

WEST MIDWOOD NEWS



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Summer is Coming!! West Midwood Celebrates!!

West Midwood is at its best this time of year, and the coming summer season began particularly well this late May, both in the beauty of the gardens, malls, and yards, and the two WMCA events that kicked off the celebrations. .

Our almost-annual Yard Sale, ably coordinated by Marilyn Cuff,

became a two-day affair, with over 30 families participating. The weather cooperated, though Saturday's clouds discouraged a few participants on the first day. Everyone had a good time, many people took home treasures and bargains, and sellers had a chance to clear out their basements, closets, and garages. Win-win! ... Our Progressive Dinner has traditionally been a much-needed midwinter break, but for the past two years it has been cancelled by the pandemic. This year, thanks to Melissa Scott and her team, it was transformed into a joyful garden party, where participants could safely mingle outside and enjoy the warm evenings together. Covid testing protocols were in place to help keep

everyone safe, and it seems to have worked. Eighty people signed up for the event, but about eight were unable to attend because they tested positive the day of the party. Dinner hosts



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Foster Avenue: What's Up With That? — By Joe Enright

Was Foster Avenue in Flatbush named for an 18th Century slave-owner who died in Jamaica, Queens, in 1843 at the age of 82, per Brooklyn by Name (Leonard Benardo & Jennifer Weiss, NYU Press, 2006)? No, I believe it was named for a Flatbush land-owner. How did I arrive at this conclusion? SCIENCE!

First, The Facts: Foster Avenue presently consists of three sections. The first and oldest originates below the elevated F train at McDonald Avenue in Parkville and runs in a straight line for 1.4 miles to the intersection of Flatbush & Bedford Avenues. Foster then bends a bit to the south and proceeds easterly again in a straight line to Kings Highway. At that point, Foster Avenue temporarily ends until its trail is found again, a third of a mile to the south. The final leg of the Foster Avenue saga then extends from East 52nd St. & Kings Highway for 2.2

miles to its abrupt end at the L train tracks near the E 105th Street station in Canarsie.

Next, The Investigation: To find the origin of a street name, there are two principal sources –maps and municipal records. Consulting maps, we found that Foster Avenue did not exist on maps drawn in 1797 and 1842 by Jeremiah Lott, a professional surveyor. The latter map, much more detailed and in color, was specifically created for publication in The History of the Town of Flatbush, a book published by Thomas M. Strong, the pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church (from whence Church Avenue derived its name). However, this is not especially probative since these maps indicated major roads that led out of Flatbush as “Road to Canarsie” (later Avenue C and then Cortelyou Road) or “Road to New Utrecht” (Church Lane, later Church Avenue). Yet, if

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President's Message Spring 2022



Happy summer to everyone; and happy tenth anniversary of my family's residence in West Midwood. While we knew we were getting more space when we relocated from Boerum Hill, we had no idea that we would also be gaining membership in a true community where neighbors speak to and help each other on topics and tasks, large and mundane alike.

A universal quip about living in a New York apartment is that you can go years without knowing your neighbors – including those right next to you. This happened to me in one building – I went the entire lease not speaking to or knowing one person in the building. I didn't care – I had other outlets for my drivel – but thinking back it is the exact opposite of living in a community like West Midwood.

Now I can't imagine getting news or sharing a special occasion without those who live nearby. We watch each other's houses and gardens change and get advice on contractors and landscapers; we see each other's children grow, get tips on schools and activities, exchange clothes and toys and sports equipment; we learn of happy occasions, illnesses and passings, and we visit, bring soup and offer consoling words.

What is the actual difference between an apartment building and our community that makes us – dare I say – like each other more? Is it the trees? The sidewalks? The front porches? The Glenwood Mall? Could it be the vibrant community association and its sponsorship of great events like our recent Progressive Dinner? I don't know the answer but I'm thankful for my ten years in West Midwood – wheeling out the garbage can does smell better than the trash chute closet.

— *Eric Goldberg*

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The Arrival by Lance Tukell

“What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit. ... All things are connected.” —Chief Seattle



If you were to tell me that there is a being that could get people to put down their cell phones, set aside their politics, and stand together in rapturous harmony, I might think you were describing a visitation by an alien life-form, or the birth of a deity. It would have to be a miracle like that, to cause people to come together in these very divisive times. But I have come to learn that miracles aren't relegated to long ago and far away. I've seen the faithful approach with heartfelt offerings in hopes of currying favor of this new arrival.

The object of affection is Marco, is our three-month-old Cockapoo, a crossbreed of Cocker Spaniel and Poodle, popular due to its non-shedding hair and intelligence. In ancient times, worshipers might have approached with frankincense and myrrh. Now they come with puppy toys. Toys so numerous that we had to name them for identification purposes: raccoon



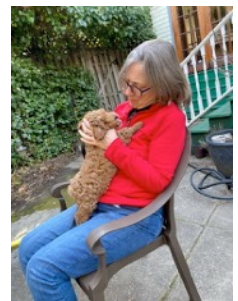
rope legs, floppy blue sloth, and raggedy ferret. I challenge anyone to gaze at him and remain unmoved. He has the face of a Steif teddy bear, and thick auburn curls you'd find on a cheap wig in the beauty supply district. Some visitors have even offered to play the role of god parents should our plane go down over the Atlantic.

I wasn't prepared for my own emotions as a new puppy owner. We spent the first two months obsessing about Marco's inconsistent potty habits and finicky eating. We'd talk about it incessantly. "Maybe he's dying," I said one night to Rob at 2 A.M. That's about the time when my parental paranoia eclipses my daylight rational self.

The words sounded so ridiculously melodramatic that we laughed ourselves into a fitful sleep. We were new parents of the furry kind. A paternal instinct I never knew I possessed was kicking in and kicking in hard.

The training books cautioned us about assigning human characteristics to dogs. I had to put aside my preconceived notions that dogs are people in furry clothes, that we share the same values, and the same

things make us happy. For example, as a



human, I like to have access to all parts of my house whenever I want it, but too much space for a dog can make them anxious and lead to potty accidents or couch chewing. While these were lessons well-learned, none of the books warned against my preconceived notions of my own species.

These are challenging times what with COVID, and politics, and extreme ideologies generated on all sides of the political spectrum. Mobile devices keep us forever in our own bubble. Over the past few years, I've come to expect that people are so entrenched in their own dogma that there isn't much that can bring us together.

Then Marco arrived.



Marco was born on a farm in Connersville, Indiana, a flyover town that most of us in the city will never visit in our lifetime. We met his rural, kind handlers via Zoom. They raised an entity that caused so many hearts to melt all the way over here, in the diverse cultural mosaic that is Brooklyn.

There is no better place to see this

confluence of cultures than at Petco on Avenue Y. We've been taking Marco there for Puppy 101 training classes. Dog lovers come from every political and cultural persuasion. Our differences don't matter much when sharing our trials and rewards of puppy ownership. We're supportive of each other. Like each other, even. No cell phones. No politics.

While I'd like to conclude that society's ills can be solved by puppies, or babies, or ice cream, I can't help but think that those things are symbolic of a universal longing. Marco reminds me that beneath the divides, there are still notes to be struck that resonate across camps, the recognition that this lonely planet carries all of us, now to the sun, now to the stars. For the briefest of moments, Connersville and Brooklyn are aware of the other.



Summer is Coming to West Midwood *Continued from page one*

were David and Tori Rosen, with additional space provided by neighbors Steve Weingarten and Elizabeth Daniel; and Catalina & Phillip Bertani, with additional driveway and yard space provided by the Wadman/Minsky family. The dessert portion of the evening was a joint venture in the adjoining back yards of Melissa Scott and Sarah Fertold.

Good events inspire other good events, and several neighbors have suggested having less formal pot-luck gatherings throughout the summer.

