

THE HOBOKEN HISTORICAL MUSEUM
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

INTERVIEWEE: TOM KENNEDY

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TAPE 1, SIDE 1

TK: When I showed you around the Legion, I showed you pictures of our members, some of them were killed in the Second World War and in Vietnam, and I showed you some pictures of our people who were wounded. There was one in particular that I showed you -- I wanted to tell you the story.

His name was Frank Janse. He came over from Holland when he was a young kid. The war broke out, and he joined the army. He was an active member of this club, and he used to go up on Sinatra Drive and do sketches. He was a retired tugboat captain, and he used to do sketches of the skyline and different things. He always came, and whenever he raised his hand to speak at the meetings, it was always in broken English with his Holland accent - - about how he loved this country, and how the elected officials should stick with the President. He went on and on and on.

He became ill. He became quite ill, and he always wore a baseball cap with an insignia on it, with the military insignia. We didn't think too much of it. Even when he got up and spoke here, he'd always leave his cap on. Then we found out that he had cancer in his head. Eventually, it was cancer of the brain, and he became very, very sick.

He never talked about combat, he never talked about what he did. He just talked about how he was so happy to be an American -- all these years, since he was a young kid. Then he became extremely ill, and I knew it was coming toward the end. I went to visit him in the hospital several times, and finally he died. I went to John McKnight, up in "Faillas Funeral Home," and I told John he was a World War II hero, and we wanted to do something. Believe it or not, his wife had passed away, his daughter, he had no in-laws, no out-laws, no sisters and brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins. He had absolutely no members of his family. He was all alone. He lived right off Third and Garden Streets.

So I told John that we wanted to do something for him. John McKnight says, "Tom, don't worry about it. We'll take care of it." So the owner of the property gave me the keys to get into his apartment (I wanted to get some clothes and things), and when I told John what I was doing John said, "No, no, no, Tom. This man is going to be buried in a suit -- no sports jacket. He's going to have a new suit on him."

So I went into his apartment, and I found things that amazed me. I found all these medals in a drawer, and all these citation he'd received. One in particular -- they hit the beaches in Normandy, and they were getting off the LCP (landing craft personnel). The men in front of him were being shot, and one in particular who was shot landed not far from him, and he dove into the water. The guy was wounded quite severely, and he almost drowned. Janse saved the man's life. He went onshore and fought, and he never told anybody about it.

Well, I told John McKnight that Janse didn't have anybody. We had a Protestant minister from the church on Sixth and Garden Streets come and say a prayer for him, and about thirty-five or forty people came to "Faiellas" that day. I spoke, and I turned to the coffin and said, "Frank, I'm sorry. I told John McKnight that you didn't have any family, but I want to apologize. You have family here with you."

So me and Jack O'Brien escorted the body down to South Jersey. John McKnight took care of everything, and drove us down to a cemetery. A reporter from the *New York Times* found out about it somehow. We didn't know he was going to be at the cemetery. We told him the story about Frank "Jans," and I have it hanging up on the wall. I'll show it to you when the interview is over -- the story that the *New York Times* put in their paper about this guy, Frank Janse, and there's a picture of the General down there, Jack

O'Brien and myself, and John McKnight, at the burial site. After they played taps, Jack O'Brien, who plays the fife, took out his fife and played *Amazing Grace*, and people in the area were just in awe. Even the General looked, and he couldn't believe it. It was a very, very moving time. John McKnight just said, "This man, in my eyes, was a real, true hero." People actually sent flowers. They sent flowers, and it was only a viewing for half an hour. But it was a wonderful story.

Then we had another man who sat in front of City Hall. Jimmy Farina and myself used to ask questions about him. "You know, he's always sitting there. He's a nice old man. He usually leans up on his cane. Was he a veteran? He always wore his cap. It always said "U.S. Army" on his cap. So we did a little investigating -- Jimmy did most of it for me -- and we found out a story about this guy that was just completely unbelievable. We have his picture over here, too.

He hit the beach in Normandy, and there were body parts all over the place and dog tags. One of his dog tags was there, and he was reported as killed in action. So his family, in those days, received a telegram. It wasn't like it is today. A bicycle would come up, a kid in a brown uniform -- Western Union -- who would hand you a telegram. The telegram would say, "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, we're sorry to inform you that your son So-and-So

was either wounded in action or killed." They received a telegram that he was killed in action.

Well, they had a service for him, a ceremony, and they did all the things that families do. They prayed, they mourned, and later on it turned out that he wasn't killed; that he fought inland, he was in a tank, and the tank got hit by German artillery. Everybody in the tank was killed, he was thrown out of the tank, he lost his eye, and he was a POW. For two years he was a prisoner of war, when the family thought he was killed in action.

So outside City Hall, there's a little plaque on the bench where he sat, and you'll see the plaque, right there. We honor him because his wife, who still lives in Hoboken, sits there every day. She sits in front of City Hall. We invited his family to his service, and a book was written -- *Whispers From An Empty Grave*. His daughter-in-law wrote a book, and she could not believe the service we put on for him. When she wrote the book, she put the whole service into the book. She couldn't believe that her father-in-law -- whose name was Donald Schulman -- was treated like such a hero.

But before he died, we had a big meeting down here, and we invited members of his family and his wife. We had some other heroes here in the city, from the Second World War, and we asked him to come up. I introduced him. I said, "Frank, would you like to say a few words?" and he just sat down in the chair and

burst into tears. He couldn't say anything. Everybody had tears in their eyes.

But I think if the youth of this country could hear these stories, and if they knew these men before they died -- or even now, after they're gone, the legacy -- there was no complaining, there was no bragging. They came back as heroes to us -- but I repeated this earlier. I'm repeating myself -- they weren't heroes in their own eyes. They just did what they had to do -- saving someone's life. Like Walter Camporeal was wounded. He received a silver star. He grabbed a man who was wounded on the battlefield, under fire. They were shooting at the man who was wounded. He picked up this man, trying to run to safety, and he was shot. He was shot again, trying -- and he lived. He only died about six years ago. He lived in Fox Hill. Stories like this...

"Aben McGuire." You never heard of "Aben McGuire." He lived on Sixth and Hudson Street. "Aben McGuire" was just a kid -- eighteen years old. He was in what they called UDT (Underwater Demolition Team). Before they hit the beaches in Normandy, he went in to blow up all the obstacles that the Germans had set along the waterfront. And I said to him, "Aben, what was it like?" He said, "Tommy, I was never in my life so scared. I asked God, 'Please, don't let me die.' Explosions were going off all around us, prematurely. A lot of my friends were being killed. Finally, the explosions went off, we kind of set the pace for the landing, and I

was laying on the beach. I was laying on the beach --

[Interruption] --"

I may be repeating here. Anyway, he said, "I never prayed so hard in my life."

I was watching television years later. It was the fiftieth anniversary (I think I'm repeating myself, but), Bill Clinton was at a ceremony. I looked at the television set, and I saw a guy sitting behind Bill Clinton, with about four other guys, and I said, "That looks like 'Aben McGuire.'" And sure enough, it was "Aben McGuire." They picked five men from the Normandy landing who had had a tremendous impact, and "Aben McGuire," with his white hair -- an old man -- sitting there. Then the President got up, after he spoke (in fact, he called him "Ayben." "I have sitting behind me 'Ayben' McGuire." I got a kick out of it, because his name was Ah-ben. The President called him Ay-ben, and they got up to inspect the troops, review the troops. I met somebody in the ShopRite parking lot, and I was telling them this story. I said, "It was unbelievable. I saw Aben McGuire with these other service men, all in civilian clothes, but wearing their military caps, and the President inspecting the troops. And the guy said to me, "Wow, Aben must really have been proud to be marching with the President of the United States." And I said, "No, not really." He said, "Why?" I said, "The President of the United States should have been proud to have been marching with guys like Aben McGuire." I mean

that sincerely. Guys, heroes like that. I just think it was a great honor for the President to be amongst them.

MK: That's true.

TK: But Sergeant York, who was the man who won the first Congressional Medal of Honor in the First World War -- he was in Hoboken, also. I'm backing up a little.

MK: He was from Hoboken?

TK: No, no. He wasn't from Hoboken, but he left from Hoboken and he came back to Hoboken. He stayed in Hoboken for two nights, and I believe it was the Meyers Hotel on Third and Hudson Street. There's the Grand Hotel and the Meyers Hotel. They were two German hotels -- the German hierarchy, whenever they came to Hoboken on the German line, they would stay in these hotels.

He stayed here for two nights, then he went over to the "Canyon of Heroes" in New York City, for the big parade after the war ended. We can say we had the President of the United States (Wilson), and we had the General here, and we had a Congressional Medal of Honor winner here. General Pershing was here. I tell this story a lot of times to people, and I tell them not because I just want to get it off my chest and tell them about it; I tell them

because I'm so proud that I come from Hoboken, and all the things we have in Hoboken.

MK: Why do you think that Hoboken was the embarkation point in World War I?

