had stocked up on the way in with snack food and breakfast necessities. The weather did turn cold on us as it was very unusual for this time of the year in Florida especially so far down the coast in the middle. The weather on the Friday cleared up and it was all to



Eric & Deborah Hanging Out At Captiva

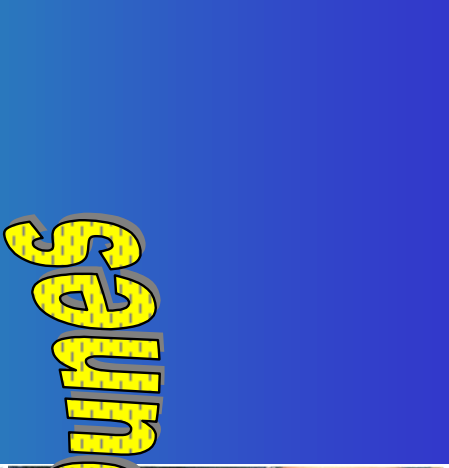
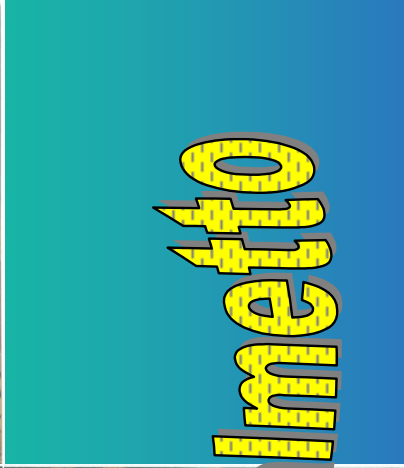
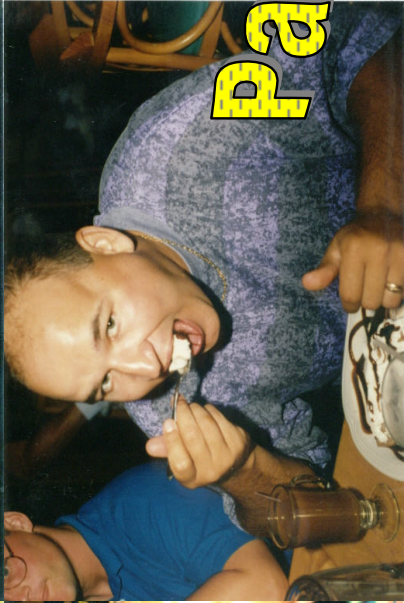
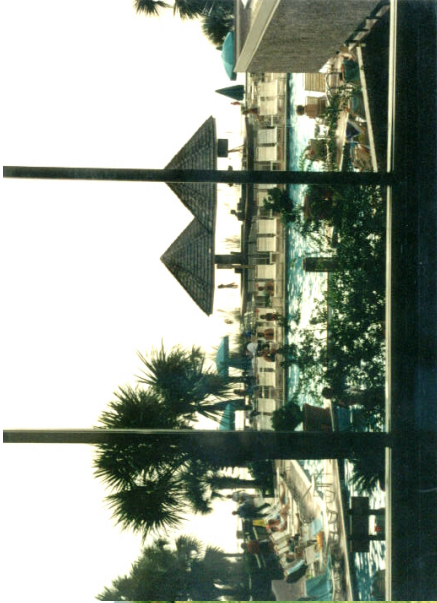
pool side for a great day of relaxation. I always remember Eric while sipping his drink in the middle of the pool saying "I wonder what the poor people who have to work are doing today." Next with an exclamation! "Thanks dad for the trip". During the whole vacation he would come out with this same quotation at appropriate times and make us all laugh. Pool side was very relaxing in the late evening. Kevin who was related to the Giglio's visited the beach houses as he was working in Tampa Florida and drove down for the weekend. Kathie and Kevin went out for the night as they were both party people

and she said she needed to get away from the scene on the Island. The rest of the group partied at a local bar within Sea Plantation. Saturday we would all eat at the restaurant on the premises and we all had a great time. Sunday afternoon it was back to Fort Meyer's and back to work. This was a splendid vacation for the whole family.

Extravaganza #3 Palmetto Dunes South Carolina

This family vacation was held at Palmetto Dunes on Hilton Head Island SC. We all ar-

H Y A T T





HYATT REGENCY HILTON HEAD RESORT

rived on a Thursday evening. I drove up to the front and valet parking did the rest. Luggage was put inside in the foyer and we went to register. We all had rooms in the center section all adjoining one another so it was very convenient. Later we found out not the best as we overlooked the concourse and were located opposite the main bar. By five o'clock all the family was checked in and it was down stairs for quiet drinks at the pool side bar. The evening was balmy and it looked like Friday was going to be a rain out. Indeed Friday did turn out to be a very overcast day and of course your Auntie Deborah was most disappointed because she loved the sun. Here license plate reads "LOVESUN". There was still plenty to do as the discount malls have really great buys. Time was spent most of the time at the malls. Lunch was down town at the quay side in Harbor Town resort. We all had a wonderful lunch and then it was back to shopping for the girls.

Saturday the guys all went out to play golf at the Robert Trent golf course. It was always fun playing with the guys. All went well up until the back 9 then a tremendous storm came in and we got drenched trying to play the back nine. When we eventually got back after for four hours it was straight in the shower. The girls had all done enough damage on their charge cards and the guys were really worried about the amount. No one would comment on how much they had spent or charged. They just kept saying it was fun to be out with Nana Pat. The evening would be a fun supper at Aunt Chiladas a Mexican restaurant located on Pope's Road. It was a sports bar and we were all seated in the TV section. The TV was loud, patrons noisy and the drinks were flowing wild. There was a lot of conversation at the table and we all seemed to be having a good old time. The food was



The Famous Lighthouse

brought out and the portions were huge just like New York. After supper we all walked down to the Harbor and had a great time listening to the band that was playing in the center of the courtyard.

There is a dock all the way around the Harbor Town. Very expensive boats are moored and some I would say in the order of 2 to 3 million dollars. Not quite in that class I thought to myself. It was a very comfortable night and we all had a wonderful time. We left about 11-00 pm and went back to the hotel. The night scene was now underway and the guys and girls went out clubbing. Nana Pat and Pop Pop went to bed. Sunday it was up early and we had a fantastic brunch at the hotel. It was very special and after we had stuffed ourselves it was then time to travel home. Just another great family vacation together all on

Pop Pop. Eric once more Thanks Dad ! as he would always say jokingly but affectionately.

Extravaganza #4 Key West Florida:

I believe it was the Christmas of 1995 that was the start of family vacation #4. Pop Pop had once more accumulated so many frequent flyer miles that I had the equivalent of 11 air plane tickets available. Pop Pop being very good on the computer I produced a very warming piece of prose with an imitation air line ticket for all of the family to go to Key West on the most Southern tip of the USA. They were all so excited about the Christmas present and the talk was when. During the Christmas recess we came up with a date that suited every one and that took some working out. The date would be October the 13th Nana Pats birthday. Nana Pat, Pop Pop and Heather were to fly directly to Miami and then a puddle jumper to the Keys. Laura and Jeff would do the same. Brian and Sandra and Baby Caroline, Eric ,Deborah Matt and Kathie would fly to Miami and rent a car to travel down the coast to the Keys about a 180 miles but quiet a pleasurable trip as it is basically over an elevated causeway above the sea. The causeway links many of the smaller islands together and is quite a scenic route. Kathie and Matt would come down with Nana Pat along with Heather. We all checked in to the Marriott hotel virtually at the end of Florida. There is a big monument marking the true end and it was just two blocks away on the same road as what we were staying. The hotel was very Caribbean in its architecture. Most white with colored shades of pink and light green. Very neatly kept. We arrived early. Jeff and Laura were right after we had settled in. The weather along the coastal trip was pretty rainy and the final caravan did not arrive until evening after an exasperating trip. Once we were all safely in it was time to get out and party.

Nana Pat, the scout had done her usual routine around the Hotel and informed every one that there was a welcome party going on in the lounge for all new arrivals and patrons.



The Whole Gang Hanging Out In Key West

Ok “lets go” I said. Having already changed into our evening casual attire we all looked pretty smart as a group. The verandah was set up with a great spread of Hor’s D’oeuvres and free drinks for the next two hours. It did not take long for our group to get into the swing of things and were already dancing to the band playing all oldies from the sixties thru eighties. Our host introduced us to our fellow guests and we mingle through the crowd of about fifty people. Such a splendid way to start the four day week-end I thought. The

evening saw us all walking the side walks of up town as they say. There is really not much to see just famous Bars to hang out in like the Sloppy Joes. For the young ones this was special, especially hanging out in Jimmy Buffets' bar. We tried the Hog,s Breath and sat down for a meal it turned out to be a darn good one at that. This was quite unexpected as the place looked run down. Incoming intermittent storms from the Gulf kept us darting into small businesses for shelter. After darting between storms we made it back to the hotel

The weather on Friday turned out pretty stormy and windy and it was not possible to sit



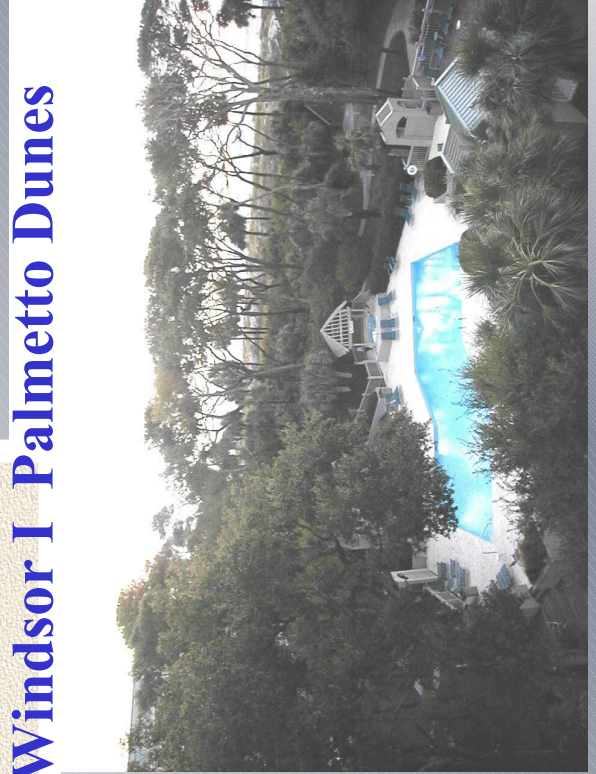
Hemmingways Home Key West

at the pool side. The girls took a trip to the Lighthouse and to Hemmingway's Home (The famous writer). The guys went up town to a bar late in the morning. We all met from an afternoon lunch at Jimmy Buffets Margaritaville Caf'e to sample the food. It was passable.

Late afternoon the hotel had provided another happy hour in the verandah because of the rough weather and we all attended. Fridays evening meal was spent at the hotel and it was very good. Breakfast each day was a family treat all together. Believe it or not we all attended some how, may be not awake.

Saturday the weather turned for the good so after breakfast we all were able to stay at pool side and soak in some rays. Pop Pop was able to find a shaded place off to the side and quietly read the paper. By late afternoon it was time to walk the side walk uptown. There is a famous dock and quay were visitors hang out and watch the sun go down, when there is some. Tonight was different as it was a sunny evening and of course the group wanted to be like the other 10,000 people visiting Key West wanted to see the sun set on the USA. We did not have very good view and the whole show was over in about ten minutes. It was extremely crowded. Bryan and Sandra had little Caroline with them so she was cranky by the time the sun had disappeared from view. This was to be our last night, so where to eat? The waiter at the hotel had given us an off the beaten path a very nice pub to eat in. The quarters were very tight but were all seated together in two booths adjacent to one another. The food was excellent and we celebrated Nana Pats Birthday. This made the week-end very special as a family. The walk back after 11-00 pm was very slow along the side walk as there were virtually hundreds out just window shopping. The girls got there final presents and the guys would stop off and have a beer while we waited. The evening was a success and when we got back at midnight it was time to crash. Sunday was the trip home. Bryan and Eric loaded up the 11 seater Van and were on there way at 8-00 am. We would make our way to the airport at about 10-00 am. The airport as you can well imagine is very small and can only handle may be three planes at the most. On arrival I noticed our plane to Miami was not docked at the gate. Surprise! We had been re-routed to Orlando on a small puddle jumper. Not my style as I get nervous about flying. We were able to see Jeff and Laura on their plane and we boarded for what was relatively calm trip[the only problem was that Orlando was having their usual thunder and

Paradise In Our Backyard



Windsor I Palmetto Dunes

lighting storms. Captain announced he was weaving his way through the storm, and said be prepared for a rough landing. We slowed down and the trip took about an half hour longer than it should. The flight descent was not too bad a little rocky here and there and the plane landed safely. Now for the rush. Our plane leaving for Charlotte was just ten minutes from take off. We flew through the airport and with huffing and puffing made it. Poor Heather was never so out of breath. This was certainly a great vacation as a family we need to do it again as it has been a few years since we all have been away together. Nana Pats Sixtieth birthday is coming up and it would be a great time to throw another one.

During the nineties Nana Pat and Pop Pop discovered a wonderful place that was right in our own back yard. Hilton Head Island is only about four hours drive from Greenville. In



Our Hideaway Windsor I

1991 your Auntie Laura had set us up in the fall to have a mini vacation at the Palmetto Dunes. This time it would be to rent a Condo for a weekend. Windsor I was just been completed the year before. The Rooms were in Condo #506. Just a wonderful setting with all the private amenities you need for a great weekend. Fortunately we were able to spend many a year taking short vacations since that time. We now know Hilton Head Island really well and all the favorite places to eat and visit. We try to invite special guests to accompany us. Tony Gigilos and Wilma, John and Madge Moody my sister Mavis, Ralph and Zoe my niece when they came to Kathie's wedding. Tony Cipriani and Rita all

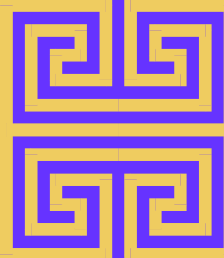
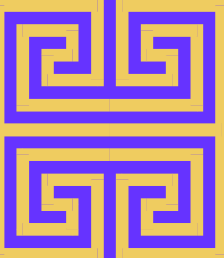
have had the pleasure of joining us at our hideaway. Nana Pat and Pop Pop try to visit at least once a year and possibly twice a year.

Money is a tool to be used with respect and pleasure. It is a tool to share with others. Do not let it become Greed
Brian R. Cripps

Pop Pop's Chronicles

- 1955-Apprenticeship Vickers Engineering**
- 1958-First Hover Craft Design Team**
- 1959- First Nuclear Simulator UK Design Team**
- 1961-Engineer Queen Mary –Caronia**
- 1963-First Nuclear Reactor Enrico Fermi Italy**
- 1962- Experimental Gas Turbine-Generation (Fort Belvoir)**
- 1965- D2O Plant Hanford**
- 1966-Page Communications Micro Wave Tracking Stations Vietnam**
- 1967-CGR Designers Owner**
- 1969 B.R.C Electrical Contracting Inc Owner**
- 1976-Lever Brothers Central Engineering**
- 1984-A&E Morris Harrison Associates**
- 1989-CRS. Serrine Power Division (Combine Cycle Plants)**
- 1995- UAE (Unite Arab Emirates) Project**
- 1999 Y2k World Tour**

Career Path 1955-2000



Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Eight

Career Path

The decade started and Pop Pop joined the Power Division of CRS. Sitrine. The first major project that we were awarded was the 80 Megawatt plant in Williams Lake Canada located in British Columbia. My task was to put the electrical proposal together for the response to and RFB (Response For Bid) or in Canada as they call it a(tender for bid). Well, we were one of three teams selected to be the EPC (Engineering-Procurement-Contractors). After three days of wrangling and interviews, we were finally awarded the project. The plant fuel was wood chips. The reason for this type of plant is that Canada through its environmental policy was cleaning up what they called beehives. These were great numbers of small buildings burning the waste material from the lumber yards. I believe the wood chip boilers used 300 tons of wood chips a day. Wood has a fairly low BTU rating so you need great quantities to fire a boiler. The plant was built starting 1991 thru 1993 and was synchronized and delivering power in September of that year just 24 months after award of contract. Williams Lake is unique as the annual snow fall is quite, low and for this reason it was selected as the most desirable location to build a plant. Pop Pop was deeply involved in the engineering and control of the budgets as we needed to build a plant within budget. This was accomplished and the project made about 8%. Profit pretty good for a \$ 97 million total projected cost.

In 1992 the Power Division landed it's largest project and that was in Lakewood New Jersey. I was directly involved in all the up front engineering and proposal. The project to develop as and EPC contractor was \$167,000,000.00 The gas turbines were two ABB 120 Megawatt gas turbines with a combined cycle steam turbine rated at 100 Megawatt, and they also would construct the Power Island. The 345 KV Switchyard went to "GE". The project would take two years and was due to be completed in July of 1994. This project if the deadline was not met and synchronization with the grid did not occur on the expected completion date meant \$80,000.00 a day in liquidated damages as a penalty. This project was in-house. We were



Southern Living

awarded two others. A combined cycle plant using a Sideman's machine 63.4 in Rhode Island with a Mitsubishi steam turbine. Also the Olean New York Indeck project was awarded. With these projects now in house things were looking really bright for the Power Division much to the demise of the Pulp and Paper group. The paper business was in a down turn and there was very little work to keep this division cost effective. The Power Division had to use the Pulp and Paper group of engineers who knew nothing about combined cycle Power Plants. This turned around what should have been a very profitable next four years into disaster and eventually the Power Division folded.

I was not out of work right away. A project was developed with "GE" as a trade off for a bad experience with the steam turbine at Williams Lake project. Jacobs Engineering that had just purchased CRS. Serrine were awarded a project to be executed in the UAE United Arab Emirates. The project was to install seven gas turbines in five Power Plants through out the UAE. Pop Pop was the last electrical engineer in the Power Group so I was selected to head up the electrical engineering for this project. John Curran who was once with Serrine, now was in charge of this project with "GE". Pop Pop knew John very well and we got along fine.

