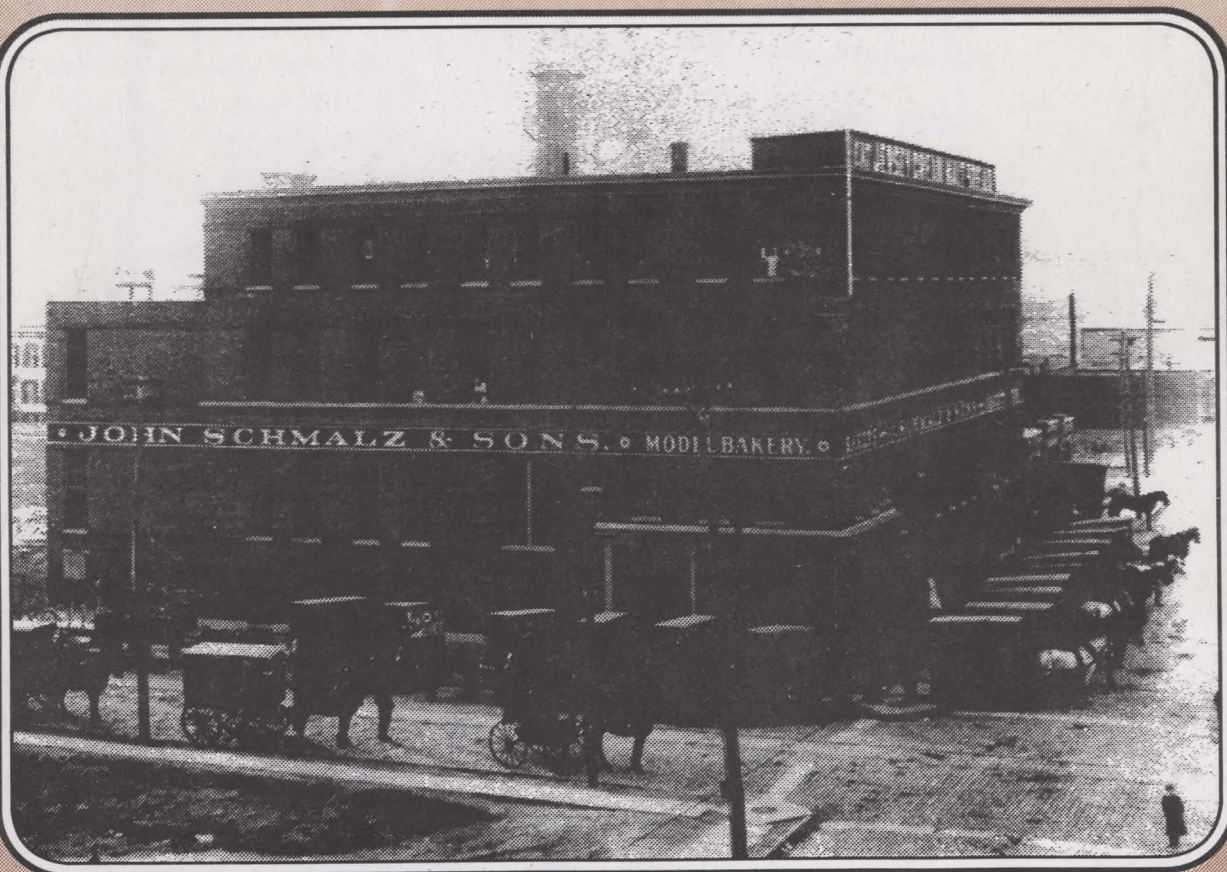


HOBOKEN HISTORY

IN THIS ISSUE:

LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • JERSEY CREAM MALT BREAD
HOBOKEN & THE HAMMOND • HOBOKEN THEN...& HOBOKEN NOW
FINNERTY'S MEMORIES: ON A CLEAR DAY

Courtesy of Nan Harp Schmalz Nelson



John Schmalz and Sons Model Bakery
See story on page 2

Issue No. 16 - 1996

A Letter from the Chairman of the Board!

FRANK SINATRA

July 3, 1996

Mr. Leonard A. Luizzi
Vice President
Hoboken History Museum
902 Bloomfield St.
Hoboken, New Jersey 07030

Dear Leonard,

I am just now getting a quiet moment this summer to catch up on some of my birthday correspondence! I am overwhelmed by the amount of love and support I received from all over the world!

Many thanks for sending me the "Hoboken History" magazines...They're a marvelous addition to my memorabilia and brought back so many wonderful memories. I appreciate your thinking of me on my 80th birthday in such a special and meaningful way.

I send you, and all those involved in the "Historical Museum" my warmest good wishes and I thank you for bringing the magazines to my attention.

All the best,

Frank Sinatra

HOBOKEN HISTORY

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Letter from the President

Dear members, members soon-to-renew, and members to be:

*You've just started to read issue No. 16 of **Hoboken History**, the magazine of the Hoboken Historical Museum. This publication is one of the best reasons to become a member of the museum, and after reading this issue I hope you consider it (our membership application is on page 20).*

In addition, I would like to thank the New Jersey State Council on the Arts State/County Partnership Program for the Arts administered by the Hudson County Division of Cultural & Heritage Affairs — Robert C. Janiszewski, County Executive and the Board of Chosen Freeholders for supporting this publication.

Enjoy the read,

Robert Foster
President/Director
Hoboken Historical Museum

On The Cover

The Schmalz Model Bakery on Eighth and Clinton Streets in Hoboken before the fire of 1909.

