



# Sea Gate Revisited

A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories

Issue No. 1

February, 2006

## Welcome

Welcome to **SEA GATE REVISITED**—and the launching of a newsletter devoted to recapturing and savoring our childhood memories—of a very special time in a very special place.

**Sea Gate Remembered**,<sup>1</sup> a book written by Arnie Rosen in 2003, redolent with priceless, ageless wisps of nostalgia, chronicles the memories and recollections of ex-Sea Gaters who grew up there in the 1930s, '40s, and early '50s. Yet, there are countless stories still to be told, more memories to be mined and photos to share and enjoy in this and future issues.

So, as readers and ex-residents, we are calling on you to return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear and contribute your uniquely personal memories of growing up in **SEA GATE**—our remote Brooklyn neighborhood on the western tip of Coney Island, nestled between the lighthouse at Norton's Point and the set of three gates

that practically cushioned and insulated us from the rest of the world.

When we ventured out, away from the small Orthodox shul—Kneses Israel, the great Sea Gate beach with its handball courts and Riviera (where you could buy Dixie cups—and lick the lid to uncover photos of movie stars), there were our schools (P.S. 188, Mark Twain Jr. High, and “We are the boys o’ 256 ...”), the Boy, Girl, Cub Scouts and Brownies, the mom-and-pop stores along Neptune and Mermaid Aves, the boardwalk, Tuesday night fireworks, the rides in Coney Island, the reopening after WW2 of Luna Park movie theaters (the Surf, Mermaid, Loew’s Coney Island and RKO Tilyou—a bargain at 11¢ a pop in you were under 12), and our diversions (the penny arcades, Nathan’s Famous, the bumper cars, Steeplechase and the side shows on Surf Avenue).

But inside the gates, there were a slew of activities that managed to fill our lives and keep us physically fit. Of course, that was long before TV or computers made couch

potatoes of later generations. (E-Mail? Hell no! We left letters, at 3¢ each, or penny postcards for the postmen who made deliveries twice a day.)

For one, let’s briefly recapture the games we played. For the boys: basketball, football (2-hand touch), handball and stickball. For the girls: jump rope, jacks and paper dolls. For both: there was an astonishing array of street games that everyone, no matter age or gender, could indulge in after school, such as “stoopball”-“kick the can”-“ringalevio” (where did that word come from?)-“3 feet off to Germany”-“red light”-“running bases”-and especially, roller skating, with or w/o hockey sticks, and plenty of bike riding to get around the Gate.

The list is practically endless. At a younger age, even co-ed “potsy”-marbles-street races-“Territory” (with pocket knives)-flipping baseball cards. (Pity how we ruined or otherwise discarded some baseball cards that ultimately turned out to be extremely collectible and

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<sup>1</sup> Rosen, Arnold, *Sea Gate Remembered*, published by Xlibris Corp., 2003

valuable! We even put them in the spokes of our bikes.)

Above all (for some of us), there was Sea Gate's National Pastime: softball, both playing and watching those great teams of "older" guys facing top-notch visiting teams after the War on Sundays—Ray Shore, Lenny Wachs, Dave



Lenny Wachs

Glickman, the Adler twins, and Kenny Sommers. Magical moments indeed. Rooting for either the Dodgers (Dem Bums), the Giants or the Yankees – surely they'd be in the World Series every year – kept our competitive juices flowing.

And all this was before we were called in for dinner—which we usually ate while glued to "Mandrake the Magician" or "Captain Midnight" or "Superman" or "Hop Harrigan" or "Tom Mix" or "Jack Armstrong" on the radio.

Those were the days... And many of us who grew up in the thirties, forties and fifties have contributed our stories in Arnie's *Sea Gate Remembered*. So let's keep it going. And let's use this newsletter to keep in touch.

Log onto your computer and send in your stories and photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com)<sup>2</sup>. Tell us how you passed the time in Sea Gate and your clearest memories of those good old days. You might also add a bit about where you are today and whether you have kept up with any former Sea Gaters. (Note: all submissions will be left to the discretion of the editors, and may be saved for later editions.)

We may even do a "Letters to the editor" section. (We will edit, but please try to keep it brief.) You can start by telling us what you think of the idea of a newsletter. And if we've left anything out, feel free to share it with us. If you'd rather not contribute memories, reply just to let us know you received this.

Finally, if you know of Sea Gaters whom we might not be reaching, pass the word to them. Send us any of their email addresses you have. For practical reasons, we will not do a

print version; we can only communicate by email. (If for any reason you wish to "unsubscribe," just hit the "reply" button to let us know.)

Don't have a computer? It's time to get one, or find a way to gain e-mail access. Grandchildren are great teachers.

This article was written by the editorial board of *Sea Gate* *Revisited*.

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## A LITTLE MORE HISTORY

by  
Leonard Everett Fisher

I remember when the "sugar cube house" went up.

Everyone was horrified—"It didn't fit—too modern—ugly," were criticisms. The house itself, if I remember correctly, was



The "Sugar Cube" house

owned by an actor whose last name was Gilmore.

Former Governor of New York, Al Smith, lived for a while next door to us in a big black-shingled rambling house that had a tennis court. The house belonged to the Atlantic Yacht Club. It was at the

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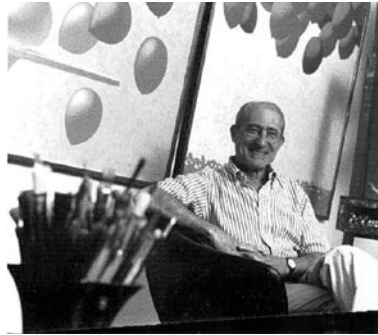
<sup>2</sup> For guidelines email [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com).



end of Beach 49<sup>th</sup> Street. The house became a boarding house run by a family named Goldfarb after Smith and the Yacht Club moved on. Three of the later occupants of that house—also for a very short while—was Meyer Lansky, Lepke Buchalter, and Abe Reles—the Jewish end of Murder, Inc. Buchalter went to the electric chair—courtesy of Thomas E. Dewey—Reles was thrown out or jumped out of a window of the Half Moon Hotel. He didn't make it. Splat! Lansky lived to see his old age in Las Vegas, I think. The house was later torn down and replaced by a bunch of brick row houses still there.

The “bootlegger’s house at the far end of Lindy Park was a hangout during prohibition for a guy named Arthur Flegenheimer—otherwise known as Dutch Schultz. The story was that he always arrived by boat at night at low tide and disappeared in an underground water garage hidden behind the bulkhead. The watertight doors in the bulkhead went underwater in the high tide. I bet that garage is still there. Above the water yard was the backyard of the house which had a davit to pick small boats out of the bay plus a huge searchlight. The SYLPH, mentioned in *Sea Gate Remembered*, the boat that transported our fathers

to the Battery and work, had been a rumrunner—and maybe in some way connected to that house during prohibition. I think Schultz met an untimely end, too.



Leonard Everett Fisher

*Leonard Everett Fisher lived at 4810 Beach 48<sup>th</sup> Street. An artist and writer, he has written 90 books (chiefly for young readers) and have illustrated 265 books over a period of 50 years. Among them are two Sea Gate Inspired titles—SKY, SEA, THE JETTY and ME and THE JETTY CHRONICLES. Leonard is the recipient of the 1950 Pulitzer Award for painting, the National Academy of Design, and a telegram from Dwight E. Eisenhower. He lives in Westport, Connecticut. You can contact Leonard at [l.e.fisher@sbcglobal.net](mailto:l.e.fisher@sbcglobal.net)*

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I REMEMBER  
by Larry Kronenberg

Gas lanterns were used in Sea Gate in the 1920s. I used to watch the man light the lantern in front of my home on Lyme Avenue every night. I remember the fire at the Atlantic Yacht Club. Residents flocked to see the building ablaze and I remember the two Adler brothers helping the Sea

Gate Police hold back the crowd along the street. The firemen arrived and they tried in vain to put out the fire. They did succeed in removing some of the boats stored at the boat house next store.

A Sea Gater took home movies of the fire and they showed it in the Chapel. I watched as some of the firemen removed cases of whiskey and loaded it into the fire trucks. A flagpole on the site survived the blaze. That flagpole came from the racing schooner, Shamrock III. And a light at the top of the pole was used to signal rumrunners in the bay to alert them when it was safe to come in and off-load booze during prohibition. My uncle Burt used to play piano at the Yacht Club. He met the Prince of Wales while performing and they became good friends. The Prince invited Burt to dine with him while Burt was on tour in Europe.

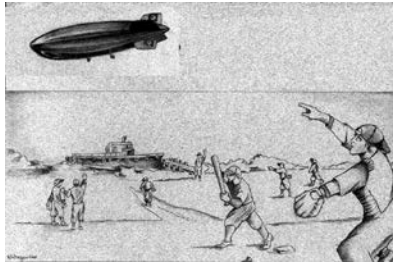
I saw almost every maiden voyage of the great ocean liners as they passed Sea Gate. I watched from the beach as they turned out of Ambrose Channel and steered into the New York Harbor. The view from the Sea Gate beach was magnificent.

During the 1938 hurricane they were building the Tudor Terrace homes. During the

hurricane, one of the partially completed roofs blew over the fence onto 37<sup>th</sup> Street and crashed into a fire hydrant in front of an apartment building. The water shot up into the air and over the fence into several Tudor Terrace homes causing extensive damage.

Downed trees were strewn across the many streets in Sea Gate. Horses were used to remove the trees so that cars could pass. Horses were kept in a stable near the tennis courts and the Sea Gate Sanitation Department facility. Horses were also used for snow removal and beach leveling. The sanitation crew had to use hand saws to cut the trees. We collected this wood, stored it in our basement and used the wood as fuel for our coal stove to heat our home for the next two years.

We watched the skies over Sea Gate and witnessed several history-making events. I saw the DOX-Italian flying boat with five engines in the upper wing. It flew over Sea Gate. I was on the beach when I saw the German airship, Hindenburg. It was flying low. What a sight!



The Hindenburg flies over Sea Gate, May, 1937

Everyday I would watch a small single engine plane take off from Floyd Bennett Field to deliver the mail to the Newark postal facility.



Floyd Benett Field, 1939

*Larry Kronenberg lived on Lyme Avenue and 3708 Oceanic Avenue. He now resides in North Merrick, NY*

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SEA GATE REVISITED	
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# A Photo Gallery Supplement To *Sea Gate* *Revisited*

Photo Gallery 1

March, 2006

Photos from the album of Marilyn  
Ferber-Kopp.

The photos depict the activities of Boy Scout Troop 256 in Sea Gate in the era of 1930s and 1940s. You will see and recognize familiar faces—Gil Christian, Dave Dolgenos, Jerry Silverman, Jesse Wolfenson, Sheldon Spodek, Bob Drachman, Joel Harnett, Morty Sussman and Marilyn's brother, Stanley Ferber as they march within Sea Gate, meet in the Sea Gate Chapel, climb the "Goats Trail" up hill on an overnight hike at Spruce Pond and trek home across the George Washington Bridge.



Painting by Norman Rockwell



Troop 256 in formation in parking lot on Beach 1

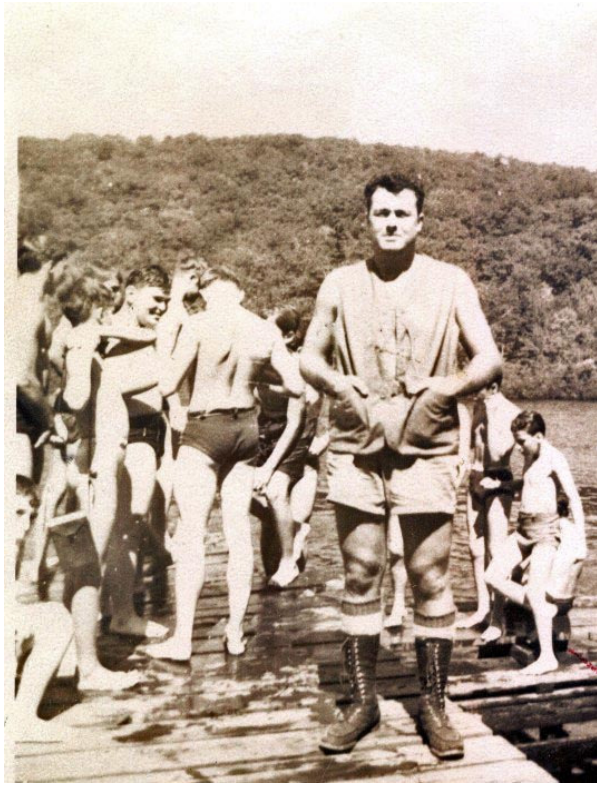


Marching at a dedication ceremony. The lockers and the bath house predated the cabanas at the Riviera. There was always a Riviera building



Ten-Mile River hike. Mitch Mann, Murray Bershansky, Jerry Silverman, Sam Nelkin, circa late 30s





**Stan Ferber, Boy Scout Camp, 1940**



**Palisades<sup>1</sup>, New Jersey Hike: Mel Silverman, Stan Ferber, Jesse Wolfenson, Gerald Reichenthaler, Sheldon Spodek, Robert Drachman, Morty Sussman, Stanley Gladstone, Stan Altman, and Richard Kalin. It was on December 7, 1941—Pearl Harbor Day. “On that day, I was on a weekend hike with Morty Sussman, Stanley Ferber and Jerry and Mel Silverman,” --Sheldon Spodek<sup>2</sup>**

<sup>1</sup> Palisades—the cliffs extending almost 40 miles along the west bank of the lower Hudson River.

