

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

December 2023

74TH EDITION

CIRCULATION 291



MY COLUMN

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Getting harder to think of old things we haven't already discussed but, we'll keep on trying!

I GOT IN TOUCH WITH
OFFENSIVE HUMOR
MY INNER SELF TODAY

THAT'S THE LAST TIME
I'LL BUY 1 PLY TOILET PAPER
AT THE DOLLAR STORE.



WORDS

To funny for words

Do you remember that word? Would you believe the spell-checker did not recognize the word Murgatroyd? Heavens to Murgatroyd!

('Heavens to Murgatroyd' is American in origin and dates from the mid 20th century. The expression was popularized by the cartoon character Snagglepuss - a regular on the Yogi Bear Show in the 1960s.) The other day a not so elderly lady (I'd say 75) said something to her son about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and said "What the heck is a Jalopy?" He never heard of the word jalopy!! She knew she was old.... But not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle.

About a month ago, I accumulated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included: Don't touch that dial, Carbon copy, You sound like a broken record, and hung out to dry. Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker, to straighten up and fly right. Heavens to Betsy! Gee Willikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley; and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China! Back in those days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back! Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!" Or, "This is a fine kettle of fish!" we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent, as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards. Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone. Where have all those great phrases gone?

Long gone: Pshaw. Hey! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. The milkman did it. Well, Fiddlesticks! Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Wake up and smell the roses. (I think these days it's coffee) It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than...

Carter has liver pills. (Carter's Little Liver Pills are gone too!) Leaves us to wonder where Superman will find a phone booth... See ya later, alligator! Okey-dokey ?



Laughingly submitted
by:
Ron Witt Jan. '51



Another OOPS!



From Greg Matuszak June '56

Jim,
Received your Moosmates newsletter today and it awakened a few memories, So, thanks again for the memories.

I noted that there is a possible discrepancy regarding the data with **Robert Kretschmer**. It has him graduating Jan. '57 and being born Dec. 1, 1957. [should be born 12/1/1942 ed]

Hope you are feeling healthy in good spirits. Though we never met we are kindred Moosmates and your newsletters are very much appreciated. My sister, Ursula is in the class Jan. 1958 picture. She is the person who first told me of your work a number of years ago.

Greg Matuszak

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Streetcar Safety Islands

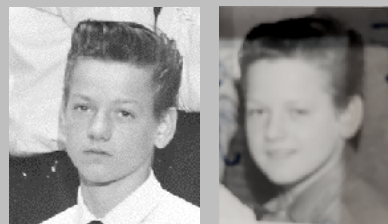
A time when there were no bus routes in Chicago. Only streetcars and the EL. The streetcars couldn't drop you off at the curb so there were streetcar safety islands all over the city where you stood awaiting the next streetcar. The concrete abutment painted yellow. The yellow and black stripe sign and the flashing yellow lights to warn motorists. Now gone and mostly forgotten.

CORRECTION

From the sharp memory of
Bob Johnson Moos K-6, Yates '69

Jim, Correction to the photo's on the last page...the students from Moos, Chase, Yates and Darwin grade schools went to Yates Upper Grade Center, which was added onto Yates Elementary School and opened in 1961 to 1962.

Hired a handy man and gave him a list. When I got home, only #1, 3, & 5 were done. Turns out, he only does odd jobs!



Carl Molino

June '60
b April 7th, 1946
d August 7th, 2022

**From Mary Ann (Makela)
Kornatowski Jan. '60:**

this is Carl Malino a student from Moos who past on Aug 7th He graduated in June of 1960, he was in the VA hospital for around 10 yrs after being hit by a car while on a motorcycle, his niece is my daughter in law and is sister Sandy now lives in Texas I just thought that you would want to pass this information out.



Phyllis Louise (Roux) Locander
June, 1959

b August 30th, 1945
d August 14th, 2022

A life long Chicago resident

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Donna



Charlene



Tanya

The Gals of Jan. '51

From Donna (Badovinac) Tuohy Jan. '51

Hi Jim,

You made my day, another Moosmates!!

Nice to see **Laverne (Heft) Nielsen** in the paper. She was in the same grade I was. There is not a lot of us left!! Her cousin (?) William Sonny Heft was my first love.

