
WEST MIDWOOD NEWS

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Newly Restored Stanchions Welcome People to Our Neighborhood



The West Midwood stanchions, the twelve brick and concrete structures that mark the northern and southern boundaries of our neighborhood, have received a much-needed facelift. The brickwork has been repaired, the openings in the sides have been bricked up, and the globes on top have been repaired. The tops and bases have been painted, and the stanchions have been power washed.

The stanchion repair and cleaning was initiated and completed by the West Midwood Neighborhood Association. Funds for the project came from member dues and from donations from the many film companies that have used West Midwood homes and streets as the location for their productions.

The stanchions have been through several transformations. Originally installed when the neighborhood was built in the early 20th Century, at least some of them were wired to have lights on top. The empty holes in the sides, bricked up in this latest renovation, originally contained the wiring for the lights, but in more recent years became convenient garbage receptacles, to the dismay of local residents, who repeatedly cleaned them out and attempted to block them up. For a time, there were flower pots on the tops of some, but that era didn't last long either.

After one of the stanchions was wrecked by a speedster in 1992, the West Midwood Community Association arranged for a new pillar to be installed. A former resident, Barry Katz, contributed an industrial strength steel box to be used as a time capsule, and then WMCA President Joe Mislowack filled it up with a mint set of coins contributed by Lennie Grau, along with the address list of dues-paying West Midwoodians and a video of the neighborhood. The box remains buried under the stanchion at the southwest corner of Rugby Road and Foster Avenue.

The Stories Your House Could Tell

By Joe Enright

815 East 12th Street

For this issue we explored the Howell-O'Neill homestead in the southwestern hinterlands of the realm, where their historic house sits on the highest land in all of West Midwoodia.

First, some facts. On January 1, 1898, the four outer boroughs were consolidated into New York City, sparking a land-rush frenzy in Brooklyn, where realtors began gobbling up all the farm and woodlands south of Prospect Park. In March, the Wood Harmon Company, which billed itself as "a new Boston capitalist firm," got in on the action: it started buying large tracts near the locomotive rail lines that by 1900 would all be electrified, enabling speedier transport over the only



2019 Restoration

East River bridges to Manhattan (sorry, Queens!). Southern Brooklyn was suddenly poised to become one of the first commuting suburbs in America.

Within 18 months, Wood Harmon had accumulated 1,000 acres from 225 farms (over 20,000 housing lots). They immediately began selling plots on the installment plan, requiring only a nominal deposit of \$1.50, and providing loans to buyers to finance construction of their homes. Thus, their developments were marketed as "homes working people can afford." But because it sold directly to large-

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**Mark Your Calendars
Neighborhood Events**

**Sunday, September 15 11am
West Midwood Block Party
Glenwood Road Dead End**

**Thursday, October 31 6:30pm
Halloween Parade
Gather at 6pm at the end of
Glenwood Rd @ Q Train Cut off
Rugby Road**

**President's Message
Fall 2019**



Our neighborhood endures a lot of commotion being in New York City. We have subway tracks, cargo trains, roads that some use as raceways, constant utility and road repairs and so on. A recent addition to these constant pressures is the increase in film productions turning our homes and streets into Hollywood backlots. Like them or hate them, our elected representatives have determined that film productions are good for the city, so they are likely here to stay.

The West Midwood Community Association has several volunteers who keep an eye out for film productions in our neighborhood. When one is spotted, they approach the production company and request a monetary donation to the WMCA to help offset the inconvenience to residents caused by their work. The production companies often expect to make donations, and they are encouraged to do by the Mayor's Office of Media and Entertainment. Thus, the WMCA has collected thousands of dollars from production companies in recent years.

The WMCA Board has allocated the donation money to a number of causes, such as the now-annual block party and Glenwood Malls replanting and upkeep. However, this past summer, a large project was undertaken—complete refurbishing of our 12 stanchions (columns) at our neighborhood entrances. As of this writing the project is complete, and the results speak for themselves. One neighbor said the stanchions now “look stately, clean, and indicate to all who enter that this is a special, historic place.”

Beyond the stanchion repairs, all residents are encouraged to preserve the “special, historic” character of our neighborhood. How so? Keep your property attractive, remove litter when you see it, and report conditions that need attention (such as damage to the malls or dead tree limbs) to the proper association or city agency. Most important, be kind to all in our community, and show tolerance and kindness for those just passing through, especially since some of them help financially support our neighborhood association and “common areas” upkeep. Finally, if you are renting your house to a film production company, or know of a film shoot about to take place near your house, please let either Mike Weiss or Anthony Finkel know about it. Their contact information is on the list of board members in this newsletter.

Have a spectacular autumn!



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Brooklyn Sports

By Argyle Art Rhine

Midwood Basketball, 1962, Part 2: The Greatest Basketball Game of All

Herewith follows the continuation of the saga of the 1962 Midwood basketball team and its participation in the greatest basketball game of all time. (See the June 2019 West Midwood News for the team's earlier experience with crime and punishment.)

The new team with Markey, Higgins, Dressler and substitute center Ivan Leshinsky won its Brooklyn Division and qualified for the PSAL championships, which were held each year at Madison Square Garden. The 1962 edition had expanded to 16 teams. Midwood won its first game and moved up to the quarter finals. Its opponent was Erasmus Hall High School, the defending 1961 champ, which had qualified from the other Brooklyn division. The Erasmus team included the scholarly Alan Fishman and was led by Charles “Sparky” Donovan, a 5’5” whirlwind who could dribble and shoot like nobody’s business. Last year, in the semifinals against Columbus, Donovan had chucked up 21 points, including the final bucket, putting Erasmus ahead 47–45 with 88 seconds left, then seized the rebound of Columbus’s last shot with 70 seconds left, and proceeded to dribble out the clock (there was no shot clock in those days), pursued futilely by the entire Columbus team. In the finals, Erasmus beat Lane without drama.

Midwood vs. Erasmus

We gathered for the quarter-finals with the student bodies from Erasmus and the six other schools still alive in the tournament. Madison Square Garden—the old Garden on Eighth Avenue between West 49th and 50th—was a cacophonous madhouse. It’s hard to believe that 15,000 crazed teenagers were allowed to gather under one roof for four games and six hours of mayhem. Just for contrast, in 2013, Lafayette High School in Bensonhurst issued the following procedures for home games: “NO SPECTATORS from visiting schools will be admitted to the [basketball] game. NO CHEERLEADERS . . . will be admitted to the game. Only team members and two managers (listed on the PSAL roster) will be admitted . . . All athletes, managers and coaches WILL BE SCANNED.” But in 1962, there we were; the Garden was packed. The Erasmus-Midwood game was a take-no-prisoners trench warfare affair, and I’m just talking about what went on in the stands.

Out on the court, Dressler, Higgins, and Markey were rock solid and calm and confident, but the star was Sparky Donovan. Everybody knew that this was his last hurrah. For all his dribbling skills, he didn’t have rocket speed (the one skill that can’t be taught); he was a chucker rather than a quality shooter in an age before the

three-point shot; and damn it, let’s be frank, he was only 5’5” and he wasn’t much of a jumper. He had no chance in college. But here, in Madison Square Garden, he put on a show. He scored 31 points on an assortment of heaves from near half court and then, as the buzzer sounded, with Midwood leading 60–59, he was fouled. Oh, it couldn’t have been better scripted. He strolled to the foul line to shoot one-and-one. Make the first shot, earn a second. He would take a first foul shot, and if he missed it, the game was over with Midwood the winner.



