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The Magazine of the Hoboken Historical Museum
HOBOKEN NJ NUMBER 7 SPRING 1993

HOBOKEN HISTORY

Published by the Hoboken Historical Museum
President: Bob Foster
Editor: Paul Lippman
Production Editor: Barbara Lippman
Advertising Sales Director: Edward Lepre
Museum Founder: Jim Hans

Published four times a year.
Business address:
PO Box 707, Hoboken NJ 07030
(201) 656-2240

FROM OUR PRESIDENT

I have been President of the Museum since January, and it's been a busy six months. I feel we've made a lot of progress, becoming more visible in the community through our lecture series, cocktail party, flea markets around Church Square park, and our keystone, the magazine.

We have increased our membership by more than 50 percent, totalling over 225 paid-up memberships, and we have over 8000 dollars in the bank, a balance that has more than doubled since January.

I believe that our success has come from working together on our many projects. I would especially like to thank the magazine editors Paul and Barbara Lippman, who also serve as Corresponding and Recording Secretaries; Vice-President Leonard Luizzi and his wife Marie for their hard work on the Cocktail Party; Treasurer Gerard A. Lisa; Assistant Treasurer Steve Kilnisan; and Trustees Maureen Allex, John De Palma, Gerri Fallo, Stephen Hefler, George Kirchgessner, Lynne Shapiro, and Vincent Wassmann.

Additional thanks are due to our very active members, Ms. D. Rae, Kelley Cousineau, Hank Forrest, Susanah Cassell, Jennie Carulli, and special thanks to the Magazine's advertising sales director, Edward Lepre.

Our organization is unique in that our Board is a working one, pitching in and helping at all levels. I look forward to working with everyone for the next six months.

Thank you,
Bob Foster



A MUSEUM FOR THE MUSEUM?

Newspaper publisher and developer Joe Barry has generously offered the Museum permanent space of its own in his "Shipyard" project at 14th and Hudson Streets. The estimated 2000 square feet would give us room for our exhibits, much-needed storage space, and room for our meetings and offices, all of which we have dreamed of ever since we began. The Museum's membership is larger than ever before and our activities greater.

The area we have been offered is appropriately in the oldest structure on Hoboken's waterfront, the W. & A. Fletcher Co. Machine Shop, in more recent times part of the Bethlehem Steel Shipyard, and for too many years an abandoned and threatened survivor of our waterfront's greatest era. It will be especially suitable for the Hoboken Historical Museum to find a home in the Machine Shop Building because we worked so hard a few years back to prevent its demolition.

We have met several times with the architects and look forward to the project's start. Thank you, Joe!

GOOD NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL & HERITAGE AFFAIRS.

We recently learned that the Museum's proposal to begin an architectural education program in the public schools was given the highest rating and recommended for funding by the New Jersey State Council on the Arts Block Grant Program. The education program coordinator is Lynne Shapiro and it will start in winter, 1994.

In previous years the NJ Arts Council Block grant Program funded exhibition events and most recently enabled several Hoboken photographers to document their community. Work from that project can currently be seen in the Park Avenue Pastry Shop at Eighth and Park Avenue. Featured are large color photographs by Betsy Feeley.

⇐ MUSEUM GETS A BANNER

At our April meeting Museum trustee and City Historian George Kirchgessner presented the Museum with an attractive two-by-six-foot banner with a blue field and gold lettering reading "HOBOKEN HISTORICAL MUSEUM." The gift from George and his wife Dolores is greatly appreciated. It was first used in this group photo of several Museum members posing atop a snow bank at the northwest corner of Washington and Fifth Streets, the day after the famous "Blizzard of 93," a photo certain to become a souvenir of the event. Thank you, George and Dolores!

More Museum News, page 20

The Girls of Hoboken



by John P. Fitzpatrick
Illustrated by Don Genaro

Jack Fitzpatrick is retired from ITT Corporation where he had been New York-based director of public relations for North America. Don Genaro, who sketches as a hobby, is senior partner at Henry Dreyfuss Associates, the New York industrial design firm. Both are former Hoboken residents.

As a young reporter in the 1960s, my world centered around names and numbers. Names of people, streets, places, organizations; dates, addresses, ages, budgets. Recalling earlier days in Hoboken, I find recollections also are made up of names and numbers.

The streets come out of old address books:
1104 Bloomfield, 919 Castle Point Terrace, 1208 Park Avenue, 935 Washington, 11 Elysian Park South, 922 Castle Point Terrace, 1000 Hudson, 1221 Garden, 1211 Washington, 59 13th Street, 1116 Hudson, 1135 Bloomfield, 724 Hudson, 1127 Bloomfield, 1217 Washington.

Some addresses include phone numbers, carrying the old exchange:
Hoboken 3-4269, Hoboken 3-3882, Hoboken 3-4196
Hoboken 3-3382, Hoboken 3-7333, Hoboken 3-1088
Hoboken 3-7043, Hoboken 2-2369, Hoboken 3-8795
Hoboken 3-1574, Hoboken 3-9954, Hoboken 3-5748.

Just names and numbers on a page but reminders of high school and the beginnings, more or less, of our personal social life in the 1940s.

Names inked or penciled-in recall girls named O'Grady, Raffo, Cella, Coyle, Beronio, Kennedy, Talty, Seide, Reppetto, Poggi, Tancibok, Willenborg.

And boys with names like O'Brien, Poggi, Conway, Moore, Genaro, Kelly, Smith, Cooke, Moriarty, Reilly, Mollo, McAlevy, Keefe.

The schools included Sacred Heart, St. Domenic's, Xavier, Demarest (then the senior high school), Seton Hall, St. Peter's, St. Michael's.



Then as today, a certain amount of social activity was generated around school events. Football and basketball drew crowds but usually only to see and be seen, with maybe a "hello." St. Peter's and Memorial were two of the football powers of the day and Roosevelt Stadium (since demolished) in Jersey City was needed to hold the Hudson County crowds that came to watch.

Hanging out in Elysian Park helped relations considerably, conversations around the war memorial in good weather, snowballs and sledding in winter. And when afternoons in Schnackenberg's are added, with Helen serving up ice cream sodas, mutually satisfactory progress was evident. Vaughn Monroe's juke box version of "Racing With the Moon" might be playing. Or perhaps "Prisoner of Love," one of Perry Como's hits. Was there always a Glenn Miller record on? I can remember specifically Stan Kenton's "Artistry in Jump."

No one planned these meetings in the park or Schnackies, but somehow the boys and girls were always there at the same time.

Another favorite pastime was looking for the "glass battleship" on the Stevens campus, or as another pal mentioned, the "submarine races." I don't know who coined these phrases covering this activity, but visiting the Point with a young lady, where the cannon stands, admiring the bright lights of New York -- which never seem to go out -- ships gliding by on the river, could be a touch romantic -- if the watchman didn't come by.



School-sponsored social events included boat rides up the Hudson or up Long Island Sound to Rye's Playland in Westchester, and Saturday afternoons at a roller skating rink in Bayonne.

On one visit to Playland, a couple of us decided to hop out of our boat inside the "tunnel of love" ride and scare some of the girls going by in their boats. Crouching in the dark, scare them we did, but it got out of hand with the girls screaming at live ghosts making faces at them and the ride operator going wild and

charging in to find us. We got away with it, but the young ladies did not appreciate the humor we thought we saw.

Dances drew a certain number of perhaps more adventurous types, often after basketball games. Dances at Our Lady of Grace were an attraction. Many of us had no problem comparing the first time we asked a girl to dance with the first time on the roller coaster at Palisades Park. Both were exhilarating, but getting up the nerve...

However, looking back, it was really the girls who took the lead, inviting us to parties where we played silly party games and clowned around. (It struck some of us that the girls were checking us out, and perhaps the parents were, too.) Sometimes we danced. Along toward senior year, beer began to make its appearance, and we'd order pizza delivered from the Blue Point Pizzeria.



Dating really began out of those parties, invitations to proms and Saturday night at the movies, especially the movies, where we had a wide choice of shows and theaters, both in Hoboken and in Jersey City. Unlike the multiplex houses of today, some of the old ones were ornate, lavishly built places, especially the Stanley at Journal Square. Its ceiling, high above the audience, twinkled with starlights, and special lighting that created the illusion of the movement of clouds across its vast expanse. On both sides were private boxes ascending one level above the other. You could fall asleep in their plush seats.

The U.S. Theater was at 617 Washington Street, where the Haven Savings Bank now stands. The Fabian was at 69 Newark Street at the corner of Washington, now a shuttered supermarket. There were a couple of others, notably the Rivoli at 107 Washington, today a parking lot next to the Washington Savings Bank.

It was at the Fabian that the girls of Hoboken had their first chance to scream for Frank Sinatra when his debut film, "Higher and Higher," was shown in 1944. Two of his hits that year were from the movie "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening" and "The Music Stopped." The girls did more screaming on a rainy day in 1947 when Frankie rode up Washington Street atop a fire engine, his father sitting with him as a member of the Fire Department.

I'm afraid that most of us boys couldn't figure out what the girls saw in the skinny guy. What did we know? But they did do a lot of screaming in those days.

Each of the theaters had its own policy in booking movies. The huge Fabian had its pick of first-run films. The U.S., on the other hand, seemed to lean toward second-run releases and concentrate on Saturday matinees that brought in the youngsters. I can remember seeing "The Wizard of Oz" at the U.S. in 1939 with my brother Peter, and Marion and Francis Walsh, neighbors from 1111 Washington Street. "Oz" was not then considered a "big" one.