<sup>2</sup> Rosen, Arnold, Sea Gate Remembered, published by Xlibris Corp., 2003, page 153



**Schiff Reservation Camporee, 1941: Right side-- Bob Drachman, Charlie Salzhauer, Morty Sussman, Left side--Stan Ferber**



**Camp Calabough (l to r) Max Cohen, Mel Silverman ??<sup>3</sup>, Bob Pines, and Joel Harnett**

<sup>3</sup> ? signifies unidentified person





**Boy Scout Hike: Top Sheldon Spodek, Morty Sussman, Jerry Deutsch, ??, Jerry Silverman, Jesse Wolfenson, Mel Silverman, Richard Kahn, Norman Williams, Stan Ferber, Stanley Altman, ? Charlie Saltzhauer, Sol Lanster**



**Don Brenner (l) and Dave Dolenos (r), 1944**



**Spruce Pond Patrol Leader's Hike, 1942. Jerry Silverman, Norman Williams, Sol Lanster, Bob Drachman, Mel Silverman, Jesse Wolfenson, Stan Ferber ? Morty Sussman**



**Day Hike, 1944: Bottom (l to r) Morty Blum, Donny Robins, Arnie Rosen, Top (l to r) Howie Stone, Hadenfield, Bernie Frank**





**Day Hike: Frank Williams, Burt Merriam, Bobbie Gersh, R. Bearman, Dave Buxbaum, Herbie Frank**



**That's George Israel!**



**Dave Dolgenos (l) and Arnie Rosen (r), 1944**



**Boy Scout costume party at the Chapel**



**Tiger Patrol (Bottom l to r) Arnie Rosen, Donny Robins, Bernie Frank (Top) Don Brenner, Dave Dolgenos, Alan Sultan, Saul Goldstein**





**Morty Blum signaling in Semaphore**



**Sea Gate Girl Scouts marching in dedication of service plaque, 1943**



**Arnie Rosen answering Morty Blum's message**



**Sea Gate Boy Scouts marching in dedication of service plaque, 1943**



**GW Bridge, Tiger Patrol Hike, 1946 (l to r) Howard Esterces, Herbie Frank, and Dave Dolgenos**



**Attention! Troop 256 dedication ceremony**





**Bobby Drachman, circa, 1941**



**Building a bridge over a creek, 1941**



**Exploring the forest. Spruce Pond, 1941**

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# A Photo Gallery Supplement To *Sea Gate* *Revisited*

Photo Gallery 2

March, 2006

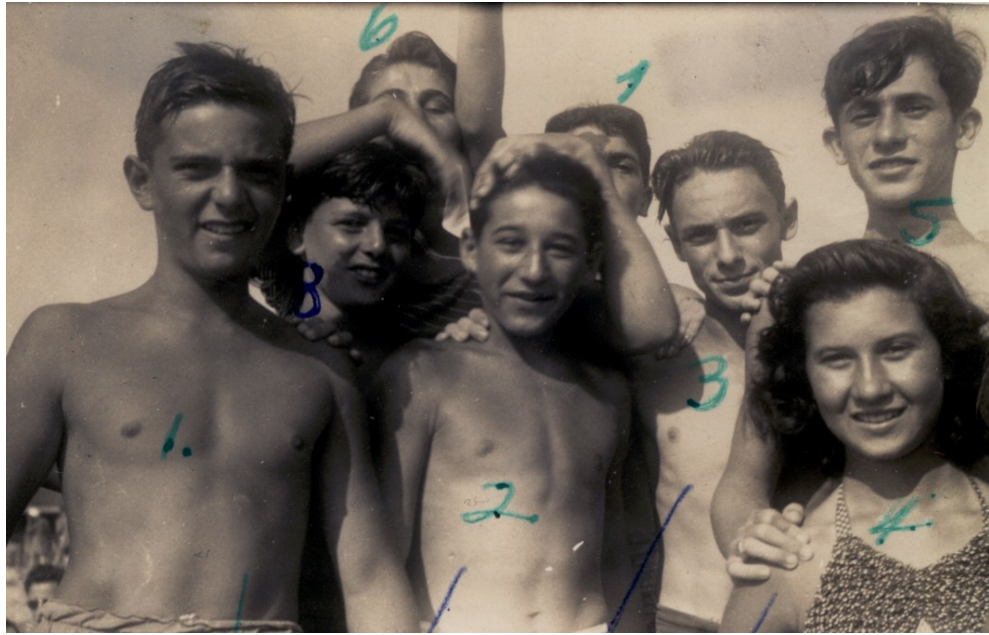
Photos from the album of Irma

Goldman. The photos depict Irma's sweet memories of her childhood growing up in Sea Gate in the 30s and 40s. You will see, and may recognize familiar faces—Sandy Levitt, Seymour "Jeep" Lefkowitz, Paul Berg, Barbara Harnett, Buddy Benjamin, and Richie Ehrman as they spend sunny days on the beach or enjoy dinner and dancing at the Glen Island Casino.



At the Beach: (l to r) Irma Goldman, Richie Ehrman, Paul Berg, Sandy Levine, Barbara Harnett, Sandy Levitt (sitting with legs crossed), and Eileen Cudish in front of Barbara





(l to r) Gene Rifkin, (2) Seymour “Jeep” Lefkowitz, (3) Sandy Levitt, Buddy Benjamin, (4) Irma Goldman, (6) Mitchel Mann, circa 1940



(Clockwise l to r) Norma Tonkin, Paul Berg, Barbara Harnett, and Irma Goldman



Barbara Harnett (l) and Irma Goldman (r)



The Tall Ships celebration. This celebration took place on July 4, 1976. An international flotilla of warships sailed under the Verrazana Bridge into New York Harbor and more than 200 high-masted sailing ships moved into temporary berths at Sandy Hook and Gravesend Bay in preparation for the city's sea and land bicentennial celebration. The coast guard reported that more than 30,000 small boats were in the harbor area and around the tall ships off Sandy Hook. Most of these ships sailed by Sea Gate. The "Welcome" sign above was visible to the crews that sailed by.<sup>1</sup> Photo courtesy of Irma Goldman



Sandy Levitt and Barbara Harnett at the Tall Ships celebration, July 4, 1976

<sup>1</sup> Rosen, Arnold, *Sea Gate Remembered*, published by Xlibris Corp., 2003, page 99.





L to R Irma Goldman, Pearl Levine, and Barbara Harnett .



Barbara Harnett (l) and Irma, 1942, Beach 4



Irma's 3<sup>rd</sup> birthday party, Aug. 7, 1930  
Nautilus Avenue. Sandy Levitt, Leonard  
Fisher, Henry Marcus (with party hat)



Irma's photo album. (left to right) Jerry  
Danchelesky., Stan Greenberg, Paul Berg,  
Eugene Rifkin, Stan Katz

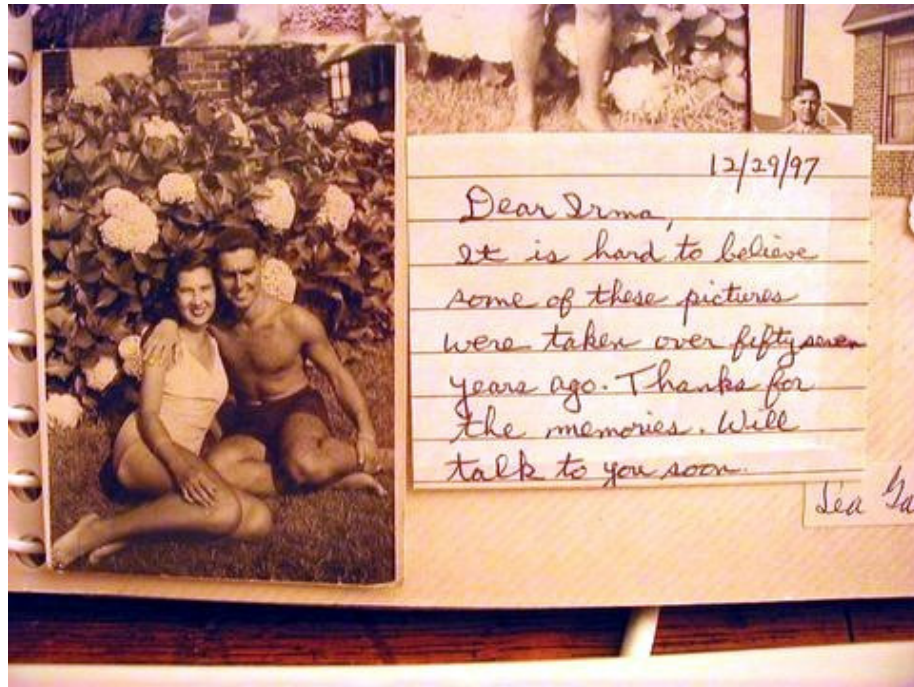


Photo and note from Richie Ehrman to Irma Goldman: digital photo taken by Irma from her photo album



Night out at Glen Island Casino, April 13, 1946. Left to right, Irma, Henry Marcus, Eddie Eisenstadt, Bobby, Cecile, and Sammy





Issue No. 2

# Sea Gate Revisited

A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories

March, 2006

## From the Editor

With warmest greetings, our *Sea Gate Revisited* staff brings you our second newsletter. Here, and in future issues, our aim is to rekindle the sweet memories of our youth—with a focus on the 1930s to the '60s.

But to make it happen, we need to reach out to as many former and present residents as possible.

So send us their names and email addresses to add to our contact list; and if you know anyone without internet access, we hope you'll print copies for them to keep them in the loop. Also, we plan to make our list available to all—so if you want your email address known to other Sea Gaters, let us hear from you (see box this page). Write to us at:  
[mfkopp@optonline.net](mailto:mfkopp@optonline.net).

Thus far, responses have been most favorable. So keep sending us your thoughts—and memories. We'll edit and share them with old friends.

From time to time, we'll ask you to address particular memories of life within the Gate. If any of our articles remind you of similar experiences, hit "reply" and tell us about them. For example, in this newsletter, I submitted my memories of the Boy Scouts. Mitch Sackson recalls marching in a Children's Day Parade. Wasn't it called the Baby

Parade? Remember the Mardi Gras parade in Coney at the end of the season? Similarly, Marilyn Kopp talks about growing up in the 30s and 40s in Sea Gate. Hope her recollections will trigger yours—so feel free to share them with us.

For example, there were communities within our community. Street games varied from block to block. Download those memories, and describe your block's activities.

Here are particular subjects we'd like more information about:

(1) What are the names and positions of the Sea Gate softball team (the "A" team) in the 40's? We already named Ray Shore at shortstop and Lenny Wachs at third base (eventually they switched positions) and Kenny Sommer in centerfield. We recall the Adler twins (Monroe and Howie) in the outfield and Dave Glickman pitching for awhile.

(2) Didn't the team hire a pitcher to compete with the best team in NYC?

(3) How much betting was there on the sidelines, and did Sea Gate's star, Ray Shore, refuse to bet?

(4) Who wrote the Boy Scout song, "We are the Boys o' 256. . .?"

(5) Which street games were co-ed?

We need more information on girls' activities (both pre-teen and teen).

A photo supplement will be added to this and future issues, as a separate document. We hope you enjoy this nostalgic visual treat.

Jerry Stern

*We have been getting requests from readers expressing their desire to look at a list of names and email addresses to decide who they might want to get in touch with. We have not included this information on previous emails to protect the privacy of our readers. If, however, you wish to share your name and email address with others on our mailing list please send an email to Marilyn Ferber-Kopp at [mfkopp@optonline.net](mailto:mfkopp@optonline.net) granting us permission*

## HOME SWEET HOME

By Marilyn Ferber Kopp

How fondly I recall my childhood. Growing up in Sea Gate was something special. My parents (Augusta and Hyman Ferber) bought their first house, 3774 Surf Ave, in 1932, just at the start of the

great depression.



My house was one of seven built by the same builder (Esposito) --- two family brick houses with full basements. They had two car detached garages in the back of a side driveway. I think the original price was \$10,000. The names of the other owners were Rosen, Mellor, Levyn, Friedman, Meyers and Wagner.

Before that, from 1929 to 1932, they rented an apartment on Beach 47<sup>th</sup> Street in the Einhorn house, next to the Buchman family and the lighthouse, and across from the Tanenbaum house.

The front porch provided us with a window on the world in Sea Gate. My mother (Augusta Ferber) and her sisters (Rose Deutsch and Laura Goldberg) would love to come to visit and gossip about the people walking by and cars passing. They lived back on Beach 48<sup>th</sup> Street, right across from the Fisher-Levitt house.

My best friends were Corrine Levine and Sherry Levyn.



Corrine Levine (l) and Marilyn Ferber (r), 1944

Other acquaintances were Bernice (Bubby) Meyers, Lorraine Brustein, Barbara Harnett, Lorraine Topal, Rita (Cookie) Levine. Joy Swerling and lots more.

As teenagers, we loved to congregate at the Ocean Breeze Hotel on Surf Avenue opposite Beach 40<sup>th</sup> Street, and dance to the juke box they had. The owners, Max & Manya Gershonoff, and their daughters, Clara and Mitzi, lived across the street in a beautiful white southern style one-family house. Around the corner, on Beach 40<sup>th</sup> street, lived Kadish Millet, who used to play the piano for us, and Larry and Billy Weinberg.

Or we'd go to the Riviera at night and dance on the handball courts.

Scouting played a big part of my early childhood. My father was a councilman of Troop 256 and my brother, Stanley, grew up actively involved in the troop. He was assistant scoutmaster to Mr. Alpert and then became scoutmaster. I was a girl scout in the first troop founded

by Betty Drachman (who husband, Edgar, taught at Lincoln HS). Eventually I became an assistant leader. Some of the other scouts were Belle Sussman, Helen Saltzhauer, Winifred Drachman, Grace Ricken, and Joannie Blum.