For the Yard Sale, Marilyn was supported by Jeff Ewing and Ruth Waide, who helped with financial and technical issues, Samantha Bloom, Laura Givner, Sabrina Taylor, and Catalina Bertani who helped distribute flyers and get out the word, and Ramesh Gulrajani, who helped Marilyn put up the directional signage on



the day of the sale. One suggestion for next time is to include the participating houses on the map of the sale.

Jeremiah Clancy reported, "We had a great experience meeting new people chatting and selling items that we no longer needed. It was good to find new homes for things that we once held dear." Donald Logins agreed, "As a shopper at the event I had a great time, as did guests I took to the sale. The prices were good and the selection of items being sold was fine." Laura Givner noted, "I had an excellent experience. Thanks to Elizabeth and Steve's daughter Mia, my driveway featured a colorful display of toys and games, as well as baby clothes. Sales were brisk in the morning and early afternoon. Always a bonus in the yard sale days is the opportunity to chat with neighbors who pass by."



Brooklyn Sports

By Argyle Art Rhine

Ancient History

Regular readers of *West Midwood News*' Brooklyn Sports column have been serenaded with tales of the great Bums of our early childhood: Gil, Campy, the Duke, Jackie, Pee Wee and Newk. These men, of course, are only a few of the thousands of ballplayers who have stepped onto the field in a Brooklyn uniform; of these thousands, who was the greatest of them all?

We boomers immediately think of Brooklyn's own Sandy Koufax. He was a local lad, Lafayette grad, skills honed on the Parade Grounds diamonds. We first heard of him when the Brooklyn Dodgers cut his college basketball career short and scooped him up as a "Bonus Baby" at age 18. A Bonus Baby was a Major League team's prerogative to choose a home-grown kid. No other team could then sign him. The downside was he had to play on the Major League squad for two full seasons. He could not be sent down to the Minor Leagues; therefore, he took up one of the roster spaces on the Major League team which could otherwise have gone to a more seasoned player. In this case, the roster spot had belonged to another left-handed pitcher named Tommy Lasorda. Joe Black, another Dodger pitcher, said "Koufax could throw better with his right hand than Lasorda could with his left," nevertheless, Lasorda still begrudged his demotion forty years later. A Bonus Baby's potential had to be limitless, or else why sacrifice the team for two years?! Sandy's was.

I first saw him in 1955. It was his 2nd Major League start. He pitched a two-hit, 14 strikeout complete game gem against the Cincinnati Redlegs. [The Reds were called the Redlegs for a few years during the Cold War.] In his next (3rd) start of the season, he pitched another complete game shutout. There was no doubt. But then he sat on the bench. He pitched only 23 more innings in 1955.

For years he sat. Why wasn't he pitching? They said he was wild, but that wasn't really true, and if it was, the way to cure wildness would be to let him pitch and work it out. They said they didn't want to hurt his arm. But the Dodgers were infamous for destroying young pitchers. Joe Black in 1952, went 15-4, winning the Rookie of the Year award and coming in 3rd in the MVP voting. However, he was discarded by the Bums in 1955 because his arm was dead. Karl Spooner was the

greatest phenom in 1954, pitching two complete game shutouts in his first two starts, then won eight more games and was never able to pitch again. The truth was that Dodger Brass and Manager Walter Alston were anti-Semitic. Oh yeah, Koufax was Jewish.

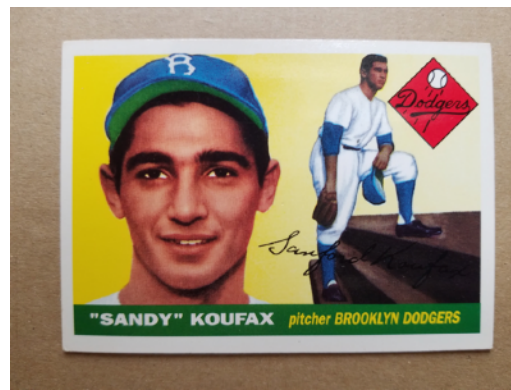
Now this is a sensitive subject so let me make my case. Let me say first that Koufax never called this spade a spade except to say, overheard by some teammates during the 1966 World Series victory celebration after he had pitched an astonishing 2-hit shutout in Game 7 on two days rest, "I wish Alston would have called me by name rather than calling me 'the Lefty.'" The evidence of management's anti-Semitism can be seen in the publicity, the yearbook covers, and the advertising. The team was the Don [Drysdale] and Sandy show, rather than emphasizing Sandy. The yearbook covers were of Drysdale. The Black players on the team discerned the truth. Maury Wills said, "Don was blond and blue-eyed;

Don was the poster boy. It was always Don and Sandy. We knew it was Sandy and Don." The same Joe Black mentioned above helped Sandy more than any other player. Hank Greenberg had been Black's idol.

This was a reciprocal post-war phenomenon. Biographer Jane Leavy compared this admiration for Greenberg to "the way the Jews of Brooklyn rooted for Jackie Robinson when he broke the color barrier in 1947." Half a dozen years later, Brooklyn's Black ballplayers showed their admiration for Sandy. Don Newcombe said anti-Semitism was rampant. That's why he, Campy, Black, and Jackie took Sandy under their wing. "They hated Jews as much as they hated Blacks," said Newk; "that's why we took care of Sandy."

Finally, another half dozen years later, the management could no longer conceal Sandy's talent and were compelled to place him in the regular pitching rotation. In 1961, Koufax won 18 games and then for the next five years, he led the league in Earned Run Average every year. From 1963 through 1966, he won 97 games while losing 27 and was the World Series MVP twice. Then he retired; at age 30, he was in too much pain to play.

In September's issue of *West Midwood News*, we will meet and examine the credentials of three other Brooklyn heroes who deserve consideration for "the greatest of them all."



West Midwood Architecture

Gambrel Roofs

By Nate Rogers

We are delighted to introduce a new column by neighbor and architect Nate Rogers. In this introductory column and future editions, Nate will explore details of the houses in West Midwood, and answer your questions about the What, How, and Whys of our West Midwood houses. Send your questions, comments, and questions to nathaniel.rogers@gmail.com

Among residents and visitors, it is commonly observed that our neighborhood is much more than the sum of its parts. But it strikes me—in my role as an architect and urban designer—that in the case of West Midwood, that old saying isn't an amiable cliché but a fundamental truth. While there are other Brooklyn neighborhoods peppered with turn-of-the-century dwellings where the homes may be grander, the lots larger, or the architectural conditions more uniform, nothing rivals the consistency of high-quality urban space found among our neighborhood's blocks.

In an inimitable way, the architecture of our houses, lawns and gardens comes together with well-scaled streets beneath the extraordinary canopy of London Plane trees to form a complete environment and a unified sense of place. As the Churchill quote goes, "We shape our buildings and afterwards our buildings shape us." West Midwood is a vibrant community of people both drawn to and bound together by our architecture and urban setting.

Key to defining this integrated sense of place is the balance between variety and harmony that is woven throughout West Midwood's built environment today.

Let's contemplate variety first:

At a broad scale, there are the architectural differences between the typical homes on Westminster Road and the neighborhood's other streets that reflect the legacy of different developers with different ideas about marketability, urban scale, and density. Then, in cascading order from large to small, there are the readily apparent differences of shape or style, followed by the differences between the various "model" houses these developers erected, each model's sub-types, and the

seemingly limitless combinations of architectural elements and details.

However, in the story of the evolution of our neighborhood, the passage of time plays as important a role as these initial differences. Consider the impact of the 100+ years since our neighborhood was substantially developed: the physical imprint of lives lived within these dwellings, the successive changes in use or ownership, and all the individual decisions to remodel, re-clad, alter, or to otherwise adapt one's environment to suit the needs, desires, tastes and aspirations of each era. And along with these periodic updates and intermittent cycles of renewal are the predictable intervals of neglect and the law of entropy: the often slow and silent but ever-present process of material degradation. Paint peels, wood rots, and metal corrodes.