First task was to visit the UAE on a fact finding mission. In November of 1994. There was to be four of us on the team two from "GE" and two from Jacobs Engineering. We flew to Philadelphia and then to London on US Airways. The lay over in London was about three hours and then it was on a KLM flight to Dubai in UAE. I had never been to the middle east as far as this part in the Persian Gulf so it was all to be a new experience. The flight from London to Dubai was fantastic as we were in Business class all the way and had seats in the upper deck. Total seating was about eighteen. Two flight attendants care of our needs for the nine hour flight. We arrived I believe about 1-30 am in Dubai. Well It was now Friday and it is their day of rest and prayer so things were moving very slow at the airport. Things always go wrong. To get into the UAE you need a sponsor and normally it's the hotel (of course for a fee). Money rules this part of the world as the countries are oil rich. Our sponsor failed to show up at the gate with all necessary paper work and visas. Lucky one of the fellows from "GE" had a cell phone and he was able to call the "GE" office In the USA who talked to the hotel and got things on track after three hours delay. Little did we know at the time, but Pop Pop having a British passport did not need a visa entry so I could have gone through and cleared immigration and customs. As it was, we were through and on our way to the hotel after three hours. Now bear in mind we had traveled 30 hours and needed to be up at 7-30 am to start our first assignment to visit a Plant in Dahid at 9-00 am wherever that was going to be. "Not much rest to say the least". Typical "GE" get as much as they can out of you.

Prayer meetings start at sunrise and that was just about one half hour after we arrived. Our hotel was adjacent to a Mosque and the Howler started screeching out the calls. Prayers could be heard in a low chant from my bedroom. I had to pinch myself as I was in a country full of Islam believing residents and things are very different. The hotel the Forte Grand was very beautiful and we got a "GE" rate of about \$120 .00 a day. The Foyer was very palacious and with a large spiral staircase leading up to the second level. All our rooms were on the back side of the hotel on this level. The hotel was right outside

the airport and you would of thought it would be very noisy. On the contrary, the runways are at least two miles to the South of the hotels and the planes take off over the ocean away from the city of Dubai. We had breakfast and had a discussion about the project at hand today. We were to visit and gather as much information about the existing plant as possible and make as many notes as needed. We would need to get permission to take photo's as they were still pretty sensitive after the Persian Gulf war only five years earlier. Our driver arrived as planned by the "GE local office and was very cordial. We needed to pick up the 'GE' sales representative who locally knew all the Power Plant chief engineers. After stopping at the "GE' office for just a brief moment we were on our way to Dhaid.

We arrived late at about 11-30 pm. The plant closes down at 11-00 am on Fridays as it is a day of prayer and rest. The Chief engineer was very adamant about us arriving so late and needing personal attention from him, as his staff had left. This was not a very good start to our week of fact finding. We were able to review the majority of the plant in about four hours and made our way back to the hotel. By now we are all very tired but "GE" had arranged for a meeting at 7-00 pm to review the days findings. Pop Pop said we will do it over drinks at the pool side bar. Pop Pop declared that we had had just two hours of rest in nearly 40 hours. Pop Pop said I think we deserve a little relaxation over beers (Pop Pop still not drinking) after such a long day. The heat was up into 105 degree's that day. Still cool as it was winter time there. After dinner we all went back to one room and continued the discussions until about midnight. During one of the visits to a plant I had to go to the bathroom and that was a new experience. It was absolutely filthy and stunk to the high heavens. No toilet Paper! Just a bodeo and a shower hose. Well to say the least I got through the experience. From then on I always had a toilet roll with me.

The second day was a little more organized and we out of the hotel and on our way to Ajman. It was our Sunday but there was to be no rest. Arriving at the plant we had the same ritual as the first plant, a sit down cup of black tea very strong served in a demitasse cup. Bricuits (cookies) were arranged on a small plate exactly one for each person not like in America plenty on the plate. Our mission was outlined and the Chief of operations assigned an engineer to accompany us around the plant. I was assigned the electrical chief engineer and he could not have been more helpful. His old plant was about to get a major face lift and he was ecstatic about it. Pop Pop went over the whole plant with a fine tooth comb. This particular plant was to have a major switchgear upgrade and two "GE" 6B gas turbines about 35 Megawatt each. The gas turbines would be diesel start gas turbines to be used as peaking units to support the summer loads plants, but with expansion to include HRSG's for water desalinization. This whole area although a very small country was becoming High Tech and energy requirements were booming. The Ministry were falling behind in it's energy policy a major dent in the economy if not rectified quickly. The "GE " crew stayed on at this plant, but we were to hail a cab outside the plant. So Bob and myself got into the cab. Well, first the drive was dressed just like an Afghanistan rebel fighter. On the front dashboard he had a photo of himself in the militia as a mountain fighter. His English was very poor so we had trouble communicating. During the journey Bob requested him to pull over so he could take a picture of the Camels just grazing near the road. The driver did understand the word stop! Bob was like a school child as he had

never seen a camel before. With all the pictures needed to show his family we were on our way. About half hour later the driver pulled into a driveway of a very large building and with gestures indicated for us to stay put. My remark to Bob was what's this all about as I could see us being whisked off and held as hostages. As it was, the driver needed a special permit to enter the city of Dubai as he was not registered there. What a relief that was. All ended well when we arrived at about 6-00 pm at the hotel. The "GE" crew were not checked in as they had a meeting with the Ministry. Bob and Pop Pop went to the pool side bar to have cool drinks and laugh about our experiences. One thing I noticed that Dubai is very English in its origin, but the traffic drives on the right as in America. Pop Pop thought this unusual. We had a similar evening of work and pleasure all rolled into one and finished up at 1-30 am with calls to "GE" in the USA as they were about 12 Hours behind us so it was midday in the USA . One hour later we eventually dived into bed.

Tuesday was off to UAQ (Umm Al Quaywayn). This plant was situated right on the Arabian gulf about 100 miles from the hotel. There was beautiful breeze the whole time we were there. The ritual was the same except the chief engineer was Indian whereas the prior chiefs had been Egyptian. It appears that there is a large community of Indians in Dubai. The flight to Bombay took only three hours across the Indian Sea. It is quite convenient to work in Dubai and earn fifty times you would make in India. At the end of your permit every two years one would need to fly home . The chief cordially invited to sit and have tea and once again things would follow the same pattern. Each plant engineer was trying to get as much into the bid contracts as he could so that the plants would be upgraded to suit his needs. Most of these plants were on the edge of the desert so it was stifling hot although not summer yet. The temperature is around 126 F degrees on a cool day. Approaches 130F on a bad day.

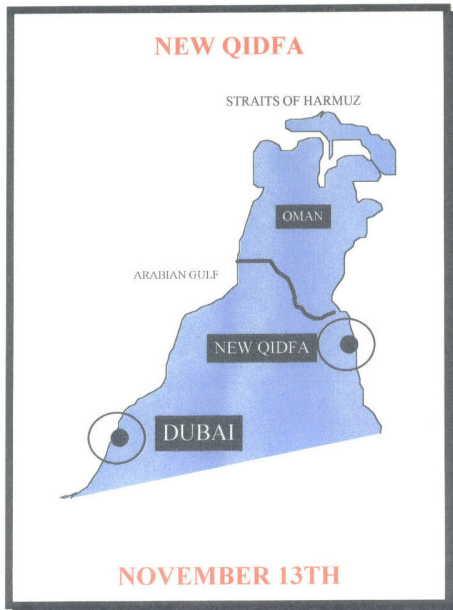
Wednesday saw us on a trip that was the furthest on the West coast of UAE to Al Nakeel. On arrival it was just a little different with the routine. Instead of just sitting and drinking we got a whole lecture on where the tea came from the special honey to sweeten it from the mountains that are at the tip of UAE. The Chief was actually schooled in the USA so it was very easy to communicate and he was happy to be of help. My plant is yours, just be careful and do not shut down equipment. The day was again pretty hot and the sand was blowing about. Pop Pop noticed that all the vegetation has a fine coating of sand on it so it

is gray in color. Sand is the immense problem in this part of the world just keeping out of homes and of course in industry out of equipment. What is very different electrically is that every electrical feeder is underground in concrete trenches so as to reduce the heating effect being exposed to the sun. There was a lot to learn about their customs and just normal daily living.



New Qidfa On the Gulf of Oman

Thursday we were off to New Qidfa on the East coast that is the Oman Gulf side very close to the Strait of Hormuz. It was about a three



hour journey so we left at 7-00 am during which we would pass close to Oman. Oman is separated by UAE at about the port of New Qidfa by a short twenty mile strip. The point at the entrance to the gulf of Harmuz is Oman and not UAE. I have included a map to show this. This plant was the most run down and it was due to its location being right on the coast. I believe it was only about 100 yards away from the shore line. The salt water had eaten up most of the metals and equipment was in disrepair. One good thing came out of this trip. On leaving the “GE” rep took us for a late afternoon lunch at a very exclusive small hotel in Khawr al Fakkan. This was a very beautiful hotel with a small clientele. The food was exquisite as had been all the food we had at the Forte Grand. Friday was to be a day of reckoning with the Ministry and we were to report at 9-00 am and that’s early for this part of the world especially for government employees . Mostly

because the country is so rich and the government employee are expatriates. Most locals as they are called have been educated either in England or America. The meeting was conducted by the head of the engineering, who was an Indian. He was very bright and it appeared that both of us would be challenging one another along the way. He knew Pop Pop was British and I could see I was in for a fight or two. We asked all the questions about each plant and he responded with accurate and informative answers. The meeting ended on a very formal note. We obviously had our final meeting at pool side and would make preparations to leave that night. However we did get time to go to the Gold Souk. This is an area of about four city blocks square full of gold stores. I have never seen or experience the excitement while walking around the Souk. I did not buy gold this trip as I was not sure of the value compared to the USA. Later I found out it is close to half price and the duty at customs is minimal compared to the overall savings. I noticed while walking that parked outside most of the store were Mercedes' cars all the latest models. Each car was the same color a deep bottle green. This color green is missing throughout th whole country because the vegetation is covered with sand as I have already mentioned, so material things are all colored green. We did pass the docks with all the Dhows lined up, some one hundred I would think. Most of the trading with the Iranians just 80 miles away across the Gulf. You can trade anything you want in Dubai. There are no trade embargo's and it is a free trade city. With this new experience of visiting the middle east. Once again it was time to say goodbye and make our way home. The return Flight was at 1-30 am Saturday morning to Frankfurt on KLM airways and then transfer to Delta for the final flight to Atlanta. Early morning we arrived in Frankfurt. This airport is a very large and spacious and extremely clean. The signage is easily to read and you can get around quite well. We had just a six hour layover. In business class the courtesy rooms have all the amenities you need and one can take a shower in Frankfort. That made it very convenient to shower up before getting on the next plane. Atlanta was certainly a wonderul sight to see when we landed at about 3-00 pm on Saturday. Our connecting flight to Greenville was at five

o'clock and I would eventually get in the door after traveling about 28 hours. "GE" were successful in being low bidder for the tender so it would appear our home work did pay off. The only plant that would not be in our contract was Ajman this was awarded to "GE" competitor located in Germany. Jacobs still have a lot of work to do organizing this project. I was informed that the detailing of the cad (Computer Aided Design) drawings and production engineering would be done in our associates office in Bombay, Humphries and Glasgow. I fought like hell and advised them not to proceed with this decision. I was overruled by management. I had worked with several Indians in the past and they are brilliant at calculations, but do not have clue how to build. My gut feeling is this is now going to be a nightmare. Obviously, it was a cost cutting measure as they could do the work supposedly for about one third the cost of the USA counterpart.

Pop Pop did return to the UAE in late January after the award. This would be a trip requiring field details and was scheduled for two weeks. Pop Pop was to bring the information back and then sit down with the Indian team in Greenville to formulate the total approach to the project. I did go to the Gold Souk this time and purchase Several gold bracelets for all the women in the family. Total cost was about \$1200. The duty I paid was \$60 .00 so it was well worth the trip. The transfer of Engineering details took place in early March and the project would go forward based on the execution being done in Bombay. This completed with my counterpart, I still felt very uncomfortable about the project as it was a very complicated electrical one. The representative that came over was the chief engineer and I really needed the actual engineer assigned to the project. But as usual the old British protocol was in place and the boss is the one to visit. As the job progressed things were slowly slipping as the Indians did not normally work on fast track type construction. I raised the flag, but to no heed it fell on deaf ears. In mid June "GE" were now getting concerned and a field trip was scheduled for me to visit with John Currin of "GE" to review the project at each site. The Humphries and Glasgow would send over their team and we would iron out problems with the design drawings. We would all meet in UAQ as this was the construction management headquarters. It was a very embarrassing meeting to say the least. The Indian Design team would leave ahead of the USA team to Bombay. "GE" were pretty upset with the quality of the product coming out of Bombay. I was and so was Geoff Quisenberry and were advise to go to Bombay immediately and not to return to the USA. "GE" said the mess has to be straightened out. Both Geoff and Pop Pop had obtained a visa just in case this happened, so we were in good shape as far as entry in to India.

This was to be the worst three weeks of my life. I had as a young boy written several papers on India and was very interested in its culture and ethnic customs. The empire as it was in those days had broken up and India was independent. The trip across the Indian Ocean was very short and we traveled Emirates Airways. Their business class was very well managed and the onboard service excellent. The arrival at the Bombay airport was the first indication of things to come. Shanty town around the airport was just shocking to see and completely run down. Taxing Pop Pop noticed people pulling the weeds out of the runway there must have been about fifty of them. On entering the terminal it was like a war had been going on. It was filthy, lighting fixture missing in the ceiling even some just dangling on their cords. Every thing you touched was sticky and filthy. Signage falling off

the walls. People were sweaty and smelly. Pop Pop's thoughts "I will be glad to get through this mess".

Outside was even worse. The sun was setting very fast as it was about seven o'clock. The air quality was just unbelievable. It stung your eyes. The pollution from carbon monoxide was so thick you could hardly see the sun. Our taxi driver was congenial, but we did not have air-conditioning in the cab. We needed to keep the windows closed we were advised because the route would take us through a very poor neighborhood. Pop Pop thought it can't be worse than what we have already experienced. Wrong ! We left the airport and as we traveled there was major construction on an overpass still going on late into the evening. Young women (in their teens) with baskets on their head were delivering concrete to the job site. There must have been a line of at least two hundred. Talk about labor intensive with no tools to help. The scaffolding was bamboo very flimsy looking and dangerous for the workers. The concrete mixer was about a two yard mixer. This project would take forever to build I thought. Pop Pop doubts if it is open today some seven years later. Our cab went through the city outskirts and then detoured through a terrible neighborhood with hundreds of beggars on street corners. At one intersection a lady in desperation for her sick child squashed her babies nose against the cab window pleading for money. Several ruffians ran up to the car and tried to stop it so as to get money from us. This was a pitiful site. The cab driver said "just don't roll down your windows". Eventually we came out at Marine Drive quiet a long stretch of very wide road leading towards our hotel the Obari. What a relief to see the front door of the hotel. A very nasty experience the cab ride. We had arranged prior to our visit to have a personal cab driver full time for three weeks 24/7. This was to be one of the best things we did while there. The hotel was like an Oasis in this trodden down city and this was just the start of things to come. Having left the wonderful city of Dubai so modern and so clean this was truly a shock.

Breakfast the next day in the American Bar as it was called was quite interesting. Several of the tables had fellow Americans sat at them. During the breakfast Pop Pop talked to several of them as we lined up for the eggs bacon and potatoes. Pop Pop found out that they were from Bechtel, a competitor, and they were building a 600 Megawatt plant about eighty miles to the north of Bombay. The company had rented two complete floors of an annex adjacent to the hotel and this was their headquarters for the projects management. After breakfast we went downstairs to find our driver in the lobby. Introductions were made we were then off to the office of Humphries and Glasgow. The hotel was on Marine Drive as I said before what was different from the night before was the continuous line of beggars all sat aimlessly on the sidewalk. I would think there were at least two hundred of them. In front of each was a small bowl awaiting a kind response. Several of the bystanders were giving them food for the day . Most of the beggars were maimed or had severe birth defects. It was a pretty awful sight so early in the morning.

Our driver would take us on a short cut that went directly through a shanty village on an inlet from the coast line. The village was made of an assortment of materials and huts and roofs were barely standing. Rats run in and out of buildings. The river banks were covered in rat holes. Garbage was strewn in every conceivable spot of space. Animals search through the garbage for food. The residence took no notice of our Taxi as it must have

been a common occurrence to take this short cut. At the end of the road was a bus station . I say bus station because it had British Layland buses parked in it. This must have been a junction terminal where passengers interchanged. It was totally run down and the buses were in complete disrepair with engine covers missing platforms broken. How they ever kept them in service I will never know. We dead ended into a main road right opposite the Nehru Building and the head office of Tata. This was only a short distance from the poverty and refuge dumps. The buildings lining the multi lane highway were completely stripped of their paint and plaster was decorating on the walls and falling off. All this was the result of carbon dioxide emissions from the millions of taxi cabs and motor cycles. Vegetation what little could barely survive in this atmosphere. Trees and limbs showed very little leaf support. It was certainly depressing to say the least. Eventually we pulled into the driveway of Humphries and Glasgow not to much surprise, it was as bad as the rest of the buildings we had seen along the route.

We were greeted with a smile and asked to wait in a very small foyer. Eventually after fifteen minutes we were introduced to the Engineering Manager and escorted to our room that was for our use during the next three weeks. The engineering staff were stacked in such confining quarters that they were on top of one another. I needed to fax a letter to the USA and was told that the fax room was at the end of the office. The room was exactly 5'-0" x 5'-0" square two personnel and xerox machine were inside. The machine was so filthy I dare not touch . All the equipment in the office was filthy and run down. The floor and walls in the corners were dirty and the building was dismal. Pop Pop kept saying to himself, "and I have to live here for three weeks". The main conference room in the adjacent building is where most of the engineering conferences were held. This room was passable to our standards. At lunch time it was out for a meal at the Copper Kettle. It was a short walk from the office and the midday sun felt good. The streets are so crowded you mostly walk in the road. We arrived at the Copper Kettle and to my surprise it was very lovely inside with the décor, very Indian, but tasteful. The Chief engineer had reserved a table and we were received in a very formal manner and seated. Having had troubles overseas I knew enough to stick with deeply battered shrimp. This way I know all the germs are killed in the hot fat. For three weeks that is all Pop Pop ate when we went out with the office managers or management staff. That night we worked to sundown and our driver was in the parking lot when we came outside. We were shown the taxi and would pull out the backway to the office. What a sight. Slums every where. The sacred cows or oxen eating out of the garbage. It and hundreds of cats scurrying around groveling on it. The garbage must have been there for months as it was at least 10' -" high and strewn along both sides of the small road. The taxi barely made it through what was about a USA city block. Quisenberry my associate was taken all of this in and was, I believe, enjoying it. Pop Pop was having serious problems with such slums and the total state of disrepair. We did go through a very pitiful slum area the same as we did when leaving the airport. The run along the main highway would take us passed the Bombay Country Club where the horse racing and major sports events are held. There was a famous religious building built on a small peninsular jutting out into the Bay of Bombay. People were taking their evening stroll out to the end of the peninsular. The children seemed happy and very playful. Fields of cricketers were on every conceivable spare piece of open and flat land. I guess sports is their only way out of this awful environment. Cricket games are played at

sunrise every day of the week. You will not find a piece of open park available as there is a cricket game being played on every one. Saturday morning we arose to and early breakfast and while eating and looking outside the window I noticed several naked people bathing in the Water fountain that had just been started that day. I said to Geoff "take a look at that what do make of it". It was pretty obvious that these people had no water at home and the fountain in the middle of the major intersection was convenient for a shower and a wash down. I just shook my head in amazement.

