

HOBOKEN HISTORY

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FAMOUS HOBOKENITES • A GALAXY OF SPORTS STARS • CAMPUS NOSTALGIA



From lipstick to G. Gordon Liddy, see story on page 2

HOBOKEN HISTORY

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In this Issue...

Famous Hobokenites: 2

Napoléon III
Alfred C. Kinsey
Martha Entemann
Hazel Bishop
Millicent Fenwick
G. Gordon Liddy

A Galaxy of Sports Stars: 8

Gil Hatfield
Hal Neubauer
Tom Carey
Leo Kiely
Johnny Kucks
Johnny McMullan
John "Honey" Romano
Bill Kunkel
Jack Lazorko
Michael Chang



Courtesy of John DePalma

Campus Nostalgia: 12

An Outsider's Perspective
by Edward M. Stuart

Museum Membership 20

FAMOUS

NAPOLÉON III

Emperor of France from 1852 to 1870, Louis Napoléon Bonaparte was born in Paris in 1808, the son of Louis Bonaparte, the brother of Napoléon I and the King of Holland.



Prince Louis Napoléon, later Napoléon III, Bettmann Archive.

Following the collapse of the first Napoléon's regime, the entire Bonaparte family was exiled from France. His nephew, the future emperor, spent his youth in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. But the return of Napoléon I's body from St. Helena in 1840 created something of a Bonapartist revival, and Louis Napoléon fomented an uprising against the monarchy of Louis Philippe. When this enterprise failed miserably, Louis Napoléon was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham in Picardy. He escaped six years later, eventually landing in Hoboken. The future emperor lived in a rented room on Bloomfield Street near the corner of First Street from 1846 to 1848. An earlier arrival, Baron Edmund D. Y'Vernon arranged for his stay here and introduced him to the Stevens family. Bonaparte returned to France to take part in the Revolution of 1848 and was elected to the National Assembly. Soon thereafter, he was elected

President of the Second Republic, winning 5 ½ million votes out of 7 ½ million cast. Four years later, he declared himself Emperor of the Second Empire. In 1852, Baron Y'Vernon bought a hotel on the northwest corner of Washington and First. He named the establishment the Hotel Napoléon in honor of his friend. The Emperor had also become friends with Father Anthony Cauin, the founder of Our Lady of Grace Church. As emperor, he sent Father Cauin a gold chalice engraved with the imperial coat of arms. This chalice is still used once a year at Christmas Mass.

ALFRED C. KINSEY

The revolutionary researcher into the sexual mores of Americans was born in 1894 and spent the first decade of his life in Hoboken. His recollections of his childhood were confined to public events



Kinsey at his desk, September of 1953.

HOBOKENITES

such as seeing the first automobile in town, the first paved street, and holiday fireworks. In truth, he loathed living in what was then a drab waterfront town. But, even more, he hated the evangelical Methodism of his parents. As James H. Jones put it in a *New Yorker* profile: "Their was an Old Testament God, who knew a person's every thought and deed and punished those who broke the Commandments. God's surrogate was Kinsey's father, Alfred Seguire Kinsey. He forbade popular music, dancing, tobacco, and drink in his household, and, as teen-agers, his three children, Alfred, Mildred, and Robert, were prohibited from dating. Alfred, the oldest, suffered from diseases - rickets, rheumatic fever, and typhoid fever - that kept him bedridden for long stretches." When Kinsey was ten, his family moved to South Orange, New Jersey. From there, he went on to Bowdoin College in Maine and then to Harvard where he earned a Ph.D. in Biology. Teaching entomology at Indiana University, he appeared a quiet and quite ordinary academic until in 1948 he published *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, a book that shocked the nation for revealing that many of the sexual practices considered shameful in the first half of the century were actually commonplace. For all its scientific format, the book sold 200,000 copies in six months. He followed that up in 1953 with *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. He died in 1956, and it is only in recent years that we have learned that Kinsey's personal sexual behavior appeared to be an effort to practice just about everything he included in his books.



