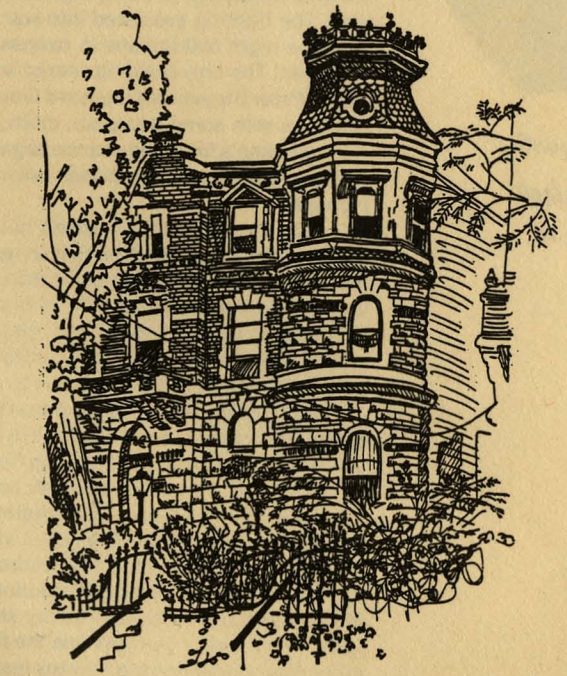


MAP & HISTORY of



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written & illustrated by
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Good Quotations

"Mrs. Rielly called in that accent that occurs south of New Jersey only in New Orleans, that Hoboken near the Gulf of Mexico"
—John Kennedy Toole, A Confederacy of Dunces

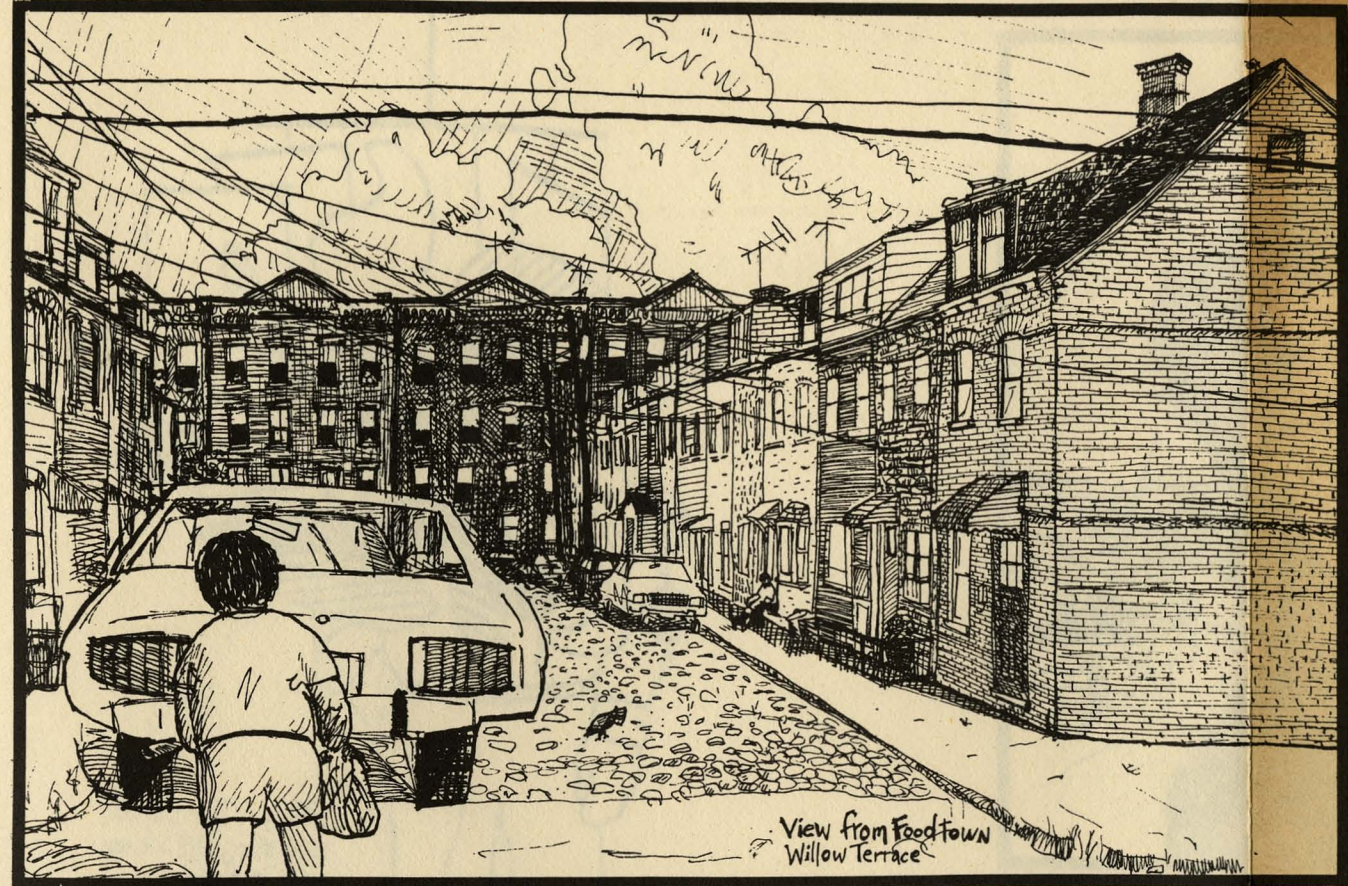
"To almost everybody Hoboken means two things: beer and ships."
—Federal Writers Project 1939