If he made it, the game was tied and he would then get one more shot. If he missed that, the game would go to overtime. If he made the second shot, Erasmus would win.

Sparky approached the line. He was a great foul shooter, shooting 85% over his career. He had a little herky-jerky jump as he shot the ball, an unusual and unique quirk. The Midwood and Erasmus players lined the court; there was really nothing for them to do; there would be no reason to rebound—there was no time left on the clock. The thousands of students advanced to the court boundaries with thousands more hanging over the railings of the balcony. And suddenly a buzzing started, like a swarm of mosquitoes. And suddenly Sparky and the players were running from the court. And suddenly, thousands of paper clips came flying through the air; it looked like a plague of locusts. And suddenly, the court was littered with a layer of paper clips as welts were rising on the ball-players’ bodies. Those of us close to courtside covered our heads with our arms, ducked down, and tried to escape the fusillade. Pandemonium. The loudspeakers blared. I guess we all knew from whom the paper clips issued, but how was a punishment to be meted out? So the courtside was painstakingly swept free of debris and humans by custodians and security cops, and then a cordon of cops circled the court. The balcony’s first rows were cleared. And Sparky again approached the line. There was absolutely nobody else on the court except the ref who bounced the ball to Sparky. Now Sparky bounced the ball. He cocked his elbows and raised the ball overhead. The quirky-jerk. He shot. The ball clanged off the back rim and out. Donovan was done. Midwood had won.

Midwood played again two days later against Morris in the semifinal. Morris won a tough fight and went on to win the final easily on Sunday. Midwood, without its three best players, had proven to be one of the best teams in New York City. Mention should be made that Morris’ best player was Nevil Shedd, who went on to be the starting center (he was 6’3”) on the all-black Texas Western team, which beat Adolph Rupp’s all-white

Brooklyn Sports — continued from page 3

Kentucky team in the much celebrated and ballyhooed “Game of the Century”—the finals of the 1966 NCAA championships—by a score of 72-65.

Where They Are Now

Tom Markey, with his first team NYC PSAL All-Star award, got a full scholarship to Loyola of Chicago, a basketball powerhouse that had just won the NCAA championship. For the next four years, they fielded a team dedicated to diversity, making the Sweet Sixteen one year and the Elite Eight another. Markey acquitted himself admirably for all four years, most remembered for his last-second overtime lay-up, which upset Dave Stallworth and Wichita.

Gene Dressler, a very decent scholar, got a free ride to Harvard, for which he too played admirably, becoming captain in his senior year. The Ivy League, please remember, produced some great hoops in those days, with the likes of Bill Bradley playing for Princeton on his way to the Knicks and Jim McMillian of Jefferson now playing for Columbia on his way to the Lakers. After graduation from Harvard Business School, Dressler became a math teacher in a Weymouth, Massachusetts, public school, and also an instructor for an SAT Prep Course company. There was a report from an old friend that Dressler served in the Peace Corps, but I have no confirmation. It seems like a skimpy resume, doesn't it? Dressler and I were in AP Math together in our senior year. He was a peaceful gem. He was also on the Midwood baseball team coached by swimming coach Herb Solomon, so I knew him from sports as well, since I worked with the baseball team captains at Solomon's summer camp for two years. An SAT tutor after graduating from Harvard Business School?! Isn't there more?

Kenny Spalter lived in Pound Ridge and worked as a school psychologist in Mt. Kisco for 34 years. He was also the soccer coach. He was married with one daughter. Eight years after retiring, he was tragically shot to death by a teenage carjacker last year while visiting his just born granddaughter in St. Louis.

Mark Mirken, despite not playing in his senior year of high school, still got a full scholarship to the University of North Carolina where, jeez Louise, he was suspended during his freshman year for stealing mid-terms. He was reinstated in his sophomore year and played some quality ball, coming off the bench, getting selected by the Knicks in the 11th round of the NBA draft, but he never made it to the show. He became a lawyer.

Ivan Leshinsky, who took over at center for Mirken, was

one of my great childhood friends. We became buddies in the fourth grade when our teacher, Mrs. Drainpipe, asked her students, “Who in this class hates me?” Ivan and I (along with Jeffrey Sturman and Roberta Shestak) stood up. Ivan lived in a tiny apartment on Avenue J and Ocean Avenue with his huge family, by which I mean numerous as well as gigantic. His mom welcomed us as if we were family. Ivan and I formed the nucleus of Mrs. Zekster's P.S. 193 championship basketball team. Our strategy was that I would take off down court as soon as the other team shot the ball and, if it missed, Ivan would get the rebound and hurl it toward the other basket as I was breaking away. We beat Mrs. Augur's class 24–20 in the final. During my final breakaway, I was pursued by Steven Toushin, a really nasty bully and stupendous athlete, who was angling toward me so I faked going up for the running layup and pulled back the ball. Toushin leaped, flew past me and smashed full-force into the brick wall of the P.S. 193 basement gymnasium from which the backboard and hoop were hanging, crumbling to the floor as I banked in my lay-up. It may have been my basketball highlight, but Ivan grew to 6'9". After playing for Midwood, he went on to play four years for the L.I.U. Blackbirds here in Brooklyn, after which he joined the Israeli national team. He then moved to Baltimore, where he was one of the founders of the Chesapeake Center for Youth Development. For 40 years, he worked for social justice, empowering youth through employment and education, integrating the young people into the community.

Steven Toushin became a producer and distributor of gay pornography and owns the Bijou Theater in Chicago, the oldest gay adult theater and sex club in the United States.

Dressler and I were good math students, but we were not the stars of the AP class. The Midwood Math Team won the City Championship in 1963. The four stars were as follows: (1) Mel Brender, who lives in Park Slope, is a saintly man, who got his Mathematics Ph. D. from

Columbia and taught at college for awhile before spearheading Citibank's computer programming. (2) Judith Gamora Cohen is a Professor of Astronomy at the California Institute of Technology. She is world renowned for her expertise regarding the Milky Way and for her role in designing the Keck Telescope. She showed us how great girls could be in math and science long before Lawrence Summers was fired from Harvard for his ignorance on the subject.



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The Stories Your House Could Tell — *continued from page one*

scale builders such as John Corbin, T.B. Ackerman and E. R. Strong—who built West Midwood, Midwood Park, Beverly Square, and Fiske Terrace—their first neighborhoods lacked homogenous streetscapes.

Wood Harmon's original development extended from the south side of Avenue H to Avenue J, and from Coney Island Avenue east to the Brighton line. The company invented a bucolic name for its initial realty foray—"Oak Crest"—inspired by the area's abundant oak trees and the elevation of the land, gradually sloping upwards from Newkirk Avenue to the LIRR tracks, then sitting on a slight embankment, where the land crested at 40 feet above sea level. After carving Oak Crest out of Lott's Woods, leveling the land, and laying down macadamized streets and sidewalks, a hundred building lots went on sale to the public in July 1898.

