

AN INTERVIEW WITH

JACK ENTRIKIN

NOVEMBER 13, 2009

**FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF
HAMMONTON**

INTERVIEWED BY: Pat Caruso

TRANSCRIBED BY: Carol Effinger

THE FOLLOWING IS AN INTERVIEW WITH
JACK ENTRIKIN

Recorded on November 13, 2009, for the benefit
Of the Historical Society of Hammonton

The interview was conducted by:

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Jack Bauer EntriKin born March 1, 1932. He was born in the old Esposito home, the one on Orchard Street. He grew up in Hammonton and his parents did not move to other houses, towns, cities or states.

When he was a teenager most likely his friends gathered at his father's place of business, a bar and grill located on the White Horse Pike, currently DiDonato's bowling alley.

As teenagers they dressed normal, nothing weird that he knows of. Mr. EntriKin is married to Joann Klevence, born at Cooper Hospital. As a young couple for entertainment they went to the movies, dances and to Chubby's on occasion. There was a floor show and we would go to see the Red Caps. The Red Caps were all black except the drummer was white. Steve Gibson and the Red Caps.

He knew his wife for nine months before they got married. He was 23 years old. His religion is Presbyterian. He has three children: Cindy born 1/13/1957, Nancy born 1/30/1958, Jack born 4/16/1960. Mr. EntriKin's mother's maiden name was Bauer born at Cooper in Camden where they lived when she was young. His mother's mother was born in County Cork in Ireland. He only knew his mother's mother. Her husband came from Germany. They met here and got married.

His mother had a job once either in Philadelphia or Camden rolling cigars as a teenager and then they moved from Camden to Berlin and his grandfather opened a bakery right on the White Horse Pike. It was an ice cream house and bakery, Charles Bauers'. They built a house on the White Horse Pike right across from Suburban propane, a big bungalow. His grandfather, grandmother and everybody were going to move down eventually. He died shortly before the house was finished so my grandmother did move down here. At that time they sold the bakery. Shortly before that when my father got married to my mother he started out with a hot dog stand near the bowling alley. From the hot dog stand he kept enlarging it to this that and the other.

At one time he had 3 brands of gasoline between the place and the house. All the pumps under cover. I never saw that. I remember he had 2 pumps on the other side of the store gulf gas. At one time he built a big cement block garage that could hold eight cars. He was in the garage business too and tow truck. Eventually he got out of that and he got a liquor license.

Carl Stienider was a tall solid bachelor who lived on 7th street who talked funny. He had a car and he worked for Ole Hansen and he built a little house on Weymouth Rd. He got tired of paying insurance to drive so he stopped driving a car and start riding a bicycle. He was in an accident on Bellevue Ave. He was busted up. He helped my father build things. He even drilled a well.

His father's name was Vernon (Vern) born in September 1888. He lived in Rio Grande. His mother came from Rio Grande. Mr. Vern Entrikin's mother lived in Rio

Grande, Chews Landing and spent a good time in Philadelphia. He (Vern) worked for Berks Slaughter House.

One thing I could remember is that is funny. My father's oldest brother, Al was a policeman. They had a booth on the highway. They say he used to direct traffic with his nose. He had a big nose like most of the Entrikins. I came up lucky, my nose is not quite as big.

His father worked in the store, 16-18 hours a day. First one up every morning, last one to bed. My mother got up a little after him and helped him in the store, she did things around the house, clean up and whatever had to be done and then she would go to the store to help. She was member of the American Legion Auxillary and in convention hall in Atlantic City she sang the Star Spangled Banner, not professional, but she could sing.

Jack's father would go to the swamp in blueberry season near where Whitehall Laboratories is, with a kettle. He would pick blueberries and bring them home. My mother would clean them and make blueberry roly polly with blueberry sauce on them. My father grew up in poor conditions his whole life. If he wanted to eat butter, he would eat butter. During the war you could not buy butter. He would get a friend to get cream and put it in a milk shake mixer and make butter out of it. If he wanted to eat he ate it when he had money. Everybody thought my father was a millionaire. He was far from a millionaire but if he had a buck in his pocket and he wanted something he would buy it.

Jack's mother was about 5ft 4 in. She had small feet but she would always buy shoes one size smaller to make them look smaller. That's why her feet always hurt. I think she had a size 6. Her mother had smallpox.

My mother's favorite food was fried tomatoes in New Jersey. Not green ones but ripe ones. My wife makes them sometimes.

His father belonged to the American Legion. He was handy. He would do electrical work, carpentry work. I helped him put a roof on a whole building when I was about 6 years old. He helped build the bowling alley. After he retired he had a garden with tomatoes, watermelons.