"I doubt if I can obtain in Liverpool such a gaudy meal as I got in Hoboken. I wish that it were."
—St. John Ervine in The World, 1928

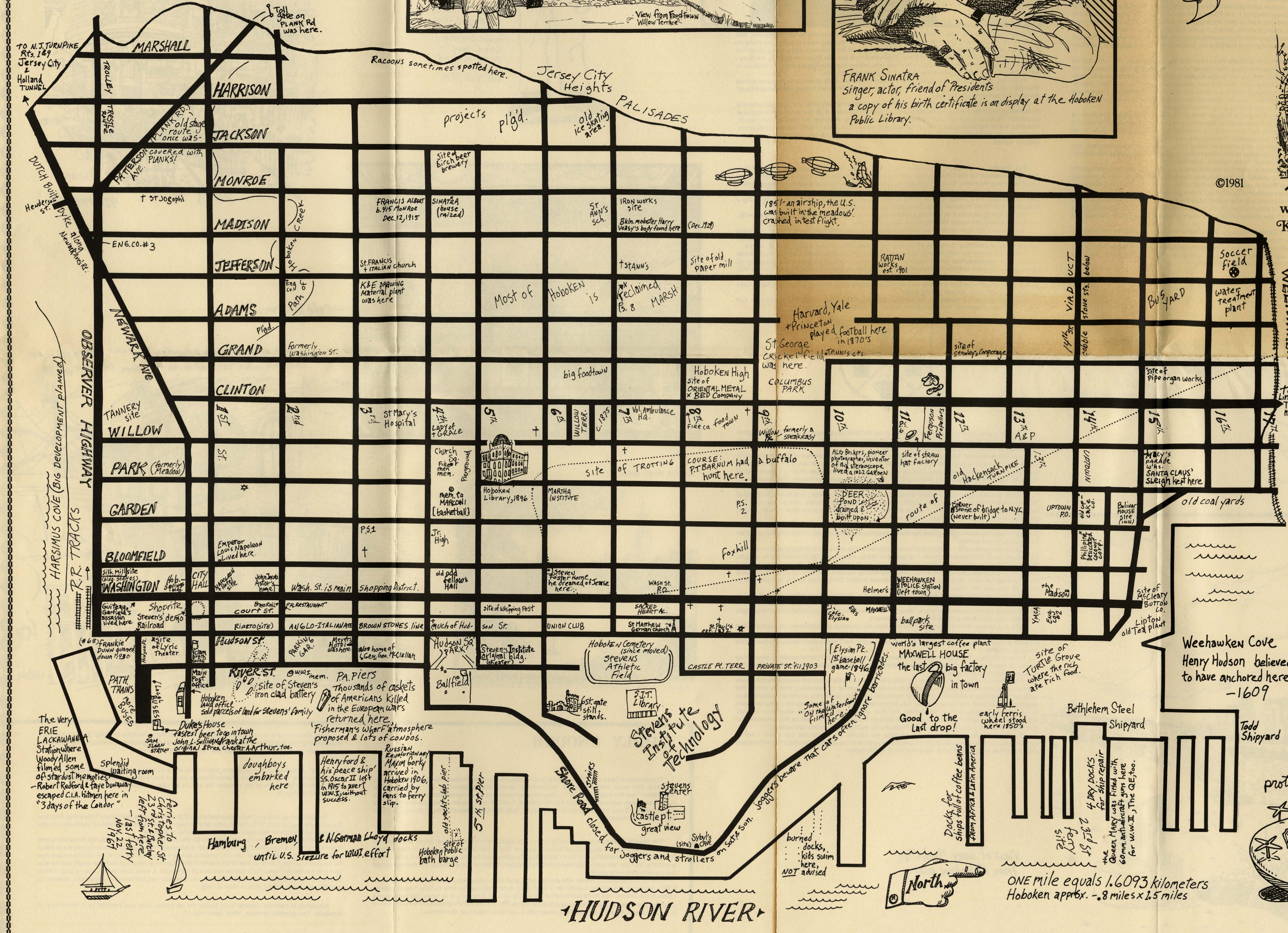
"Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken by Christmas!"
—Gen. Pershing, 1918

But if you come to look at our last seacoast of Bohemia you must bring your own eyes with you, and not see it through anyone else's, nor with any preconceived notions of what is or isn't picturesque."
—Christopher Morley

"Hoboken! You should've seen Hoboken when Hoboken was Hoboken!"
—Rocky, proprietor of Alrock's Used Furniture, Hoboken