The Rivoli had a nickname that might best describe its reputation, "The Scratch House." No one took dates there. It was all boys for the cowboy movies. I believe some went there at least once to see if the stories were true. Was the screen really punctured by BB-gun pellets because someone once was carried away by the antics of the cowboy villain? Was it true that sitting down could be an adventure in the dark, since the seat's springs had punctured the upholstery and could do damage to your butt? The word was out that refreshments were peddled by a vendor striding up and down the aisles during the films, hawking ice cream, soda, popcorn and candy at the top of his lungs.



Unlike today, a visit to the movies was an investment in time as well as money, especially when it included a trolley ride up a high trestle to Journal Square to attend one of the "big three" theaters, the Stanley, Loew's, and the State, which had the latest movies. These houses booked the films that were usually just ending their New York runs, as I recall. ⇒

ONE-HOUR PHOTO

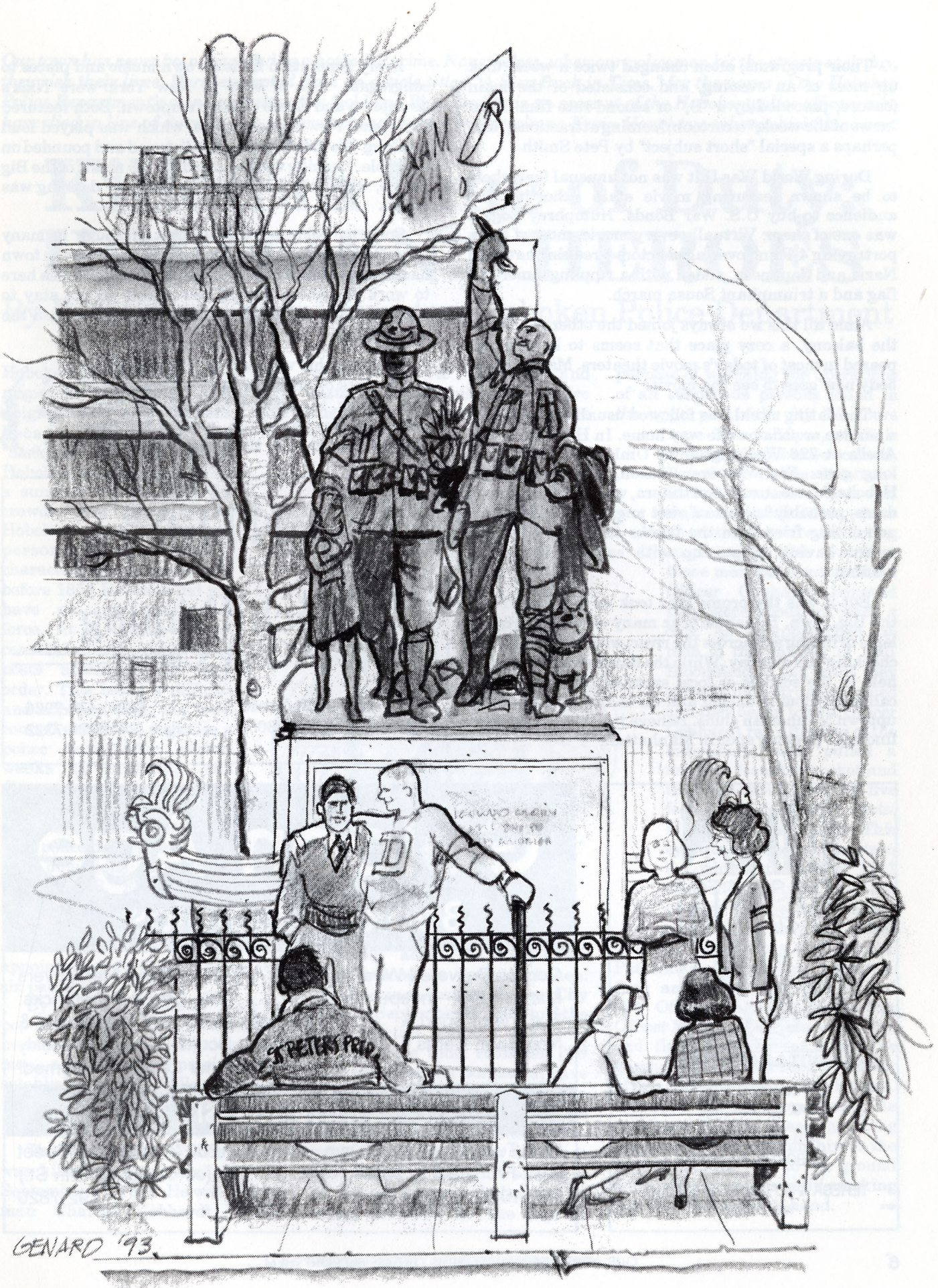
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Their programs, often changed twice a week, took up most of an evening, and consisted of the main feature, preceded by a "B," or second-rate film. Then "news of the week," a cartoon, "coming attractions," and perhaps a special "short subject" by Pete Smith.

During World War II it was not unusual for a short to be shown featuring movie stars exhorting the audience to buy U.S. War Bonds. Humphrey Bogart was one of them. Virtually every movie, most of them portraying 4-F and over-aged actors wreaking havoc on Nazis and Japanese, ended with a rippling American flag and a triumphant Sousa march.

Amid all this we always joined the other couples in the balcony, a cozy place that seems to have disappeared in most of today's movie theaters. Maybe everybody now goes to see the movie.

The dating ritual was followed usually by a stop for a sundae or soda on the way home. In Hoboken it was Abel's at 726 Washington, or Umland's at 508, both long gone. For whatever reason, Schnackenberg's, Hoboken's sole survivor of the era, was not favored with dates, probably because a visit might find some of our non-dating friends in the booths in the back, which meant having to put up with some good-natured kidding.

But it was the proms that took us into New York, the Big Town. By senior year many of us were 18, the legal drinking age across the river, with very few places checking IDs anyway. While the dances may have been held in the schools or local spots in Hoboken, proms called for double-dating and on to the Village or the uptown Manhattan clubs. Believe it or not, no problem finding a parking spot in Manhattan.

Every generation finds its own music and places to congregate. Two of ours in New York were Nick's downtown and Eddie Condon's uptown. Both featured Dixieland, New Orleans style, which was played loud and long. We didn't dance, just listened and pounded on the table. Dancing was reserved for the music of the Big Bands, where the Lindy was in but slow dancing was better.

Someone told me recently that although in many ways Hoboken hasn't changed, he did feel that the town had become a transient home for many who come here to work elsewhere. But if newcomers do not stay to raise families, he asked, who will enjoy Hoboken the way we did?

Anyway, this was part of Hoboken in the 1940s. Lots of pressure to make grades and pass exams, the specter of the Draft Board before us. But lots of fun, most of the time, and growing up with the girls of Hoboken.



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Our town has never been regarded as a hotbed of crime. Nonetheless, when our policemen hit the streets each day, they risk their lives. Here, excerpted from an article titled "A Step Back in Time," for the pages of the Hoboken Police Department's own newsletter, the Gold and Blue Review *is an account of the Hoboken police officers who have died in line of duty. It was researched and written by Patrolman Kevin Houghton, whose shield is shown.*

Killed in Line of Duty: HOBOKEN'S HEROES

By Patrolman Kevin Houghton, Hoboken Police Department

Hoboken in its early years, with numerous tree-shaded walks and neighborhood beer gardens, soon became known as the "backyard of New York." Hoboken was then considered a summer resort. With the crowds that journeyed to Hoboken came toughs and persons of questionable character. In the years just before 1851 Hoboken did not have an organized police force. At that time several constables with no specified posts attempted to keep order. This being a difficult and hopeless task, the town council decided to organize a police force. After several weeks of planning and discussion, it passed an ordinance calling for the formation of Hoboken's first paid police department. Over the objections of Mayor Cornelius B. Flickner and amid great excitement, the city council met and adopted a resolution authorizing the appointment of a Chief of Police and six patrolmen.

By 1898, Hoboken had a population of 49,400. The department had grown to 145 paid policemen, and a second precinct was established at 1201 Willow Avenue.

Death on Duty

The first Hoboken Police Officer was killed in the line of duty on September 17, 1898. He was Patrolman Charles Gebhardt, badge number 31. He was shot and instantly killed while arresting two suspicious characters who were prowling about a fashionable neighborhood in upper Hoboken. The *Evening Journal,* Jersey City Edition, September 27, 1898 told the story in detail.