TK: Well, I think it was a central location for the trains. We had trains that came from all over the country in this general area, and we had ships that would bring troops in from different parts of the country, from North Carolina and so on. They could land right in Hoboken or Weehawken -- the ships could land there -- and the trains, like I say, would come right into Hoboken from all over -- Chicago and different places. We had the waterfront right here, right next to the Atlantic Ocean. That's probably the reason they picked this place. They said some of them left from Brooklyn, too, but most of them that I know of left from Hoboken. The old "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken" means a lot to the old Hobokenites. Like I said earlier, if these young kids -- I'm so frustrated, because when we go to schools and we speak, usually I'll bring Sal "Cemelli," who was wounded, or Roy Huelbig who was wounded, and we tell stories about them. But we talk child-talk to them. We say, "The bad guys hurt them." We don't say "shot" or "wounded." We say, "The bad guys hurt them. These guys went over to fight the bad guys. They want you children to be able to go to

school, and if you want to go to a mosque, or a synagogue, or a church, wherever you want to go, you can." We explain to the kids, "That's freedom of religion. You can go wherever you want. If you want to go to school and learn, you can. If you don't like what's going on, you're permitted to say that, because it's freedom of speech. Someday you may grow up to be a reporter, or maybe one of your teachers, you want to write about it -- that's freedom of the press. That's why these men went to war, to fight the bad guys. You always have to fight the bad guys for all the things we want. Nobody wants war," (I talk to them like I'm talking to a child), "but sometimes you have to get the bad guys so they don't get us."

Roy Huelbig one day -- it was really funny. We said that he was wounded in the legs, right? When it was all over we asked the children, "Do you have any questions? And a little kid raised her hand and said, "Mr. Man, the one who hurt his legs?" He said, "Yeah?" She said, "Is that why you're bow-legged?" Everybody cracked up laughing. Another kid said, "I know what a veteran is." This is when it first started. We said, "Do you know what a veteran is?" "That's where my mommy takes the cat, when the cat gets sick." [Laughter] Innocent -- the children, how innocent they are.

But when I speak, I try to get across to the adults out there that I think the Secretary of Education in this country is lax. I don't care who appointed him. I think our children don't know enough about American history. They go to see a movie like

Private Ryan, they all come out and that's the end of it. They've forgot about it, you know? I really think it's not the teachers' fault, it's not the superintendents', it's not the educators', it's not the Board of Education's, I guess. It should be. It should come right from Washington, D.C. We have all kinds of weeks where we honor people in this country; I think there should be a month, a whole month, dedicated to this country, what they did and how they survived. I think the children would probably be moved by it, because when we put on a service or something, like Veterans' Day, up at the high school, these kids, when it's all over, they come over -- these are high-school kids. They shake our hand, girls come over and give us a hug and say, "Oh, I didn't know." They have no clue, and it's not their fault. They have no clue. When I explain to some students a Gold Star Mother -- I said, "When I was in the service, there was a star in the window. Depending upon how many men or women were in the service, that's how many stars were there. Then they had what we called a Gold Star Mother. A gold star was hung in the window when somebody in that family was killed." I explained it to them, and when I got finished speaking, two teachers told me -- they said, "Mr. Kennedy, we're embarrassed. We never knew what a Gold Star Mother was."

And it isn't their fault, because no one taught them. No one gave them an education. No one talked about the wars. No one talked about the freedoms we have -- all the freedoms in this

country. We exercise all our freedoms. All you hear is, "I can say what I want. I have freedom of this and freedom of that," but they don't know how they got all their freedoms. They don't know how they received them, and that's the part that irks me. If they could understand that the men and women fighting today in a foreign country are fighting so we can be free in this country -- but they just don't get it, because nobody teaches them.

MK: You were going to tell me about the Wallace brothers.

TK: Oh, yes. The Wallace brothers.

I asked so many people -- I went to a council meeting one night to speak about, I think it was, the World War II monument. I actually asked the people standing behind me, and the council, "Does anybody here know how Wallace School got its name? If you do know, just raise your hand." I could be wrong, but I think two council persons raised their hands, and four people behind me (an SRO crowd -- standing-room-only). I told them.

There were three young boys who grew up on 11th and Park Avenue, and the three of them were killed during the Second World War. That's where Wallace School got its name. This is a part of Hoboken history that a lot of people didn't even know. When council-persons didn't know it -- and the reason they didn't know

it was because, growing up, when they went to grammar school, nobody taught them about the history of Hoboken, and all the lives that were lost. I did an interview the day we had our anniversary - - Budweiser did an interview where you could go into this area and send a message to our troops over in Iraq. When I got finished with my message, the director said, "Hold on a minute, Mr. Kennedy. Stay right where you are. You're not getting away from us that easy," and he made me tell them about the history of Hoboken. He said, "Someday, Budweiser is going to put this out, because they're traveling all over the country, and what you said is going to be part of our film, our tape." Because I told them all about Hoboken -- the First World War, how many we lost. I told them the whole story, like I just said on this tape. It wasn't as long, but I told them all of that. They were amazed that a mile-square city went through all of this. I told them about what happened on September 11th -- how I was down there, helping the injured, and my son, Tom, was taking people off pleasure boats, tugboats and ferry boats; how my son Michael was over at Ground Zero, and how pitiful it was to see these beautiful ladies and these handsome guys coming, and they looked like they were in a movie, all filled with dust and dirt all over them. It looked like a horror movie. Dr. "Caprio" got a hold of me and he said, "Tom, get me a uniformed police officer, stand over here, and keep your eye on this box. Don't let anybody near it. Tell the police officer, 'Don't let anybody bother it.'" I

said, "What is it?" He said, "Morphine. We're going to get a load of people coming over who are amputees." In about a half hour -- forty-five minutes, about an hour went by -- I went over and I said, "Dr. 'Caprieo,' we're all ready." St. Mary's had everything set up; we had the cots; the IVs; we had the "dirt" nurses; the doctors; we had the ambulances all lined up to go to the different hospitals -- he said, "Tommy, they're not coming over. They're not finding anybody over there."

It was a real downer -- because even if they were critically injured, we knew we could have saved some lives. It was just a time in my life I'll never forget. We had some kids from Hoboken High School come up, the first-response team (Mr. Joe "Miele" takes charge of that), and they were handing out towels for the women to wash their hair and dry their hair, after they went through the procedures they went through. They had to go through tents with showers, to wash this all off them -- all the powder and asbestos and whatever it was. I saw a set of feet sitting on a fire engine, on the other side of a fire engine. I saw just a pair of feet, dangling down. I went over, and it was a young girl. She must have been maybe fifteen or sixteen, and she had tears in her eyes. I put my arm around her and said, "You okay?" and she said, "No. I want to go home." I said, "I'll get you a radio car." She said, "No, I want to go home to my mother and father. I want to be with them." I thought, "This is a little girl -- maybe she had an

argument with her mother and father," I'm just surmising now, "and she saw all of this, and she wanted to be with her mother and father." I said, "You sure?" and she said, "No, Mr. Kennedy, no." I told her who I was. She said, "I want to walk home, but I want to go home to my mother and father." She couldn't take it anymore. She didn't want to see it anymore.

I thought that was very moving. I was very moved by it -- to think that this young girl just saw so much tragedy, she just wanted to be with her parents. I thought that was wonderful, that she wanted to be with them, you know?

But it was a terrible, terrible experience we had in Hoboken, it really was. We lost so many people. I knew them. Chris Cramer was just a little kid growing up. His father, Walter, was president of the City Council at one time -- Walter Cramer. Chris Cramer was lost, and his wife. So Walter Cramer lost his son and daughter-in-law. And Richie "Salanardi," and so many others.

What I'm going to say now people may be annoyed by, but people forget. People forget what happened. I mean, I really talk about this to people and they look like, "Tom, what are you going to do? We're over there -- " They're nonchalant. I get so hurt, to think that it happened only a few years ago, and they just have the attitude, "I hope it doesn't happen again," and that's the end of it. "I hope it doesn't happen again."

I remember the churches that day (and maybe the synagogues too), they were filled. They were filled. I said, "Wow, this is amazing. Everybody coming to church, praying." I had flashbacks, kind of, of the Second World War, when I was a kid. Because the priest would have a service -- they called it a benediction, and they would say some prayers, have the incense and you'd light the candles. (Again, I'm reverting back to that.) The priest would say, "We just received word that Johnny Catalano is missing in action. Pray for the Catalano family." And maybe that night there were two or three families hugging, and the church would be filled with people. The bells would be going off, and everybody was together. Everybody had flags out, everybody had little flags out, everybody had little flags in their window -- because almost everybody downtown had a family member or a relative in the service. I thought to myself, "This reminds me of when I was a kid. Everybody came back to church." Go now and take a look. People forget too soon. People forget too soon. We don't have the blackouts now; we don't have the air-raid wardens; we don't have this; we don't have that. I think maybe this country has it too easy. I really believe that, because a lot of people in this country don't appreciate the freedoms they have.

MK: Well, I think maybe they don't think about it. You don't think about it unless there's something that comes up that

smacks you in the face, to remind you. My cousin was supposed to come over to the United States Sunday, from Israel. She lives in Israel. Her mother still lives in the United States.

TK: She's stuck over there.

MK: She's not stuck; she decided she didn't want to come over -- because her children are there. Her family's there. Her mother-in-law is quite ill, in a nursing home in "Sfat," which is being bombed every day, so she has to make arrangements to bring her mother-in-law to where she lives. Some people are very aware, all the time, of how lucky we are.

TK: Yes.

MK: When you think about it -- between Pearl Harbor and 9/11, this country was never attacked.

TK: One thing about when we bring up Pearl Harbor -- I remind people that when we were attacked at Pearl Harbor, our country wasn't attacked, our military was attacked. Our navy was attacked. And they go, "Tom, what are you talking about? We were attacked?" I say, "Hawaii wasn't even a state then. Think about it." They go, "Oh, that's right. I forgot. Our military was

attacked over there." This country was attacked because our military was attacked, but look at what happened. This whole country rallied 'round that flag. They rallied around the President. They said, "We're not going to take it, and we're going to get even."