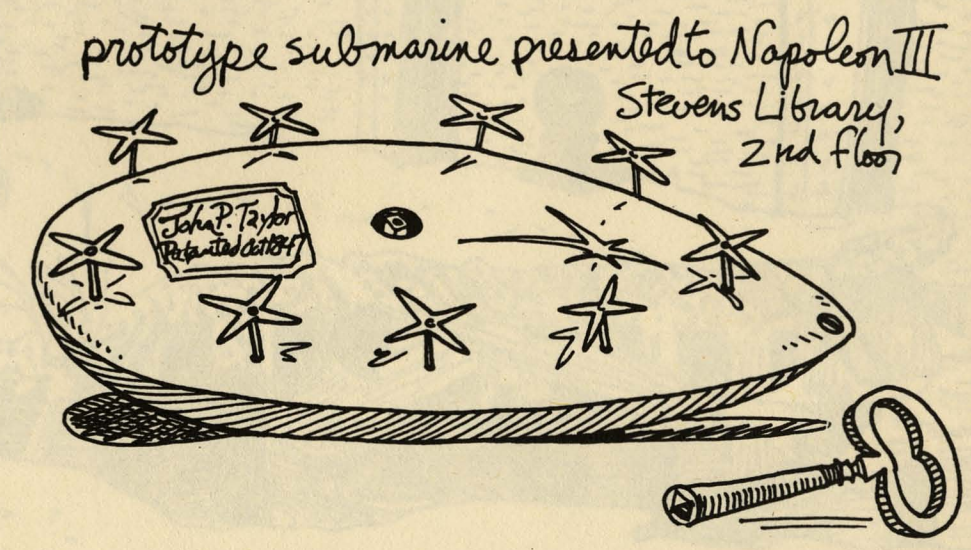


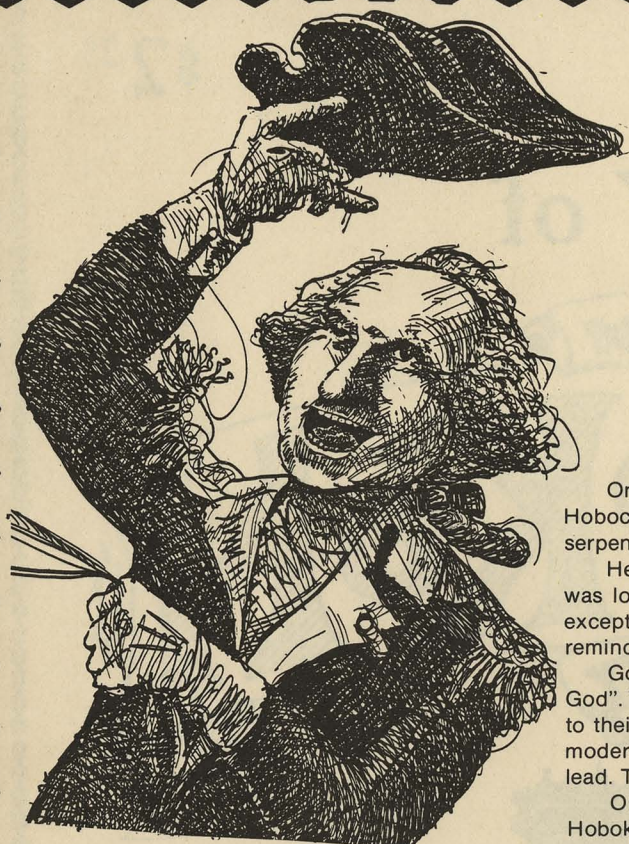
FRANK SINATRA
singer, actor, friend of Presidents
a copy of his birth certificate is on display at the Hoboken Public Library.



- Selected Hoboken Industries**
From a Board of Trade Listing, 1907
- Ottersteadt's Birch Beer — 115 Monroe
 - Algea & Brittain Straw Hat Works — 1114 Willow
 - John Brede & Sons, Wagonmakers — 213 Newark
 - The Munsing Automobile Mfg. Co. — 45 14th
 - American Lead Pencil, (800 varieties) — 5th & Clinton
 - Pabst Brewing Co. — 100 River St.
 - Hudson County Gas Light Co. — 1301 Clinton
 - Ayvad Waterwings — 1023 Clinton
 - Oriental Metal Bed Co. — 809 Grand
 - United Bavarian Looking Glass Works — 1008 Clinton
 - American Mutoscope & Biograph Co. — 1007 Grand
 - New York Frog and Switch Co. — 1517 Madison
 - New Jersey Melting and Churning — 50 Patterson Plank Rd.

Weehawken Cove
Henry Hudson believed
to have anchored here.
—1609





George 'Father of our Country' Washington may have slept in Hoboken. He came to a lot of parties.

THE FIRST 400 YEARS ARE THE HARDEST

Once a people called the Minsi, whose totem was the wolf, hunted and fished a ground called Hobocan-hacking, or "land of the tobacco pipe." The Minsi may have made smoking pipes from the local serpentine and clay, or perhaps they smoked a treaty pipe with Manhattan's Indians here.

Henry Hudson stopped by in 1609. Details are sketchy. Hudson's Dutch crew mutinied and his log was lost. The Dutch settled on both sides of the river by 1630. The Dutch Governor Kieft was an exceptionally brutal and stupid man. He demanded tribute, taxes, from the Minsi. The Indians refused, reminding the Governor that they were not Dutch.

Gov. Kieft sent 80 soldiers out and ordered each soldier to kill a "savage" with the blessing of "Our God". The soldiers attacked the Minsi village at Pavonia. To fill their quota the soldiers killed babies tied to their cradle boards. Eleven tribes joined to battle the white men. At first the Indians were without modern weaponry, but they captured Dutch women and held them for ransoms of guns, powder, and lead. The fighting escalated into war.

