



Our next meeting will be on April 9, 2018 at the Woman's Club at 7:30 PM. Our guest speaker will be Denny Derion of the Vintage Automobile Museum of New Jersey. The title of his presentation is "The Origins of the Great Names of American Automobiles".

A new floating restaurant is coming to our area

The "Cranford" was commissioned in 1905. She had 60 years of service transporting passengers across the Hudson River from New Jersey to New York before the service was discontinued.

In 1965 she was purchased by George Mauro. His hope was to convert it into a restaurant. The boat was towed to the Manasquan Inlet without incident. A ferry boat crew now took over and headed up river on April 21, 1965.

The ferry boat "CRANFORD" is shown at the railroad bridge over the Manasquan River as it moves closer to its new berth near the route 35 bridge on the Brielle side.

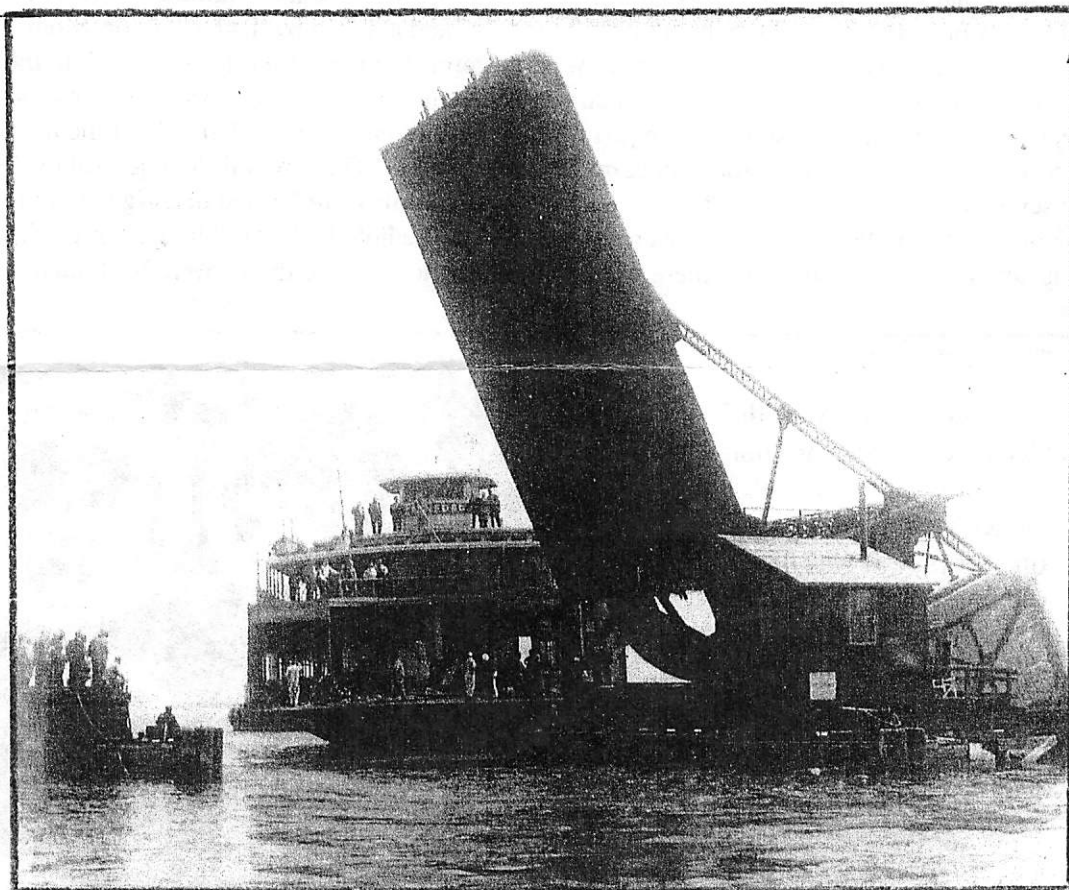
With wood chopped from the ship's sides, fueling its boilers, the captain edged the ferry toward the bridge. Boat whistles tooted and spectators cheered as the ship appeared to clear the span.

Then there were shouts from the stern and the sound of splintering timbers as the ship hit the north side of the bridge. The captain backed off, and cleared the draw on the second attempt. Later it took six attempts to drive the boat into the mud at its new berth.

With much hard work and imagination it was molded into The Ferry Boat Restaurant. The restaurant would seat 270 persons on the lower deck and 390 persons on the upper deck.

In 1978 the restaurant found itself without parking when the Ashley Development Corp. purchased the property that was their parking lot but showed no interest in the ferry. In March 1981 she was sold for (\$1.00) one dollar.

The superstructure was removed; the steel hull was towed through the railroad bridge once again in 1982 and was sunk 5 miles off Sea Girt as part of the artificial reef. The proud "Cranford" on the bottom in 80 feet of water as the home for local fish and other creatures.



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Point Pleasant Historical Society
Serving Pt. Pleasant and Pt. Pleasant Beach

A young boy growing up in Point Pleasant

We had no Wawa, 7-11 or Dunkin Donuts to buy from, we had to mostly rely on delivery people going house to house, neighborhood to neighborhood delivering their goods and services.

...The coal man, Jocko Tilton, from Point Pleasant Ice & Coal Co, would dump coal from a canvas bag down a chute into your cellar. With much noise and black dust he would see to it that you got your TON of coal.

...The bread man would deliver pies, cakes, cookies, cup cakes and of course bread.

...The milk man had cream, cheese, butter and milk.

...In season the vegetable man showed up with fresh picked "veggies".

...The rag man would pick up any old cloth materials to be reused.

...In the summer "The Good Humor" man would cool you off with popsicles, ice cream cones and sandwiches. Dixie cups with wooden spoons that would give you splinters if you weren't careful. The Dixie cups sometimes would have lids with the photo of a movie star on it. You would have to lick away the ice cream to see the photo.

...The local junk man would travel up and down the streets in his old truck or horse drawn wagon ringing his bells for all to hear. He would take any old metal objects free of charge.

...The ice man would carry 25 or 50 pound blocks of ice into your house for your "ice box".

There was no refrigeration. A cool job in the summer but a freezing cold job in the winter.

...The man who would park his truck in your neighborhood and sharpen your scissors, knives, razors, hatchets and ice skates at very little cost. If you were a really good customer he might even park in your driveway.

...The eel man with his long low basket full of live, fresh eels which looked like snakes. When cooked properly they were sweet and tasty, as long as you didn't know what you were eating.

...The men that I remember most were the "hobos" from down around the railroad loop. They would show up at our house knowing that mom and dad had a bench by the back door. Mom would feed them whatever she had and they were grateful. We were not allowed to talk to them or bother them, but we did stand close behind the hedge and listen to their stories to each other. Do you think some of these stories were just for the "little fellas" on the other side of the hedge?

Our town had no trash or garbage pick up when I was a kid. There was little to get rid of. Our table scraps were given to the chickens or the pigs; paper items were burned in a big metal drum in the back yard; bottles and tin cans were dumped down the hole in the "out house" or out in the woods next to the barn. Of course there were no plastics; how simple things were back then.

Richard Morris

As a child you would eagerly wait the arrival of the ice cream truck for your chance to buy a Dixie Cup. It wasn't so much for the ice cream, which was only about a quarter pint, it was the lid that you wanted. You first would remove the lid, then lick the ice cream from the inside, and now remove the paper protective cover to reveal the picture of the Hollywood star. These became the "trading cards" of this age.

