

# CHAPTER 6

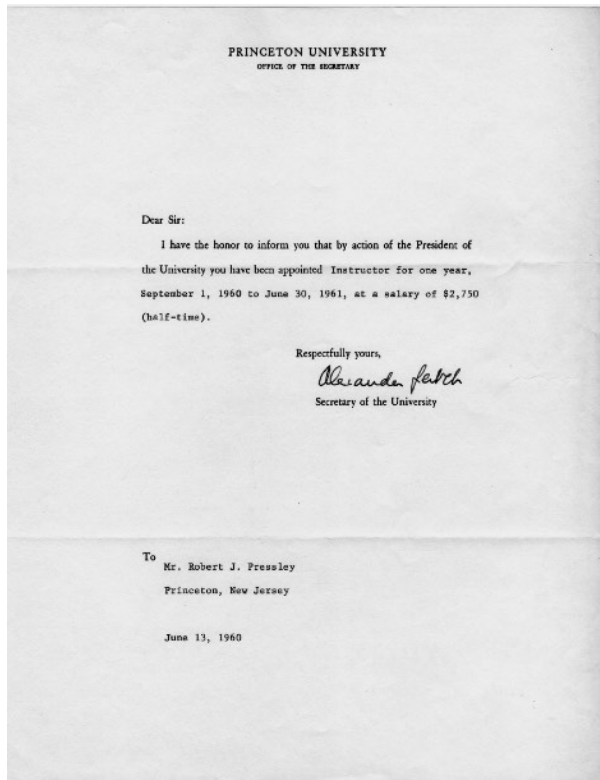
## Married - Student Housing



The middle unit, 225B Marshall was the address.



Arial view of student housing.



As you can see from the aerial picture of the student units, we were not the only house in the development.

It was actually a wonderful place to start a marriage. Everyone living there was basically in the same situation. We were all married graduate students at Princeton. A few couples already had kids but basically it was couples without children.

The unit consisted of four rooms, a bathroom, a kitchen, two-bedrooms, and living room. These units were built to house Navy trainees during World War II. Essentially nothing but basic housing. Our unit, however, was very nicely furnished because Anne had purchased wall furniture and other items at wholesale prices.

Anne continued to work in New York as a woman's dress buyer in the city for a couple of months after taking two weeks off. She commuted by train from Princeton to New York City and I, along with the other housewives, met the train in Princeton Junction. The other housewives drove the working partner home from the station and then Anne made dinner. This commuting did not last too long nor did I do dinners.

Around the end of the year, a kindergarten teacher in the Princeton Catholic school left to have a baby and Anne took her job. It was for minimal money and some 35 kids in the morning and 35 different kids in the afternoon. But at least there was no commute.

This job continued through the year even though Anne was pregnant with Peter. She worked through June, and Peter was born July third. Anne's father was a great golfer and Anne also enjoyed the sport, although she did not play very much. I remember one evening a few days before Peter was born when we went out to a driving range. Anne hit some of the best drives of her life with her hand position properly out in front of her, due to Peter. On July 3, 1960, we became a family of three.

These projects were really a fairly great place to start a family. We had a front door, a back door, and a bunch of people in the same situation. There were a few intriguing aspects of semi-military housing. The bathroom was immediately off the living room and the door only came down to within a few inches of the floor. It became fairly normal for someone in the living room to advise the person going to the bathroom to "run the water."

The family across the street from us had two children and they also had a fenced in front yard. They avoided any problem with diapers by letting the children run naked in the yard. This was kind of our introduction to the cultural diversity of people studying for a graduate degree at Princeton.

Our life continued in this married student housing after Peter was born. I continued working on my thesis and Anne was fulfilling the role of a young mother. We had neighbors who were Mennonites, we also had Jewish neighbors who were very orthodox. It was an interesting couple of years.

11 months later on June 22, 1961 Monica arrived. I was still working on my thesis project and Anne was coping with two children. It was hectic, mainly for Anne, as I tried to complete some aspect of my experiment that would qualify as my thesis project.

In the fall of 1961, I was appointed an instructor at the University and we had to move into new high-rise housing adjacent to Lake Carnegie. This building was called Hibben Apartments. These were brand-new, eight story apartment buildings. Each apartment was a duplex with bedrooms upstairs. There was a front balcony the length of the building with access to the elevator. The apartments

had a very nice living area going from the front entrance to a back balcony. It had a beautiful view of Lake Carnegie. The inside stairway was a metal open structure which posed a serious hazard



to any young children. The apartments were serviced by a central elevator.

Again, all the residents were instructor families at Princeton with many babies; there was a busy diaper service. This was before the era of disposable diapers. The deliveryman would bring the new diapers to our apartments and toss the old dirty package over the railing. I often worried that I would read a news article about someone killed by a falling diaper package.

They were torn down about 10 years ago and replaced with much larger and more modern structures. We lived in these buildings for two years until I completed my thesis work in 1962.

I went back to work at RCA Labs and it was time for us to look for a house. We looked around Princeton and found nothing that we both liked and could afford. We then considered the surrounding towns and settled on Hopewell. It was a few miles away from Princeton, a reasonable commute, and several people from RCA recommended it as a nice place.

### Hopewell, Our First Real House

We rented a corner house with a large porch on Columbus Avenue. It was about a block from St. Alphonsus Catholic Church. I had grown up in a small town and hoped this house would be a nice place to raise the kids.



I was now back at work at RCA Labs full-time and we offered to buy this house, but the owner, a longtime Hopewell resident was n o t

interested in selling. We lived there for about two years while we were looking for a house to buy.