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by Barbara Lippman

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and Hoboken Now 12**

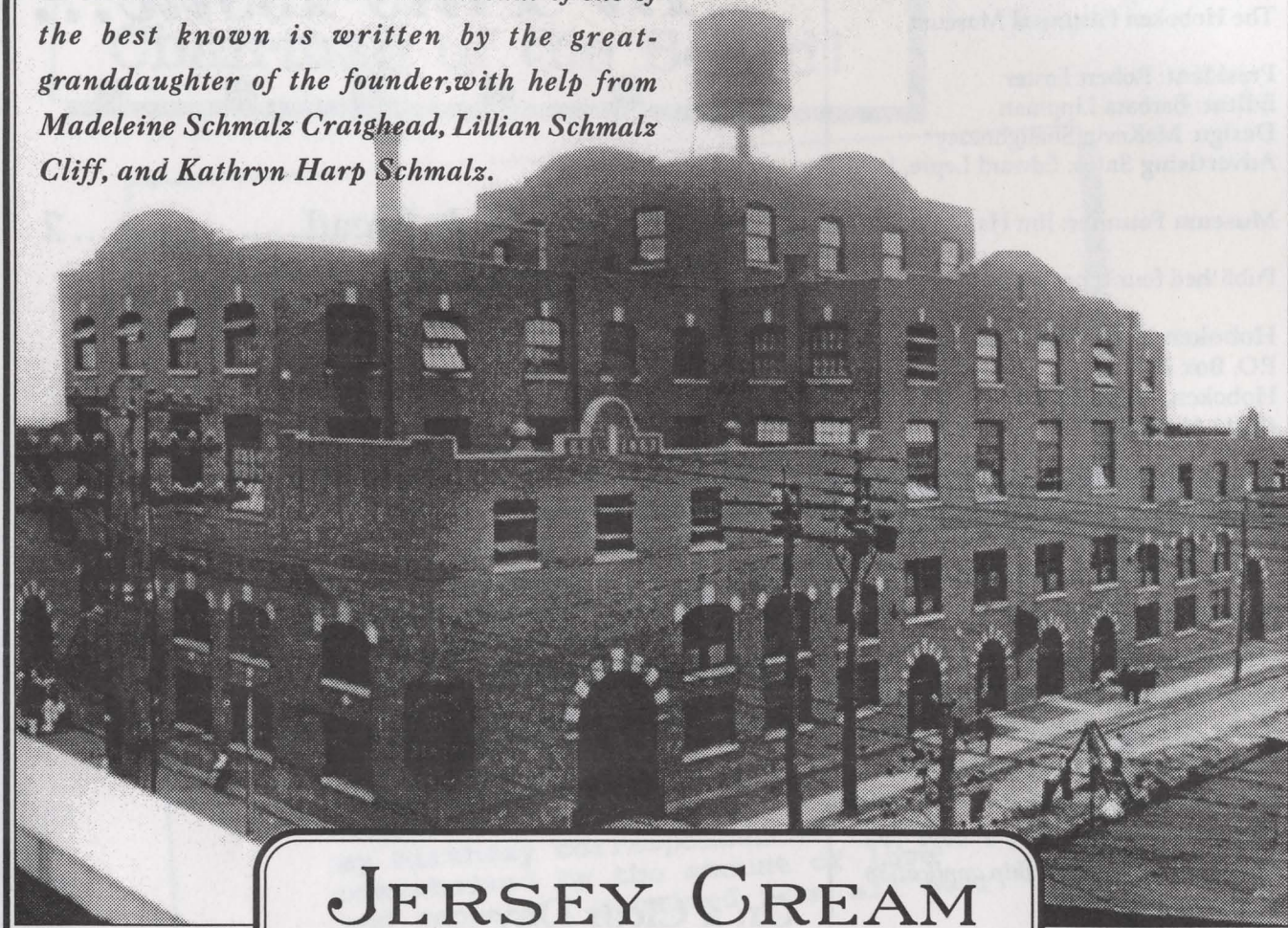
**On a Clear Day
Finnerty's Memories 16**
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**Take Your Place in
Hoboken History inside back**

This issue funded in part by a block grant from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts State/County Partnership Program for the Arts administered by the Hudson County Division of Cultural & Heritage Affairs — Robert C. Janiszewski, County Executive and the Board of Chosen Freeholders.

Hoboken has always had, and still has, excellent bakeries. This account of one of the best known is written by the great-granddaughter of the founder, with help from Madeleine Schmalz Craighead, Lillian Schmalz Cliff, and Kathryn Harp Schmalz.



Photos courtesy of Nan Harp Schmalz Nelson.

JERSEY CREAM MALT BREAD

by Nan Harp Schmalz Nelson

The Schmalz Bakery on Eighth and Clinton as it was rebuilt after the fire of 1909.

The Schmalz Bakery of Hoboken was founded by John Schmalz, who was born in Neider Bessingen, Germany, on June 4, 1840. At the age of 25, emigrating to the USA, he first went to London, where he married Elizabeth Renker. The couple then left England for America.

Like so many immigrants of those days, their only possession on arriving was a suitcase of clothes. Nevertheless, they started the Schmalz Bakery in that same year, 1865, producing a general line of bread and rolls. The Hoboken City Directory for 1865 contains the entry "John Schmalz, baker, Meadow St."

The name of Meadow Street was later changed to Park Avenue, and the family

lived in the large brownstone at 531 Park. (That's the house that has a mulberry tree in its front yard, opposite the Calabro School.) Their livery stable was at the site of the present apartment houses at 622 and 624 Park. The first retail store was at 525 Park, and one was also opened uptown on Washington Street.

At first the bakery was in the rear of the Park Avenue brownstone, but, as the business thrived, a large bakery was built at Eighth and Clinton. A large sign on the building exhorted the public to EAT JERSEY CREAM MALT BREAD. Later on, most of the business was wholesale, an

HARK THE HEAVENLY ANGELS SING,

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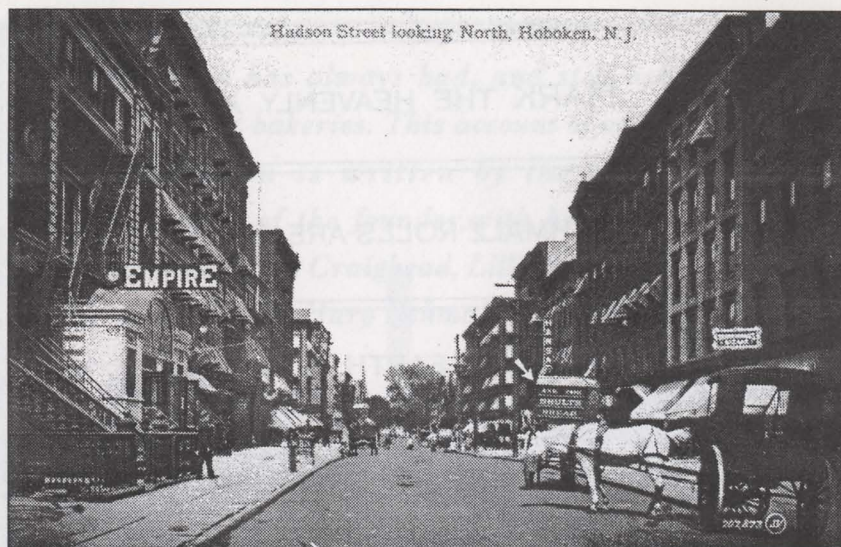


*Excerpt from Just a Minute,
a Schmalz Bakery advertising booklet
printed in December 1905.*



John Schmalz & Sons

John Schmalz and his five sons. Left to right: top row, Henry, Edward, William; bottom, Louis, John, Frederick.



A horse-drawn Shults Bread delivery wagon is visible in this postcard of Hudson Street. Circa 1909. (Postcard courtesy of Leonard Luizzi, Sr.)

important part being the sale of baked goods to the Holland-America shipping line. Eventually all five of John's sons entered the company and it was renamed John Schmalz & Sons. In 1907 Louis and Fred were managers, William dealt with finances, Henry was the chemist, and Edward the veterinarian.