Research indicates that 815 East 12th Street was built sometime between summer 1898 and fall 1899. It was also in 1899 that Dean Alvord bought the land that he transformed into Prospect Park South, and three years before Lewis Pounds bought the Ditmas farm. It was also a full five years before Ackerman built Westminster Road in West South Midwood, just across "Hiawatha Road"—a Wood Harmon name for Avenue H that did not stick. The house originally looked out on a sparsely settled landscape, interrupted by a racetrack along Coney Island Avenue (extending from Avenue I to Avenue L) and the occasional roadhouse that catered to the gambling crowd. Sitting on the front porch, you would have been able to see three surface railroads: the Coney Island Railroad, 260 feet west; the LIRR Bay Ridge Line,

250 feet south; and the Brighton Beach Railroad, four blocks east, just before it descended into a trench that ran under the LIRR. But East 12th Street was merely a line on a street grid at that time, separated from the rest of Flatbush by empty land stretch-ing all the way to Alvord's Beverly Road.

The 1900 Census indicates the first owners were Charles Thomas, a plumber, and his wife, Clare.

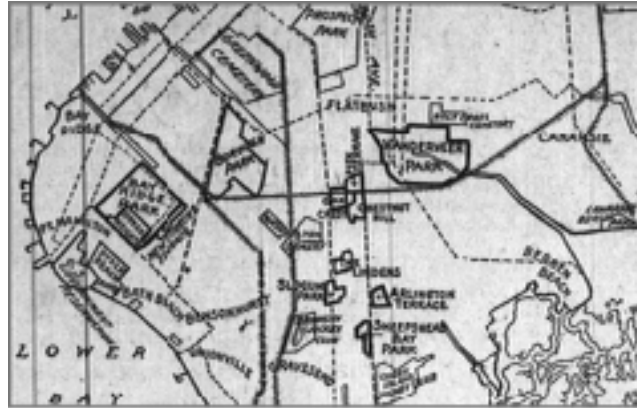
According to multiple news accounts, while the Thomases were attending the Grand Opera House on West 23rd Street in Manhattan on Thanksgiving Eve, 1906, a limelight fell on Clare rendering her unconscious and crippled. In 1909, a jury in Brooklyn Civil Court awarded her \$10,000 in damages. Within a month of this favorable disposition, the Thomases put their house up for sale for \$6,200. But there were no takers, and a

year later they spent part of their award to build a garage for their new car on the property.

In a 1907 ad for a lodger, the Thomas's described the nearest train station as "Fiske Terrace" on the Brighton line; but in a similar 1909 ad, just after the completion of the grade-crossing elimination project, they called it "Avenue H." As part of that enormous undertaking which shaped Brooklyn as we know it today, the Brighton tracks were elevated over the LIRR, which was lowered into a trench. This work effectively cut off much of southern Oak Crest from its northern neighbors. But at least the trench made the block quieter, given the constant locomotive traffic on the two tracks connecting a Bay

Ridge rail barge to the rest of Long Island. Today that traffic usually consists of one slow train a day along a single track.

Meanwhile, the 1910 census still found the Thomases on East 12th. They continued to rent out four rooms until finally finding a buyer for the house in 1915, allowing them to relocate to South Orange, New Jersey, where they passed away during the 1940s. The second owners were the Burr family, who would reside in the house until 1947. Samuel Burr, the son of a Park Slope grocer, sold Underwood typewriters for 33 years until New Year's Eve



1899 May 14: NY Times Map Shows Only Oak Crest & Fiske



The house in 1940



By 1988, the garage was gone.

1936, when he suddenly died of a heart attack in the home. His eldest son, William, a statistician, and eldest daughter, Helen, a stenographer in a welding factory, became the breadwinners. In May 1946 the Burrs posted an ad seeking a new home in Nassau County, a “six-room bungalow with gas heat convenient to trains and shopping for \$10,000.” In August 1947 another ad appeared for an empty house, indicating the Burrs had been successful in their flight to the next new suburbia: “815 East 12th Street—Beautiful, 40 x100, 4 bed-rooms; Ditmas Park section; scientific kitchen; 2 car garage; fully detached; 3 blocks from Brighton line; \$10,750.” So even in 1947, “Ditmas Park” had more cache than West Midwood, Oak Crest, Fiske Terrace or Flatbush!

The new buyers were the Sacks family from Coney Island, and it was during the next three decades that the house started to suffer neglect. Solomon Sacks was a locomotive mechanic in the 1920s but then became a vacuum cleaner salesman during the Second World War. His spouse, Bertha—like her husband, Russia-born—immigrated as a teenager, and married Solomon in 1918 in Manhattan. The Sacks had a troubled financial history, suffering foreclosure of their Coney Island home during the Depression. Bertha outlived Solomon and transferred the house to her son only a few months before she died in 1976. By that time the City had placed a sizable lien on the house for nonpayment of taxes, and Bertha was buried in Potter’s Field, which also suggests that she might have been estranged from her family.

The estate sold the home in 1979 to newlyweds Ruby Freiser and Theodore Sitea. Their stay would prove to be the shortest lived. We tracked Ruby Sitea to Arizona where she is an attorney, employed by the City of Surprise. Ruby and her husband, retired from an academic career that included a PhD from St. John’s University, recalled East 12th Street as being somewhat funky: “It was a very strange mixed bag. The house on one corner was landscaped with a toilet in the side yard which sported a plant. On the other corner was the Hotel Oak. A friend on the block thought the Oak residents were all in the witness prot-

ection program. On summer evenings to stay cool they would string a television out to the street and gather around. Most of the houses on the block needed work—for example, the only insulation in our house were newspapers dating back to 1910—but most of us could not afford to do anything at the time.”

In 1984 Bob O’Neill, a social worker, and Linda Howell, a physical therapist—then living in a Park Slope apartment—bought the home from Ruby and Ted, seeking more space for a growing family. They wanted “a house, a porch, a yard, an attic and a neighborhood where our children could walk to school.” Over the years, they improved the house little by little as they could afford it until now it is a restored gem. East 12th Street is also less funky. Linda took the lead in focusing the attention of the 70th Precinct on the prostitution, gun, and drug markets thriving in the Oak Hotel. She singled out the work of Jerry Rahn, our earliest Neighborhood Coordinating Officer:

“Many’s the night Jerry would sit in his scooter, shining a light on the Oak to discourage the bad guys.” Eventually the slumlord was forced to sell, and then the city shut down the next owner, which left the building unoccupied for a while. Lately the building has been operated as an adult shelter by a nonprofit, Breaking Ground (previously Common Ground). The management of the place still leaves a lot to be desired according to those on the block, but it’s definitely an improve-

ment over the Wild West of the 1990s. Fun fact: Contrary to myth, the Oak was originally a luxury apartment building when it was erected in 1906 and did not become a hotel until the 1930s. Its name is the only living remnant of historic Oak Crest.

Bob and Linda refer to their block as a dead end—one of nine in our little cut-off haven—not a cul-de-sac. “Do you see any culs or sacs around here?” Linda asked with a twinkle in her eye. Linda served as president of our community association for over a decade, and upon reflection often wonders how she came to hold such a lofty position when her homestead is technically outside the West Midwoodian border. Indeed, many of the improve-ments Linda fought for that benefitted our community never reached East 12th.

“We worked hard to get this house,” Linda remembered. “We fought to keep it safe. Our children now live far away and want us to move. But we’re Brooklyn. This is our place.” “Yup,” Bob added. “This is our home.”



1912: Oak Crest still sparsely populated.