Why can I not remember what I had for breakfast yesterday but I recall all the words for the Brylcream ad and the Turtle Wax ad too!! Love the post card picture of the Olson Rug co. Had two copies before I sold my Post Card Collection. Still in contact with **Tanya** and **Charlene**, but now on the phone only. Don't drive after dark if I am not familiar with the area. I still bowl (with a cane), and take day trips with the seniors. The difference is I do it slowly now!!

Happy birthday, card coming soon,

Old pal, Donna

Recently heard from **Judith (Kunz) Anderson Jan. '57**. She is now in Florida and asked about her friend and classmate **Elsa (Isaksen) Mosco** who also lives in Florida. Judith used to live directly across Maplewood playground. Take a guess where she spent most of her outdoor play time.



Richard "Dickie" Gilbert Jan. '52

Hi, Jim

Just a few thoughts from our past. Coming home from Lane in the Blue Goose when the brakes went out. You did a great job avoiding the wall at Western and Bloomingdale. Once again at a gas station near Streator. didn't you bargain with the attendant with some of the products in your borrowed car, so we could make it home? Pushing Tex's old Plymouth into the street so the milkman would give us a push to start it. But the best one of all! Leaving the gym one night, I saw a girl sitting on some steps across from the church. It sounded like she was crying. When I asked why, she said that her boy friend was seeing someone else. I tried to comfort her, telling her that he was smart enough to know the difference between fools gold and the real thing. She will always be your golden girl.

To Donna:

Yes, little dickie Gilbert is still around, living in St. Petersburg, FL. Memories; Teaching me to play Monopoly. When I finally landed on something, it was the electric co.. ig deal. I threatened to turn off the power. Just then, the lights went out. I had to get my Dad to put a fuse in the box. Donna and her friend making believe a pageant of some kind covered them selves with the flowers from a Catalpa tree. Bring on the Calamine Lotion. I thought they looked cool all white. I asked Donna if a large vase in her home was an antique. Everybody laughed. Hey, I'm a Viking and we don't speak French. Just a few thoughts. Keep up the good work.

Dickie

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Elsa Marie (Isaksen) Mosco Jan. '57

Hi Jim

Another great edition. Memories are flooding in once again.

Sorry to hear of Caren Groh's passing, we were classmates I think thru all grades.

Ms Hayes and her pitch pipe brought back memories of being in her girl's chorus. I remember the

diaphragm exercise very well. Another Ms Hayes exercise was to open your mouth wide and put your index, middle and ring finger in your mouth so you could project your voice properly while you sang.

Ms Hurley had the boy's chorus did she follow the same exercises?

I remember a boy in my class, Jimmy DeVito [I think that was his name]. He was a jokester a very funny kid. He'd always crack us up. Ms Hayes was not amused by Jimmy. Several times he got bonked on the head with the roll of Current Event papers. Ouch! Can you imagine what would happen if a teacher did that today.

Donna Badovinac's memory of the Red Goose shoe store brought back memories of shopping there.

The owners were a Hungarian husband and wife. Our family bought all our shoes there. I remember looking at the shoes in the windows of the store deciding which were my favorite, if they would fit and if my parents would ok them. There always had to have a little extra room in the shoe for growth so they would last. The X-ray and the owners input was key in the purchase. At the beginning of the school year one pair of school shoes, one for dress up and church and gym shoes. For the second half of the school year a new pair of school shoes only.

I was thinking of all the stores on North Av. and was trying to place them in order.

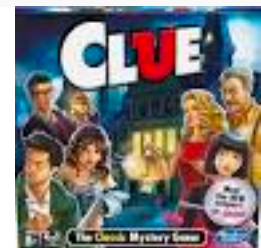
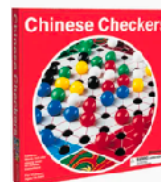
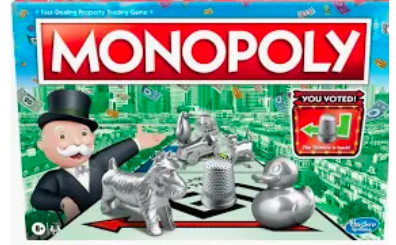
That will be a memory jog for sure. Always love getting my Moosmates thank you for doing such a great job.