The specific cycles of these phenomena for each individual home—the diverging threads—mean that each house today is a layered but legible document of its own history, and a unique strand in the tapestry of our neighborhood. There is a special magic in this diversity of outcomes and its organic nature, which can only come about through the passage of time.

But there would be no visual image we could call West Midwood today without harmony.

That starts with the number, size and scale of our extraordinary street trees, but extends to something less immediately evident: the original developers' covenants, which decreed a consistent height and scale for homes, a common language of peaked roofs, consistent front yard setbacks, and projecting porches. (Although many of the neighborhoods porches have



25 DeCoven Court



639 Marlborough Road

been enclosed in the intervening years for various reasons, their contribution as a massing element is still unmistakable.)

As you walk around our neighborhood, you may notice that our houses share many architectural features with a common appearance, such as eaves, dormers, bays, chimneys and gables, though the individual houses differ in many details. Some of this was happy accident, but much of it was designed this way. The harmony of all these elements, and the relatively similar shape and size of one house to another, make West Midwood the urban place that it is.

This column is the first in a series that will explore aspects of our neighborhood architecture. Have you ever asked, What do you call that thing? Why is one roof shape different from another? How do I identify my house “model?”, or do you want to better understand how our community’s architecture contributes to its beloved sense of place? This column is for you. We welcome architectural questions of any kind and suggestions for topics to explore.

Roof Shape — Gambrel, Gabled, and Hipped

At the most basic level, the primary purpose of a roof is to provide shelter. Keeping inclement weather out and the warmth in are pretty basic criteria, but to do so while looking good and lasting for decades or centuries is harder than you think. Enter the traditional pitched roof, which provides a satisfying visual resolution to the

problem of how a home should meet the sky while also capably diverting rain and snowfall to the surrounding grade or perimeter gutters where it can be collected. It’s been said that prior to 20th-century modernism, you could measure the relative rain or snowfall of any region across the world by the steepness of its roofs. Pitched roofs come in all sorts of shapes and materials with different features, but to start, we’ll talk about one of my favorites: the gambrel.

The gambrel, or “barn” roof is characterized by a symmetrically arranged central ridge with an upper shallow slope breaking to a steep slope to each side. This is a have your-cake-and-eat-it-too kind of roof, since you maximize headroom on the attic story without having to build a much taller structure (visualize the point in space where the lines of the lower steep slopes would coincide). It also accommodates wider building widths while not appearing visually out of scale.

While the story of its arrival in North America is still debated, the gambrel has proven to be a versatile shape that can go low or high-style, draping itself over homes, barns, and civic buildings in the U.S. from the 17th century onward. No surprise then, that the gambrel is well represented in the revival architecture of West Midwood, and comes in many varieties.

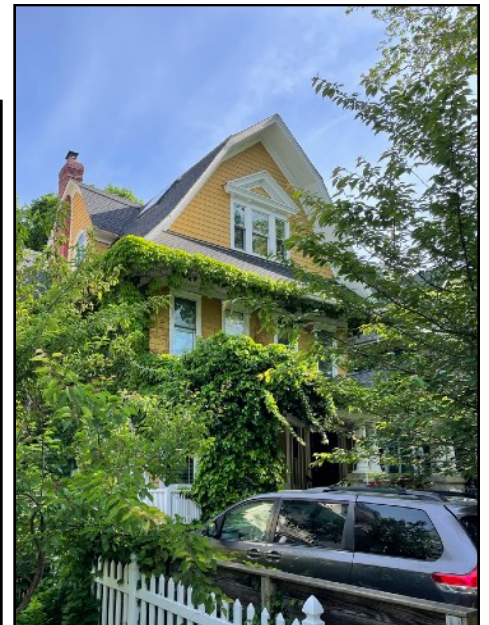
As you stroll the neighborhood and notice a gambrel, pay attention to its directionality (main ridge front-to-back or side to side), how steep or shallow the composite pair of slopes, and how dormers and other roof elements resolve themselves into the overall form.



667 Rugby Road



731 Argyle Road



1409 Glenwood Road



West Midwood Cooks (and Bakes!) *by Allidah Muller*

What a month May was in West Midwood! We had two neighborhood events, and it was so nice to see everyone out and about, (safely) enjoying each other's company, and the gorgeous spring weather. In the spirit of community, all of the recipes for this issue come from folks other than me.

Russ Malai (An Indian dessert) by Florence Manglani

If you missed this scrumptious dessert at the dessert portion of the progressive dinner, here's your chance to make it whenever you want.

Ingredients:

16 oz. container of Ricotta Cheese (Polly-O brand, whole milk)
 1 Pint container of Half and Half
 2¼ - to 2½ cups sugar (or less if you desire)
 3 tsp. Crushed cardamom seeds
 ½ cup crushed unsalted pistachio nuts

Method:

Heat oven to 350 degrees.
 Whip the ricotta cheese on slow speed for about 6 minutes. Add the sugar and continue whipping till all the sugar has been incorporated. Add the crushed cardamom seeds and ½ cup pistachio nuts. Mix well. Stop the mixer and pour the ricotta mixture into a 10x8x2 inches glass tray (or tray of your choice). Place the tray on the middle rack of the previously heated oven, for an hour. Check to see if the edges are slightly golden brown. If not, then cook for another 5 to 6 minutes. Remove from oven and let it rest for about 6 to 8 minutes. Run a sharp knife lengthwise and widthwise to make desired size squares or rectangles. Immediately pour the half and half over the cheese and cover tightly, the tray with saran wrap. Refrigerate to cool it down. Sprinkle the remaining crushed pistachio nuts before serving.

Lentil Salad by Paul Jacob

This was another crowd pleaser from the progressive dinner. Paul writes, "Like much of my cooking, it's a mash-up of 4-5 different recipes that I've run across over the years. A lot of different ingredients, the trick is to have most of the chopping and prep done before you begin to assemble. Be forewarned, this recipe makes a pretty big party-size batch. So some cooks may wish to scale down the sizes, depending on the size of the crowd they're feeding." Serves 10-12+
 "Beans"

3 cups Lentils, dry
 4-6 garlic cloves, peeled
 1 bay leaf

1 tsp salt
 2-4 cups water
 2-4 cups broth or stock (total 6 cups liquid)

Salad Ingredients

1 bunch spinach, steamed (wilted), drained and chopped
 1 ½ cups red onion, chopped fine
 ¼ cup mint, minced
 1 cup fresh parsley, chopped fine
 ¾ cup dill, chopped fine
 1 Tablespoon (total) minced thyme, tarragon and/or rosemary
 Juice of 1 lemon
 12 oz feta cheese, crumbled
 1 cup olive oil
 ½ cup vinegar

1. In a large pot, place all the "Beans" ingredients above, bring to a boil uncovered. Then cover, reduce heat to a simmer, and cook until al dente, about 15-20 mins.
2. When the beans are done, drain well, remove the garlic and bay leaves, leave in a warm pot (not hot).
3. Wilt the spinach, chop and set aside.
4. Stir oil and vinegar into the warm lentils.
5. Stir the remaining Salad Ingredients above EXCEPT the Feta cheese.
6. Stir in the Feta, then serve.

Skillet Broccoli Spaghetti by Harriet Rhine

6 cloves garlic
 1½ pounds broccoli
 ¼ cup unsalted butter
 4 anchovy filets (optional)
 12 ounces spaghetti (or any pasta that cooks in 10 minutes)
 Kosher salt
 ¼ tsp. red-pepper flakes (optional)
 Grated Parmesan for serving

1. Thinly slice the garlic and transfer to a large skillet. Cut the florets off the broccoli, keeping as much of the branch connected to the trunk as possible. Peel the trunk and cut the branches into 1/2 inch pieces. Transfer to the skillet. Roughly chop the florets, and leave on the cutting board.
2. Add the butter and smashed anchovies to the skillet, and cook about 3 minutes.
3. Add the spaghetti, the florets, salt, and pepper flakes. Pour over 5 cups of water. Bring to a boil over high, then cook, tossing often, until spaghetti is cooked, 8-12 minutes. If the pasta is looking dry, add more water. Enjoy with parmesan cheese.