And that's exactly what happened. The people went into the service. Men and women went into the service. Women didn't serve in combat in those days (thank God), but they did the jobs in this country that men did. I remember Bethlehem Steel and Todd Shipyards, when I was going to "Vieques." I went over on a ship -- the Rockwell -- and there it was: "Built in Hoboken." I'm saying, "Hey, that's where I come from, up there." It was built at Todd Shipyards and Bethlehem Steel, in Hoboken.

But I remember women in the Second World War. I was just a kid. I'd go up there sometimes to collect bottles, and take them back to the store for deposit. I'd have a little wagon. When the men worked -- they worked three shifts -- when they finished with their soda, they laid the bottle by the curb. I would take the bottles back. That's the truth. Because we couldn't afford sneakers, we couldn't afford new clothes. We couldn't afford things like that.

I'll tell you a story I think is kind of funny. I think you'll appreciate this. There was a barbershop -- "Dorso's" Barbershop -- downtown Hoboken, on First Street between Monroe and

Jackson. Now the mayor, McFeeley, lived on Harrison Street. Okay? (My sons always say, "Dad, why do you have to tell these stories about horses?") But I used to take McFeeley's horses (they were big Clydesdales) to Alex, the blacksmith, right around the corner from where I lived, at 601 Ferry Street. (As I said, it's now Observer Highway. It was 601 Ferry Street.) Right around the corner was a real live blacksmith. I used to get a nickel to take two horses to get shod. Some of the horses could be shod right at the stable; some had to be altered. As I walked through the street with these two horses, the horse would lift up its head and take me right off the ground. They were the calmest things.

MK: They were the mayor's horses? Or McFeeley himself -- ?

TK: McFeeley picked up the garbage with a horse and wagon. Horse-drawn carts picked up the garbage. There were no trucks. Fruits and vegetables you got from the street, from a horse and wagon. The milk -- Jansen's Dairy -- was a horse and wagon. The ice man had a horse and wagon. I know I'm old, but -- people look at me and say, "How old are you?" I'm not kidding you. I used to take a horse and wagon out to Jersey City, and peddle fruits and vegetables. At the end of the day -- you'd get up at 5:30-6:00 in the morning. At the end of the day, you got back by 7:00 at night.

They would weigh all the fruits and vegetables, and you would get paid on what you sold. You'd pay for the horse, you'd pay for the oats, and you'd pay for the use of the wagon. Maybe the whole day - - three guys did that the whole day, and maybe you ended up with \$3.50 profit apiece, for the entire day. But you didn't care, because it gave you money for a soda, a bag of potato chips, a double-dip ice cream with sprinkles on. That's the way it was.

But the story I wanted to tell was -- I used to take these horses and get them shoed. "Dorso's" Barbershop was right on First Street. Now I only told two of my friends what I was doing. Years later, when I told the story at a reunion we had, everybody cracked up laughing. When I'd see Mayor McFeeley -- oh, he was a sharp, sharp dresser. He had the spats, he had the starched shirt; the tie right up to here; the three-piece suit. And when he walked, you could see him coming down the street. This was downtown Hoboken; we were all ragamuffins. He lived on First and Harrison Street. We knew he was going to "Dorso's," so we'd go in and sit there. This is what we used to do. It was a quarter to get a haircut. We'd sit there. There was no television. Mr. McFeeley would come in, and Mr. "Dorso" would say, "Boys, the mayor has a very, very important meeting to go to today. Would you mind if he went before you?" This was the drill. "Okay. Okay. All right, Mayor." "Thank you, boys," and he'd give us each a quarter. We would say, "Okay, Mr. 'Dorso,' we'll be back later," and we never

went back. We just went in there to get he quarter. Later on, when I was telling the story to people, they'd say, "No wonder you always hang out in a barbershop!" [Laughs} I think the mayor knew what we were doing, but he'd give us each a quarter. And Mr. "Dorso" never said to us, "I know what you're doing." He knew what we were doing, and never said a word to us. That was a little scam we had, if you will, downtown.

Down from the house from where I lived we had Cut-Rite Wax Paper. Did you ever hear of waxed paper?

MK: Of course. I still use it.

TK: Okay. Kids today don't know what it is. They know tin foil. But where I lived, one block away there was a factory. It had Cocoa Malt -- did you ever hear of Cocoa Malt? It was put in a chocolate drink. There was Davis Baking Powder, there was Scott Toilet Paper, and there was Cut-Rite Wax Paper. We never, never went to the store to buy any of that stuff, because they had a big open train, and when a box broke open they would throw it into the train. We would take it, and take it home. And my mother, with her brogue, would say, [Irish accent] "Tommy, you didn't steal this?" "No, Mom. I got it off the train." (I didn't tell her I went into the train where they were throwing it. All I said was "I got it off

the train," and the man gave it to me. It fell on the ground, and he said I could take it home.

So we always had waxed paper. My mother was a tremendous cook and baker. She baked a lot of bread, because you couldn't afford to buy it. She baked pies and stuff. We had the baking soda, Davis Baking Soda, and we had milk once in a while. We had the chocolate milk -- the cocoa malt. I delivered milk [?] -- I delivered "Middletown" milk for five hours, and I got a dollar. Five hours a night.

MK: When was that?

TK: In the late '40s -- '47-'48. I was a skinny little kid. I would carry eight bottles of milk in the right hand, and eight bottles of milk in the left hand, up five flights of stairs, delivering milk and then taking the empties, and bringing the empties down. Guys downtown used to say to me, "Tom, if you ever want to give up that job, just let me know." I used to go over on the ferry -- I used to sneak on the ferry and go over. Nobody paid attention in those days, at night. I'd go over. It was the *News* and *Mirror*. I don't know if you've heard of the *Mirror*. It was a New York paper. What I used to do -- I had a deal with the guy on the platform. He would sell them to me for two cents; I would put them under my arm, then I would come back on the ferry and sell them in

the taverns for five cents. There were over 220 taverns, with liquor licenses, in Hoboken when I went on the police department. There were taverns on every block, every corner. Some corners had four on each corner. It's hard to believe. People don't believe it, but it's true. I'd go in and yell, "'News! Mirror!," and I'd get a nickel, and I'd make a profit doing that. Then I'd shine shoes to make money. If I wanted a pair of sneakers... my mother and father had no money --

MK: Were you in high school then, or younger?

TK: I was just ready to go to high school. I wasn't in high school yet. I was just ready to go to high school.

But, like I said, I played sports. Whenever I had spare time, I played sports. I played basketball and football with some guys who went on to be great. Tom "Heinson" went on to be an All-American. He played on seven championship teams with the Celtics. He coached the Celtics. He was a coach of the Celtics. He still does the radio broadcast up there. I was the sixth man on that team. Dennis McGill, one of the greatest running backs from Yale, who is now a judge -- Dennis McGill, I was a quarterback when Dennis McGill played, and "Lou Cordelione," with Clemson. I went one year to Clemson; that didn't turn out too well. But "Louie" stayed, made All-American, and he was the number-one draft choice

for the New York Giants. They traded him for Y.A. Tittle. I was very active.

I didn't play as much baseball, because I had to get a job after school during baseball season, and I worked for \$1.25 an hour, up on 14th and Willow Avenue. There was a factory up there on 14th, on the northwest corner -- "McDonough and Lydon."

MK: That's a gas station now, isn't it?

TK: No, that's the northeast corner. This was the other side of the street. There was a big factory there when I was in high school. I got paid \$1.25. I'd save a dime. I'd walk from St. Michael's High School down to [?] and go right to work. I'd work for three hours and once in a while on a Saturday. It was still \$1.25 on a Saturday, too. Like I said, we were a poor family but we never complained about it. We never moaned about it, and all the kids I know from downtown Hoboken, with all the tragedies we had (who was critically injured, or killed in a car accident, or run over by a truck, trying to hitch onto a truck -- and we had some tragedies down there) -- but all the kids I was born and raised with, we all grew up not complaining, and we're friends to this day. Once in a while we have a reunion. We go out and have breakfast. We go to the cemetery and we visit our friends. I'm always asked to say a few words when we go to the different parts

of the cemetery and visit. I think growing up in downtown Hoboken, as a poor person, made me a better person. I really believe that. It made me a better person. I appreciate more of the things I didn't have as I grow older. I really appreciate the fact that I was born and raised with everybody in the same boat. As I said earlier, that's what brought us together.

MK: How old were you when you joined the police force?

TK: Oh, let's see. I must have been twenty-nine. Yeah. I came out of the Marine Corps and I was a longshoreman. Tommy "Hanley" -- did you see the picture *On the Waterfront*? Do you know Tommy "Hanley?" Well, he became a longshoreman (at a young age; he lied about his age), and when I came out -- what they called on the piers were gangs. You were Number #1 gang, Number #2 gang, Number #3 gang; you had the "string pieced"; the "hole men"; the "deck men"; and the men who worked on the dock, the dock men. Tommy "Hanley" was in my gang, and we worked all of them years together. When I married and he married, we went out on dates, we bowled together and hung out together. We were good friends. In fact, I saw him a couple of weeks ago, at a run-off election in Bayonne. He came over to where I was, and was talking to me. We shot the breeze a little bit. But I know Tommy -- I always tease him. I always say, "A pigeon for a pigeon," and things like that. He says, "Will you

knock it off?" But he's a good guy. He's still working, you know. Fifty years he's been on the piers.

