

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

JANUARY 2005

8TH EDITION



My Column

Welcome to 2005. The 8th edition is finally in your hands. Quite a few of you have been anxiously awaiting it. To all you kids out there I hope you get a lot of fun and memories from this latest issue. Feedback is always avidly welcome. Sit back and enjoy.

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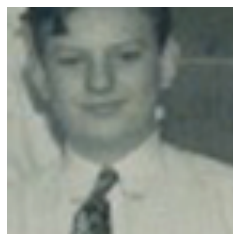
Sad Notes

It seems **Joan (Kamka) Boer June '51** has recently passed away. **Alice Rae** passed away this last December. I thought we had found **Bertha (Peppas) Argiris Jan. '51** but, her newsletter was returned to sender.

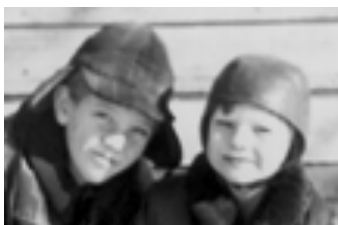
Thanks to **Tom Jacobson June '50**, we now know that the couple who ran the candy store just north of Moos, on Fairfield, where brother and sister. They were Aggie and Louie Weinberg or Weinburg. I spent many a nickel pouring over the huge candy display case as did many of you. They were a fixture in the neighborhood for many years.



Ralph and Don Eckardt at their recent reunion last year



Ralph Eckardt March 1951
(as I knew him)



Don (10) & Ralph (7) 2/8/41
My original idea for this format was to find the long lost classmates of our January 1951 Moos School graduation class. That was several years ago. After many attempts we were never able to find Ralph Eckardt and we thought he was lost to us. Thru the many links and friendships thru these past several years I found **Shirley (Sandergaard) Yates Jan. '51**, and her husband **Don Eckardt Jan. '46**. As it turned out, Don is Ralph's

older brother. Don graduated from Moos in January of 1946. Don and Ralph lost touch in the late '50's and I thought we had another dead end. As it turns out, Don's nephew found a Ralph Eckardt on the internet and called him. Sure enough it was Don's long lost brother Ralph and also our long lost classmate. A meeting was setup last September after Ralph had recovered from eye surgery. Don and his wife, Shirley, waited at the Tampa airport for Ralph's arrival. Ralph actually walked past Don as they had not seen each other for 46 years. They eventually made contact and retreated to Don's nephews home where they enjoyed reminiscing over old photos and family times together. Ralph has been married and divorced with 2 children. The brothers are very different in personality. Ralph being the quieter brother. The brothers keep in touch by phone every month now. It is nice to know we have found another MoosMate and that the brothers Eckardt have found each other.

Miss Hayes

Did you know that she started teaching at Moos in 1929? It's a fact. Her class room number was 37 but she started in room 38 for 1/2 a semester. She originally taught at Roosevelt high school before coming to Moos. She was a fixture at Moos for many years and most of us have many memories of her both happy and not so happy. In any case she was a big part of our early lives and the Moos School experience.

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Speaking of Moos

Originally called the Humboldt school in 1887 when it was annexed to the city of Chicago the 1st principal was John H. Tear. On Feb. 3rd, 1892 it was made a primary school. On April 17th, 1897 it was officially renamed Bernhard Moos School. At that time it was changed to a grammar school as we now know it. The 1st graduating class was of 16 in 1902. It was originally a 4 room building. As time and attendance increased, the rooms were increased to 12. This served the community for many years until it was replaced by the building we remember which was opened on September 3rd, 1907 at which time a large playground surrounded the building. No doubt the playground that we all recall. Running, jumping, playing Buck-Buck, sailing paper airplanes, tag, chasing the girls...recess time was spent doing all that and more.

A virtual walk through Humboldt Park

Be warned! My memories are over 50 years old but I do have a 1984 map of the park to jog my thoughts.

