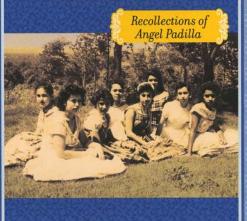
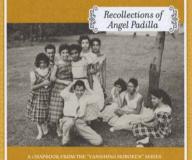
WE WERE NOT AS THEY THOUGHT





WE WERE NOT AS THEY THOUGHT



Vanishing Hoboken

The Hoboken Oral History Project

A Project of The Hoboken Historical Museum and the Friends of the Hoboken Public Library

Centro de Estudios Puertorriqueños at Hunter College provided support for the collection of this oral history and its transcription.

The views expressed in this publication are those of the interviewee and do not necessarily reflect the views of the interviewee, the Hoboken Oral History Project and its coordinators, the Hoboken Historical Museum, the Friends of the Hoboken Public Library, or Centro de Estudios Puertoriqueños.

⁹ 2010 Hoboken Historical Museum and Friends of the Hoboken Public Library

For more information or to purchase copies of Hoboken Oral History Project chapbooks, contact: Hoboken Historical Museum, PO Box 3296 (1301 Hudson Street), Hoboken, NJ 07030; and Friends of the Hoboken Public Library, 500 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

HOBOKEN ORAL HISTORY PROJECT COORDINATORS: Holly Metz (Chapbooks Editor) Melanie Best, Ruth Charnes DESIGNER: Ann Marie Manca PROOFREADER: Paul Neshamkin

PHOTO CREDITS: Unless otherwise noted, all photos are coursely Padilla family scrapbooks. Contemporary photos of Padilla family at St. Joseph Church, Robert Foster 2010. Angel Padilla photographed the weddings of many friends from the Catholic Center. Several of these portraits have been repinted as endpapers, inside the chabolock's covers. When we start[ed] working, I guess people realize[d] that we were not as they thought. You know, that happens when you don't know somebodu. You meet this other person. Sometimes people judge you bu the way you look until they speak to you and learn about you. and say, "Jeez, I was mistaken, [this] person is the most lovely person that [I've] ever met." Because I have friends, even Puerto Rican friends, that when I first came. I see one with a slash maube here findicating scar on cheek! and I say, "maybe this guy's tough." But [after] I talk[ed] to him, we became friends. These things happen all over, no matter where you go.

> -Angel Padilla, January 26, 2010



Angel and Gloria Padilla at St. Joseph Church, Hoboken, 2010.

Photo Robert Foster.

The roots of this chapbook are in another Hoboken Historical Museum project, one designed to document the role of the Roman Catholic Church in Hoboken's Puerto Rican community over a thirty-year period. From 1945 to 1975, thousands of Puerto Rican families migrated to Hoboken, where jobs often awaited them. The city's ethnic character was dramatically transformed by the new arrivals: by 1970, approximately one-quarter of Hoboken's population, 10,000 people, were either Puerto Rico-born of first generation mainland born.

Led by Christina Ziegler-McPherson, Ph.D., a public historian with expertise in migration and the role of institutions in fostering assimilation and ethnic and national identity, the Museum's church/community project centered around two Hoboken churches that had developed strong ties to the Hispanic community: St. Joseph, located "downtown," on Monroe Street, and Our Lady of Grace, at the city's center, on Willow Avenue. With support from the Museum and Centro de Estudios Puertorriqueños (Centro), a Hunter College-based research center "dedicated to the study and interpretation of the Puerto Rican experience in the United States," Dr. Ziegler-McPherson was able to interview numerous parishioners and priests from St. Joseph and Our Lady of Grace. The interviews have been deposited in both the Centro archives and in the collection of the Hoboken Historical Museum.

Dr. Ziegler-McPherson interviewed Angel Padilla, and his wife, Gloria, in their Jersey City home on January 26, 2010. The Padillas have been active parishioners at St. Joseph Church for decades, and had a close relationship with Father Eugene Zwahl, a Franciscan Conventual priest based at St. Joseph's from the 1950s through the early 1980s, and the first priest in Hoboken to do outreach to the Puerto Rican community. Angel and Gloria Padilla were both born in Puerto Rico and met at "St. Joe's," which remains their parish to this day. Not long before the interview was conducted, Angel was invited to join the parish council. Married in 1960, the Padillas have three sons and seven grandchildren, and are now retired—Angel, from managing warehouses for various New Jersey companies, and Gloria from her position as an ESI. teacher's aide for the Hoboken Board of Education.