MARTHA ENTENMANN

The head of the family that launched a national baked goods empire from a small shop in Bay Shore, Long Island, Entenmann was born Martha Schneider in Hoboken in 1906. By the late 1920's, she was living on Long Island and working in a local bakery owned by a William Entenmann, a German immigrant, and his son, William, Jr. Martha Schneider married the younger Entenmann and bore three sons; Robert in 1928, Charles in 1930, and William in 1932. Despite a switch in emphasis from bread and rolls to cakes and pastries in the 1930s, the business, which had moved from Flatbush early in the century, remained a family operation until 1951. In that year, William, Jr. died of a heart attack while his three sons were in the military during the Korean conflict. Martha and her sons, detecting a change in shopping habits, abandoned their traditional door-to-door delivery and made an arrangement to provide Food Fair with baked goods. The large

supermarket chain became the first retail outlet to stock Entenmann's products. So many others followed that, in 1961, the family built a half-million square foot modern bakery to meet the demand. In 1978, Warner-Lambert acquired the company for \$233 million. It has been sold twice since then, most recently by CPC for \$865 million in 1994. Martha Schneider Entenmann died in 1995 at the age of 89.

HAZEL BISHOP

The inventor of the first kissproof lipstick, Hazel Bishop was born in Hoboken in 1906. Her father was a prominent Washington Street merchant who once paraded Santa Claus, riding on an elephant, down Washington Street to advertise one or another of his various enterprises, which included,



New! Revolutionary!

**Hazel Bishop's Amazingly Lasting Lipstick
Stays On and On until You Take It Off!**

at one time or another, a pet shop, a movie house, a haberdashery, a five and dime, and an awning shop. After graduating from Barnard College in 1929, Bishop abandoned her plans to attend medical school after the Great Wall Street Crash.

Instead, she worked as a chemist for a prominent dermatologist at Columbia University Medical Center, where she did research on allergies and cosmetics. During World War II, she worked as a chemist for Standard Oil. In 1949,

she perfected her formula for non-smear lipstick. Her niece Randa Bishop, described her aunt's work to Hoboken Reporter writer Caren Lissner last year: "When I was probably around 11 or 12, I was taking drama classes on the West Side on Saturday morning, and my aunt lived on Central Park West, and she was inventing this lipstick in her home. She used to weigh waxes and oils that

go into the lipstick product, and she had little scales, and I used to help her clean those." The following year, she formed Hazel Bishop, Inc. to market her invention. Advertised under the slogan "It stays on you . . . not on him!" the product sold out - at \$1 a tube - at Lord and Taylor. In just a few years the brand captured 25 percent of the market, causing a clash with Revlon that came to be known as "the lipstick war." After quarreling with her majority stockholder, however, Bishop left the company in 1954 when sales had topped \$10 million a year. A new cosmetics and personal care products venture, Hazel Bishop Laboratories, folded when her former partner won a law suit that forbade her to sell any products under her own name. Effecting a mid-life career change, Bishop became a stockbroker with Bache & Company, a financial analyst for Evans and



Company, and an adjunct professor at Fashion Institute of Technology. She died in 1998 at age 92.

MILLICENT FENWICK

One of New Jersey's most revered public servants, Millicent Fenwick was born Millicent Hammond in 1910. Her parents were John Hammond, a future Ambassador to Spain, and Martha Stevens. At the time of her birth, her par-

ents resided at the Castle, but within four years the entire Stevens family vacated the ancestral home. She attended Foxcroft School in Virginia, and, in 1925, she accompanied her father to Spain. She later attended Columbia University and the New School for Social Research. Her career included working as a model for *Vogue*, serving as an editor of that magazine and other Condé Nast publications, and writing *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* in 1948. Fenwick's public career included service on the Bernardsville Board of Education (1938-

1947), the Borough Council (1958-1964), and the State Assembly (1970-73). In 1974, while serving as State Director of Consumer Affairs, she beat future Governor Tom Kean in a primary for the Republican nomination to the House of Representatives from the Fifth District. She was elected that November and reelected three times. In 1982, she lost a bid for a U.S. Senate seat to Frank Lautenberg. A fiscal conservative, she also supported the Equal Rights Amendment, federal funding for abortions, and the food stamp program, and worked tirelessly to establish the Helsinki Commission on Human Rights. Fenwick exhibited a fascinating mix of patrician