This was not to be the only shock of the day. We arrived at the office at about 7-30 am and would start our work. The engineering staff did not work or refused to work on weekends even though the schedule was fast track. This was our first indication of the lack of project management. Well, about 10-00 am I went to the bathroom to find the office clean up crew standing in the toilet bowl washing themselves down and also in the one sink. Water was everywhere the place stunk and I almost vomited from the smell. Needless to say I did not stay long but turned straight around and went back to our work room. No sense talking to Quisenberry I thought, as he would only laugh at the whole thing. I found it terribly annoying and disgusting. That evening we left the office very late at about 9-30 pm and again went out the back way. A few left and right turns and we were heading down a main street. I could not understand why so many children were out on the side walk reading under the electric lamp posts. I was told on Monday that they were all studying for their finals as there was no electrical service in the majority of the buildings. Education and sports is their only way out of this depressing situation. One fascinating thing that I was informed about. One morning I noticed a row of what would be pressure type metal cans in the hallways of the office each with a special tag on them. These cans are the engineers food that is delivered by a service directly from the local village to their work place. The wife cooks the food and seals it in the air tight cans called Tiffin jars. Each one delivered to its final destination on bicycle. There must be a thousand delivery boys running around Bombay with these cans. They are picked up in the afternoon and delivered back to the families residence before the owner arrives home from work. This is a massive undertaking, but it works and without error I understand.

Our hotel was sort of an Oasis amongst this sorry state of affairs. That too had problems with cleanliness. Maintenance is just a big problem throughout India. It appears at least from my perspective that people need to be trained to keep equipment and amenities in good working order. About midway through the second week, we lost the battery on our laptop. Rush delivery and it was sent from the USA overnight. We were informed at Humphries and Glasgow that we would need to go to customs close to the airport and pick it up as there was duty to be paid (grafted) more like it. We got to customs at about 11-00 am after four hours and six bribes we finally got the battery. Duty was exactly the cost two hundred dollars. Bribes a further three hundred. The country is so corrupt there is no way, they are ever going to clean up or restore basic services. Water is trucked in most neighborhoods as the infrastructure has just collapsed. People occupy every piece of side walk and families less fortunate who do not have a metal shack with cardboard roof, sleep in any alcove or doorway. A cardboard box to sleep in is heaven to some. With the morning sunrise one finds the dead on the streets, it's not a very encouraging site to see.

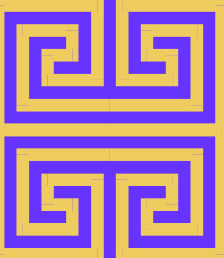
The last week could not pass quick enough. PopPop checked out of the hotel Tuesday night. The front desk had neglected to inform me that my plane had been delayed. I took the taxi we had hired to the airport and he dropped me off at the wrong gate to start off with and that was a hassle just trying to get over to the right departure gate for British Airways. Checking in Pop Pop was at least four hours early. For once, this was to my advantage as the baggage person informed me the flight was delayed for 24 hours. Just what Pop Pop needed! A longer stay in India. Pop Pop could not go back to the hotel as all the rooms were booked as it was a very popular hotel. I just went to the Business class waiting room and thought I would hang out for twenty four hours and sleep a little as it was 1-30 am in the morning. After two hours, a director of operations for British Airways came to me and said give me your passport. I was reluctant, I really needed it to get home. I questioned his intentions and said I would rather follow him. He lead me around corridors and little alleyways until we reach Lufthansa. He said “your lucky” I have got you a seat on the 2-30 am flight but you will have to fly economy. They will direct you from the Business lounge when your flight is called. “My luggage” Pop Pop retorted. He replied “its being transferred over”. One hour to wait and I would be rid of India and on my way home. The trip although uncomfortable in cabin class as there had to be 95% of the plane filled with Indians smelly and constantly talking. There was to be no rest on this plane, but who cared! PopPop was on my way to Frankfurt Germany. Arriving, I was to travel to London to make a connection to Atlanta. During the layover in the business class lounge an announcement that a Delta flight was heading for Atlanta. A quick change of plans and Pop Pop would be on my way to Atlanta. My luggage was on its way to London, but who cared. Pop Pop would be home at least 10 hours earlier that expected. It was so great to eventually land in Atlanta and catch the shuttle service to Greenville. It took a week for my luggage to arrive at Greenville airport.

Journey over and not a very good experience at that.

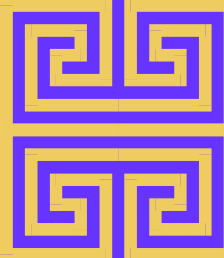
On arriving in the office the following week, I was informed that I needed to go back and complete the project in India. My remark was “you can’t write a big enough check to get me on a plane to India”. The Answer is No period! Well, this was the start of my demise in the company. The project was finished in Greenville a little late, but to the satisfaction of “GE,” During the summer. Pop Pop was assigned for a short period with the Pulp and Paper group where Pop Pop was not happy. There was an opportunity for a briefer assignment to Universal Studios in Orlando the following April I took it. This Pop Pop knew the end was coming with Jacobs Engineering. Pop Pop was not under their thumb and they did not like it at all. Just the free spirit in me shining through. This forced retirement in late June was the start of a very wonderful time in my life. Pop Pop had found time to write these stories of the wonderful journey through life. Pop Pop hopes that they will be interesting and that you will all gain from the insight to his heart.

With eyes wide open but the spirit dampened, The endless task to change must be the work of many.

Brian R. Cripps



Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter Nine



The Millennium Hoax

Y2K

I was out of work having been laid off from CRS. Sitrine after 9 years and 11 months and 6 days. The corporate world can be cruel as I was about to receive my ten year pin for service in the company. There were several reasons contributing to my layoff. One, I was considered a non-conformist, this really meant I could think for myself. I was not going to be dictated to by people who were just power seekers and not free thinkers as I was; I'm still that way today. This label they had put on me I surely agree with. Two, I was what they call a cash cow. This meant that I was contributing the whole 10% that was max possible from my wages to my retirement account. This was a 401k account. The company through its generosity contributed half or 5% this meant that their contribution in cash each month was about \$250.00. This was a considerable sum that they were having to cough up each month based on the fact that the company had at least 75% of its work force in my age group. When work slowed down the attrition rate for the over 55 group was pretty large. I was to be one of those in June of 1998. First time I had been laid off.

I had spent, as you recall, a lot of time on E Zee Score software program prior to its release so it kept me busy at home for about six months. After Christmas of 1998, time spent at home was becoming boring. I needed another project to start. Nana Pat to the rescue. Why don't you write your life story or memoirs as it is so interesting and the Grandchildren would love to have a complete record of their grandfather's life. Well, in early July I started and low and behold just as I had established a time line and format I was approached by a contract agency. They asked if I would like a job relating to Y2K. The particular lady Mrs. Bergin at TRS agency said "your resume matches very closely to what a particular client needs in the Mid West". She stated that it would mean travel to Indiana and that I would be



Southern Living



required to do inventory, research, and assessments on several power plants. This was right up my alley, as they say.

Two weeks passed with no offer of a contract so I thought it was over. The third week, that was in early September, I was called on a Thursday and told to report Friday to Mr. Lee Stogner at Fluor Daniel so as to pick up my tickets. I went on Friday and met Mr. Stogner who gave me a quick run down on Y2K and what the needs would be for the assignment that I had with a client called NIPSCO. I knew NIPSCO from the CRS Sistine days while working in the power division. We had bid several of their projects, This was to be a very exciting project for me to undertake.

Y2K consisted of five phases

1. Inventory (all expected equipment that may vulnerable to y2k issues)
2. Assessment
3. Remediation
4. Testing
5. Validation

I was to be involved in the first two phases for the particular client.

The Y2K problem was a major computer hardware and software glitch that had the following ramifications. The reason I am giving you an idea of this problem is that the public at large did not understand the immensity of it. When computers first came into existence and were starting to be widely use in industry, I'm talking 1980's. Engineers who wrote the basis code for the computers or computer language wrote it in Cobol or Fortran. To save money on what was, at that time, very expensive disc storage space a standard was developed that would allow the use of using just two numerals for a date. Lets say 67 or 82 but 00 was to be a major problem, as the code did not allow for this set of numerals to be used. Second problem was that the basic operating Bios and Cmos was programmed with the same code and was even more serious because it was embedded in the permanent memory and could not be corrected with simple software changes. Thirdly the New Millennium had a leap year for the first year. And last, but not least, 9999 was a sign off signature for engineers writing code, it meant termination of the program. Three months before what was to take place the. New Millennium we would experience a date change of 9/9/99.

The basic problem was realized back in 1993. Minimal effort by corporations was done and only government agencies were starting to address the issue. In fact Social Security was the first agency to address the problem. Very little was documented by the media so as to bring out the seriousness of the problem and bring it to the forefront. There was a very serious problem and it was to alert industries as to a possible collapse in commerce based on the problems of aforementioned items above. The total worldwide problem was even more serious as it was a known fact that for every 100 lines of code the above problems would arise. This meant that there was about 3 billion lines of code in the market place and only about 400,000 engineers who were familiar with the old software. Code was

written in the formats of Cobol and Fortran. These codes were the early tools for software coding engineers. It was estimated that it would take 10 years if the early analysis were correct. As you can tell, it was to be an enormous task to correct. The newer codes such as Microsoft Windows even needed an upgrade to rectify the operating platform bios. It was an International nightmare and industry and commerce had left it to the last minute to address the problem. The cost was estimated to be around 10 billion dollars worldwide. It was not until 1999 that the media really started to address the problem. Government Agencies in many countries were falling behind fast. The USA had resources and money to tackle the problem head on and they did. Third World countries had a very costly project ahead of them trying to resolve the issue.

Industry in 1998 was slightly ahead of the media so that's how I became involved in the effort to save the world. It was the first kind of problem that faced the whole world irrespective of geographical location and that in itself is something to think about. Computers were operating nearly every conceivable piece of machinery. Embedded chips were concealed on small and large motherboards. Detection devices were available at around \$35,000.00 per tool. These could tell if a particular chip had a Y2K problem

On the Sunday I flew to Chicago and drove to Merrillville Indiana. This was the headquarters of NIPSCo, our client, in a very rural town. I was to meet that evening another gentleman from Fluor Daniel who was driving from St Louis where he was in training for a week on how to accumulate the necessary database for passing over to the assessment group. I found out after just a day on the job that the person that I was assigned to knew nothing about computers or software. He also had limited knowledge of plant engineering. He was supposedly a plant engineer with GE but I had my doubts

. On Monday we met the Y2K project director for NIPSCo and agreed on the schedule to do inventory on four major power plants in the Indiana and Illinois (Chicago) area. First would be at Republic Steel in Indian. The plant was a steam turbine about 80 Megawatts. The firing of the boilers was from coke oven gas first cleaned and then used to fire the large boilers. These boilers produced plant steam and low-pressure steam that supported the steam turbine. The water for condensing of the turbine came directly from Lake Michigan and the water treatment was a very large system because of the water quality not meeting the requirements for boiler steam production. It was our job to look at all the controlling software and engineering back up computers. The monitoring of the boiler control system and turbine controls were also to be analyzed for Y2K problems. The ancillary devices such as flow, pressure, and level devices and remote control stations were scheduled to be inventoried. The first day was slow going and it took us both quite awhile to get into the swing of things. Eventually we completed the whole plant in three days. This would include pumping stations and electrical switchgear rooms. We moved to the second plant on Thursday and this was a combined cycle plant. I was very familiar with this type of plant having built seven of them with CRS. Serrine. The plant was still interesting as there was a RO / DI water process attached to the plant with a large storage tanks. RO / DI water is very expensive and is used in washing down the gas turbine blades on a gas driven generator as was the case of a combined cycle plant. Just as it sounds. Plants are constructed with two turbines, one a Gas Turbine the other a Steam Turbine.

The electrical energy produced by the gas turbine is normally twice that of the steam turbine for any given gas turbine size. To give you some idea of the monitoring there is normally between 2500 points to 3200 points on a plant of this type.

The task for us was quite a big one as the systems were very involved. Gas turbine controls, Boiler (HRSG) heat Recovery Steam Generator. This passes the turbine gases through it and produces steam that is exported to a host. Part of the HRSG steam is used for the Steam turbine. We had all the monitoring of the water treatment and again the electrical incoming importing and exporting electrical energy equipment to inventory.

This plant took us up until the following Monday working all weekend. No going home.

We started the last of the major steam turbine plants at Inland Steel and finished up on Friday and headed home. Returning the following week we would inventory the Coke Plant and FGD Plant in the same facility. This was a very interesting heat recovery system and as I had been involved with coke ovens some twenty years earlier. It was of great interest to me. The coke oven gas heat recovery and gas cleaning was very unique and was the only commercial plant built in the USA. This plant was a large undertaking and with all the various control system and PC's took us all week up until Sunday to complete the inventory.

On returning to Fluor Daniel in Greenville, we had the task of going through every item and confirming its Y2k compliance. We found that each plant would need major upgrades of the existing software for all the turbines, boilers, and water treatment systems. After our first run through, we met with the client and discussed his approach to the necessary problems relating to firmware or software. The analysis would require NIPSCO to purchase in some cases new software, as was the case for all the major control components. The estimate cost was around 2 million dollars. Schedules were drawn up for the remediation and validation. Some of the software was dumped from the computers and sent to Europe for upgrading. On line testing would have to be done at the individual plants. All was completed on time and within the anticipated budgets set aside. On the roll over to the new Millennium all of this generation was kept up and running, so I felt real good about my involvement in this project.

I have described in detail the events leading up to the New Millennium as the public thought it was all a hoax. A lot of hard work went into the whole process and the USA being the world leader in commerce had no choice but to correct all the problems.

After this project I was asked to take a leave of absence and I was out of work again for about two weeks. This was in early October and I got a call from Lee Stogner to come into the office as a client had a possible Y2k project for me to start. Lee said do you know anything about commercial high rise buildings. "Sure," I said, "I worked on them for five years in at Atlanta for John Portman Associates". Ok lets give the client a call and have a phone interview. This was on a Thursday. The result was that on Monday I was to report to Chicago North Lake office the USA headquarters of Andersen Consulting. Due to legal ramifications they have now changed their name at that time. Now Accenture. Sunday I flew out to Chicago. Monday I teamed up with their Y2k director Todd Forentino and we put the first series of Buildings to be inventoried and assessed. These buildings were considered mission critical due to the nature of the business conducted by Andersen Consult-

Y2K Client Programming

Corporate Problem vs. Facilities

Computers and information technologies are utilized in every facet of most major companies in the world today. Activities range from printing paychecks to monitoring water quality for environmental compliance. Typically, enterprise information systems fall into two broad categories - corporate systems and building facilities systems.

Corporate systems are usually supported and maintained by the corporate Management Information Systems (MIS), Information Systems (IS), or Information Technology (IT) groups within a company. Functionality provided by these systems can include:

- Finance/Accounting
- Order Management
- Human resources
- Enterprise Resource Planning (ERP)
- Customer service
- Corporate planning/Forecasting
- Electronic commerce
- Electronic mail
- Master scheduling
- Telecommunications/Networks
- Sales/Marketing support
- Corporate procurement

The corporate MIS staff has responsibility for supporting the software and hardware infrastructure needed to provide and enable the above listed services. Most U.S. companies have or will soon have a Year 2000 *corporate* project to address the issue within the scope of these systems. Multiples outside service providers are available to provide consulting management and auxiliary support. Tools vendors are in their third generation of tools to support code

scanning, program analysis and project estimation help.

Corporations across the United States are engaged in addressing Year 2000 compliance problem at the *corporate* level, but may not have addressed their total *enterprise*.

Building Facilities Management

- **Facilities**
 - Utility Services
 - Gas-Steam-Water-Waste Stream
 - Elevators
 - Chillers
 - Boilers
 - BMS or EMS System
 - Cooling Tower
 - Water Treatment
- **Environment**
 - Telephone Direct or Shared
 - Audio Visual
 - Board Rooms
 - Mail Services
 - Hoteling
 - Advanced Ticket Authority
 - Gas monitoring
- **Safety**
 - Fire Command Center
 - Fire Detection System
 - Fire Suppression System
 - Emergency Generation
 - Essential Services
 - Smoke Eject and Pressurization
- **Security**
 - Cardkey Access
 - CCTV
 - Paging Systems
 - Two-Way Radios
 - Watchman's Tour

Y2K Client Programming

Each of these groups use computer technology or embedded software in its applications to perform their job and are often involved in designing, selecting and maintaining these computer systems directly with the vendors. However, their priorities are focused on the Building day to day operations, not on maintaining a well managed, well-documented systems environment. Lack of a managed, coordinated approach across on-going operations has led to a slow response in addressing the Year 2000 compliance problem at the Building management level.

Another factor contributing to the slow response at the Building Facilities level is mistaken notion that computer systems in consist only of simple functioned PLC's and basic instruments performing mechanical functions with limited options and no sophisticated logic. Reality can be quite the opposite! Computer systems and embedded software have become critical and integral part of our daily routine at all levels within our building, as detailed in the following sections

Building Management Exposures/Risks

The following shows the many systems that can be found in a typical building today.