The interview from which this edited text is derived offers specific details of past activities of one church parish; like many of the stories included in our Vanishing Hoboken' series of chapbooks, it furthers our understanding of specific Hoboken institutions during a set period. But it also offers a larger story, a tale of migration that will also be familiar to the descendants of immigrant families—of new arrivals, of the struggle to gain acceptance and to preserve one's heritage, of efforts to find and to sustain community.

OPPOSITE LEFT TO RIGHT; Jose Pudilla, Angel's father, at Hoboken's St. Mary Hospital, where he worked, circa 1954; Angel Padilla, age 14, 1955. Photos courtery Padilla family.

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Getting to Hoboken from Puerto Rico via Brooklyn

CONTROL CONTRO





I WAS BORN IN SANTURCE, PUERTO RICO,

[on] November 25, 1940, [and moved to Hoboken in 1955.] My whole family didn't move [to Hoboken with me.] My father came here first, [in] 1954, from Puerto Rico, [and] moved to 217 Clinton Street.

My father and mother were divorced. He used to send us clothes from a store, Mickey Finn, in Hoboken, where you could buy a pair of shoes for 99 cents at that time. One day I saw one of the checks that he used to send us, and [it had his address.] I wrote him a letter to send for me, that I would like to come to the United States.

I came here on July 25, 1955. I was 14 ½ years old. And I'll tell you what happened. I was supposed to come [on] July 24, with my first cousir's husband. But it was the tourist season [and] I lost the plane seat that night. So I came the following day. My father's first cousin got me [on a flight.] I don't know what he did. [He] fixed [it] with the airline, and they sent me by myself on a plane.

It! used to take seven and a half hours to come here [from Puetro Rico] because they didn't have jets in the Fifties. When I got off the plane, there was nobody waiting for me at the airport. Fifty cents in my pocket. And the luggage, whatever I had. A couple of [pairs of] pants. We had no [cell phones] then, [for me] to call my father or anything. It was terrible. So, what I did was, the [lady who] was sitting next to me, maybe 25 [years old], I tlodd her that no one was waiting for me and asiad, "I don't know what to do. Do you think you could take me to your house and maybe I could look for the address and locate my father? "Her] family took me with them! [We caught] the train to Brooklyn, New York, and I stayed there until about 10 o'clock. They fed me. I even changed my clothes, put my sneakers on and everything.

[N]obody in the house knew where Hoboken was. [Then, about 10:20 at night] one of [her] brothers came from Fort Dix, [where] he was stationed. [The woman who had taken me in told him what happened.] And the brother said, "Oh, don't worry, I know where Hoboken is. I have to go through there when I go to Fort Dix." So that night, at about 11 o'clock, we got in the [brother's] car.

and they drove me to Hoboken. I got to 217 Clinton Street where my father was living at the time. They let me in the basement there. [I stayed with neighbor,] who was about 90 years old, Mariana, [until] my father show[ed] up at about 12 o'clock from New York. [He] was surprised to see me there!

The only thing that I [regret,] I never took the address of the people [who] brought me to Brooklyn, [so I could never get] in touch with them to thank them for what they did for me.

Hoboken in the 1950s

AT THE TIME, IN HOBOKEN, IT WAS MOSTLY Italian, Irish, German. Germans were up [near] Elysian Park, the upper class there, up past Washington Street. The Italians were from Seventh Street on downtown, because at that time, in Hoboken, the Italians and the Irish they didn't mix too much.