One night 500 Indians in canoes besieged Manhattan. Repulsed they crossed the river to destroy Hoboken. The only building spared was Aert T. Van Putten's brewery where the first beer in America was made. Peter Stuyvesant replaced Gov. Kieft in 1647. He bought Hoboken, Jersey City, Weehawken, and Bayonne with some wampum, cloth, blankets, kettles, 6 guns and half a barrel of beer.

Hoboken's first renaissance began when Stuyvesant deeded the land to his sister's family. They built dykes and prospered. In British colonial times the Bayards, descendants of Anna Stuyvesant, still held Hoboken.

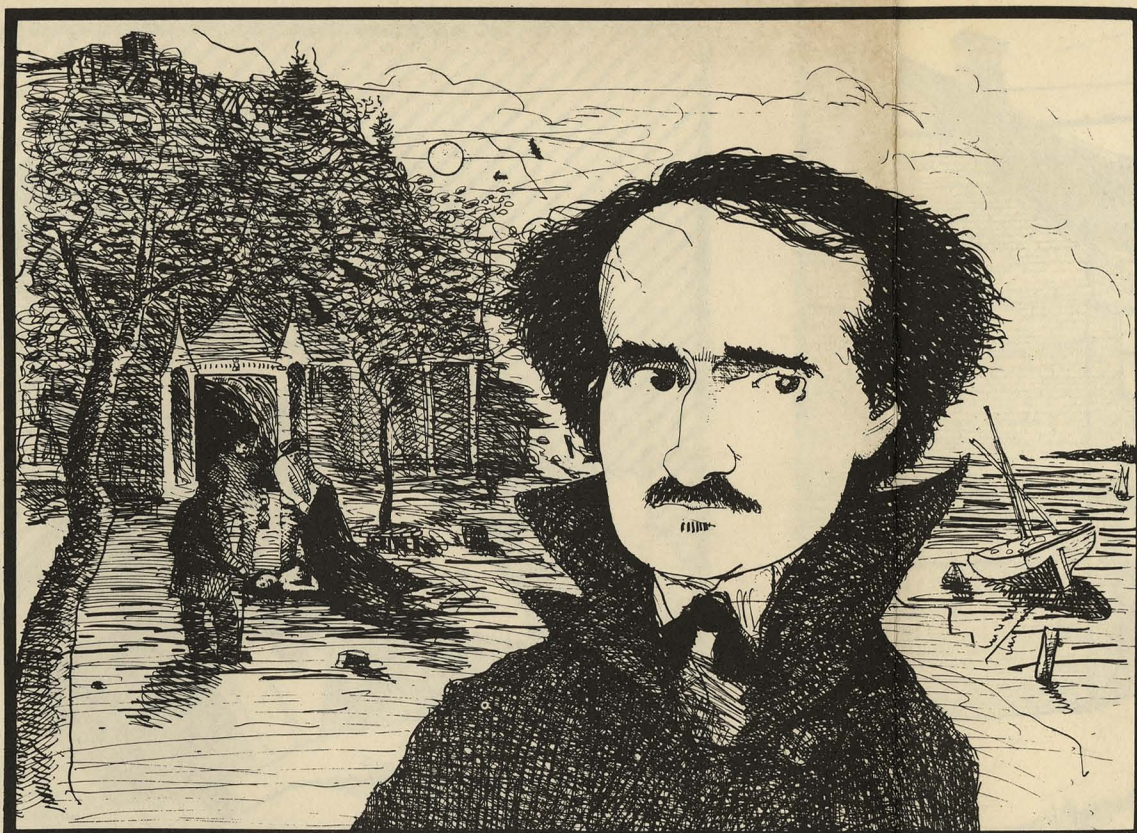
Sam Bayard lived in a grand home at Castle Point when the Revolution began. He supported the rebellion until it seemed the British were winning, then Bayard turned Tory. George Washington sent his most able guerilla leader, Light Horse Harry Lee to take Bayard's home for an observation post. From Castle Point spies watched the British and their German mercenaries arrive at New York Harbor. Washington planned one secret mission in 1780 that proved impossible. An agent named Champe was sent to New York where he claimed to be a deserter. Champe was to kidnap Benedict Arnold and row him over to Hoboken to Light Horse Harry's waiting arms. Arnold escaped capture.

Had George Washington actually stood on the river bank in the nation's first capitol and thrown a dollar across the river it would have landed in either Brooklyn, or Hoboken. George ruled the country from lower Broadway, and among his well-to-do neighbors was the Stevens family of Park Row. It was John Stevens' brother-in-law who administered Washington's oath of office.

Baron Von Stueben, Washington's drill master at Valley Forge wanted to obtain Hoboken. Von Stueben was advised by N.J. Gov. Livingston to look elsewhere as Hoboken was plagued by mosquitoes. That same Governor then sold Hoboken to his nephew, John Stevens.

The Stevens family's contribution to history is too rich to explore fully here. Readers interested in Stevensiana and Hoboken history should visit the Hoboken Public Library and get John J. Heaney's book. The Stevens clan gave us the first steam ferry, the first railroad in America, the first America cup yacht race winner and the Stevens Institute of Technology. The regal Castle Stevens survived until within one month of the 1960s. In what locally might be described as the architectural crime of the century, the castle was torn down to build a 14 story building. While some find the Stevens Center attractive, others say it looks as if the spire of one of Manhattan's less inspired towers blew across the river and germinated on Castle Point.