Hugs Elsa

Card games and such

Remember learning your 1st card game? WAR! A simple game where your top card battled his/her top card. Each one was a battle and seemed to last forever. Then there was "Old Maid". Learning to pair up cards and lay them down until only one card was left in someones hand. They were the Old Maid. On to Canasta and rummy. Never knew the difference between Rummy and Gin (Rummy). Finally we learned Canasta. Poker was in there, somewhere. Did you ever learn Cribbage, Backgammon or Parcheesi?

Of course we learned, early, to play Checkers and Chinese Checkers but, what about Chess? All fun stuff for a rainy afternoon or evening.



Almost forgot Monopoly



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A Note from Ben

When first exploring what would become the Bloomingdale Trail in 2002, I'd limbo under what remained of a chain link fence off a vacant lot on Whipple Ave (now Julia deBurgos Park). Walking past a makeshift rope swing hung from a giant cottonwood tree, I'd crawl up the embankment to the half-overgrown Bloomingdale Line.

Never did I imagine that 21 years later I'd bike up that same spot on Whipple Ave, as I did earlier this morning, only now on an ADA accessible ramp. And never did I imagine that my 11-year-old daughter would be right behind me on her bike, taking the Bloomingdale Trail to seventh grade and me to the office.

The Bloomingdale Trail has always offered the promise of quicker East-West connections for fun, work and school. This week's commute reminds me just how much! What would have been a nervous game of Frogger across California, Western and a dozen other smaller streets, was a relaxing breeze. This gift is poised to expand east in the coming years, to the Chicago River and beyond.

CDOT hosted a meeting recently to share information and hear questions about the first step in this direction: an expansion from Ashland, where the Bloomingdale Trail currently ends, to Elston. The proposed idea is to go over Ashland with a new bridge, under the expressway and, by way of a new tunnel, under the Metra tracks. A completed expansion could make the Bloomingdale Trail even more convenient for those commuting East and West!

But let's do what a good community-involved process always does and make sure it's a top-notch plan. CDOT wants to hear your 2 cents. **Take a look at the vision and share your thoughts and questions.**

Ben Helphand
Friends of the Bloomingdale Trail

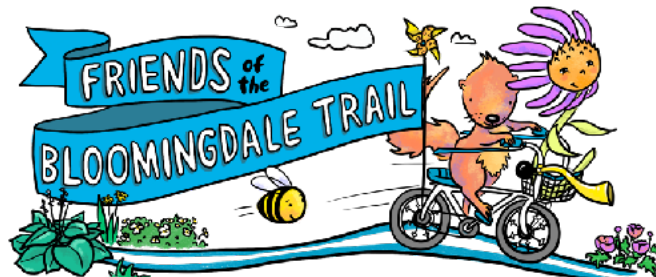
A couple of memories

On our back porch we had a sewing machine with no motor or cord or electricity. It was operated with a foot treadle and a kind of flywheel. It was fascinating to watch my Grandma work with it.

Pistachio ice cream

The local Mom and Pop stores that sold ice cream had three flavors, vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. One day I went to the Crystal ice cream store, between the Crystal show and the Newport restaurant on North ave. and, low and behold, they had this delicious green colored , pistachio flavored ice cream. WOW, a whole new taste treat.

Jim Curtis Jan. '51



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He first appeared in 1929. He's good to the finish 'cause I eat me spinach. I'm sure you can name him but, who are his other comic characters?



Peg (Scanlan) Hewitt
June '57

Hi Jim:

I was thinking about restaurants in the neighborhood. During the war (WWII) while my father was away in the service, we went to **Rembrandt**, at North Avenue and California. Because of rationing certain things were scarce (meat, butter, etc.) but one could go to a restaurant and get meat meals. There was the Sweet Shop with a soda fountain on North Avenue, (with Pete) and was there a diner on that side of North Avenue too? **[Newport]** I have vague memories of opening up a straw by wrinkling up the paper cover, then putting a drop of soda on the "worm" to make it open. Much later there was the exotic Luigi's. Were there other restaurants that people remember?