We also have a special feature on the vessel in which you might cook a special. Neighbor Sabina Magnus hand

We also have a special feature on the vessel in which you might cook a special. Neighbor Sabina Magnus hand makes these beautiful and functional cooking pots.

Micaceous Pottery by a Brooklyn Potter

Within the Rio Grande region of northern New Mexico, near Taos, sparkling flecks of gold and silver mica have attracted potters for generations. Mica is a mineral mined from the mountains in that region which is then formed into the clay and used to make micaceous pottery.

For hundreds of years Native Peoples have made vessels for cooking and eating with this micaceous clay. The most popular pots are the iconic bean pots. Mica in the clay is not only sparkly and beautiful, functionally, it helps prevent shock when heating on a flame or in an oven. Micaceous clay pots can be used right on the stovetop, oven or microwave.

Traditionally pots were made using the coil method and were brought to vitrification in a pit fire using animal manure to achieve characteristic dark blacks. Now days, potters use similar techniques to work with micaceous clay making more sculptural pieces as well as more traditional cooking vessels. I have tried my hand at both. Pictured are

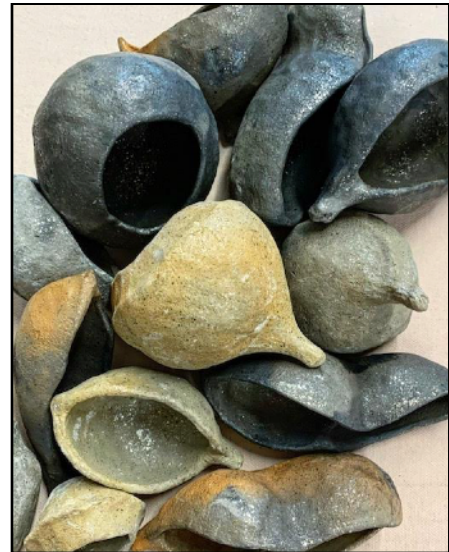
some examples of cooking pots and some sculptural pinched pods that Sabina ha made. She says, "The most satisfying aspect of micaceous pottery is that you can actually cook directly on a flame. I've cooked rice, beans and soups in these pots right on my stovetop!"

Before you can use these vessels for cooking they have to be "seasoned". The process is to submerge and soak the pots in water for several hours, then put them into a 450° F oven for a few hours. A further way to seal them is to cook some starchy rice the first time of use. After that they should be fit for purpose for many years to come.

Rice, beans and stews are the most traditional foods to cook in these vessels.

Just as a side note, most cultures all over the world have found ways to cook in clay pots similarly to the Native Peoples of Taos. What's unique here is the naturally occurring mica found in the clay which not only gives it its bling but very importantly makes the clay very durable.

If you'd like more information, you can reach Sabina at The Wishbone Project www.the-wishbone-project.com



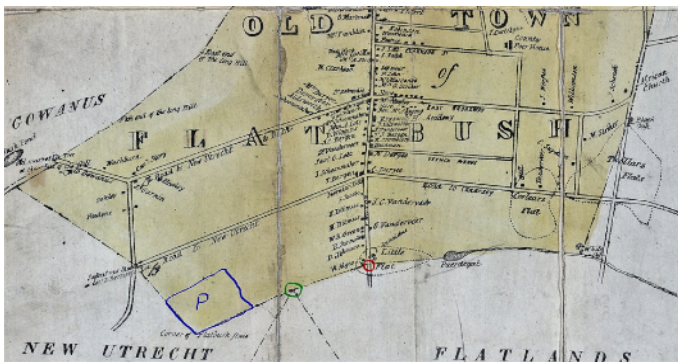
Foster Avenue — continued from page 1

Foster Avenue were an old road, it would appear on the maps as “Road to Flatlands” or “Road to Canarsie” or perhaps even “Road to Jamaica.” But it wasn’t.

However, it is important to note that the current location of the first section of Foster Avenue is almost synchronous with the southern boundary that existed between Flatbush and the town of Flatlands from the late 1600s to the 1894 absorption of Flatbush by the City of Brooklyn. Because there was no road that separated the two towns, trees were marked and wooden fences erected (the 1842 map notes them). However, there was a creek, named Paerdegat by the Dutch, that formed a natural border in the southeast quadrant of Flatbush where no roads existed.



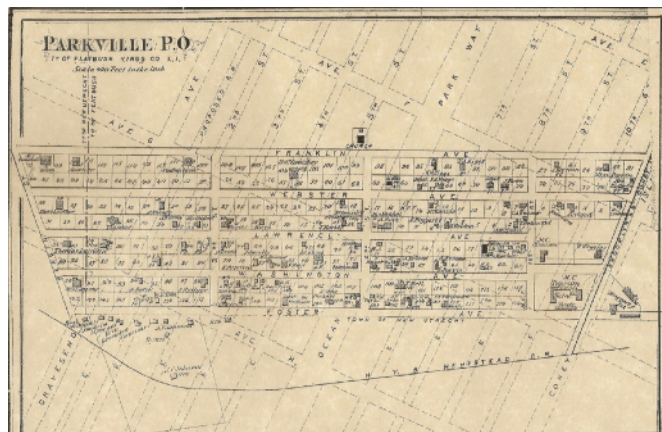
1797 Map. Today’s Coordinates: Blue = Parkville, Green = E 17th St, Red = Flatbush & Foster Ave



1842 Map. Today’s Coordinates: Blue = Parkville, Green = E 17th St, Red = Flatbush & Foster Ave

In 1870 the US Postal Service decided to change the name of the Cresco Post Office that catered to a farming community called Greenfield in southwestern Flatbush that sprung up in 1852, but then changed its name to

Parkville in 1866. So the Post Office created a map of Parkville, showing the cross-streets and buildings with identified house numbers and surnames. And on this map, for the first time, we see the words “Foster Avenue.”



1870: Foster Avenue is southern boundary of Parkville

In law enforcement, we called that a lead.

The next surviving map dates to 1873 and it also indicates “Foster Avenue” extends from the southwestern border of Flatbush to Ocean Avenue. But there it ends. A short distance thereafter, an unnamed road is indicated extending from Flatbush Avenue to Paerdegat Creek at today’s Nostrand Avenue where the path ends again.



1873 Foster Avenue resumes at Flatbush Avenue (Red) but ends at Paerdegat Creek.



1873 Foster Avenue ends at Ocean Avenue (Red).

Continued on page 13

Neighborhood News *What's Happening in Your Life? Let Us Know!*

Let *West Midwood News* readers know about significant events in your life — a birth or a loss, a graduation, an engagement or a marriage, an anniversary, an honor or a promotion. Send your news to editor.WestMidwoodNews@gmail.com.

New Neighbors

We are delighted that Rose Desiano and her family have decided to move back to West Midwood. Rose, her husband, and her son hope to soon move into their new home on Argyle Road, only a block from where she grew up. Rose's parents, **Mike and Pat Desiano**, are understandably thrilled to have them back in the neighborhood. Rose is a professor of art and design and a public artist (see <https://www.desiano.com> to find out more). She says it is exciting to move back "home" after twenty-five years away. Rose and her family look forward to meeting their neighbors and learning what's new and what has stayed the same since Rose lived here as a child.

John DeLamar-Kanter, Mark DeLamar-Kanter, and their one-year-old son **Leo** recently moved to Westminster Road from Clinton Hill. Happily, their tenants in the upper half of their two-family house are Mark's cousin and their other good friends. Mark is the assistant principal and director of speech and language at

the Sterling School for kids with dyslexia, and has a private speech and language practice. John is a special education/English/Theatre teacher at the Brooklyn School for Music and Theatre in Crown Heights.