When the Puerto Ricans started coming in, the Irish and Italians stop[ped] fighting and they start[ed] picking on the Puerto Ricans. The Italians and Puerto Ricans, I remember when I came, there were a lot of conflicts—although, when I went to school I never had any problems [there,] thank God. I had a lot of friends. But at night, if you went to the park, lat! Fourth Street and Willow [Church Square Park], if you went there by yourself, you used to get beat up and everything. You know, it was tough. They used to call you "spic." And if

you went to rent an apartment, even if it was empty, [if] they saw your skin tan, they'd say, "No, it's rented already."



Father Eugene on the steps of St. Francis Church, Hoboken, with a wedding party, 1960. Courtesy Padilla family.

After the Fire

WE HAD A BAD EXPERIENCE IN 1956, I remember the day, Saturday: it was my father's birthday, September 21. We had a fire about 5 o'clock in the morning. We were lucky it wasn't earlier, [because] if it had been earlier we would have been gone. I wouldn't have been here telling you this story, you know, I think it was arson, Somebody put something in the basement, spread gasoline or whatever around, so no one could get out of the building. Everybody had to run upstairs. People who went to the roof had to jump from [our] high [building] to the next building, which was low, [and] a lot of people had broken backs and everything. I had to hang [on] to a window after I pulled my father and my sister to safety. The curtains were already on fire and everything, so I just pulled them down and threw them outside. And I took my father and sister next door [to wait] for the firemen to come and pick them up. I jumped and let myself hang on the window and jumped down. Thank God nothing happened.

[We went to stay at] Our Lady of Grace Auditorium. We had to stay there for a week, sleeping on cots. My father was making, at the time, \$28.50 at St. Mary's Hospital, as a janitor, which was a lot of money (then). [So that week] we went to 295 Monroe Street looking for [housing.] We heard that they had apartments there. We went to see the landlord—a lady, I think she was Polish or something, she wasn't trish or Italian, which was rare at that time in Hoboken. She was very nice with us. The husband was more mean. We explained the situation to

the lady, that we had a fire in the house, that we had lost everything, and the lady was ready [to rent to us] but the husband didn't want us, because no Spanish people [were] living in the building at that time. I said, "Look, we need an apartment bad." They had a first floor apartment empty, one bedroom with a small kitchen. [And they still said no.]

So I went to get Father Eugene Zwahl, who was [a Franciscan Conventual priest who was working with] the Hispanic community at the time. He used to help everybody at St. Joseph's [Church on Monroe Street,] I explain[ed] the situation, [and] I said, "Father, do you think you could go with us and talk to the lady and maybe she can give us the apartment?" So we went there and after the lady listened to the priest, Father Eugene, they gave us the apartment. Everybody was paying 423 at the time there. They raise[d] the apartment [rent] to \$48, [My father] couldn't afford it, but it was lucky that I was working part-time in a liquor store—I used to make deliveries after school—so I helped my father out [and] when the rent came, we had the money to pay for the rent.

St. Joseph's Had Father Eugene

BEFORE I CAME TO HOBOKEN, I didn't attend church, I was a rascal in Puerto Rico, a little rascal, and I didn't go often. The church was only two blocks away from my house, but then, I was ignorant. I didn't have the mentality [I had] when I came here, that my mind was more developed. [When I got to Hoboken Isarted to go to church, to \$K\$, Iseph's on Monroe Street. And that's where I met [Gloria.] She was [in] the Daughters of Mary, [Hijiar de Maria.] an organization in the church [that offered social activities and religious instruction to girls.]

At the time, [St. Joseph's] was where most of the Hispanic|s| from all over town used to gather. The church used to be packed on Sundays, because it had Father Eugene. He was the organizer of the Hispanic community in Hoboken. Hiel was a German priest, but he spoke Spanish, because he lived a long time in Costa Rica. So he was the one that organized the Hispanic community back in the Fifties and Sixties. He helped the Hispanic rommunity a lot, organized the Holy Name Society, Daughters of Mary, [and Madres Christian, or] Christian Mothers [another social/religious group, but for adult women.]

While he was the pastor of the church, some of the funds he [raised were] used to help people [who] couldn't pay their entr, people who couldn't pay their electric bill.

The Holy Name Society members, we used to get together. We knew the families that were in need. We used to go and bring food, or if a lady had a baby and they didn't have clothes, we used to go their houses and give them clothes.

