

# MOOSMATES AND NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS

A NEWSLETTER FOR AND ABOUT THE KIDS IN AND AROUND MOOS GRAMMAR SCHOOL FROM THE '30'S THRU THE '60'S

August 2022

69TH EDITION

CIRCULATION 306

## MY COLUMN



Hope all you Moos kids are doing well. Lots of stuff to talk about inclosed. Anyone still needing, or wanting, past issues or class photos or wanting to find an old chum or gal pal Just ask and the MoosMates will try to be of service. We still have lots of info about a lot of things pertaining to the old neighborhood and things we grew up with.

### JUST ASK!

Jim Curtis Jan. '51  
3971 NW 108 Drive  
Coral Springs, Florida 33065-2716  
email [jcurtis5@bellsouth.net](mailto:jcurtis5@bellsouth.net)  
home (954) 752-6339

## OOPS!

Referring to page 2 of issue 67, **Emi (Tado) Axen** corrects her class as **Jan. '54** not Jan. '58 and recalls **Roger Browning** as being the boy 1st from the left in the class photo and not 3rd in the front row.



## RETORTS!

We had several to ward off our opponents and bullies. I'm sure you used them whenever the battle lines were drawn. What was your go-to retort? Do you remember? One popular one was,

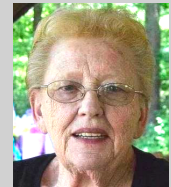
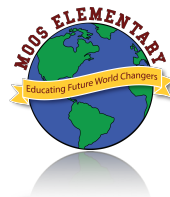
### "I know you are but, what am I?"

That made them think but wasn't always too effective. It also kept them thinking by asking the question Of themselves, "who am I".

Another was "**sticks and stones will break my bones but, names will never hurt me**". That might stop them for the moment but it was purely defensive and you needed something decisive to win the battle.

### "I'm rubber and your glue. Whatever you say, bounces off of me and sticks to you".

That was probably the drop dead retort of them all. It made your opponent really stop and ponder, "what was going on here?" Hmm, if I say that, I'm actually calling myself that name. That seems counter productive. It usually stopped them in their tracks and gave you the upper hand. What more could they argue as a counter measure? Case closed and you live another day to tell the tale of victory. Were you an aggressor or a victim? Remember any others that we have forgotten about?



### Carol (Kelly) Harris June '60

b July 8th, 1946

d April 29th, 2022

Attended **Tuley for 2 years** and graduated **J Sterling Morton West in 1964**. Carol had been living in Oil City, Pennsylvania

## JUST STUFF

Remember what a **Bumpershoot** is?

How about a **Squeezebox**?

What's a **Padoodle**?

What does JINX mean?

### DEFINITIONS

Bra: Flopper Stopper

Girdle: Hinder Binder

Toilet Paper:

Super Duper Pooper Scooper.



### That's All Folks!

What's the difference between a hippo and a zippo?

One is really heavy and the other one is a little lighter!

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**Peggy (Scanlan) Hewitt**  
**June '57**  
**Tuley June '61**

**Peg Scanlan Hewitt My life since 1960** I went off to college in 1962 (Shimer College, Mt. Carroll IL) leaving 1729 N. Washtenaw, my home since birth. I had not really considered, until very recently, that I was the third generation of my family to live on Washtenaw Avenue. My great grandfather came from Poland and lived in the last house on our side, nearest the viaduct. My grandmother married Jim Scanlan, a veterinarian, and they lived at 1729 after the house was enlarged from a cottage to two floors.\* The horses were seen to in the back building (what we called the garage in my time) and even when we rented it out to an auto repair business, the horse hoist was still there. (My grandmother also gave me old horse cough medicine, sending my mother into fits.) That "back building" was bigger than our house. My father was an only child and he and his bride lived in the house until our family moved in the mid-60s.

Mom (Myra) Jim, and I moved in with my godmother, Elisabeth Ralph, who had lived with my mother and me during WW II and into the 50s, so two old friends moved in together again. We lived on Pine Grove at Ashland, but I never really lived in Chicago again. I married Peter Hewitt in 1969. I wanted to be married in the Humboldt Park Methodist Church by a pastor I knew, **Jim Reid**, but that apparently wasn't the correct protocol so I opted for the pastor I knew and we were married in his new church. The organist from Humboldt Park Methodist, however, could move around so **Jeanne ?????** played at our wedding.