2019 Dead End on E 12th at LIRR Trench

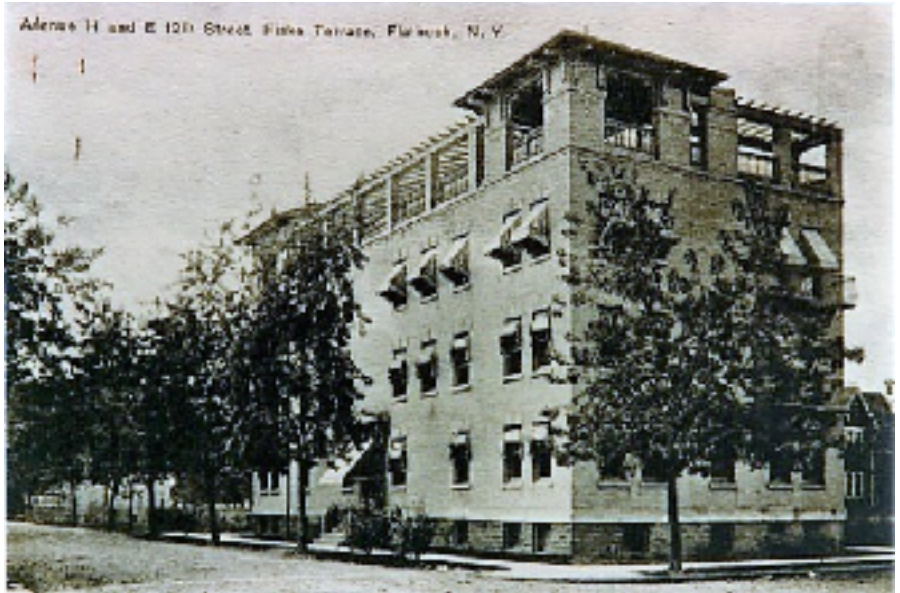
Was The Oak Hotel Ever A Way-Station for Coney Island-Bound Travelers?

By Joe Enright

No. Never. The building erected at the southwest corner of East 12th Street and Avenue H was initially advertised in 1906 as a luxury apartment building containing large units and a roof garden. It did not become a hotel until the Depression; the earliest such reference is 1936. A 1940 photo of 800 East 12th Street shows a neon sign reading “Hotel Oak.”

In fact, travelers to Coney Island in the first decade of the 20th century had no reason to stay in hotels since multiple steam locomotives and trolley cars could take them to the shore from Bay Ridge, Prospect Park or Long Island City in less than a half-hour. The source of this urban myth appears to be the prevalence of what were called roadhouses along Coney Island Avenue and Ocean Parkway. These were large wood frame houses with bars on the ground floor and rooms above. Their customers were gamblers who frequented nearby race tracks that proliferated south of Prospect Park.

Old maps show a race track covering a large area just west of Coney Island Avenue below Avenue H. First known as Hall’s Driving Park when it opened in 1872, by 1899 it was called Shultz’s Driving Park and extended from the LIRR tracks to Avenue K and from Coney Island Avenue to East 8th Street. The track was initially a half-mile, then expanded to a full mile. But it always was restricted to two uses: harness races and pigeon shooting. It was not too hard to find negative information about the race track, the hotels that surrounded it and the men who frequented the taverns therein. There were plenty of



1910 Postcard for the Oak Apartments

gamblers, masquerading as horse lovers, and horse lovers who loved to gamble. But by 1906 all of it was gone. With all the vacant land surrounding West South Midwood being developed, the track had come to occupy prime real estate.

One of the most noteworthy roadhouses of the time was operated by the Tunison family at the northwest corner of Foster Avenue and Coney Island Avenue. In May of 1896, following the suicide of old man Tunison, the hotel was converted to house 28 policemen. Back then, policemen would sleep many nights a week at their assigned station, so a hotel was not a bad choice. Unfortunately, apparitions of the deceased proprietor and other ghosts led to an exodus to another inn on Ocean Parkway in 1903 and eventually to the 70th Precinct

School News PS 217 by Sherry Goldberg

Everyone is refreshed after a great summer and ready to take on the new school year. At PS 217, we have an exciting fall planned, with extended and new programs underway.

The first week of school includes several welcome back events for faculty and parents. October will bring a fall carnival and health fair (tentatively scheduled for Saturday, October 19), our big Halloween Bake Sale (look for the delicious overflow and leftovers at the Glenwood Halloween parade!) and parents will be invited to coffee

with Mr. Bonilla, our principal.

While playground construction continues—the new façade is going to be great when it is finally unveiled!—everyone is still getting outside recess, and the playground is open to the community after school and on most weekends.

If there are any new PS 217 families in the neighborhood, please reach out to me at sherrymgoldberg@gmail.com.

Here’s to a great school year to everyone in West



Have an idea for this newsletter? Let us know! Email us at Editor.WestMidwoodNews@gmail.com

The Mad Gardener

By Robert Brannon

As Summer Ends and Fall Begins

When It's Unbearably Hot. . .

Anyone would have qualified as a mad gardener if they attempted to work outside during the blistering heatwave that we just experienced. But these hot summers can be an ideal time to thoughtfully plan the yard for next year. And Mother Nature imposes a rather strict timetable for us. The bulbs that will burst from the ground next spring, in all colors and sweet fragrances, must be planted this fall, in September or October. And to have them ready to plant, we must order them right now, this late summer.

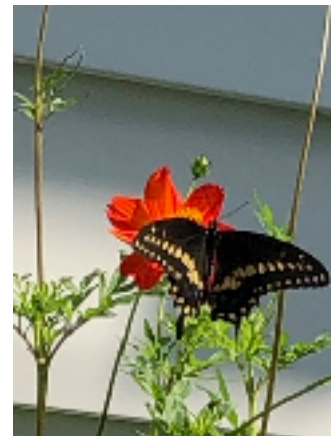
There are mail order sites for bulbs that have a far better selection, and also lower prices, than any local nurseries. One quality source with a very wide selection is the John Scheepers catalog (860-567-0838, www.johnscheepers.com). Equally good, and with even lower prices for larger quantities is Van Engelen (www.vanengelln.com). Another quality source with a wide selection is McClure & Zimmerman (800-883-6998, www.mzbulbs.com). A dependable company on nearby Long Island is k.van Bourgondien, which has a colorful catalog (800-552-9996), or order from them online (www.dutchbulbs.com).

One can have a refreshing fantasy on a hot summer day deciding on how many you really need of Dutch hyacinths, daffodils, Kaufmania tulips, snowdrops, dwarf iris, squills, snowflakes, grape hyacinths, anemone blanda, Spanish bluebells, early crocus, giant crocus, allium, glory-of-the-snow, and other such essentials for springtime. If you have a sidewalk strip, why not put a few bulbs there, for all of us to enjoy.

Wildlife in the Middle of Brooklyn

Here in the largest borough of the largest city in eastern North America, we are nonetheless swarming with wildlife. At the larger end of the spectrum, we have many raccoons, some possums, and the occasional wild dog. (No deer, wolves, or polar bears have yet been reported.) There are thousands of squirrels, and a few feral cats. Frogs are only rarely seen, but a few garter snakes can be found. Our finest category by far is birds. We have many kinds of songbirds

(wrens, cardinals, finches, chickadees, robins, mockingbirds) and a few hummingbirds, plus seagulls, pigeons, crows, woodpeckers, aggressive wild parrots (!), and small owls. But where we most excel at sheltering wildlife, unfortunately, is at level of annoying little pests. We have our share of mosquitoes, ants, mice, and roaches. Which do we hate the most? (I once worked with a scientist who studied "The Social-Psychology of Roaches," but that's another story.)