Sea Gate Girl Scouts arriving at Brooklet Lodge, 1945. Winifred Drachman, Helen Salzhauser, Grace Ricken, and Betty Drachman.

In the early thirties, before there were stores "inside the gate," there were many vendors who came inside the gate to sell their wares.

Remember the Seltzer man who brought cases of seltzer in glass bottles?



My mother loved her seltzer and always offered it to any visitors, of which we had many. Also, remember the Dugan's cake truck? We loved their cupcakes. Also the Brighton Laundry man who picked up a bag of "Wet Wash" every week and brought it back washed and ironed. Who can forget the Borden's or Sheffield milk men who made deliveries every day at the front door?

I even remember horse drawn wagons used by the Sea Gate Sanitation department to pick up

garbage from the houses. These same wagons were used to clean the beaches with screen type strainers.

Speaking of the beaches, remember when we went “crabbing” on the rocks between beach one and beach two, and also at the lagoon just past beach four. We’d crack open mussels we’d find on the beach and use the meat as bait on the string we’d drop between the rocks to catch the crabs.

Because we lived on the beach during the summer, very few of the children went away to summer camp. Though I do remember that the Friedman boys (Arnold, Phillip and Leonard) did.

We were not rich but never wanted for anything. We had extended family and friends galore and enjoyed a good life growing up Sea Gate.



*Marilyn Ferber Kopp has resided in Woodmere, NY since 1957. She can be reached at [mfkopp@optonline.net](mailto:mfkopp@optonline.net)*

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## Preparing to March in the “May Day” Parade

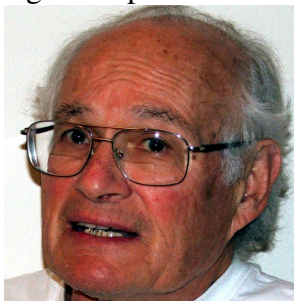
BY Mitch Sackson

Here am I, Mitchell M.  
Sackson (nee Monroe

Sackson) with my friend from Poplar Avenue Kenneth Wilson (nee Bunny Wilensky). Don’t we look neat in our sailor outfits and flags (circa 1937)? We marched down Surf Avenue with all the other children in



the merry month of May. I shudder to think that this was a Coney Island Socialist event. It could have been the so-called ‘Children’s Parade’ but I do not remember. We really lived in another world during the depression.



*Mitch Sackson lived on Poplar Avenue in Sea Gate. He formally headed his own company for 45 years as a computer systems designer and software specialist. He now lives in Sun City, Hilton Head, SC. Mitch can be reached at [mich615@hargray.com](mailto:mich615@hargray.com)*

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## The Boys of 256

by Jerry Stern

I loved the Friday night meetings of Boy Scout troop 256 in the Sea Gate chapel. My era was 1946 to 1952. For exercise, we had the routine “chicken fights,” which called for each of us to grab our left or right leg, hop and bump others on the floor (to get them to land on both feet) until only one of us survived.

There was a play we put on for Sea Gate, in which I was dressed in a Conga line as Carmen Miranda (makeup and all). So was big Dave Sidikman. As I walked to the front of the stage, one of the oranges fell out of my “bra.” I thought I screwed up, but the audience broke up in laughter. The show also called for a clever performance behind a well-lit, white-sheet screen. The audience saw only figures of scouts behind the screen. Jeffrey Goldstein was undergoing “surgery” behind the screen, and the surgeon (who I believe was George Israel) was slowly removing his small intestines – thick rope that was about 20 feet in length. It was hilarious.

In addition to play, we learned rules of order; we; memorized our scout pledges; and in studying for the higher levels of scouting, we learned something about the outdoors. And we pledged to be honest, good, kind and all the rest. Jerry Stone made it to Eagle Scout. Paul Christian and I became leaders of a Cub Scout group (a den?) when we were 13.



George Israel and Dave Dolgenos were fantastic leaders. I did not appreciate at the time how hard they worked at making the boy scouts a memorable experience. (And my apologies to anyone in a leadership position whose names I am forgetting.)

George announced one Friday night that the first scout to take a photo of the first robin that Spring would win a prize. I did not win, but the "contest" made me aware of early Spring sightings of robins, and every year since then (1947) when the weather gets nice, I look for robins and think of George Israel. George, I even have photos of early robins from 2004 and 2005. Is the contest still on?

I did not go to Boy Scout camp because of my mother's fears. My pal, Harvey Yurman did go and told me of his interesting but demanding experiences. When a weekend trip to Bear Mountain was proposed, I really wanted to go. My mother objected, but when Dave came to my home, my mother was putty in his hands. She consented, and the weekend was a memorable experience.

I had to retrieve water from a well where one million yellow jackets were congregating. I did not want to be "chicken," so I just ignored them, got the water, and over the years I have been immune from any fear of yellow jackets. At night, as we sat around a campfire, Dave and George told stories of some wild, crazed Indian chief who lived in Bear Mountain. We then went to

sleep in our lean-to, and at about 4:00 AM, two "Chiefs," attacked our lean-to and, with flashlights in hand, they woke us up and painted our faces. OK, I was scared, but I figured it was George and Dave. And since that time, I have lost my fear of crazed Indian chiefs.

I recall at least a couple of mountain-climbing experiences up the Palisades after walking across the George Washington Bridge. Great fun and a great confidence builder. There were other wonderful experiences. There was the Boy Scout jamboree at Madison Square Garden, which made the newsreels. Because some of us were in the front group, I was able to see myself in the newsreels in the middle of one the double features at the Surf Theatre. There were also swims at the St. George hotel.

George and Dave asked me to practice knot tying for an All Brooklyn Boy Scouts event and contest. I practiced and got good at it. At contest time, I was the first one finished; but the Brooklyn leader announced that I did not come in first, second or third. Dave came over to check my knots, saw they were perfect, and challenged the decision. The Brooklyn leader, whose name (Norm Levy) and face I never forgot, accused Dave of "tampering" with the knots. I did not get a medal. I was crushed and believed that I was a victim of a great injustice. A few weeks later, at a barn fire on the Sea Gate beach, Dave and George called me up and handed me a beautiful medal that was inscribed: "Brooklyn Knot Tying Champion, Boy

Scouts of America." That meant a lot to me. I haven't made a fisherman's knot in 57 years, but just try me.

Thanks George and Dave. (Dave's untimely passing about 20 years ago deprived me of the opportunity to thank him.) Thanks for the experiences; thanks for the memories.



Don Brenner (l) and Dave Dolgenos (r) on a boy scout hike, 1945

We are the boys o' 256  
you hear so much about.  
The people stop to stare at  
us whenever we go out.  
We're noted for our  
decency in everything we do.  
Most everybody likes us,  
we hope you like us too. HEY!  
When we go marching,  
the band, the band begins to  
P..L..A..Y.  
You can hear them  
shouting,  
"The boys o' 256 are on  
their way, hey, hey."  
Give a cheer; give a cheer,  
give a cheer 256.  
  
[Really slow now]  
  
If you wanna have a good  
time, just join 256  
  
by the light, by the light of  
the moo - ooo --oon.





*Jerry Stern lived on Oceanic Avenue. He recently retired as administrator and counsel for the New York State Commission on Judicial Conduct. Jerry has lived in White Plains, New York, for the past 38 years.*

\* \* \* \*

## My Story

By Andy Berdy

After I read this wonderfully nostalgic issue #1 newsletter, a flood of wonderful memories came rushing back to me. My family had a long and storied history with the community. My mom, Ruth, and dad, Irwin, grew up there as kids, married, and had two sons (me and my older brother, Mike), and lived there until the mid eighties when they moved to Florida. My dad has since passed away but my mom is still alive and well.

My brother and I both went into the military. Mike was a star on the Army (West Point) football team in 1965. Both of us went to Lincoln H.S. My mom sort of became an icon at PS 188, which was eventually named after my brother when he was killed in Vietnam. I served 30 years in the Army and am currently President of a company in San Diego. My wife, Nikki and I met at

Lincoln, have been married for 36 years and have two wonderful sons who also went to West Point and are currently a major and a captain in the Army—and have done multiple tours in Iraq and Afghanistan. My younger son, Mike (named after my brother), has given us two wonderful granddaughters. Can it be that so much time and history has flown by? It has been a while since I have been back to Sea Gate. I wonder if the monument in my brother's name, still sits at the entrance to the Surf Avenue gate. I look forward to seeing more editions of *Sea Gate Revisited*.

*Andy Berdy lives in San Diego, California. You can reach him at [Aberdy@nsmicrowave.com](mailto:Aberdy@nsmicrowave.com) or [aberdya@aol.com](mailto:aberdya@aol.com).*

\* \* \* \*

## Issue 1 Responses

What a wonderful newsletter! Although I did not live in Sea Gate myself, one of my very best friends did and her father was the lighthouse keeper. Louise Gatto and I spent many an evening sleeping at the lighthouse. Their last name was Boisvert. I don't know if anybody remembers them. They were a very large family of seven wonderful children. Thanks again for the memories.

Felice P. Durazo, Bakersfield, CA

I lived next to the sugar cube house while growing up in Sea Gate. I'm not sure who built it, but back in 48' it was owned by the Pollack family. They ran a nursery school out of it. The house was later bought by Saul and Sylvia Fine. Saul Fine was a U.S. Treasury agent, who was credited with arresting Alfred Anastasia, the gangster.

I enjoyed the newsletter. Please include me in the E-mail list.

Harvey Shub, M.D.  
Sanmford, FL

This first issue is historic. Maybe it will serve to rejuvenate the gate. Can you imagine the Prince of Wales visiting Sea Gate now? I am sure the stories of our interesting past will come tumbling in forever. At about the time the Prince visited, there were two young brothers, Austin and Ray Sherwood, who did odd jobs around the yacht club. Their father, the head buyer for McCreery Brothers in New York, was a member. But what happened to these characters after the fire is another story.

Someday I shall send it to your newsletter when things are slow (and I cannot imagine that they will be--slow).

Leonard Everett Fisher  
Westport, CT

Thank you for the newsletter and the journey back. I lived in Sea Gate from 1952 till 1973. Born there and stayed till I married another born and raised Seagater.

My husband and I always say that if Sea Gate was how it was when we were growing up we would have stayed and raised our family there. It truly was the best place to have a childhood!

I recall so many names from either my parents, grandparents (lived in Coney Island) or just people that were still a part of Sea Gate during the years that I was there!: Lenny Wachs (a neighbor), Pearl Hornreich, (my sister's former mother in law) Rhoda Eisenberg (my fathers first cousin) and the Spodek, and Kornfeld families were all friends with my parents throughout my childhood

Barbara (Eisenberg ) Hertz

What a wonderful and thoughtful endeavor! I have already downloaded the first edition of Sea Gate News and hope to contribute my own 2 cents in the future. I bought two copies of Arnie's book and loved it. I grew up (with my brother, Malcolm) at 3825 Laurel Avenue, next to the Shores, the Saltzhauers, the Levines, the Greenfields and the Nelkins. Across the street was Beverly Steinklein, Linda Rosenberg, Lennie Shoenhaut, and Sonny Krown, But I digress...more to come, and thanks again.

Lawrence J. Marquit.  
Douglasville, GA

I remember Asner's drug store at 36th Street where we would stop in for an Egg Cream. And the 3 cent store on Mermaid Avenue near the theatre; The Sweet Shop on 37th Street; Goldberg's Deli on Mermaid. I remember getting a pickle to take to the Surf Theatre to see 20 cartoons on Saturday for 11 cents; The Norton's Point Trolley. I know I have a ticket (5 cents) someplace. Going with the gang to Steeplechase and waiting for people to leave and giving you their ticket that still had some un-used rides left. Seeing friends who came to Sea Gate with their family during the Summer Months only to go back home in September.

Allan Armour

What a fun idea! I smiled as I read every word. I lived at 3743 Neptune Avenue and then 4504 Beach 45th.--right off the beach. We now live in Manhattan and I work at Merrill Lynch, on Fifth Avenue. I remember, during the war (World War II, silly) hearing the machine guns (ratt tat tat) and 75mil. Howitzers (BOOM BOOM) going off during the night. You never knew if it was practice or real. The next morning we would

walk on the beach and pick up big used shells. I still have one, to this day. My Dad, Emil, put on shows at the canteen, for the service men. I played the piano for some of the shows. Later, he put on shows for the AJC, home grown entertainment; I played the piano for most of those. Remember the fog-horn and the light going round and round from the lighthouse? (Near Bobby Browne's house) the light shined night after night so the German subs could navigate the narrows. I never saw a submarine or an enemy plane during the blackouts. There are so many great stories. They say they built the gates around Sea Gate to keep the people in. Many of us stood in the middle of Neptune and Sea Gate Avenue's, looking for a ride into the "city." Keep the issues coming? Good work! Great idea!

Richard Post

Thank you very much for the exciting and enlightening edition of the Sea Gate News. I grew up in Sea Gate on Laurel Avenue. I too went to PS 188, Mark Twain JHS, and then Lincoln.

My best pals growing up were Irwin Plattman, who lived at Tudor Terrace, Monroe Rifkin on Oceanic Avenue, and David Kronenberg who lived on Lyme Avenue. David and I were able to talk to each other from our backyard porches—the back of my home on Laurel Avenue was only a few yards from the back of his home on Lyme Avenue.

The earliest memory I have as a child was watching the Hindenburg flying low over my home on May, 1937. As you know it burned and was destroyed very shortly after that.

I remember ice skating on the tennis courts when the courts were flooded from the hydrants in the winter. I also remember "hitching"

by sled from the back of the Sea Gate bus when there was enough snow on the surface of the road. I also remember the "Toonerville Trolley" that ran from 37<sup>th</sup> Street to the Stillwell Avenue station, where you changed for a train that took you to NYC. Most people took the Brighton Beach line from there. I also remember the Boy Scout troop that met every Friday night at the Chapel.