Peter and I lived in Baltimore where he was in school at Johns Hopkins until he graduated. We decided to do some sort of service (Peter is a Quaker and it was during the draft). We ended up teaching English in Algeria in a government school. We were recruited via the World Council of Churches. The job in the town of Medea, in the Atlas Mountains. We always thought it was funny, since Peter is from Media, PA, a mere 3,000 miles away. After two years in Algeria we wanted to stay abroad so we looked for a place that was central in the Middle East, allowed Peter to pursue his interest in Arabic and us both to earn some more travel money. We also liked the service sector so we became Middle East program coordinators for the Church of the Brethren, one of the three historic peace churches. Our job was to find positions for volunteers that fell within the ideals of the church. We got to Beirut (the logical choice for freedom of movement, Arabic language studies, and finding other, paying work) in September 1972. We found jobs at the American Community School, Beirut. ACS was founded in 1920 for American children of American University Beirut (AUB) faculty. It is chartered in New York State and graduates are as ready for college as any U.S. students. Most of the students were American when we were there, with boarding students from around the Middle East and also a large elementary school. There were over 600 students at ACS when we were there, signaling a large American community. There were children of AUB faculty, diplomats, missionaries, and business people. Peter taught math and I taught French. Oh, yes, before Algeria we attended intensive French language school in Besancon, France because the working language in Algeria at that time was French. Arabic and English were instituted as school subjects but were not yet the common language for school, commerce, and most transactions. We traveled to other parts of the Middle East from Beirut easily, seeking volunteer positions that might help, and not add to, any existing problems and would not exploit the volunteers. We loved Beirut and our varied life there: just exotic enough. We had the comfort of teaching in an American school that we understood much better than the French system in Algeria. We also got to travel and get it paid for.

Continued on page 4

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**Helen (Zawlick) Moyot June '60**

As always it's good to hear from you. Sometimes I feel it's hard to add anything to your wonderful newsletter as so many items have been covered!

I certainly remember Vic's corner store. My friend Norma Page lived in the apartment above with her brother and father.

Did I mention that Rusty (the fire dog) got my dog Snookie pregnant ?? That old rascal would comb the neighborhood looking for unsuspecting young beautiful females... She delivered them behind our stove. (Not convenient!) Snookie was from a litter born in someone's basement. That's how we got our pets.

No I don't remember Hollander's music store. Guess I wasn't in tune with them.

🤔. I remember a National grocery store on North Ave and Rockwell where we'd shop and carry home the groceries. I guess we had a cart but can't remember but we had Pepsi so must have had a cart! There was a small hotdog joint on North Ave and Artesian or Division. I recall how good their hotdogs were.

I remember the Hall monitors at Moos. We used to think they were the privileged because they acted that way and brown nosed to get the job. And it was only boys as monitors.

Lastly the wimpiest roller coaster at Riverview was the Greyhound.

The order of wimpy to scariest was Greyhound, Silver flash, Blue streak and the Bobs! My friend Tom flew out of the Bobs landed in a tree and broke his arm. The last seat of that rollercoaster would leave the track. And if you were brave you would not hold on but have your hands up over your head! Duh...

How do you know if there was an elephant in your refrigerator ? By the footprint in the cheese cake. 😊

Helen in CA



**Noreen (Falkenberg) Davis  
Moos (1956-1963) , Yates '65**

Wanted to let you know of my brothers passing, he lived at 1738 Rockwell majority of his life, and a short time on Moffatt St. He LOVED the neighborhood the good & bad of it, he was a real Rebel, but in his later years helped a lot at **Our Lady of Aglona Church** [Rockwell and Wabansia] (were I hope he found Jesus), across from were **Irene's corner store** used to be on Rockwell & Wabansia Ave. or was it Washtenaw? [Talman]

Had to find him again after pandemic where I was informed he passed. Being a Vietnam vet I had him buried at Abraham Lincoln National cemetery in IL, he almost made it to 80!

I have only seen one picture of him in Moos photos tho he went there up to 8th grade as all the siblings did (except for me). Have only seen one of myself for that matter, Mom couldn't afford to buy all the kids school photos!

Thanks for your diligence in providing these old memories of our youth so we don't forget!