Mr. Jack Entrikin is fairly handy with everything, a little electrical, a little carpentry. His mother made him take piano lessons. I wanted an accordion but we had a piano. We had a piano in the store but when he got rid of the liquor license the piano ended up in the house. Most of the time his parents had good sense of humors. His father was stern but he had a good temper. Mr. Entrikin inherited most traits from his dad. His mother had bursitis in her shoulder which gave her trouble. She also had a digestive problem because of the things she would eat maybe a hiatal hernia but normally she was in good health. His father went into the hospital when his heart started to give out because of the way he was eating. He went to Our Lady of Lourdes the first time and spent two days there and he called Joann on the phone and said get up here I'm coming home and he checked himself out. He had enough of it. So she did and he got out. A couple times later he went to an army hospital in Phila. Dr. Rubba, a major in the army helped him get in.

His father was in WWI army in France. He said it was nothing but rain.

His mother died in Colonial Court Apartments. Both parents are buried in the Berlin cemetery. Both parents did not finish school.

His father was strong. He lived in Philadelphia, he had black hair and a big nose. He was French and American Indian. Kids thought he was Jewish. He had to fight his way home every day from where ever he was. He said he could have become a prize fighter. He was left handed. He fought his way in Phila. every day.

He was living in this area, Berlin. He was driving a farm wagon from this area over to Phila with produce on it to be sold. The horse on the wagon knew where it was going so he would sit there and doze. He would sit there and relax with his feet up on the footboard. These two colored guys jumped out of the woods. One of them had a gun. One of them grabbed the horse and stopped the horse. My father had the whip. The first thing he did was hit the guy that had the horse with the whip and by then the guy with the gun shot him in the leg. He smacked that guy with the whip and then he took off. They picked on the wrong guy.

My mother belonged to, not the church, something like the women's auxillary but it was not called that, some star. It may have been Eastern Star. Mrs. Cashan, Nick Cashan's mother belonged to it.

My mother had three boys, like the DiDonatos. My oldest brother was known as Jim but his name is Vernon Charles but somehow everybody called him Jim. William George. Jim was born Jan.12, 1923, William 8-11-1924. Brothers did not look alike. Vernon looked more like my mother and Bill looked more like my father. I don't think my parents had favorites. My grandmother made a favorite out of William. He was born at home and he was a breech birth and I guess it was Dr. Esposito gave him up for dead. My grandmother wrapped him up in blankets and she had a coal stove in the kitchen,

six burner coal stove. She wrapped him up in blankets and kept him warm and she kept him alive.

Vernon was a mathematician, very knowledgeable in math. William, the only thing he was good at was agitating people, believe me. When he was in grammar school he would not do anything to really hurt anybody but everything he did was in fun. All he did was fight. He always fought.

It got so bad that my father took a leather belt to school one day. He took a paper out at school and signed it for permission to use the belt any time they needed it. You were not allowed to do that before then.

He followed that trend all of his life. All his life with anybody. In later years when he got out of the air force he ended up in California. I guess this was in the 1950's. My father got a call. He was in jail in California somewhere. I don't know if he married this lady but she had about six kids. He did something to aggravate her and she called the cops and told them that he was molesting her daughters. My father drove, he did not fly, for three days to California, got him out of jail. From there he ended up in Arizona. I don't know where or how working for some police department in Arizona, wrong for them. He did something to aggravate them, I don't know what it was but they told him to get out of Arizona and don't ever come back. He did.

My grandmother (my mother's mother) was nice and quiet. She was in her sixties when I first knew her. She would come over to the store when the band would come over on Friday or Saturday nights and listen to the band for an hour and then she would walk me home (she was like my babysitter). She had her own cooking to do. She could do more with a chicken then you would ever want done to it. She would use

everything but the beak and the claws. That was her stuff that she kept separate. She stayed in the kitchen. On Thanksgiving sometime she would sit and eat at the dinner table but otherwise she would stay in the kitchen and eat there. She grew up in Ireland in a house that had the animals in the house overnight with dirt floors and things like that.

I never met my father's mother. My mother's mother had small pox. They were not that noticeable once she got older. She was not fat but not skinny. She could read any newspaper. She could count a dollar bill. She had four children. My mother, George, Katherine and Marie. I don't know their birth dates. She died in the house on the pike.

She is buried in Harley cemetery in Camden.

She may have worked in the bakery. When they had the bakery she did babysit some children. Ethel Patton Cooper lived next door. I don't know why but she babysat for her on occasion. I don't know if she got paid or not. She probably worked in the bakery somehow.

Did not know my mother's father or father's father.