MK: He's still on the piers?

TK: He's still on the piers. He's a crane operator, and he's a shop steward now. He ran for office about six months ago. The federal government took over the union (it was corrupt), and he decided he wanted to get involved rather than just operate a crane. He wanted to do something. He ran for office, and he won. Now he's a shop steward in Bayonne. Like I say, we've been friends for many, many, many years.

MK: But he was pretty young when the movie was made.

TK: He was only a kid. He was just a kid. He was just a young kid. Yeah. His aunt saw me -- because he lived underneath the pigeon coop. They were doing a scene up on top, and he went up and asked about it. Elia Kazan got him, passed a remark to him, he said something back to Elia Kazan, and they said, "This is the kid we want." We had two cops who were in that movie, too. They just had a little bit part, when Marlon Brando goes up and he says, "A pigeon for a pigeon," or something like that.

But it was fun watching them make it. You'll get a kick out of this, I think. I was in high school when they were making the picture. Just before I left for the Marine Corps they were making the picture, I guess it was. Yes. When you played sports at the high school, the priest used to let you out for a week during Christmas, and you used to get paid a dollar an hour to deliver mail. They used to get kids to deliver the mail, because they had so much mail. We used to get a dollar an hour.

So we went up to the Little League field, and we're watching them film. They were going to some film on the waterfront. (This is a true story. I'm not making this up.) One of the guys, Chuck "Marone," says, "Tom, you guys -- come on. You want to make \$7.00? We need a bunch of guys for the 'shape-up' scene." Now we're only kids. Not only are we going to make \$7.00 -- we're going to be in this movie! Now nobody dreamed this movie was going to be as great as it was; we just knew it was going to be a movie. So we line up behind the Holland-American line, and Tommy "Morielli," who was a heavyweight fighter, and Tony "Galento," are standing there having coffee and we're talking to them. It was a big deal; we're talking to two heavyweight fighters, you know, shooting the breeze with them. All of a sudden they say, "Okay. Pay attention," and they tell us what to do. The guy says, "Don't look at the camera." The camera was on the second floor of "Pier C." They called it the "loft." Of course, we start walking, and Eva Marie Saint and Karl

Malden are down below, way in front of us. Somebody looks up at the camera, and the guy screams at us again. So we had to do it again.

To make a long story short -- the next day we go down to a club on Monroe Street. I walk up the stairs, and it was a scene like *On The Waterfront*. There was a guy, a bald-headed Italian guy, smoking a cigar at a pool table, and Chuck is standing by the door. He says, "Hey, Chuck. Hey, Tom. Go over and see him." So I go over and see Tony. I say, "Hey, Tony." "What's your name?" "Tom Kennedy." He hands me a five-dollar bill. I said, "No, no. Ton, it's \$7.00." He says, "No, kid. It's \$5.00." I said, "No, no. Chuck said it was \$7.00." So he says, "Chuck, straighten the kid out." I walk over to the door. Chuck says to me, "What is it?" I said, "You told me \$7.00. You only gave me \$5.00." Chuck says, "Come back tomorrow. If we can use you again, we'll throw you in another scene."

So there were 200 guys in the "shape-up" scene. Each guy was supposed to get \$7.00. They took \$2.00 off each guy. And the funny part is, they're making a story about corruption on the waterfront, and while they're making the picture this is going on! I'm laughing. To me, this was kind of funny. I was disappointed that I didn't get the other \$2.00, but later on I thought, "This is ironic. They're making a picture about corruption on the waterfront, and -- "

MK: That's funny.

TK: The picture was made -- I don't know if you ever heard it -- about Tony Mike DiVencenzo. He was a very good friend of mine, a very good friend of mine. But they made the picture about him, he sued, and he won. He won, and he opened up a restaurant in Hoboken.

MK: Why did he sue?

TK: Because they were making a story about his life, and he wasn't consulted. The whole story was about everything he did to stop corruption on the waterfront. He felt that he should have been taken care of, and sure enough (I think it was Warner Brothers or whatever), they took care of him. He opened up a restaurant. The Grotto was the name of the restaurant. It was down steps. He won, and he lived to a ripe old age. He was a good friend of mine. There was a lot of excitement in Hoboken. Peppy Vandenberg's, where we used to eat lunch -- that was the scene where Marlon Brando cut his hand, when he was in there looking for John Friendly, and all that. It was kind of exciting, watching all this go on in Hoboken.

MK: So when you were twenty-nine, you joined the police force. How long were you a cop?

TK: Twenty-eight years. Twenty-eight years. They were tough times. Like I said, you had the waterfront. When I went on duty sometimes, they'd tell me to go down to the post on Hudson and River Streets. I had thirty-seven taverns on my post, and no communications. We didn't have walkie-talkies. You had what they called a callbox, and you had keys. You had to call posts #1 and #2, it was called (the newspapers called it the Barbary Coast). There was a callbox up by the Little League field, and there was one on Second and River Street. So you had to call at five after the hour on Second Street, then five after the hour at the next box. If you didn't call in, the dispatcher would send a car down to look for you, thinking maybe something happened. If you got in trouble -- and don't forget, you had longshoremen; you had sailors; you had truck drivers; and seamen. And you're talking about at closing time -- there were some very interesting fisticuffs that took place. When the bars closed at night -- I worked, say, the midnight to 8:00 shift. I worked for eleven years from 8:00 to 4:00 for one week, 4:00 to 12:00 the next week, midnight to 8:00 the next week.

MK: What a terrible schedule!

TK: Oh, it was. Terrible. Every week you had a different shift. But when you worked the midnight to 8:00 shift, the bars closed on Saturday night at 3:00 -- the "tavern squad" would come down, in plain clothes. There were four of them. They'd send a detective down, and they'd send a two-man car down, plus you. That's how many policemen you had in the area, because at closing time where were always, always problems. I don't think a night went by at closing time where something didn't happen. It was kind of an experience, working in the Hoboken police department in those days.

MK: In those days, when you were on the beat, it was just one guy --

TK: One guy.

MK: -- walking up and down.

TKD: One guy walking the beat, up and own. Yep. And you had a book, a little brown book. They called it the "rounds" book. The sergeant would book you two times on your tour of duty, and when he came by, drove by, you were hoping he would come over and book you. If he went by, you just gave him a salute. You didn't

stand at attention -- you just went like that -- he would drive back, return the salute, and drive right by you.

Now you had to stay out. On a cold winter night you had to stay out, because you knew you had to get booked twice. Maybe an hour later he would come by, and he'd pull over. You'd go, "Hey, Sarge," and he'd tell you to write in the book, "Two-thirty River Street." You'd put "Two-Thirty River Street, 3:30 A.M." Then you'd hand him the book, and he'd initial it. He'd give you the book back, and he'd say, "I'll see you later," but you never knew when you were going to see him. When you went in for coffee -- if you took a break for coffee -- you made sure your back was to the wall, so you were looking out the door. If you saw the radio car go by, what you would do was you would put your winter coat on, walk out, and start walking up your post, hoping he would turn around and catch you for the second booking. But that was a gimmick; you always had to make sure you were looking out the window, in case the sergeant went by.

But every guy I went on the job with -- my brother was sworn in the same day, as I told you earlier. There were ten cops and ten firemen; every one was a veteran. So when you were given orders, you just did what you did. You just did what you were told. There was no, "Why do I have to do that?" or "Why me?" Or when the fire [?], "Why do I have to be detailed doing traffic on 13th Street, in the freezing weather?" Or when the fire's over, they'd

say, "Kennedy, fire, 422 Madison Street," and you're detailed all night. You couldn't take your own car, you couldn't take a police car, so you stood in a "hall" across the street.

That's the way it was in those days. Later on they gave permission to take your own car, to keep warm. Later on they would let you go down to the garage and take a police car, and sit in the police car -- so nobody would go into the houses and try to steal things. Like that.

MK: Did you have a union in the early days?

TK: Yes, but we never got paid. It was a union, but it was very weak. The politicians ran things. We never got paid overtime. If you got stuck at a bad auto accident and did the report, or at a fire; or an armed-robbery, you did the report and you were there for two extra hours, you never got paid. You got a subpoena to appear in court. You'd work the midnight to 8:00 shift, you'd go up to the county, and you'd be sitting there. At 2:30 in the afternoon the attorney would come out and say, "Officer Kennedy?" and you'd say, "Thank God." He'd say, "We don't need you today. Come back tomorrow." And I never got paid for it.

They gave you time off. They would put time on the books. So then you'd be working, say, the 4:00 to 12:00 shift, and at 11:00 they'd say, "At 1:05 make it 10:12." That means "Come into

headquarters." At 11:00 you'd go in, thinking you had to do something -- take a prisoner somewhere or something -- and the sergeant would say, "Okay. You can go home now." "Why?" "We're deducting the hour we owe you." But you didn't want the hour then. You wanted to put in for the hour when you needed it. But that's the way it was. Then all of a sudden, when the young guys got on now, we're starting to fight for our rights. They were going to give us, I think, a \$300 raise or hospitalization." Now hospitalization cost very little in those days. But the older guys, who were going to retire in three, four, six years, five years, they wanted the raise. So I made a motion at the meeting -- on top of the Barrel Tavern on Fifth and Bloomfield Streets --

TAPE 1, SIDE 2

MK: Why don't you talk? I want to see what the volume is.

TK: This is Tom Kennedy again, at the American Legion Post, #107.

MK: It's too low.

TK: Tom Kennedy, American Legion Post #107. That sounds pretty good. You ask me the question, then hand me the mike, or hold the mike, and I'll answer it. Maybe that will be better.