**My best,  
Noreen (Falkenberg) Davis**

*I used to be addicted  
to the Hokey Pokey  
but, then I turned  
myself around.*



**Allen G. Falkenberg  
Moos Jan. '56  
Lane Tech. June '60  
b June, 9th, 1941  
d May 20th, 2021  
PFC US Army  
VIETNAM**

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Continued from page 2

We came home in 1976 to red, white, and blue sidewalks in Bicentennial Philadelphia. And Muzak. Some culture shock! I went to library school (it runs in my family) and Peter continued teaching. In our time overseas Peter became interested in musical instrument making (the subject of another story) and when I finished my studies he had researched makers of concert-quality wooden flutes and recorders (Baroque instruments) and that maker was in Boston. Peter secured a job with the workshop and we moved to Boston in 1980. I got a library job and continued being an academic librarian until I retired in 2010. Peter had learned toolmaking before we came to Boston because the recorder / flute workshop needed specialized tools (e.g. reamers) for creating the instruments. When he left the von Heune workshop he continued toolmaking in R&D workshops in industry until he got bored and went back for teaching credentials and went back to teaching, earning half the salary of a machinist. He taught math, shop, a variety of other subjects, and coached track and soccer. He retired in 2013. I enjoyed my academic library work in the fields of public health, health policy and economics, and pharmaceutical topics, with some medical librarianship tossed in. I taught my peers in the Medical Library Association and loved doing that.

We live in a neighborhood somewhat like the old Moos School neighborhood: long-term residents and immigrants. Also 4,000 students. We have an old house (1879) and it is constantly a ten-year project. We have been working on our yard and in the house (we finished the dining room recently) and now can host family Thanksgiving events. We have been sorting through years of accumulated stuff. We've unpacked our prettiest dishes and glasses and we enjoy having dinners with them. Retirement has given me time to do things I want to do: be available for the college nieces' and nephews' vacations and square meals for those attending college locally, family business, reading, and gardening. Peter and I take mini-trips around New England and have had two big trips in recent years: one to Paris and one on Safari in South Africa. Because we traveled so much when we were first married we pick and choose trips now. We are also not willing to travel on a shoestring as we did then. No more sleeping on trains. The house is cleaner than when I was working. Retirement lets us go to 4 pm movies and to the museums in the morning. We hardly go out on the weekends: too crowded!

I really love reading about your lives and adventures, and what you remember about the old neighborhood. I am thrilled that Humboldt Park Methodist Church and **Auggie Aamodt** played as big a part in your lives as it did in mine.

\*Using the bricks from the Old Moos School. See Jim Scanlan's story in Moosmates #38 page 3



## THE DRINKING BIRD

Remember this guy? The amazing drinking bird. Did you have one? Were you fascinated as was I? It's very scientific but it works. Patented in 1945 by an engineer working at IBM. His hobby was inventing toys. It's actually classified as a heat engine. Exchanging heat transfer to mechanical motion. I though you would remember!

HASTEN  
JASON  
BRING THE  
BASIN  
OOPS, SLOP  
BRING THE

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## Much More From...



### Helen (Zawlik) Moyot June '60

The May Newsletter was awesome. I enjoyed it very much. I gave my husband a quiz re the Borax, Ipana toothpaste and other items you had posted and he only knew the Borax. I told him he lived a sheltered life. He's 83. The TV screen was green too.  
THE PINK BALLS! Yes I remembered them. We'd play a game called 7 up against the viaduct wall. You had to bounce the ball and turn around or throw it under your leg and turn, etc etc. Different moves but catching the ball each time. I didn't know they were defuzzed tennis balls. That was interesting.

Larry Salberg came up with some old memories. I remember the flooding of the field at Maplewood park to make an ice rink.. I used to ice skate there in the winter. And the infamous Mom & Pop's store across from Moos on California was the place to go!. It would be totally jammed at lunch and they had popcorn that I loved and the "Double Dog". Two hotdogs on one bun that would be heated in a toaster oven and they were 25 cents. It was "the thing" to eat at lunch and was in high demand.

Larry knew Nick Page and I was friends with Norma Page, Nick's younger sister. Nick was so handsome and a lot of the younger girls had a crush on him.

Elsa Marie mentioned a drug store on the corner of North Ave and Talman called Morgenson's Drug Store. I can't remember it. But I remember the Fish Market on Rockwell close to North Avenue. I think it was on Rockwell? Maybe another Moos Mate will remember it. Elsa Marie

has an excellent memory remembering Ms. Bunzel's name. I remember her and Miss Tobin too. Miss Tobin would talk to the first graders in the hall frequently. I think the Librarian was Miss Myrtle. She helped me with a word once. I'll never forget that. I asked her what is a "vine- gar" She smiled and said the word was vin-e-gar.