Andersen Consulting Y2k

City	Country	Area / Region	Address	Sq Ft
LONDON	U.K.	EMEIA	Denning House, 90 Chancery Lane	30500
LONDON	U.K.	EMEIA	Arundel Street	66000
LONDON (new in May)	U.K.	EMEIA	Beaumont House – Avonmore Road (Kensington Village)	30000
LONDON (new in March/April)	U.K.	EMEIA	1 Earl Street (London Stock Exch Bldg)	16122
NEWCASTLE	U.K.	EMEIA	The Fleming Business Centre (houses important BPM project)	29300
MADRID – PICASSO	SPAIN	EMEIA	Torre Picasso, Plaza Pablo Ruiz Picasso	117500
MADRID – MAHOU	SPAIN	EMEIA	Plaza Manuel Gomez Moreno, 2	???
MILAN – DONEGANI	ITALY	EMEIA	Largo Donegani 2	???
DUBLIN (European Svc Ctr)	IRELAND	EMEIA	Regus House / Grand Canal Plaza	22900
FRANKFURT (SULZBACH)	GERMANY	EMEIA	Otto-Volger-Strabe 15	97527
PARIS	FRANCE	EMEIA	55 avenue George V	83500
PARIS	FRANCE	EMEIA	74 rue de la Victoire (Opera Victoire)	66700
SOPHIA	FRANCE	EMEIA	449 Route des Cretes	59341
MANILA	PHILIPPINES	AP	Makati Stock Exchange Bldg	47693
TOKYO	JAPAN	AP	8-1-19 Akasaka Minato-ku	36000
TOKYO	JAPAN	AP	7-1-16 Akasaka	???
MELBOURNE (new bldg)	AUSTRALIA	AP	525 Collins St. (Rialto Towers)	33000
SYDNEY	AUSTRALIA	AP	Sydney – 141 Walker St	56673
SAN RAMON	U.S.	Americas / West	2527 Camino Ramon, (Bishop Ranch 7)	89328
SAN FRANCISCO	U.S.	Americas / West	Spear Street Tower	127746
PALO ALTO	U.S.	Americas / West	1661 Page Mill Road	62155
LOS ANGELES	U.S.	Americas / West	2101 Rosecrans Avenue	59586
ST. PETERSBURG	U.S.	Americas / South	128 Third St. South	107852
RESTON (new bldg)	U.S.	Americas / South	One Freedom Sq, 11951 Freedom Drive	261847
LAS COLINAS	U.S.	Americas / South	5215 N. O'Connor Blvd	75000
HOUSTON (new bldg in 4/99)	U.S.	Americas / South	2929 Allen Parkway (America Tower)	150000

HOUSTON	U.S.	Americas / South	15990 N. Barkers Landing	33000
DALLAS	U.S.	Americas / South	901 Main St (downtown)	67000
DALLAS	U.S.	Americas / South	1950 Stemmons Freeway (Infomart)	50101
ATLANTA	U.S.	Americas / South	100 Peachtree Street	83000
WILMINGTON	U.S.	Americas / NE	1801 Augustine Cutoff	208758
PARSIPPANY (NJ)	U.S.	Americas / NE	10 Waterview Boulevard	78797
NEW YORK	U.S.	Americas / NE	1345 Avenue of the Americas	149408
MURRAY HILL (NJ)	U.S.	Americas / NE	5 Spring Street	50000
FLORHAM PARK	U.S.	Americas / NE	100 Campus Drive	96015
TORONTO	CANADA	Americas / NC	5775 Young Street (Ford Call Center)	27123
SOUTHFIELD	U.S.	Americas / NC	200 Galleria Officentre (Dow BPM space)	46810
OTTAWA	CANADA	Americas / NC	160 Elgin St	???
NORTHBROOK	U.S.	Americas / NC	3773 Willow Road	334238
MINNEAPOLIS	U.S.	Americas / NC	333 S. 7th Street	161445
MINNEAPOLIS	U.S.	Americas / NC	111 E. Washington Ave	15000
ETOBICOKE	CANADA	Americas / NC	185 The West Mall	52671
CINCINNATI	U.S.	Americas / NC	201 East Fourth Street (Atrium One)	31612
CHICAGO	U.S.	Americas / NC	161 N. Clark St	320357
CHICAGO	U.S.	Americas / NC	1 North State St	126533
CHICAGO	U.S.	Americas / NC	225 N. Michigan	2 floors
QUESTIONS:				
What London site is 72 Hammersmith Road? SO (CRM, EBS)			EMEA	moving to Kensington
EBS SC in Barcelona or Madrid?			EMEA	Mad –yes

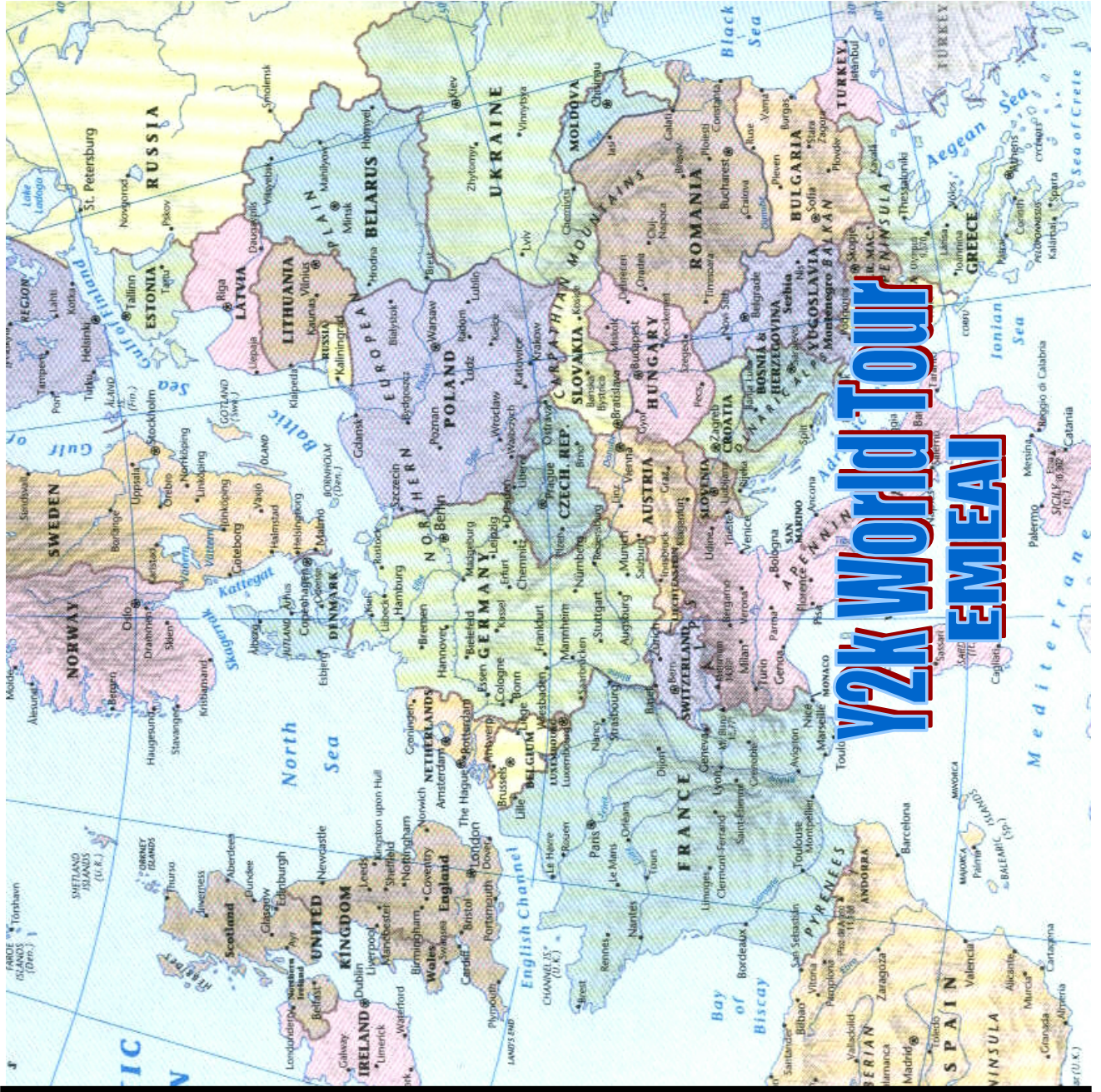
48 Buildings Total Project

ing in the premises. The initial project would start the following week this would give me time to get onboard the team to go forward with, as inventory takes two people in the field and two in the office working on assessments. Assessments required a lot of web work faxing and confirmation. All the data resided in the corporate data bank in oracle software. The project was to inventory eight buildings before the new year. These buildings were either campus style three story or major office complexes in major cities. California would be campus style San Ramón, and Palo Alto (Corporate think tank), The others were in Houston, (Total of 3), Dallas Las Colinas, Milwaukee and North Park (Campus style). I had set up the project so that the initial meeting I would review the management involvement in their Y2k program. Obtain details about the building and then proceed with inventory. I did send out a questionnaire in advance and three days prior to arriving at a particular building. This questionnaire gave management what direction I was coming from. I flew out the day of my birthday in October 26th. I had a team member with me Mr. David Griffith. The day we arrived it was a beautiful sunny and bright day, not too humid and the evening was very pleasurable. We dined at a local Mexican restaurant and the food was excellent. Monday would be the start of a very busy day. Our schedule had us moving on that evening to Pal Alto. That was about two-hour drive away. The morning meeting went well with the building management team. Directly after we started inventory and was pretty well complete by about five thirty in the evening. After Xeroxing all our data sheets we FedEx them to our office in Greenville so that Carolyn (home base support person) could start inputting them into the oracle database and also start web searches on the items and or confirmation from the internal audit previously inputted from other projects. After a great day and the first of many to come we made our way to Palo Alto. We arrived at the hotel I had picked out from the platinum card master hotel book. It was very laid back and very Californian. The sun was just going down when we checked in. After a quick wash and change I sat by poolside and just took in the whole day and made mental notes as to what we could do better at the next appointment. Tomorrow would be (the Corporate west coast think tank building) Our hotel was as close as you could get to the entrance to Stanford University in Palo Alto. Andersen Consulting employs all the wiz kids directly out of college. Just to give you some idea of the client I was working for their turnover a year of employees was 20,000. Most new employees would last four years as the burn out rate was very high. I was told that they interview 35,000 students a year, just to keep up with the company's requirements. The total employees at the time of Y2k were around 80,000, a massive size for a software development company. I must say they treated me with respect and listened to my suggestions on how to accomplish the their goals and a good comfort level for all issues relating to Y2k building systems in all mission critical buildings.

Tuesday I met with a very helpful office services manager for Andersen Consulting and with the building management team. In discovery we found out very little was being addressed as far as management of the building was concerned with respect to Y2k. This would leave us to believe that the inventory would need to be as detailed as possible. We went over the building with a fine tooth comb and finished the day having inventoried about 200 items. This was about three times what a campus style building would normally result in. High Rise buildings normally result in about 200 to 300 inventoried and tagged items. The North Park corporate campus was unique as Andersen Consulting had set up

**Itinerary
B R Cripps First Quarter**

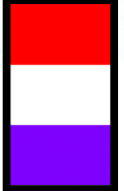
jan	4th	5th rmc	6th open	7th open	8th open	9th milliken report	10th andersen report
jan	11th	12th report/m magnolia	13th magnolia	14th order ticket open	15th dewey	16th andersen report	17th ny bd-book
jan	18th report/a	19th	20th ny	21st ny	22nd ny	23rd fly home	24th milliken report
jan	25th report/m cedar hill	26th monarch	27th cushman	28th abbeville	29th report/a-l order ticket	30th andersen report	31st pick up car
feb	1st live oaks	2nd live oaks	3rd dmc	4th travel	5th Kingsley	6th ny / mil bd-book	7th fly ny travel
feb	8th order ticket ny/milliken	9th ny	10th ny	11th report/m spartanburg	12th report/a open	13th houston bd-book	14th fly-h travel
feb	15th houston	16th houston	17th fly h/d	18th dallas	19th dallas	20th fly-green travel	21st
feb	22nd open	23rd open	24th report/m open	25th report/a-l open	26th report/a open	27th	28th
feb/march	1st open	2nd open	3rd open	4th open	5th report/a-l open	6th	7th



Newcastle-FCB
 London Camberra House
 London- Denning House
 London-Arundel Street
 London-Essex Street
 Dublin-Regus House



Frankfurt-Sulzbach



Sophia Antipolis
 Paris- Victoire
 Paris-George V



Madrid-Picasso



Milano

several regional managers to interview me. Fluor Daniel Services would be on the chopping block as they say. The Monday morning two hour interview went extremely well and I convinced them as how to approach the Y2K program for facilities similar to the North Park campus. They did follow me on my investigative journey throughout the campus. At the debriefing meeting they all said it was very complicated and compliment me as I was doing a great job and very thorough.

With the reports all completed and delivered to Mr. Forentino in Milwaukee I had a short break of about a week before my next assignments. Mr, Forentino said that due to the regional corporate managers the following buildings are now to be Y2K inventoried. The New list included Chicago 2 Buildings, Houston 2 buildings, New York, and Dallas 2 buildings all to be completed by January 1999. A new assistant was assigned to the project who was very good on research and assessments. This would relieve Pop Pop to do his job more efficiently. The schedule was Houston first. Then to follow Dallas, New York and then Chicago. Well, this would be the coldest time up north in Chicago and I was to expect the worst. The FSS report was forwarded to all parties in the Andersen Consulting network of Office Service managers at each city.

Houston was to be inventoried the week of Christmas/ New Year. My itinerary was pretty tough having to fly all around the country, write reports, and analyze the Y2K implications. I have included a briefs of the standard report for you to peruse over it's quiet interesting as to how I approached the Building Facilities and Services.

What was very unique was the trip to New York, as the office was on 6th Avenue about 53rd-54th Street. We arrived, I believe, on about the 11th of January and checked into the Hilton just 50 feet from the office across 53rd street so it was very convenient. The building was 72 stories and would take us two days to complete the inventory. What was fascinating was that in both evenings when we got back to the hotel the lobby was full of people all dressed up. The men so smart in tuxedo's the women so beautiful in long evening gowns, typical New Yorkers. Plenty of hustle bustle in the lobby and the noise level was extremely high due to multiple conversations. Everyone was so excited and ready for the evening show on Broadway or just a corporate party. I just sat in the lobby and people watched. Still need to get my injection of Manhattan, as I just Love New York.

We completed our assignments in January and all the reports would be delivered to Mr. Forentino. He had indicated that there may be a trip around the World to do a 3rd party audit on all the mission critical foreign offices that Andersen Consulting where occupying. Corporate did not feel comfortable with what was going on internationally as far as Y2K. Internationally it was a known fact that England and Europe were far behind in the correcting the Y2K problems. The far East had made little, if any progress. There was a great concern in Andersen's Upper management.

During this period I was assigned a project task to do inventory and audits at 13 Milliken. Plants. Milliken is most probably the largest spinning and weaving of apparel and commercial products in the USA. The spinning and weaving plants are located throughout South Carolina and Georgia. The research center in Georgia and corporate international business center in New York were both on the strategic plan for Y2k analysis. Yes, I

would be heading back again to New York. This would not be my last trip either. The Milliken plants were scheduled very aggressively as it was starting to be a problem in the industry as people were at last waking up. The availability of engineers was limited and some smaller companies would fall by the way side. I was to work with a Y2K officer at Milliken and he assisted me in the inventorying assets. Roger was originally a plant manager for Milliken and was a great assist. He knew all the Plant personnel that I needed to integrate with for plant tours and inspections. The project was a big success and they were very pleased with my performance and engineering detail. They have in the past requested me to do other projects, but I have had to decline.

In the interim I was assigned another project for Fisher Brother of New York and that consisted of five major high rise buildings. These properties were high profile at prestigious locations. So it was back to New York again. The itinerary I have included gives you some idea of the amount of traveling and the tight schedule I was on.

During this time period I did receive another assignment from Andersen Consulting that was to follow my World Tour. Mr. Forentino requested that I meet him at North Park to discuss and Schedule a world tour to 3rd Party audit 19 buildings. Boy was I excited about this assignment. I would take the task on by myself as we were not inventorying items except in England that he felt had done a poor job of it. During the week before I put together a schedule and a budget. Your Auntie Laura would put together an itinerary and hotels that I had selected from the A&E Platinum card best hotels in the world booklet. I was not about to either fly economy or stay in less that desirable hotels. We were able to reserve seating in Business class for around the world trip with Delta and its associates for \$5700.00. Boy, I thought that was cheap. There are some regulations that you are required to follow. One can only fly in a given direction. In my case it was counter clockwise. This direction is considerably cheaper. Side trips would result in another \$3000.00 so the air fare was only \$8700 for 32 flights that I would take “remarkable”! The hotels would be budgeted around \$42.00.00 that was including all cabs and cleaning of clothing. Wages we agreed upon that I would be paid 60 hours a week due to the amount of week end travel and long hours on a plane. The total budget for 7 weeks round trip was about \$120,000.00.

May 14th was the start of what was to be a fantastic trip for me. I may say at this time I had no idea of my forthcoming heart problems. The itinerary shows that I visited England prior to committing to the trip. The reason I took the trip was to see if this old man could take extensive travel and long flights. The trip was great because I got to see Southampton play at the Dell and England play also. I did do a little siteseeing and matter of fact I visited my old companies headquarters in Hursely. Mavis and myself had visited Winchester to get a pastie from the famous store on High Street. On the way back we took a route that would lead us into Hursley. As we approached the far end of town I said “pull into the road on the right”. She immediately did and I said we are on the loop road that goes around the estate and ends up in front of Hursley House. We arrived in at the front entrance and I tried to get in but it was security pass protected. I could see inside and it looked as though nothing had changed since I was in my apprenticeship. Disappointed, I started to leave when a young man approached the door and said, “Can I help you Sir”. I replied saying

Itinerary
B R Cripps Second Quarter

april	19th Travel uk	20th uk	21st nb uk	22nd nb uk	23rd nb uk	24th nb uk	25th travel uk	1
april	26th uk	27th uk	28th uk	29th research	30th research	1st nb report/start	2nd travel ny	2
may	3rd 1345 6th	4th park ave	5th fisher/park	6th 605 3rd	7th condo	8th fly greenville	9th reports	3
may	10th reports	11th reports	12th reports	13th Remediation reports	14th travel /uk	15th rest	16th rest	4
may	17th fly ba1335 newcastle	18th newcastle	19th fly am london-1	20th london-2	21st london-3	22nd reports	23rd rest	5
may	24th London-4	25th fly dublin	26th dublin	27th fly london	28th fly /nice Sophia Antipolis	29th reports	30th rest	6
june	31st fly initial met paris-1 pm	1st George V	2nd Victoire	3rd fly/zur madrid	4th madrid Picasso	5th reports	6th rest	7
june	7th fly/zurich madrid	8th fly /Fankfurt frankfurt	9th frankurt	10th fly/zurich frankfurt	11th fly milano milano	12th fly/zurich milno	13th fly/zurich singapore	8
june	14th singapore	15th fly/manila manila	16th manila	17th fly singapore	18th fly sydney	19th sydney	20th rest	9
june	21st fly melborne	22nd fly/sing singapore	23rd fly tokyo tokyo	24th rest	25th reports	26th reports	27th reports	10
	28th toykyo-1	29th tokyo-2	30th Fly atlanta reports	1st reports	2nd reports	3rd reports	4th reports	11

that I used to work in the building when it was Vickers Armstrong's Head quarters. He said he though the IBM historian would love to talk to me and gave me his phone number. Before leaving England I tried to no avail to get in touch with the gentleman. Several weeks later at home in the USA I did manage to contact him and we a a brief but informative conversation. He said I will send you a copy of the history I have developed about Hursley House A small booklet arrived a couple of weeks later and it was very enlightening. I have included some of the pictures in the Memoirs.