MK: Keep talking.

TK: Okay. I'm going to keep speaking to you. We have 110 members here. It's a hot, hot day, and we have the fans on. No air-conditioning, but we can put up with it, I think.

MK: Okay. Tom --

TK: Yes.

MK: Where were you born?

TK: I was born in Jersey City, but I was raised in the city of Hoboken -- in fact, the last house in Hoboken, in back of the firehouse on Observer Highway, 554 Newark Street. It was, in reality, the last house in Hoboken. If I walked out of my house and walked about sixty yards, I was in lower Jersey City.

I'm one of seven children. My father was born in lower Jersey City; my mother was born in Culhane, County Kerry, in

Ireland. She came over from Ireland when she was a young girl. They met, married, and brought seven Kennedys into the world.

MK: How did they meet? Do you know?

TK: They met at a dance in St. Joseph's School Hall. Many years ago, that's the way people met. They had parish dances, a lot of immigrants came over, and they met the young men who were working hard. They met, fell in love, and were married in St. Joseph's School, downtown Hoboken. All the seven children were baptized there, and all the seven children attended school at St. Joseph's.

MK: Now St. Joseph's doesn't exist anymore, right?

TK: No. The church, only by request of marriage or a deceased -- they'll have services for you then. On Sunday they have two masses, one in Spanish and one in English. That's the extent of the activities at St. Joseph's.

MK: Where is it?

A: It's located on Monroe Street, between Observer Highway and First Street. I was an altar boy at St. Joseph's, with my three brothers.

MK: Wow. That's great.

TK: That was part of a ritual, growing up in a Christian family. You went to a Catholic school, and the mother's pride would be to see her sons on the altar, serving mass.

MK: So you went to school entirely here, in Hoboken.

TK: Not entirely. I went to St. Joseph's School, then I attended St. Michael's High School in Union City. My mother and father wanted me to continue with my Christian upbringing, and St. Michael's was very active in sports, also. I was an athlete, and played many years in sports. Believe it or not, the tuition was \$10 a month. When I told the pastor up there that I couldn't afford to pay the \$10, because there were seven children, and my father was a firefighter and didn't make too much money, the pastor up there gave me an athletic scholarship for \$10 a month. Hard to believe, but true.

MK: What was the age-span between you and your siblings?

TK: Believe it or not, my mother had four children four years in a row. My brother Joe, who's a retired firefighter; my sister, Ellen, was next; my brother Mike was born the following year; and I was born the year after that. Four in a row. It's a terrible thing to say, but when I was born my mother was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. A couple years later my sister, Mary, was born, and a couple years after that my brother Richard was born. One child was born and died at a very, very young age, and we had some tragedy in the family. My older sister died at the age of thirty-three, of a massive heart attack, and left four children. My brother, Richard, died at the age of fifty-one, walking out of a theatre with his wife (a heart attack); and my brother, Mike, suffered a heart attack, but later on he passed away from cancer. And I survived, believe it or not, a massive heart attack a few years back, and I've had five bypasses. So heart attacks, on my father's side, ran in the family. My two cousins didn't reach fifty; my father died of a heart attack; his two brothers died of a heart attack; my sister died of a heart attack. I survived a heart attack, and I'm one of the fortunate ones. My mother, believe it or not, died at the age of ninety-four, and never had a heart condition in her entire life.

MK: It sounds like you have some of your mother's genes, as well as your father's.

TK: Thank God. I think my mother brought me through it. Yes.

MK: You said she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown? Because she had the children?

TK: I really don't know, but after four children, four years in a row, I would assume -- In those days, people had four, five, six, seven, eight, nine children. A lot of people today can't believe that, but it was kind of common that you had more than two or three children, in those days.

MK: Of course, I believe it. There are people now, obviously, who have that many.

As a matter of fact, I was visiting some cousins a couple of days ago, and one of my cousins has been married six years; she has four children, and another on the way.

TK: Oh! I hope she doesn't have a nervous breakdown.
[Laughter]

MK: She's a very calm kind of person.

After you finished with St. Michael's, what did you do?

TK: Well, when I was in St. Michael's, the Korean war was on, and I had two brothers -- my brother Joe, the oldest one, and my brother, Mike, who was a year older than I -- both of them, believe it or not, served in Korea during the war. Every night after we ate supper (we ate as a family), we would go into the bedroom and we would pray the rosary to keep my brothers safe. It was a ritual that we all did. I thought I was a tough kid from downtown Hoboken, and I wanted to do something. I went out -- I played hooky one day. (If any children are listening to this, don't pay attention to what I did.) But I played hooky one day from high school, I went up to the recruiter and joined the Marine Corps. The Marine recruiting sergeant called up the pastor of the school, and told him what I had done. They called my father, we had a meeting in the principal's office -- with the priest, Sister Anne Joseph, and my father -- and they convinced me it was best I stay in high school. But they promised that if I graduated, I would be the first class to go into the Marine Corps, on the very first day, after graduation.

Well, I graduated on the 20th of June, and on the 24th of June I was in Paris Island, South Carolina. That night I looked up and asked God why he let me do this. I could not believe what I was going through. It was tough, tough Marine Corps training. But I went through eleven weeks of it, and it took me through life. It really and truly did. It took me through life.

MK: Were your brothers in the Marines, as well?

TK: No. I had two brothers in the service. I had a brother in the army, and my other brother -- who, believe it or not, my mother adopted -- not through papers. He was a poor kid from downtown Hoboken. He lived with his grandmother and grandfather, and had no family. When Eugene's grandmother and grandfather died, he came and lived with us. My mother would always call him her son, and that's the way we accepted him. He lived right with us. He was raised in the same house. He was just part of our family. And he's still alive today. His last name was Kuhn. Eugene Kuhn was his name, and he always kept his name. He never changed his name, and there were no papers signed. He just came to live with us, and my mother adopted him as her son.

MK: What a wonderful thing for your mother to do. Is Kuhn Irish, as well?

TK: You know, I really and truly don't know. Kuhn. I really don't know. But he celebrated St. Paddy's Day with us, of course (he had no choice). [Laughs] But when my mom passed away, I remember he leaned over the coffin and kissed her. He said, "I'm going to miss you, Mom." He had tears in his eyes. It was very moving for him, because he called my mother his mother.

MK: And how old was he when he came into your house?

TK: He was about eighteen. Eighteen years old. Approximately eighteen. He was an altar boy at St. Joseph's too, and went through St. Joseph's School also.

MK: That's a wonderful thing to do.

So your two brothers, then, were in the army?

TK: One was in the army, in Korea, one was in the air force, in photo-intelligence. Then my other brother, Richie, was in the army, and he was stationed in Germany during the Berlin crisis. My brother Gene (who was my adopted brother, but I'll call him my brother) also served in Germany, after the Second World War. After the Korean war, they had that probably at the Berlin wall -- that crisis there -- and they both served there.

MK: So were they in the Korean war as well?

TK: No, they weren't in the Korean war. Just my brother Joe and my brother Mike.

MK: And you were a Korean war veteran, weren't you?

TK: Well, I was very fortunate. The Korean war had come to an end. This is hard to believe, but the fellows I was in the Marine Corps with were very, very disappointed, because we were young kids, we thought we were tough guys, and we went through all that training. We were waiting to go into combat, and the war came to an end and, thank God, my mother said a lot of rosaries for that to happen, and she got her prayers answered.

MK: Right. At the age of nineteen, you have no idea what combat is like.

TK: No clue. No clue at all. After we left boot camp we went to an island called Viegas. It's off the coast of Puerto Rico. It's a terrible experience there; but, again, it takes you through what you could go through if war broke out again and you had to fight on the islands; like, you know, the Marines usually

fight on the islands. That's where most of their combat was during the Second World War -- the South Pacific.

You landed in the island of Viegas, and you stayed there for three months. There were snakes, and mice, and bugs, there was the heat and humidity, the grass and everything. You're laying on the ground for three months, and you lived in what they called "combat conditions"; you didn't eat real, hot meals, you ate out of what they called C-rations. You were permitted to come back out of the jungle, I guess you would call it; you were allowed to come back once a week, take a cold shower, and right back again. It was a terrible, terrible experience. I did two tours there.

What they did was they prepared you. They pretended they took you prisoner, and they gave you a hard time. It prepared you, God forbid. If we ever went to war again we'd be prepared, mentally and physically. As I say, it took me through life. When I was discharged from the Marine Corps, I was a longshoreman. Now a lot of people in Hoboken don't know what that is. They ask me, "What's a longshoreman?"

Well, Hoboken, years ago, had ships from the Lackawanna Turnpike all the way up to Weehawken, and what you do is load and unload ships. On hot, hot days you're down in the hold of the ship, sweating; on freezing days, you're down there, working; and whenever I was told to do something, as a longshoreman, I did it automatically, because I was a Marine Corps vet, and I knew how

to take orders. I was there for about seven years. Then I took the test for the police department, I passed, and I had a choice -- to go onto the police department or the fire department. My brother Joe, who was a veteran, he went on the fire department. I was sworn in the same day, into the police department. My father became, in the meantime, the fire captain. He was there when we were sworn in; it was a great day for the Kennedy family.

By the way, my father (this is hard to believe. You tell this to people today, and they shake their head when they walk away. I don't think they do believe it), my father went on the fire department with Frank Sinatra's father. He made \$1,200 a year, and worked eighty-four hours a week.

MK: Eighty-four hours. When was that?