Take care-  
Hugs  
Helen in CA



## Remember Him?

Yeah but, what's his name? Answer may or may not be within but take a few minutes to scour your gray matter to see if it comes to mind, OK?

**Mildred (Schuch) Koffski**  
**Moos June '45**

**Lucie Flower June '49**

**b April 6th, 1931**

**d February 27th, 2022**

Mildred had been living in Chicago and Des Plaines, Illinois  
Mildred died peacefully.

No photo available



## Tiddlywinks

Yeah, you remember. I'm sure we all played it. Never was too good at it, though. Didn't know they were called winks and squidgers, either. Didn't know any of these rules and strategy. Were you a tiddlywinks champ or a tiddlywinks chump?

Tiddlywinks is a game played on a flat felt mat with sets of small discs called "winks", a pot, which is the target, and a collection of squidgers, which are also discs.

Players use a "squidger" (nowadays made of plastic) to shoot a wink into flight by flicking the squidger across the top of a wink and then over its edge, thereby propelling it into the air. The offensive objective of the game is to score points by sending your own winks into the pot. The defensive objective of the game is to prevent your opponents from potting their winks by "squopping" them: shooting your own winks to land on top of your opponents' winks. As part of strategic gameplay, players often attempt to squop their opponents' winks and develop, maintain and break up large piles of winks.

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Dear Jimmie,

As always, enjoyed the current edition of the MOOSMATES, each issue always mention someone who attended Tuley H.S.

One of the Moos alums made an inquiry about **ELWOOD VOCKEROTH - Class of Jan. 1947.**

**ELWOOD "WOODIE" VOCKEROTH** was my Jan 1951 Tuley classmate. He was married to **PATRICIA HERMANSON -Tuley class of 1952.**

Sadly, they died just two months of each other, about two years ago, with Pat going first.

Pat was so involved in activities at Tuley, that I featured her in our Tuley Review Alumni Newsletter NO. 51 and jested that "principal **Hazel Stillman** says that , school does not start until **Pat Hermanson** arrives"

Pat and Woodie were here in our Las Vegas home in 2002 when our Class of 1951 had a 51st class reunion after a terrific 50th reunion.

Pat and Woodie were long time residents of Mt. Prospect, IL

From **Dan (MAX) Maxime St. Helen's Jan. '46**  
**Tuley Jan. '51**



Early ad for Corn Flakes (1906) then called Toasted Corn Flakes.

- When were they invented?
- Corn Flakes...1894
- Rice Crisps...1927
- Shredded Wheat...1893
- Cheerios...1941
- Wheaties...1924
- Granola...1863



## Wake up sounds and smells

Remember the old whistling tea kettle that told you it was time to rise and shine? How about the percolator coffee pot that showed the coffee being brewed in the glass bulb on top and the smell that wafted. . We had cold cereal, hot cereal, hard boiled eggs, fried eggs and scrambled. Pancakes, toast with jelly. Orange juice. (freshly squeezed?) Mom's always sent us off with a hearty breakfast to challenge the day.



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Hey, Mary Jane!



No, not that Mary Jane.  
This One!



**Mary Jane (Floore) Vidone**  
**Moos June '56**  
**Tuley June '60**

She found us and is our latest MoosMate.  
Welcome back to Moos, Mary.  
Still living in Illinois. Lived on the 1600 block  
of Artesian way back then.

Mary adds



I went to Moos graduated '56 then Tuley. My brothers went to Lane Tech too. You may have known my brothers friends the **O'Boyles** they were with the fire dept., too My younger brother **Jimmy** was with CPD. Would love to receive newsletter.

The OBoyles went to Moos **Tommy and Jimmy O'Boyle** they were my brothers friends he graduated in 57. I have a classic picture somewhere in my trunk of kids waiting outside before the doors would open in the cold. We lived on Artesian between North and Wabansia. We went to **Maplewood playground** everyday .I will look for other photos.fond memories of Moos never forget **Miss Hayes** telling a student as they entered the classroom "you have the unmitigated gaul to come into this classroom chewing gum",. I was on vanishing Chicago site and was pmed your name by a nice person. His name slips my mind at the moment. My only memory of Lane was going to prom with my dance partner. My brothers both went to Lane. Well thanks again eager to see the newsletter. Will forward. Where did you live? If I can contribute any stories, let me know.