After the trip Pop Pop felt physically sound about my trip around the world. I flew on a Thursday May 14th to London Heathrow as planned. I took the train to Victoria Station and a taxi to Charing Cross Thistle Hotel in central London. Pop Pop dumped my bags and immediately took a taxi across London to catch the train to Eastleigh. I arrived at Eastleigh Airport station at around 11-00 am it was actually a sunny day. Jumped into a cab to Chandlersford where Mavis lived . She was not surprised this time as I had called her the day I left for London. I had returned just six weeks after my last visit. That was a first in such a short turn around. It was just great to be with her and Ralph as we get along so well. I really wanted to make arrangements for two weeks down the road so that I could get my clothes and underware cleaned. Of course my sisiter agreed to do it. This also gave me another excuse to visit with Ralph and her. Sunday saw me dash back to London and check in at the Thistle at Charing Cross. Monday I would be on my way to Newcastle for the first Y2K inventory and 3rd party Audit. I checked into the Gosforth hotel right on the race track just South of the city. I teamed up after the initial meeting with Tony Milburn who was the coordinator for the Y2k program directed by Martin Cunningham in London. I went as usual through the building. The report was not too flattering as there were major safety violations. Least of which was the fact that fire hydrants for the building, after doing a pressure test, had failed. The reason I found out that they had never been reconnected during the building renovation two years earlier. This came as a shock. There were several adjoining buildings with no smoke detection installed. Most importantly was the fact that the system servers and computers did not have emergency backup. Well, after this I flew into London and started the tour of five other buildings Earls, Denning Street, Canberra House, Arundel Street and Essex House all were in terrible shape as far as inventory, so they were very time consuming. We compiled I would say about 350 items to be inventoried and researched on the Web. There were power cable problems overheating in both Canberra House and Denning Street. We needed to look at the art collection to see if all the computers that the data base was stored on were Y2k. The buildings were not accessible this time round. Ireland would be next and Pop Pop had not been to Ireland since the early sixties. On the following Thursday it was off to Dublin. I found Dublin to be quite an interesting experience. The city was full of yong people all happy and really enjoying life. The High Tech world had descended on Ireland and Dublin was a great recourse for gradates from Trinity College. We checked into the Westbury Hotel, a very well kept, but old establishment. Thr rooms were nicely decorated and the building was exceptionally clean. In the morning Tony Milburn and myself had breakfast in the main dining room and then took a cab to Regus House where Andersen Consulting had their office. I was told by the taxi driver to observe a building that its front was supported but the back half was torn down. "Why"? I asked, he said that all the buildings have to keep their original architecture on the outside as part of the

preservation program, but the main building can be constructed of modern materials and architecture. Regus House had a minimal number of items requiring Y2k analysis. More importantly was the lack of respect for Life Safety items within the building . The management did not come through with flying colors on these issues. After a tiring day we arrived back at the Westbury Hotel in time for afternoon tea. This was a special treat. Finger sandwiches, crumpets ,strawberries and heavy-cream. This was such a delight just to sit in the Foyer off to one side and people watch, listen to the piano and enjoy the serving. The evening would be spent at a local pizza place and the food was very good. We had an appointment with the local Y2k coordinator and reviewed the days findings. Early the next morning it was off to the airport for the trip back to London. Tony Milburn would continue his journey to Newcastle. I would be lucky enough to spend a weekend with my sister Mavis. She would wash all my clothes ready for the next leg of my World Tour. Sunday night I was back in the hotel in London packing for the trip to Sophia Antipolis in the South of France.

Monday morning Pop Pop was checked out of the hotel at 5-30 am so as to get an early start to the airport ; this way I would miss rush hour traffic in London. The driver who was hired by Andersen Consulting did not show up. I jumped into a cab outside Charing Cross station and was on my way. I had a very interesting trip to the airport as Pop Pop had a women cab driver, very rare in London. The lady was in her late fifties and was extremely cheerful for this time in the morning. The picture of the London cab is what she gave me. Our conversation throughout the whole time about her being a cab driver in London. It was very informative and the trip passed quickly. At 6-30 am I arrived at Heathrow Terminal #1 my flight to Nice was at 8-12 am so Pop Pop had a little time to spare.



New Look London Taxi

Launa, Lee's (Pop Pop's nephew) ex wife was traveling to Manchester and we would meet by chance at the airport. It always amazes me how often you meet people unexpectedly in airports or on planes. The trip to Nice in Southern France took one and half hours. I was disappointed as I thought we might fly over the Alps but we skirted around them and flew passed Lake Geneva and over the city of Geneva located at the Southern tip. The flight path did take a route that was over the Pyrenees. It was only a short flight until we landed at Nice airport the weather was very hot, but after London and Ireland felt really good.

The Andersen driver was waiting for me, Pop Pop went directly to the office at Sophia Antipolis. The introductory meeting started at 9-30 am and by 10-00 am I was on my normal inspection of the premises. This building was a campus style two story very beautifully laid out on the side of the mountain. This area was the High Tech center for France and there were the usual companies in the vicinity, Hewlet Packard, IBM, Oracle and sev-

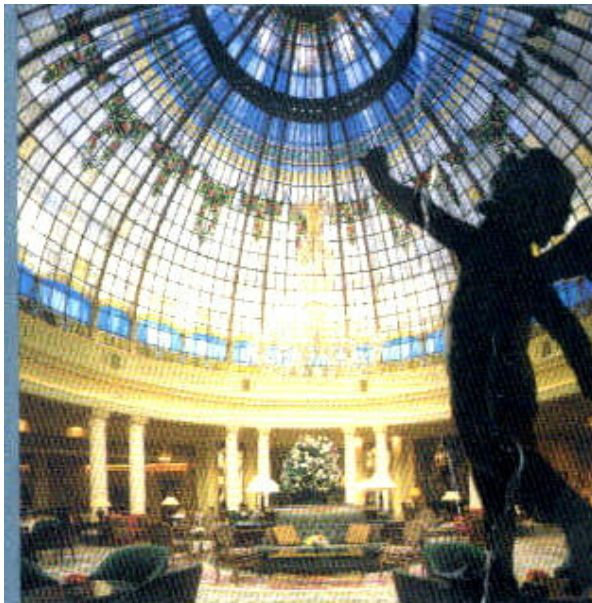
eral others. After completing the inspection that lasted until about seven in the evening we had a debriefing session and I informed them of several Life Safety issues, one was that the fire pump was not on their vital power source (emergency generator). I am aware that they now have corrected this situation. The inspections, and 3rd party audits were turning up more Life Safety violations than that of major Y2k issues. It was all for the good of the personnel who occupied the buildings on a 24/7 basis. Mr Devers who was to travel with me throughout Southern Europe took me to the St Antipolis Country Club to check in for one night. We had arranged to meet in Madrid in about a weeks time as I did not speak any of the languages of the countries I was to visit. Mr. Devers could speak or communicate fairly well in all of the future places Pop Pop needed to visit. Like most French hotels the lobby is always beautiful but the rooms are normally very small and the Country Club was no exception.

The next day it was up early and off to the airport at 5-30 am in the morning we arrived at 6-30 am as the roads were wide open. The airport personnel were just opening up their stations and it took about an half hour before I could check in. There was no business class courtesy room so Pop Pop would wait until on the plane to have breakfast. Nice airport is quite small but very neat and clean. I just loved to listen to the French accent and the emotion with which they speak. People watching passed the time away and I was on my way at 8-00 am to Paris Charles De Gaulle airport. The plane taxied on the runway that had been built out to sea or reclaimed land. We took off and the flight would be very enjoyable with no weather problems. Landing at Charles De Gaulle we were held up for about twenty minutes but it was very interesting as we circled Paris several times. By this time I had a good feeling about travel directions to the city. The airport is a good hour and half in rush hour traffic to Paris proper. The Andersen Driver was waiting and it was not long before we were in rush hour traffic heading for the office Victoire near the Bastille monument in the Lafayette Quarters of Paris. Along the way we passed the stadium where St Germain soccer team play. The World Tour would bring me in contact with several major soccer stadiums of famous teams. The driver made a mistake and took me to the Andersen office George V and I was late for my appointment at Victoire. On arrival cookies and coffee were offered in a conference room and then it was down to the order of business. First I interviewed the engineering consultant and office manager and with an English-French interpreter the meeting went well. The inspection and audit took until late evening and by then I was getting pretty tired as it was close to 9-00 pm. A driver was hired and he drove me to the Le Meridien Etoile . The hotel was located just on the far eastern side of the Arc Da Triomphe. This was very convenient as it was about a mile away from the office building George V my next port off call. I had been talking and coordinating my Paris trip with Veronique Gregoire, the women in charge of office services. She was very pleasant

person and could not do enough to help my visit to the Paris offices. Disaster struck the next morning as I went to wait for my driver in the lobby the foyer was jam packed with guests. The hotel is the largest in Paris it has 1200 guest rooms. People were shouting and scurrying around the lobby. I was soon to find out that the Metro had gone on strike. Panic had set in as I went outside the lines for cabs was at least a city block long. What was pleasing was the fact that the hotel were serving Champagne and Orange juice on the side walk while you waited for your cab service. Cabbys were lined up three deep. It was

pandemonium. The French go into panic at such short notice. My drive and Limo was taken by some one else in my name so I was out of luck. As would have it, Pop Pop had Veronique cell phone so I gave her a call to find out that the railroad was in sympathy. She would be late to arrive at the office. I kindly asked if she could pick me up at the hotel which she did about 9-30 am. The day had certainly got off to a bad start. Our meeting was set up in the main conference room and I was introduced to the Head of Paris Engineering for Delkia who owned the building. The regional manager for Delkia was also present. Delia had put together a good Y2K program and the Audit would take little time as the paper work was all in place and signed off by a professional engineer with a seal. I was suitably impressed with their home work. My inspection would not be complete with out a tour of the building this was to follow after lunch.

Veronique lead us to the executive tower and it was very impressive as it was a complete rotunda with a panoramic view of Paris. The table setting was on a three tier pedestal, it sat ten easily. The full staff of upper management would join us at lunch. I was the guest of honor and was treat with the royal carpet as they say. The food was exquisite and we had two waiters to take care of all our needs. The conversation was very pleasant and the French engineers kept commenting on my professionalism and thoroughness on the project. After the delightful lunch at about 2-00 pm it was time for business. The inspection took place and their were once again several Life Safety issues that the building management made very careful notes about. The chief engineer kept apologizing for the building maintenance engineer. Pop Pop was really interested in completing the assignment. At 8-30 pm we caucused and a debriefing session would last for about an hour. The head of Paris office was still in the office and personally came to thank me for my time and effort. He was very interested in the final report and I said I would have it finished while I was



Rotunda The Westin Palace Madrid

visiting Madrid a week later, so expect it in about two weeks. Again thanking me and wished me a great World Trip he left the office. It appeared that the staff and directors that I had come in contact with were very happy with the results so far. I still contact Veronique occasionally, just to have a talk and an update our families and her career path.

Paris-Madrid the next day a direct flight not via Zurich as would be the case for the remaining visits. Madrid I was looking forward to as I would get a chance to rest for two days and have my wash cleaned and laundered. The flight was very smooth and as we approached Madrid the architecture changed to a Spanish style with red roofs. Their was little if any animals grazing on the surrounding fields as we approached touch down. Pop Pop

PRADO MUSEUM

Discover part of the
Spanish Heritage



Y2K
1999

thought that strange. On arrival I took a cab into the city and check in at one of the most finest hotels I have ever had the pleasure of staying at. The Westin Palace Hotel, Plaza De Las Cortes 7 Madrid. The hotel was directly opposite the Prado the famous building that houses some of the most wonderful works of art in the world. I had planned to visit the Prado on the weekend while I was resting in Madrid. The Y2k 3rd party audit for the famous Picasso building was scheduled on Friday and I arrived early in the morning at 8-00 am. A brief meeting was held with the Andersen staff and we then proceeded to the Building Engineers office.

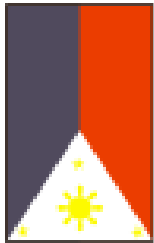
Boy to start off with, he had his nose bent out of shape and was not very congenial. Slowly Pop Pop brought him around. I believe it was that I had asked all the right questions with respect to the buildings systems. He was impressed. At about 10-00 am after a coffee break a tour would start based on my requirements. I inspected the building top to toe. Computers controlled the whole building and the central command station was laid out as a “Star Wars” like control room. All the computers and servers were behind and smoke screened in floor to floor with glass windows. The main screen at least 12’-0”x10’-0” was displayed in the center of the back wall in front of the command control desk. I was able to pull up information on an as needed basis on equipment, type, condition, maintenance schedule. The single lines of the electrical distribution and all the necessary flow diagrams of all the building services. This building was magnificent. The lower access corridors were fully tiled in white yellow and green patterns. The mechanical piping was insulated and stainless steel covering throughout. The building was immaculate. I comment to the Chief Engineer that it was the best building I had been in during the Y2k program and had Audited some 50 buildings to date. I could see he was very proud of this building. On leaving on the upper Foyer I was introduced to the architect who visits the building every week to make sure it is all in good working order. Such pride!



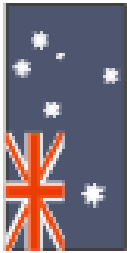
El Greco Resurrection

Saturday was to be my treat a casual breakfast in the Rotunda. I have included a picture for you all to see this magnificent hotel it was published in the latest hotels of the World by American Express platinum card. The staff were extremely polite and helpful. I had one complaint the first day and that was the Second cup of coffee was delivered after about twenty minutes and that was just to long to wait. The second day of my visit this was corrected by the Matra De in charge of breakfast. After completing I took a very casual walk across the roundabout and parked myself on line for opening of the Prado at 9-00 am.

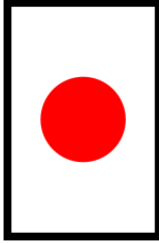
There was about three hundred people lined up for the opening. Sharp at nine it opened and after paying my fee I went into the opening room. As I entered a gentleman ask “if I needed a guide”. My answer was “No”. Pop Pop started to look at the wonderful paintings and soon realized it was going to be very difficult as I only wanted to see Spanish painters. I back tracked to find the gentleman and negotiated a price of forty dollars an hour for the personal tour. The next two hours



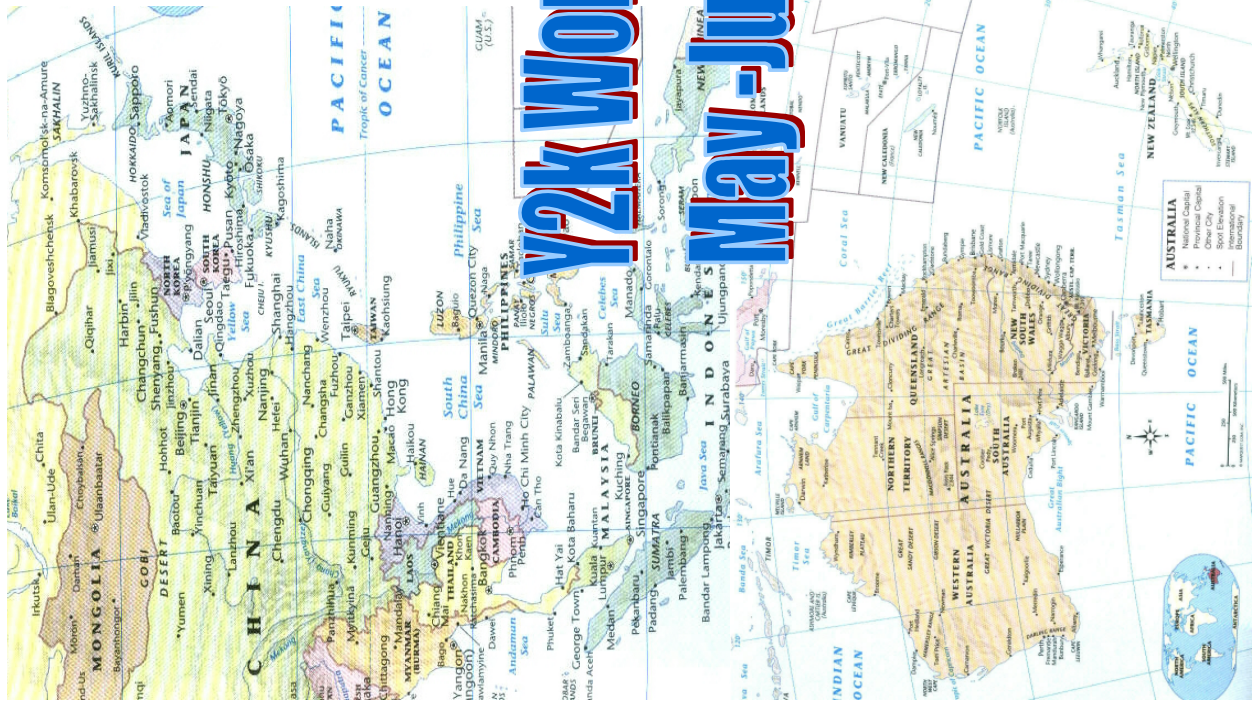
Manila



Sydney
Melbourne



Tokyo-Akasaka 18-1-19
Tokyo-Akasaka 7-1-16



Y2K World Tour May-July 1999

where just wonderful as we that is the two of us would sit down at various paintings. and works of art. The guide would describe the artist's intent, when it was painted and if it was commissioned by the king. We visited such artist as El Greco, Diego Velasquez, and Goya all of whom were Spanish. I had visit as you may recall with Auntie Charlotte the Louvre in Paris so I did not want to visit French, Dutch or even Italian painters. I was very interested in Spanish painters . There is also a fine collection of Picasso paintings in Toledo where he grew up as a young boy I understand. I had finished by mid day and needed to start reports so I spent most of the Saturday and Sunday in my room.

Early evening I did go down stairs to have relaxing tea and biscuits in the Rotunda. In the middle was a champagne fountain and guest could order a drink and enjoy the beautiful surroundings.