"For some time, robberies [the word used then for burglaries] have been of frequent occurrence in Hoboken, and the police have made vigorous but fruitless endeavors to catch the thieves. Officer Gebhardt was ordered by Captain Fanning to go out in citizens clothes as an acting detective for the express purpose of watching the operations of all suspicious persons found in the upper part of the city. His hours were 3pm to 10pm, which is when most robberies occured. Patrolman Gebhardt left the Second Precinct at 3pm and walked up 12th Street where he noticed two men acting suspicously. After watching these men for about an hour, Officer Gebhardt believed they were about to 'crack a crib.' As he approached the men in the hallway of 1201 Bloomfield to ask what they were doing, a struggle ensued and they began to run. Officer Gebhardt ran after one of the individuals, who pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired one shot from about five feet, then two more shots, hitting the officer twice. This eyewitness account was given by John Ottendorf of 1201 Bloomfield Street. A boy passing the Second Precinct gave notice that an officer was in trouble up the street. Patrolman John Myers ran up to 12th and Bloomfield Streets and saw Officer Gebhardt staggering. Officer Myers gave chase to the man and fired one shot at him. The gunman turned and fired at Officer Myers, causing him to drop his gun. But that did not stop Myers. He continued to give chase, grabbing the gunman and striking him in the head, knocking him to the ground and wrenching the still-smoking gun from the villain's hand. ⇒

The prisoner was taken to the station house, where he was arraigned before Sgt. Thomas Goode. The prisoner, who gave his name as James W. Brown of Erie Street, Jersey City, was searched by doorman Stanton and had on him a full outfit of burglar tools, including a jimmy and 25 or more keys of skeleton design."

Perpetrator with a Record

Brown was taken to the county jail without bail on a charge of willful murder. Later it was learned that Brown gave a fictitious name. New York City detectives helped identify him as John Jackson, who had with a history of burglaries, and whose picture is No. 2,090 in the Rogues' Gallery of New York.

Hoboken's Largest Tribute

Officer Gebhardt lived at 722 Willow Avenue and was survived by a wife and five children. On Friday, September 29, 1898 thousands of people came from many miles away to pay respect to Hoboken's first fallen police officer. It was the largest concourse of people ever seen in Hoboken. The trial lasted two and a half days. All the evidence was in by October 4. On October 5 it took the jury 47 minutes to find him guilty of murder in the first degree. On October 14 Justice Lippincott sentenced Jackson to death by hanging."

Safety For 26 Years

Twenty-six years later, the department lost its second police officer, this time to an accident. On July 6, 1924 at about 4:10am, Patrolman Joseph Jaeger, 30 years old, who had been on the force only since June 15, died in St. Mary Hospital from a fractured skull suffered when his motorcycle, taking a turn at 6th and Jefferson, jumped a curb and struck a building. What caused his accident is not known.

Double Parking Accident

A second motorcycle accident caused the death of another Hoboken police officer. On Saturday, October 6, 1951, Patrolman Thomas J. McIntyre, Jr. was at 14th and Willow at about 5:30pm when he was dispatched by radio to 111 Clinton Street on a report that a woman was screaming.

With the siren on his three-wheeler motorcycle wide open, McIntyre drove south on Willow. In front of 727 Willow a car pulled over to allow McIntyre's vehicle to pass. However, the car's driver did not pull over far enough and McIntyre's cycle caught a wheel, tipped over, and threw McIntyre into the rear of the car. McIntyre was rushed to St. Mary but was pronounced dead.

Patrolman McIntyre was a World War II veteran who served in the Army for three years, two of them in North Africa. He joined the Hoboken Police Department in June, 1946, and was in the motorcycle division for his last two years. He wore badge number 122.

The Roaring Twenties

Crime, not an accident, took the life of the third Hoboken police officer to die in line of duty. It happened in the Roaring Twenties. The A&P sold bread at two loaves for nine cents, 8 O'Clock Coffee for 19 cents a pound, and eggs at 21 cents a dozen. Holthausen's in Union City advertised women's dresses for $15.00, and men's two-trouser suits for $18.50. Bishop's Theater on First Street was featuring on its marquee Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl" and W.C. Fields in "2 Flaming Youths". You could buy a new 1928 Chevrolet 5-passenger sedan for $535.00. And there was plenty of room to park it.

The Hoboken Police Department had an appropriation for 206 officers. The nation was in the middle of Prohibition, and crime was running amok. With a population of 75,000, its nearness to New York City, plus being an active seaport town, Hoboken presented more policing problems than cities several times larger.

Shootout on 12th Street

If the great news columnist and radio personality of the time, Walter Winchell, had covered this story, it may have gone like this:

"Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. News flash! Hoboken, March 9, 1928. City Patrolman Patrick Lane was gunned down in cold blood on a dark residential street while taking two armed car thieves to a Hoboken police station."

A more detailed newspaper account would have told us that Lane was 58 years old, joined the Police Department on February 20,

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1911, and had worn badge number 46 for seventeen years. He had been assigned to a traffic post at the entrance of the 14th Street ferry terminal of the Lackawanna Railroad for the past ten years. Lane, who was one of the best-liked men on the Force, was credited with many good arrests of gunmen and automobile thieves. About a year earlier Police Commissioner Bernard F. McFeely offered Lane a promotion to Sergeant, but Lane begged to be excused, expressing a preference for his post at the Ferry. He was transferred to a pier job, but after ten days there, he again asked to be given his old traffic post.

Murder at Midnight

According to a police report of the time, Patrolman Lane had just completed his four-to midnight tour of duty. He did not get off the Washington Street trolley at 11th Street, as was his usual custom, and walk east to Hudson, but rode on instead to 12th Street. He took a jitney bus instead of the trolley, another change.

As Lane approached the intersection of 12th and Hudson, he saw a Moon sedan speeding south on Hudson Street from 14th. At Lane's hail, the driver stopped the vehicle a little below 1126 Hudson. Neither he nor his passenger could produce a driver's license or vehicle registration. Lane ordered both men out of the vehicle, gave them a quick "frisk," and took a gun from one of them, a weapon which was later recovered from Patrolman's Lane's coat pocket.

After Lane placed the two under arrest, he began to escort them to the Second Precinct. then at Willow and 12th. They were midway on 12th Street between Hudson and Washington when three shots rang out. As Lane dropped to the pavement, the two prisoners fled west on 12th Street and turned south on Washington to be seen by Patrolman Tormey who had heard the gunshots. One man turned east on 11th Street and was captured in the middle of the block. The second escaped into an alley between 1127 and 1129 Washington Street, where a gun with three empty chambers was later found.

Confession

Patrolman Lane was taken to St. Mary Hospital, but died in its elevator. The prisoner was Robert Wilkins, 24, an unemployed printer from Manhattan's East Side. He wept, described his part in the killing, and maintained that he did not do the shooting. (He later pleaded guilty to stealing the car – in Brooklyn – and to weapons possession.)

Arrested in Bed

Wilkins told Chief Edward J. McFeely and Inspector Daniel J. Kiely that he had been walking to the right of Patrolman Lane on their way to the second precinct and that William Foyt, a convict just released from Sing Sing, had been to Lane's left. Foyt had done the shooting. When Wilkins gave them Foyt's address, Inspector Kiely and several detectives headed for New York. With a squad of NYPD detectives, they captured Foyt in his bed in Manhattan.

Foyt was returned to Hoboken on March 27 from the Tombs in Manhattan and arraigned on a charge of murder. After trying to plead insanity, he went to trial on May 1, was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Miles of Mourners

On Tuesday morning, March 13, 1928, the City of Hoboken paid homage to its fallen hero. Thousands lined Washington Street as Patrolman Patrick Lane was awarded a full Inspector's funeral. Flower cars and limousines were said to extend from City Hall to 17th and Willow.

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THE FIRST COURAGEOUS CATCHER IN BASEBALL

Hoboken's claim to baseball fame would never be complete without going to bat for an "iron man" and innovator in baseball, Nathan Woodhull "Nat" Hicks. Born April 19, 1845 in Hempstead, NY, Hicks later made Hoboken his home.

Hicks was the first player of his time who had the courage to ignore the then established practice of catching the ball on a bounce 30 feet behind the batter. Instead, in 1871, he flouted custom by taking a dangerous stance directly behind the batter.

In those days the catcher did not have the protection of a mask, chest protector, and shin guards. He didn't even wear a glove to take the sting out of pitches. In spite of this, Hicks moved up behind the batter's box, to be in an advantageous position to throw out runners on the base paths. It became a lot more difficult to steal a base.

Hicks' innovation was credited with greatly reducing the big scores prevalent at the time, and every catcher on every club in the area followed his example. Newspapers paid Hicks high tribute for his ingenuity, praising him for his "unlimited grit and endurance."

Hicks played in the days when the ball was ultra-lively. It was a hard ball, a bit heavier and only slightly larger than the one we know, but it was rubber-centered.

There were no padded mitts either, and bare-handed players had a hard time fielding the fast-moving ball. To keep their hands toughened, baseball's pioneers soaked them in heavy brine and tannic acid solutions. Repeated often enough, the soaking had a tendency to produce skin equivalent to walrus hide.

Hicks began his career in 1866 with the Hoboken Eagles (an amateur local team formed in 1853) and later saw service with the Stars of Brooklyn, the Nationals of Washington, and the all-professional Eckfords (a team of shipwrights and mechanics working for shipyard owner Henry Eckford in Greenpoint, Brooklyn), Mutuals (a professional New York team), and the Philadelphia Athletics and the Cincinnati Red Stockings of the National League. The catcher was not called that in those days, but was referred to as the "behind." In 1875 Hicks served as a manager.

By 1880, the rules required every catcher to move close up to the plate after two strikes, and in 1902, Hicks' technique was incorp-

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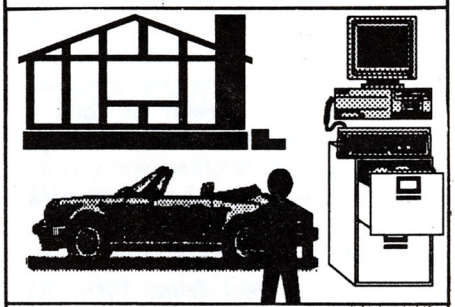
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orated into national baseball rules which required all catchers to stand within ten feet of the batter.