In the winter of 1909, probably in February, a disastrous fire swept the bakery building. Because of John Schmalz's stubborn refusal, there was no insurance. But the good reputation of the family stood them in good stead. All the other bakeries helped with the

orders; and the bank gave them a loan to rebuild without collateral. They rebuilt in the same place, and meanwhile turned the first floor of 531 Park into an office.

After the fire, my grandfather, Louis, became the Chief Financial Officer. When John, the founding father, died, in 1917, the company was renamed John Schmalz's Sons.

Within a few years, changes began to take place. First there was a merger which gave the Schmalz Bakery a new name: the Shults Bread Co. Then after another merger, the name was the United Baking Co., and in 1921, the Continental Baking Co. In 1966, Continental became part of the ITT Corp. The bakery building was used to manufacture Wonder Bread until the late 1950s but is now used for wholesale grocery storage; 531 Park Avenue is divided into four condominiums, and the Schmalz Bakery is just a part of Hoboken's history.



**MILE SQUARE
HOBOKEN BREWERY COMPANY**

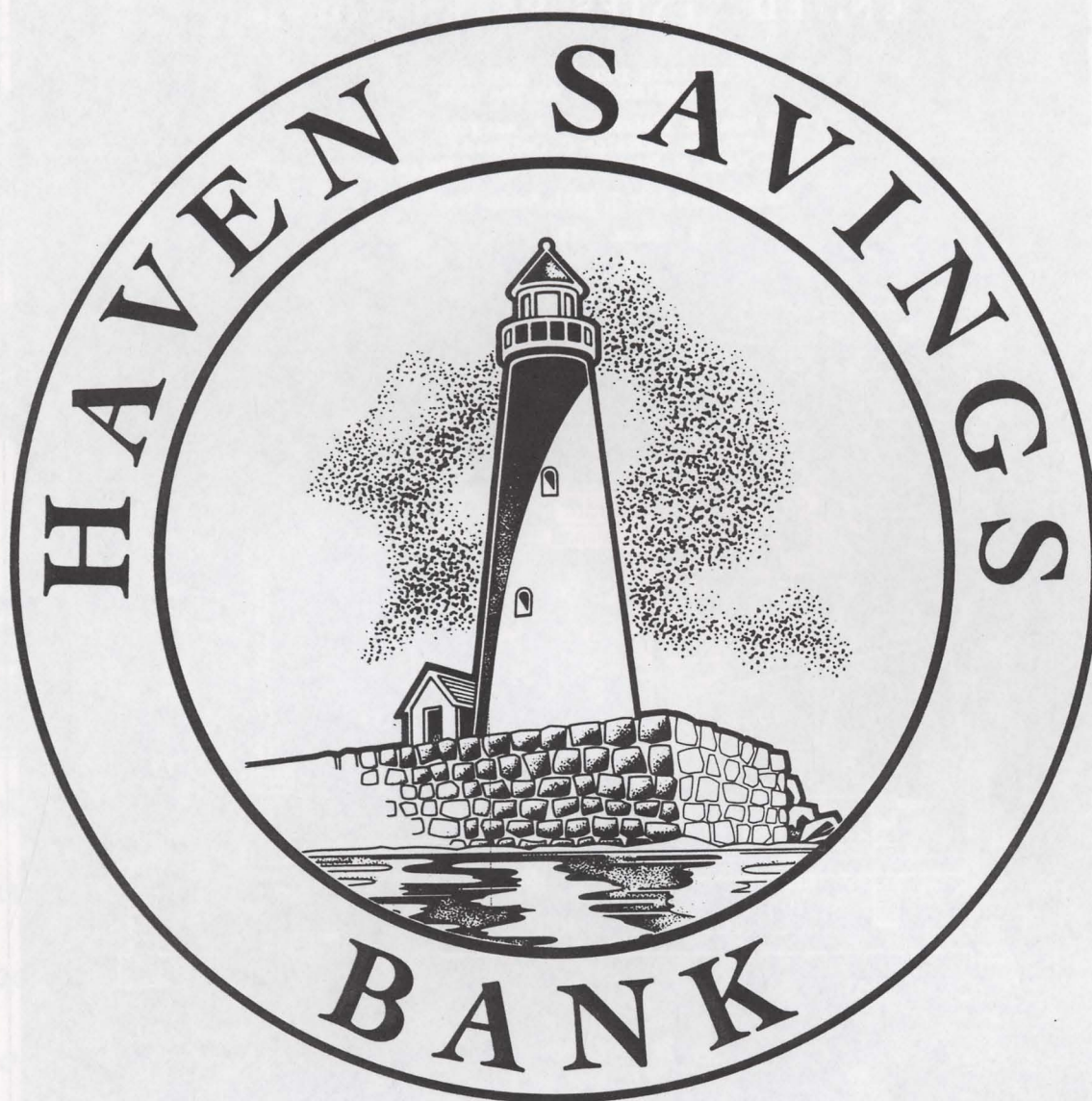
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Patented Feb. 11, 1936