I remember Asner's drug store on the corner of Neptune Avenue and 36<sup>th</sup> Street. They made the best egg creams in Brooklyn.

Thank you for bringing back wonderful memories of Sea Gate and my childhood. I look forward to the next issue.

Joel E. Mandell, M.D.  
Tomahawk Lake, NY

My name is Jay Sexter (Sea Gate Sonny until I got married). I was born in 1936 and lived at 3827 Cypress Ave. until I was 20 years old. In 1999, I retired as president of Mercy College in Westchester and have started three osteopathic medical schools since then.

I have many wonderful memories of my Sea Gate childhood, and it is really difficult to decide which to tell about. I remember watching the soldiers training to shoot on Beach 4, the big guns permanently secured on the beaches to protect us from German ships. I remember the remains of sunken ships that would float onto shore, and my father, an air raid warden, making sure that all lights were out on the streets during drills.

My father ran the canteen for the soldiers stationed in Sea Gate and my older sisters would go dancing there every night. The soldiers gave us kids shell cases, and sometimes we would find live shells. I remember a particularly

nice soldier, Don Large, who married Natie Diamond's mother, Roz.

Manny Stallman, my brother-in-law, was a comic book artist who drew a picture for me of German tanks waiting at the Gate; this little five-year-old told his family not to worry because the Gate is closed and they can't come in. At age 60, I was given that picture and it now hangs in my den.

I look forward to the next issue of *Sea Gate Revisited*, reading about the recollections of other Sea Gaters, and catching up with old friends.

Jay Sexter

I remember riding the trolley from 37th street to the train station. That end of the line was the Culver Line. In the last two or three blocks, the tracks went up hill to the station. Railroad Avenue does not exist any longer. There is one house that still faces what used to be Railroad Ave.



**Norton's Point Trolley**

At the Sea Gate end, the trolleys were parked in the gate overnight. There are still some cement posts that have the metal plaques on them saying Railroad Property.

The five gun mounts that were on Beaches 4, 5 & 6 are still there. Because sand eroded away to such a point that one could walk under the gun mounts, several years ago the Army Corp of Engineers came

in and pumped sand onto the beaches to get the sand level with the top of the mount. I understand, much of the sand has again eroded away.

In the 1930s and 1940s, garbage was picked up and put into a wooden cart pulled by horses. The carts were taken to what is now Bayview Ave. and when a lever was activated the bottom opened and dumped everything. It was said that if a horse died, it was buried on the beach. I don't know how true this is.

During the war years, the rock jetty (or groin as they are called today), that sticks out into the lower harbor from approximately Beach 49th St, was actually the anchorage for the submarine nets that extended across the harbor to Staten Island. There was a tug boat stationed in the middle of the bay that opened and closed the net door to allow ships to enter and leave NY Harbor. At times there was hundreds of convoy ships moored in both the upper and lower harbors. Then suddenly overnight they were gone. That is until the next convoy was ready to sail.

I understand that Troop 256 will be mentioned in this issue. I remained in Sea Gate in the same house for over 55 years, and live there now five months of each year. For 25 years, I served as Scoutmaster of Troop 256, succeeded by David Goldstein who was a scout in Troop 256 as a boy.

And I still enjoy the Sea Gate beach.

Barry Burns,  
Coconut Creek, FL

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<i>Sea Gate Revisited</i> will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDG format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to <a href="mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com">seagatenews@hargray.com</a> or mail to SEA GATE NEWS 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing by Jerry Stern and the associate editors.	

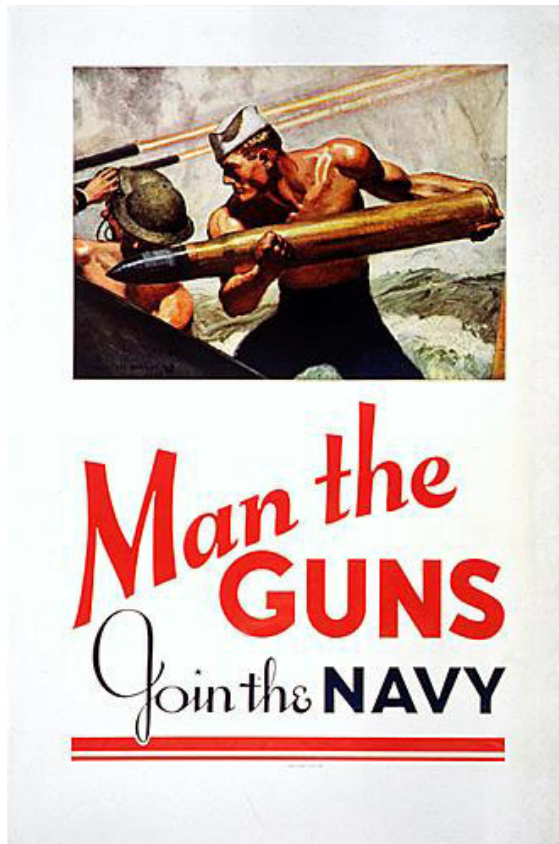
# A Photo Gallery Supplement To *Sea Gate* *Revisited*

Photo Gallery 3

April, 2006

## Sea Gaters in the Military

The photos depict Sea Gaters who served in the military during World War II, Korea, the “Cold War” era and the current Afghanistan and Iraq war on terror.



When World War II broke out, many Sea Gaters, just one or two years out of Lincoln High School answered the call by enlisting in the various branches of the service.



Henry Marcus enlisted in the US Navy prior to Pearl Harbor. He completed flight school at the University of Georgia and was assigned to flight training at Memphis Naval Air Station (photo above, circa 1943), then on to Pensacola for training on Grumman TBFs.



He says it was lots of fun, but will not do that again. Henry was discharged on Dec 19, 1945 at his former rank of Aviation Machinist 1<sup>st</sup> class instead of Ensign. He resides in Plantation, Florida and at 85, still flies planes and rides his motorcycle.



(Left to right) Gene Rifkin, Stanley Greenberg, Stanley Katz, and Paul Berg posing at a Coney Island photo gallery, circa 1944. Their dear friend, Stanley Greenberg was killed in Europe a day or two before VE Day. Paul and Gene enlisted in the Navy Air Corps and were sent to Penn State University for training.

***Leonard Everett Fisher reflects on the photo above:*** I knew all the guys in the group photo. The photo of Stanley Greenberg drove me to tears. I knew his entire family. I may have been the last Sea Gater to see him alive. It was November, 1944 at Camp Miles Standish, Peabody, Massachusetts. I was in the first U.S. Army group to be reassigned from the



**Leonard Everett Fisher**

European-Mediterranean Theatre of Operations to the Pacific. I landed in Boston and was on my way home for a rest. As my group was waiting to be billeted; I spotted Stanley marching off to a train that would take him to the ship that would soon land him in France. I chatted with him for a couple of minutes. Leonard served (1942-1946) with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.<sup>1</sup> Leonard used to live at 4810 Beach 48<sup>th</sup> Street. He now resides in Westport, CT.

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<sup>1</sup> Rosen, Arnold, *Sea Gate Remembered*, published by Xlibris Corp., 2003, page 200



**Left to right: Elliot Usefuff, Noel Schwartz, and Anatole Shub in Sea Gate on leave from the U.S. Navy, circa 1946**

Noel Schwartz served on a heavy cruiser, USS Oregon City, as a radar technician. He graduated from Columbia University and eventually became president of an international commercial laboratory. Noel currently resides in Neponsit, NY., and can be contacted at [noel431@aol.com](mailto:noel431@aol.com).



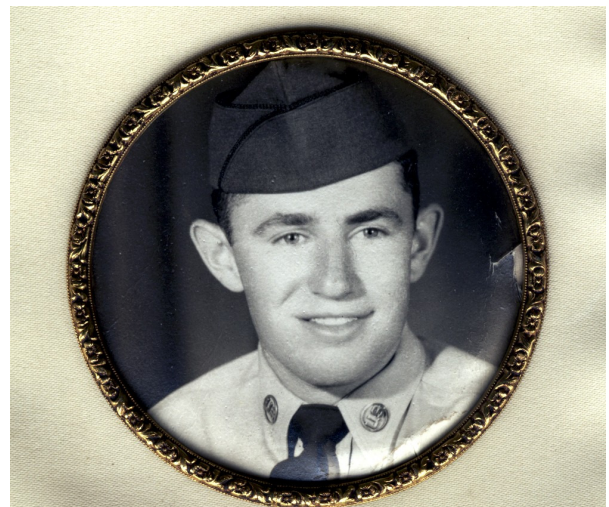
**Don Brenner**

Don served as a lieutenant in the U.S. Army in Korea and was awarded the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, and the Combat Infantry Badge. Don used to live at 3729 Lyme Avenue. He passed away in 2003.



**Saul Weiser**

Saul was a spectacular windmill-style softball pitcher in Sea Gate. The photo above shows Saul serving in the U.S. Army stationed in Koje-do Island, Korea, guarding prisoners in a UN POW compound circa, 1953. He used to live at 4202 Manhattan Avenue. Saul passed away in 2003

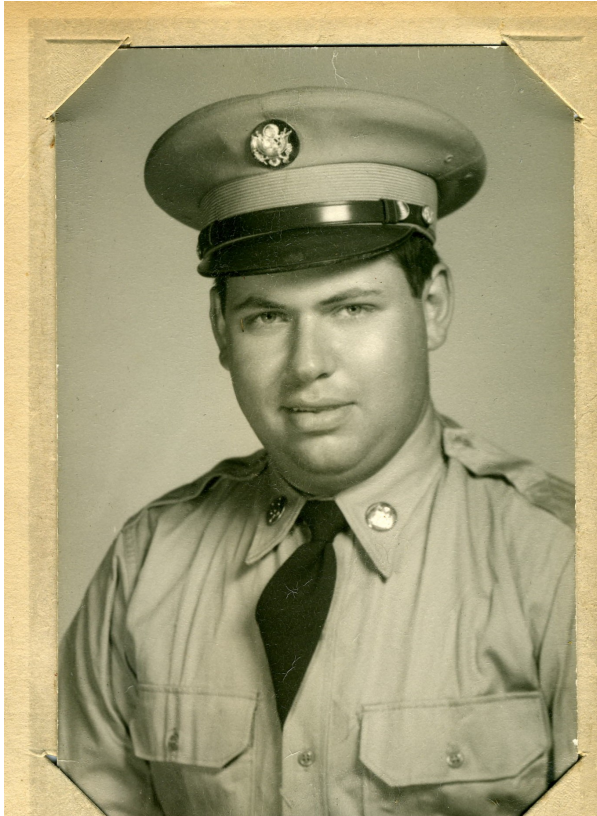


**Arnold Rosen**

Arnold was in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War. He was stationed in Chinhae, Korea and attached to the 75<sup>th</sup> Air Depot Wing which transported and received



equipment, supplies, and aircraft parts for combat wings in Korea and Japan during the war. He used to live at 4016 Atlantic Avenue. Arnold now resides in Sun City—Hilton Head, SC.



**Kalman Bergen**

Kal served in the U.S. Army from 1954 -1956. He served in France and Germany attached to Company D of the 102<sup>nd</sup> Battalion. He used to live at 3718 Neptune Avenue in Sea Gate and now resides in Centerport, NY and can be reached at [kbergen@optonline.net](mailto:kbergen@optonline.net).



**Don Robins**

Don enlisted in the US Air Force in 1957 after completing his medical internship at Nassau County Hospital. He was stationed at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama. Don lived at 3780 Surf Avenue. He currently resides in Scottsdale, Arizona and can be reached at [bdr18@aol.com](mailto:bdr18@aol.com).



**Jerry Maisel**

Jerry, a WW II vet, served in the US Army Air Corps as a weatherman in the Aleutians and Alaska. He was discharged in 1946, received his MD degree in 1951, and specialized in pediatrics. Jerry used to live on Laurel, Surf, and Atlantic Avenues and now resides in Manhattan. He can be reached at [RMaisel@nyc.rr.com](mailto:RMaisel@nyc.rr.com).



## A Fallen Hero is Honored

A monument was erected at the Surf Avenue entrance gate on the Chapel lawn to honor the memory of ex-Sea Gater Captain Michael Berdy.



**Artie Greenstein**

Artie, a WW II vet, served in the US Army Air Corps.



**Allan Armour**

PFC Allan Armour (behind the camera) stationed in LIC Pictorial Center, 1954. Allan lived at 3738 Cypress Avenue. He presently resides in Manhattan and can be reached at [AArmourMPO@aol.com](mailto:AArmourMPO@aol.com).



Capt. Berdy graduated from Lincoln High School and was a star on the Army (West Point) football team in 1965. He was killed in Vietnam and this monument is dedicated to his noble sacrifice.



**Close-up of plaque inscribed with his name**



In the Spring of 2000, the non-profit group, JaneyAppleseed.Org, run by Sea Gater Victoria Di Uglio, donated the funds and volunteers helped to give the monument a landscape makeover. The first Memorial Day after the makeover in 2000, Victoria held a wreath laying honoring Capt. Berdy and the other soldiers listed on the monument. The flowers create a beautifully striking and dignified frame to Capt. Berdy's monument



Capt. Michael Berdy (left) somewhere in Vietnam

### **Captain Michael Edward Berdy**

**HHC, 2ND BN, 8TH CAV RGT, 1 CAV DIV  
Army of the United States**

**29 December 1943 - 26 December 1967**

Other Sea Gaters on the monument (reading from center plate and going counter clockwise) include: Michael E. Berdy, Michael L. Russo III, Frank J. Guichaud, Stanley Gladstone, Joseph Pearl, Stanley Greenberg, A. Leonard Hynes, and Morton L. Sachs. May they all rest in peace.