Standout pitchers of the day who were caught by Hicks included Robert T. "Bobby" Mathews [1851-1898], William Arthur "Candy" Cummings [1848-1924] of the Brooklyn Excelsiors, and Jewett Martin, all of whom contributed to the development of the curve ball, first pitched by Cummings in 1867.

A vivid description of Hicks' heroics behind the plate appeared in an old sporting journal:

"He went in the game between the Mutuals and the Atlantics [teams in Brooklyn, Trenton, and Paterson used this name] with his right eye almost knocked out of his head, and his nose and the whole right side of his face swollen to three times their normal size from injuries sustained in other games.

"Notwithstanding this, nothing seemed too difficult for him to take. Player after player went down before his unfaltering nerve and although struck four times during the game – once squarely on the mouth by the ball, and once on the chest, as well as twice with the bat – he could not be driven away from the spot.

"Indeed, taking it all in all, no man ever exhibited more nerve and pluck combined with cool, calculating judgement than did this man, and he certainly deserved all the applause and commendation he received."

Hicks' career finally ended in 1877, while with the Cincinnati Red Stockings, when Hall of Famer Adrian Constantine "Cap" Anson [1851-1922], one of the greatest of old-time stars and manager of the Chicago White Stockings, 1879 through 1898, broke the Hobokenite's kneecap with his bat.

Hicks remained an enthusiastic fan, however, until his death in Hoboken on April 21, 1907 at the age of 62. In 1908, one year after Hicks died, baseball's shin guards for catchers were invented, protection he did not have when he was the first man to crouch behind the plate.

Nat Hicks' career statistics:

Batted right-handed, threw right-handed, height 6'1", weight 180

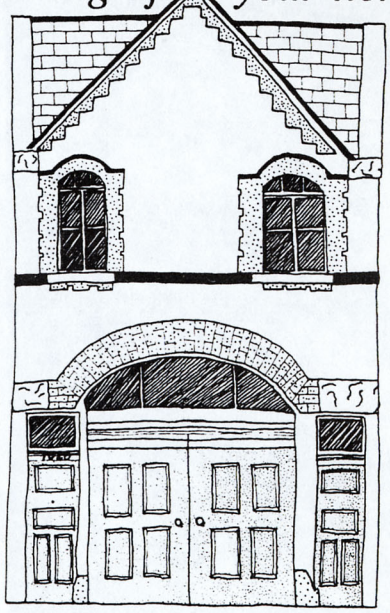
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1877 CIN N	8	32	6	0	0	0	0.0	3	3	1	2	.188	.188	0	0	C-8
2 yrs	53	230	50	4	1	0	0.0	23	18	4	6	.227	.255	0	0	C-53

[We tried to find a picture of Nat Hicks, but couldn't find any collector, museum, or book that had one.– Editor]

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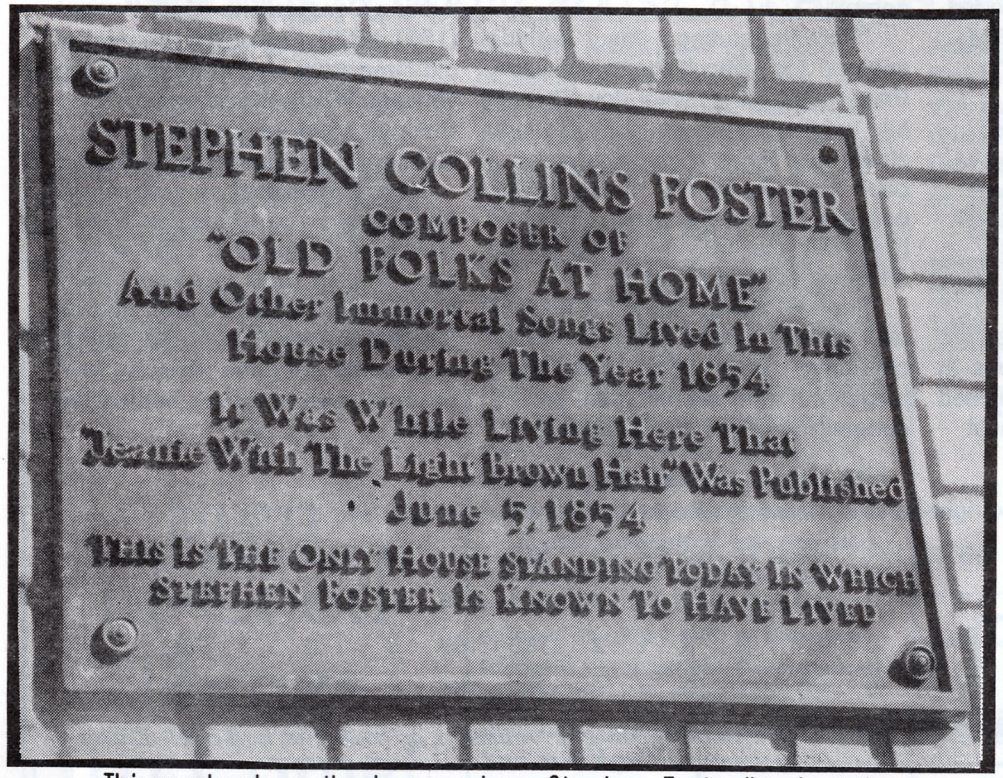
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HISTORIC MARKERS



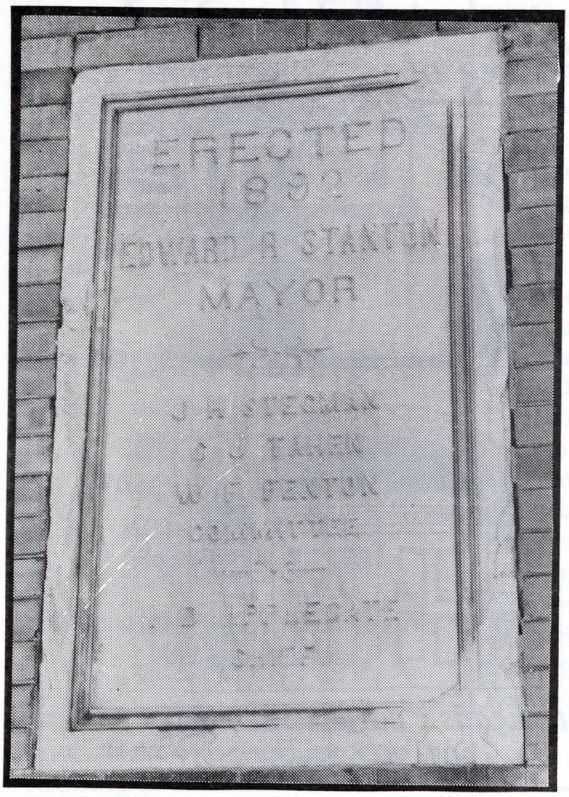
This marker is on the house where Stephen Foster lived, at the northeast corner of Bloomfield Street and 6th Street.

You may have seen some of these plaques while walking through town. They have been placed at various times to commemorate various events. Some tell us more than we expected, others leave out what we want to know. Together, they reveal only a small part of Hoboken's rich history.

The Historic Marker Committee of the Museum has undertaken the task of locating historic sites, whether in existing buildings, beneath our feet, or even enduring only in memory, and placing markers on them.

For more information about the committee, see the Museum News on the inside back cover.

Lynne Shapiro



⇐ This badly chipped brownstone plaque is on the firehouse of Engine Company 1 at 501 Observer Highway. It honors Edward R. Applegate. A sister plaque on the other side honors the Hoboken Architect Charles Fall.

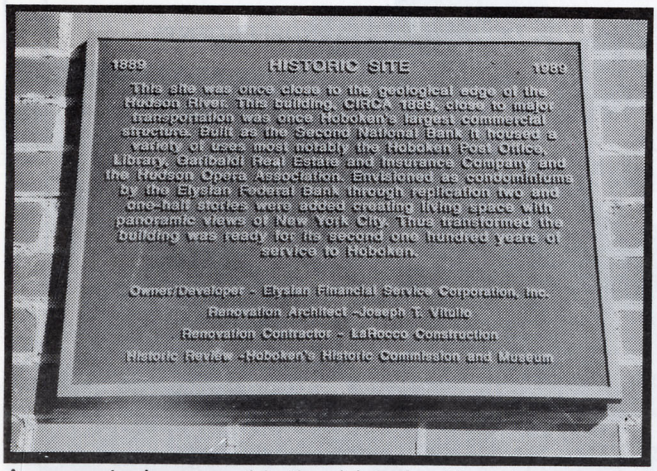


Plaque on the recently restored firehouse at Washington Street, between 13th and 14th.