Monday morning, once again before day break I was on my way to the airport for the Flight to Zurich and Transferring to a plane that would take Pop Pop to Frankfurt Germany. Mr Devers would join me in Frankfurt for the inspection of the Sulzbach office complex. I checked into a downtown hotel that was very upscale and enjoyed a afternoon tea in the courtyard. Mr. Devers called later and we dined together at the same hotel. Mr. Devers had checked in a hotel much closer to the office complex. In the morning we had arranged to meet all the parties at the Andersen Main office. The complex was a sprawling campus style four buildings all combined their facilities into one except for the Life Safety System that was isolated per building with tie ins to the main computer in the maintenance office in the Andersen complex. The majority of the equipment was not Y2k programmed. Most of the systems were just old type of relay logic and controls. Not much to worry about. The main item that came out of the audit was the fact that special permits are required in Germany for diesel generators to be use. This would be a major stumbling block but there was time to correct the problem. The consulting engineer was as expected very efficient and had all his paper work in order. These buildings went very smoothly without many side bar issues to be rectified.

Tuesday would be off to Milano via Zurich again. The flight over the Alps was cloud covered so I did not get a chance to see them. We arrived in the rain but by the time we had cleared customs the weather had changed and the trip into Milan took about an hour. Traffic was pretty heavy and weaving our way around the city to the destination hotel was time consuming as we were in rush hour. We arrived at the Carlton Hotel Baglioni about 3-30 pm. The hotel was very old but tastefully decorated with typical ornate Italian style. The rooms were very clean but small. A short nap and we were both ready for a nice meal at the hotel. Food great and the wine I was told by Mr. Devers was just right with the meal. I did not feel like going out. Mr. Devers who was just thirty two was ready to bounce and went for a walk around this part of the city. In the morning he informed me that we were only about six blocks from the La Scala the famous opera house. The season was over so we were not to be treated to a classic. Sunday morning would have us part ways as he would return to Sophia Antipolis in the South of France. I had to return to Zurich for my next leg to Singapore. This flight was fantastic as I would fly over the Apls and not a cloud in the sky. Snow was still on the mountain tops and down to most probably 12,000 ft level. We flew over Lake Luzern and then with a quick decent landed in Zurich again for my fourth time. By now I'm used to this airport and the business center is

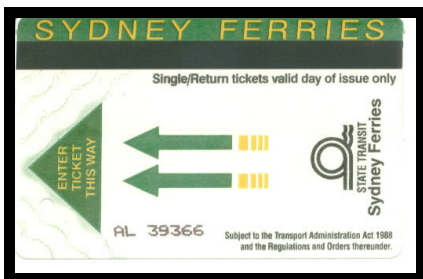
well run. Pop Pop would need to wait for a few hours until 2-30 pm. The majority of the time was spent napping in a lounge chair. There were several Americans to talk to. Some business others just vacationers so time passed. Boarding was announced PopPop proceeded to the gate for Singapore Airways. Luck would have it I was in the upper cabin on the 747.

This is about a thirteen hour flight so the upper deck was ideal as there is a lot more room. It was not totally full so several seats were vacant. The trip would take us out over Austria, Hungary, Romania, across the Black Sea and onward across Turkey, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Burma, and follow the coast line down Thailand, Malaysia finally into Singapore. I slept a great deal of the trip as night fell while we were flying over Romania Woke up for breakfast over the tail end of Malaysia and washed up ready for arrival in Singapore. The staff onboard were excellent and the flight had very few rough spots so it made for a very pleasant journey although very long. Singapore is just a very pretty Island and the city is situated at the eastern end. The sinage and the airport terminal is absolutely immaculate. The color scheme the Architect chose is very Far Eastern and every item compliments one-another. People do speak English, the young certainly do so it's not hard to get around. The Four Seasons hotel located in Orchard Boulevard is just on the outskirts of the city downtown area and is superb. Reception and bell hops all very helpful. I was to be there just one night this time and then off to Manila. I did enjoy the whole evening and had a great meal in my room as was the case in many of the hotels I stayed in. One can normally find food that is semi American style. Lets put it this way they certainly try to accommodate the American business traveler. The morning was up lugging my case to the reception desk, confirmed my arrival back in three days to the same hotel. With a gesture to the bell hop a taxi to the airport pulled up and I was on my way again. I arrived at the airport about three hours before take off. Pop Pop was cordially advised by the ground staff that the Business Lounge was upstairs on the concourse in section 'B'. That's for me so heading in the direction I was ready for a breakfast. When I arrived Pop Pop signed into the Singapore Airlines Sky Lounge . Very impressed. There was a wonderful buffet of all the foods you could think of. Eggs and bacon biscuits, toast, fried tomatoes and even fried bread for the British businessman. The coffee was excellent and I certainly made myself at home. There were several businessmen getting a nap as they were laying over for their next flight. Singapore seems to be the hub for the Far East. Eventually the call came for Pop Pop to board the Singapore Airways plane to Manila. This was the start of my worst experience throughout the whole trip.

Arriving in Manila was late at night dirty filthy just like Bombay. I knew I was in for trouble here. Pop Pop was forewarned of the type of reception I should expect from David Lue in Atalanta as he goes to Manila quite often. "Just be careful" was his words. Well, the first thing that happens my limousine driver is not at the airport just an attendant who lead me outside to a local taxi rank. The dispatcher addressed Pop Pop as Andersen Consulting "Yes" was my reply. With door wide open I was pushed into a run down beat up cab. The driver requested were to Pop Pop where to be dropped off "hotel Colonial" was my reply we pulled out of the airport now I'm pretty apprehensive about this whole thing. Well, the driver took us through a lot of bad neighborhoods. If I had been a woman she would have been extremely scared, I was worried myself. Pop Pop was carrying about

two hundred dollars and a laptop worth a fortune in that part of the World. Most probably the computer was worth three years wages. More importantly was the database on the hard drive. There would be no way I could Pop Pop recreate all the work previously stored on the drive. We eventually got to the hotel. I was pretty glad to get there. Checked in and had a great room. The hotel was another magnificent place in this land of such poverty. The hotel was just directly across the road. If you leave the back way unbeknown to me from the Andersen Office. In the morning I reported to the office by taking a walk just one block and arrived at 8-00 am. Pop Pop immediately complained about the service from the airport. The young man in charge of building services picked up the phone and by ten o'clock the head of the taxi company was over to the office and apologized personally for the inconvenience. He said that "the driver was fired". My concern was for women who may have to go to this office from the USA. The building was very old as it was the original stock exchange but had little or no automation. I did check it out thoroughly though and we were finished with debriefing by three in the afternoon. I invited the office manager to have tea with me in the great foyer late afternoon which he did. I requested that he take me to the airport in the morning and he reluctantly agreed to do it. I said your talk the language and it would make me feel very comfortable that way. He did as promised and showed up at 9-00 am to transport me to the airport. The direction back to the airport were also through major slums and the whole of Manila is so run down. I was glad when we eventually took off for Singapore. The Four Seasons was a palace compared to what I had been through the last three days. I had a great meal this time downstairs in the hotel restaurant. The morning would be the same routine. Early to the airport, breakfast at the Singapore Sky Lounge and wait for boarding.

This time Pop Pop was lucky again my seat assignment was in the upper cabin. The trip was seven hours to Sydney Australia. We took off and this trip would be all in day light so it was very interesting for me as we flew over Jakarta then on to Australia, so vast over the desert and finally landing in Sydney. The Andersen limo driver awaited and transported me to the Renaissance Hotel on Pitt Street. My room overlooked the Port and looked directly at the Bay Bridge. The famous opera House in Sydney harbor was just to my right. This stop would be my second chance to have some time to myself and was planned that way as PopPop really wanted to experience Australia. The city has an American advertising flavor in the stores and with a British Architecture style. The city was just getting ready for the Olympics, so streets were being torn up and traffic was a mess. There was a great atmosphere of pride about the Olympics coming in 2000. Pop Pop arrived on a Thursday so the next day I visited the office of Andersen Consulting and met the management team who informed me that there was no reason for me to be there. My remark was "may be" but I'm still going to do my job. First you will produce records of



your Y2k program. They knew I was no nonsense type person. With these matters out the way after a hour of wrangling I informed them that I would like to have the pleasure of a visit to throughout the premises. This was grudgingly given. After about four hours I proved that they were not quite as ready as they thought. There were major issues as far as back up capabilities for the Electrical service. There were other side bar issues as far a s



Australia



inside the house

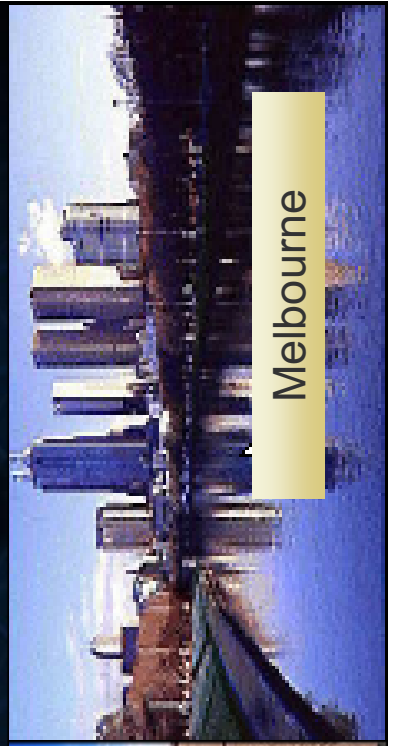
the sydney opera house virtual tour



enter

a self guided tour through
one of the world's great wonders

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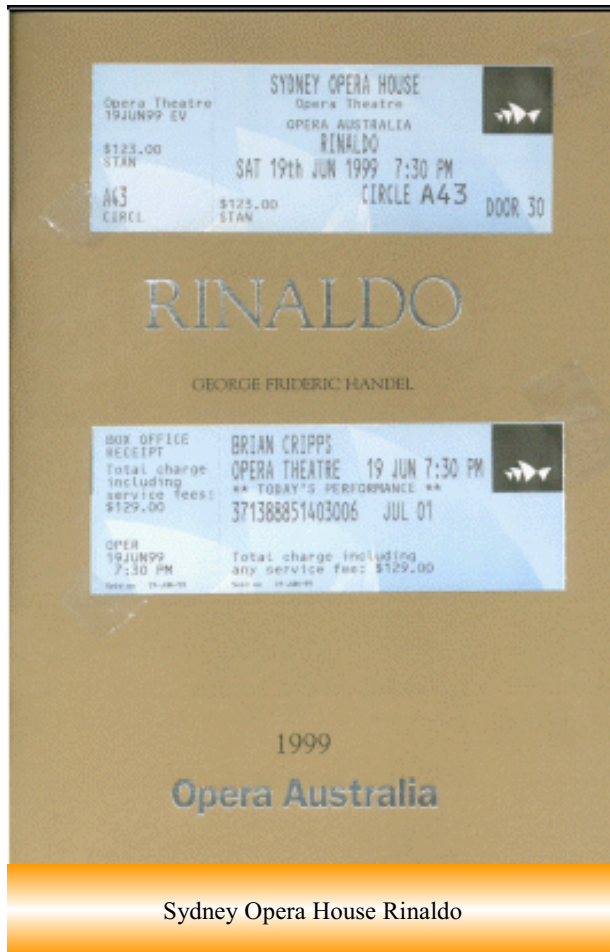


Melbourne

Life Safety again. They said these would be immediately addressed. Pop Pop left the office around 4-30 pm. Arriving at the hotel I found that there was a wine tasting convention that weekend. The hotel was full of guests. One nice thing I was on a private floor and we had our own courtesy room which served light foods and breakfast with a great view of the city.

Saturday while having breakfast in the courtesy room a couple from England were talking to me and said that they were going up and across the Bay Bridge. If you look very closely out the window as Pop Pop sat eating his breakfast you could see groups of about six crazy people climbing right over the top of the bridge at a cost of \$100.00 American. Not for me, I had better things to do on my day off. I made my way to the quay side and

took boat trip to Manly that is right at the head of the Harbor into Sydney. As we pulled away from the dock we would pass the Opera House. The bay was very calm and with the salt air breeze coming off the ocean. It was just perfect. It took about forty minutes and I went ashore just to say that I had visited the town of Manly. The return journey started after about half hour and Pop Pop boarded for the return trip it was a very relaxing way to spend a couple of hours. By the time I got back to the quay it was around three in the afternoon. Pop Pop walked directly to the Opera House along the quay side as it was on the other side of the dock and a pathway interconnected from the port terminal to the Opera House. Pop Pop took a good look around the outside and decided to find out if any Operas were on. It was the start of the season. Rinaldo written by Handel was being performed. No seats available, only limited viewing. That meant standing in the wings for three hours. Not for me so I thought my chance was over. On arriving back at the hotel I ask the concierge if he could possibly try and get a ticket for the evenings performance. I went to my room at five o'clock a



call came and said they needed my credit card number. A ticket was available for the 8-00 pm performance. \$129.00 Australian. What a lovely surprise. At six Pop Pop got ready in his dress gear and took a cab to the Opera House. I climbed the stairs up to the Restaurant and was seated with a lovely view of the Harbor. Patrons were arriving in tuxedo's as it was the first performance for the public so it was opening week of the Opera Season. The service was impeccable and the food very delicious. All Pop Pop could think about



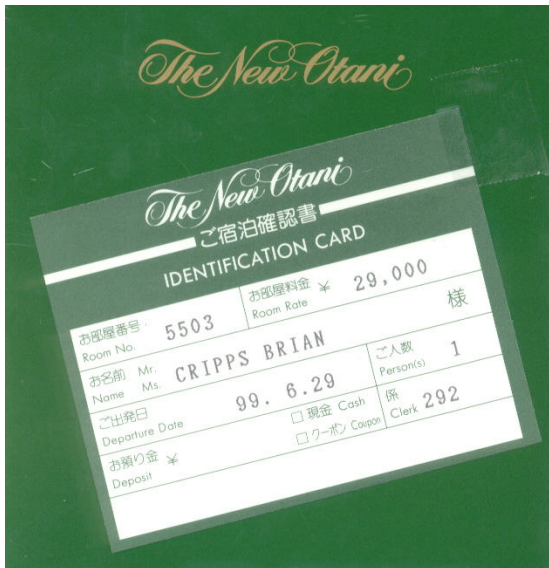
Ayers Rock Northern Territories Australia

was Nana Pat as all of the tables had couples sat down and having just a fine time. My first time I felt a little home sick and just needing to be around Nana Pat again. Pop Pop was now six weeks into the trip and with just a week and half to go, so I thought. I finished the meal and went to be seated for the Opera. There was about a twenty minute wait and the attendants indicated seating could now proceed. I was only able to see the first act as the seats were pretty cramped and my Arthritis acted up and I left at about 9-30 pm with two more acts to follow. Pop Pop was not disappointed. I had done what

very few had done an that was attend and Opera at the famous Sydney Opera House.

Sunday was a day of rest and reports before flying to Melbourne on Monday. The flight to Melbourne was about one hour so I was down town by about 8-30 am to find out that the office staff had not shown up and I would not be able to do my inspection and Audit until 1-00 pm. This was obviously going to make it almost impossible to get back that night. With a lot of haggling I got on a late flight at 8-30 pm. I did complete my assignment and left. During the morning Pop Pop had made several phone calls to the USA. Time line is

13 1/2 hours behind so 9-00 am is 8-00 pm USA. Mt Forentino informed me also during the day that things had gone wrong in Japan and I could not meet with their staff until Monday the following week. Decision time. Do I stay in Singapore on return or go on to Japan. Pop Pop decided to take the return flight to Singapore and then proceed as planned to Japan. I just wanted to get closer to home. The flight across Australia was uneventful except for the fact that we flew right over Ayers Rock that stands up about 800 feet in the middle of the desert. The stewardess ask if I want to view it from the cockpit, what a fantastic thing as I had never been in a 747 cockpit. I wa surprised as Singapore Air ways only have two people flying the plane. There is no engineer as is the case on American planes. The sight was awsome from the cockpit as we passed right over the rock.



The New Ontani Tokyo

Again Pop Pop was back in Singapore just for an overnighter, as they say.

Wednesday would see me heading for Japan about six hours away the second to last journey. I had been on twenty three planes and been to twelve countries. Pop Pop was longing to get home now. The trip to Tokyo was very smooth we were between storms. We landed in Narita Airport and I was made aware that the best way to the city is by bus as taxi's cost \$200.00 for the trip. The coach was \$30.00. The service was great and to kill time I met a gentleman who was also doing Y2k throughout the Pacific for his company so we had a lot to talk about. The coach pulled in to The New Otani hotel parking back lot or rear entrance at about 4-30 pm. Now it's labor intensive with help all over place you can't step off the bus without some there to take your luggage. It was tagged and I was told it would be in my room. This was the first time it had been out of my site except from port to port.

The front desk informed me that I was in the new tower at the far end of the hotel. 5503 Twenty Second floor. I made my way to the floor and lo and behold the luggage was already placed on a hold all. This was going to be my home for almost a week, so I was to make the most of it. The room, believe it or not, was fairly large and comfortable although the rate was pretty steep at \$300 dollars a night. My evening meal was ordered to the room and it was very enjoyable, but expensive around \$60.00 and then I just went to sleep. PopPop was expecting Japan to be very expensive as the neighbor behind us in Greenville had travelled their many times and clued me in on what to expect. One neat tip was that he said if you leave the hotel make sure you have a business card from the hotel so you can get back, as the Japanese do not speak English at all. I had made cards up just in case of the address as I got it from my Itinerary sent to me by Autie Laura. Well I did not really need it because I never did leave the hotel until the following Monday for the inspections to begin.

I did have a lot of reports to do so it was catch up time and I did a lot of work in my room during the four days I had to kill. I found out that lunch was served in the Sky Blue Lounge. First day Pop Pop tried it and was just marvelous. The cuisine was of many types of dishes. Deserts were just fantastic. The room would revolve around so you got a great view of Tokyo and I took my time just to see the sky line and take it all in. The bill was reasonable about \$30.00. Pop Pop now made lunch his main meal for four days a date at the same location. Evenings I would have room service. What was eerie was the fact that there were at least twenty five cranes on top of buildings not moving. The construction industry was at a stand still. Japan was going through a very hard time with it's financial institutions having allowed bad loans to take place. The economic base was in disarray and the government was having a major problem borrowing money from the World Banking system.