Before Central Park, before Stevens' rails made Coney Island and Long Branch accessible, Hoboken was the favorite retreat of New Yorkers of every class. While slaves held whistle dances at Market Square, the site of Hoboken City Hall, deposed monarchs, landed gentry, and grand dames dined at Turtle Grove. There was a whipping post well into the 19th century, and while slaves were burned at the stake elsewhere in New Jersey, Hoboken justice was less severe.



In 1842 Mary Rogers, who worked in a tobacco shop in the St. Nicholas Hotel at Broadway and Spring St., N.Y., was found dead near Sybil's Cave in Hoboken. The Cave was a popular stop along the River Walk where a natural spring provided water that was sold for a penny a glass. Edgar Allan Poe transposed the story into the Mystery of Marie Roget. New York became Paris, the Hudson, the Seine, Hoboken, the Barriere du Roule. Literary historians now believe that Miss Rogers was not murdered in the ordinary sense of the word, but the victim of a nonmedical abortion.

In the late 1800's Hoboken became one of the nation's busiest ports. Waves of immigrants arrived from Germany and Eastern Europe, then from Ireland and Italy. In 1900 a ten million dollar fire destroyed much of the port and took 145 lives.

In 1917 more doughboys headed to Europe through Hoboken than any other port. German speaking Hobokenites found themselves harassed by self appointed vigilantes. A 1918 witch hunt was aimed at suspected "Huns in City Hall." An investigation revealed nearly everyone on the City Hall payroll, including Mayor Pat Griffin was Irish. Nevertheless, Hoboken was under martial law for the duration, Washington St. and Hudson St. taverns were closed, and the U.S. Secret Service arrested suspected German agents.

The twenties roared louder in Hoboken than other places. Young Benjamin Segal worked as a "transport expeditor" for the Costello organization's Atlantic Highlands to Hoboken run. He shot people who tried to stop the trucks. 'Bugsy' Segal later founded modern Las Vegas and was one of the wealthiest men in Hollywood at the time of his death by facial bullets in 1947. U.S. Prohibition Director James Doran said, "We regard New Jersey as one of the hardest spots to handle in the entire country," and a newspaper poll found Hoboken to be the wettest town in the state.

Big Frankie Dunn retired as a bootlegger and bought the large office building at 68-70 Hudson St., which now houses the Social Security office. Dunn paid cash.

On March 7, 1930 Dunn strolled into the lobby and was struck in the head and knocked out. Frankie Dugan pointed a submachine gun at Frankie Dunn's prone body. Dugan squeezed the trigger and let loose a spray of 24 bullets. Dunn was hit by only two bullets, still, he died that night in St. Mary's. Frankie Dugan ran out onto Hudson St. and found that the show at the Rialto had just let out. He was seen by more witnesses than money could buy, plus because of the traffic jam he couldn't get to his getaway car. The inept torpedo ran toward Washington St. which is where the police station is. He shot and wounded one policeman, then ran into #64 Washington St. He ran to the top floor, the roof was locked. The cops ran after him until they saw red blood dripping down the stairs. Frankie shot and killed himself. Just one bullet, he was getting better.

The Hoboken police traced the submachine gun to the Hoboken police. The officer who had misplaced it was suspended from the force and was reinstated three weeks later.



Hoboken experienced a meteoric renaissance in the late 1920's due largely to one man, Christopher Morley. When Morley arrived he had already been a Rhodes scholar, author, editor for Doubleday, and a columnist for the N.Y. Post and the Saturday Review.

He and Broadway set designer Oleg Throckmorton were founding members of the Three Hours for Lunch Club. The club would spend three hours eating and drinking lunch at Meyer's Hotel or the Hof Brau, dreaming up artistic schemes. They saved a three masted ship. They made a cartoon map of Hoboken. The most important thing to Morley & Co., though, was theater, live theater. They staged lavish legit productions on Hudson St. at the Rialto and the Lyric. At a time when Broadway was stagnating, Morley, an untiring publicist, coaxed the New Yorker columnist "Lipstick", and Brooks Atkinson of The Times into writing favorably about Hoboken. Morley wrote poetry, articles, even a book titled The Seacoast of Bohemia, his poetic name for the city. Morley also wrote many of the plays himself, or lifted melodramas with expired copyrights, to cut costs.

Initially the community was helpful, local merchants displayed posters and discount coupons. The Hoboken telephone exchange reported the Rialto box office was receiving 4000 more calls per hour than its four lines could handle.

While melodramas at the Rialto played to standing room only, at the Lyric Morley experimented with more avant-garde productions. Dancers appeared in lights, even Agnes De Mille danced in a Lyric show. One historian noted, "this enterprise was misplaced, the public was not amused." The Hoboken Chamber of Commerce sent Morley a stern letter expressing concern about the rowdiness of outsiders (New Yorkers) his show attracted. Morley went bankrupt in 1932. Christopher Morley said goodbye to Hoboken and took the tubes to New York City.

