

It was always late after working that two or more of us would head to Providence. Driving our prized possessions to show them off as we entered the exciting circle of wasted time.

I drove a 1967 Camaro RS. It was gold w black vinyl interior and the very fashionable black vinyl roof. It had everything available as an option for that year. She was beautiful and attracted a fair share of attention which is why we were cruising around Providence.

Another Gary friend and car nut who raced around the circular lap, drove a 1967 Ford Mustang fastback reminiscent of the "Bullit" Mustang it was a great looking dark green with a 289 cid v-8 and automatic. (My Camaro was the substantially more macho 4 speed manual with a 327 cid v-8) Sometimes we were joined by other friends in there cars which included an immaculately clean and shiny powder blue 65 Mustang owned by yet another Gerry*, a beautiful deep purple 67 GTO and lastly, a 64 6 cylinder not exciting BROWN Chevrolet Biscayne. That HOT Biscayne driver and I are still friends and have been since the age of 6.

We would stick our heads out the windows of our moving cars as we slowly meandered along Weybossett Street to acknowledge a familiar car or face. At red lights we would ask about the new cruisers and there cars. Important stuff, like, what size enjun? or how many horsepowah?, where ya live? If it was a girl or two in a nice car one of us might have enough courage to wave. If they waved back we would sit up, smile and feel they liked our car. Never having the chutzpah to try to meet them and ask for a phone number. It was fun for a while and was harmless entertainment for working class kids that had not really been exposed to the world. Pete and I often dreamed of owning really fast nice cars. We favored the Jaguar XKE over most other cars. The Corvette however was the car that we saw more of. Both of us being Chevy guys we both wanted to own a Corvette some day.

Then the big bomb, that guy in the Biscayne joined the United States Navy and went on the adventure of a lifetime, imitating the denizens of the deep by staying submerged for months at a time. He served his country and protected us. He is a Hero.

(That submarine even put my 67 Camaro and 70 SS 396 Chevelle to shame. You talk about horsepowah!!!!!!).

When his vessel was at Groton, Ct. Pete would hop on a motorcycle and ride the 40+ miles to Lincoln, R.I to visit home and friends. He would show up at THE bachelor pad** and we would shoot the shit and be like we were whenever we got together.

One important note on the ride from Groton to Lincoln is that, (as I recall, (which ain't what it used to was)) twice; he did it in the dead of a New England winter!! Here's Pete, arriving at our door looking like an extra from an Alaskan series on Discovery and an alien, owing to the motorcycle helmet. A trip I would have done by phone.

Now, we both live in Southern California about 130 miles apart hardly see each other, yet remain strong in our true friendship. Pete has had a series of Corvettes to get even for the cars the other guys and myself drove back in the day. We try to go to Laguna Seca in his "Calypso" to relax and bond.

Proudly, Pete, is a dear lifelong friend of mine.

* I know, I know, but they pretty much sound the same

** THE bachelor pad was a legendary party house in the woods that I shared with three of my friends. Two brothers that lived there are still very close friends.