



# Peter Rowan Rudolph

AUG 28, 1933 - JUN 7, 2019



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# Table of Contents

<b>Obituary</b> .....	Page 3
-----------------------	--------



## **Peter Rowan Rudolph**

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**P**eter Rowan Rudolph entered this world August 28, 1933, at Southern Baptist Hospital via a sweetheart of a mother, Alma Rowan Rudolph, and tough-as-nails father, Russell Doverspike Rudolph. The thread of Pete's life started in New Orleans and finally pulled away from its mortal spool in Covington on June 7, 2019. Throughout his 85 years he enjoyed all the travels and travails that life brought. Pete was a precocious kid who bounced around from Louisiana to Mississippi and Iowa. He reportedly escaped from St. Stanislaus Prep School three times and was almost successful in burning it down once. He landed at Ole Miss where he joined Kappa Alpha Order fraternity and was affectionately known as "The Dagger." (Something to do with his brandishing a broken beer bottle - Pete liked to tiddle.) He was married twice, first to Gwynneth Weeks and later to Helene Maines. Pete and Gwen had one son, Russell, who resolutely and without complaint carried his dad's decoys on their duck hunts. And boy, did Pete love to hunt 'dem ducks! He could wade the marsh, build a blind, blow a call, push-pole a pirogue, and chase down some birds with the best of them, particularly his long-time friend and hunting partner, Francis Motichek of Madisonville.

Pete served in the U.S. Army as a First Lieutenant at Fort Benning, Georgia, where his map-reading skills were revered as lethal. He was a salesman extraordinaire all of his professional life. He started out selling salt for Diamond Crystal in Michigan and Massachusetts, and finished the last three decades of his career in New Orleans at Zatarain's as its Vice President of Sales. He enjoyed his time with Zatarain's so much so that even after retirement he was regularly spotted rearranging their display aisles at WalMart. ("I'm protecting my pension!") Pete was a good grandfather to Hannah and Claire Rudolph, children of Russ and his wife, Raina. "Papa Pete" was also known to his granddaughters as "The World's Most Wanted Grandpa," following an incident in which an unidentified neighbor alerted the Louisiana State Police that he might be then-at-large mobster, James "Whitey" Bulger. In all fairness, Pete did resemble Whitey and admitted to



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the SWAT team he had lived in Boston when they burst into his apartment. His collection of shotguns didn't help appearances either, but fingerprints set him free.

Pete's memory gradually became more threadbare in later years, and he spent his final days in the quiet, comfortable care of Christwood Retirement Center in Covington. "Mr. Pete" was known to their kind staff for having a good appetite and dancing a jig now and then. His family would like to thank all of his caregivers at Christwood, as well as Passages and Notre Dame Hospice, for their exquisite and helpful attention to Pete. Pete was a sweet fellow with soft blue eyes, a toothy grin, and a keen wit. He will be missed by family and friends. The family will hold a private memorial for Pete at a later date, and maybe spread some of his ashes at his favorite duck hunting hole. E.J. Fielding Funeral Home is handling the arrangements.



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Peter by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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