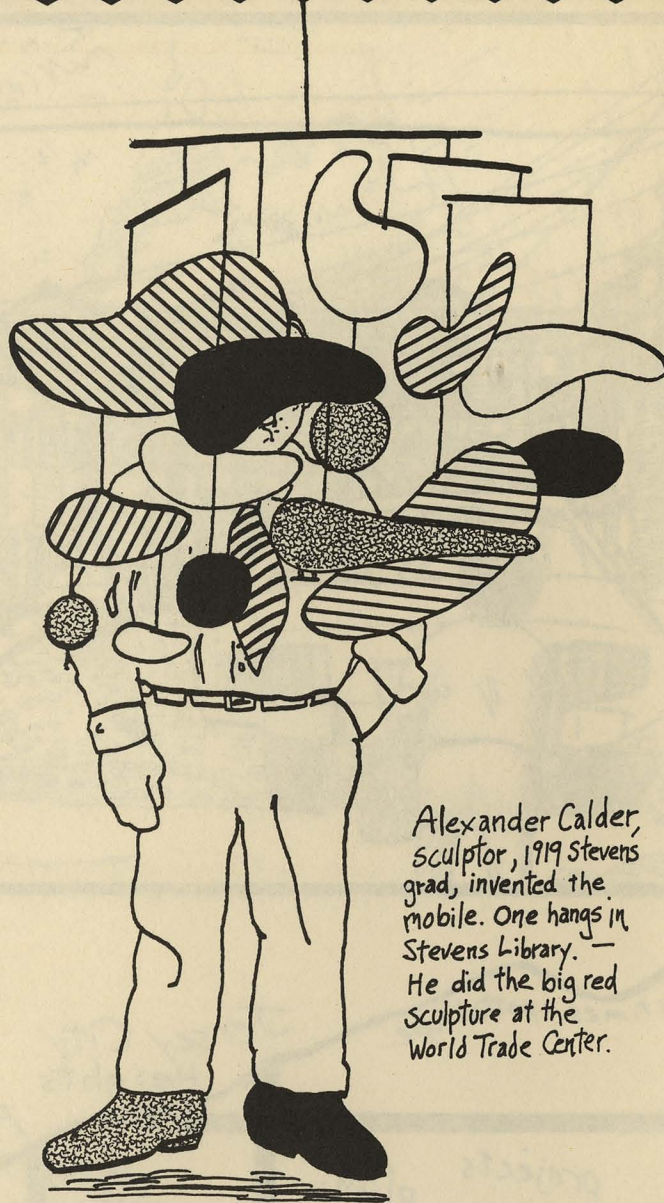
Unemployment was severe in Hudson County in the 30's. The Depression lasted until W.W.II when Hoboken got busy again. More than 8,000 ships passed through Hoboken shipyards. Stevens Institute got lucrative weapons research contracts. After the war the shipping business fizzled with ships going to less labor intensive ports such as Elizabeth and Newark.

1953 saw Marlon Brando portraying Terry Malloy the mythical hero/informer who realized that Palookaville is a state of mind in On The Waterfront. Again in the 50's artists and writers gravitated to the left bank of the Hudson. A 1963 article by Bernard Weinraub in the Times called Hoboken "a poor man's Brooklyn Heights."

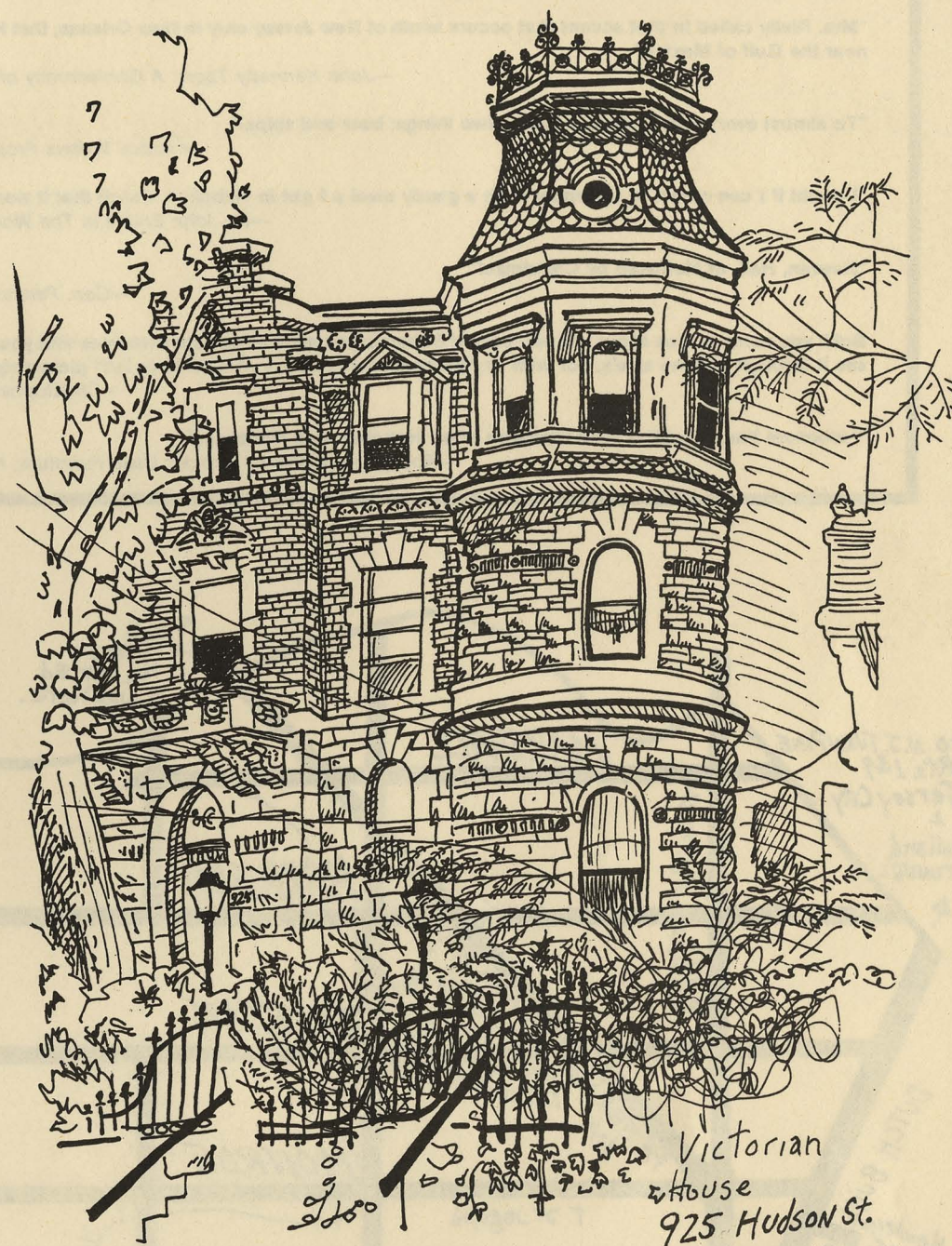
Though Morley's 1929 map shows a Latin Quarter, a large number of Spanish speaking people have arrived in recent decades. Over 60% of the children in the public schools are Spanish speaking. The number of Asians is also growing.