Mark loves to bike (outside or in), hike, get his hands in the dirt, and entertain. In his spare time, John is usually found in the kitchen baking. He is in the very early stages of opening a cake decorating and baking business. Find him on Instagram at Little Baker Baker. Musical theatre is his true passion, and the reason he has devoted his professional life to a school for Music and Theatre. If you need to know anything about an obscure musical, he is your man. They love traveling, and look forward to taking Leo to some of their favorite spots all over the globe.

Initially, John wanted to move to the suburbs, and find a nice two story fixer-upper near some of Mark's friends. But Mark is a city boy at heart--though he grew up on Long Island--and wanted to stay in Brooklyn. One day they had coffee and a biscuit at Madeline's and then took a walk – and fell in love with the neighborhood. After a long search, and multiple disappointments, they finally found their gorgeous house on Westminster. The neighborhood is everything John was dreaming of, but inside the city Mark needed. John says, "We have to pinch ourselves every day just to make sure that this is real life!"



On the Turntable — West Midwood Listens . . .

*Have a suggestion for this column?
Send it to Rosalia Aponte at
rosaliaaponte@gmail.com*

May was a very busy month for West Midwood, so it's understandable if everyone forgot to send in their musical suggestions. That said, this edition's recommendations are all coming from this writer. So here goes...

Beautiful Fusions

"Music is the universal language of mankind." -Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Henry was definitely on to something and these three albums represent beautiful fusions blending seemingly disparate musical traditions into fabulous, novel musical languages.

"Rumba Argelina" by Radio Tarifa

This album, around since the 90's, started out with a group of Spanish musicians looking at their country's history and asking one question: "What would the music of modern Spain sound like if Spain had continued on a path that incorporated Muslim, Jewish and Christian traditions?" Their answers merged lyrics from medieval to modern and instrumentations and musical forms from across the Mediterranean and beyond. The result: a

beautiful fusion that takes the listener on trips across time and space into the realm of possibilities.

"The Tel Aviv Sessions" by The Touré-Raichel Collective

What happens when two musical powerhouses from disparate musical traditions decide to join forces? Born out of a chance meeting between Malian singer and guitarist Vieux Farka Touré and Israeli singer-songwriter Idan Raichel, this album was completely improvised from start to finish. The result: a beautiful fusion that joins Hebrew prayers with African rhythms and Malian love songs with Raichel's distinctive keyboarding.

"Wu Fei and Abigail Washburn" by the artists of the same name

Appalachian hollers sung in Mandarin? Chinese folk tunes played on a banjo? If this sounds intriguing then, you should definitely check out this collaboration between the Nashville based Wu, a master of the Chinese zither and the Mandarin speaking Washburn, a master of the American claw hammer banjo. The result: two musical traditions blending into a very coherent, beautiful fusion. That's all for now and remember, neighbors, we want to hear what YOU are listening to so don't wait. Send us your suggestions so we can include them in our next edition. Happy listening, West Midwood.

Pizza Magician Dom Demarco Dies at 85

By Arthur Rhine

One of the bonds between boys born and bred in Brooklyn is pizza. How can it be otherwise? Like potatoes to Ireland or rice to China, pizza is the essential food of Brooklyn. And Brooklyn has the best pizza in the world. By the time we were old enough to take the subway, we had found our favorite pizza parlor. For me it was Queen's Pizza on Court Street in downtown Brooklyn. When it turned out that a person you knew, like my friend Resy, a soulful kid from Brighton Beach, also loved Queen's Pizza, a friendship became solid. Hey, you could go to Nathan's sometimes for a hot dog, but Queen's Pizza was king.

Then one day in my senior year at Midwood High School, Queen's Pizza disappeared. Oh, the restaurant was still there, but the man who made the pizza was gone. Life changes. Subway fare goes to 15 cents. We graduated High School. We adapted. I lived in Manhattan during college. I liked Ray's Pizza on 6th Avenue and West 11th Street. But when the gang reunited in the summer, we spoke of the good old days.

Then a phone call from the devout David G., who was still at Midwood, living with his parents on E. 9th Street. Hey, you gotta try this new place on 15th and J. You're kidding?! I took the BMT to J. And there he was! It was the magician from Queen's Pizza, now with his own place right on the corner.

For the next 50 years, Dom DeMarco sculpted pizza on 15th and J at DiFara's Pizza. He stood on a carton of imported tomato sauce. He really never moved from that spot, maybe eight feet square. A hummingbird may be tiny, but all its organs are perfect. On his counter was the olive oil contained in a copper watering-can-shaped pitcher like the kind we made in Hudde metal shop. To the left were the tins of pizza dough brought by his son from the back of the store.

Dom would take one of the tins of dough and dump it on the long-handled wooden palette resting on the counter. He would beat the dough and stretch it. He never tossed the dough in the air. Then he'd ladle the tomato sauce from a big stainless-steel bucket and spread the sauce using the bottom of the ladle. Then he'd sprinkle small chunks of cheese – more than one kind! – onto the sauce which rested on the dough. Then he'd

take the golden glittering pitcher and drizzle a little olive oil.

He never stepped off the unopened imported tomato sauce carton which was his platform. He was maybe six inches off the ground until his pizza was ready for the oven. Then he would step down and open the oven door, re-arrange the pizza pies already brewing in the oven, lift the long-handled palette from the counter, and transfer the pizza from the counter to the oven, sliding the board from under the pizza. Then he would re-arrange the other pies in the oven to make sure they were evenly spaced. He never used gloves. His hands were his oven mitts.

Then you would stand and wait until your pizza was ready. You stood. You did not sit down until you had your slice or your pie. Regular customers understood this custom. You would maybe say a few words to Margaret or Luisa, Dom's daughters, who

kept the list of names of the patrons in the order of their arrival, folded the pizza take-out boxes, took your money – cash only! -- sliced the pies, and kept all anxiety at bay. Then you would take your pie and sit down.

The seating area at DiFara's Pizza Parlor was not for the faint of heart. Zagat's once gave DiFara's a "29" for food quality and a "4" for ambiance. My son said he regarded that "4" to be a badge of honor; every penny saved on décor Dom could apply to the olive oil budget. We didn't need flock

wallpaper. If the low-rated ambiance kept a certain crowd away, that was a bonus. We did not want those people with their snooty noses sniffing our pizza.

And finally, at long last, you would fold your slice and take your first bite and, once again, you would experience what it was to have your soul stolen away. Oh, there are so many memories. Do you remember Dom once served scrumptious meatball and veal parmigiana sandwiches? What about the flower pots of basil growing by the window? Dom or his daughters would sprinkle a bit on the finished pie. Perhaps add a bit more olive oil. How many conversations did you



have with people from Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee, Utah, Florida, Illinois or Canada who had come to Brooklyn to sample a DiFara's pizza pie? They, always garrulous, would ask, "Have you ever had it before?" "Yes, I live a coupla blocks away, I come every week," I would say aloud, while thinking to myself, this must be my ten-thousandth slice. Now you folks take a deep breath and get ready! "Awesome" was frequently the next word, eyes opened wide.

And how many debates did we have as to which was better – the square or the regular? Do you remember there were no credit cards accepted? Do you remember when the IRS made Dom install a new-fangled register which kept a record of the money which changed hands? And what about the "discussions" which took place in West Midwood when the price went up to \$4 per slice? Then \$5? Do you live in a Victorian house? So why

would you settle for eating ramshackle pizza? Do you remember when the Health Department shut the place down for a while? Not for long, thank goodness. And what about the night-time birthday parties? Whole place to ourselves. Just pizza for hours. And afterwards, sometimes my sons and their guests would take Dom's son out for a bit more partying and stories of Mets' woes.