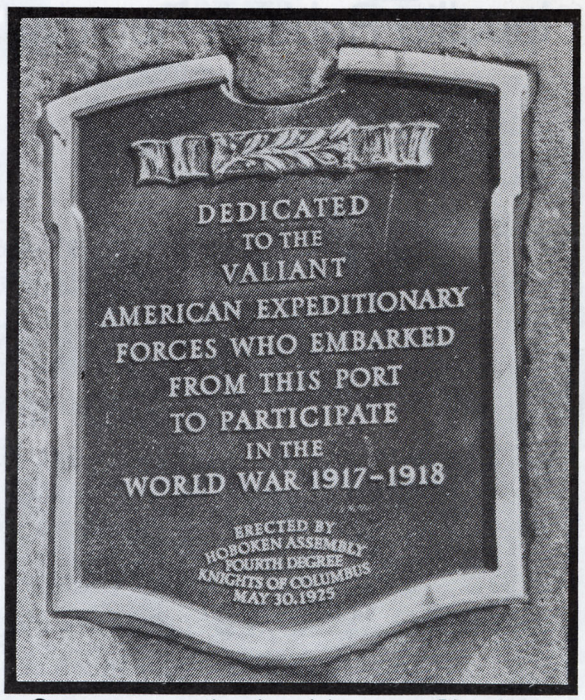
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Marker placed at the corner of Hudson and Sixth Streets soon after World War I.



A recent plaque with the historical background of the Elysian-Pamrapo bank building at 77 Hudson St.



Commemorative boulder near Pier A on River Street.

Photographs by
Bob Foster

Book Review

Travel guide respects Hoboken

O'NEW JERSEY: DAYTRIPPING, BACK ROADS, EATERIES, AND FUNKY ADVENTURES

by Robert Heide and John Gilman
St. Martin's Press, New York
216 pages, softbound, $13.95



Hoboken does not make much of a stir in travel guides. The Mobil Travel Guides, for instance, still describe our town as a busy port (!) and ignore all our fine restaurants and historic landmarks. But the authors of *O'New Jersey* open mindedly dig more deeply into Hoboken to describe the Clam Broth House, Helmers', Maxwell's, Brass Rail, Leo's Grandevous, and even Schnackenberg's.

Hoboken's landmarks get a fair shake in *O'New Jersey*, as do other dining spots of Hudson County usually ignored by travel books, such as Jersey City's Tippy's Charcoal Haven.

Our region's diners get their fair share of deserved attention from authors Heide and Gilman, so even if you venture beyond the borders of Hoboken, you can be sure to enjoy the generous portions and fair prices you've come to love in Hoboken eating places. *O'New Jersey* deserves a spot amid the clutter of your car's glove compartment!

Between the descriptions of restaurants you'll find knowledgeable descriptions of Hoboken sights, such as our Erie-Lackawanna train station, all about Newark's almost unknown subway, and other north Jersey features that have long been overdue for attention from travel writers.

And Heide and Gilman finally put to rest the notion that Jersey is a joke. Their fondness for our state is evident. Even the Hoboken Historical Museum gets a plug!

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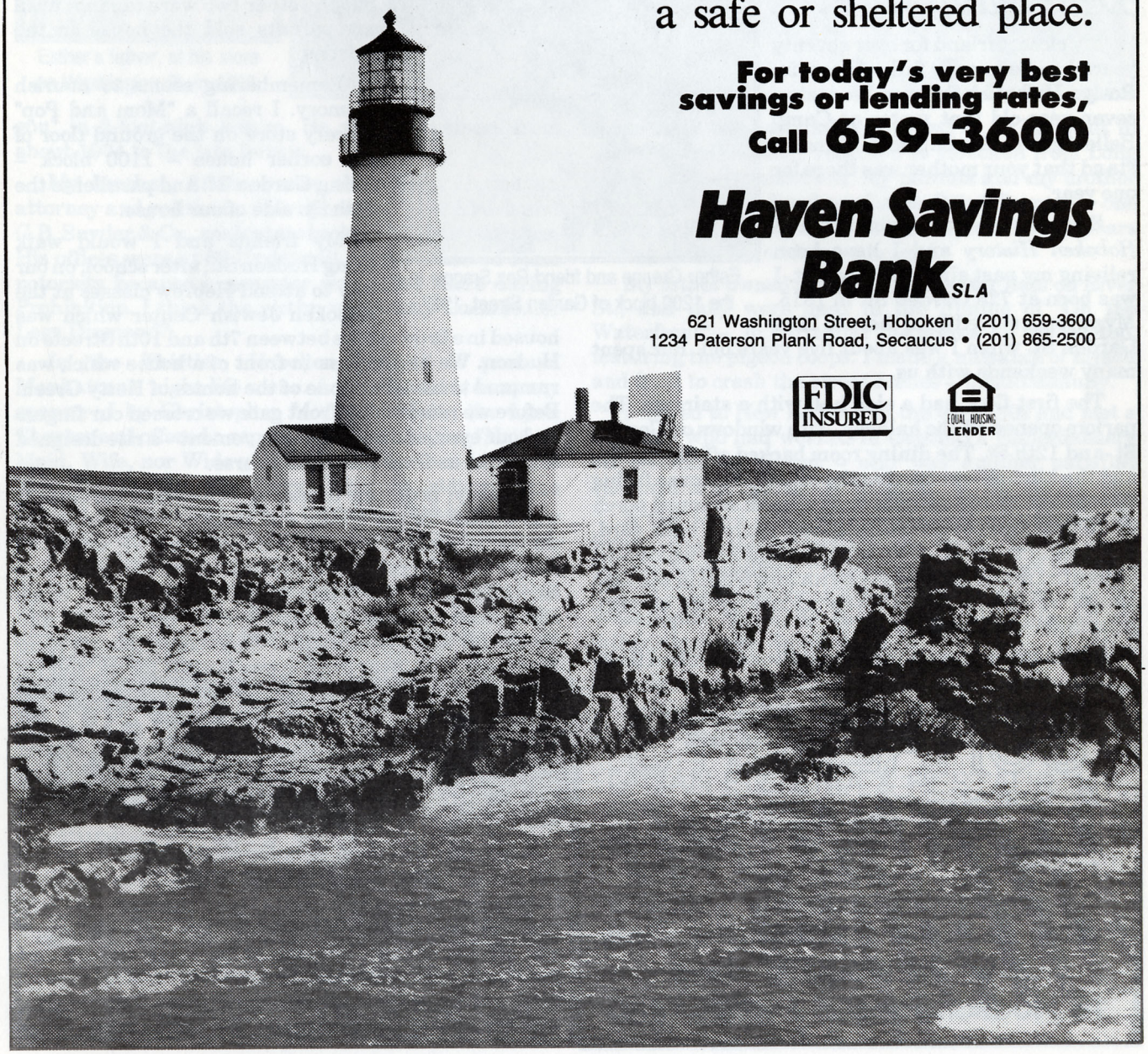
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A Hoboken Childhood

The long arm of coincidence reached out when the editor of Hoboken History *recently received this welcome though unexpected letter from a former resident of Hoboken whom he has never met. In it, Mrs. Esther C. Greene, who now lives in New Bedford, Massachusetts, describes the Hoboken of her childhood, and we are delighted to publish it. A letter from you would be equally welcome.*



Esther Greene and friend Roz Sragow in the 1200 block of Garden Street, 1927.

Dear Paul,

My closest friend for over seventy years has been your father's cousin, Roslyn Holbreich Sragow. We met as seven-year-old tent mates at Camp Belle Agre in the Catskills. I understand that your mother was there for one year.

Roz sent me your publication of *Hoboken History* and I have been reliving my past since I received it. I was born at 723 Garden St. in 1915. My parents moved from there to 1201 Garden St. when I was about five years old. Roz spent many weekends with us.

The first floor had a side hall with a staircase. The parlors opened off the hallway, with windows on Garden St. and 12th St. The dining room backed off the parlors and the kitchen went across the rear of the house facing Bloomfield St. My parents built a small screened porch off the kitchen, overlooking a long narrow back yard, and facing the rear of 1200 Bloomfield St., which was separated from our property by an iron fence. A tall lilac hedge, which was my mother's pride, afforded us some privacy on the 12th St. side.

My bedroom was on the second floor and it had floor-to-ceiling windows and a very small iron-railed balcony facing 12th St. There was one bathroom, with a door opening from my room, another door opening from the central hallway. My parents had to go through my room to their bedroom at the rear of the house. My two brothers shared the bedroom at the front of the house, facing Garden St. The third floor was rented out as an apartment to three sisters, the Lakey Girls, who lived there for many years. One married but the other two were tenants until my parents sold the house in the thirties.

Remembering seems to nourish memory. I recall a "Mom and Pop" grocery store on the ground floor of the corner house – 1100 block – facing Garden St. and parallel to the 12th St. side of our house.

My friends and I would walk along Hudson St., after school, on our way to attend Hebrew classes at the Hoboken Jewish Center which was housed in a brownstone between 7th and 10th Streets on Hudson. We had to pass in front of a house which was rumored to have been one of the homes of Hetty Green. Before we reached her front gate we crossed our fingers and our eyes, and spit on the pavement – a rite designed to protect us from the witch's curse.

Sunday, noontime dinner at Schwartz's restaurant was a must for my family and most of our friends. We would be dressed for the occasion and we would be served by waiters dressed in tuxedos, who hovered over us, influencing our menu decisions. Helmers's came along later and was popular for its informality and wonderful steak sandwiches. Shortmiers (Shorty's) on Washington St. near 5th St. was famous for its "soft ice cream" and it was the meeting place for students from Stevens Tech and Demarest High School.