I used to enter the park at North and California. It was a short walk to the first of many water fountains that bubbled up clear clean water and 4 benches where the "old" people sat. Taking a left turn would head you towards the 2nd fountain, the island with it's "old troll" bridge and the boat house. The island was filled with benches and a great place to put on your skates in the winter and venture out on the frozen lagoon. Going right took you to the playground which had swings, teeter-totters, sand

boxes and a wading pool with shower sprays. The walk to the right would eventually take you to the field house, which was across Humboldt Blvd. and the 2 hills, Bunker and Baby Bunker. How many times had I glided down Bunker Hill in my sled during winter? The left way was highlighted beyond the Island by the boat house. When I was vey young I do remember taking a boat ride on the lagoon with my father. He showed me how to silence the creaking of the oar locks with a splash of water. This was the sight of Leif Erickson's statue, as I recall. Beyond that and after crossing the Boulevard via the bridge underpass was a really charming bridge across the lagoon and a walkway that meandered for a while and you chanced upon a small stopping place with a bench and overhead cover that looked down on a trickling waterfall amid rocks and flowers. I always felt it was a secret place that not many knew about but it was gorgeous and quiet. I wonder what it looks like today. Is it still as I remember it? Whether you walked the right or left path you would eventually come to the rose garden and it's guardians, the huge bisons at the entrance. I remember, even back then, how the tails were bright and polished from the constant wear of children attempting to climb aboard. Somewhere I have a photo of myself atop one of the beasts as I supposed you also have. There were many times when the paved walkways were not for us. The "Indian Trail" was an adventure to take by bike and a secret place for us youngsters. I'm not sure where it started. Somewhere in the bushes to the right side as we entered the park at

California and North Avenue. We probably had gone to Mid-City Dairy to get an ice cream cone, for 10 cents, to start our adventure. After savoring that wonderful treat we would ride our bikes along a trail thru the park until it ended somewhere North of the bicycle track. What adventures they were. The road that meandered thru the park was called Marin Drive. The statue of General Kosciuszko was near Humboldt Blvd. And North Avenue but has since been removed to another park. It was magnificent. He was astride his horse and looked awesome to me as a youth.

Lenora Hughes and Diane Zavadil, both of the Jan. '53 class, recall several more classmates from their graduation picture, which I ran on page 6 of the 7th edition. Front row: extreme left is **Lenore**, next is **Margaret Jackson**, 3rd is **Barbara Erickson** (her twin sister, **Joyce Erickson** is 3rd row far right), 4th is **Judy McNulty**, 7th is **Pat Banot**, 8th is probably **Sadie McClusky**. Sadie went back to Tennessee or Kentucky that summer. Second row: 2nd from left is **Daniel Segebarth**, 5th is Robert Krisp, 6th is **James Hoffman**. 3rd row: 2nd from left is **Eilleen Kains**, 4th is **Arlene Fleischer**, next is **Joy (Joyce) Thompson**, 7th is **Barbara Kelly**. Back row: 4th from left is **Robert Stephenson**, 6th is **Pete Markiewicz**, next is **Carol Faulkenberg**, extreme right is **Joanne Schlotthauer**.

Anyone who would like a reprint of this class picture can just ask me by mail, email or phone. Thanks for all your help, Lenora and Diane.

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Norman Peterson June '59 and his sister, **Lale (Peterson) Schram Yates '68** (went to Moos but graduated from Yates) have been found. Back then they lived at 1836 N. Fairfield Ave. Their parents also went to Moos, graduating some time in the late 30's or early 40's. They were **Dale Peterson** and **LaVerne Amundsen**. They have both since passed away. They also have an uncle, **Norman Amundsen**, who graduated from Moos about the time his parents did. Norm went on to graduate from Lane Tech. and presently lives in Chicago. Norm has gratuitously sent me many of his class photos. They are: pm kindergarden (page 5), 1A, 2B-2A, 4A, 5A,6A, 7B and 8B (see page 5).