Save the Monarchy! Plant Milkweed

The beautiful orange-and-black Monarch butterflies, admired and familiar all across the United States, are becoming much less visible and abundant. Their winter resting grounds in the mountains of Mexico are being encroached upon, and global warming, pesticides, and drought are taking a toll on them. But unlike so many environmental problems, there is something simple that we can do to help the Monarchs survive. Their lives are totally dependent on the wild flower known as milkweed (*Asclepias*). Monarchs will only lay their eggs on milkweed. Their young (attractive striped caterpillars) can only survive by eating milkweed. Monarchs as a species are totally dependent on milkweed, which is much less common now in the US than it once was. You and I can help save the Monarchs by planting some milkweed. It needs a sunny spot, the large flowers have a strong nice fragrance, and the seedpods release floating seeds like dandelions. The seeds are cheap, but the best way to establish them is with clay soil pellets that have milkweed seeds inside them. One can sow these now, in the fall, and they will emerge next spring. Different varieties and amounts of these milkweed pellets are available at www.seed-ballz.com. Save the monarchy!

Lilies Have Been Greatly Improved

Not long ago, most lilies for the garden (Easter lilies, etc.) were



A possum living in West Midwood

Photo by R Brannon

demanding to grow and temperamental. They needed soft, almost fluffy organic soil, always kept evenly moist under filtered sunlight. But now, Asian hybrid lilies (such as Orienpet) have been developed that are much more vigorous. They like sun, and will grow up to 6–8 feet tall, with huge beautiful flowers on top. Best of all, they reliably return every year, and the clump gets better each year.

Choice Books for Gardeners

Timber Press has a new series of quite inexpensive books, focusing on specific plants, that are very beautiful and useful. The Plant Lover's Guide to Magnolias is spectacular, as also is The Plant Lover's Guide to Clematis. These books show the flowers of many different varieties in close-up, so that one can compare. Each book is by a different expert, and there are also plant lover's guides to salvia, geraniums, ferns, asters, sedum, tulips, and epimedium (all available on Amazon).

Some older books that are very highly recommended are The Complete Shade Gardener (Schenk), The Collector's Garden: Designing with Extraordinary Plants (Druse), and Hardy Bulbs (Wilder). New and unique is The Magical World of Moss Gardening (Martin). The collections of gardening essays by Henry Mitchell (The Essential Earthman) are funny, educational, and beautifully written. And why not read the most famous and most celebrated of all garden writers, Vita Sackville-West? Her delightful and erudite gardening columns were a sensation, and are collected in V. Sackville-West's Garden Book (1968, Atheneum).

The World's Two Greatest Gardens

If it is on your bucket list to see the world's very finest gardens, you will unfortunately have to leave Brooklyn. Our own Brooklyn Botanic Garden, and the New York Botanical Garden and Wave Hill in the Bronx (where Teddy Roosevelt and Mark Twain both once lived) are all worth visiting, but are not in competition for the gold medal. Longwood Gardens in Philadelphia and Golden Gate Park in San Francisco are both huge and both magnificent, but still not the world's foremost. To see the greatest of gardens, one must go to England. And even there, there are at least two leading contenders.

The most-visited and adored garden is Sissinghurst Castle Gardens in southeastern England, the creation of Vita Sackville-West. Her lavish display of roses, the white garden, her unique camomile lawn, and hundreds of flowers flowing over stone paths and hedges, have made it a national treasure, perhaps the world's single most famous garden. A number of books have been



devoted to it. Anne Scott-James's Sissinghurst: The Making of a Garden describes it area by area, almost as informative as a real visit.

An arguably even finer garden, however, is in the northwestern Cotswold area of England. It is Hidcote Manor Gardens, the work of Lawrence Johnston, a quiet gay man of whom very little is known. His mother had purchased the land, and he became deeply involved over many years with planning a remarkable, huge, and complex garden all around the large home. It was Johnston who invented the concept of garden rooms, multiple garden spaces separated by tall hedges, and each planted in a different way. To walk through an opening in the dark green hedge into the Red Room is an unforgettable surprise. Johnston had money to spend and a bold artistry, and at one point employed 12 skilled gardeners working for him. Hidcote is perhaps the most artfully designed and influential of all gardens.

It is interesting perhaps that a gay man and a lesbian separately designed, in England, the world's two most acclaimed gardens. (Vita's open bisexuality was seen as scandalous in her time.) Today in the United States, the gardening community is among the most gay friendly of all hobby and professional interest groups, perhaps in part a vestige of these two outstanding gardeners.

An Evolving English-Japanese-Brooklyn Landscape Style

I've been thinking for some time about a garden style that would be attractive, versatile, and fairly low maintenance, combining ideas from three parts of the world. Gardens throughout England (the UK and Ireland) feature wonderful displays of flowers, flowers in all colors, including flowering shrubs, flowering trees, and perennials. Gertrude Jekyll designed borders with perhaps 50 varieties of flowering plants in one area, in coordinated colors like an Impressionist painting.

A classic Japanese garden is very different. There are a few seasonal flowers (iris, peonies, chrysanthemums), but not an all-season abundance. Velvety green moss is admired as a ground cover. Large attractive rocks and boulders mix closely with the plants, and beds of white stones are carefully raked to resemble the ocean. Evergreens are used everywhere, often pruned to resemble clouds. Japanese maples are shrub-sized, with many shapes of dainty and colorful leaves. (A visiting English woman once said "This is all beautiful, but when do we get to the garden?" She was standing near the center of Japan's greatest garden, in Kyoto. But

(3) Bob Willig, who came in the top five in the City Championship, is a Professor of Economics at Princeton. He is beloved by the students I talked with. He was on a path to get a Nobel Prize, acknowledged as the greatest theoretician of our day by none other than Paul Samuelson, for his research and writing on Consumers' Surplus, but abandoned that path and founded a consulting firm to represent, in antitrust litigation, international companies that can afford his fees. (4) Robert Starr, who came in first place in the City Championship, while driving up to Cornell in his graduation present canary-yellow Camaro convertible, in the days before seat belts, took a curve too fast and left the best brains in Brooklyn splattered on the Ithaca tree branch that decapitated him.

Sean Higgins was selected to the third team All-City

PSAL team, which means he was one of the 15 best ball-players in the City. We here take a moment to remember that he was only the fifth best player on the Midwood team that opened the season. I remember nothing about him from 1962 except a single memory of his scoring 20+ points and single handedly carrying the team to a 45-43 victory over Madison. I know nothing about him after 1962.

Ron Salmonson, the greatest high school player any of us ever saw, went to the State University of New York at Buffalo, but never played basketball again. He became a dentist and, as far as I know, is still practicing. He also wrote a charming book of stories, [Ron's Ramblings](#), which I recommend to all who seek a smile at the close of this saga. He has been redeemed.

The Mad Gardener — continued from page 9

there were no flowers in bloom.)