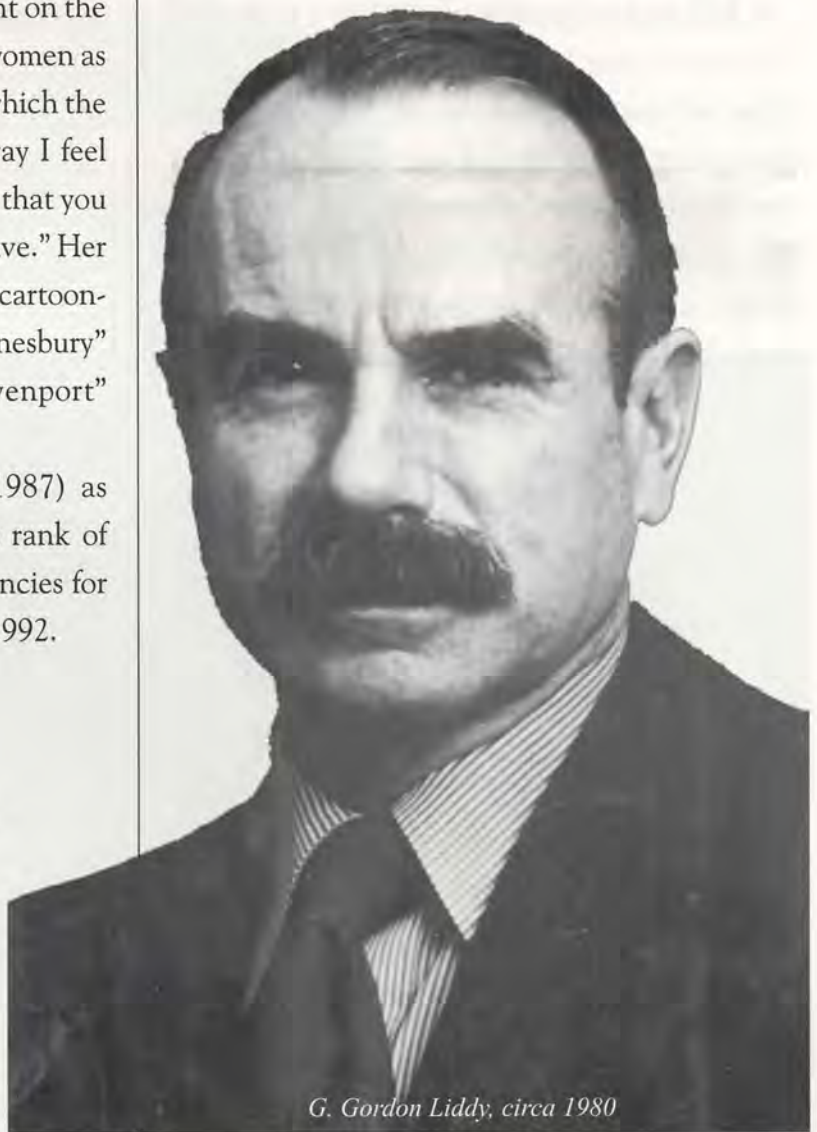
manners and unconventional behavior. She smoked a pipe and defended her positions with an acerbic wit. Perhaps her most memorable quote came in response to a Congressional colleague's objection to the Equal Rights Amendment on the grounds that he had "always thought of women as kissable, cuddly, and smelling good." To which the Congresswoman quipped, "That's the way I feel about men, too. I only hope for your sake that you haven't been disappointed as often as I have." Her inimitable style attracted the attention of cartoonist Gary Trudeau, who modeled his "Doonesbury" character Congresswoman Lacey Davenport" after her.

After serving for four years (1983-1987) as United States Representative, with the rank of Ambassador, to the United Nations Agencies for Food and Agriculture, Fenwick died in 1992.

G. GORDON LIDDY

Perhaps best known for his role in the Watergate scandal of the early 1970s, George Gordon Battle Liddy was born in Hoboken in 1930. According to his own account, his earliest memory is of

the dirigible U.S.S. *Akron* roaring over the backyard of his family home at Eighth and Hudson Streets. Liddy's father, Sylvester, worked himself up from a teenaged longshoreman to a partner-



G. Gordon Liddy, circa 1980

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When he was introduced to J. Edgar Hoover, (right) Liddy referred to himself as "George." He felt that saying "G. Gordon" was too imitative of "J. Edgar."

ship in a Wall Street law firm. His mother was descended from John Alexander, a sea captain who settled in Virginia in the 1650s and after whom Alexandria is named. A frail, fearful youth, Liddy attended Sts. Peter and Paul School, where, he recalls, appropriately enough, that he was far more comfortable saluting the flag than making the sign of the cross. In 1941, the family moved to West Caldwell, New Jersey, but the rough and tumble Hoboken where he spent his formative years - not to mention his admiration for an uncle who was a dashing FBI agent - left its mark. He would go on to a career with the FBI, in private law practice, the Treasury Department, and, most infamously, as counsel to the Committee to Re-Elect the President. He is perhaps most famous for responding to a question about how he could hold his hand over a flame without flinching from the pain: "The trick is not minding."