Diane Zavadil June '53 reports her husband is in poor health but she has recently moved into a condo, which she loves, and is living in the Libertyville area. She also remembers Ms. Mertes, our librarian at Moos for many years as well as Mr. Ponich, her gym teacher. That was back when gym shoes were gym shoes and nothing else. P.F.Flyers?

Kathleen (**Carolyn Metz June '47**) Gilbert reports that her husband is **Bob Gilbert '58** who is the younger brother of **Richard Gilbert Jan. '52**. They have been married for 40 years and live in Cary, IL with their two collies. They have three married children and met at the Humboldt Park Methodist Church. Her sisters, **Judy Metz June '54** lives in Elgin, IL and **Carla Metz 'June '49**, lives in Texas. Richard Gilbert is retired and collects pottery. He and his wife, Cass, have been spending this last Winter in Tampa/St. Pete area of Florida. The families see or talk with one another very often. Now that's a close knit bunch of MoosMates, eh?

The Moos Chronicle

I recently received a copy of the Moos Chronicle dated June 1939 from my uncle, **Walter Jabczynski**, who graduated that year. It is a publication of the Moos kids from the printing department. In it is a list of all the graduates and a note about each one titled "AS THE CLASS SEES THEM". Walters was "a true sportsman". Also listed were a **Hjalmer Amundsen** "He'll be with the Cubs soon" and a **Calvin Frelk** "The walking delegate" who is a cousin of Ron Frelk. That graduating class may have been one of the largest, numbering 103.

Secret Decoders and Box Top Enticements

I'm sure we all can remember sending in product labels and box tops for fantastic prizes that were associated with our radio heros so long ago. There was Captain Midnight, The Cinnamon Bear and many, many more. Did you have a favorite? How about a story to tell about it? Remember the different rings or other treasures you could get for a box top or two and a few quarters? I remember an Atom Bomb ring of which you removed the back end of the bomb (as I recall it was red plastic) and peered inside the ring and saw flashes of "atoms" dancing in the head of the bomb. I was enthralled with the wonder of it. I also sent for another ring which had a miniature jet plane as the focal piece and when it was loaded and cocked you could press a little lever of some sort and the plane would be ejected and "fly" for several feet. My story of our neighborhood struggle follows.

Several kids on the block all talked about Captain Midnight and his club and secret decoder. He was sponsored by Ovaltine and if you wanted to join his club you had to send in a label from Ovaltine and probably some money. We all talked about joining his club but several of us never got Ovaltine and if you did you had to drink the whole container before you could send in the label. We wanted to circumvent the whole procedure so one day 4 of us went to the A & P on North Avenue across from the Crystal Theater armed with a single edged razor blade. I guess I was the instigator as I cut off the labels of several Ovaltine jars while my cohorts milled around hiding my covert task. We tried to leave the market and were stopped by the manager. He searched our pockets looking for any products we may have stolen but found nothing but several pieces of paper (the labels) and let us go with a warning. We thought we were home free and walked down Washtenaw Ave. We got about half way down the 1600 block and were suddenly collared by the manager and a few of his cashiers. They realized what we had done and brought us back to the store. All the labels were confiscated and we were let go with a stern warning and threats to contact our parents. We were scared as hell. We never did form a club and that was the end of that.

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Len Mueller June '50

recalls **Alice Hayes** but will never forget **Gladys Purington** and the day she announced to the class that she had lost a nephew on Iwo Jima. He considers her a very special lady. Len got a kick out of reminiscing about the Magikist sign (6th edition), the old street cars on California and North Avenues. The 3 cent EL fares and the "Green Hornets" on Western during his sophomore year at Lane Tech., the "Y" gym next to the Methodist Church and the "Y" camp in Pullman, Michigan. Hot summer days when he would pedal his bike to North Avenue beach or the Springfield Tank. Lenny also remembers **Harold Justice June '52**. His working career found him in the electrical wholesale business for 29 years and he ended up at Brook Electric located at 2501 W. North Avenue. He managed the inside crew there until 1/1/2000 and Brook Elec. eventually sold the building which is now a strip mall at Campbell and North. The ethnicity of the neighborhood is now predominantly Puerto Rican.