TK: This was right as the Depression was coming to an end. When you went to the store, you didn't take money with you. Everything was on the book. Believe it or not -- people shake their head and laugh, when I tell this story -- Louie Francone was a councilman in downtown Hoboken for many years, but before he became a councilman he had a grocery store and bakery. He baked Italian bread. You'd go in and say, "Mr. Francone, give me a dollar's worth of cold cuts," and he'd give you a slice of baloney, a slice of ham baloney, a slice of spiced ham. There was a slice of a cold cut

called Cincinnati (don't ask me where they got that name from). Then he would say, "Tom, don't you want a loaf of bread?" and I'd say, "No, Lou. My mother just said cold cuts," and Louie would give you a loaf of Italian bread to take home. That's the kind of guy he was, and that's the truth. He used to do that. But a dollar's worth of mixed cold cuts, and you didn't give him the dollar; he would open his brown book, and put it in the book. Then when my father got paid, there was like \$2.50 for Francone, and Sam "Pincus," we owed him -- that's the way it was. Fruits and vegetables. It was tough times. When you went to the butcher, you had a little book with you, and they took little coupons out of the book when you bought meat. You could only buy so much meat during the Second World War. They had the coupons, and if you used up your coupons, that was it. You were out of it, and you couldn't use them again. Gasoline, for people who did own a car, could use the coupons. If they used up their coupons, they couldn't get any more gasoline. Everyone in this country, during the Second World War, sacrificed. As a little kid, I remember how tough that was, but I don't remember anybody ever complaining. I don't remember that at all. And that's the truth. I'm not making that up. No one ever complained. They just did what they did, did what they had to do, and sacrificed. Everyone sacrificed, to support the troops.

MK: I remember -- I don't know how I can remember this, because I was just an infant during the Second World War -- but I remember my mother and her friends pooling their sugar funds, so they could make a cake.

TK: Yes, that's a fact. People would swap. A neighbor would say, "Mrs. Kennedy, do you have an extra couple coupons for a certain item? I'll send you over a couple of coupons for something else." Yes, absolutely. They would swap. And, you know, we ate -- we didn't eat well, but I'll give you an example. Chicken soup: load it with boiled potatoes. Vegetable soup: load it with boiled potatoes. Pasta, one day, sometimes no meatballs. Just pasta, and Italian bread. And pea soup, believe it or not, had boiled potatoes. So it was an Irish custom, for boiled potatoes; but, in reality, it was a necessity, to survive. With all of those children, my father, coming home from the firehouse, with a couple of pennies to pay -- we never complained. The only time we had a roast -- maybe a roast beef was on a Sunday. All the children went to mass, the 9:00 mass at St. Joseph's. All the children went to the 9:00 mass, and you sat with your class. The nun would sit behind the class; then, when you went home you played with the kids in the street. My father had a whistle (everybody knew his whistle), and it was time to eat. We'd go up, we'd all bow our heads and say grace before meals, and on Sunday we would have a

roast -- and mashed potatoes and gravy and a vegetable. It was kind of a special day for all of us.

And all the families downtown were like that. The Italians would have their types of meals. We had a Jewish synagogue on Grand Street, between Newark and First Street. Mr. Kramer, who's a dear friend of mine and owns property in Hoboken -- I've known him since he's a kid -- I believe it was his grandfather who was a cantor. I think that's what they called it, a cantor.

MK: Right. It is.

TK: And we all got along. There was black, white, Jewish, Polish, Italian, Irish, and we all got along, because we were all in the same boat. One thing we had in common that brought us together: We were all poor. That's what gave us the companionship we had. There were no fights among each other. We played sports, with each other and against each other. It was really a great, great experience, growing up in those times.

MK: Were there not people in Hoboken then who were -- I don't want to say "rich," but maybe upper-middle-class?

TK: Well, I'll tell you the truth. I tell the story (and some people shake their head, and wonder if I'm telling the

truth) -- we were kind of ragamuffin kids, as we called ourselves in downtown Hoboken. We were so poor that my father would give us what he called a blitzkrieg. He would cut all our hair off, because we couldn't afford -- there were four boys, and we couldn't afford a haircut. It was a quarter a piece in those days. So my father would cut all our hair off, and we wore what we called overalls. The kids call them jeans today, and pay all kinds of money. My mother, rest her soul, would be at night -- if the jeans had a hole in them, she would put a patch in them. Later on that became the style. We had holes in our sneakers, and we had linoleum (they called it oil cloth) or cardboard, and we would actually put it in our sneakers, because we were too poor to get another pair. When we would walk uptown, to try to book a baseball game in Cut-Rite Field, where we played -- we wanted to play some other kids (and this is the truth) -- some women (this is the truth. They weren't trying to hurt us. They didn't realize what they were saying), they would say to us, just by the way we dressed, "Get back downtown where you belong." Because the people uptown -- a lot of professionals lived uptown (doctors and attorneys) -- and a lot of people lived in what they call brownstones today. A lot of them lived uptown, and a lot of them went to private schools. They went to Sacred Heart Academy, St. Peter's prep, and the kids were terrific with us. There was no problem. Not all women, but some women would see us come into the neighborhood, and right away they

knew by the way we dressed that we didn't come from uptown. We never cursed at the women or anything. We'd say, "Okay. Ma'am. All right." We wouldn't obey, of course, and walk around the block the other way. We'd say to a couple guys, "You want to get a couple guys, nine guys, and play us in Cut-Rite field on Saturday? You want to play a baseball game?" And that's the way we did it.

But we did dress differently than a lot of people in Hoboken. People don't understand, and they're kind of confused when they hear that Hoboken is one-square-mile. They say, "How can there be an uptown and a downtown in one-square-mile?" Well, being from downtown, I know. I know there was a downtown. And we were tough kids down there. We were ragamuffin kids. Like I say, we didn't have jewelry; we didn't have a ring; we didn't have a chain around our neck. The girls didn't wear fancy clothes. They didn't wear earrings, they didn't wear bracelets. If one of them did have a birthday and someone did get a bracelet, everybody in the neighborhood would take a look at it because it was a special event. And even if you got a football -- some kid maybe got a football for his birthday -- everybody would go and say, "Wow! You got a brand-new football! That's terrific." And if you were standing on the corner and a girl came by, somebody would say, "Watch your language. Here comes So-and-So's sister." Or "Watch your language, here comes Mrs. So-and-So." And we had Sam Pincus. He was a great guy, Sam. He used to call us all Shmegegis. If we

hung out in front of his store, making -- I don't know what that meant. He was an old Jewish man, and he was a great, great guy.

We bought butter by the piece, a piece of butter -- you didn't buy it like it is today -- and milk we bought in a container. I delivered groceries for Sam, and I got ten cents a day. That was from like 8:00 in the morning to about 5:00 at night. Then he would make me a sandwich to take with me. When I'd go, he'd kick me in the rear end and say, "Go home now, and behave yourself Shmegegi." I asked some Jewish people what Shmegegi means, and still, to this day, I don't know what it means.

MK: I means somebody who's a little confused about life; not necessarily very sharp. But it sounds to me like he was using it in a fond way.

TK: He was, because he always had a smile on his face when he said it. It was nothing degrading. We never took it degrading. That's the first time -- I asked John Gordon what it meant one time, and he said, "I have no idea." I told him the story, and he said, "I have no idea what it means." But he used to do that. He used to call us Shmegegis.

MK: Did people bring their own containers for the milk?

TK: Yes. You brought a metal container. It was stainless steel, and they would have a measuring cup to put it into a big -- did you ever see these big containers that they take off the farm? Well, they'd put that in, pour it in, and charge you for as much milk as you got. Eggs were sold loose, too. They were loose; you didn't buy half a dozen in container or a dozen. They were loose.

MK: And the butter was a big block of butter, and he cut off a piece.

TK: He cut off a piece, and then put it on a scale. He'd weigh it, wrap it up, and, again, he would put it in the book. And when my father got paid, he would go up and see him. We had the Three Brothers. They were on First and Grand Street. If you needed underwear or socks, or my sister needed a bra, or my mother needed something -- and there was Epsteins. The women used to go into Epsteins to buy things, off First and Jefferson, and you used to sit in the store and talk to Mrs. Epstein. Saturday night was a night out on First Street. Believe it or not, First Street, years ago, did more business than Washington Street, from one end of First Street to the other. The trolley cars went up First Street and down Second Street, but people got on the trolley cars for a

nickel, drove up to whatever store they wanted to, and everybody met everybody on a Saturday night. Like I said, a lot of them didn't have telephones, there was no TV, no air-conditioners. We had an icebox, we didn't have a refrigerator. When my brother Richie was a baby, we'd go up to the firehouse to see my father and spend some time with him. She'd say, "Anthony, here's a dime. Bring a piece of ice to my house." He'd be on First and Madison or Jefferson Street; he'd get the horse and wagon -- the door wasn't even locked -- and he'd go down and put a piece of ice in, and walk out. Nobody locked their doors. Hard to believe.

In the house we lived in at 554 Newark Street, there was one toilet in the hall for two families to share. (Again, people don't believe this), but there was no heat, no hot water, and there was no electricity. There was a little thing, a gas-thing jet that you put on, to put light in. Then when we moved around the corner, to 601 Observer Highway (it's now called Observer Highway, it used to be called 601 Ferry Street), the trolley car went right by my window. We had a toilet and a bathtub, and some of the kids from downtown Hoboken that I hung out with said, "Tom, can we come up and take a look at the toilet and the bathtub?" They were all excited that there was a toilet and a bathtub in a special -- in a different room. Because we didn't have bathtubs in 554 Newark Street. People say, "In the summer, how did you take care of yourself?" Well, the women and the girls would take care of

themselves one way, and we would go to the firehouse. Because two times a day the firemen would open a fire hydrant and block off the street. They would open a fire hydrant, and they would put an apparatus on. Sprinkles would come out, you'd go under there, and my mother (rest her soul) would give us a bar of "Octagon" soap, and that's how we took our shower in the afternoon and evening.