The Historic Preservation powers of the Hoboken Community Development Administration assure the town's handsome appearance for years to come. The number of interesting antique shops, fine restaurants, and places where live music and poetry can be heard suggest the current renaissance is an ongoing phenomenon. On the other hand, it must be noted that there are few things for young teenagers to do besides "hanging out" on the corner, and they are told to move along when they do that. Additionally, some observers feel the poor and average income tenant, as well as the homeowner of moderate means, is being squeezed out of Hoboken by cutthroat real estate speculation.

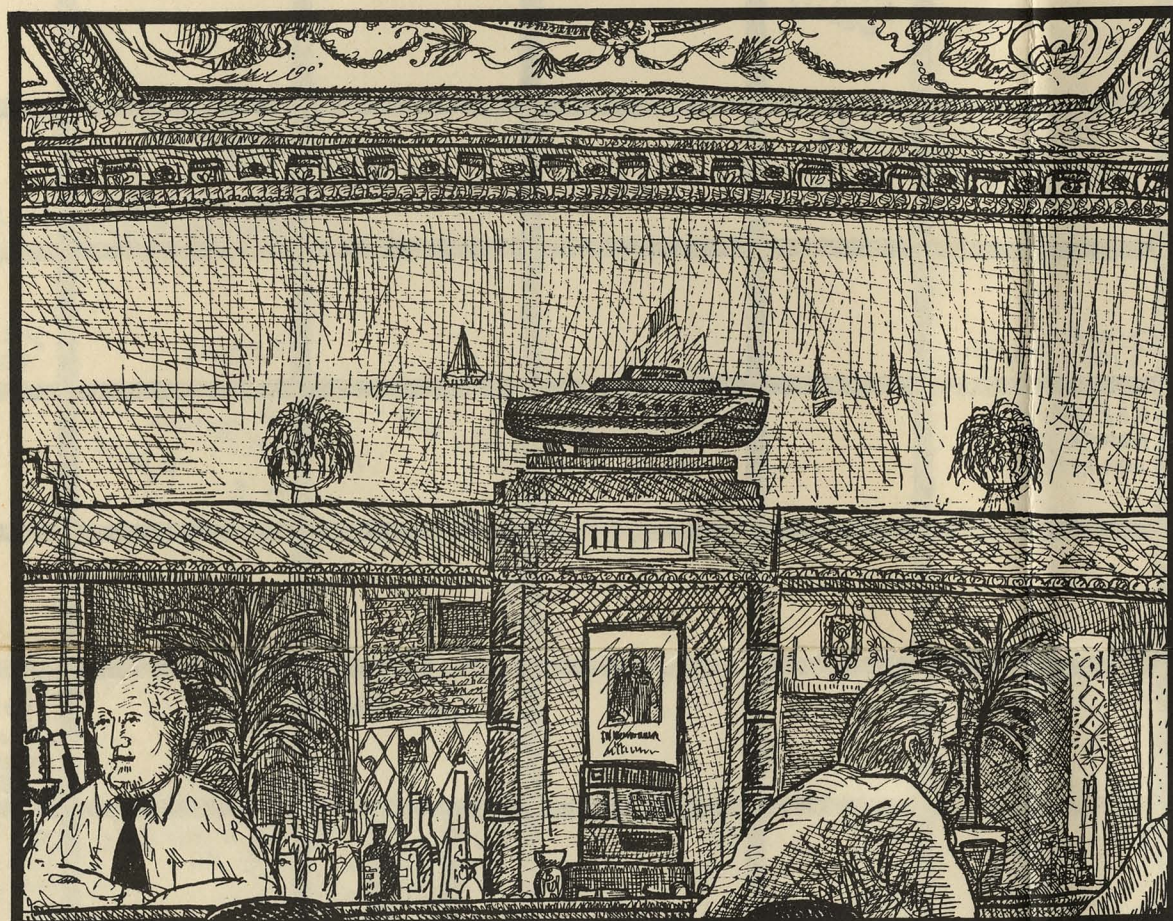
The future of Hoboken is promising because her citizens are concerned and aware. Lifelong Hobokenites and newcomers alike are understandably proud of the qualities that make The Mile Square City one of the most livable urban neighborhoods in the nation.