**Andy Berdy**

Andy, brother of Michael E. Berdy, father of Capt. Michael Aaron Berdy and Major Erik Berdy served 30 years in the active duty Army as an Infantry officer. He was involved in combat operations during Desert Storm and Haiti and retired from the Joint Staff as the Special assistant to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 2000. He currently is the President of NSMicrowave in San Diego, CA.



**Major Erik Berdy**

Erik graduated from West Point in 1994 and served at Fort Bragg with the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division, Fort Stewart, with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division, and the Pentagon. He was deployed for peacekeeping operations in Haiti and Bosnia-Herzegovina and for combat operations in Iraq. Major Berdy is currently stationed at Fort Leavenworth, KS attending the Command and General Staff College and will be reassigned to Vicenza, Italy with the 173<sup>rd</sup> Airborne Regiment.



**Captain Michael Aaron Berdy**

Michael is holding his daughter Erin, while his oldest daughter, Emma, kneels close by. This photo was taken in the airport as he was awaiting his flight back to Afghanistan during his deployment with the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. He graduated from West Point in 1997 and is currently stationed with the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment at Fort Benning, GA. Michael has served with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne (Air Assault) Division at Fort Campbell, KY and the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division at Schofield Barracks, HI. He was deployed to Afghanistan for one year with the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division and just recently returned from Afghanistan and Iraq with the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment.

Irwin Berdy, Andy and Michael's father, also had a distinguished military career.





# Sea Gate Revisited

A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories

[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

Issue Number 4

May, 2006

## Introduction

By  
Jerry Stern

Welcome to our fourth Sea Gate newsletter.

We thank Victoria Di Uglio for her gracious offer to photograph homes of ex-Sea Gaters. Photos have been sent as attachments within emails and Victoria has honored requests with promptness and quality of photos.

The editors would also like to thank Arnie Rosen who hit a responsive chord in all of us when he undertook and completed the book-writing project, which led to his publication of *Sea Gate Remembered*. Although Arnie does not want to use this newsletter to promote his book, I'll tell you it is still available online (i.e. Amazon). Nor does Arnie want any praise for his role in pulling together the newsletters. Well, we won't repeat this often, but Arnie is the laboring oar that makes this Sea Gate row boat go.

We publish in these newsletter remembrances of friends and neighborhoods within Sea Gate. Several of us have commented on the same subjects, including the WWII years when Sea Gate was a military garrison and those great Sea Gate softball

teams of the late 1940s. Keep those memories coming. I personally will never get tired of hearing about the big guns on the beach, for example, in part because there is usually a different twist in each recollection.

And once again, I will make a plea to help us find other Sea Gaters. If you know their email addresses, send them to us. If you know their addresses, print the newsletters and send copies to them. Even without email capability, Sea Gaters have friends and relatives who would receive them, print hard copies, and forward them.

If anything in the materials below, or in any of the earlier newsletters, tweaks your memories, share those thoughts with us for future newsletters. There are still many subjects to cover. Help us sustain this effort. Use email or regular mail. Feel free to comment on what you see on these pages. We even accept friendly disagreements.

We are encouraged by our receipt of letters and articles -- ready for the next few newsletters -- from Sea Gaters about the sweet memories of our youth.

## GIRLFRIENDS

By  
Judy Plattman Denenberg

There were seven of us: Toby Altman, Deena Posy, Gloria Glicksman, Adrienne Newman, Joyce Kalina, Doris Litt and yours truly, Judy Plattman. Some of us were pals when we attended PS 188 and then classmates at Mark Twain. However, the deep and meaningful relationships that we created happened at Abraham Lincoln High School. We shared secrets the way most girlfriends do, compared notes about boyfriends, studied together, enjoyed the amusements in Coney Island, had our Sweet Sixteen parties, traveled to New York City and shopped at A & S Department Store in Brooklyn. However, the most outstanding memory I have is the way we organized a service club to help raise money for a foreign student. The details are vague to me now, but we held dances in order to send money to a needy young girl. The organization was called C.O.F.F. and it meant Crusaders of Friendship and Freedom. We knew at a young age that some young people were not as privileged as we were. After high school graduation, we went to different colleges. Deena and Joyce went to Brandeis University, Adrienne, Gloria and Doris

headed to Brooklyn College, Toby and I went to Bucknell University. We also married, had children and pursued different careers. I think a few of us became teachers. As the years passed, we moved away from one another, but never lost the thread of friendship. In February 2003, at our 50th high school reunion, held in the Ft. Lauderdale area of Florida, Toby, Gloria, Doris, Adrienne and I met. We made a plan to meet the following year at the Bonaventure Spa. We reminisced, laughed, cried and re-connected. Unfortunately, Joyce and Deena did not join us. But we included them in all our stories of a wonderful girlhood spent near the seashore, at the Riviera, on the rides at Steeplechase and in each other's homes. It has been written that the late 40's and early 50's were an idyllic time in which to group up. I believe we have testimony to prove this saying true!



**Bottom Row (l to r): Doris Litt Dingott, Deena Posy Metzgar, and Gloria Glickman Mazer. Top Row (l to r): Adrenne Newman Serowitz, Joyce Kalina Chopra, Judy Plattman Denenberg, and Toby Altman Marcus, circa 1950.**



**AND STILL FRIENDS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.** Bottom row: Judy, Adrienne, Gloria. Top row: Doris and Toby, 2003.

*Judy lived at 24 Tudor Terrace and currently resides in Winnetka, Illinois. She can be reached at [judywink98@aol.com](mailto:judywink98@aol.com).*

## **GROWING UP IN PARADISE: Part 1**

By Jerry Stern

As a child, my universe, or at least the center of it, was the 3700 block of Oceanic Avenue. Rhoda and Susan Shapiro lived downstairs at 3740, and I lived upstairs. I learned to ride a bike there, listened intensely as the older guys discussed how the war was going, and played a variety of street games there. We flipped baseball cards (some of which were destined to become valuable if kept in top condition), played marbles and a game called "territory" that apparently had its origin in Germany's conquest of much of Europe. Alan Yurman and I would spend hours throwing our small jack knives into the dirt and dividing up each other's territory.

Everything happened in front of my house: running bases, "kick the can," "core-core ringalevio," touch football, and punch-ball.

We had street races and the fastest runner was a neighbor, Carole Leachman. With the beach in the summer, Sea Gate was Paradise.

In the early 1940s, horse-drawn delivery carts interrupted our street games. The ice man, the milk man, and the knife sharpening man all had horse-drawn carts. I remember the collection of pots and pans for the war effort, and I believe that horses pulled those carts. Horses were also used for the Sea Gate Sanitation pickups. We complained when the horses made their deposits on the pavement we used for punch ball. But the sanitation men carried shovels and large containers to clean up after the horses.

My favorite delivery person was Johnny Judice, the fruit man. Johnny had a vibrant personality and charmed the housewives. When my mother complained that some of the fruits she had bought from him had spoiled, he turned her criticism around and made her laugh.

During the war, we collected aluminum foil from discarded cigarette packs, flattened the foil and rolled it into a ball. When we had a ball the size of a softball, we brought it to PS 188. I also remember the large guns on the beach, watching target practice and putting our fingers in our ears to block the noise of the firing of the guns into the ocean. I remember those huge searchlights at night looking for enemy planes. And cars had the top half of the headlights painted black so that planes could not spot the lights



at night. Early in the war, we kept our shades down at night so that the lights would not be seen from above.

When I was about eight years old, my cousin Howie showed me how to make a fast buck (actually a few cents, but it was a lot of money). We went in back of the Sweet Shop, gathered soda bottles and brought them into the Sweet Shop for the deposits. (Well, that was the worst of my crime spree.)

In 1945, when I was 10, the Shapiro family and the Stern family bought a house together at 3807 Oceanic Avenue. This time, the Sterns lived downstairs and the Shapiros lived upstairs. But the 3700 block was still the place to be after school. Barry Serper, Steve Suffin, Heshy Abramowitz, Irving (“Goo Goo”) Ashkenazi, Harvey Yurman, Barry Alexander, Howie Siegel, Bobby Glickin, Bobby Summers, and a “summer” resident named Bobby were the punch ball regulars. By 1950, we were good, so good that we attracted Paul Christian and Bobby Cantor from the Laurel, Cypress and Lyme Avenue crowd. (They obviously needed the better competition.) Oceanic Avenue. was the place to be.

In about 1950, I entered our Oceanic team in a Coney Island punch ball tournament. Twenty-two games to be played in Coney Island, off Surf Avenue and either West 37 or West 36 Street. I named our team the Sea Gate Shmoos, after Al Capp’s Li’l Abner comic character. We had an unsuccessful start. We

won only one of our first three games. With nineteen to go, there was still time to achieve our goal of winning the tournament. So, I approached Paul Christian and Bobby Cantor to join the team. Paul won everything he played in. He was “clutch” no matter what sport it was; and Bobby hit the longest ball in Sea Gate or Coney Island. When Bobby was “up,” the outfielder went way back. Bobby would only hit either long outs or home runs. Usually, no matter how far back the outfielder would go, Bobby would hit the ball over his head.

So, we started game 4 with a slightly-revised team. The Coney Island tournament was played on wide streets, and sidewalks were in fair territory, so we could use additional troops. The Sea Gate Shmoos won the next 19 games and became tournament champs.

## END OF FIRST PART

Part 2 continues in Issue 5

*Jerry is the editor of SEA GATE REVISITED. He lived on Oceanic Avenue and currently resides in White Plains, NY. Jerry can be reached at [dembums42@aol.com](mailto:dembums42@aol.com).*

## BEACH ME DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR

By Eli Flam

In Newsletter #3, Joan Tenet-Kleinman saluted the old Sea Gate beach passes and called for a wall of them, apparently as some kind of display. True confessions: In my early teen

years in the mid-1940s, I scorned using the pass, instead hopping the fence between Beach 1 and Beach 2: That’ll show ’em! *Epaté le bourgeois!* One summer’s night in that epoch proletarian concerns got a stiffer workout down Atlantic Avenue. Yrs. truly was curvetting about solo after imbibing kickapoo joy-juice with the boys on nearby Beach 4 when lo! Max Gershunoff, owner of the Ocean Breeze Hotel on Surf, appeared outside his nouveau manse. He probably was just putting the garbage out for next day pick-up but got more than his money’s worth. After a Whitmanesque hail from across the street, I fulminated for a few minutes about capitalist excesses--his in the bargain. Red-faced with anger, he waved his arms and shook his fists at this youthful apparition ere I sailed away.

A more down-to-earth, or down-to-beach experience during World War II pinned me and a pal or two with our noses in the sand between Beach 3 and 4.



Eli on the beach in front of the cement gun pedestal “mugging for the camera,” circa 1948. Freeze frame from old 8mm home movie.

As memory serves, on a Saturday afternoon, after seeing “Guadalcanal Diary” or the like at the Surf Theater, we were advancing on the Army “base” near the lagoon when a machine

gun started firing, kicking up the sand near us. Target practice! And we were it! So we fell prone and like G.I.s in the movies, made our way to safety by elbowing through the sand. Any other first-hand witnesses recall the particulars?

*Eli lived at 3727 Mermaid Avenue. He worked as a reporter/editor for numerous publications. Eli currently lives in Greenbelt, MD and can be reached at [elilu@juno.com](mailto:elilu@juno.com).*

## MY FONDEST MEMORIES

By Jay Brill

Sea Gate was a melting pot, all Jewish, but lots of different income groups.

I had friends who had power boats at the dock, another with a bowling alley in his house, and others, more like my family, just managing to live a middle-class life during the war years.

I recall having to scavenge the neighborhood with my sled to locate coal for our furnace when the snows came and the delivery truck could not get through. The same snows that created huge mountains on intersections when the garbage men plowed all the streets into one great mound. We played king of the hill for weeks. The snow also allowed us to hitch onto the back of buses and get what we called, "free rides".

I recall my winter on the back of an egg delivery truck, my after school job, and how I saved and spent the \$32 on a baseball glove and the reaction of my parents to my purchase.

It was the best glove in Auletta's store, just across the street from the Stillwell Avenue train station.

I recall being surrounded by Sea Gate policemen at Halloween after we played some rough pranks on property and went down to the beach to escape notice.

The fondest memories, something that is not seen today, had to do with the after dinner routine in good weather. One could go around the corner and find twenty other guys competing for spots in a punch ball game or in a stick ball tournament.

We were lucky to grow up in such a secure and harmonious environment. It places smiles on my face to think back and to remember the guys and gals that made up my life at that time.

*Jay Brill lived on Manhattan Avenue. He can be reached at [jaymannes@aol.com](mailto:jaymannes@aol.com)*

## I REMEMBER

by Janet Rosch Krasner

Sea Gate was the best place to grow up. It was like a small town yet it was part of New York City. Everyone knew everyone else.

I remember riding my bicycle all over. Visiting my friends, playing running bases, going to the beach in the summer. I am still good friends with Debby Aimis Solomon and Marylyn Goldberg Franks both of whom also grew up in Sea Gate.

Summers on the beach were wonderful. We'd go to Beach 1 and sit by the lagoon. We'd

pose for pictures on the rocks. We'd collect shells and as young kids, paint them.

My mother would watch for the large ships that would be entering the harbor, and warn us of a "tidal" wave and we'd move to the back of the beach.

I remember as a teenager hanging out at the Whittier Inn on summer nights and singing folk songs while Lou Stillman strummed his guitar.

I also remember, in 1948 when Israel became a country, being part of a group called Juniors for Israel.