2,030,411

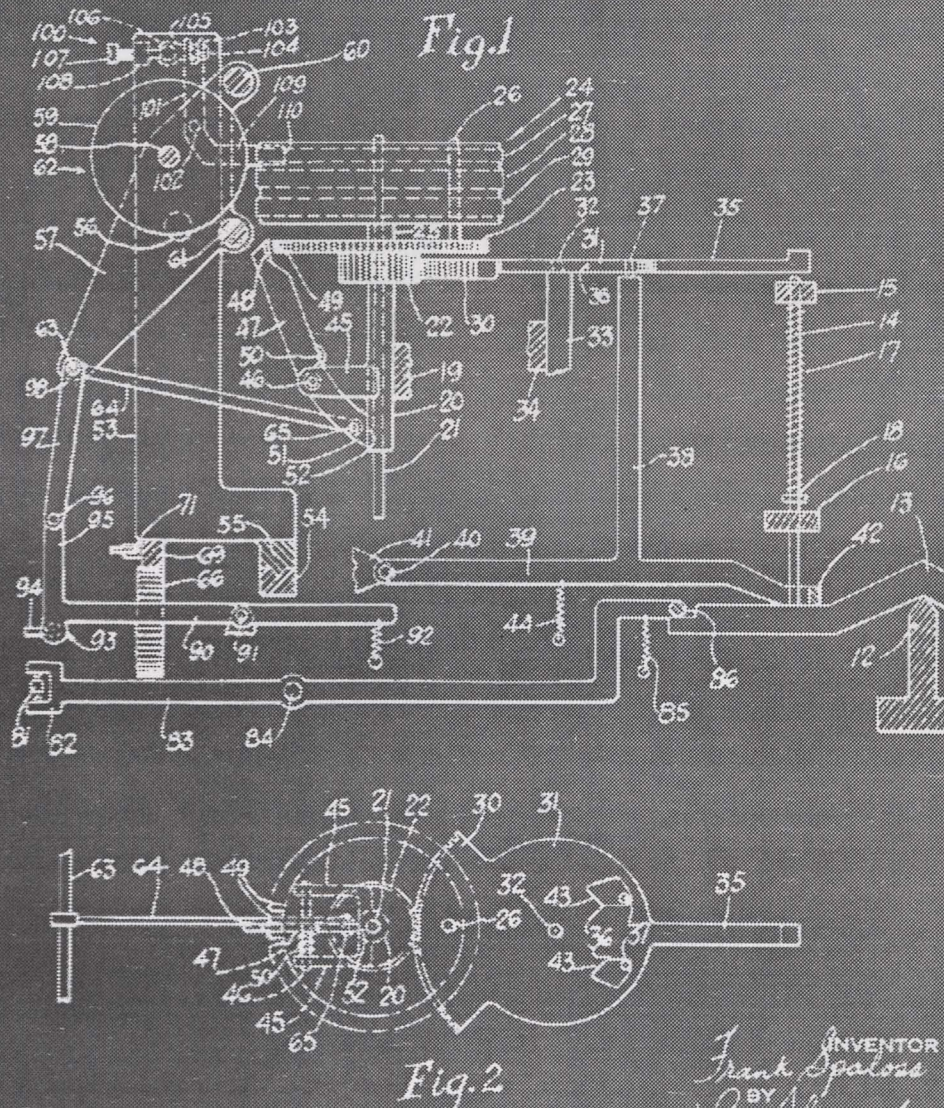
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

CARRIAGE DRIVING AND HAMMER RETURNING MECHANISM

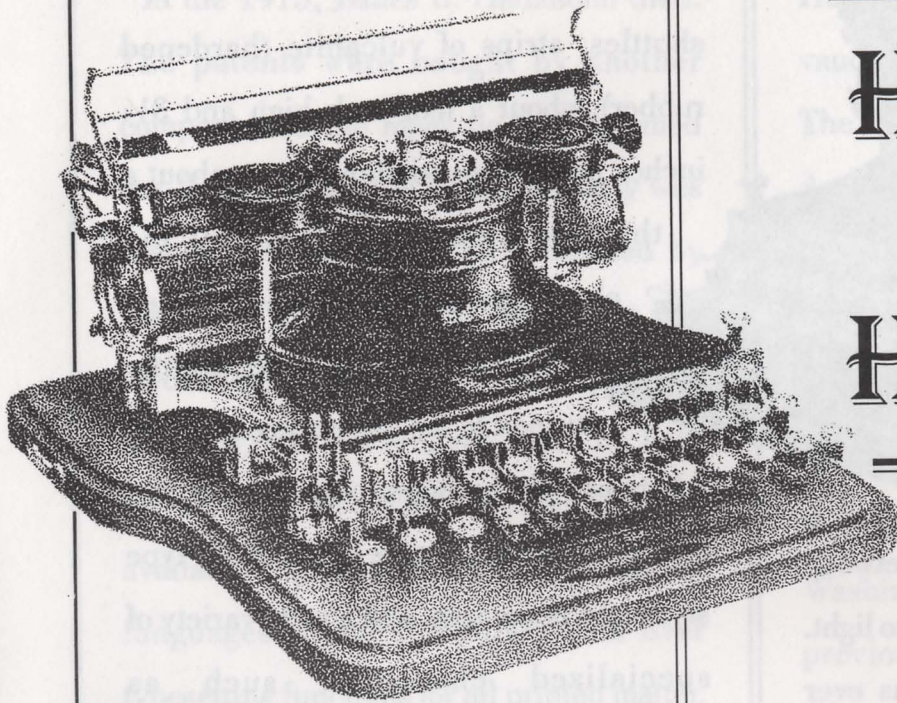
Frank Spaloss, Hoboken, N. J., assigner, by mesne
assignments, to Ralph O. Coxhead Corporation,
New York, N. Y., a corporation of Delaware

Application July 7, 1931, Serial No. 549,210

9 Claims. (Cl. 197-49)



Patent No. 2,030,411 — CARRIAGE DRIVING AND HAMMER RETURNING MECHANISM
(Diagram from Hoboken inventor Frank Spaloss's patent document)

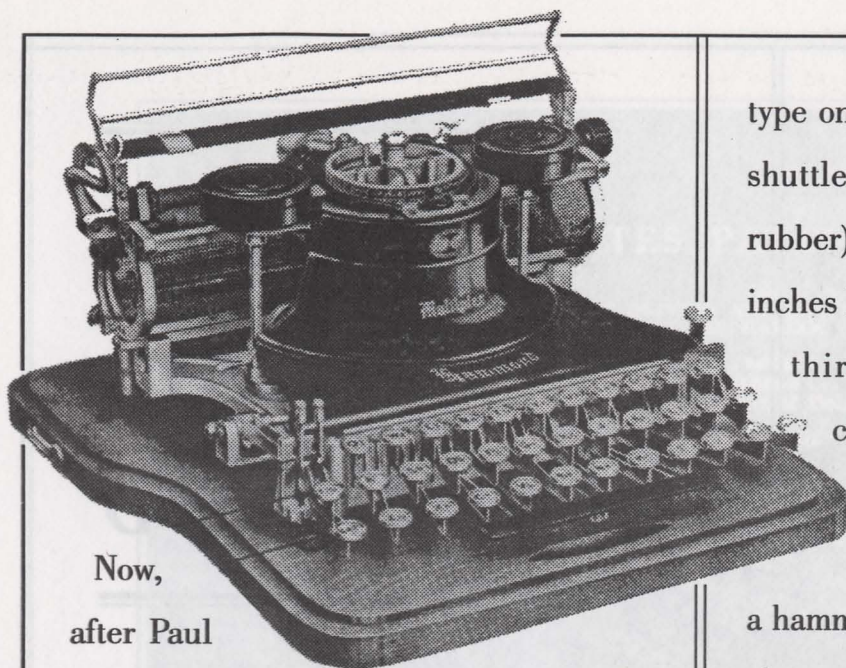


HOBOKEN AND THE HAMMOND

by Barbara Lippman

Paul Lippman, the founding editor of Hoboken History magazine, was also a collector of antique typewriters and author of a book called *AMERICAN TYPEWRITERS: A COLLECTOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA*. So it's not surprising that, for years, he searched for a connection between Hoboken and typewriters.