MK: You took your clothes off in the street?

TK: We wore a bathing suit.

MK: Oh. What did you do in the winter?

TK: In the winter, we did the best we could with the indoors. My mother would make us go in a room and take sponge baths.

MK: With a toilet and a bathtub in the kitchen?

TK: No, the toilet was between the bedroom and the kitchen. There was one room between the bedrooms and the kitchen. But it was one room. It had a sink, a bathtub and a toilet -- which many families downtown didn't have. Hard to believe, but on Jackson Street -- there were a lot of families who lived on Jackson Street.

Most of the families there were Italian. Believe it or not, they had an outhouse. They actually had an outhouse.

MK: What's the period of time we're talking about here?

TK: Well, I was born in '33. The war broke out -- I remember when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. That was December 7, 1941, in the early hours of the morning. I remember that very, very well, because, like I say (I'm repeating myself), they didn't have telephones, so people opened the windows and I heard them yelling. Church was out and we were playing. I heard them yelling, "Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. DiVincenza, someone just said -- it's on the radio -- that the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Mrs. O'Brien's son -- pray for her. Her son is in the navy." They would yell out the window, because when they hung wash during the week, that's how they would communicate. They would be able to communicate back and forth. It wasn't long after that, that I remember the bells in St. Joseph started to ring.

The masses in those days were crowded. Everybody went to mass. Religion, today, has kind of taken a back seat, for some reason. But when the church started to ring the bells, loads of people started to go into the church. The priest came onto the altar, and people were lighting candles. The priest was saying,

"Pray for our men and women in the military. We'll give you an update." He said, for the people who didn't have radios, he would give them an update on what was taking place. Every night after that, at about 6:30 or 7:00, there was what they called a benediction.

I remember it so well, because I was an altar boy. Every night a different altar boy had to go in, put our vestments on, and the priest would come out. I remember so clearly, the priest -- I'd see a family in church, holding each other and crying. The priest would say, "Let's say prayers for the Butler family. They're here with us tonight. They just received a telegram that their son is missing in action. Another night you'd see another family crying. "Let's pray for the Romano family. They just received a telegram that heir son Anthony," whom I happened to know when I was a kid, "was killed in action." I knew Jimmy Butler, also. That's a story that's unbelievable.

Jimmy Butler was in a plane over Germany. His plane was hit with flak, and his stomach was ripped wide open. This is the truth. He was reported missing in action; later on, they found out what happened. This story is hard to believe, but this actually happened. They threw a parachute on him, because they knew he was going to bleed to death -- they could never get back to the base -- and they threw him out of the plane, over Germany. He landed in a tree, and he was taken prisoner of war. A German doctor saved his

life. I remember the big story in the paper when he came back. He married a girl who lived right across the street from St. Joseph's. I'll never forget the wedding that day. Her name was Lucy Nardone, and Jimmy died about six years ago. But that's a true story. That actually happened. They threw him out of a plane, and a German doctor saved his life when he was a prisoner of war.

MK: He survived?

TK: He survived.

There were other stories that were quite interesting. There was a kid -- I didn't know him well, but a friend of mine who just died a few months ago -- Jimmy Walker, he won the silver star -- he remembers this little kid, Georgie "Ward," who lived on Second Street. He said, "Tom, what I remember about him is he always whistled when he was walking." He was a skinny little kid, and he always whistled. He used to go into a candy store on Second and Monroe Street. The war broke out, and I remember all these guys going. I was a kid. I remember everybody hugging and kissing, their mothers wishing them luck, their fathers hugging them and shaking their hands. I remember going to church and praying for them all the time. I remember shaking their hands and saying -- you know. I was a little kid, all excited.

Anyway, Georgie "Ward" -- it was reported that he was missing in action. Well, his family had moved away. He lived on Second and Harrison Street. The projects weren't there then; there was just open fields down there. When the war ended and all the servicemen came home, people were asking, "Whatever happened to Georgie Ward?" They said, "Well, his family moved away and he was missing. He must have been a POW," because I know a lot of fellows who were POWs, and a lot who were wounded. "He must have been released when the war ended," because if he was missing, they assumed he was a POW. Because his body was never found.

About fifty years later, there's a man digging over in China and he finds part of an airplane. He finds a .45, some leather boots, some leather jackets that had deteriorated, and, believe it or not, he finds dog-tags. Georgie Ward's dog-tags were found. He was killed. It was on *60 Minutes*.

MK: How did that happen?

TK: Well, what happened was he went out on a bombing run -- the whole story was on *60 Minutes* -- he was out on a bombing run. I think there were about a dozen guys on the plane. On their way back, they were informed that their airstrip was being attacked by the enemy; they had to go to a different airfield to land, and they were never heard from again. Never heard from again. Fifty

years later, this man was digging at the base of a mountain and found his dog-tags, several other dog-tags, and there was one set of dog-tags that weren't found. The man whose dog-tags weren't found -- his son was on *60 Minutes*, and he said, "Until the day I die, I'm going to be over there, looking and looking and looking." I don't know if they found his dog-tags; I never heard

But George Ward's nephew marched, six years ago, in the Memorial Day Parade right in Hoboken, with his uncle's dog-tags around him. It was a tremendous moment for us -- to think that these dog-tags laid in the ground all that time, and Georgie Ward, we found out, was killed in action, actually.

MK: That's a great story.

TK: It's a true story. I have some different names that I wrote down. That means so much to me, because as a kid growing up I saw them leave, I saw them come back, I saw them wounded, who was reported missing in action. So I wrote some things down, knowing that this interview would take place.

Jimmy Butler. I just told you his story. He was missing in action, was a POW, and a doctor saved his life. Walter Devine, a member of this post, who worked for the city -- he only died a few years ago -- he was torpedoed twice. He was missing in action, and he survived. Jimmy Carney was wounded in action.

Anthony Romano was killed in action. These are ones that I knew from St. Joseph's Parish, downtown. Jimmy McManus was wounded in action. Ralph Cook was killed in action. Walter Pinaccio was wounded in action. He lost his leg. He was the commander of this post when he came back. Francis Leahy, former councilman for the city of Hoboken; missing in action, POW. Warren Kane, who lived in my house -- 601 Observer Highway, then Ferry Street -- torpedoed, lost at sea, missing in action, and when he came back he was never the same. He was a young kid when he went in. He was never the same, poor Warren. It was pitiful when he came back. He just never recuperated from his experience.

Anthony Astor, wounded in action; George "Enney," wounded in action; Walter "Camarale," won a silver star, wounded in action; Frank "DePuzzo, wounded in action, was a POW; Eddie O'Brien was wounded in action; John Catalano, missing in action, was a POW, lost his arm; Vic "Luizzi," killed in action; Georgie Ward, whom I just told you the story about, was missing in action, and we found out fifty years later that he was killed in action; Sal "Cemelli," a former councilman who is a member of this post, wounded in action; and Roy Huelbig, who was a firefighter, wounded in action. I'm only giving you a few of the ones I knew from downtown Hoboken, the ones that I knew.

I'll never forget the feeling I had when the war came to an end and they all came back. We were all young kids. There

were what they called block parties. They'd block off the street, people would sing "God Bless America," and "This is God's Country," and "This is My Country." Bands would play, there would be beer and hotdogs. It was a time in my life that I'll never, ever forget. They were real, true heroes. And you know, when I introduce some of them sometimes -- even years ago, when I would say, "You know, you're a hero," they would actually say, "No, no, Tom. I'm no hero. I just did my job," and they'd pat me on the head. I was a young kid, I was calling them heroes, and they were a little embarrassed by it. They never, ever thought of themselves as heroes, they just did their job. When they went into the service, they were going in to defend this country, fight for this country. Sometimes I get a little upset when I see some of the news media and what they say about what's going on. If we don't fight -- I hate war, everybody hates war, but if we don't fight wars in a foreign country we're gonna fight them here -- and we did fight one here, close to it. We had September 11th. Three thousand people were murdered. They weren't killed in combat, they were murdered by the enemy. It kind of hurts when I see some of our elected officials -- whose names I won't mention -- get up and criticize the president, instead of doing what they did in the Second World War.

Let me give you an example of what I mean by that. One of the worst military operations in this country was the Normandy landing, and you never heard congressmen, and senators, and the

news media -- reporters -- knocking Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They didn't even hit the beaches. They lost their arms, their legs, their eyes, they lost their lives, just hitting the water and the beaches. Nobody said, "We shouldn't be there. We should pull back. We shouldn't fight that war." And the guys who were losing their lives and losing -- they never complained. Their families never said we shouldn't do it. We were fighting to keep our country safe, and save people from Hitler and the Nazis and what they were doing to people. That's why we fought the war. In this country, if we don't think about that in a positive way now -- Terrorists are worse than Hitler, because Hitler's army wore uniforms, and you knew who they were. These terrorists don't wear uniforms; they drive taxi cabs, and trucks, and cars. They strap explosives to themselves at weddings, banquets, at bat mitzvahs, bar mitzvahs, christenings. They don't care. They walk in and kill innocent men, women and children. I just can't understand some of our people in congress and in the senate who won't stand up for this president, and our men and women in the military because they're fighting a war on a foreign soil, so we won't have to fight it over here.