On Tuesday nights we walked the boardwalk and watched the fireworks. I had my first taste of pizza bought from a stand on the boardwalk.



**Watching the Fireworks in Coney**

On June 8, 1958 I got married at the Ocean Breeze Hotel on Surf Avenue.

Some of my fondest memories are from my wonderful years growing up in Sea Gate.

*Janet lived at 3725 Neptune Avenue. She now lives in Melville, Long Island and can be reached at [silvrmaven@aol.com](mailto:silvrmaven@aol.com)*



## Oy ! The Nostalgia!!!

By Danny Baker

I'm going to email Victoria Di Uglio, to take a picture of my house, at 3920 Lyme Avenue, but will ask her to shoot a straight shot from the front of the house, so the tissue box addition, in the back, won't show. I want to remember it as the English Tudor I grew up in! I held the mortgage for 20 years, until last year, for the Fruchters, who bought it from my mom, in 1985, for almost \$200,000. My parents bought it spring 1941, for \$5,100 in an FHA foreclosure. My father paid all cash, because he refused to pay a mortgage, at the outrageous interest of 1.5 %. Ethelind Altman and Marvin Minoff lived a block away, in a huge house, turned into multiple apartments. Marvin went out to Hollywood, and married Bonnie Franklin, of "One Day at a Time" fame.

This latest newsletter was just great, and brought back lots of memories.

Harry and Yetta Kaplan lived right next door to us, and went to Miami Beach during the winters. Harry died a few months ago, at age of about 95. It was a week after I had spoken to him, for the first time in half a century. I picked up the phone, to see how the Kaplans were doing [including Linda and Gerry]. Harry's voice sounded as young as I remembered it. A week later, I saw his obit in *The New York Times*.

I found out that Stevie Harrison, who lived directly across the street, now runs a bed and breakfast in Beaufort, SC, near Hilton Head. Next door to him, lived Sam Silverman, the shop teacher mentioned in this newsletter, with their two sons, in the upstairs apartment. Next to them, lived Judy Levine and Larry Levine [two Levines who married each. other.] She was one of the daughters of Dr. Abe Levine and Sophia Levine. Abe had his practice on Mermaid Avenue, which finally transferred to his son-in-law, Spike Resnick. Dr. Levine regularly made house calls [remember those???] in his La Salle Doctors Coupe [c. 1938]. Sophia sang at special events like 4th of July.

I'm having lunch with Don Robins, next week, who lives about 5 miles from my winter home in Scottsdale, AZ. After a 50 year hiatus, Don found me, as a result of the Lincoln Reunion, at Gargiulios Restaurant in Coney Island, about 3 years ago. Don and Bev, and my wife June and I have become good winter friends. Bev, an interior decorator, helped me and June furnish our house! Donny and I were born one day apart, in 1932, he on March, 18, and I on March 19. My Bar Mitzvah occurred on St. Patrick's Day, 1945, and was Rabbi Ezra Gellman's first Bar Mitzvah bucher, when he started at Kneses Israel. Murray Goldberg had his Bar Mitzvah the same day. His father was President of the shul, at the time. I talked to Philip Stein, M.D, DDS, PhD, of Highland Avenue, about five years ago, when he was teaching out in

Colorado. His mother, Belle, the PS 188 school teacher, taught with my mom. I've lost his number, and I'm not sure he's out West any longer. I talked to George Israel of Neptune Avenue, about three years ago. After 50 years, we had a lot of reminiscing to do.

The talk of the Whittier Inn roused memories, as it rose for four stories, right behind my house. Every summer evening, my mom, dad, sister Freddy, and I marched around the corner, to pick up a box of #4, Breyers Rainbow Ice Cream, unless the Charlotte Russe guy had come by in his truck, that day. Remember those layers of sponge cake, with real whipped cream, and a cherry on top? All contained in a cardboard sleeve!

Oy ! The nostalgia!!!

]



**Dan Baker [formerly known as Little Danny Baker]**

*Dan lived at 3920 Lyme Avenue. He presently resides in Scottsdale, AZ., and can be reached at [sea\\_gate\\_is\\_cool@yahoo.com](mailto:sea_gate_is_cool@yahoo.com).*

## STILL FRIENDS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

By Gene Rifkin

Around January 1939 I had the pleasure of being Bar Mitzvahed in our temple, Kneses Israel, with Larry

Weinberg. As we both stood on the pulpit, I remember that he was about 2 feet taller than I was.

After college and wartime service, Larry settled in California. We never kept in touch, but I read his many exploits such as building, real estate and ownership of the NBA's Portland Trailblazers.

We were once again put in touch with each other by some mutual contacts in June 2005. The photo below includes Larry, his wife, Barbi, I and my wife, Anita, taken at the Hillcrest Country Club in Los Angeles. Larry is still the taller one.



**Left to right: Larry Weinberg, Barbi Weinberg, Gene Rifkin, and Anita Rifkin**

*Gene lived at 3829 Oceanic Avenue. He now lives in Lake Worth, Florida. And can be reached at [geneita@adelphia.net](mailto:geneita@adelphia.net).*

## **YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN, or could you?**

By Marion Dorskin

During the early to mid-forties in the winter months when the snow covered the ground until spring thaw, we had such great fun. Lenny Wachs and his brothers built toboggan sleds which could accommodate three

or four at a time. We would all meet on Surf Avenue and hitch the sled to the bus. The bus would make all its stops with three or four of us being pulled along, laughing and screaming with glee. We weren't happy until we were soaking wet and had to go home.



**Three friends posing in front of the Sweet Shop, circa 1944 (left to right) Marion Dorskin, Diane Lipson, and Bernice Applebaum.**

There was Lenny Wachs, Sandy Levitt, Dave Glickman, Diane Lipson, myself, Bernice Applebaum and others all waiting their turn.

Thomas Wolf once wrote, "You can't go home again." Sure you can. Just turn on the memories and a smile starts appearing. Those were good times.

*Marion lived on Neptune Avenue. She presently resides in Sunrise, FL and can be reached at [marioni@aol.com](mailto:marioni@aol.com).*

## **MY WORLD**

By Steve Cole

I was the kind of kid who was easy to forget----shy, withdrawn, and not much of a

student. However, I was a pretty good athlete if I do say so myself. My world revolved around the ball fields in back of Mark Twain J.H.S. Baseball was my passion and since softball was the preferred sport in Sea Gate I spent most my time outside of "the gate."



**Steve fielding a ground ball on the baseball field in back of Mark Twain JHS.**

My family moved to Sea Gate in 1940 and I spent ten glorious years there before moving to Long Island in 1950. I lived at 3728 Lyme Avenue directly across the street from the Brenners--Donnie, Phil, and my first girl friend, Gloria. And speaking of girls now it can be told---I had a secret crush on Phyllis Rattner, but was too bashful to even talk to her.

I found Sea Gate to be unique in many ways. Although geographically considered part of Brooklyn it had none of the characteristics of that borough. Surrounded on three sides by the Atlantic Ocean and Gravesend Bay, it had beautiful trees lining the streets, an abundance of playing fields and a great beach. Sea Gate was a beautiful community and a great place in which to grow up.



## Our Teachers

By Gerry Kaplan

Former Sea Gaters, Joan Leventhal, Carol Israel, Diana Rubenstein, Evelyn Grossberg and Gerald Kaplan joined other P.S. 188 third grade classmates for a reunion. Our teacher was Yetta Kaplan. That's right, my mother. We reminisced about Frieda Suffin, Fritz Hessel, Mrs Lipner and others. My mother remembered all these former students of hers. Unfortunately, she passed away in November.

*Gerry Kaplan can be reached at [GWKXDIR@hotmail.com](mailto:GWKXDIR@hotmail.com).*

### Correction

The correct email address for Noel Schwartz is [noel4314@aol.com](mailto:noel4314@aol.com)

After 56 years it's surprising that I remember so many from Sea Gate. The list includes: Jerry Winter, Joey Glick, Barry Sussman, Herb Simon, Florence Needle, Phyllis Rattner, Richard Post, Paul Christian, David Rabb, Gloria Brenner, Lenny Wachs, Henry Salzhauer, Barbara Browne, George Goren and from Coney Island, Marvin Abrams, Marty Segal, and Paulette Katz (my junior high prom date).

To bring you up to date, I have been married to the same wonderful woman for 41 years. We have two great sons---Jon, living in Denver, CO and Sam, living in Montclair, NJ. We also have two grandchildren.

I think it's rather ironic that although I was not a good student I retired in 1992 as a Superintendent of Schools in New Jersey. We currently live in Sun City-Hilton Head, SC and love each day. Now that I'm 70 years old I feel like a genuine senior citizen.



*Steve Cole lived at 3728 Lyme Avenue. He presently resides in Sun City-Hilton Head, SC and can be reached at [stecol@davtv.com](mailto:stecol@davtv.com).*

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing by Jerry Stern and the associate editors.

# A Photo Gallery Supplement To *Sea Gate* *Revisited*

Photo Gallery 4

May, 2006

## A Gallery of Homes Where We Used to Live

At one time, all of us ex-Sea Gaters lived in a waterside enclave, behind a twelve-foot-high, chain link fence that stretched the length of West 37<sup>th</sup> Street from the ocean to the bay that separated us from Coney Island and the rest of North America. We resided in a community of 820-plus homes that varied from one and two-family brick structures to Mediterranean villas, beach cottages and rambling Victorians.

This month's photo gallery depicts some of the homes we grew up in during the 30s, 40s, and 50s which are still standing today. In addition, we have included photos of a select number of familiar landmarks and turn-of-the-century gems that were holdovers from the Gilded Age of wealthy homeowners.



**The main gate at Surf Avenue**

This gate house was installed in 1899. Most of the original wood shingles have been replaced with brick

This rambling Victorian summer cottage on Surf Avenue (below) was built in 1898 and is attributed to architect Sanford White.



As children some of us walked to Beach 2 along Beach 38<sup>th</sup> Street. We used to pass a rambling three-story "rooming house" on the beachfront entry at Beach 2. A recent real estate ad listed the selling price at \$2, 150,000.00



**3804 Atlantic Avenue (at Beach 38<sup>th</sup> Street)**

This house had a large circular porch and wooden shingles. The photo above shows a recent mini-makeover. The porch has been eliminated and a brick façade replaced the wooden shingles.



**Dr. Martin Couney's home on Surf Avenue**



Dr. Couney was a pediatrician who developed incubators for premature babies



**3829 Beach 38<sup>th</sup> Street—Home of Bart Meissner**



**3764 Surf Avenue—Home of Arthur & Jay Reinhardt and the Serper family, Judge Serper, Charlotte, and Barry**



**3774 Surf Avenue—Home of Stanley and Marilyn Ferber**



**3780 Surf Avenue—Home of Don Robins, Arnie Rosen, and Ken & Lila Sommer**



**3782 Surf Avenue—Home of the Mellor family, the Kaskel family, and the Levinsons**



**3786 Surf Avenue—Home of Bernice & Sherry Levyn and Alfred and Bernie Frank**

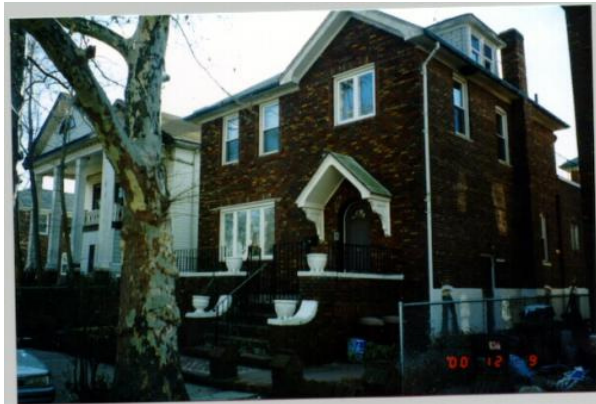




**3792 Surf Avenue—Home of Len, Phil, Arnie Friedman, and Joan Berlin**



**4012 Surf Avenue—Home of Shep Forest**



**3814 Surf Avenue—Home of Corrine Levine.**  
Just to the left, are the white columns of the first house of Clara and Mitzi Gershunoff, whose father and mother (Max & Manya) owned the Ocean Breeze Hotel across the street The Gershunoff's subsequently moved to 4043 Atlantic Avenue.



**4024 Surf Avenue—Home of Morty & Joan Blum**



**4048 Surf Avenue—Home of Billy Schindler**



**3816—Home of Bernie Kasten**



**3827 & 3829 Oceanic Avenue—Homes of Eddie Feinberg, Elliot & Richard Oberfield, Mickey Becker, and Eugene & Monroe Rifkin**





**3725 Mermaid Avenue—Home of George, Eli & Mildred Flam**



**3913 Sea Gate Avenue—Home of Monroe Korn**



**4627 Beach 46<sup>th</sup> Street—Home of Buddy Rubel**



**3844 Lyme Avenue—Home of Ethelind & Toby Altman and Marvin Minoff**



**4504 Beach 45<sup>th</sup> Street—Home of David & Ethel Rabb**



**3836 Lyme Avenue—Home of Richard & Barry Gell**



**4406 Beach 46<sup>th</sup> Street—Home of Bruce Patterson**





**4051 Atlantic Avenue—Home of Carl Levine & Family**



**4000 Highland Avenue—Home of Bobby & Brenda Gersh**



**3900 Neptune Avenue—Home of Frank Williams**



**3819 Neptune Avenue—Home of Sheldon & Walter Spodek**



**4016 Atlantic Avenue—Home of Arnold & Harold Rosen**



**4505 Beach 45<sup>th</sup> Street—Home of Anita, Carole & Howard Kaskel**





**3920 Cypress Avenue—Home of Barbara & Gene Goldberg**



**4202 Manhattan Avenue—Home of Saul Weiser**



**3817 Maple Avenue—Home of Grace and Stephen Sultan**



**3840 Laurel Avenue—Home of Flora, Irwin & Rose Sadetsky**



**3825 Laurel Avenue—Home of Malcolm and Larry Marquit**

### **AND BY THE WAY**

Would you like a photo of the house in Sea Gate where you grew up? Current Sea Gater Victoria Di Uglio is willing to take a photo of your house and email it to you. You can request a photo by emailing Victoria at [vrduiglio@bryancave.com](mailto:vrduiglio@bryancave.com) and include your name, Sea Gate address and current email address. Photos will be taken in the order the requests are received. Please be patient .