We moved to an apartment, 920 Hudson St., facing the park, and I went to Demarest High School, with Frank Sinatra and his "Hoboken Four" as classmates. I was not aware of them until years later.

My father had the first credit clothing and furniture business in the area. It was called "The People's Outfitting Company," and was situated at 111 Washington St. Much of his trade came from the crews and officers of the European ships using Hoboken as their port. My father became known for a large sign at the top of the stairs leading to the Hudson Tube station, with his picture, and the legend "Mr. Cohen wants to see

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Esther's father, at his store on Washington St. in 1928.



you" in 2-foot-high letters. He was in business from about 1904 to the late forties.

My brother, fifteen years older than I, was an attorney and politician. He represented J.J. Kislak and C.B. Snyder & Co., real estate brokers for many decades. His offices were at 68 Hudson St. which achieved some notoriety because a gangster was killed there during Prohibition. I think the victim was Lucky Luciano...or Legs Diamond?

In the Thirties, Hoboken became a part of Manhattan's night life scene. A theater stock company sponsored by Christopher Morley, came to the Lyric Theater and offered a repertoire of melodrama. "Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow" was the title of one hit show. New Yorkers came by ferry and Tube, riding to the theater in the jitneys which traveled Washington St. – charging five cents for each passenger. The word spread, and wonderful restaurants like the Riverview Hotel prospered, serving oysters and steak and imported beer to the big city clientele. As a drama major at NYU, I was given the opportunity to appear in very minor roles on several occasions.

In 1943 my husband was called to do his stint in World War II – and I returned to Hoboken from Long Island with my infant son. My parents and my brother and sister-in-law lived on Castle Point Terrace – one family at 907 and the other at 900. I spent the war years calling these two addresses home.

My father owned a block of cold-water flats on River St., and they were used in the filming of "On the Waterfront" – in particular the scenes on the rooftop, featuring the pigeon coops. I made a nuisance of myself and tried to crash the street scenes – unsuccessfully.

I moved to New Bedford in the early 50s and met a neighbor who had worked in Geismar's Haberdashery on Washington Street – and was another satisfied customer of Schwartz's restaurant.

A few years ago I was serving on a committee to welcome out-of-town artists who were showing their work in New Bedford. I helped a young woman hang her exhibit – and found out she lived on the 100 block of Washington Street, in the building that housed my father's business. Small world!

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The Holland-America Line in Hoboken

by William H. Miller

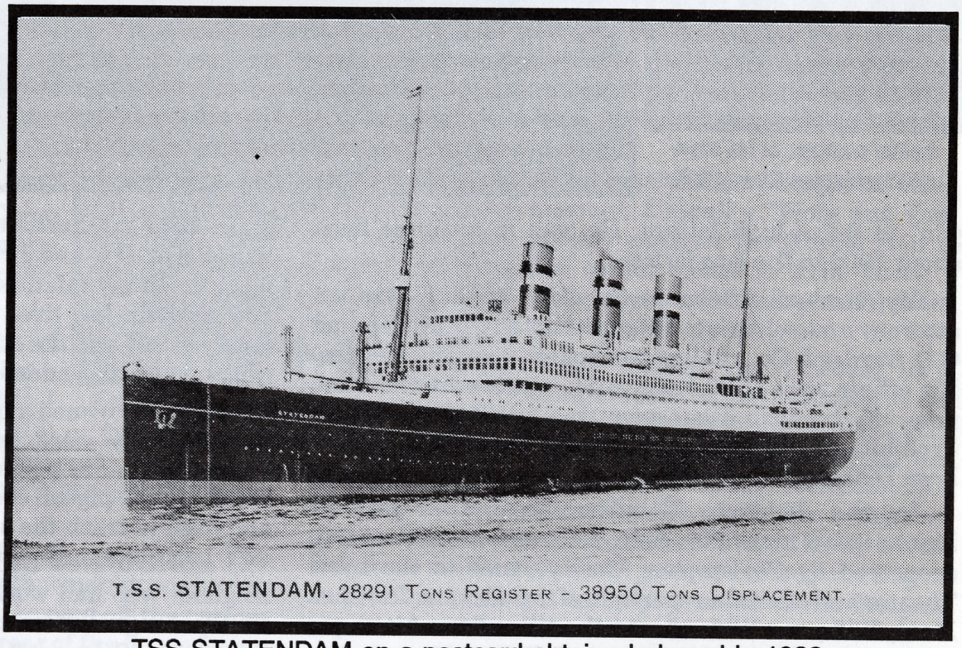
"Every week, I had as many as six or seven ships to supply. I'd go down to the old Fifth Street pier and deliver at least one thousand loose flowers to those famous ocean liners – the Statendam and the Rotterdam and the Nieuw Amsterdam. But first, I always had to replace the dead flowers."

So remembers Mario D'Angelo, founder of D'Angelo Florist on Washington Street. He served all the Holland-America Line ships for years, until March 1963, when the Line moved from its Fifth Street pier in Hoboken to a new Terminal, Pier 40 at Houston Street, just south of Manhattan's Greenwich Village, not all that far from the former site of the Hoboken ferry's Christopher St. slip.

"I used a single station wagon and drove out to the greenhouses in Rutherford," adds Mr. D'Angelo. "Then I would drive straight to the waterfront, board the ships, and arrange the flowers in the foyers and lounges and in at least fifty bowls in the dining rooms. At Christmas I also provided five or six trees to each ship. But each had to be taken first to Manhattan and be specially fire proofed. Each tree was totally immersed in a big vat of a fire-retardent chemical and then dried."

Mostly, on Fridays at twelve noon, Hoboken would rattle to the thunderous steam whistles of the "Big Three," *Rotterdam*, *Statendam*, or *Nieuw Amsterdam*. Moran tugs would gather at the bow, ready to push. Hemp lines at the ship's stern would be cast off first and the aft end of the ship would begin to be eased away from the 800-foot-long Hoboken pier. Then another blast on the whistles and the bow lines would be cast off, splash into the river, and dripping, be smartly pulled aboard. The ship's forward section would now be free as well and the vessel began to move slowly out into mid-river.

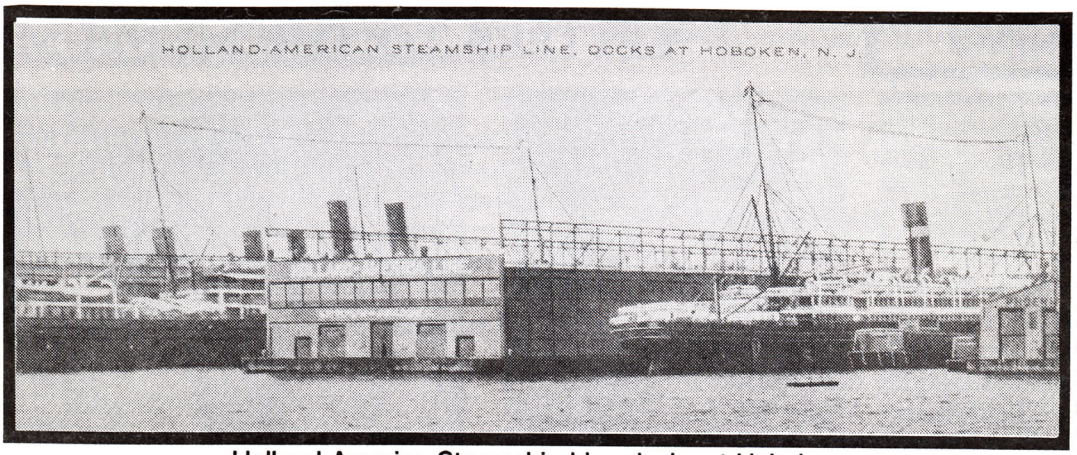
Along the Fifth Street pier's second level, well-wishers waved and cheered and lofted fluttering coils of those wonderfully colored bon voyage streamers over the widening gap between pier and ship. Finally, in mid-river, Manhattan's towers as a backdrop, the great liner pointed downstream and began her voyage past Hoboken and the Statue of Liberty, through the Narrows, through Lower New York Bay, into the Atlantic, and ultimately to Europe.