Also, [Father Eugene] used to set up trips for the community, going to Rye Beach, Bear Mountain, museums all over. He really opened eyes for the community and he helped us a lot.

San Juan Fiesta, Randall's Island, N.Y.







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Paseo, St. Joseph's Shrine, Stirling, N.J.







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La Gran Jira, Rye Beach, N.Y.







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Fiesta de Reyes, Seis de Enero







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[With Father Eugene, we attended the Fiesta of St. John the Baptist in 1960, Jin New York, at Randall Island. IRI was one of the biggest we had. Everybody went from the Holy Name Society, the Daughters of Mary, the Christian Mothers. Everybody packed on buses from Hoboken and went there [and] stayed all day.

[Why wasn't there a Feast of St. John celebration in Hoboken?] That's a good question. They have everything else, like, once a year on River Road—they used to have it in [Church Square Park]—the Puerto Rican Feast, in the summer, July. [But it's not the Feast of St. John the Baptist.] It was only when Father Eugene was [in Hoboken] we used to go to New York to the St. John the Baptist feast. [It's] a big feast in Puerto Rico, July 24. Everybody runs to the beach the day before, the 23rd, and they sleep on the beach until the 24, [then jump into the water.] It's a baptismal.

[In Hoboken, we had other big celebrations.] We used to celebrate the Epiphany, the 6th of January, which is [what] most Latin American[s and [Europeans—like Italians—celebrate. [It's] like Christmas for the children, when they get gifts. In Puerto Rico, they used to put a [shoe]box with grass under the table, thinking that the Three Kings would come and leave the gifts. So anyway, we used to go with Father Eugene to New York to the stores. They used to give a big discount, the toy stores. Then, when the party came, we used to get dressed up as Kings—Melcior, Gaspar, Balthazar. It was a lot of fun. That was a big holiday for the Hispanic community, the Three Kings. We used to celebrate it at St. Joseph's Catholic School, in the auditorium.

Community Changes/ Changes in the Church



Holy Name Society Parada (Parada, Santo Nombre), October 12, 1958, with George Gusman and Juan Caraballo carrying the banner.

IWERE THERE TENSIONS BETWEEN PUERTO

Ricans and other ethnic groups in the church, when Puerto Rican families first started to arrive in Hoboken?] Maybe back in the Fifties when we first started getting into the community, and mingling [at] church. Because at the time, it was mostly Irish and Italians at St. Joseph's and we didn't have a Spanish mass [yet. Back] then it was still in Latin. There was a little conflict at the beginning. It's natural. I have a lot of good relationships today with [parishioners from other ethnic groups] but at that time, [there were] little tensions in the church. [Even after 1965, when the masses were given in Spanish, it did not fully resolve things.] No, it's still work. It's never going to be, no matter what you do, the same, but things got a little better. When we start[ed] working, I guess people realize[d] that we were not as they thought. You know, that happens when you don't know somebody. You meet this other person. Sometimes people judge you by the way you look until they speak to you and learn about you, and say, 'Jeez, I was mistaken, Ithis Jerson is the most lovely person that [I've] ever met." Because I have friends, even Puerto Rican friends, that when I first came, I see one with a slash maybe here [indicating scar on cheek] and I say, "maybe this guy's tough." But [after] I talk[ed] to him, we became friends. These things happen all over, no matter where you so.

The Spanish American Catholic Center

THE SPANISH AMERICAN CATHOLIC CENTER [was at] 227 Washington Street, in Hoboken, on the and floor. [Below it] was a paint [store,] Gity Paint. [The Center] used to help people [who came here] from Puerto Rico and from all different parts of South America and Central America and the Caribbean, [who] didn't know about the community. They used to go there, and Father Eugene and other [people would] get [the new arrivals] established in the community, help them out with jobs if they could, or flebt them] look for pantrents. That was

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the main purpose of the Spanish American Catholic Center: to help the people that came from the Caribbean, South [and] Central America.

[And it was a place for socializing.] We used to hang out there. It was like a civic center. We used to have a party for Christmas. Whatever money we collected from the big fund raiser, we used to go and buy [gifts.]