I was born early in the morning on the day the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, March 1, 1932. I remember it well. I remember the date.

Our kitchen was the style of the day, a little table by the window, eat in kitchen. My grandmother had a big coal stove. In fact that is what supplied us with hot water all winter. Hot water pipe was hooked up to that. There was a small gas stove and a refrigerator. She had a little shed in the back of the house. She had an ice box back there. That was my grandmother's refrigerator. The ice man would come around every

couple of days with ice. I think it was Mr. Westcoat. She had a Maytag washer with a wringer and a gear shift on it. It was in the kitchen until my father finally put plumbing out in the shed and then it got moved out there. She hung the clothes outside on the clothesline until my grandmother died. Then the place got modernized. A washer and dryer down cellar, electric hot water heater down the cellar. The coal stove, I don't know what happened to it probably down the dump. It got thrown out. She died election day in November, 1955.

I have one cousin left Marge from Berlin. Her married name is Reed. Her last name was Hisley. Her mother was my grandfather's sister. There were two Mary Bauers.

My brothers would go up there when I was still little. They had a big house on the pike. They would play Monopoly. My brother Bill would always beat them. He would cheat right in front of them.

Big event was Kennedy getting shot. Until just the other day I am thinking he got shot on a Tuesday but he didn't. He got shot on a Friday. Another thing was his secretary Lincoln, same amount of letters in each name.

For voting purposes my parents were Democrats. My mother, one aunt and their father knew a few words in German but they didn't speak it fluently.

I didn't go to kindergarten. First grade was Ms. Miller, second was Ms. Cathcart, third grade, Miss Vasella, sister to the brother that had the bowling alley, fourth grade Mrs. Procter, fifth grade Mrs. Hains. She only lasted a couple of years, sixth grade was Miss Moyer, seventh grade, one of the Woods, Mildred I think, eighth grade was

Walmer. Then I went to high school. Mr. Siple, Latin teacher, Miss Bayshore, long haired girl.

I will let you in on another secret that I can't prove. When I was little I was single digit. I was very intelligent for that age. I could write my name and stuff like that. Then I got a bicycle when I was six years old. It got to the point that I got to be a bicycle mechanic. Back in those days my father had a gas pump out front. The name of it was Good Gulf on the White Horse Pike in Hammonton. If I wanted to wash bicycle parts. I would get an oil can, put gas in there, I would have my hands in there in leaded gas. I think I had a form of lead poison and nobody knew about it because I got dumber and dumber. I couldn't learn anything and my attention span, I would sit in class and draw pictures and I didn't learn anything. I got in high school took Algebra. That was the first year. The second year I had French, I failed that, science was all right. I did okay in that. When it came to my senior year, I needed 5 more credits to graduate. So I looked and looked. I had two sessions in manual training which was the wood working shop. That got me 5 credits but I still needed 5. The only thing left was public speaking, Miss Gugliotta. That was one of the best classes I ever had. I remember one thing from that class. It turned out to be a word that aggravates me every day. This morning on the radio, five times the guy aggravated me. They are talking about a cooking school where you get culinary arts not cullinary ,culinary like "a cucumber". If it was cullinary, it would have 2 "l's". A vowel followed by a consonant followed by a vowel the first vowel takes the long . It is in the dictionary like that. The other thing that bothers me is daylight savings time. How many people put an "s" on the end of saving. It is one thing saving, thats all.

Charles Patton, I guess, was my best friend. He was older than me and behind me in school but he had a model "A" pickup truck and he would pick me up for school, he took me to get my driving license, we would go rollerskating in Watsonstown. We would take the bus until he got his license and then we went in his truck.

Bellevue Ave. has changed completely. I can't think of one store that is there now that was there in the 1950's. Godfrey's drug store is not there, the building is. Bellevue drug was Coan's. The A&P used to be next to Monastra's, Vogue dress shop, Brita Brothers shoes. I don't remember but there was feed store where Sears used to be on the corner of 2nd st. I don't know the name. Across the street I don't know what was on that corner between the army navy store that burned down, then there was the Colosurdo building, Rubba furniture, Hearings hardware, the 5&10 then Millers and then eventually there was Presses' clothing store, Kelly's drug stores, Eckart's market, barber shop, paper store, Acme across from the A&P at one time where Rubba is. There was an American store near by. Then they built the Acme. There was the London's Men shop, K&H, John's bargain store at one time. George's butcher shop. It was the Dairy lunch all along Central Ave. Rivoli theater Sweet shop, Jone's funeral home, savings and loans. Where first federal is a bakery, O'Donnells jewelry store, the fire house.

The Rivoli theater was a favorite place to go every Saturday. Married going on 55 years.