**4208 Sea Gate Avenue—Home of Bobby & Mel Cantor**



**3817 Laurel Avenue—Home of Dave Dolgenos**



**3718 Neptune Avenue—Home of Arlene & Kal Bergen circa, 2006. Photo courtesy of Victoria Di Uglio**



**3718 Neptune Avenue, circa 1940**





# Sea Gate Revisited

A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories

[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

Issue Number 5

June 2006

## From The Editor

By Jerry Stern

Doing this introduction reminds me of the meeting at home plate before every baseball game to review the ground rules. The umpires meet with representatives of both teams. Sitting in the stands, you can see them pointing to the foul lines, the outfield and all over the place. It can be the last game of a three-game or even a four-game series, and the same teams have been there before many times, but it doesn't matter: they review the same rules and hear the same things they heard before.

I often wonder just what they are saying time after time. Does the umpire say that a ball hit in the stands in fair territory is a home run? Hey, that's worth mentioning. Maybe they forgot. Does he say that a ball hit past first base or third base in fair territory if touched by a fan would give the runner an extra base? Does he say that a ball that hits the foul pole or the net attached thereto is a home run? Come on! They know that. They have heard it a thousand times.

Well, maybe it's just a tradition like hot dogs, beer and peanuts.

So, that's my excuse to review some stuff that we may have said before.

We are pleased that we are receiving your letters and articles. I suppose the difference between a letter and an article is the length of the written piece. If you decide to write to us, you can mail it or send it by email. It can be long or short. It can even be very short. It can comment on something you read in an earlier newsletter. It can discuss your Sea Gate friends and activities.

All letters and articles are subject to editing, as we have said before. When you submit anything to us you are consenting to have it edited by us. We need to apply consistent standards, and at times we may decide to omit something said or, perhaps, to say it more concisely. Now that that has been said, we won't repeat it (for awhile anyway). Keep writing.

No matter when you lived in Sea Gate, your letters and articles would be of interest. So far, the writings have been about life in the 1930s, 40's and 50's. We want to hear from the younger set also.

Eventually, we hope to include a list of email addresses. It seems that one of the most important benefits of the

newsletter is to put old friends in touch with one another.

Those of you who want to share your email addresses should let me know unless you already have advised one of us. My email address is [Dembums42@aol.com](mailto:Dembums42@aol.com)

Now let's get to our memories of Sea Gate.

*Jerry is the editor of SEA GATE REVISITED. He lived on Oceanic Avenue and currently resides in White Plains, NY. Jerry can be reached at [dembums42@aol.com](mailto:dembums42@aol.com).*

## A Grandmother's Story

By Diana Rubinstein

*This is part of a remembrance that I wrote for the journal I assembled for my grandchildren. This version was written for "Grandparents Day" at my grandson, Ted's, school. They wanted all the grandparents to share stories about what life was like in the "olden days".*

New York City is made up of small neighborhoods, each with its own name and distinctive personality. Coney Island was unique because both rich and poor enjoyed the seashore together. My mother and father met and married there in 1934,

and six years later, moved with my brother and me to Sea Gate, at the very end of Coney Island, that tip of land that protrudes into Lower New York Bay.

Separated from Coney Island by a chain link fence extending from the Atlantic to Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate was unique in many ways. Entrance was via the three major avenues: Surf, Mermaid and Neptune, with each manned by our private police force. We had car stickers to show we were residents, but visitors needed pre-approval (via phone calls or names previously left on a list). And Sea Gate was almost strictly residential: no schools and only a few stores. Yes, it was a part of the big city, but there were no big buildings or subways and crowds. Rather, it was more a small town and safe and secure haven, and I lived there from the time I was one until I married years later, and had three children on my own.

When I was still a child, World War 2, although fought in Europe and the Pacific, still affected us at home. My father was part of the local Civil Defense, non-military personnel who wanted to help the war effort in any way they could. A few nights a week, dad patrolled the beaches on the lookout for German submarines. (Though he never saw any, years later we learned that submarines had spied on our coastline, mostly late at night.)

(Editor's note: In one instance, a German U Boat dropped off German spies and explosives on a Long Island beach, and the

potential saboteurs were captured a few weeks later.)

The Civil Defense volunteers in Sea Gate were a supplement to the Coast Guard's lookout tower, the huge antiaircraft guns installed on the beach, and the soldiers' barracks on the property abutting the Norton's Point Lighthouse only a few blocks from my house.

I can well remember the air raid sirens at night, directing my mom and all the neighbors to turn off the houselights so enemy planes could not tell where people lived. It must have been amazing for anyone overhead to see the entire city in darkness, although we later learned that enemy aircraft never flew overhead.

Because we grew up surrounded by water, the ocean was influential in our lives. In springtime, we played on the jetties that broke the currents and tides, preventing the beaches from being washed away by the sea. We could hardly wait for the warm weather when the swimming season began. Then, we spent practically every summer's day at the beach, from early morning until late afternoon. We swam, built sandcastles, and climbed on the huge rocks where we caught blue claw crabs and scraped barnacles to use for play money. Some mornings, the beach would be full of Horseshoe Crabs, which we called Dinosaur Crabs because we knew they were ancient sea creatures. And in autumn, we watched luxury ocean liners and cargo ships en route from all corners of the

earth. In winter, we watched snow melting into the stormy, icy grayness of the water with waves spitting up icy sprays.

At night, my brother Dick and I fell asleep to the rotating red rays of the lighthouse that beamed into our window, crawled around our walls, then slipped away. It was a rhythm that I remembered all my life. And on dark and stormy nights, foghorns would sound a warning for those at sea to stay in the shipping lane and avoid the rocky coast of the bay. The horns, lighthouse bells and sounds from the buoys and lapping waves were our lullabies.

I was three when I learned to swim (with encouragement from my Grandpa), and the salty taste of seawater became part of my world. I pretended to be a mermaid, and would think how wonderful it would be to live in that undersea world. In fact, I could swim underwater for three minutes without breathing; and in my games, I'd swim faster and faster to reach the rocks to escape giant sharks, fishing nets, and elude capture by an evil sailing captain who would sell me to a traveling circus (the most frightening of all).

It wasn't unusual for me to stay in the water for an entire day, with only a short time on dry land to eat the sandwich my mother would bring around noon. Understandably, even as a teenager, my nickname was *The Fish*. By the summer of 1949 I was almost nine years old, and I was a very strong swimmer.



Diana Rubinstein-Wiener (1955)

*Diana lived at 4222 Surf Avenue. She presently resides in Montague, N.J. and can be reached at [sydi@ourtribe.net](mailto:sydi@ourtribe.net).*

## A Next Generation of Memories

By  
Rachel Steinberg Jauhar

I love the newsletter; however, there is a vast "next generation" who would enjoy sharing memories of life in the 60s, 70s and beyond. I lived at 3780 Surf Avenue for over 50 years! So my memories of growing up in Sea Gate, the lot across the street, "hide and seek," going to the beach near the concrete gun mounts and lighting "punks," innocently playing, all ages hanging out together, no time constraints, no planned activities, just everyone outside for hours and hours.

My fondest memory was when we played "hide and seek" one day and Jay Fruchtmann and I were hidden so well, we were never found!

I had beautiful memories of going to the beach every day in the summer, with nary a thought of sunscreen, ozone or what to do next. Yes, I fondly

remember the fireworks, every Tuesday, Larry and Vinny's pizza and ices, Sam's knishes, Mary's heroes, and ham sandwiches, for those of us who never had it in the house.

Yes, there is a next generation of memories as well. Savor the memories!

*Rachel lived at 3780 Surf Avenue. She presently resides in Paramus, N.J. and can be reached at [consuma@aol.com](mailto:consuma@aol.com).*

## On Cypress Avenue

By  
Carole Mennen Gabay

Every time I read *Sea Gate Revisited* more and more memories come back to me. Permit me to add a few of my own.

Lou Stallman was in the music business. He lived next door to me in Sonny Sexter's house on Cypress Avenue. He created the most wonderful talent shows with all the kids on the block. We wore makeup and costumes and sang and danced and to us it was Broadway.

He had several hit records in the 50's. Perry Como recorded *Round and Round* and it was Lou's major hit. Lou's Mother was an opera singer and they used to sit on the porch in the summer evenings and sing for everyone's enjoyment. It was a great block. And of course my brother, Barry Mennen, shared a wonderful home with me. Judy Persky lived across the street and I remember riding on top of

her Father's old jalopy on VJ Day.

The Kotick triplets lived across the street along with Paul Sharfin and Marlene Stern.



Carole and the Kotick triplets

My best friends were Anndee Friedland, Susan Shapiro and Joy Duberstein.



Carole and Anndee

Anndee and I have remained close through the years. I married my childhood sweetheart, Eddie Gabay, who lived at 4401 Beach 44 Street. We didn't marry until 18 years after we broke up as teenagers. We just celebrated our 30 anniversary.





Carole and Eddie at the Lincoln Prom 1954

We live in Boca Raton, Florida and have reconnected down here with so many Seagaters that we hadn't seen in years and years.

Stephen and Louise Kornfeld, Sandy and Billy Wolfman, Norman Schlanger, Bernie Kasten, Adrienne Garmacy, and Linda Kaplan to name just a few. Sea Gate was the most wonderful place to grow up and the memories we all share are truly magical.



Eddie & Carole 2006 New Year's Eve

*Carole Mennen Gabay lived at 3819 Cypress Avenue. She presently lives in Boca Raton, FL and can be reached at*

[spicey327@aol.com](mailto:spicey327@aol.com).

## Seagate's Living Treasures (circa 1950's)

By Ziev Rivlin

Growing up in Sea Gate, as others have noted, was truly wondrous. The memories, the easy life style, the wholesomeness of daily life and the incredible numbers of young people, playing on the streets, interacting at the Sweet Shop, playing baseball at the Tennis Courts (you had to live there to know that makes sense) and the beach during the summer were special for all of us.

Most special were the Riviera basketball courts and Sonny and Lou's luncheonette. Life as we knew it growing up in Sea Gate at that time was centered on the courts and on Sonny and Lou's. After school games started at about 3:30 PM and went on until dark. Weekends started at about 9:30 AM and went on until dark with breaks for lunch at Sonny and Lou's and then back to the courts for more. Games were either three-man half court or full court four- or five- man games. Five or ten baskets and the winners stayed and the losers left, replaced by those sitting around waiting for their "next".

Of course, Sonny and Lou's was not really in Sea Gate, It was on West 37 Street just across from the Mermaid Avenue gate, but it was a living extension of our lives in the Gate. I've been trying hard to remember all the names of those who played and

some have come back from reading the first issues of *Sea Gate Revisited* and reading Arnie Rosen's book, *Sea Gate Remembered*.

I remember the guys from my age group, Paul Christian, Bobby Cantor, Jerry Stern, George Gorran, Bill Achenbaum, Jay Sexter, Myles Sprinzen, Dan Friedman, Steve Suffin, Aaron Shubitz, Bob Ringer, Steve Cole, Irv Ashkenazi, Bobby Glicker, Barry Serper, Herb Simon, Ed Meadows, Nat Diamond, Harvey Yurman plus those from the group just younger than us – Albie Pressman, Gerry Chasen, Jay Sperling, Barry Ostrie, Paul Sharfin and Sammy Berger. Older than our group were Eli Flam, Monroe Rifkin, Norm Schwartz, Arnie Rosen, Sol Weiser, Richie Pollock, Harvey Weiss and a whole bunch of other names I wish I could remember.

We even imported out-of-towners like Barry Storick, Steve Schneider and Lou Gossett. I am omitting the nicknames out of respect for our advanced ages and the need to keep this information well hidden from grandchildren. After all, were these names truly memorable to anyone but us: "Ish," "Stick," "Goo Goo," "Iggy," and "Chaz?" During breaks, after playing and all day long there was a steady stream to Sonny and Lou's for sodas, snacks, malteds and all the other truly necessary nourishment for a "fully-rounded, soon-to-be-professional basketball player." Sonny and Lou's was quite unique. For whatever reasons,

the two owners were willing to tolerate a store full of hyped up teen-agers who were not spending very much money but all had one thing in common – passion for Dem Bums – the Brooklyn Dodgers of the late 40's and early 50's – Roger Angell's "Boys of Summer".

I don't recall a single person who was anything but a Dodger fan and both Sonny (a decorated WWII veteran) and Lou, his older brother, were the most passionate of all.

We spent hours and hours at Sonny and Lou's watching Dodger games, arguing over them, comparing them and dying slow deaths with every World Series failure....that is until 1955 when Johnny Podres finally came through for the Dodgers with three big wins.

For a few years there was a banner kind of display that allowed the box score for every single Dodger game to be filled in, saved and researched endlessly for clues as to what it all meant. In particular, I remember a game against Cincinnati where the Dodgers scored 14 runs in the first inning. I think Sonny posted that one up in the store and left it there for months.

Those were two incredible places that have left wonderful memories in my aging brain. They are memories mostly of people that were close and very much at ease with other. Time has created lots of space and failing memories have taken their toll, but it is really nice to think back to those times and enjoy them over and over again.