[The Center opened in] 1955, and it lasted for 18 years, until there was a big dispute. Father Eugene, (who) was the strongest man at the time [in] the church, in the community, was moved. They transferfred] him. And that's when things started going down. They [kept the Center] open for a while, [with] Father Richard, I think. But affer that, it didn't last that long.



Herminia Carballo and Georgina Bivera get ready to cut a cake at a Spanish Center event, March 2, 1958.

A Celebration for Father Eugene

JAFTER HIS RETIREMENT.1 FATHER EUGENE

went to [a nursing home] in Seaside Heights. Everybody loved Father Eugene [and] we used to go visit him [there.] We had a get-together when he was 87 years old. We had a big birthday [party] for him [in 2000.] People [came] from all over—the old parishioners came from Puerto Rico, from California, from Florida. Forget about it, it was a big affair! [Gloria's] nephew is a musician. [His band] play[ed] at the affair. We had a guy dressed up as Elvis Presley, which was [Father Eugene's] favorite star at the time. We brought him [in.] He was a make-believe Elvis Presley. It was a great might, with all the parishioners that came from all over, to celebrate [Father Eugene's] brinday. It was a great time.

[Father Eugene] passed away [about three years ago.] He was a very, very decent priest—one of the best priests that we ever [had.] They were all good, but to us he was like a father.

Other Community Organizations

THE PUERTO RICAN COMMUNITY DEVELOPED

many other organizations in Hoboken in the 1950s and 1960s. There was a lot of interest in sports.] Baseball, softball—because you know, we love sports in Puerto Rico, Boxing, the racetrack, you name it.

Politically, you had a lot of organizations in Hoboken. Right off the bat, I cannot mention them, because it's been a while now, but Hoboken was very Hispanic back in the Sixties. We had some [Hispanics] run for councilman. I remember Ralph Castillo, who was the first Puerto Rican to run for council in Hoboken. He was a cop also. And in the Seventies [or] Eighties, they had the Duroy brothers. Frank Duroy, a professor at Newark Essex County College, [ran] for mayor. It was like a power struggle [then,] between Puerto Rican and Italian. It took 50 years for the Italians to take over Hoboken, you know, because otherwise it was controlled by the Irish. But the Duroys were a very well educated family from Hoboken. They were all professors. I saw

them grow up in the public housing in Hoboken.
The parents were very strict with them, I guess. At the time, there was also a lot of respect for the parents, not like today. It's another type of raising your kids today. Back then, when I was coming up, if my father used to tell me, "Go and throw [out] the garbase." one time, there was no second time.

Three Sons and One, An Olympian



Angel and Gloria Padilla on their wedding day.

[GLORIA AND I] GOT MARRIED IN 1960, and we have three [sons], Kevin, Gregory, and Angelo. [One of our sons, Kevin, Imade the Olympic team, [for Jeakeondo, the martial art. When Bruce Lee was around—the movies and everything—[he] became [Kevin's] idol. [Kevin] started going to a school [on Washington Street] that used to teach tackwondo. His youngest brother quit, but [Kevin] continued. He told his mother, "No matter what, Mom, I like this." He made the Olympic Team while we

FRANK

were in Puerto Rico on vacation. He calls us, "Pop, I made it!" He had to beat four guys in one day to make the Olympic Team, four national champions.

And then he started traveling all over the world with the national team, representing the United States all over the world. Last year, he became an Olympic coach at the China games.



Pudilla family, front row: Sandra Pudilla, Angel Pudilla, Gloria Pudilla, back row: Angelo Pudilla, Krvin Pudilla holding Fubian Pudilla and Gregory Pudilla holding Sidney Pudilla.

Moving to Jersey City

WE MOVE[D TO JERSEY CITY] IN 1980. [I'll] tell you the story of how we moved here. You want to hear it? What happened [was], one Sunday we went to Liberty Park and it was raining. So instead of going to the park,

[we went to see] the lady that owned the house over here, Cha Cha. [There were] three sisters [who] owned a beauty salon in Hoboken for many years, back in the Sixties it's still running—and [Cha Cha was one of them.]