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LEO KIELY (born 1929) was a better than journeyman lefty pitcher for the Boston Red Sox (1951, 1954-56, 1958-59) and Kansas City Athletics (1960). After a rookie season in which he won 7 games and lost 7 but had a 3.34 earned run average and was looked upon as a future star, Kiely was drafted, and spent all of 1952, 1953, and 1954 in military service. When he returned, he was relegated to the bullpen and never fulfilled his promise. Demoted to the Pacific Coast League in 1957, he won 21 and lost 6 to earn a promotion back to Fenway Park. His best season was probably 1958, when he saved 12 games for the Red Sox to go along with a 5-2 record

and 3.00 ERA. His lifetime statistics are a 26-27 won - loss record, 3.37 earned run average, and 29 saves. He died in 1984 while residing in Montclair, New Jersey.

JOHNNY KUCKS (born 1933) was a righthanded pitcher with the Yankees (1955-59) and the Kansas City Athletics (1959-60). Although he finished up his career with a 54-56 record and a 4.10 ERA, he entered the Yankee pantheon by compiling an 18-9 record in his sophomore season, following that up with a three-hit shutout of the Dodgers in the seventh game of the 1956 World Series,



Courtesy of John DePalma

a feat obscured by the fact that it happened only two days after Don Larsen's perfect game. In eight World Series appearances between 1955 and 1958, the sidearm specialist compiled a 1.89 ERA.

JOHNNY MCMULLAN (born in Brooklyn in 1933) grew up in Hoboken

and played football for Demarest High School. He attended Notre Dame, where he attracted sufficient attention as an offensive guard to be drafted by the New York Football Giants in 1956 in the 14th round. While the 6-foot 245-pounder never played for the Giants, he was a starting guard for the New York Titans (now the Jets) of the American Football League in 1960 and 1961, appearing in 14 games in each season. After his professional career, McMullan played for a Jersey City semi-pro team for several seasons. He died in 1994.

JOHN "HONEY" ROMANO (born 1934) was a slugging catcher who got mired in the minor leagues for several seasons, where he set a Three-I League record by hitting 38 homers while playing for Waterloo in 1955. Promoted to the White Sox at the end of the 1958 season, he went 8 for 13 as a pinch hitter (while batting .294 overall) for Chicago's pennant-winning team the following year. After being traded to Cleveland in 1960, he had his best season in 1961, hitting .299 with 21 homers and 80 runs batted in, and followed that up with a .261 mark with 25 home runs and 81 RBIs in 1962. Romano made the American League All-Star team in both seasons. A broken hand suffered in 1963 curtailed his power, but he did break double numbers in homers in 1963 and 1964, for the Indians, and in 1965 and 1966, after being traded back to the

White Sox. He retired after one more year, as a backup for the St. Louis Cardinals. His career numbers are .255, 129 homers, and 417 RBIs in a ten-year career.

BILL KUNKEL (born 1936) had a modest three-year career as a relief pitcher in the major leagues with the Kansas City Athletics (1961-62) and the Yankees (1963). With a career mark of 6-6 and a 4.29 ERA, he turned to umpiring when



his playing days were over and arrived back in the major leagues in 1968. Perhaps his most noted moment as an arbiter came when he discovered

pitcher Rick Honeycutt using a tack inside a band-aid to doctor the baseball. Kunkel grabbed the hurler's hand and got stabbed by the tack; Honeycutt was suspended for ten days. Kunkel's most satisfying moment may have occurred just before a 1984 spring training game, when his son Jeff, a rookie hurler for the Texas Rangers, brought the lineup card to home plate. It was the only time father and son were on the same field in a major league game. The umpire, who also officiated at college basketball games for 20 years, retired in 1985, and died later that year. At the time of his death, he lived in Red Bank, New Jersey.