The nearest Paul could come was Jersey City, home of the Crary, a typewriter that could print downwards onto a book. It was patented in 1892, but it failed before it hit the market, and very few were ever made. Only a little more successful was the Manhattan, which was introduced by a company in Newark in 1898; it hung on for about seven years. Then there was the Underwood, the world's best-selling typewriter, whose plant was in Bayonne from 1896 to 1899 and then moved to Connecticut.



Now,
after Paul
has passed away, a connection between
Hoboken and typewriters has come to light.
Although no known typewriter was ever
manufactured here, inventions for parts of
a very successful typewriter were made by
a Hobokenite and Hoboken is on their U.S.
Patent papers.

THE TYPEWRITER

The typewriter was the Hammond, first
patented in 1880, and followed by a
continuous stream of improvements and
new models. Unlike most typewriters, the
Hammond didn't use levers to swing the

type onto the paper. Instead it used type
shuttles: strips of vulcanite (hardened
rubber), about a half-inch high and 3¼
inches long but molded in an arc, about a
third of a circle around. All the
characters are raised on it. When
you pressed a key, the shuttle
turned to the correct position and
a hammer hit the paper onto the selected
character. Shuttles were made in 42 type
styles, 14 languages, and a wide variety of
specialized characters such as
mathematical, astrological, cuneiform (for
ancient Sumerian clay tablets), and
esoteric widgety shapes with bobbles. One
model contained a lever which would
reverse the direction of the carriage for
printing Arabic or Hebrew, and it allowed
vowel markings to be placed under the
Hebrew letters.

To make this system work, the mechanics
had to function perfectly, and the years of
continual development made the
Hammond one of the finest machines in
typewriter history.

Above: the new improved MULTIPLEX - HAMMOND TYPEWRITER of 1916. The type shuttle can just be seen on the circular rotor. (Photo from the Multiplex Hammond Typewriter brochure courtesy of Barbara Lippman.)

At right: the Hammond STANDARD MULTIPLEX (circa 1890s). Photo courtesy of Barbara Lippman.

In the 1913, James B. Hammond died. The patents were bought by another company and the machine was renamed the VariTyper. In 1933 that company was bought by another company headed by Ralph C. Coxhead. The VariTyper was electrified; by that time it could produce columns that had straight edges on both sides not just on the left, and shuttles were available in over 300 type styles and 55 languages. Until computers took over typesetting functions for all printed matter, the VariTyper was used to set "cold type" that could be photographed and printed for small newspapers, company newsletters, and inexpensive books. Improvements were still being made in 1968.

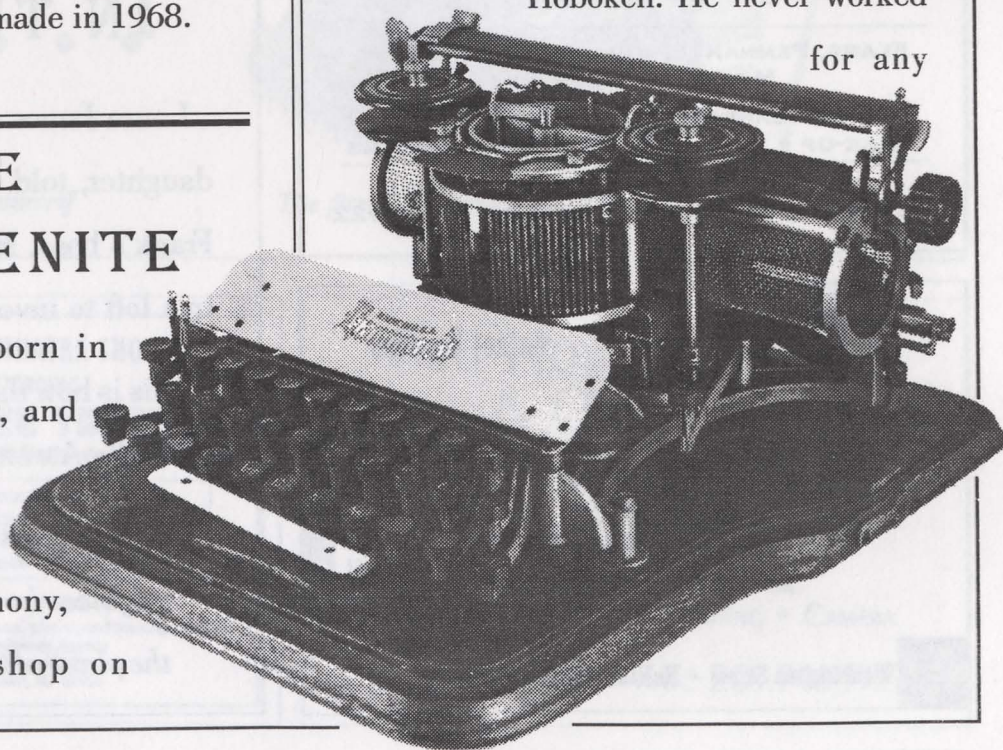
THE HOBOKENITE

Frank Spaloss was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1889, and was brought to the United States as a baby. His father, Anthony, opened a barber shop on

Hudson Street, opposite the Empire, a vaudeville theater between 1st and 2nd. The family lived nearby on Hudson Street. As a young boy, Frank was naturalized, and throughout his life he was very proud of being an American.

In 1909, Frank married Rose Kramer. The wedding was performed by Henry D. Behriss, Justice of the Peace, of 74 Washington Street, a building that had previously been the site of the *Jersey Observer*.

Six years later, Frank got a job with the Hammond Typewriter Co. in downtown Manhattan – just a ferry ride from Hoboken. He never worked
for any



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other company, although at the end of his life he owned Frank's Curiosity Shop in Englewood. He died in 1973.

The Hammond's most famous customer was President Woodrow Wilson. Just after World War I the President came to Hoboken to board a ship to France for the postwar peace conference. His Hammond needed some attention and Frank Spaloss was sent to repair President Wilson's typewriter. Frank made foreman, and by the time the Hammond company was producing VariTypers, Frank had a special job.

IN THE LOFT

Laura James of Cedar Grove, Frank's daughter, told the present writer that Frank's boss, Mr. Hausler, "set him up in a loft to invent."

This is how the Hammond entry starts in Paul's AMERICAN TYPEWRITERS:

"We used to have a design engineer in the upper reaches of the plant who every so often would

come down with an idea for modifying the typewriter and we would add it to the machine on the spot." H.A. Peterson, who was the Hammond Typewriter Co.'s last general manager, told me this.

So it was Frank Spaloss of Hoboken who was the design engineer that Paul Lippman wrote about in his book. And it was Frank who was the connection between Hoboken and typewriters that Paul had sought for twelve years.