Brooklyn is far from a gardening paradise, with its poor soil (red clay mixed with construction rubble) sunlight mostly blocked by large houses and trees, dubious air quality, no fine nearby plant nurseries, and skilled garden workers hard to find. However, learning to cope with these obstacles can add a dimension of practicality to the beautiful landscapes possible in more favorable locations. Here is a gradually evolving "English-Japanese-Brooklyn" style of landscaping:

I would (with regret) avoid almost all roses, perennial flowers, vegetables, and annuals, all of which involve some regular work to maintain. Depending on the space available, it would draw almost entirely from the following ten categories:

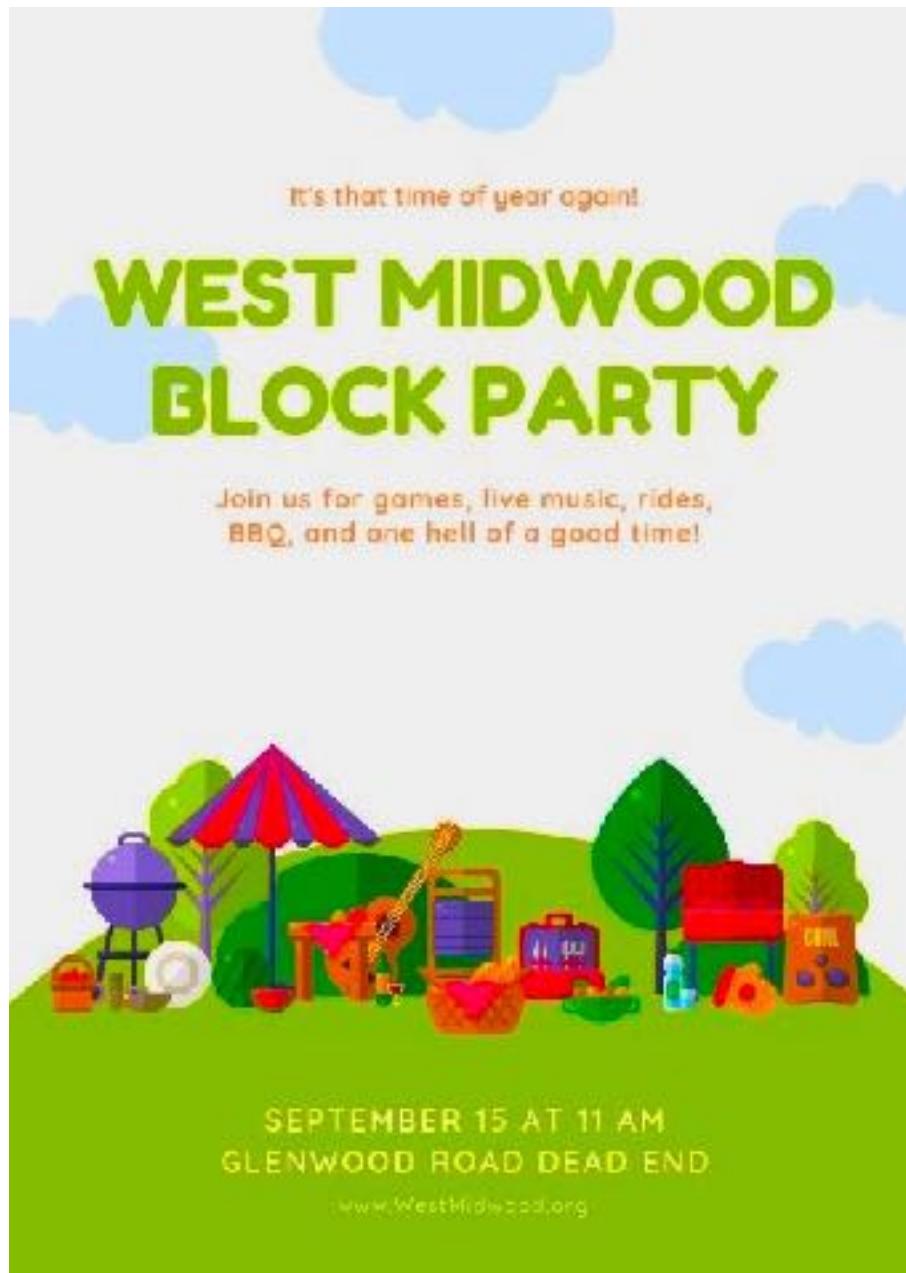
1. Dwarf evergreen conifers for sun and yews for shade
2. An abundance of Japanese maples (but not the red maples)

3. Viburnums and other tough flowering shrubs
4. Ornamental grasses (but never any invasive miscanthus, or silvergrass)
5. 5. Ground covers (such as ivy, vinca, and pachysandra)
6. 6. Shrubs and trees with bright yellow-green foliage, but none with red foliage
7. Mosses in any dark, moist areas
8. A few daffodils and minor bulbs, but no tulips
9. A very few easy-care, reliable perennials (e.g., peonies, Siberian iris, daylilies, clematis) and some milkweed for the butterflies
10. And lastly, the ultimate no-maintenance garden feature: naturalistic rocks, especially large gray ones, with perhaps some attached moss or lichens.

Once installed, a garden of this design would need almost no maintenance from year to year, and would also be harmonious, richly textured, and often colorful.



*Late summer
flowers
blooming in
West Midwood*



The People in Our Neighborhood What's Happening in Your Life?

Let West Midwood News readers know about significant events in your life — a birth or a loss, an engagement or a marriage, an honor or a promotion. Please contact us at editor.WestMidwoodNews@gmail.com.

NEW NEIGHBORS

In early July **Jessica Pizzo**, **Robert Pavlacka** and their 9 month-old daughter, **Vera** (just learning to walk) moved into the fully renovated house on the corner of Glenwood formerly owned by the Speeds. Bob, born in Poughkeepsie, and Jess, from Long Island, had previously been living in the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood in Manhattan, but during a visit to friends in Kensington a couple of years ago became enamored of Victorian Flatbush. Jessica is a partner in a private equity

growth investment firm which infuses needed capital into small companies. Bob has a doctorate in solid-state chemistry and presently is an adjunct professor of physics, which gives him more time at home with Vera. Before parenthood Jess & Bob were off-the-beaten path travelers (ask them about their three-week trek through Asia!). They like entertaining, board games, and can't wait to get started gardening. . . and to meet new neighbors!

NEW BABIES

Parkin Lee and **Doris Ng** happily announce the arrival of a granddaughter, Paige Qiaohui Lee, who was born June 20 to their son, Justin Ng Lee and daughter-in-law, Mingzhen Ma..

Claire Kiefer and her husband **David Squires** are the proud parents of Sloane Mac. She was born on July 27, 2019. **Andrea Freshman** and **David Keifer** are her delighted grandparents.

A Financial Planner's Perspective

What Do You Do When The Market Is Volatile?

By Jeff Ewing

Those of us who choose to invest in the market (and I'm including both stocks and bonds when I refer to "the market") have to face the possibility of volatility now and then. By volatility I mean the tendency of the market or the value of an individual security to rise or fall sharply within a short period of time. It's the fall, of course, not the rise, that can be scary. If you were invested in the market in 2008 the 2008 crash might still be fresh in your memory. On September 29, 2008, the Dow Jones Industrial Average (the so-called "Dow") fell 778 points – the largest single day drop in history until 2018. On October 9, 2007, the Dow had been at 14,164. By March 5, 2009, it had dropped more than 50% to 6,594. It was enough for some people to decide that they had had enough of investing in the market (or at least stocks) and to move their money into bank CD's, or some other low-volatility investment vehicle perceived as safe.