TSS STATENDAM on a postcard obtained aboard in 1938

Holland-America's "Big Three" included the beloved *Nieuw Amsterdam*, a liner that had that certain something – a blend of transoceanic chic, cozy comfort, and decorative timelessness – that made her one of the most beloved liners on the Atlantic

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Holland-America Steamship Line docks at Hoboken

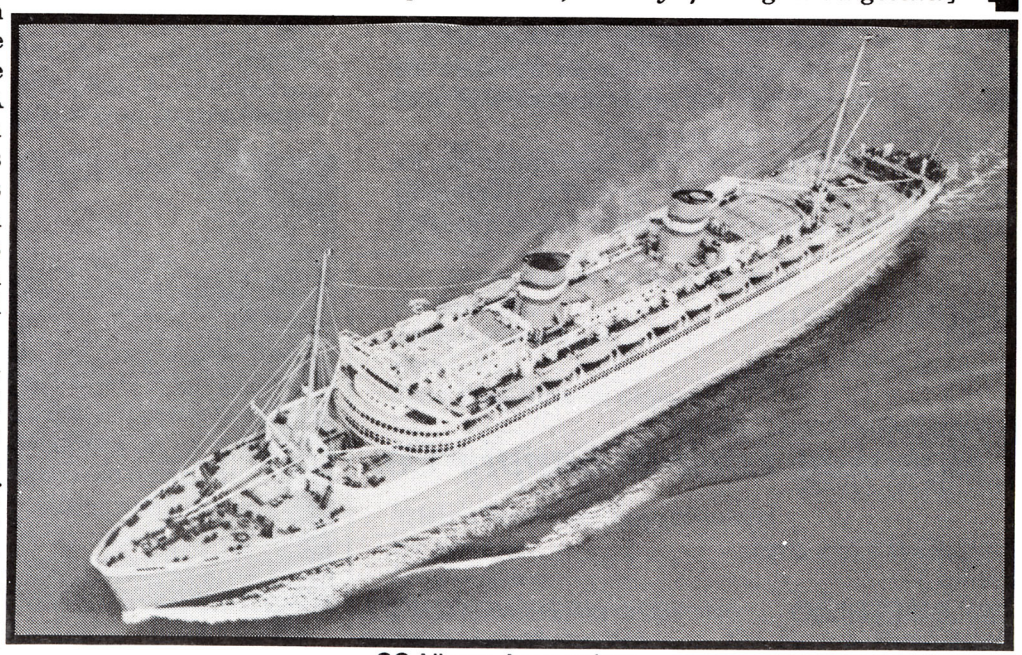
run. She epitomized the Holland-America slogan of her day: "It's good to be on a well-run ship!" Hundreds of thousands agreed in those years, loving the great leather chairs in the Smoking Room, the spacious two-story high elegance of the dining room, a special passengers' suite with decor inspired by the 1939 New York World's Fair, and little extra touches such as in a bar, brass door handles shaped like mermaids.

The *Nieuw Amsterdam* was surpassed as Dutch flagship in 1959 by the even larger *Rotterdam*. But shortly after her maiden arrival on the Jersey side, the *Rotterdam* was towed across to Pier 40, then in the early stages of construction. It was a publicity stunt: having the world's newest liner berthed at the Port of New York's newest passenger pier. Pier 40 was also New York's biggest terminal and certainly its most modern, with inner core and rooftop parking, drive-alongside facilities, and three instead of two river sides for berthing ships. Holland-America could hardly refuse the City's offer and abandon Hoboken, especially as the new Pier was so accessible to midtown Manhattan. A relic of Holland-America survived until recent times on the remains of its Hoboken pier: the emblem of the line embedded in its terrazzo floor, by then exposed to the weather and seasons.

The transfer to the new pier did not come until 1963, but those final years at Hoboken left an indelible mark. The stillness of cold winter nights, for example, might be interrupted only by the 10pm departure whistles of a ship steaming off to a Caribbean cruise. On quiet Sunday afternoons, townspeople sometimes wandered down to the dockside to watch one of the ships tie up. And each year, usually on a Thursday night, there would be a special six-hour charity cruise out beyond the three-mile limit where shipboard gambling was legal and people would party to dawn to benefit one or another crusade against a disease. Limousines by the dozen rolled into Hoboken, reviving the gala ocean voyage departures of years past, often led by a troop of police on screaming motorcycles. Speeding up River Street might be the Eisenhowers, the Windsors, Marlene Dietrich or Paulette Goddard, plus any number of theater and television celebrities. Hoboken took it all in stride.

After Holland-America left, a small Portuguese freighter company rented the Fifth Street Pier. But life was never the same. A few years later, the freighters moved away as well and the piers began to suffer a series of ruinous fires. The pier's remains became twisted, scorched heaps of steel and debris and chunks of crumbling concrete. In the summer of 1980, a crane hauled away the final remains, along with centuries of Hoboken's tradition as a great ocean liner seaport.

[Illustrations, courtesy of George Kirchgessner]



SS Nieuw Amsterdam

LETTERS TO THE MUSEUM

March 15, 1993

Dear Hoboken Friends,

I was born in Hoboken 77 years ago. Five years ago for health reasons I had to move near my family. You cannot imagine how much I miss my hometown. Also you cannot imagine how much I enjoy my *Hoboken History* magazine. At my age I remember so much of actually living through that history. Congratulations on a wonderful job!

Phyllis Moretto

Dear Mr. Foster,

The Woman's Club of Hoboken, Inc., wishes to thank you for the very enjoyable and informative program you presented yesterday. We learned a lot about the history of Hoboken after seeing your slides and hearing your comments.

Thank you. We hope you will come again.

Sincerely,

Ethel Kelly

March 30. 1993

Dear Bob,

Thanks so much for making "Ghosts on the Hudson" such a success. It was an absolute joy working with you and the other members of your organization on this special event.

As you probably know, it is exceedingly rare for performers, such as myself, to find a sponsoring organization that is as committed to filling a theater, getting out publicity, getting postcards written and sent ...in general, having the foresight to think of all the loose ends that normally get left to the artist. You made my job a treat. I would welcome any other opportunity to work with your organization.

Yours,

Lisa Lipkin

April 5, 1993

Enclosed is a check for $20.00 for a subscription to *Hoboken History* magazine. It is a gift for my grandfather, Charles Gwinnett, Sr. of Jersey City.

I know he will enjoy the magazine as much or more than I do since he was born (1911) and raised in Hoboken. I have been researching my family genealogy these past few years and have enjoyed listening to my grand-father's stories of his youth. Your magazine brings to life all he has shared with me.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Gwinnett

May 29, 1993

Enclosed is my check for $40.00 in payment for two memberships in the Hoboken Historical Museum. Your presentation at the Woman's Club of Hoboken was fantastic, and so the memberships.

Continued good wishes in your great works. We look forward to your next publication.

Cordially,

Helen K. Lanwehr

June 2, 1993

Dear Sirs,

Having my roots in Hoboken along with countless happy memories, I would like the opportunity to become a member of the Hoboken Historical Museum. I also have two books on Hoboken history by George Long Moller I would like to donate.

George Schaffhauser

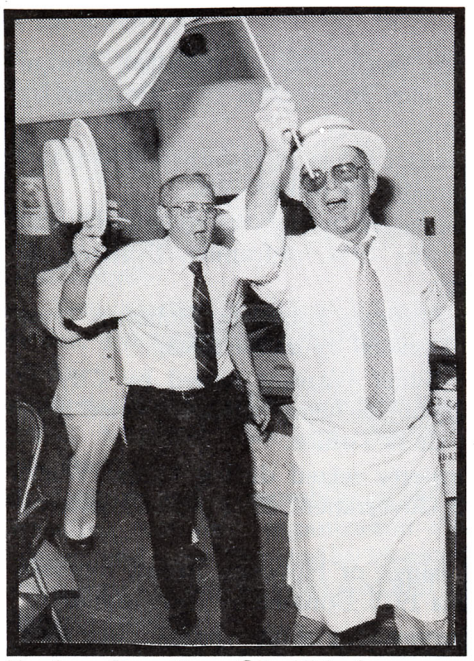
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"SYBIL'S CAVE" COCKTAIL PARTY



Yankee Doodling: City Historian George Kirchgessner with museum trustee Vincent Wassmann.



Retired cop, Paul Kostka showing off his new socks.



Sybil's Cave party fundraiser Lenny Luizzi, with museum trustee Steve Hefler and friend Bobette Masson.

One of the Sybil's Cave Cocktail Party's highlights on May 2 was the many financial contributions made to our acquisitions program. The Acquisitions Committee has decided to purchase a 19th Century framed print that depicts the Hamburg American Packet Co. pier on the Hoboken waterfront. This beautiful and rare lithograph shows our waterfront in the 1870s and portrays a typical steamer of the time which transported thousands of German immigrants to this country to make Hoboken their home. The estimated value of the print is $3500 and it is being offered to the Museum for only $2000. To date we have raised $945.



Jennie Carulli (right) with her sister Millie, wearing period costume, with matching cameos.

Donations to the acquisition fund were from: Andrew Amato, $100; David Anthony, $250; Jenny Carulli, $100; Richard England, $20; Bob Foster, $100; Steve Hefler, $25; David E. Hodson, $100; Senator Bernard Kenny, $100; George Kirchgessner, $100; Frank "Pupie" Raia, $100.

If you are interested in making a further contribution toward purchase of the print, which will be on display at our annual City Hall reception in November, please phone Bob Foster at (201) 656-2240 or write to the Museum at PO Box 707, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

The generosity of Hoboken merchants, businessmen, and others also contributed to the success of the party. Success would have been impossible without their help.

Many thanks to the following.

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Sasso's Liquor & Delicatessen
Sparrow's Wine & Liquor
Tavern on the Park
Vitale's Foodtown Supermarkets
For desserts: Betty and Liz Cappizzi
For chocolates: Lepore's
For food preparation and service: Mel Allex
For the hall, chairs, tables: Sts. Peter & Paul Church

MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS

1. Two black and white photographs depicting remains of the 1974 Hoboken fire. Photos by Dick Tremper, donated by Dick Bozzone.

2. Assessment Map #2 for prison sewer on Third Street, Hoboken, 1869, from Hoboken Public Works and City Clerk's Office (original).

3. Floor plan of first and second floors for proposed enlargement of City Hall, circa 1911. (Xerox reproduction).

4. Commemorative medal for 300th Anniversary of Hoboken, 1930. Donated by Dave Marsch.

5. Comemmorative medal for 50th anniversary of the Atlantic Boat Club, inscribed June 20th 1858-1908, Donated by Dave Marsch.