Cartoon by Paul Lippman of himself

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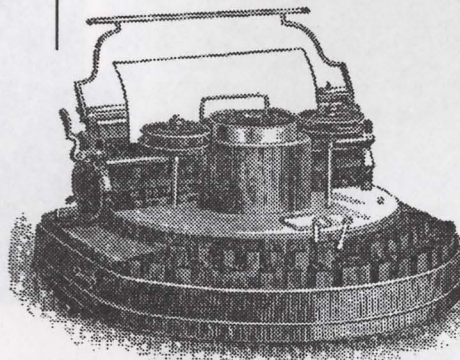
New York, N. Y. December 6, 1918.

The Hammond Typewriter Branch,
Chicago, Ill.

President Wilson took a Portable Aluminum Multiplex Hammond with him. It was especially ordered by long distance phone Thanksgiving Eve and built Thanksgiving day. The President's machine was delivered at Pennsylvania Station to Charles C. Law who delivered it directly to the White House at nine P. M. that night. Saturday we got the following message "President delighted with his new acquisition and pronounced it perfect". Newspaper notices and letter following.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.

The Hammond Typewriter Co. incorporated the above "telegram" into an advertisement promoting their Multiplex Hammond typewriters.



The first Hammond No. 1 (1884).



Photo: Bob Foster

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HOBOKEN THEN...

PICTURES FROM HISTORIC POSTCARDS IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE KIRCHGESSNER



THE LYRIC THEATRE

During the 19th and early part of the 20th centuries, Hoboken housed several performance halls. Being near to the ferry, the elegant Lyric Theatre was particular popular with the New York theatre-goers. (Postcard circa 1905.)



THE EAGAN SCHOOL

This institute of adult education taught business subjects and secretarial skills. It must certainly have included instruction in the use of the Hammond typewriter (see page 6). (Postcard circa 1912.)



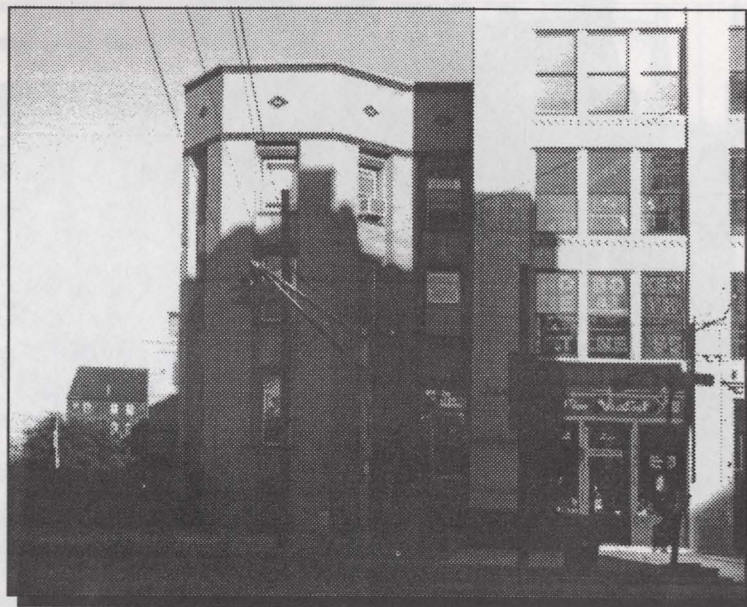
ODD FELLOWS' HALL

A fraternal organization, the Odd Fellows' Hall held dances, award ceremonies, and a variety of other functions, and the hall was also available for use by other groups. (Postcard circa 1907.)

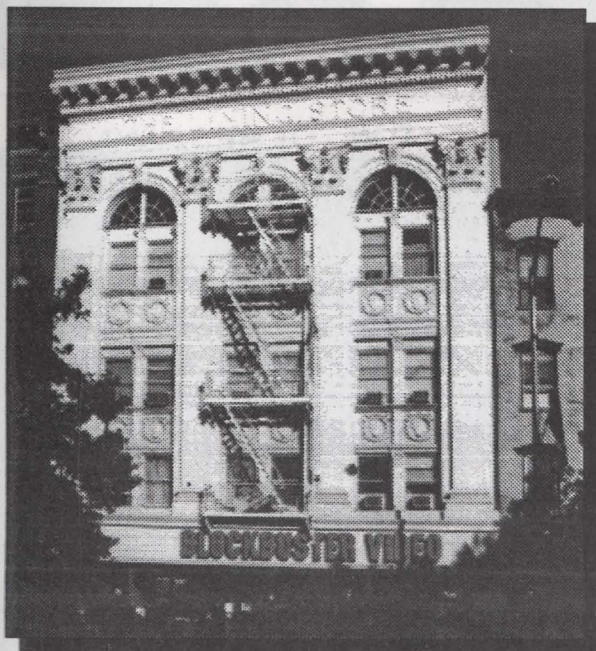
& HOBOKEN NOW.



Site of the old Lyric Theatre. This location is now a parking lot next to the Hotel Victor building. Passersby may observe an edge of the old theatre structure still visible along the right wall of the River View Historic Plaza (the building to the left in the photo).



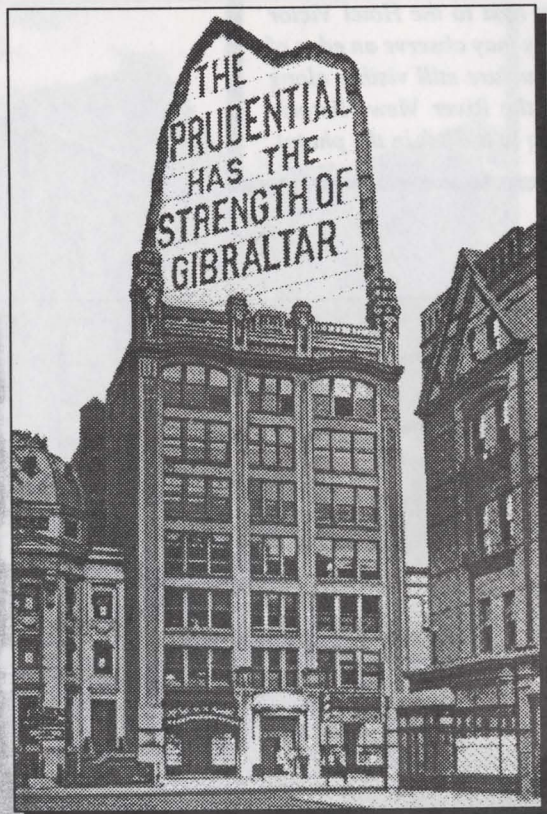
66 Hudson Street — site of the old Eagan School. This location is now the Wilson Watson Building adjacent to the Terminal building.



Blockbuster Video, 412 Washington Street — site of the old (Independent Order of) Odd Fellows Hall. Now the local patrons seek entertainment of the take-out variety.

HOBOKEN THEN...