The reasons for the crash have been the subject of many books and are not the subject of this article. But what subsequently happened to the market, or at least to the Dow, is. Well, the Dow bumped above 14,000 again on February 1, 2013, not quite four years after it had bottomed out. And the value of the Dow at market close on July 26, 2019 was 27,192. What will it be tomorrow or next week or next year? My crystal ball, along with those of the financial gurus, is unfortunately cloudy. All we can say with certainty is that it will be different. But there is a lesson in the numbers. Those that bailed after the March 2009 bottom missed out on a period of incredible growth in market values – a so-called "bull market" which with some volatility has lasted for ten years, and depending on which guru you consult may still be going on, in spite of tariff "wars" and other aggravations that impact on what the big institutional investors do.

Indexes and Index Funds

What is the Dow anyway? And does it matter? The Dow Jones Industrial Average is calculated by adding the prices of one share of stock of thirty large U.S. companies and is one of many market indices that are used by market observers to judge the state of the overall market. To give it some perspective, some other measures of the value of large US companies are the S & P (Standard and Poor) 500 index, which is a weighted index of the value of 500 large US companies, and the Russell 1000 index, which as the name suggests reflects the value of 1,000 large US companies. So variations in the Dow are not the last word on stock market volatility. John Pierpont Morgan is supposed to have said, when asked what the stock market will do in the future, "It will fluctuate."

You can't eliminate all the risk in your investments without eliminating most of the possibility of growth in their value. It's precisely the risk that creates the possibility of return – there is a pretty direct tradeoff between the two. What you can do, though, to ease the pain of volatility, is to diversify. You need a variety of "eggs" in a variety of baskets, and you want the performance of the different eggs and baskets to not all be closely correlated. An investment portfolio that includes such investment categories as large

US company stocks, small US company stocks, international stocks, shares in real estate investment trusts ("REITs), and short and medium term bonds, will cover a pretty wide swath of the investment market.

What sort of investment vehicles should you use to invest in these different categories? I am personally a great fan of something called index funds. The concept of index funds was developed by John Bogle, the founder of the Vanguard Group (www.vanguard.com). Index funds, as the name implies, simply hold shares in all the companies included in a particular index. The fund managers don't charge these funds a big fee for selecting securities to be held in the funds. They just buy everything in the indexes.

Vanguard's 500 Index Fund, for example, patterns itself after the S & P 500 Index, holding shares in 500 of the largest US companies, which incidentally represent about three fourths of the total value of the US stock market. If you select index funds that similarly hold a large portion of the other investment categories I mentioned above, you will have done a heroic job of protecting yourself against the volatility of individual securities, and because the performances of the different investment categories are not always closely correlated, you will have lessened the blow of drops in the individual categories.

Make A Plan

Can you protect yourself against all volatility? No, of course not. In addition to broad diversification, you also need time, as I illustrated with the 2008 crash numbers. With an investment portfolio, you need to have a long-term perspective and an overall investment plan that sets targets for the percentages of your assets that should be in each investment category. Then you need to be prepared to rebalance your portfolio periodically so that it keeps to the plan. For example, if large company stocks experience a big increase in value, so that they are out of proportion with respect to their planned share of your portfolio, you will need to sell some of the large company fund shares in order to buy more of those categories that are now too low. One of the great values of such rebalancing is that you are taking advantage of bargains to be had in the sectors that you buy.

Of course, the shorter your time horizon, the more conservative your portfolio should be. If you need a portion of the funds next year for a big purchase, that portion maybe should be in CD's. Planners generally suggest that portfolios should be rebalanced to be more conservative as you get older. One rule of thumb followed by some planners is to make the percentage of your portfolio that is in bond funds equal to your age minus ten. (Bonds are significantly less volatile than stocks, but consequently their return is less.) Obviously, this is a generalization, and everyone's circumstances are unique.

There is much more to be said on this subject, which will have to be saved for future articles, or discussed with a financial planner. A good place to look for financial planners, incidentally, if you don't presently have one, is on the website of the Certified Financial Planner Board (www.cfp.net). Click on "Find A CFP Professional" and enter a zip code.

Sign Spotting

The traditional Jewish-style deli has practically disappeared from around here, but if you are craving a *pastrami* [sic] sandwich, you need look no farther than the Newkirk Plaza Deli, located at the northeast corner of Newark Plaza. The sign on its window, facing Newkirk Avenue, depicts their overstuffed sandwich offering. Of course, you can still get a traditional kosher hot pastrami sandwich at Essen NY Deli, on the east side of Coney Island Avenue just south of Avenue J.

I recently watched a movie that was preceded by an MPAA rating screen showing that the movie was rated R because of “brief nudity and language throughout.” There was no nudity throughout. The only nudity, which appeared for less than a second, was in a scene where one of the actors was flipping through the pages of a girlie magazine. There was definitely foul language throughout the movie.

You cannot take some statements literally. When the label on a container of fruit juice says “100% Vitamin C,” that is hardly what is meant. More likely what is meant is that the recommended serving size contains the recommended daily amount of Vitamin C. Of course, there are cases when 100% is closer to the truth, as in the label on bread that says “100% whole wheat,” meaning that all of the flour used in baking the bread was whole wheat. In contrast, bread that is labeled “whole wheat” without the 100% qualifier was made with whole wheat flour and usually also contains other kinds of flour.

With regard to accuracy, there was an advertisement for an app that claimed that with the app you can get an accurate measure of a 3-D object by just aiming your cell phone at it. The ad concluded by saying the values reported are off by no more than 0.5 inch. To me, this is not accurate—it’s more like a ballpark estimate. For example, a cube that is 12” on each edge has a capacity of 7.48 gallons, whereas a cube that is 11.5” on each edge has a capacity of 6.58 gallons, and a cube that is 12.5” on each edge has a capacity of 8.45 gallons. Being off by 0.5 inch translates into being off by about a gallon.

The large text on a package of snack food clearly stated that the food was made with real cheese and cheese flavor. I can only guess that the flavor had to be added because the amount of cheese was so scanty that its flavor did not come through. At least there was a commitment toward honesty.

Honesty was also the theme of the small print at the bottom of a full-page newspaper ad: “These statements have not been evaluated by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease. Results are not typical.”

In contrast, a grocery store display of mangos had a big sign saying “MEXICAN MANGOS.” Yet, when I examined the stickers on the fruit, they revealed that the

countries of origin were Peru, Ecuador, and Dominicos. Not one sticker said “Mexico.”

Some news reports seem to attempt an economy of words, even at the cost of saying something that makes no sense. If you pay attention to the news, you hear about the unfortunate rise in police suicides. One news report earlier this year said, “For the second time in six months a Chicago police officer has taken his own life.” What do you think really happened in Chicago?

Ad writers are no better than news writers when it comes to intelligibility. One ad states, “Our lawyers will get you the compensation for the injuries that you are entitled to.” I personally do not feel entitled to any injuries.

You may have noticed that the posted price list for items at the laundry on Avenue H or in Newkirk Plaza includes shirt, skirt, blouse, and pant. This is not because the proprietors do not know how to spell “pants.” It is most likely that the list is a translation from Chinese, which uses the same form for both the singular and the plural of a noun. What is surprising is that one of the items listed is talli. It seems that someone thought “tallis” was a plural form!