So we came [to the house] and [Gloria] told Cha Cha, "The house, it's nice." At the time, [Cha Cha] wasn't living with her husband, they were separating, [and] they were also having trouble financially. [When Gloria] told [Cha Cha] she liked the house, Cha Cha said, "Honey, if you like the house, [The sell it to you."]

I didn't have a great job then, I didn't even have much savings. But I said, "Well, I don't even have the money to give you for the down payment," [but] "if you give me a chance, within a year, I'm going to work double, and I'm going to save that money. I'm going to give you the down payment on your house."

I was lucky. I work[ed] very hard, and saved enough [for] the down payment. In fact, she almost [lost] the house, and I went to the bank and paid off all that she was behind. My lawyer told me, "You should have never done that," because I could have lost all that money. But we were like family. We knew each other from Puerto Rico and knew her family from the island.

So we did the closing. I found more money and I gave her almost half of [it]. We got a big bargain out of it, for the house. Within less than ten years, I [paid] the house off.

Still at St. Joseph's Church

[WE MOVED TO JERSEY CITY, BUT] WE STILL GO to St. Joseph's Church [in Hoboken.] I'm a member of the parish council.

[St. Joseph's has gone through a lot.] There [was] a conflict in the church. . . I don't know if I should go into details. I guess they started talking bad about the father that came down to close the church. A lot of people left for other churches. You know, it happens. People get disgusted because of what they hear. What's going on throughout the church, they thought that maybe the developers were looking to take I. J the big parking lot, to build condominiums. Because you know, every place they find a hole in Hoboken, they build a condominium. So that's what people were thinking, that they were doing something to close St. Joseph, to get somebody interested.

[But many parishioners still attend St. Joseph's,] The ten o'clock mass is packed. That is the one that has kept the church open. But the 12 o'clock mass, at one time, they were only getting like two or three people. For a while so we were scared. But now more people [have] startfeld coming in.

I don't know if people get discouraged because of what's been going on throughout the churches all over, all around the country. That has discouraged a lot of people. They are moving to other churches. But moving to other churches isn't going to save your soul and your spirit, or make you a better person. Because the church is just a house of prayers.

The priests are human beings like us. We're not perfect, you know. We all commit sin. That's why God is for forgiveness, to forgive you, and that's why people have confessions. I don't know if it's ignorance, I guess that's what it is, but to me, it doesn't make any difference. I still go, no matter what. Nobody's going to change me from being a Catholic. I mean, I hear these stories and everything, but II aml still going to be a Catholic until the day I hit the bucket.

We're not judging; we cannot judge people. We have to judge ourselves what we do. That's why, if we do go in front of the Father, we have to be the ones to state our accounts. We are the ones that are responsible for our doings.



Parishioners leaving St. Joseph church, Hoboken, 2010. Photo Robert Foster.

The Hoboken Oral History Project

"Vanishing Hoboken," an oral history project, was initiated in 2000 by members of the Friends of the Hoboken Public Library and the Hoboken Historical Museum in response to dramatic physical, social, and economic changes in the city of Hoboken over the preceding twenty years, and to the consequent "vanishing" of certain aspects of public life.

For much of the last century, Hoboken was a working-class town, home to many waves of immigrant families, and to families who journeyed from the southern regions of the U.S. and from Puerto Rico-all looking for work. Hoboken, close to ports of entry in New Jersey and New York, offered a working waterfront and many factories, as well as inexpensive housing. Each new wave of arrivalsfrom Germany, Ireland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Cuba, and Puerto Rico-found work on the waterfront, at the Bethlehem Steel Shipvards, Lipton Tea, Tootsie Roll, Maxwell House, or in numerous. smaller garment factories. Then the docks closed in the 1960s; and factory jobs dwindled as Hoboken's industrial base relocated over the 1970s and '80s. Maxwell House, once the largest coffee roasting plant in the world, was the last to leave, in 1992. In the go-go economy of the 1980s, Hoboken's row houses, just across the river from Manhattan, were targeted by developers to young professionals seeking an easy commute to New York City, Historically home to everchanging waves of struggling families-who often left when they became prosperous-Hoboken began in the mid-1980s to experience a kind of reverse migration, where affluent condominiumbuyers replaced poor and working class tenants, many of whom had been forced out by fire, through condo-conversion buy-outs, or through rising rents. More recently, building construction has further altered the face of Hoboken, as modern towers are rising up alongside the late-19th century row houses that once spatially defined our densely populated, mile-square city and provided its human scale.