JACK LAZORKO (born 1956) never really lived in Hoboken, but, because he was born at St. Mary Hospital, the city is listed as his birthplace in baseball encyclopedias. Perhaps the epitome of the journeyman pitcher, he played for four American League teams (the Milwaukee Brewers, the Seattle Mariners, the Detroit Tigers, and the California Angels) from 1984 to 1988. In that time, he won only five games, all of them in 1987 for the Angels, and lost eight. The righthander pitched for nine major league organizations, and in Canada, Mexico, and Europe. As he once put it, "I've been released by more teams in more leagues in more countries and in more languages than anyone else in the history of baseball." He is currently Vice President for Baseball Operations for the Texas-Louisiana League.



MICHAEL CHANG (born 1972), Hoboken's contribution to the world of professional tennis, has set numerous "youngest player" records, including the youngest French Open/Grand Slam winner (in 1989). He was also the first American male since 1955 to win the French Open. He has won 33 tournaments, been a finalist in 23 others, and ranked in the top 10 seven times, ascending to Number Two in 1996. He now lives in Mercer Island, Washington.

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Campus Nostalgia:

An Outsider's Perspective

Edward M. Stuart

My earliest memories of Stevens go back to Sunday afternoon walks with my father in 1937. We lived on Hudson Street almost directly across from the Carnegie Laboratory, and our excursions would invariably begin with my shuffling perilously along the top of the low wall that ran across the front of Carnegie.

Having accomplished that feat, we would continue down Hudson Street a short distance and enter the hedge-bordered walks that circumvented and criss-crossed the front of the Administration Building. I would run ahead of my father, and, suddenly filled with a perverse glee at becoming invisible to him due to the height of the hedges, dash down one path and up another.

We would then wander north up River Street to Sixth where my father would hold me up to one of the ground-floor windows of the Navy Building so that I could peer in at a sight that would never fail to captivate me. There, in the gloom of a large room, was a collection of ancient automobiles. As fascinating to me as the cars, were the life-sized dummies dressed in costumes of the early Twentieth Century motorists and sitting in some of the open vehicles.

These Sunday ventures never went north of Sixth Street, so what was to become my long

and intimate relationship with Stevens campus did not begin until the following year when I started school at the Stevens Hoboken Academy kindergarten. The school, consisting of one small building and a play-yard (both are still there), was located at the extreme northeast corner of the campus on the property of what had been the Hoboken Tennis Club. Its main entrance was a gate in the Elysian Park at Tenth Street.

On the opening day of kindergarten, my mother accompanied me on the long journey up Hudson Street to Tenth and through the park. I quickly learned from a schoolmate named Johnny that a much more direct route was through the campus.

It was also obviously a much more scenic route, allowing us to stroll among tall trees and sweeping lawns as opposed to city streets. Moreover, it was certainly a more adventuresome one because it offered the opportunity to encounter one or more of a small group of men who worked as groundskeepers, but doubled as watchmen. They seemed to be driven to drop whatever they were doing at the sight of Johnny and me, and chase us. Because we were convinced that we had every right to traverse the grounds to get to and from school, and because they clearly felt that we were trespassers, an antagonism developed that was to continue unabated for the next 12 years.

On schooldays mornings, I would meet Johnny on the corner of Sixth and River Streets and we would begin our hike alongside the Chemistry Building and through the main gate. Continuing north past the gym, then past Jacobus Hall, through the portico of the Castle and then down past the Davis' and Hawkes' residences, we would eventually reach our goal despite the distractions provided by the country-like surroundings and the fabulous, ever-changing views of the busy Hudson River.

Morning confrontations with the watchmen were rare, but, after school, when we would normally reverse the above route, the occasional sighting of the enemy would necessitate a detour. Thus, our intimate knowledge of the campus developed quite rapidly that kindergarten year. We would either veer to the west through the arch in Palmer Hall and down to the main athletic field where we would run through the dark green, wooden grandstand and then past the gym. Or we would take an easterly course, slipping down behind Jacobus Hall and behind the tennis courts that were adjacent to its south side.



Stevens Castle

We also quickly discovered what we were to refer to as the “lower road.” This was a wide path that extended from a point northeast of the Castle down most of the eastern edge of the campus, running well below the level of Castle Point and of the tennis courts behind Jacobus Hall, and came down by the gym. It was bordered by a tall, chain-link fence that separated it from the tops of the cliffs that drop down to the Shore Road (now Sinatra Drive).