All the best **Mary J**

## JINX

As in  
"jinx, you owe me a coke!"

When two kids say the same thing at the same time.

## NIPPER!

His Master's Voice (HMV) was the name of a major British record label created in 1901 by The Gramophone Co. Ltd. The phrase was coined in the late 1890s from the title of a painting by English artist Francis Barraud, which depicted a Jack Russell Terrier named Nipper, listening to a windup

disc gramophone and, tilting his head. In the original, unmodified, 1898 painting, the dog was listening to a cylinder phonograph. The painting was also famously used as the trademark and logo of the Victor Talking Machine Company, later known as **RCA Victor**.

From **Pauline Voltmer (Fred's wife)**:

Want to tell you how much I enjoy reminiscing about the good old days!! Had good display of penny candy in my small (Pop. 300) home town. Under that today. In upper MI just N. of Marinette WI on US 41 Grandparents ran an ice cream/sports bar. Got to visit now and then. Discovered Cream Soda in cooler there. Think I swiped the whole supply. Grandma used to stash Almond Joy bars for me. I was her 1st (favorite?) grandchild. Have 3 sons and 1 daughter who became a "Nana" a year ago. What Joy! Enjoying the Spring and Summer weather. Have had a few

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Hi Jim:

As always, it was great fun in reading last MoosMates Edition. **Pat Dolas, Sam Dolas and Don Kautz (Jan '58)**, my old school chums, brought back so many wonderful memories. I lived at 1709 Talman; then at 2611 Cortland; then 19?? Rockwell. On Rockwell, 6 of us kids lived on first floor while the 8 Stevens kids lived upstairs. We played in the street in front of the house almost every night until called in. But our greatest treasure was Maplewood Playground:

- . Softball & volleyball games during summer.
- . Halloween parties and the "GREASE POLL." Does anyone remember this? I mentioned it to coworkers and they thought it was the dumbest thing they ever heard. I felt quite offended. It was hard and dirty but so much determination to get to the top. I never got there.
- . Ice Skating: We couldn't wait to freeze the ground. We skated all night in spite of freezing hands and toes. Most fun to be the last in the string of skaters to be "whipped" off. And then walk home in our skates down the middle of the street.
- . Best snowball fights but hated the "ice balls" the boys made.
- . We Maplewood kids participated in Silver Skates at Humboldt Park....
- . Volleyball & softball games against other neighborhood parks.
- . Ping-pong, checkers, crafts and to get warm in Park house.
- . It seems we ran everywhere...never walked.

I recall so many kids...**Don Kautz, Chuck Neidle, Cookie (Carol) Koch, Carol Clark.** The **Hoffman girls** who scared me silly when they & several other kids chased me home. FYI...I outran them!

All MoosMates: **Linda Falkenberg, Kathy Naydenoff, Pat Dolas, Mary Lou, Arlene, Cookie, Ursula.** Even our siblings were good friends with our friends' siblings, i.e. Linda's brother, Keith, was a good friend of my brother Mark.

Our lives were so entwined. Family lived close by. Aunts, Uncles, cousins. Neighborhood parties were celebrated at the local taverns where we kids would dance with neighbors to the juke box.

And then one day, the cutest boy moved in next door. I fell madly in love when we shared classes 7a & 7b and 8a & 8b. Tom was now part of our nightly street games. And we became a twosome. (58 yrs this October). [**Thomas Mioducki June '57**]

I hesitated to write because...while living on Talman as a little girl I had the biggest crush on **Eddie Brooks.** Many, many years later I saw Eddie at a funeral. I introduced myself and was totally crushed because he had no idea who I was. So I was sure no one else would remember me. However, your MooseMates Editions trigger & keep these wonderful memories for me and so many.

And a special "hi" to **Don Kautz** for giving me a kick to share just "some" of my favorite memories.

I wonder if anyone recalls **Rose Kiss.** Rose lived on Talman and we shared the best make believe as little girls.

I wonder if anyone recalls the lady who gave sewing lessons to little girls. She dressed in a long black dress, with a white apron over the dress. The lessons were held in the middle of the block of 1700 Talman in a building that looked like a store front with large glass windows on each side of the door. I don't think I did very well because I couldn't sit that long in such a quiet place.

I wonder if anyone recalls the young man on Talman who sat on his front steps and played his steel guitar for us.

[**Chuck Tarbit Aug. '52 ?**] Thank you for all you do.

**Joyce (Wasielewski) Mioducki Jan. '58**