The Hoboken Oral History Project was inaugurated with the goal of capturing, through the recollections of longtime residents, "Vanishing of Hoboken"—especially its disappearing identity as a working-class city and its tradition of multi-ethnic living. In 2001, with the support of the New Jersey Historical Commission, a division of the Department of State, the Hoboken Oral History Project transcribed and edited several oral histories to produce a series of "Vanishing

Hoboken" chapbooks. Since 2002, twenty-one chapbooks have been published in the series, with the support of the Historical Commission, the New Jersey Council for the Humanities, a state partner of the National Endowment for the Humanities, and, more recently, John Willey & Sons, Inc.

Vanishing Hoboken Chapbooks

The editor of this series chose to call these small booklets "chapbooks," a now rarely heard term for a once-common object. And so, a brief explanation is now required: A chapbook, states the most recent edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, is a

...small, Inexpensive, stitched tract formerly sold by timerant dealers, or chapmen, in Western Europe and in North America. Most chapbooks were 5 x 4 inches in North America. Most chapbooks were 5 x 4 inches in size and were made up of four pages for multiples of four), illustrated with woodcuts. They contained tales of four), illustrated with woodcuts. They contained tales of notorious crimes, ballads, almanacs, nursery rhymes, school lessons, farces, biblical tales, dream fore, and other popular matter. The texts were mostly rough and anonymous, but they formed the major parts of secular reading and now serve as a guide to the manners and morals of their times.

Chapbooks began to appear in France at the end of the 15th century. Colonial America imported them from England but also produced them locally. These small booklets of mostly secular material continued to be popular until inexpensive magazines began to appear during the early 19th century.

Although some of the chapbooks in the Vanishing Hoboken series are considerably longer than their earlier counterparts, others are nearly as brief. They are larger in size, to allow us to use a reader-fiendily type size. But all resemble the chapbooks of yesteryear, as they contain the legends, dreams, crime reports, jokes, and follore of our contemporaries. One day, perhaps, they might even serve as guides to the "manners and morals" of our city, during the 20th and early 21st centuries.

Photo Pages



PAGE 12-Angel Padilla documented many events attended by Hoboken's Spanish-speaking Catholic community, including the participation of the Daughters of St. Mary in the San Juan Fiesta on Randall's Island, New York, June 21, 1024. Photos courters of the Padilla family.

PAGE 1y—From the Pudilla family scrapbooks: A visit to St. Joseph's Shrine. Stirling. New Jerney, July 20. 1958. TOP FINOTO, LETT TO RIGHT: Joan Garaballo. Providencia Vargas, Ana Creepo, BOTTOM FINOTO. Mr. Creepo (playing the guitar). Jone Risern, Virgilio Martinez, Jonn Caraballo, Lucy Grapp, Norma Oritz.

PAGE. 14-A visit to Bye Beath, New York, August 30, 1958. TOP PROTO. Angel Padillo, Jose Buiz; est right: Aurera Gaberra. MIDOLLE PITOD (eff to right, as idensified in the Padillo family semplosob) Carmen Gassen. Bisobeth, Gloria Padillo, Avilda, Hilda Prezz, Virginia Villafane, Liucy Prieto. BOTTOM PHOTO. Estallo and Offici family.

PAGE 15—Three Kings Feast, Junuary 6th, 1959, at St. Joseph School, Hoboken. From the Padilla family scrapbooks.

PAGE 19-All kinds of events were held at the Spanish Center. TOP PHOTO. Easter Party, April 12, 1958. MIDDLE PHOTO. Children's party, December 15, 1957. BOTTOM PHOTO: First Communion, May 25, 1958.



A Project of the Friends of the Hoboken Public Library and the Hoboken Historical Museum