MK: Do you think it would make a difference if there were a draft?

TK: I don't think so. I'll tell you why. If there were a draft, certain elected officials would make it a political issue, and that's a fact. They would make it political. They would say, "Only the poor kids are going, and the kids who go to college don't have to go," because that has been done in the past. But, as I remember, in the Second World War, there was a draft, and before the draft was initiated -- or while it was being initiated -- people were leaving their homes, anyway, to go join. They weren't receiving something in the mail. They knew there was a draft on, and they didn't care. They went and joined the army, the air force, the marines, the air corps. They didn't care what they joined; they just wanted to go in and defend this country. If there were a draft now, certain elected officials would make it a political issue instead of an issue about the defense of this country.

MK: Was there a draft during the Korean War?

TK: Yes. Well, you had to do two years in the service. You had to do two years in the service. So you had a choice to go into the army -- if you went into the navy, the air force or the marine corps, you had to join that. If you didn't join those branches of service, then you were drafted into the army. Now in Israel, everybody does two years. *Everybody* -- men and women -- and I don't think I've ever heard anyone who's connected with Israel in

any way complain about that. These people go in because they want to defend our country. They've had their buses blown up; they've had their synagogues blown up. They've seen what happens. That's why I can't understand this country, when they saw what happened on September 11th, don't they realize what's happening in foreign countries? It happened in England, it happened in France, it happened in Spain, it happened in Japan. It's happened all over. It could happen here again. I just don't understand these people, whom we elected to Congress and the Senate, instead of getting behind the president -- whether you agree with all his policies -- I don't agree with all of his policies. I want to close off the borders. I want to build twenty-foot-high fences down there, walls down there -- I do! I don't agree with all of his policies, but the defense of this country -- I absolutely do agree. We have to defend this country, to prevent the terrorists from attacking us again. We lost, in Hoboken, fifty-eight people on September 11th -- one square mile. In the First World War, we lost eleven. In the Second World War, over 150 we lost. We thought it was 148; we're over 150. We're doing research -- from one square mile. In Korea, we lost two. In Vietnam we lost nine.

In the First World War (I don't know if you know this) all the soldiers left from Hoboken. They marched up First Street (a block away from my house; but, of course, I wasn't even born yet). We have one of our fellows -- his name is Jack O'Brien. It's a

wonderful story. His father was in the Marine Corps, in the First World War. His father got off what they called the western boundary. There were no projects down there. It was all swampland, all little houses, and even nanny goats on the side of the hill. There were nanny goats, and little ponies walking around. A lot of Italian families had their gardens there. Jack O'Brien's father went through boot-camp training in Paris Island, and he's going over now, to fight in Europe. He gets off the train in, of all places, Hoboken, with the general -- Pershing -- who was going to lead them into combat. He marches up First Street, and there's the light on in his house -- but he couldn't stop to say goodbye to his family. He walked right by, he marched right by, went on the ship -- boarded the ship -- went over, and thank God, he came back and raised his family. And Jack O'Brien (whose picture I'll show you later, it's over here), Jack O'Brien and his sisters were born, and his father was a First World War hero.

General Pershing -- a lot of people, when I tell this, they don't really -- they believe me, but they've never heard this story of Hoboken too much. Hoboken is so noted, historically -- the Clam Broth house -- President Wilson was supposed to have been there. We had so many celebrities come to Hoboken. General Pershing came to Hoboken. The point I want to get across (that so many people don't know) is that Hoboken was the place where all the soldiers left from. They were going into combat, a major battle,

and General Pershing said to the troops, "We're going into a major battle that's going to decide this war. By this Christmas we're going to be in heaven, hell or Hoboken." That was known throughout the world -- those words, "heaven, hell or Hoboken" -- were in the headlines, because that was the last pep talk he gave to his troops.

I forget exactly where the major battle took place, but it did decide the First World War. When they came back, a lot of them walked off the ship (and I'll show you later a picture on the wall over here, of the coffins) -- so it was true: They went to heaven, hell or Hoboken. Those were the words of General Pershing. That's a true story. That actually happened.

MK: I actually have a "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken" T-shirt from the museum.

TK: Oh, good for you. Then you know it's true. But I tell that to a lot of new people, young people who move into town, and a lot of people -- if the door is open here, on a nice day, to get some fresh air, when young people come by and they look in -- I say, "Come on in. Look around," and they go, "Wow. This is like a museum." I tell them the history of Hoboken, and they're amazed. They didn't know about the First World War. Then I show them some of the pictures up there, of fellows who were wounded; a few of

them who were killed; and I show them the little memorial we have for the nine kids in Vietnam who were killed; and I tell them the story of the one fellow, Bobby "Brockman," who was leaving, and we were having our last couple of beers together in the Shannon Tavern. He says, "Tom, I'm getting the last round." I said, "Okay, Bobby. When you come back, I'll buy the first round." And he said, "Tommy, I'm not coming back." And, believe it or not, he didn't. He didn't come back. It was kind of emotional, for a guy to say something like that.

Well, we lost nine, nine kids in Vietnam.

MK: I didn't think it was only eleven from Hoboken who died during the First World War.

TK: Did I say eleven? Seventy-one.

MK: Which was eleven?

TK: It was seventy-one in the First World War. It was 150 (and counting) in the Second World War, two in Korea, and nine in Vietnam. Maybe when I said "eleven" I meant September 11th, the people we lost --

MK: Two in the Korean War? That's a very low number, don't you think?

TK: And we had quite a few who served in combat, including my two brothers. I know myself, from our parish, downtown Hoboken, I know at least seventeen who fought in Korea; who fought in Korea. Some of them were wounded. Eddie "Dubrile." I don't think I mentioned him earlier. He was a POW. Georgie "Enny," a good friend of mine. He was an altar boy with me. He was laying in the battlefield over there for three days, missing in action. I don't know if I mentioned his name. This is Korea now. They found him. He was wounded. Thank God he survived. He's passed away since, but he survived. I know fellows in the Korean War who were wounded, but thank God, we only lost two. We only lost two in Korea -- which is amazing, with so many Hoboken --

Hoboken is a special place. You know, being born and raised in a poor family, and growing up during the time when the war was on, I remember at night they had air raids. I remember during the day going to school, and the nuns would lead us all in prayer. Then we would sing songs, and she would tell us all to get under our desks. They were drills. Because we didn't know whether we were going to be bombed. I'm sure you experienced that, also. People look at me and say, "Wow, that must have been a terrible time to live, Mr. Kennedy. Oh, my God." It wasn't. Because you

didn't really know fear when you were a kid. You understood what was going on, but hiding under the desk was a bit of a game. Then at night the air-raid wardens wore white hats and a band, and they had a whistle. There would be an air raid -- the sirens would go off -- and supposedly we were going to be bombed; we were going to be attacked. The whistle would blow and the man would yell, "Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Gondolfo, Mrs. Schwartz, pull that shade down and turn off those lights!" He'd yell your name out, and it was embarrassing. He would yell, because he knew you lived there. It was embarrassing. My mother would say, "Pull that shade down."

Then we'd all have to get under the bed. My mother and father would be in the kitchen, and all the kids had to crawl under the bed. It was like fun time. You were kidding around under there, pulling your sister's hair or something like that, and joking around. I remember one Christmas -- I was just a kid -- my father asked me what I wanted for Christmas, and I tell this story and my two sons laugh. I wanted a flashlight. It was the type that just went on your wrist. I had an elastic band around it. It was in case the house was bombed, and you had to crawl. You could use your two hands -- the flashlight was on the top of your wrist, and the beam would go forward. It had two batteries in it, you would turn it on, and the elastic band would hold it on your wrist. When we had these games -- after Christmas I got my wish. I got a little flashlight. Today kids get brand-new cars and houses.

But I remember going under when the lights went out. My mother would say, "Don't crawl with the flashlight. It may hit the window" -- not meaning "break the window," but the light may -- so you had to be careful crawling under the bed.

But little things like that you kind of remember.

MK: They didn't have shelters in Hoboken?

TK: No, they didn't have shelters. A lot of people would tell you to run into the basement of a church or a synagogue, on Grand Street. If you were outside and couldn't get home, run to the synagogue or run to the church. At one time we had three synagogues in Hoboken. We had twenty-two Protestant churches, and five Catholic churches.

MK: At one time there were five synagogues in Hoboken.

TK: Really? I only remember three.

MK: Five.

TK: I remember the one on Hudson Street, one on Park Avenue, and one on Grand Street. I'm just curious.

MK: There was one on Garden Street. Sixth and Garden.

TK: Oh, that's right. Now I remember. You're right.
Yes, I do remember that one. Yes. But Abe Kramer -- do you know Abe Kramer? No? Abe Kramer and I grew up together, kind of, and like I said, his grandfather did the chanting, and they blew the horn on Saturday.

MK: Where does he live now, do you know?

TK: I have no idea. I think he lives in New York, but I'm not sure. He's in Hoboken almost every day. He owns property in Hoboken. But he was like an old Hoboken guy. Like I said, we all hung together. There were no religious remarks about anybody. If you were a Jewish guy, you were a Jewish guy. If you were Catholic, you were Catholic. If you were Protestant, you were a Protestant. I had an Aunt Margaret and an Uncle Herbert. They really weren't my aunt and uncle.

[End of Session #1]