DiFara's Pizza will go on. Margaret and Luisa are still there. The new pizza guru is a gentle Chinese guy named Robert; he has been trained by Dom. Still, it's almost incomprehensible that Dom's meditative seamless life has come to an end, but then again, in some sense, an end is just a destination one envisions in order to keep on moving forward. For Dom, the destination was always the next perfect pie. Vanity never crossed his path. He was simply carrying on a tradition. For us, with his help, we have tasted life.

Foster Avenue — *continued from page 10*

Now let's consult municipal records. In 1850 the Coney Island Plank Road was created, laying wooden boards – "planks" – along a pre-existing dirt path extending from today's Prospect Park Southwest all the way to Coney Island. (The wood would be replaced by rails after the Civil War to allow for horse-drawn "omnibus" cars, and in the 1890s the rails would service electric trolley cars that ran until 1956 when the B68 bus appeared.)

The Plank Road made empty land on either side of its right of way suddenly more desirable, resulting in the development of two new villages on Flatbush's western border: Windsor Terrace to the north and Greenfield to the south. From 1851 to 1854 the United Freeman's Association purchased 114 acres from the farms of John Tredwell, David Johnson and Henry S. Ditmas and laid out a village they called Greenfield.

The principals of this Association included John A. Lawrence (its President) and Charles Foster (an original major land-owner). The first appearance of "Foster Avenue" in the press occurred in the October 7, 1854 edition of the Brooklyn Evening Star, advertising the sale of new houses built on "Foster Avenue" between 1st and 2nd Street. Two weeks later in the same newspaper, a vacant lot was advertised for sale on a street never referenced before – "Lawrence Avenue" – near 3rd Street. Check please?

And just who was Charles Foster? He had a livery business on Gold Street (near today's Central Booking for law enforcement vets) and worked with John White to bring omnibus transportation from the City of Brooklyn south to Greenfield and beyond. White also owned land in

Greenfield and east of the Plank Road. In fact, White Street was the original name for a stretch of road from the Plank Road to Ocean Avenue that is now called Newkirk Avenue.



As for Jamaica's James Foster, per Census records he owned two slaves on his Queens farm from 1790 until the evil institution was abolished in 1827. He also was a mover-and-shaker who partnered with Jeremiah Lott (the same 1797 & 1842 map maker) and other monied men to form the Long Island Farmers and Mechanics Bank in 1824. By 1832, he was a principal of the Brooklyn Bank on Fulton Street and in 1835 he was an officer of the Long Island Farmers' Insurance Company of Hempstead. A year later he was accepting bids for the repair

of the Brooklyn, Jamaica and Flatbush Turnpikes, which followed the same road that the Long Island Rail Road would eventually take eastward from Atlantic Avenue. It is this last factoid I believe which accounts for his being erroneously associated with Flatbush's Foster Avenue.

But there are other reasons to reject James Foster. First, Foster Avenue did not exist east of Flatbush Avenue until 1901 when the Germania Real Estate & Development Company, having developed Vanderveer Park, petitioned the City to extend the preexisting street name east of Flatbush all the way to Brooklyn Avenue. Second, Jeremiah Lott never inked his business partner's name on his maps (Lott died 18 years after Foster in 1861). Third, beyond Brooklyn Avenue, there were no streets, just woods, until 1940 when Fred C. Trump cut down the Paerdegat Woods – the last existing natural woodland in Brooklyn – in order to erect hundreds of brick houses.

PUZZLE

With more and more of us getting out more often, we may need to replenish our wardrobes. You might want to keep up with the current fashions, or what you already have may no longer fit. Replacing even a single item might require replacing some of its accessories, such as a belt, cufflinks, footwear, gloves, handkerchiefs, jewelry, scarves, ties, underwear, and watches. Although those items may bear the logos or labels of well-known manufacturers, the manufacturer might actually be unknown to you but was contracted to make the garment and affix the brand marker.

Below is a list of brand names of clothing and accessories, their names disguised by having some of the letters replaced with dashes. How many can you identify? Note that some of the brands are from defunct manufacturers and can only be found on the vintage resale market.

Rank: 50=good; 100=excellent; 150=genius.



G _ _ _	U _ I _ _ O	PA _ I _ E _ E
L _ _ _	WA _ OA _	PA _ A _ O _ IA
U _ _ _	YU _ _ IE	S _ A _ O _ _ KI
BA _ I _	ZE _ I _ _	TA _ HEUE _
DI _ _ _	AT _ _ E _ A	VA _ E _ I _ O
DK _ _ _	BA _ _ O _	VE _ A _ WA _
FI _ A _	BU _ _ A _ I	WO _ _ E _ I _ E
IZ _ _ _	CA _ E _ IO	FO _ E _ E _ 21
K _ _ S	CA _ _ IE	HE _ _ E _ FO _
K _ _ N	CA _ A _ I	JI _ _ Y _ C _ OO
NI _ E _	COU _ U _ E	KA _ E _ S _ A _ E
OR _ _ _	DI _ _ IE	LA _ _ S' _ E _
PO _ O _	DO _ _ E _	MAI _ E _ O _
PU _ A _	E _ E _ E _	PAU _ S _ I _
RA _ O _	E _ E _ E _	TI _ _ ER _ A _
YE _ I _	LA _ O _ E _	TO _ Y _ BU _ _ H
ZA _ A _	LE _ A _ E _	VA _ HEU _ E _
ASI _ S	ME _ _ E _	E _ _ IE BAUE _
COA _ _	PE _ _ E _ A	FOO _ LO _ E _
FE _ _ I	P _ I _ A _	NE _ BA _ A _ E
GE _ _ O	RA _ BA _	P _ E _ Y _ LE _ _
GU _ _ I	S _ EE _ E _	W _ I _ _ CA _ _ Y
GUE _ _	TI _ _ A _	CA _ _ I _ K _ EI
HA _ E _	TJMA _ _	HO _ _ A _ LO _ O _
O _ E _ A	VE _ _ A _ E	HU _ _ PU _ _ IE
P _ A _ A	WO _ _ O _	KE _ _ E _ CO _ E
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SEI _ O	BU _ _ E _ Y	NE _ -A-PO _ E
SPA _ _	CA _ A _ T	PE _ I _ E _ P _ U _ E
SWA _ _	CO _ E _ E _	RA _ H LAU _ E
TO _ E _	E _ E _ A _ E	S _ E _ E _ MA _ E _
TU _ O _	HA _ I _ O _	U _ _ E _ A _ OU _
WEI _ _	JA _ PO _	LOUI _ VUI _ O _
A _ I _ A	LO _ I _ ES	A _ RE _ DU _ I _
A _ A _ I	MA _ MA _ A	A _ E _ I _ A _ EA _ E
BU _ O _ A	NE _ LOO _	DU _ U _ _ T _ A _ I
CHA _ E _	O _ _ NA _	E _ O _ IO _ A _ A _ I
CLA _ _ S	RO _ PO _	MA _ O _ O _ B _ A _ I
DIE _ E _	S _ I _ NO _	PA _ E _ P _ I _ I _ E
DU _ O _	TO _ FO _	SI _ LY VI _ _ A _ E
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HA _ EY	BA _ _ E _ I _ A	W _ A _ KA _ IE _ DI _
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HE _ E _	B _ EI _ I _	MAU _ I _ E _ LA _ OI _
J.C _ E	C _ A _ E _ E _ E	S _ UA _ _ WEI _ MA _
JO _ _ E _	CO _ E _ HAA _	O _ I _ IA _ VO _ HA _ E
LA _ E _	F _ O _ HEI _	U _ _ A _ OU _ I _ E
LAU _ E _	GA _ IE _ A	A _ E _ A _ E _ M _ UEE _
LE _ I'S	HO _ I _ E _	C _ O _ WO _ _ SY _ E _ Y
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MA _ O _	L.L.BEA _	JA _ E _ -LE _ COU _ RE
MO _ A _ O	LA _ C _ O _ E	VI _ O _ IA'S _ SE _ E
NA _ O _ I	LO _ _ CHA _	C _ I _ _ IA _ LOU _ OU _ I
PA _ A _ E	LU _ U _ E _ O _	PA _ _ I _ IA _ I _ F _ EU _ IE _
PIA _ E _	MO _ _ BLA _	SA _ _ A _ O _ E _ FE _ A _ A _ O
REE _ O	NI _ E _ WE _	F _ E _ E _ I _ _ 'S _ O _ HO _ _ Y _ OO _
SI _ _ E _	NO _ GREE _	
S _ AT _	NO _ ST _ O	