Alexander Calder, sculptor, 1919 Stevens grad, invented the mobile. One hangs in Stevens Library. He did the big red sculpture at the World Trade Center.



Victorian House 925 Hudson St.

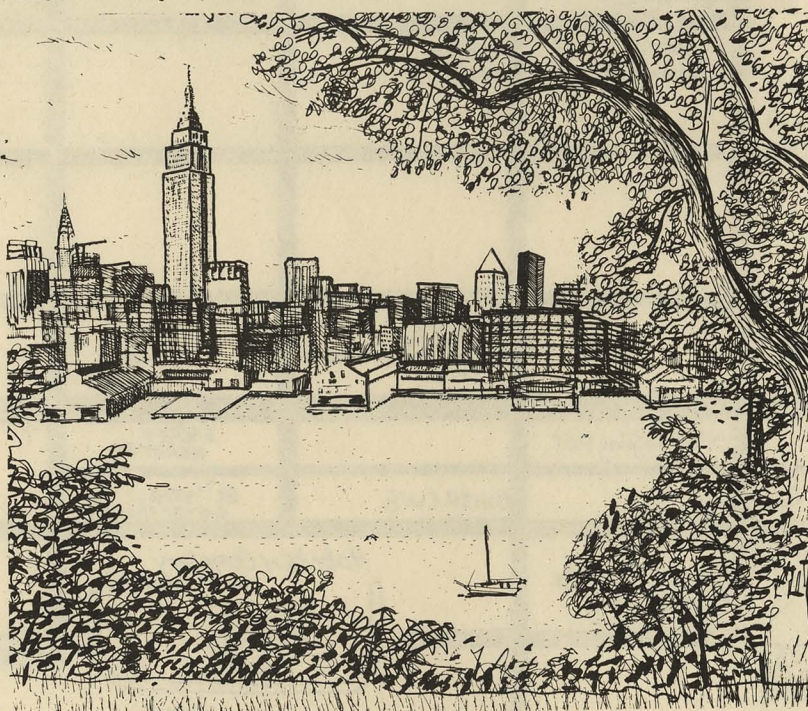


-Café Elysian, 1981

In On The Waterfront, Brando & Eva Marie Saint were walking on Court St. when the mob's car tried to run them down. below Court near 7th



Castle Point view



ODDLY ENOUGH...

The historians Yates and Moulton claim that Hoboken is really Manhattan, and Manhattan is, in fact, Hoboken. The early missionary Rev. Heckewelder found "Mannhattanick", or, "land of general intoxication" was the Indian name for the place now called Hoboken, while Manhattan, the place with the thick phone book, was called Hobocan by the Indians. A 1630 Dutch map shows the islands of Manhatta and Hobokina. It may too late to undo the mix-up. Chase Manhattan wouldn't enjoy changing all their signs to Chase Hoboken.

The great P.T. Barnum turned all of Hoboken into a sideshow one hot August day in 1843. He hired G.D. French to stage the easternmost buffalo hunt ever held in the United States. Barnum placed ads in New York papers promising that he would charge no admission for the educational and entertaining spectacle. Barnum had previously hired all of the Hoboken ferries for the entire day. So Barnum earned the considerable ferry profits.

The herd consisted of calves who arrived exhausted after a long train ride. French, dressed as an Indian, galloped around and hooted for a long while before wakening the little buffalo. The frightened calves broke through the fence surrounding the trotting course. One calf got as far as City Hall where a constable fired a few shots before locking himself inside. Many of the buffalo got lost in the swamps never to be seen again. One Bloomfield St. butcher had a special on steak for two weeks.

Hetty Green lived in a cold water walk-up at 1203 Washington with her two kids. She dressed like a shopping bag lady and demanded receipts on the trolley even though she kept as much as twenty million dollars cash on hand. Even in Hoboken she was considered eccentric.

In 1431, a teenage girl, a virgin was burnt at the stake for talking to saints without going through proper channels. This happened in France. She was Joan of Arc. A large stone from the dungeon where Joan spent the last hours of her peculiar life sits on an altar in Hoboken's oldest church, St. Paul's Episcopal, Hudson St.

There is a monument to a Hoboken priest on the French Riviera. Its inscription, "The priest, Anthony Cauvin, born August 23d, 1810. The founder and for twenty-three years rector of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, of the City of Hoboken, in the United States of America."

In 1869 the Sisters of the Poor had a fair for St. Mary's Hospital, and raised \$8,000. Sisters Afra and Paula wrote to the bishop that Father Cauvin had "misdirected" these funds. The bishop told the priest to give the nuns the money. Father Cauvin complied, but he was annoyed about it. He told the bishop that he needed a vacation for the sake of his health. Father Cauvin announced from the pulpit that he was going to his native France for a rest for reasons of his health. A week later he was aboard ship. Father Cauvin was 63 years old when he left Hoboken, he never returned, but his health apparently rallied as he was 93 years old when he died in Nice in 1902.

According to historian George Long Moller the ice cream cone was invented by J. Marchiony of Hoboken. The question remains, What flavor was it?

View of lower Manhattan from Hoboken pier.