It was only natural that the campus would evolve into something more than just a way to and from school. As that kindergarten year progressed, and in the years that followed when we were enrolled in Stevens Hoboken Academy

down on Willow Avenue, it became our playground. Our presence never generated a negative reaction on the part of either students or faculty; and, oddly enough, there were rarely any other kids playing there.

In the winter, when the campus was blanketed with snow and watchmen were a rarity, our favorite place to sleighride was a short, but rather steep, hill just south of the Castle that led down to the upper athletic field. If this field happened to be glazed over with ice, you could extend your ride almost to the gym.

As the seasons passed, we spent almost every school day afternoon and every weekend in this idyllic setting — exploring, sledding, playing ball, climbing trees, flying balsa gliders, and teasing the “watchies” until the late spring of 1942, when we suddenly became convinced that our paradise was lost! It happened on the day that the Navy, in a formal ceremony held in front of the gym, established its V-12 program at Stevens.



V-12 exercises during WWII

Johnny and I, standing on a narrow ledge and peering over the rear section of the wall that surrounds the gym porch, witnessed the entire spectacle; and, despite the sun-dappled dress white naval uniforms and the red, white, and blue bunting, we sensed that a pall had been cast over the scene. Surely, we thought, with World War II getting into full swing and the Navy taking

the college over for the duration, the campus would be closed tighter than a drum for years to come!

I went away that summer wondering what the next school year would be like without access to Stevens. There was no doubt in my mind that it would be possible to close off the campus. A high wall, made of large, dark gray, rectangular stones surrounded the grounds from Eighth Street almost to the Chemistry Building. Immediately in front of much of this wall - except on River Street - there was a tall fence composed of vertical iron bars topped with pointed tips that faced alternatively inward and outward. It was obvious that, with these barriers, and with closed and guarded gates at Eighth and Ninth Streets and, of course, at the main, Sixth Street, gate, we would be effectively excluded - possibly for the remainder of our youth.

Yet, returning in September, I found that things were pretty much as before. The main gate, although unguarded, was closed much of the time; but cutting through the Chemistry Building solved that problem—and gave us access to a drinking fountain that dispensed the purest, coldest water I have ever tasted. And, on the campus, the Navy's presence imposed virtually no restrictions on us. In fact, after only a few months, we would don our pea jackets and sailor hats and parade along behind the midshipmen in the Friday afternoon reviews.

Included in our equipment for those parades were rifles that Johnny's older brother made for us. These and several other weapons were also used in games of "guns" for which the campus provided an ideal setting.

In one of those games, early on a Sunday morning, Johnny and I lugged a model water-cooled machine gun mounted on a tripod up a fire escape ladder onto the roof of the Castle. This gave us a fantastic vantage from which to spot the pursuing enemy troops who would shortly be working their way up from the lower campus. We did not have to wait long before we spotted two of our adversaries crawling up from behind Jacobus Hall. We allowed them to approach even closer and then we dispatched them with a loud "Dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah!" Suddenly, directly behind us, a window slowly opened and a very rumpled, sleepy-eyed, perplex student quietly asked, "What the hell is going on?!?" We retreated as rapidly as we could down the ladder fully expecting him to phone the watchmen, but he apparently went right back to bed.

In addition, to the Friday afternoon military reviews, the war brought many other changes to the Stevens campus. There were the early evening formations of uniformed students on Sixth Street in front of the Navy Building preparing to march up to the Castle for dinner. There was the castle itself, in the late, winter afternoon darkness, sil-



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houetted against a northern sky lit sporadically to a blue-white incandescence by the acetylene torches at the frantically busy shipyards at Fourteenth Street. There was the Navy obstacle course that was erected along the "lower road." It consisted of a series of wooden structures designed to be run through or crawled under, and, at its northern end, there was a deep pit with an always muddy bottom over which a rope swing was constructed. It was always a great challenge for us kids to make it over this final obstacle without at least getting muddy sneakers.

To me, one of the most amazing features of the wartime Stevens was the huge outdoor coal bin that appeared quite suddenly in the alley behind the Carnegie Laboratory. The alley was closed off with a wall made of wooden planks, and then it was filled with a gigantic coal pile so high that, initially, from the top of it you could easily get onto the roof of the building that housed the Carnegie Lab furnace. What was amazing about it was that the coal, without any replenishment, lasted almost precisely until the end of the war!