The Rae Family

There were six kids and so the name Rae was very familiar in the neighborhood and at Moos. There was **Richard 'Jan. '47, Donald Jan. '49, Kenny June '52, Beverly, Bob and John**. Bev passed away a year ago this past December. Bob passed on a few years ago. John and Kenny still lives in Chicago. Don and Richard live in Georgia. Don's wife, Alice, passed away recently. Maybe we can get some biographical information about their lives for the next edition.

I'm sure many of us are curious as to how everyone's life has evolved thru the years. Thanks to **Joan (Vass) Hinchman**.

The Crystal Theater an insiders recollections

Kathleen Carstensen Jan. '56, who nows calls herself Pat, worked at the candy counter and occasionally as the red-headed cashier. She recalls: The right and left aisles, just in front of the divided rows, were used by the hot blooded lovers of our time. The projection room, upstairs, was a room full of tins and a very old projector. We once had a manager who starred in *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*. She thinks his last name was Williams. He played other bit parts when he got the chance. I would give everyone extra butter on their popcorn, if I even charged them. That was, of course, for all the neat boys. There were 4 stalls with blue doors in the ladies bathroom which were all carved up with *who loves who*.

There was a side entrance/exit on the east side that opened to Washtenaw Ave. Close by was the Mens bathroom near a water cooler. The managers office was also close by but down some stairs. Just beyond the divided seats in the theater were stairs going up, making a semi-circle and coming down near the screen. Wednesday was dish day. She also remembers the Queen Theater where the ladies room had one stall with a black door. The popcorn machine with the paper bags that cost 5 cents. Everyone went there for the Westerns and serials. Pat also reports that **Eddie Doyle**, brother of **Paul**, died last month due to lung cancer.

Memories of the WWII years

Tom Crook Jan. '52 recalls those school paper drives where, if you brought in so many pounds you were treated to a movie or magic show in the auditorium. Everyone else had to sit in class. He and I also recall the rectangular flags in our front windows. A star for each family member in service. Blue and the dreaded gold for those killed in action. Tom remembers coming home for lunch in August of '45 and his Dad was home. His Dad was with the 80th infantry division in France. He had been hospitalized in England and then Baltimore for about 8 months recovering from trench feet. I recall my uncle Bill (Ike) returning home and sitting on the floor before him while he showed us several souvenirs and all his service medals and patches. He served in the 185th Infantry and saw service in New Guinea, Philippines and Luzon. Do you have a memory of World War Two that you would like to share with us?

Well, boys and girls, that's the big show for now. The next edition will be published when I have a folder full of things to talk about so keep those cards, letters, photos, bio's, stories and other bits of the past coming my way. Everything sent to me will be return unharmed ASAP.

Let me know what adventures you had with rings or secret clubs when you were a kid or even your favorite street games.

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A happy time was had by all on Aug. 12th '04
L to R: Ray Hagen, Tom Crook, Marlene (Becker) Halverson, Gerri (Becker) Milbratz, Kenny Rae, Jo Hagen, Dick Gilbert, Cass Gilbert



The Three Caballeros
Tom Crook, George Murray, Kathy (Cookie Murray) Wilsek



Jim Curtis Jan.'51 &
Sandy (Husted) Curtis Jan.'55



The Mystery Kid (reprinted from an earlier edition)
Anybody know him?



Back in the good old days when there were actually row boats in the lagoon. Cost was a five or ten cents per hour. In the earlier years the rec. house (left) was the boat house. The present boat house was erected later. The part of the lagoon in the left hand picture has since been partially filled in with a sand beach. Thanks to **Larry Janowiak Jan. '53** for sharing these, and other, early post cards of Humboldt Park.

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The kindergarten (pm) photo of the class of June '59
Norman Peterson is 2nd row extreme left



The 8B photo of the same class.
Norman is 2nd row extreme left, again
It seems he was the shortest boy and always got the far left position.