Tootsie Roll is a [chocolate](#)-flavored [taffy](#) that has been manufactured in the [United States](#) since 1907. The [manufacturer](#), [Tootsie Roll Industries](#), is based in [Chicago](#), [Illinois](#). It was the first [penny candy](#) to be individually wrapped in America. During [World War II](#), Tootsie Rolls became a standard part of American soldiers' [field rations](#), due to the sustainability of the candy under a variety of environmental conditions. The candy is named after the nickname of the originates daughter, Clara "Tootsie" Hirschfeld. According to the company website, the original recipe calls for the inclusion of the previous day's batch, "a graining process that Tootsie continues to this day. As such, there's (theoretically) a bit of Leo's (inventor) very first Tootsie Roll in every one of the sixty four million Tootsie Rolls that Tootsie produces each day."¹



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The Latest and a memory from:

Elsa (Isaksen) Mosco
Jan. '57

Hi Jim

Thinking about you hope all is well. Wondering if you have everything you need for the next edition of Moosmates. I had Covid the end of August, found out the same day we had mandatory evacuation because of the hurricane. So I couldn't risk going to shelter with the people were I was to stay. So I stayed home It was fine I've been thru way worse, No damage just clean up. That medication Paxlovid that you are given for Covid Wow side effects were worse than Covid did a real number on my stomach, much better now.

I had a weird memory of the old neighborhood recently. I have no earthly idea what triggered it. When I was really young around five there was a shop on the south side of North Av. I believe between Maplewood and Campbell or Campbell and Artesian that sold chicken. The chickens were alive stacked in cages. You ordered your chicken at the front counter and then it was killed at the back of the store. As a little kid it freaked me out. Then my mother would take the chicken home and burn off some of the feather quills that were left over a flame on the gas range, the smell was awful. There was no way I could eat that meal and I didn't eat chicken until many years later as an adult.

Thankfully my dad was not a fan of chicken so we rarely had it for dinner. Do you remember that store? Probably not the best memory of the old neighborhood. lol
Best regards Elsa



The Andrew Sisters

Bet you haven't heard those words like, forever. A singing trio of sisters who sold 80 million records. I remember them during the war years. They were really popular and their biggest hit was "The Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B". Also big were "Rum and Coca-Cola", "D'on't sit under the Apple Tree" and several more. The trio was active from 1925 to 1967 but I remember them from the 40's and they were all over the radio.. Do you remember any of this? How about their first names? They came from the Minneapolis area. The name just popped into my head and I thought I should share this with all the MoosMate kids. **Jim Curtis Jan. '51**

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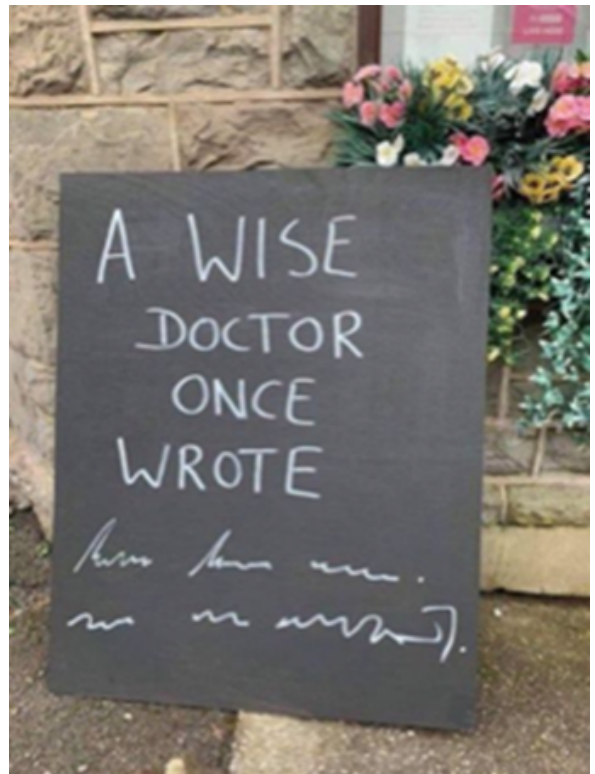
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abpvapp
When I was young, I was poor. But after years of hard work, I am no longer young.

I GOT IN TOUCH WITH
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MY INNER SELF TODAY

THAT'S THE LAST TIME
I'LL BUY 1 PLY TOILET PAPER
AT THE DOLLAR STORE.

Did you know you have the right to remain silent even when you're not being arrested?



The Andrews Sisters

Patty

Lavern

Maxine