From my room Pop Pop could see the Royal Palace of the King and Queen of Japan although they are just figureheads and have little or no function in governmental rule. Evenings I did go outside in the local area just to get a feeling of Japanese life style. Tokyo is a very modern New York typical American city. Pop Pop would say a carbon copy of it even down to the stores and the apparel. I'm afraid I did not enjoy Tokyo as it was just to

Contingency Plan Review & Audit



AGENDA

- Mission Statement
- Review Documentation
- Review Audit FBC (Fluor Daniel)
- 3rd party provider review
- Define Immediate Request for data
- Request Testing Data (Oil Water)
- Back up documents (location)
- Review Power Point presentation
- Open discussion
- Review Building Management Plans
- Review cross pollination (CIO)
- Review public agencies
- Utility Services and permits
- Communications tier (UK-Global-USA)
- Dedicated Personnel (Teams-Debriefing)
- Directive of Authorization (Human Resources)

[Contingency Strategy Analysis Report](#)

Contingency Planning 2000-30 & Counting Analysis



y2k

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis



- ❖ Water
- ❖ Gas
- ❖ Oil
- ❖ Electrical Service
- ❖ Communication (Tier)
- ❖ 3rd party Providers
- ❖ Precinct Services
- ❖ Transportation
- ❖ Building Mechanicals

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Water



- ❖ Domestic Testing and analysis report
- ❖ One week prior to rollover
- ❖ Followed by One month (January 2000)
- ❖ Posting and reports
- ❖ Human resources
- ❖ Sewage and ejection
- ❖ Emergency power
- ❖ Storage emergency support personnel

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Gas



- ❖ Gas
- ❖ Quality
- ❖ Monitor
- ❖ Generators
- ❖ Boilers
- ❖ Heaters (domestic)
- ❖ Food Preparation
- ❖ Propane and storage
- ❖ Permits

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Oil



- ❖ Supply chain
- ❖ Reserve supply
- ❖ Boilers
- ❖ Spare capacity run time
- ❖ Emergency Generators
- ❖ Stand by or Continuous rating
- ❖ Oil sampling
- ❖ Oil storage
- ❖ Air Permits

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Electricity



- ❖ Electrical Services
- ❖ Switchgear/Relay protection
- ❖ UPS
- ❖ Full load test
- ❖ Check prior to Rollover
- ❖ Battery serviced/ Spares
- ❖ Longest recorded idle through
- ❖ Emergency Generator
- ❖ Standby/Continuous
- ❖ Testing witnesses before rollover
- ❖ Full Load test / transfer record

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Communication



- ❖ Local Exchange
- ❖ Drop back BT
- ❖ Global Awareness
- ❖ Management (Two-Way)
- ❖ Octel (voice mail) CIO
- ❖ Lotus Notes
- ❖ News Media TV Radio
- ❖ Web site
- ❖ Telephone Tree (executive orders)
- ❖ Modem (full back position)
- ❖ UPS (CIO) (ride through)

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis


3rd Party Providers




- ❖ Security (2nd party) & passive
- ❖ Auto dial Ready (y2k)
- ❖ Additional Personnel
- ❖ Life Safety (ride through)
- ❖ Auto dial ready (y2k)
- ❖ Mail & Delivery
- ❖ Food Services
- ❖ Point of Sales
- ❖ Debit card / ATM
- ❖ Travel
- ❖ Ticketing
- ❖ Air Collection
- ❖ Graphics

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Precinct Services



Police



Fire brigade

Ambulance Service

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Transportation



- ❖ Underground system
- ❖ Bus
- ❖ Train
- ❖ Taxi
- ❖ Petrol supply
- ❖ Jingo
- ❖ Vans
- ❖ Coaches
- ❖ Car pool's (HOV)
- ❖ Check lock system / controls
- ❖ Black out Metro Area
- ❖ Access Permission kit

Facilities Contingency & Strategy Analysis

Building Mechanicals



- ❖ Sewage Ejectors or lifts
- ❖ Fire Pump Sprinklers
- ❖ Fire Alarm System
- ❖ Lighting (battery backup)
- ❖ Heating system (BAS)
- ❖ Boilers / Pumps
- ❖ Chillers (Server Rooms)
- ❖ Chemical Feed Systems
- ❖ UPS
- ❖ Life Safety Fire Alarm
- ❖ Security (fall safe)
- ❖ Communication
- ❖ Security (Readers)
- ❖ Contingency Plan / Strategy

1999

Contingency Planning UK

crowded. Eventually, I got to audit the two buildings on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week. Arriving at the first I was greeted by the receptionist who called the office service manager. The young man arrived with smiles and talked English very well having studied at Stanford in the USA. I was shown into a conference room extremely small. First to arrive was the owners of the building and their agent. The interpreter arrived next. Pop Pop was sure glad to see him. The table was filling up pretty fast. Then in came a contingency of building engineers and consultants. The room was now overflowing. They came well prepared as specifications and rolls of drawings of the buildings were placed on the table. Actually the meetings went really well as I would convey most of my requirements by doing renderings on the board provided on the wall. At times it was necessary to draw flow diagrams and this would assist both parties as to what I was talking about. Both building tours took place in the afternoon and I would have a small amount to look at the second day. Pop Pop was through by 12-00 pm the second day. I spent the afternoon making reports and had completed up to leaving Europe.

Wednesday was a day to remember and with great joy I left the hotel and made my way to the airport. I did not care that I was four hours early as I just wanted on a plane home. The trip to Atlanta was to be 12 hours. The flight was boring until we arrived at the main land just south of Seattle. It looked fantastic to me. I had flown this route so many times that I knew each state and what was ahead. The Rockies were still covered at their peaks with snow. The flight continued across Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, Missouri, tip of Tennessee, and finally Georgia. We were a little late so the trip was closer to 12 1/2 hours but Atlanta could not have looked better to me **Home at Last**. Not quite I had to get to Greenville. Well as luck would have it a major storm came in with lightning and thunder for about four hours. Flights were cancelled I had no alternative but to rent a car and drive home the last 155 miles of a journey that was 37,000 miles.

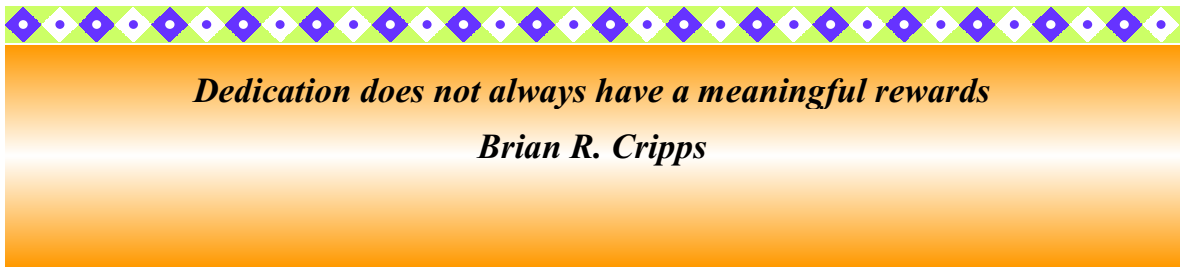
America is still the greatest country in the World to live in.

After about a week home and several reports completed I was asked if I would audit the the American Tier #1 mission critical offices for Andersen Consulting. Back on the road again with at least eleven more buildings to audit and check. The project needed to be completed post haste. In the interim I was contacted by Fisher Brother to do one more building in New York so as to complete their Y2k program That I did. First week in September I had finished all of the requirements for Y2k and was laid off from Fluor Daniel. Pop Pop started his Memoirs directly after the layoff. Well, during late November Pop Pop was contracted by the British office of Andersen Consulting. The project would require PopPop to go over to the UK for a week and review the corporate Y2k contingency plan for the whole of UK. So I'm now on a plane back in England in the first week in December. I was basically staying at the Thistle Charing Cross the whole time as it was a good central location for all their offices. I did a one day trip to Newcastle and reviewed their plans and revisited there Y2k compliance data base to confirm closure on all the inventoried items I had recommended back in early summertime. It was very exciting and I had it all under control with slide shows in Power Point. They were very impressed with the organization in such a short period of time. The weekend after completing the project I was able to see my Saints (Southampton) play at the Dell with John Moody what a thrill-

ing day that was I had not seen them play for ten years at the Dell in Southampton. The Dell this year 2001 was torn down and they will start 2001/2002 Season in their new 32,000 spectator stadium in August. I'm hoping to go over and see a game later in the year after completing Volume #3 New Year 2000 (New Millennium) came in first in New Zealand and the Australia without hitches, the World had expected the worst. The rest of the World was relieved at the outcome. Hard work by dedicated people saved a catastrophic event.

It was no Hoax I can assure you all

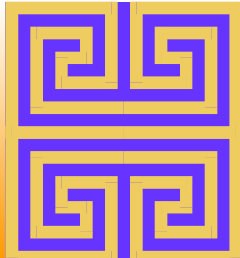
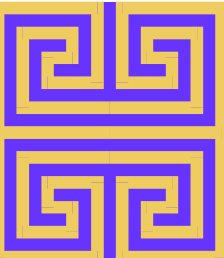
Frequent flyer mileage close to 120,000 miles logged in One year





Pop Pop's Chronicles

Supplement
Supplement





Southern Daily Echo
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY

THIS IS THE DAY OF PEACE
TEXT OF HISTORIC PACT
LIGHT HEARTS IN EUROPE
Munich Agreement Saves Civilisation
THE PEACEMAKERS

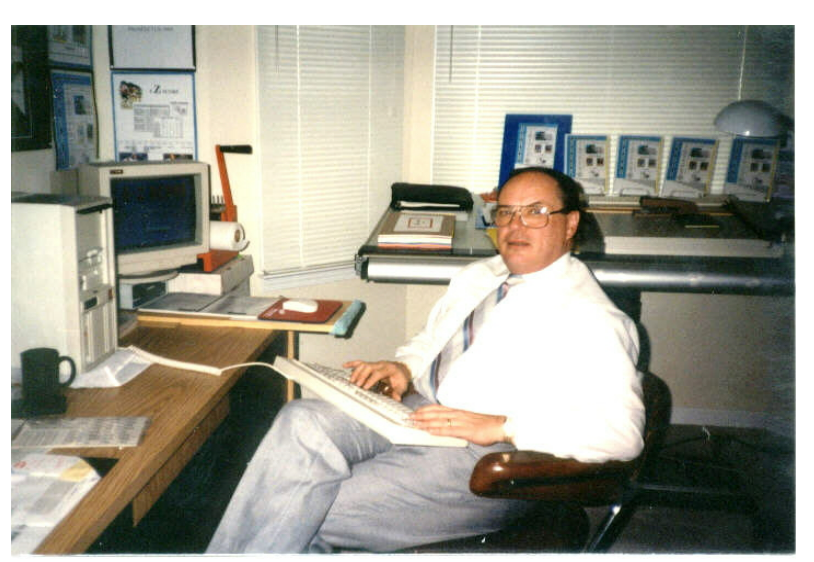
Southern Daily Echo
 EXTENSIVELY THROUGHOUT HANTS, WILTS, DORSET AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT
FINAL EDITION
THE QUEEN MARY SAILS ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE
WIFE ACCUSED OF MURDER
Dorset Cowman's Death Drama
'THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE'
No Evidence of Poison Purchase
BRITISH TROOPS HUNT ARMED ARAB BANDS
MILLIONS HEARD OF NORTH SEA DRAMA

Give Your Garden a Drink of 40 Feet GOLF HOSE Fitted Tap Union & Spray! 10/- Large Tank of Galvanised Iron Limes.
COMRIE & SONS
 25, BERKHAMPTON ST., Southampton

Pop Pop's

Southern Daily Echo
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY

GERMAN OFFENSIVE ALONG ENTIRE FRONT
Several Towns Reported Bombed
DANZIG CLAIMED AS PART OF THE REICH
Hitler To Italy: We Will Do It Ourselves
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLING THIS EVENING



Southern Daily Echo
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY

THE QUEEN MARY SAILS ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE
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Chronicles

Southern Daily Echo
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY
 1937 FORD V 8
 32 SELECTIONS
 HENRY

WORLD AWAITING GERMAN BATTLE RAGING IN POLAND
"WE WILL DEFEND TO THE END," STATES POLAND
Berlin Circles Deny War Declared
"NO INTENTION TO BRING ABOUT COMPLETE CHANGE"
SIXTEEN PLANES SHOT DOWN
Hospital for Jewish Children Wrecked
BRITAIN NOT CIVILISED
FRANCE AND GIVE UNDER

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Author Brian R. Cripps





Volume #1 1939-1962
Volume #1 1939-1962

Volume #2 1962-1984
Volume #2 1962-1984



**To My
Grandchildren**

Volume #3 1984-New Millennium
Volume #3 1984-New Millennium



Caroline



1995

Heidi



1996

Max



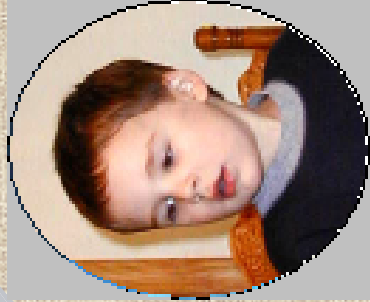
1997

We Are Family



1997

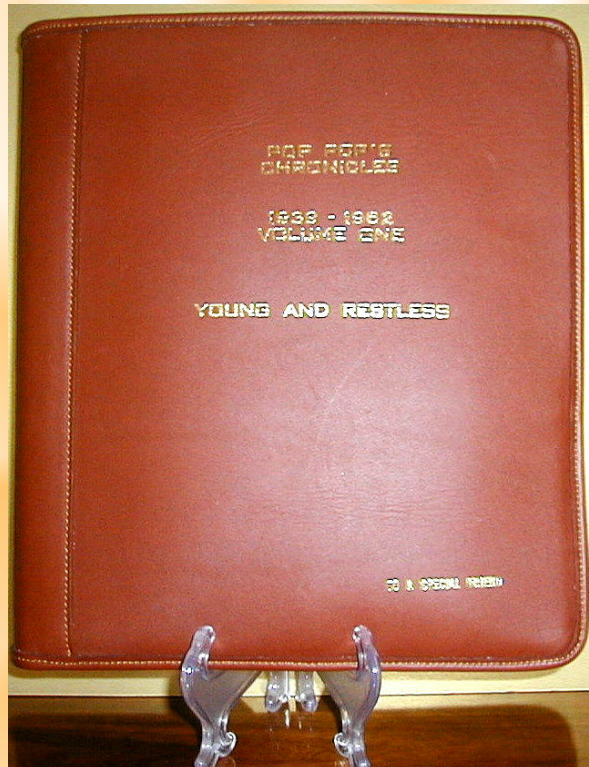
Jennifer



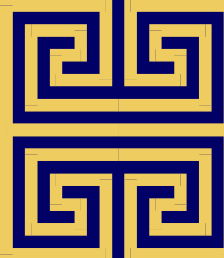
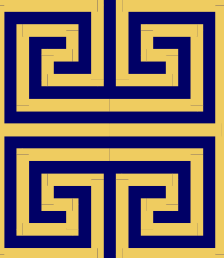
1998

Tristan

**Pop Pop's
Chronicles
Volume #1**



Young and Restless



Pop Pop's Chronicles Supplement

Memoirs Volume #1 1939-1962

Directly after completing the Y2k around the world trip, I was now out of work. Nana Pat was going berserk with me hanging around the house. She had plenty of honey due odd jobs but, Pop Pop was having none of it. Nana Pat astutely came up with the idea of writing my life history. She said you have had such a wonderful life that it needs to be put on paper. So this is how it all started. I had never taken pencil to paper or even written a letter since I had finished sailing on the Caronia. I used to write to Nana Pat during that short courtship every day while at sea. Once Pop Pop was married, I did not write another letter until this assignment.

First it was how do I start and in what order. Obviously, it was at the time when I could remember my childhood and go on from there. As I started and got deeply into the Young and Restless Pop Pop's Chronicles Chapter One, I realized I would need to use the Web to obtain certain information that was lacking in my deep reference library my brain. The research would get me into fields I had not even considered as a possible resource for information. The new information highway is unlimited and one can have quite an adventure looking for data to enhance a story or Chronicles, as was Pop Pop's case.

Volume #1 Chronicles outlines my life growing up in England. The social impact of the World War and the vision of a new and inspirational life in America. Nana Pat came into my life in 1961 and we formed our union as one in 1962. All these stories are reflected in this first of three and possibly four volumes. Each Volume has a theme. Volume #1 Young and Restless 1939-1962, Volume #2 Spirit of America 1962-1984, and Volume #3 Southern Living 1984 to the new Millennium. Pop Pop has sent out about 100 copies of the memoirs with rave reviews and with wonderful comments. I'm hoping that each of you enjoy the series as much as I have had writing them.

In Chapter One, I was able to down load the pictures of Winchester. The Eastleigh Coat of Arms I scanned in from a local paper your Great Auntie Mavis sent me. The book on Bygone Bishopstoke I found in my dresser draw and would give me some references that I could incorporate into the Memoirs. The class of 1951 picture was sent over by David Cockman who had given copies to people who he knew or had their address. Pop Pop obtained it from the Eastleigh Museum. The pictures in the Chronicles were mostly obtained from photo albums. Nana Pat had stowed away many photo albums all containing a vast quantity of treasures. Evenings while I was still writing, Nana Pat would scurry through the attic and shout down to me “do you need anything on the Queen Mary or the Caronia”? I would reply, “bring it all down and we will weed out the items”. Hours were spent scanning all the pictures and documents into Paper Port the Scanning software. These pictures were imported into Microsoft Publisher as needed.

Chapter two required quite a lot of back tracking and phone calls to England on September 27th to go over the family history and come up with an Ancestry Tree. I spent three days on the phone calling and discussing the family tree on the Cripps side with Janet my cousin. On the Oliver side, I talked to my Auntie Vera who was married to Walter Oliver on September the 30th. Now I’m on a roll and was able to do the artwork for the Ancestry tree. On October the 4th I had contacted Treloars about my hospital stay but got no answers. The information on the hospital was obtained from the Web.

Associates forwarded a lot of the pictures and relative database after the first draft run of the Chronicles. Tony Woods my friend who owns Darts World sent me a letter containing the Data on the “D” day landings. I had been to England in April of 1999 and had made contact with the Historian at IBM who had written a book on Hursley House and the occupation of the estate by Vickers Armstrong’s. I was able to retrieve pictures from the book by scanning them into Paper Port and then doctoring them up in a photo paint program. From the archives I was able to find my Queen Mary discharge book required by the Ministry of Transportation. What was unique is that recently I needed to write to the Social Services for overseas personnel in Great Britain who needed to apply for a pension.

The discharge book had my Social Security Number on it. Sidebar issue. My pension was evaluated to be 20p,worth about 15c.



The first rough draft was issued to Janet my cousin, Tony Wood and my sister Mavis on October 26th my birthday. I had spent a considerable of time writing every day and compiling collages. The effort was well worth it. Further copies were forwarded to Geoff Moody, John Moody, Jane Nevins a friend, and my daughter Deborah. All of them did a great job critiquing the memoirs.

The first issue was January 1st 2000 for the New Millennium as planned to each Grand-

child. The publication was done in Microsoft Publisher and the collages were created in Microsoft Power Point.