Carnegie Lab and the Administration Bldg.

The ally behind the Carnegie Laboratory and the Administration Building was always a center of attraction to us because of the rich variety of treasure that the trash cans there could yield. There were old test tubes, vials, graduated cyl-

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inders, exotic glass jars, electron tubes, etc., all of which we considered to be of great value even though we seldom found any practical use for any of them. I recall once finding a large electrical switch discarded there. It was a beautiful thing, mounted on a varnished, wooden platform, and it remained under my bed for the better part of a year where it was used to trigger dynamite charges implanted in Nazi dams and to start the engines of PT boats in moonlit Pacific lagoons during those imaginative moments between turning out the lights and actually going to sleep.

I also remember two wooden bins in that area. One contained metal rings, all of which were about four inches in diameter and about an inch and a quarter wide. The other held iron, chisel-like tools that were about seven inches long. It was years before we realized that these strangely consistent objects were the products of students practicing in the forge.

Another center of attraction was the Walker Gymnasium. At that time, as you walked up through the main gate toward the gym, there were no buildings on either side once you passed the Chemistry Building. There were no dormitories to your right and no Morton-Pierce-Kidde Complex to your left - only tennis courts up an embankment, level with the main playing field. Also, there was no Mott Field House and no Samuel C. Williams Library. The gym then was a

much more dominant building on the campus horizon. Outside, its oval shape, its large front porch and the narrow fire escape that curved across its rear made the gym a perfect site for games of tag, "guns," and snowball fights.



Inside, the gym was a marvelous extension of our special playground. Here we had the opportunity to shoot baskets, play on the parallel bars and the gymnastics horses, swing on the climbing ropes, run around the elevated track, and even swim in the pool. As long as we kept out of their way, we managed to remain invisible to coaches and students alike.

We would also make frequent visits to the equipment cage down on the main floor to see our good friend Rudy. Rudy was a blond, curly-haired gentleman who, because of his appearance and slight accent, was presumably of Scandinavian descent. He was the first person I ever met who gave the impression of being totally

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happy with his job, which, in Rudy's case, was storing, maintaining, and dispensing all of Stevens' athletic equipment.

Our relationship with Rudy began when Johnny and I started our practice of turning in any almost-new baseballs and lacrosse balls found during our outdoor ramblings. (We kept the older ones.) In return, Rudy, in addition to allowing us to watch him string tennis and squash racquets, would periodically give us very slightly cracked baseball bats and lacrosse sticks; and he would show us how to mend them at least for temporary use. Also, if you got a new baseball mitt, the cage was the only place to take it for its initial oiling; and Rudy was always happy to keep our personal footballs and basketballs properly inflated.

As we progressed through our high school years, and gradually began to appreciate diversions that did not involve sheer play on our part, Stevens offered us an endless series of inter-collegiate soccer games in the autumn, basketball games in the gym on winter Saturday nights, and baseball and lacrosse contests in the spring.

Finally, in what now seems like the blink of an eye, our little gang was off to college, and an era that would always provide golden memories had come to an end.

This article first appeared in The Stevens Indicator, the magazine of the Stevens Institute Alumni Association Magazine in 1995. It is reprinted here with the permission of the Stevens Institute Alumni Association.



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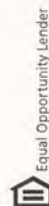
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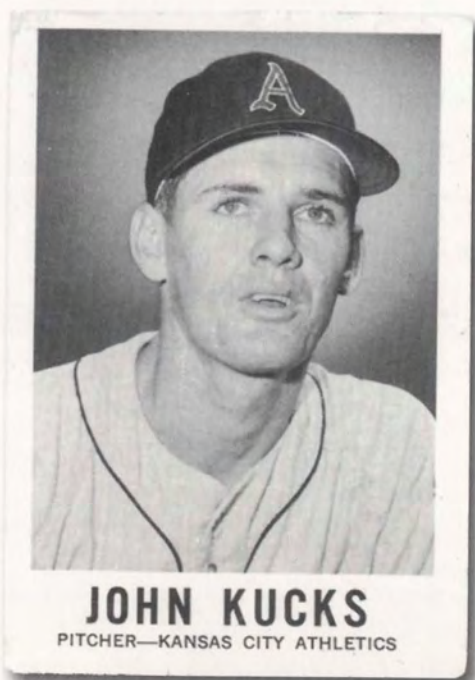
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