What's Up With That Proposed New Transit Line in Brooklyn? *By Joe Enright*

During a May 19th virtual town hall, the MTA updated the status of the Interborough Express, a proposed 14 mile transit line from Bay Ridge to Jackson Heights. It would leverage an existing freight roadbed to connect 17 subway lines and the LIRR as it traverses transit deserts in southeastern Brooklyn. The big news is that the Port Authority still wants to build a modern freight line on the same Cut, dubbed the Cross Harbor Freight Project, that would feed into a proposed tunnel from Bay Ridge to the continental rail network terminus near Jersey City. The PA's project has been dormant for the past two years but will shortly resume its Tier II Environmental Impact Study (EIS), during which it will look at how their freight could work in concert with the Interboro Express. Meanwhile the MTA will commence its own two-year EIS Study in early 2023, then possibly seek funding and commence design and construction. But given that the Penn Access Project in the Bronx took 10 years soup-to-nuts, transit operations for the Interborough might not start until 2032.

Short-term, the MTA will gather public input through the Summer and by year's-end arrive at a decision on which of these three options should be the focus of the EIS: 1) Conventional Rail (essentially, LIRR-like



engineering constraints along the roadbed since both Light Rail and Conventional Rail must allow for gradients and minimum radius requirements for curvatures: more space the MTA would have to take. Cue the community blow-back.

I recall the Lindsey Administration's 1969 proposal to build a "Linear City" on a concrete platform above the Bay Ridge line, with a new "Cross-Brooklyn Highway" added as well. HaHaHa! Robert Moses on steroids. But it looks to me like a linear Interboro Express bus platform looms. Assuming property-owner opposition in Borough Park, Midwood, Flatbush and elsewhere doesn't doom it. If this analysis is wrong – and I have been called an idiot

more than once of late – then I'll take one order of Light Rail to go, please, since it has the only chance of navigating the tight curves through Borough Park.

What do you think? Comment at <https://new.mta.info/IBX>. The MTA especially wants to know: which of the three options do you prefer and where would you like a station to be located?

Ask Mr. Trivia Guy

Editor's Note: *In a probably futile attempt to satisfy our neighborhood's insatiable appetite for information about our own Small Town in the Big City, we've asked our incomparable local historian Joe Enright to answer some of your most frequent and perplexing questions. If you have questions you'd like him to address, please send them to us! [As always, Mr. Trivia Guy insists he should only be asked questions he already knows the answers to.]*

Question from Laura Givner: The late great comic Phil Foster was born Fivel Feldman on March 29, 1913, in Brooklyn. When asked how he derived his stage name, he said: "I lived on Argyle Road in Brooklyn. What kind of comedian would Phil Argyle sound like? So I took my name from Foster Avenue. It was only a couple of blocks away" (per *It Happened In the Catskills* by Myrna & Harvey Frommer, University of Wisconsin Press, 1991). Did he live in West Midwood?

Trivia Guy: Phil more frequently claimed to have grown up on Coney Island Avenue near Foster Avenue, not on Argyle Road. Like all good comics, he knew "Phil Argyle" would get a laugh while "Phil Coney" would actually sound appropriate for a Borsch Belt comedian!



commuter trains); 2) Light Rail (trolleys connected to catenary wires); or 3) Bus Rapid Transit (BRT – electric buses running at street level on a concrete platform erected

above the roadbed).

Given the political clout that the Cross Harbor Tunnel Project carries, it's hard to see how any alternative other than the BRT will be chosen, resulting in an express bus with dozens of grade crossings. Why? Given all the development since the 1950s, flush to the Cut, there does not seem to be room for a passenger and freight line to share the same roadbed without massive eminent domain. That's because the transit options, per federal regulations, would require significant separation from the freight line, creating a need for more space. There are also major

West Midwood Bookshelf — Joan Greenberg, librarian



Read any good books lately? Have a book recommendation for your neighbors? Please send them to Joan Greenberg at joandaveyg@gmail.com.

Great Circle by Maggie Shipstead

A well-written story, spanning 100 years, about flying over the earth's poles, unusual personal relationships and challenges, and plenty of surprises.

Recommended by Harriet Rhine

All Gone Awry by Andrew Kumasaka

This book is set in Santa Cruz, California. The author, Andrew Kumasaka (my brother-in-law) tells the story of Alex Arai, a young Japanese American Art History professor who lives in the shadow of his sculptor father. His unlikely obsession with graffiti fundamentally alters his career, his intimate relationships, and his identity as a Japanese American.

Recommended by Fred Arriaga

This is Happiness by Niall Williams

Recommended by Arthur Rhine, who states, "Indeed it is."

French Bread by Anne

Tyler

Recommended by both

Arthur Rhine and

Andrea Freshman

"A delight from beginning to end." --

Arthur

"A multigenerational story of the Garrett

family, this book is filled with mundane details of family life, but it is the emotional tones of the dialogue and the relationships that are meaningful.

Even though there are no major traumas, the characters are memorable. I think many in our neighborhood would enjoy this read."-- *Andrea*



Follies of God: Tennessee Williams and the Women of the Fog, by James Grissom.

A series of interviews by the author, commissioned by Williams, to reveal how TW's colleagues experienced him and his work. A taste of the psychoanalytic, Strasberg-worshipping, homophobic mid-Century theater scene. Boozy, poetic, and pre-Prozac.

Recommended by Sylvia Stein

An Odyssey: A Father, a Son and an Epic by Daniel Mendelsohn.

A wonderful memoir by classics professor Daniel Mendelsohn and his mathematician father, who at 81 asked to take his son's seminar on Homer's epic poem *The Odyssey*. It's a beautifully written portrait of a son's quest to understand his father. Reading it, you learn a great deal about Homer's classic, which is the frame for the story of the

modern father and son, as they explore the text, then take a voyage together around the Mediterranean, and like Ulysses, finally return home — both older and wiser.

Recommended by Tori Rosen

Winslow Homer Crosscurrents, by Stephanie L. Herdrich and Sylvia Yount, *et.al.*

The book and the exhibition at the Met highlight Winslow Homer's less well known depictions of black individuals and their life-or-death challenges, his early awareness of nature's ecosystems and perils, and women's roles. The Met's women curators offer a fuller portrait of Homer (1836-1910) and his nuanced portraits than did prior historians.

Recommended by Jan Castro

Who You Gonna Call?

When you need help, it's important to call the right number. Here's a list of useful phone numbers with an explanation of when to call which number. It's not a bad idea to cut out this list and stick in on your refrigerator or by your phone.

911—The number to call for emergencies, such as fire, medical emergencies, accidents of any type, a crime in progress, violent behavior, or a person in trouble. Remember to stay on the line until the operator tells you it is okay to hang up. The operator will also ask you your location, so note the nearest house number and street address.

311 — Call this number for non-emergencies such as noise complaints, animal control, air quality, blocked driveway, dangerous tree situation, or to find out where to get other information. For a complete list, see www.nyc.gov/311.

If you're unsure, call 911. The operator will either take your information or redirect you to 311. Remember to get a complaint number and write it down.