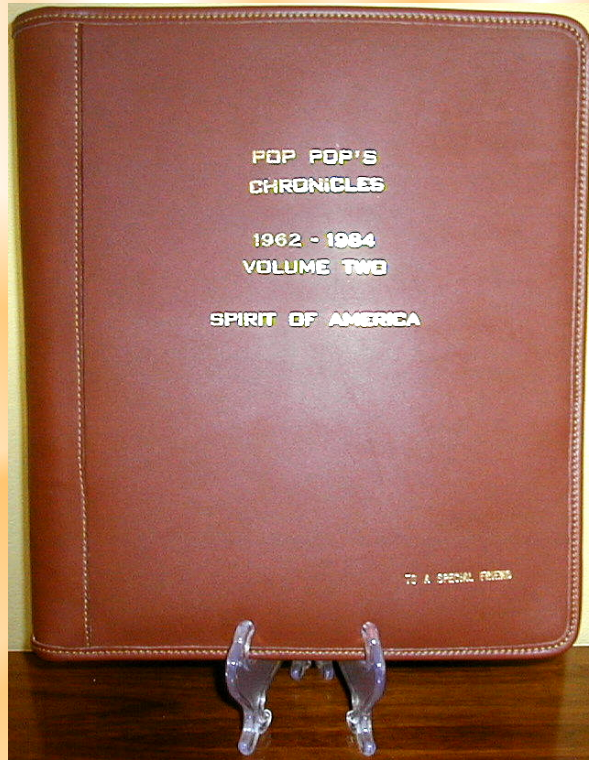
I had each of the grandchildren's copies were leather bound in a valises that I found in Ayers Leather Shop in downtown Greenville. Each leather valise was engraved in gold lettering as shown on the front cover of this short article. Pop Pop produced a CD Rom for each child and the complete package was very smart.

The production has brought me in touch with a lot of people I most probably would never of contacted like David Cockman and Brian Joslin both in the of Class 1951. Several letters transpired between the parties listed and Pop Pop. I have them as a keepsake. Brian Joslin in the Class of 1951 heard about the memoirs through my cousin Janet who he had met at a reunion and he want a copy. Brian is a history buff and was quite enthusiastic about receiving a copy. It was going around town in Eastleigh about the memoirs and people were wondering if they were in Volume One. I sent a copy to David Cockman as his letter on the 11 + exam was forwarded to me from the Museum. The Museum requested a copy of the final edition of Pop Pop's chronicles Volume #1. At this time, I could not think of a name for the completed Volume #1. The grandchildren's copies do not have Young and Restless engraved on the cover or on the text pages. Ayers Leather Store has agreed to engrave the grandchildren's valises if they can return them to the store. The master copy, however, does and Pop Pop's set is complete. The response from the readers at large is overwhelming. Pop Pop has since forged ahead with Volume #2 and Volume #3

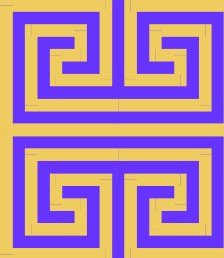
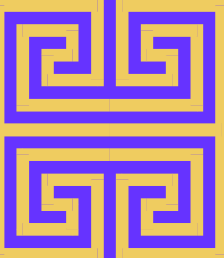
I must say, it has given me a great pleasure to undertake such this monumental task. It is also rewarding that so many people have read the memoirs and have derived such pleasure from them. In closing, even Mr. Jellfs my teacher and tutor who is in the memoirs has copies and is delighted with the content and presentation. His comment was over the phone I did not think you had it in you. What an exciting life you have lived.



**Pop Pop's
Chronicles
Volume #2**



Spirit of America



Pop Pop's Chronicles Supplement

Memoirs Volume #2 1962-1984

Initially they were started in January after Christmas 2000. I had written a supplement of about Three Chapters. The partial supplement was sent out along with final copies of the Volume #1 to all the review board now established by using them on the first edition.

The compilation was to take over a year. Chapter One was the arrival in New York. Chapter Two was all about our marriage and the million of things that went wrong. Once more digging out the entire content of photos and editing them took an immense amount of time. Chapter Three was all about living in Manhattan and what it meant to be a city dweller. I'm hoping the excitement of just living in Manhattan came through in this chapter. Chapter Four is all about the commute. I did use the Web to get pictures that could be used to enhance the Chronicles. Chapter Five was in detail about Long Island where your Mom's and Dad grew up and brought back some very found memories. Chapter Six was the relationships of our family with all of the families we would become dear friends with and have continued to this day these lasting relationships. Chapter Seven includes the ancestry on the Nana Pats side of the family. The ancestry tree Pop Pop developed it for school projects. PopPop has the family tree laminated so as to preserve the text. It is inevitable that you will be assigned the task of tracing your ancestry at some period in time. They are included in each valise for your reference. Chapter Eight as I called it was a big Jigsaw Puzzle as it took me quite a long time to sort out the direction I needed to take. I sat down and wrote an outline that I eventually used to go forward with this chapter. Chapter Nine I tried to bring to reality the fact that Pop Pop was slowly slipping away from the family due to the pressures of his job and his drinking problems. Chapter Ten the Passion was most probably the one chapter that flowed very easily. This needed no time to reflect on how I was going to proceed with the writings. Soccer is another great love of mine and I hope it showed up in the memoirs that way.

During this time period it was decided that Nana Pat and Pop Pop would take a trip to England and a side trip to Paris in the late fall and present the Chronicles Volume #1 to the Eastleigh Museum. In early April I had started a project with TriVergent the company that your Uncle Bryan was working for. It was a considerable undertaking, as it would require Pop Pop to lead the whole effort in retrofit the Land Mark building to suit a High Tech company. Three floors totaling 24,000 square feet were involved and an Annex that was about 55,000 Square feet. There was to be A Data Center, Call Center and NOC (National Operating Center). This took a lot of my time, so little was devoted to memoirs.

In late June I had a problem with my heart and it would require eventually five by-passes. The supporting arteries were (2)-90% blocked (2) 60% blocked and the fifth was 50%. This was to be a major set back in all activities. After recovery in March of 2001 I eventually had the ambition to once more devote time to writing the Pop Pop's Chronicles Volume #2 1962-1984

In my absence, due to my heart recovery program both my sister Mavis, John Moody, and Geoff Moody in October of 2000 did present the memoirs to the Museum. The Southern Daily Echo newspaper was there to report on the event. Mr. Brown the chief editor personally came to the presentation as his mother and mine your great grandmother where friends. This was when I lived in Chestnut Avenue. Mr. Brown was then just a boy about five years younger than Pop Pop. But he still supports the local area and thought the event news worthy. I have attached the report and Photo's in this section of the memoirs.

Having established a relationship with the critics listed before, I decided to send them all black and white copies for editing this time(cost cutting). David Cockman who had told me he was and English teacher was included on the review board. Several of the parties

did not send back the copies but Geoff and David Cockman along with Deborah did. Nana Pat had reviewed the Chronicles in the early stages of it being assembled and did a great job. Some of the facts were changed based on her knowledge of events and dates. Kinko's the printing company are getting a little tired of binding and copying. This is not really true, as they are extremely helpful and have assisted me in several ways in presenting the Chronicles in a professional manner. The editing took about a day to review all the comments and make corrections. I feel Volume #2 has a relaxing style to it and appears that it comes through that way to the reader. The two completed Volumes #1 and #2 have about 225 pages. I'm writing #3 and



CD Label Volume #2

it will run at least 130 pages Once again I have had very good reviews.

(SH) HAMPSHIRE

Life of Brian joins town's museum archive

A former Eastleigh man's childhood memoirs are the latest addition to the town museum's booming local history section.

Now aged 60, Brian Cripps lives in Greenville, South Carolina and he produced his family *Chronicles* as a gift for his grandchildren.

A leatherbound copy, complete with CD-Rom, was presented to the High Street museum by

his sister, May, who lives at Chandler's Ford, and childhood friends, John and Geoff Moody.

Brian had hoped to visit his home town as part of a European holiday but he is currently recuperating following major heart surgery.

The reminiscences cover his early years in Bishopstoke but because it was written initially, as a gift for his five grandchildren in the year 2000.

"We have all enjoyed bringing back the memories and sharing our thoughts with friends and loved ones," she said.

"To me this is a unique book, not because it captures my brother's early

years in Bishopstoke but because it was written initially, as a gift for his five grandchildren in the year 2000.

"The phrase that things are not as good as they used to be is not relevant to this town—it is a healthier, happier town with excellent amenities far better than 50 years ago."

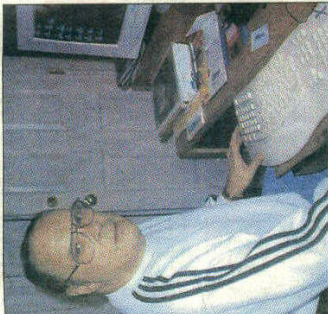
Mr. Moody said the *Chronicles* reflected the hardships and joys of the years 1939 to 1962. "It is his story of childhood, school, sport, engineering, apprenticeship and service in the Merchant Navy."

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Curator Sue Tappiss said the book would go into the museum's local history library. "It is increasingly being used as an archive for local and family history research."

"It is their history in their own words—day-to-day life which would often be neglected in formal histories."

Brian is now semi-retired but still undertakes self-employed commissions as an electrical engineer. Aged 60, he has five children and five grandchildren.



Brian Cripps

Sculpture celebrates city's landmarks

A major new piece of public art was unveiled this week in a central Southampton park.

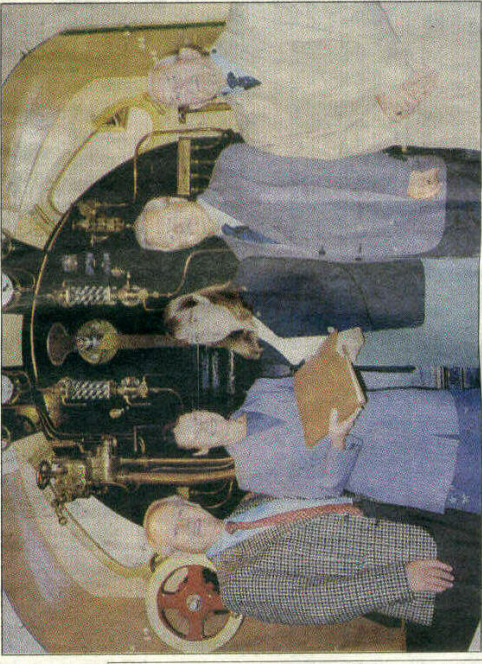
Enclature, by top sculptor Canadian-born Paul de Monchaux, celebrates landmarks on the city's skyline.

It is the latest element in the £4.5 million Heritage Lottery-funded restoration of the central park.

The four-metre high, open-sided work encapsulates four important

scheme is returning Southampton's listed parks to their Victorian splendour while introducing new elements, including the recently opened bandstand, an extended pavilion and new seats, paving and railings.

Other projects include the restoration of the statue of former city Mayor, Richard Andrews, and the relocation of the Chamberlayne gas column to Roundwell Park.



Memories of Eastleigh... Brian Cripps' *Chronicles* are presented to museum curator Sue Tappiss (centre) by Geoff Moody, May Baker, Bob Moody and family friend Sid Cox. They are pictured in front of a replica footplate of a town-built steam locomotive

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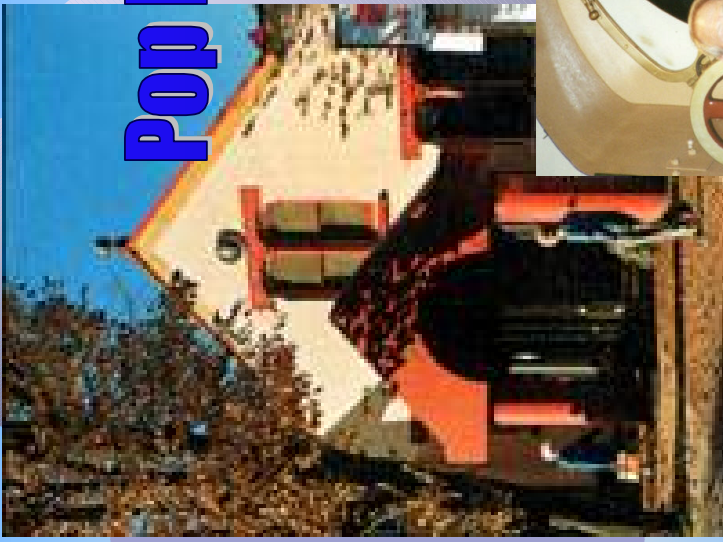
Pumpkin festival

Chess gradings

Blitz auctions

Eastleigh Museum

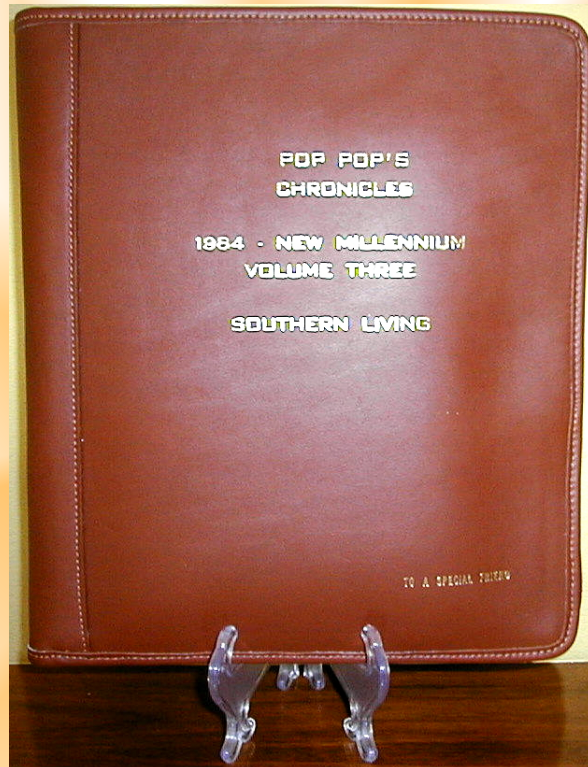
Eastleigh Museum



Pop Pop's Chronicles Volume #1 1939-1962



**Pop Pop's
Chronicles
Volume #3**



Southern Living

Pop Pop's Chronicles Supplement

Memoirs Volume #3

1984—New Millennium

Pop Pop took a sabbatical for a while and regrouped as this volume was a nightmare to organize in a chronological order. There were so many cherished memories to write about. Making them interesting would take quite a lot of thought. I was a struggling with the relationship of colored people and whites. My conscience would not allow me to proceed with these Chapters. Eventually Pop Pop came up with the idea of a preface to the Series of Chapters. The preface really outlines my views and concerns for the relationship of human beings living on this planet. The preface relates to Pop Pop having dear friends who were colored. Our home is always open to people of less fortunate circumstances or those needing a refuge for a brief period of time. We have hosted students from around the world. Soccer players



from all parts of the country. These brief but eventful moments enhance ones knowledge of how other nations and cultures act. Chapter One is the start of a very new beginning in my life. Pop Pop would now reside in the South or in the Bible belt, as it is called. There were marked differences and not all for the bad. The good I think Pop Pop has covered. The bad is still an undertow of water that eventually will dissipate and I believe for

the good of all who live in this great nation. The customs and dialect took some getting use to but after several months the family mastered the change.

Chapter Two was a settling in to a Condo. Kathie and Heather attending school and watching them mature. Chapter Three was the big move into a new home in Duluth Georgia. This home was not to be our happiest one . The Black cloud (drinking) that had consumed Pop Pop was now starting to take a major toll on the family. We did some traveling to the Caribbean. Your great grandmother and fathers what would be their last visit to the USA. The visit to Oneonta to attend the first graduation from college that being your Auntie Deborah at graduation. The Chapter ends on a sad note as both your great grandmother and father pass away both within a year of each other. Plans had been made for them to visit once again the following year. Chapter Four was obviously the great disappointments for Aunt Laura not having her great grandmother or grandfather in attendance. There was a real happy time though as Auntie Deborah and Eric would join as one in matrimony in New York. Jeff would announce his intentions to tie the knot as they say. Their wedding would be held in Atlanta at the Mansion. Nana Pat and Pop had our twenty fifth anniversary. Derrick and Gloria Pop Pop's cousin would visit and over extend their welcome for nine months . Derrick hoping to receive a Green Card and immigrate. This would not be the case. A great family trip to the Cayman Islands as it was Pop Pop's fiftieth birthday time was surely flying by. The chapter ends on a wonderful note as your uncle Bryan also graduates. The eighties ends with mixed feelings. Pop Pop does now have his drinking under control to the delight of the whole family. Chapter Five now finds the family on the move again to Greenville South Carolina for the tenth and I hope final move in my life time. The new century of the nineties would find us as a family back at church on a regular basis. Nana Pat steered the family ship in this direction and all for the good. Pop Pop's passion of soccer would take over once more. It was off to England to




John Moody (Second Mom) Mrs. Moody (92) Presenting Volume #2
Eastleigh Museum England July 4th 2001

see a Cup final. My sister Mavis put on a wonderful party for all my old friends and pals. The trip was just for five days so it was get as much in as you can in a short time. I had formed a wonderful bond with Ken Brown in Scotland and it would lead to several wonderful experiences. Chapter Six will most probably outline my years nurturing the E Zee Score Promotions and software development. This opened up a whole new set of friends and associates. The Chapter Seven is about the family extravaganza and the wonderful times we

spent together on vacation.. There will be a Chapter on the Y2k the World Wide problem, this may be a little boring to read but informative as to how Pop Pop's final years in business would play out. This also gave me the opportunity to finally go around the World. The Passion II and soccer coaching is to be included in one of the Chapters as a separate topic. Pop Pop is intending to finish the complete set of Volumes #1, #2,#3 within the next the month of August 2001 It is my intent to present the last Volume #3 Southern Living to the Eastleigh Museum. Volume Four, if God is willing and I'm able to write shall include stories of each of you growing up. Each of you mean so much to us as a family and I hope that as years pass you will enjoy these memoirs and look back and say, we were truly a great family with wonderful ties and friends.





It has been a great pleasure writing my memoirs over the past three years starting in 1999. I hope that when you are older you will spend time to read them. These Chronicles give you insight into the person you may never had spent a great deal of time with Pop Pop. Our meetings were few, but I enjoyed and loved every one of you with my heart. You each individually shared my life and made it gratifying. I have had a wonderful adventure through life. Nana Pat, has been a great inspiration to all that I have done, and accomplished. She has been my soul mate, friend, and a wonderful mother and grandmother. I hope each of you find a person similarly in your life, to share dreams and aspirations with also.

Pop Pop