PICTURES FROM HISTORIC POSTCARDS IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE KIRCHGESSNER



THE TERMINAL BUILDING

By World War I, the Prudential Insurance Company maintained a sizeable office at 70 Hudson Street. In fact its enormous rooftop signage could easily be read from the Manhattan side of the Hudson River. To the left of the Terminal Building stood the Eagan School. (Postcard circa 1920.)



F.W. OLMESDAHL

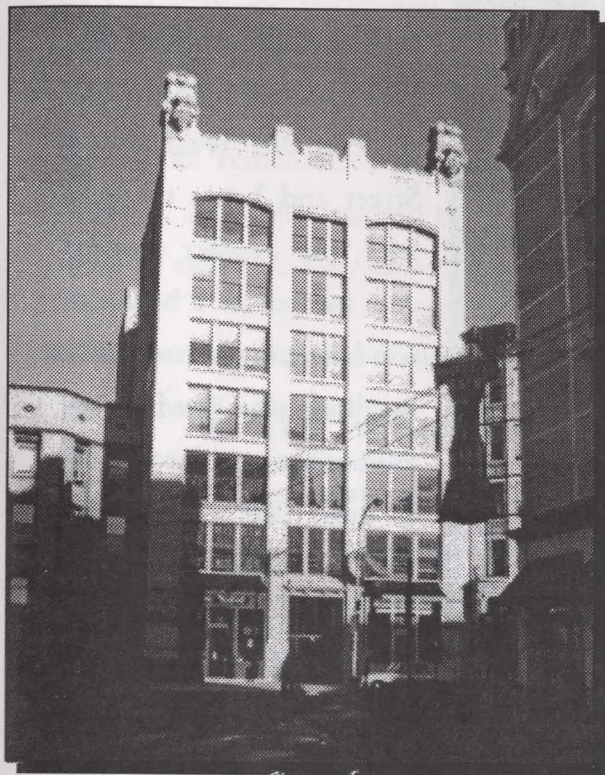
This book and stationery store at 94 Hudson Street offered an assortment of fine smoking cigars and well as any number of postcards—including this one. (Postcard circa 1906.)



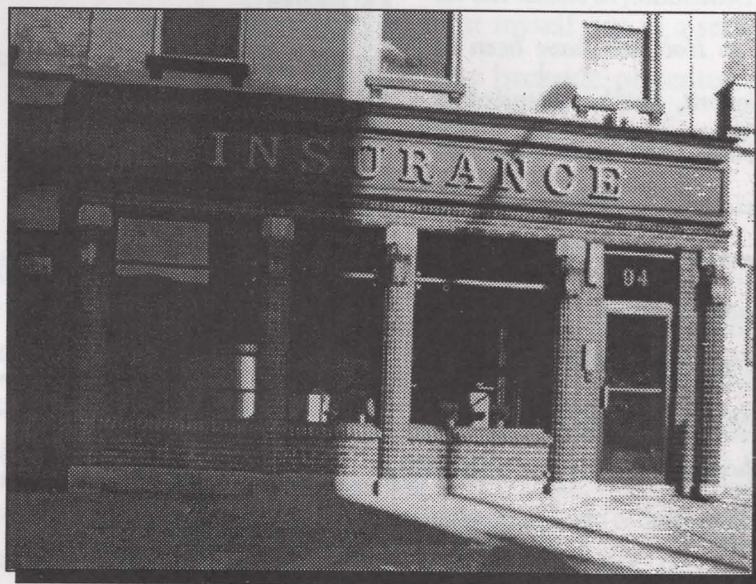
MEYERS HOTEL

Surrounded by tree-lined streets and just a short walk from the waterfront, the grand accommodations at the Meyers Hotel catered to a chiefly German clientel bound for or returning from transatlantic voyages. (Postcard circa 1912.)

& HOBOKEN NOW.



The Terminal Building still has its twin ornamental heads, but has added step classes at the fitness center, and colorful neon advertising which is a familiar sight to resident commuters.



Lion Associates Insurance at 94 Hudson Street — site of the old F.W. Olmesdahl store. The ground floor facade has recently been renovated. An original cast-iron pilaster to the left of the building still remains today.



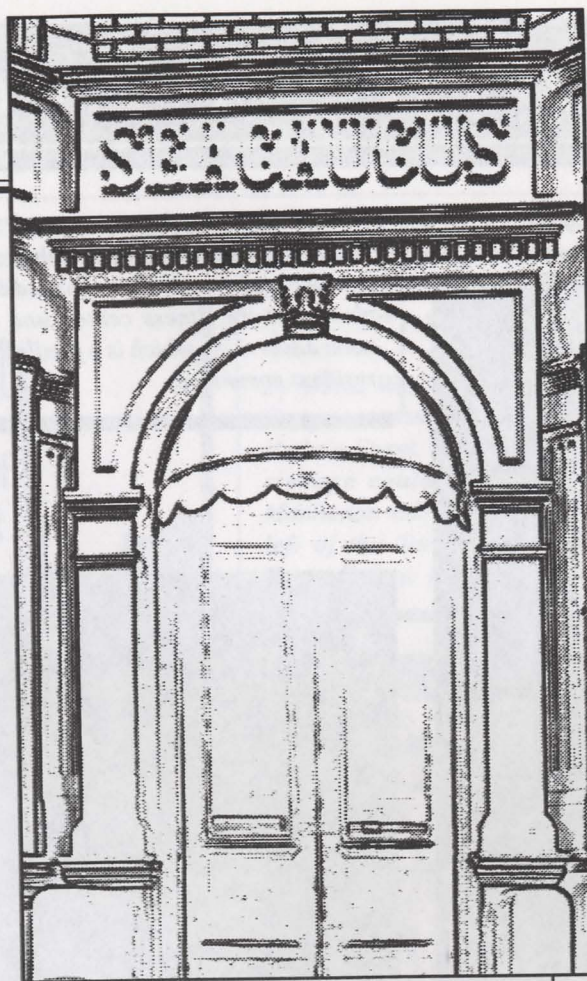
Third and Hudson Streets. The site of the old Meyers Hotel is now occupied by the Hudson Square North, a 12-story multi-dwelling condominium with street-level shopfronts.

On A CLEAR Day

FINNERTY'S MEMORIES

Joseph Finnerty was born in Hoboken in 1927, and lived there until 1954. He now lives in Scottsdale, Arizona. His visits to Hoboken have been infrequent, but he attended his Stevens Tech 40th Class Reunion in 1990 and his Demarest High 50th Class Reunion in 1994.