A sign of our times can be found at the intersection of Ocean Parkway and 18th Avenue. It is a gender-neutral sign that says “FLAGGER AHEAD.” When I first saw it, I misread it as “FLASHER AHEAD.” Beyond that sign a person was holding a tall pole with a two-faced sign at its upper end, one side saying “STOP” and one side saying “SLOW.” Sometimes the person holding the sign is male and sometimes female.

Canned messages from telephone systems can make sense, such as “We are experiencing high call volume, and wait times to speak to an agent are longer than normal.” But how about “We are currently closed. Please hold while we transfer you to the next available agent”? How long are you expected to wait? Until the business reopens?

Ranges seem to always be expressed as a pair of numbers where the second number is twice the first. It could be the amount you can save by shopping during a sale: “Save 25% to 50%.” It could be how long you can expect to wait before seeing a doctor: “Your appointment will be within 24 to 48 hours.” It could be the amount of weight you can lose through a diet program: “You will lose 20 to 40 pounds in 30 days.” Maybe there is a statistician who can explain why ranges for forecasts are in this form.

Mystery: What is the significance of the sets of 2-inch-diameter disks that are on the curbs adjacent to the catch basins at the intersection of Avenue H with Argyle Road and East 13th Street? Each set consists of three white disks, three blue disks, and three green disks. They can also be found at other corners in the neighborhood.

Happy sign spotting (and listening).

Advertisements

Mario Catanzaro

No Victorian house, like those in our neighborhood, should be without an antique clock. Whether it be mantle, wall, shelf, or grandfather clock, or something more modern like an early electric clock, I can probably help. If interested, call me at (718) 282-8471.

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What Is West Midwood Online?

Want to ask folks in the neighborhood whether they have any recommendations for a plumber or roofer or such? Or maybe what local eateries or merchants they like? Perhaps you'd like to be in the know about issues affecting our area? Then join the West Midwood Online email discussion group, aka the listserv.

Send an email to joe@enright.com with your street address, name, and the email address that you want to use to post and receive messages. He will add you to the group and send you the simple instructions. There are presently over 200 email subscribers representing about 125 households.

To join you must be a permanent resident of West Midwood and agree not to post messages of a religious, political, or spam nature. Insulting or crude language can also lead to revocation of the ability to post. Finally, new and existing



Box Tops For Education

by Sherry Goldberg

Please help P.S. 217 raise money by clipping Box Tops for Education! Our school receives 10 cents for every single box top we submit, and the funds add up quickly! It's simple: keep an eye out for the Box Tops for Education logo

(shown above) on the products you use every day. Participating product lines include major brands such as General Mills, Green Giant, Pillsbury, Old El Paso, Ziploc, Hefty, Betty Crocker, and many more. Simply contact me at sherrymgoldberg@gmail.com. I would be happy to pick up box tops or coordinate a drop off.



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Mark Your Calendars!

September 15 — 11am
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Glenwood Road Dead End

Thursday, October 31 6:30pm
Halloween Parade
Gather at 6pm at Glenwood Rd Dead End
Bring cookies, cupcakes, etc



Shop Local!

By Eric Goldberg

Why not spend your dollars at some of our local, family owned produce markets? This is the second of three articles highlighting local merchants that offer lip-smacking produce from around the world right here in West Midwood.? For this edition of Shop Local we focus on two more neighborhood produce stores.

First up is **Eastern Fruits and Vegetables** at 1234 Coney Island Avenue (near Ave. I). This store is one of my favorites for fresh produce, but the dry goods selection is where Eastern Fruits really excels. It offers what may be the widest selection of nuts, grains and spices within walking distance of West Midwood. Multiple varieties of your favorite nuts and spices are available - the aisles are stocked with interesting and tasty delights. You may not want to go while hungry!



Neighbors' Businesses and Services

To add, cancel, or update a listing, contact Ellen Bilofsky at ebb11@optonline.net.

Babysitting

Griffin Umrigar Laguardia Arts High School student, available for babysitting. Creative, in the neighborhood and many references available! Please contact me at 917-244-9978.

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Rob Garcia Drum lessons. I've been teaching private lessons to students of all ages for the past 25 years, and I have a great teaching studio in my home at 34 Wellington Ct. For more info about lessons, see <http://www.robgarciamusic.com/notepad.php> Contact me at robjgarcia@hotmail.com.

Udi Hazan Private table tennis and archery lessons. Certified coach - level 1 in ping pong and level 2 in recurve bow archery. 718-859-8432

Yoni Hazan Clark University physics graduate; Worked in Taiwan teaching English and Science to kids ages 3-18. Has taught both guitar and piano in a professional classroom setting as well as privately. Experience with IT (helping with electronics) and tutoring both adults and children in Math, Science, Guitar, Ukulele, Piano, English and Hebrew. (347)633-3740 Email yohazan@clarku.edu.

Florence Manglani Semi-retired bilingual school psychologist, still teaching at Brooklyn College, is available for consultations. 718-434-2134

Julian Rhine Guitar lessons. BA in music and English from Vanderbilt University. 917-981-0675

Melissa Scott Yoga for Every Body! Currently offering private or small class instruction. 718-781-6509; kettleandkame@gmail.com.

Harriet Rhine *Story Time for children* 6 months–3 years old at East Midwood Jewish Center, Tuesdays, 10:15 am–12:30 pm. *Swimming instruction*, also at EMJC, Fridays: children 6 months–3 years old, 10:30–11:00 am; adults, all levels, 11:00 am–12 noon. 646.670.0822: hrhine165@gmail.com.

Amy Rowe Tutoring in math, reading, writing, ESL, test prep, and other subjects. All ages, all levels welcome. Experienced education program leader, researcher, teacher, tutor, writer, and editor can help make learning fast and fun. amyrowe.nyc@gmail.com; 917-723-0348

David Wechsler Flute lessons. Long-time member of Brooklyn Philharmonic and many years of experience teaching at all levels. 347-528-6318

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Jan Castro Custom Thai bodywork and Swedish, sports, and myofascial massage: 60–120-minute sessions. Reasonable rates. Great birthday or special occasion gift. jancastro1@gmail.com or 314-323-9060. Please call two or more days in advance.

Andrea Freshman, LCSW Specialty: trauma healing with emphasis on integrating the mind-body connection. 718-434-6873.

Pet Sitting

Nell Mendlinger and Lauren Sullivan, Owners, Abby on Argyle Pet Sitting & Dog Walking, LLC. Available 365 days a year for your pets. Bonded and insured, and all staff members trained in Pet First Aid and CPR. Member of Pet Sitters International and an eco-friendly company. www.AbbyOnArgyle.com.

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Miriam Hurwitz Associate real estate broker with Douglas Elliman on Cortelyou Road. 917-589-6717.

Ester Sciallo Brooklyn residential real estate. Office: 718-676-1755; cell: 646-389-6248; es@brrres.com

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HALLOWEEN PARADE



West Midwood's Halloween Parade

Thursday October 31, 2019 @ 6:30 PM

Gather @ 6PM @ End of Glenwood Rd. @ Q Train Cut off Rugby Rd

Bring cookies, donuts, cupcakes

Call Virginia Waters @ 718-421-3237

36th Annual Halloween Parade