6. Enamel pin, Atlantic Boat Club, donated by Dave Marsch.

7. Two-piece pin reading "Hoboken to Plainfield and Return," from the Castle Point Cyclers, dated 1901, donated by Dave Marsch.

8. Trophy necklace from Hoboken Schutzen-Verein Marksman Club. Individual links engraved with marksman's name, date and place of competition, donated by Dave Marsch.

9. Mounted 8x10 albumin photographic print, circa 1880s showing 14th Street looking east, depicting 14th Street Ferry terminal and businesses.

10. Mounted 8x10 albumin photographic print showing foot of Tenth Street circa 1890. W. & A. Fletcher Shipyard in background.

11. Photograph by Mahewal of Seamen's Home (since demolished) Fagan School, circa 1890.

12. Photograph by E.F. Walter of Washington Street funeral procession for victims of famous 1900 Hoboken pier fire. Donated by Bob Foster.

13. Photograph of Stevens Estate in winter, circa 1890, looking west from boat or float on river. Donated by Bob Foster.

14. Photograph of street parade circa 1890 at Fifth and Washington. Donated by Bob Foster.

15. Photograph of interior of Holy Innocents Church circa 1890. Purchase.

16. Modern print from original negative, opening of Herold's Bake Shop, 622 Washington Street, Circa 1938. Building decorated by United Decorating Co. Donated by George Kirchgessner.

17. 8x10 Modern print from original negative, Robert Kirchgessner with 1917 Model T van used as delivery truck by United Decorating Co. Donated by George Kirchgessner.

18. Modern print from original negative 421 Washington Street, United Decorating Co., original storefront and delivery truck. Donated by George Kirchgessner.

19. Modern print from original negative, Dodge delivery van on Court Street, circa 1936. Donated by George Kirchgessner.

20. Photograph, water closet in Hoboken cold water flat circa 1900. Donated by Mike Grato.

21. Tavern License issued by Hoboken Board of Excise Commissioners circa 1914, unframed. Donated by Leonard A. Luizzi.

22. $1000 bond certificate issued by Hoboken Trust Company, 1932. Donated by Ira Karasick.

23. New Jersey Relief Warrant issued by City of Hoboken to family of U.S. Army volunteer, dated 1861. Courtesy of City Clerk's office.

24. Map of property seized during World War I auctioned by U.S. Government, circa 1920. Donated by Dave Marsch.

25. Star-shaped badge of Hoboken Italian fraternal organization, circa 1915. Donated by Dave Marsch.

26. Geological Survey Map of New Jersey, circa 1888. Donated by Tim Daly and Sheilah Scully.

27. Playbill circa 1960 for Fabian Theater, Newark and Washington Streets, advertising films "Journey to the Lost City" and "The Goddess of Love." Donated by Dave Marsch.

28. Book, "The Great Book of Currier & Ives' America" including reproduction Currier & Ives plates of scenes of Hoboken. Donated by Jennie Carulli.

29. Four reproductions of picture postcards of Hoboken: the Egan School, Holland America Line, others. Donated by Phyllis Moretto.

30. Original picture post cards: interior of Erie Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, Hamburg America Line pier, Holland America Line pier. Donated by Ken Schultz.

31. Magazine, "The Convoy," March 1919 issue, published by Steneck Building, Hoboken. Donated by Ken Schultz.

32. Gravure printed photographs of Stevens College, published 1889. Donated by Gloria Romano Cooke, former teacher at Wallace School.

33. Scrapbook of newspaper clippings, World War I. Donated by Timothy Ippolito.

34. Scrapbook of newspaper clippings and collection of printed paper ephemera concerning Hoboken and Jersey City. Donated by Edward Stanton Cooke.

35. New Jersey motor vehicle license plate, 1941. Donor unknown.

36. Catalogue "Stieglitz in the Darkroom," National Gallery of Art, 1993. Refers to early days in Hoboken of Alfred Stieglitz, noted photographer, editor, and art exhibitor [1864-1946] born in Hoboken. Donated by

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Bernadette Figura and Grace Scianandre.

37. Reproductions of photographs of 14th Street ferry and 1900 funeral procession for fire victims. Donated by Dave Marsch.

38. Corked bottle labeled "Leather Cement," manufactured by M. Krohn, 360 2nd Street, Hoboken, NJ. Donated by Larry Von Holland.

39. "Mid-Week Pictorial" section of *The New York Times*, 1917, 1918. Donated by Timothy Ippolito.

40. Photograph of first draftee from Hoboken in World War I. Newspaper clipping. Donated by George Schaffhauser.

41. Two copies, "History of Hoboken" by George Moller, autographed. Donated by Edward Stanton Cooke.

42. 48-star American Flag, badge of Holy Name Society Grand Marshall, Fire Ax. Donated by Timothy Ippolito.

43. Artifacts and memorabilia of the Hudsonia Club, including costumes, organization charter, sketches, ledgers, and more. Donated by Monica Bohringer. This large donation will be cataloged and fully reported in *Hoboken History*.

44. Original photograph, mounted on 7x9 board, factory workers outside the plant of the Winders Ribbon Co. 11th and Jefferson Streets, May 15, 1914. Donated by Dolores Kirchgessner.

NEW AND RENEWED MEMBERS

We are delighted to welcome these new members: David Anthony, Joshua L. Bailey & Co., Gerald Baker, John Carner, Anna Cashin, Loren DaSilva, Diedre DePalma, Charles C. DePalma, Cecil Patrick Doran, George Dreyer, Jerrilyn Radigan Eckhart, Richard English, Betsy Feeley, Kimberly Glatt, John A. Gorma, Esther C. Greene, Barbara & Skip Gross, George Gunderson, Charles F. Gwinnett Sr., Rosemary Harper, Marion McKeon Hill, Kevin Houghton, Ethel Kelly, Bob Maier, E. Gioia Marciano, Ann O'Brian, Joseph Petaccio Jr., Louis Picardo, Horse Hollow Press, Daniel Ruddy, Chris H. Sander, George Schaffhauser, Peter J. Schement, Grace Scianandre, Cynthia Silber, Charles Silver, Laura Stinchcomb, Ed Stuart, Marilyn Walter, Lydia West, Alvin G. Willcockson, Larry Yacullo, Lorraine Zupicich.

And we are delighted that these members have renewed:
Mrs. Mario J. Albini, Frederick J. Burgett, Caroline Carlson, Carlo Cavallo, Cohen Family, Edward Stanton Cooke, John & Claire De Palma, Art Desimine, Stephen M. Earl, John Fitzpatrick, Hank Forrest, Alfonsina Grimaldi, Angela Grimaldi, George Hamburg, Otto Hottendorf, Annette & Thomas Illing, Dr. Jennifer A. Jolly, Paul C. Kostka, Gloria M. Lambson, Drs. Arline J. Lederman & Edward A. Friedman, Doug & Lotta Mahoney, Vincent M. Mastandrea, Brenda Kay Miller, Phyllis Moretto, John Parchinsky Jr., Anthony L. Romano Jr., Nancy Q. Sciancalepore, Robert C. Sturken, Erin M. Sullivan, Joan Torino, Nancy Wenner, Laurette Whittle, Richard P. Widdicombe, Carol Ann Wilson, Joseph F. Zammit.

THE HISTORIC MARKER COMMITTEE

History is valuable for the lessons it offers for the present and future. These lessons are lost, however, if we do not somehow preserve them. With this goal in mind, the Historic Marker Committee has begun a two-phase project. Phase I is to compile a "Hoboken Historical Museum Official Walking Tour" guidebook which will be sold in town. Proceeds from sales will go toward Phase II: designing, locating, and erecting plaques identifying the events, sites, and people associated with each point along the tour route.

As you can imagine, this is an exciting project, involving much research and coordination. Volunteers are needed for the many aspects of this work. We are currently collecting existing Hoboken walking tour itineraries as well as suggestions from individuals for possible candidates to be included in the new tour. If you have any buildings, events, or personalities to nominate for the project or wish to help, please fill out the form included in this issue and mail it to the Hoboken Historical Museum, PO Box 707, Hoboken, NJ 07030, or phone 656-2240.

LECTURE SERIES

The Museum lecture series has been a huge success. On March 16 story teller Lisa Lipkin delivered a fine evening of ghost stories in the back room of the Shannon Lounge before a standing-room-only crowd of about 85 people who listened intently and enthusiastically in a candlelit atmosphere. We thank the Hudson County Division of Cultural Affairs for funding this event.

Lisa's lecture was followed on April 20 by Bill Miller's talk, "Hoboken and the Great Atlantic Liners," co-sponsored by Projected Images of Hudson County. Bill also spoke to a packed house.

Both events show the popularity and importance of this lecture series.

RESCUE YOUR OLD HOME MOVIES!

Museum member David Anthony announced at our June meeting that he will produce a video history of Hoboken for the Museum, using family home movies filmed by Hobokenites.

David, who works in the film industry in New York, will copy your old home movies onto video tape at no charge, in exchange for your permitting the Museum to use the footage in our project.

Video tape is easier to view and your precious family films are subject to deterioration. If you have film you'd like to rescue and preserve this way (color or black and white, 16mm or 8mm), phone the Museum at 656-2240 or send a postcard to us at PO Box 707. You'll get brand-new video cassettes and your original film back. There's no charge of any kind.

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