His cousin, Eileen Finnerty Pilgrim, retired from the city's school system just this past year, and moved to the Shore after residing at 730 Hudson for decades. Her brother, Matty, was a detective on the city police force, while brother Frank was a former elected councilman. Their dad, Frank, headed up the city fire department many years ago. Before 1935, Joseph's father ran a couple of saloons in Hoboken, one called "The Hole In The Wall," on either Newark or 1st Street, east of Hudson, the other "The Liberty Bar" on the east side of 2nd and Washington.



The entrance to 807 Washington Street, Joseph Finnerty's boyhood resident.

I never worked outside my home while growing up. Didn't get a job until a few months before I was drafted into the army. My mother never made me perform many chores around the house, either. The only things I did as a pre-teen was polish the dining room furniture once in a while, peel potatoes and other vegetables, iron some flat pieces such as sheets and handkerchiefs, and dry the dishes.

by
Joseph Finnerty

I never had a fear of heights while growing up. When we lived on the fifth floor at 807 Washington Street and I was three or four, my mother used to pass me out of a bedroom window into the arms of a neighbor who lived in the adjoining apartment at 805, in order that I might play with the neighbor's son. The air shaft separating the two buildings was about two feet wide, but the tricky part was not the width, but navigating the difference in elevation. Our window was a foot higher than theirs. This procedure saved my mother from having to take me down and up four flights of stairs. Neither my mother nor the other boy's mom seemed nervous about this transfer process, but I must admit, he never came to play in my house this way.

Once, when I was six or seven, while I was leaning out the front window, my brother

took hold of my ankles and gently pushed me out, suspending me for a few moments, confident in either his grip or my wings, assuring me it was safe. I can remember I had no fear of being dropped, and rather enjoyed the sensation. Did I miss my calling as a circus aerialist?

I Do Windows

My mother was fastidious, and our house was always clean. But in the days of coal-burning furnaces, soot particles spotted any laundry hung out to dry, and blackened our windows. My mother cleaned the outside of our windows with fanatical regularity. This is not easy to do when you live in an apartment building five floors above the pavement. When I reached the age of 10 or so, I was deemed ready to assume the window cleaning task.

This was my procedure: First, I'd assemble the necessary cleaning paraphernalia, including a pot

of hot, sudsy, water made from a bar of Ivory soap, a pot of hot rinse water, a can of Bon Ami scouring cleanser, a few clean, dry rags, some old sheets of newspaper, and my courage. I'd raise the lower half of the casement window, grab hold of the sill or anything else I thought might support me, then wriggle and twist myself out to a seated position on the ledge, my backside presented to the world below, my face an inch away from the grimy exterior pane of glass.

If I succeeded thus far, I was now seated five stories above the ground with not much between me and the street but my prayers. I'd pull down the half window to my waist, and begin cleaning it using soapy rags and the cleanser. Next, I would raise the window, exchange the dirty rag for a clean one, and rinse off the soapy pane. At this stage I would dry the window with crumpled-up sheets of newspaper, polishing away all streaks and leaving an exceptionally clean surface. Over the years,

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I prided myself on my ability to use both hands to clean, holding my position on the ledge using only my knees to keep me wedged in place, jauntily waving to passersby in the street below.

Washing windows as described really wasn't all that dangerous, provided you have no fear of heights. All over Hoboken, people used to wash their windows this way, although not as often as I did. My mother was compulsive about this need, even requiring me to wash them while it rained.

Along the Roof Tops

Tenement house roof tops were a great place to spend time as a kid. The roofs were tarred, and during the heat of summer emitted a distinctive aroma. Most buildings along 8th Street were the same height, and shared common walls. Thus it was possible to traverse across the roof tops of every house, from 807 to 827 Washington Street.

The journey ended at the two-story building at the corner of 9th Street which housed the Masonic Temple.

There were two ways to get to the roof of my apartment at 825 Washington Street. One could exit the kitchen window onto the steel fire escape landing, and climb the ladder. Living on the top floor made this easy and convenient. An alternate access was up a ladder located at the hallway landing outside our back door which led to the roof through a heavy,

hinged hatch door. This was a struggle for me, even as a young teen. The hatch door was opened by pushing up on an attached rod, which was then gingerly propped up on one of the ladder rungs. Climbing this interior ladder afforded a view of the crawl space between our apartment ceiling and the house roof. I never ventured there.

I was forever forgetting my house key, and would have to climb up this interior ladder to the roof, then down the fire escape to gain access through the kitchen window, which we never locked. Our next door neighbor never appreciated my sudden appearance outside her kitchen window.

I never heard of anyone falling off a roof top or a fire escape in Hoboken. I grew up without any such fear, although I used extreme caution when I played on the roof tops. Sometimes my playmates and I would lay down on the roof, and crawl our way out to the edge in order to get the best possible view straight down, but we didn't tempt fate



ARMY AIR FORCE – 1945

by performing any crazy stunts up there.

Sometime in 1948 or so, not long after I had returned from military service, our backyard

clothesline pulley had to be replaced. This required that I climb the pole, an old, black, rickety stick. The height didn't frighten me, but I was very much afraid that the pole might snap as it swayed much more than I had anticipated. Afterwards, I vowed never to risk my life climbing that pole again.

In 1953, while standing atop a cooling tower in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, at the site of what had been our wartime atomic bomb uranium enrichment production plant, I looked down from an elevation of 70 feet to a concrete basin. The wooden railing had not yet been installed around the roof of the structure, and I could feel myself involuntarily shrink back. A cold sweat came over me. I had suddenly developed a fear of heights.

It may have been a temporary condition, as I have not experienced that feeling since. But once was enough. I have decided not to apply for that circus job after all.



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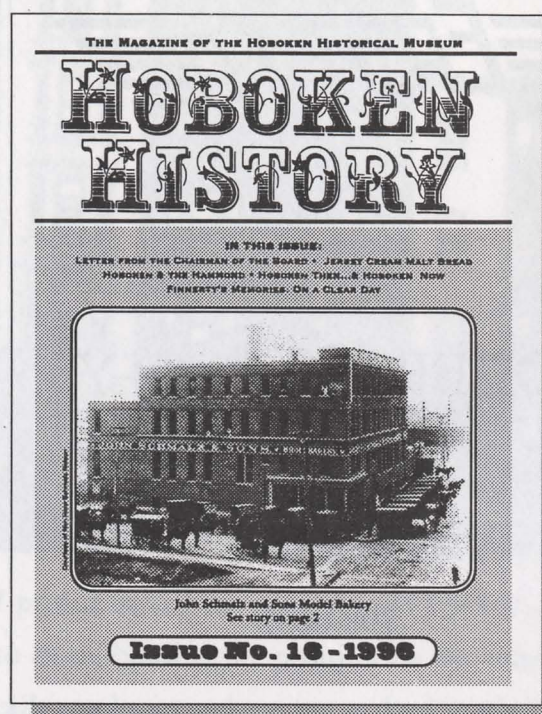
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