Neighborhood Coordination Officers (NCOs):

P.O. Viodelys Brathwaite (917-864-7912)

Viodelys.Brathwaite@nypd.org

P.O. Roshael Layne (929-270-7068)

Roshael.layne@nypd.org

The NCOs are usually on duty Tuesdays to Saturdays from noon to 6:30 p.m. (Sometimes they are unavailable because they have been pulled for training or special duty.) Former West Midwood president Linda Howell reports that she relies on the NCOs for quality-of-life issues, especially situations “where I do not have complete details, only secondhand reports of events. I feel comfortable giving them as much information as I can and asking them to check into the potential problem.” Examples include gatherings at the dead ends, abandoned cars, chronic parking violations, and patterns of package theft from porches. You can also contact them if you feel a 911 or 311 call was not handled correctly. Note that while they will make every effort to assist, they may also be handling other more time-critical issues.

Community Board 14 (CB14), 718-859-6357

This office and its staff are a valuable resource that can be contacted for a myriad of situations. Call them to find out the status of a 311 complaint, why your recycling wasn't picked up, how you can get a tree planted in front of your home or a dead one removed, or what's going on with construction (or lack of it) at a specific location. They can also help you get in touch with the local representative for a specific city agency. This is by no means a complete list. If you're unsure of how to handle an issue, call them and ask. They are there to help.

For Information About Covid-19:

<https://www1.nyc.gov/site/doh/covid/covid-19-main.page>

Artist's Notebook:

Florence Manglani





**Mark Your
Calendars!**

June 15 — WMCA Meeting

West Midwood Dues Payments

As of April 25 WMCA has received 2022 dues payments from 115 West Midwood addresses. The addresses are listed below. Your dues (and donations) are put to very good use to support all of our neighborhood activities, plus maintenance of our lovely Glenwood malls, and occasional donations to worthy organizations that are important to our neighborhood.

Don't see your address in the list but are sure you paid? Please let Jeff Ewing know at (j.r.ewing@verizon.net)

663 Argyle Road
667 Argyle Road
671 Argyle Road
681 Argyle Road
685 Argyle Road
715 Argyle Road
721 Argyle Road
725 Argyle Road
731 Argyle Road
739 Argyle Road
745 Argyle Road
759 Argyle Road
765 Argyle Road
783 Argyle Road
716 Argyle Road
726 Argyle Road
732 Argyle Road
736 Argyle Road
740 Argyle Road
746 Argyle Road
752 Argyle Road
756 Argyle Road
770 Argyle Road
776 Argyle Road
780 Argyle Road
784 Argyle Road
790 Argyle Road
1407 Avenue H
1318 Avenue H
667 Rugby Road
664 Rugby Road
678 Rugby Road
686 Rugby Road
692 Rugby Road
725 Rugby Road
741 Rugby Road
751 Rugby Road
755 Rugby Road
777 Rugby Road
783 Rugby Road
789 Rugby Road
716 Rugby Road

726 Rugby Road
730 Rugby Road
734 Rugby Road
764 Rugby Road
770 Rugby Road
780 Rugby Road
784 Rugby Road
790 Rugby Road
794 Rugby Road
15 Waldorf Court
27 Waldorf Court
35 Waldorf Court
12 Waldorf Court
26 Waldorf Court
28 Waldorf Court
15 Wellington Court
33 Wellington Court
20 Wellington Court
24 Wellington Court
28 Wellington Court
34 Wellington Court
665 Westminster Road
725 Westminster Road
729 Westminster Road
741 Westminster Road
745 Westminster Road
761 Westminster Road
765 Westminster Road
775 Westminster Road
781 Westminster Road
789 Westminster Road
793 Westminster Road
716 Westminster Road
722 Westminster Road
732 Westminster Road
738 Westminster Road
744 Westminster Road
758 Westminster Road
762 Westminster Road
766 Westminster Road
770 Westminster Road
776 Westminster Road

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 members can also request a daily recap containing all of the activity within the previous 24 hours, rather than receive messages as they occur.

Alternate Side Parking Calendar

The city suspends alternate side parking rules on the following legal and religious holidays. No Stopping, No Standing and No Parking regulations are also suspended, except where those regulations are normally in effect seven days a week (for example, "No Standing Anytime"). Parking meter regulations are also suspended. On all other holidays, only street cleaning rules are suspended.

June 6 — Shavuot

June 20 — Juneteenth

July 4 — Independence Day

July 9-11 — Was K-dha

August 15 — Feast of the Assumption

Sept 5 — Labor Day

Neighbors' Businesses and Services

To add, cancel, or update a listing,
contact **Tori Rosen** at editor.WestMidwoodNews@gmail.com

Education and Lessons

Danielle Buonaiuto *Private voice lessons* for high-school age and adult students in classical, musical theatre, and pop styles. Master of Music from Peabody Conservatory, and 10+ years' teaching experience.
danielle.buonaiuto@gmail.com.

Rob Garcia *Drum lessons*. I've been teaching private lessons to students of all ages for the past 25 years and have a well-equipped teaching studio at my home. More info www.robgarciamusic.com; Contact: robjgarcia@hotmail.com; 917-273-7875

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.

Laura Campbell-Lui *Literacy Tutor* ELA help for reading strategies . Phonics/decoding help for kindergarten-grade 4. Spelling help with common rules and word root hints. Grammar help with punctuation, capitalization and conjugating. Writing help with sentence construction. New York State-certified Reading Specialist and Elementary School Teacher. Licensed in Reading, Common Branches and Early Childhood Education. 30 Years of teaching experience. Email Laura at literacytutor@aol.com

Florence Manglani Semi-retired *bilingual school psychologist* . Still teaching at Brooklyn College, is available for consultations. 718-434-2134; florence@imagineblue.com.

David Picton *Music Lessons in Drums, Piano, and Composition*. 35 years teaching experience. Graduate of Mannes College of Music. All ages, beginner to advanced. 718-859-6313; davidpictonmusic@gmail.com.

Julian Rhine *Guitar lessons; SAT, SHSAT, and Regents tutoring*. BA in music and English from Vanderbilt University. 917-981-0675; julian.m.rhine@gmail.com

Harriet Rhine *Swimming instruction*, at East Midwood Jewish Center, Fridays: children 6 months–3years 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, other academic subjects, test prep. Advising on Medicare enrollment and basic nutrition. Meet on Zoom, by phone, or outdoors. Expert educator, researcher, writer, and editor makes complex topics clear. amyrowe.nyc@gmail.com, 917-723-0348

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



Jeannine Umrigar *Collectiv3 Fashion Portfolio Lab*. Individual mentorships for students to build fashion and art portfolios for college entrance and beyond. For more information see our website: www.collectiv3.nyc.

David Wechsler *Flute lessons*. Many years of teaching at all levels from beginner to professional. Long-time member of Brooklyn Philharmonic and many other groups in the NYC area, including Broadway, recordings, symphony, opera, ballet orchestras, and chamber music. 347-528-6318; davewechs@earthlink.net.

Health and Mental Health

Laura Campbell-Lui Shaklee Distributor household cleaning products; nutritional skin care; nutritional supplement products; appointments available. 917-767-3579; lauraclui@yahoo.com.

Jan Castro. De-stress with Swedish massage or Thai body work. Safe, clean, open space. I've had 3 vaccine shots. Credentials & references on request. 60–120 minute sessions, reasonable rates. Phone 314-323-9060.

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

Sara Hochman *Nutritionist*, MS, RD, CDN. Registered Dietitian specializing in chronic disease management and weight loss, nutrition therapy for all ages. Reasonable rates, in-person or televisit appointments. Sarahoch780@gmail.com

Pet Sitting

Nell Mendlinger and Lauren Sullivan, Owners, Abby on Argyle Pet Sitting & Dog Walking, LLC. Available 365 days a year for your pets. We have been in the neighborhood for 10+ years. Bonded and insured. Member of PetSitters International and an eco-friendly company. www.AbbyOnArgyle.com.

Real Estate

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

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