Anne had lost her father earlier in our marriage and her mother had sold her Brooklyn house and moved to White Plains to share a residence with a female friend.

We had an auction of the furniture and other items from her parents' house in the yard of this rented house. Anne's brother and sister-in-law came down for the auction. It was quite a small town affair with someone selling sandwiches and someone else renting us the chairs. This was an emotional time for Anne as these were the things that she had grown up with.

Anne's mother was with us for a time in this house. She passed away almost simultaneously with Sheila being born. It was almost like a passing of the spirit.

As I said, I was back working full-time at RCA Labs. RCA grew out of a World War I action by the United States Navy. It expropriated all of the patents in the United States relating to radios. The companies owning them had been unable to agree on anyone manufacturing a radio using the patents in this country and the Navy realized the only place they could obtain a radio was from Germany. So they expropriated them.

I mention this because that action established the Radio Corporation of America and set it up as a patent trust that was obligated to do research to continue to develop the patents. This gave them an immense amount of freedom as to what they wanted to work on.

Color television was just becoming big business in those days and much of the research was involved in how to make light of a specific color for the television tubes. One of my first assignments was measuring the color efficiency of the inorganic phosphors used in the tubes.

About this time the laser had been invented. This was a way of making a beam of light from a transparent solid material that incorporated the right active ions.

I reported to a Hungarian named Zoltan Kiss. He had suggested that a very efficient laser material might be a crystal of calcium fluoride doped with divalent dysprosium. This material lased more easily if it was cooled.

By immersing this crystal liquid nitrogen and focusing a Ray of the sun on the crystal, we developed the world's first 'sun pumped' laser. I was to work in laser technology for the rest of my career at RCA.

## Back to Hopewell Stories

Hopewell was even smaller than the town I grew up in. It was also more suspicious of outsiders. It seemed to Anne that everyone was related to everyone else. This was certainly different from Brooklyn where no one knew anyone else. Every time Anne made a comment about someone, it turned out that she was related to the person Anne was talking about.

This is a picture of our parish church.

Anne and I became somewhat involved with this Catholic Church. We were teachers in CCD, (Confraternity of Christian Doctrine). While Anne had rigorous training and Catholic teaching, I was probably teaching heresy. Anyhow we were so involved that I actually was reading the First Epistle on Sundays. Father O'Connell, our pastor, had a tendency to go on and on with his sermons. I will always remember how he would come to what seemed like the end of the story, pause, and then say "as it were" and go on with another story.

He was a nice elderly gentleman but somewhat behind the times, and I will remember him saying to Anne " what are you





complaining about, women already have the vote.” We avoided any serious arguments and took our children regularly to church.

We only had one car at this time and I joined a carpool from Hopewell to RCA Labs. Besides myself, it contained a very senior and somewhat crusty technician, our

group leader, Henry Lewis and the head of HR at RCA Labs.

The senior technician, who drove a large Hudson sedan had strong feelings that we should go to work on time and more importantly leave on time, this was really nice as it got me home at a regular time. George, the HR guy lived next door to Beverly, the RCA Labs receptionist and never understood why I had not married her. Such a small town life.

### Our Second House 59 N. Greenwood Ave

We wanted to buy a house and since the landlords would not sell us the one we were in, we looked around Hopewell for a purchase. We found a house at 59 N. Greenwood Ave.; it was for sale for \$21,000. With the inheritance from Anne's parents and a \$2000 salary advance from RCA, we were able to secure a loan and buy the house.

The house was a mixture of charm and negative surprises. Hopewell Borough had no public sewers and everyone had their own septic tank. The septic tank for this house was immediately adjacent to the back wall of the basement. It turns out that it leaked into the basement and so we had to dig a new tank slightly further away.

There was a really nice stairway just inside the front door that had unfortunately been painted many times. The spindles had no shape I disassembled the staircase railing and soaked the spindles, one after another, in a closed top section of a drain pipe in paint remover.

Eventually all 23 had their paint removed, were sanded, and replaced in the stairway. It certainly looked much better.

The back room had obviously been added later to the house as it was covered in knotty pine walls and had newer Anderson windows. I added some cabinetry for block storage, this was a great play area for the kids. I think the previous owners had run a preschool in that room.

The lot was lower towards the back where there was a two car garage. This was nice as the kids bicycles and tricycles tended to go away from the road and into the backyard. There was a small garden patch alongside the garage and a fence along one side of the yard.

Greenwood Avenue is a main two-lane road leading from the center of town, past our house at 59, and on up the hill to farms in Hopewell Township. It was always a worry that the cars coming down the hill were traveling too fast.

The slate roof had no insulation and so the attic as well as the entire house got fairly hot during the summer. I minimized the problem but putting a 36 inch diameter attic fan in the ceiling above the staircase as well as putting louvers in the back of the house to let the air escape. Running the fan at night pushed all the hot air out of the attic and made the entire house much cooler. It was necessary to have a window open on the first floor to let in the air that was being all pushed out by the attic fan. If no window was open the

fan pulled the air down through the fireplace chimney leaving a trail of soot across the living room floor. I think we only did this once.

I acquired some school room size pieces of slate and set up blackboards in the girls' room. This house worked very nicely as a place to raise little kids.



The house had four bedrooms upstairs. There was a large master bedroom at the back. There was a center hallway and one side had a large bedroom for the girls. The front bedroom was the boys and the middle bedroom was a guest room. We moved there in 1963 and lived in the house for 7 years.

Mary and John were born while we were living in this house. All five children were actually born in the Princeton hospital.

Here we have my mother visiting with Sheila as a baby. The house looks very much the same today.