We lived at 3916 Laurel Avenue. I graduated from CCNY with an Engineering degree and I worked in the high-tech world for 43 years, retiring in 2000 in Portland Oregon with my wife Nicole. Our son Mason, daughter-in-law, Jennifer and our 10 year- old granddaughter Zoe, live just a few minutes away from us.

Editor's note: Ziev's reference to Sonny and Lou's as a place only for Dodger fans is mostly correct. Bobby Cantor, in a letter, makes a good case that he and Bobby Ringer, both rabid Giant fans enjoyed the delights at Sonny and Lou's, despite their anti-Dodger leanings. On the subject of Sonny and Lou's and the names that Ziev Rivlin amazingly recalls, let me add the name of Steve Jackel, son of one of the owners, who played all of his basketball in Sea Gate and had a deadly one-hand set shot. Incidentally, Ziev makes reference to a "failing memory." If he has a failing memory, I want to sign up for one.



Left to right: Ziev, wife Nicole, Joan Steinberg Porco and her husband, Ed Porco hiking in the Columbia Gorge, near Portland, 2005.

*Ziev used to live at 3916 Laurel Avenue. He presently resides in*

*Portland, Oregon and can be reached at [rivlin@hevanet.com](mailto:rivlin@hevanet.com).*

## Those Wonderful Years

By Bobby Cantor

Preliminarily, I would like to thank Jerry Stern for all the kind words about my punch-ball skills (Issue 4). Of course, he did not exaggerate (just kidding).

As a result of Jerry's article about punch-ball, I spoke with Paulie Christian today (who had also been mentioned in the article) and we had a good laugh about old times. After many years of not being in touch, we met in Las Vegas a few years ago, and had a great time. Jerry mentioned a kid by the name of "Bobby," whose last name Jerry had forgotten; I believe Bobby's last name was Liebowitz. We were friends for many years.

I don't think anyone who ever lived in Sea Gate wasn't overjoyed with his or her childhood. We had more friends to hang with than anyone else I ever met. There was the Sweet Shop, Whittier Inn, the Riviera, and of course, Sonny and Lou's on West 37 Street, right across from the Mermaid Avenue entrance to Sea Gate.

I remember so clearly standing in front of the Sweet Shop barefoot in the summer, putting pennies in the polly-seed machine, making piles of shells, laughing, and having a great time with all the guys and girls. Oh, those great memories,



including talking baseball with both Sonny and Lou (who, of course, were big Dodger fans). I was one of the very few Giant fans and always had arguments with all my friends about the Dodgers and the Giants. I even had a fight with my pal, Paulie Christian in the middle of playing a full court basketball game at the Riviera. Of course, we had been arguing about who was better: Duke Snider or Willie Mays. (Even the "Duke" today admits Willie was a much better fielder than he was.)

I guess *now* I can admit that the Dodgers had a better team than the Giants in those years, except for that great year of 1951. I suppose you Dodger fans still remember "The Shot Heard 'Round the World." I am sure you all still recall Russ Hodges calling out: "The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant!"

It is still music to my ears. After Thomson's home run sailed into the stands, and as Russ Hodges was celebrating, I got on my Schwinn bike, riding like the wind to Sonny and Lou's (who always "busted my chops" about how much better the Dodgers were than the Giants), and guess what - they closed their business as soon as Bobby Thompson hit that home run to win that playoff series in the bottom of the ninth. They stayed closed for three days. Man, did I laugh!

A curious footnote to all of this, especially in view of the first name of the hero of that year, is that all of the Sea Gate Giants' fans who I knew were all named

Bobby. There was Ringer, Glicken, Liebowitz and me.

The Whittier Inn was also a great place to hang out (candy, ice cream, malteds, and so much fun). In the summertime, it was the Riviera! It was the place to get a hot dog at the beach or anything else you wanted to nosh. At night it was a great place to listen to the jukebox and dance. We would play stickball against the handball courts. You would pitch into a painted box on the wall, and call balls and strikes. We also played basketball there. There were always enough guys for a game.

We played some kind of ball all day long in the summer--from stickball at the Riviera to stickball in the street. In the street, the ball was pitched on one bounce. You had a broom handle as a bat, took one step towards the ball and belted it as far as possible. Then, there was punch-ball, another great street sport. And there was softball behind the Sea Gate garage at the tennis courts. I became a windmill pitcher and loved it. I kept pitching when I went into service from 1954-1956. I pitched for all the different Army companies I was in, and had terrific benefits because we would play against other companies, usually winning trophies, and that's what the commanders wanted. So, with that came all the privileges needed to make Army life a little better. I was shipped to Alaska and spent 19 months there. I pitched a game at midnight on June 21st with the sun shining. Alaska had six months of daylight, and six

months of darkness through most of the day--something to get used to. All in all, I loved my experience in the service.

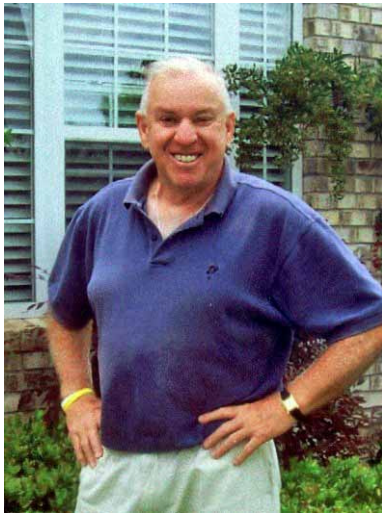


Bob is discharged from the US Army in 1956

I went into service with Ed Meadow and we took our basic training together. He then shipped out to Germany when I went to Alaska. We have remained friends, and today we both live in South Carolina, 15 minutes apart and we see each other often. We golf at least once a week with Shelly Weinstock who lived in Coney Island. Shelly, Eddie and I are almost always together. It's really great to have "old friends," and as the years go on, we really are "old" friends.

Even writing this about Sea Gate had been exciting. *Sea Gate Revisited* is great! Thanks to all of you who brought it to the forefront, and thanks for the pictures of the houses. A great touch! If you can stand it, I may write again, as I have so many things to talk about.

I'm looking forward to the February 2007 reunion, and I hope to see a lot of friends there.



*Bobby Cantor lived at 4208 Sea Gate Avenue. He presently lives in Murrells Inlet, SC and can be reached at [bobbybabybobc@yahoo.com](mailto:bobbybabybobc@yahoo.com).*

Editor's note: On behalf of Dodger fans everywhere, let's remember that the cheap homerun Bobby cannot forget (unfortunately I can't either) traveled all of 257 feet. Mays better than the Duke? Well, Mays was great, but I never hoid of da Duke conceding that Mays was a much better fielder than Duke. Now how can it be that Bobby Cantor jumped on his bike and went straight to Sonny & Lou's after the cheap home run? He and his other Bobbys were at my house within minutes, and Paul Christian tells me that the Bobbys visited him also. (I evaded the Bobbys for several weeks.) Well, frankly, I did not know that Sonny and Lou closed their shop for three days. My respect and admiration for them has been greatly enhanced by Bobby's article.

## Arnie and Donnie

By  
Don Robins

Almost 74 years have passed since we met at 3780 Surf Avenue. My parents moved in to the upstairs apartment when I was 3 months old. They were beach lovers and sun worshipers and had rented in Sea Gate for several summers before I was born. Fortunately for me I lived in such a village. The Rosens became our good landlords and occupied the main floor. Arnie was born on August 17, 1932. The Ferbers lived at 3774 which they owned and the Kaskels lived at 3786, until they moved to Beach 45 Street. Carole, their older daughter, and I were playmates, and have seen each other over the years, at various times including when we attended Syracuse University. Her sister Anita became a good friend of ours and now spends part of her time at her home in Hilton Head, South Carolina.

Our friendship really began, when we both attended a pre kindergarten school run by Charlotte Gladstone, who was like a mother to all of us.



Charlotte's Nursery, circa 1936. Don is seated first row, fourth from left and Arnie is standing in top row, first on left.

For me, regular kindergarten was boring as a result of this prior experience.

We used Beach Two which was two blocks from our house. From our back porch I could see the ocean and hear the sounds of the bell buoys and fog horns.

The cruise ships seemed almost touchable as they passed. I attribute my love of swimming to the fun we all had playing and racing each other in the ocean. In all of our photo albums we have great beach pictures of family and friends. Arnie and I built many sand castles and forts at the shore line only to have great pleasure knocking them down or seeing a wave wash them away, then start all over again. We loved riding the waves as we got older much to the consternation of our parents, when we refused to leave the water.



Arnie (left) & Don (right) in front of 3780 Surf Avenue, circa 1937

Arnie and I had some fights over baseball cards and other games we played in our alley or across the street in the lot



known as the Tennis Courts. We made up quickly. This is where we played touch football, baseball and watched all of the older guys play big time baseball and football. These were great times. Our moms, Janet Robins and Leah Rosen, loved to dress us up in stylish outfits that were befitting for the Prince of Wales. On one occasion, after returning home from playing, my mom's friends, who played the game of the day called Mah Jongg, were heard saying how neat and clean I looked, which made me rub some dirt on myself the next time.

Mrs. Rosen had talent in the decorating of her home, which was a show place and fun to be in because of the beautiful curios on her tables. She wrapped gifts like no one else and Arnie had the job of delivering them and at times feeling embarrassed due to the fanfare he encountered from the recipients. David, who was Arnie's father, owned amusement properties in Coney Island and his mom also was involved. They owned the famous Coney Island Side Show where Arnie and I went frequently to see unusual individuals, as well as many performers of sensational acts. At first, I was fearful of what to expect having never seen the Elephant Man before. My favorite act was the "Pin Heads" or idiot savants. I still marvel at how they remember specific days when they are given a date of birth etc.

*Don is an associate editor of Sea Gate Revisited. He lived at 3780 Surf Avenue, is a retired MD and*

*now dabbles in real estate in Scottsdale, AZ. He can be reached at [bdr18@aol.com](mailto:bdr18@aol.com) and [donr@ranchrealty.com](mailto:donr@ranchrealty.com).*

### **Correction**

Please note the correct spelling for Marion's last name is Dorskind and her email address is [marionioni@aol.com](mailto:marionioni@aol.com).

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

# A Photo Gallery Supplement To *Sea Gate* *Revisited*

Photo Gallery 5

June, 2006

## A POTPOURRI OF IMAGES

This month's gallery is a compilation of photos of friends, family, social gatherings and special occasions from the albums of our readers. The images depict a visual journey of our childhood years in Sea Gate.



**Barbara Goldberg**



**Basketball at the Riviera**

Waiting for an inbound pass. (Left to right) Shep Forest, Arnie Rosen, Dave Dolgenos, and Harvey Weiss.



**Beverly Sills**

Belle Miriam Silverman (left) strolls along Sea Gate Avenue with friends



**Evalyn Greenstein (left) and Irma Freedman (right)**



**On the Beach One**

(Left to right) Frank Williams, Marvin Minoff (with hat), Bart Meissner (back to camera) and Joan Blum.





**Mayor Robert Wagner (seated second from right) visits Sea Gate. Lester Pincus is at the right of Mayor Wagner, Rabbi Gellman is on the extreme left, and Judge Harry Serper is two persons to Wagner's left.**



**(Left to right) Jerry Stern, Dan Friedman and Paul Christian. (1954 trip to Washington, DC).**



**Morty Blum and Ethelind Altman**



**Murray Dick at the handball courts**



**Norm Schwartz (left) and Eli Flam (right)**



**Hi Jinks!**

That's Rich Oberfield (left) and Carl Levine (right) engaged in a fake fight. Carl would make a quick hand slap against his shoulder as he throws a punch missing Rich's jaw as Rich throws his head back feigning "blunt force trauma."



**Rella Meyers (left) and Irma Freedman (right)**



**(Left to right) Herbie Kahn, Jerry Maisel, and Joel Harnett**





**Stan Ferber**



**Barry Burns (left) and Allan Armour (right) at Coney Island shooting gallery**



**Hannah Bergen – Majestic Baths on the Boardwalk**



**(Left to right) Suzanne Judd, Evalyn Greenstein, and Irma Freedman**



**Baseball at the Tennis Courts: Barry Gell at bat**



# Sea Gate Revisited

A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories

[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

Issue Number 7

August 2006

## From The Editor

By Jerry Stern

This month's newsletter includes an article from Karla Sona about her childhood in Sea Gate in the 1960s. Marilyn Ferber-Kopp writes about a recent trip with her grandchildren to Sea Gate; I report on a recent report in *The New York Times* about plans to develop Coney Island; Danny Baker responds to an article about his mother, and tells us how really special she was in saving him from the horrors of the Holocaust; and Lou Stallman adds his memories of Sea Gate and tells of his music career and hit songs he wrote.

Reunion news: Sea Gate reunions have been held for decades in south Florida. There was no reunion held last year, and we understand that one will be announced for early 2007. As far as the results of our "poll" for a reunion, we did not hear from many Sea Gaters. We will keep you posted about the Florida reunion.

We have received some articles to include in future newsletters. Although we have enough for about two future newsletters, we welcome more. Also, we are not getting enough feedback on articles. We need letters reacting to what you read here.

Let's get some discussion going. Agree with what you read? Disagree? Does it remind you of other memories? Send us brief comments and let's add a section on "letters to the editor." One or two sentences would be fine. React. Let's hear from more of you. Send your comments by email or mail. Richard Post recently described his memories of a ship that crashed onto the beach on Beach 45 Street. Tell us what you remember of that incident. Bobby Cantor wrote that Willie Mays was better than Duke Snider. No one disagrees with that?

Which was a better restaurant, Carolina's or Gargiulo's?

Help us send out copies of newsletters to friends and other Sea Gaters who have no access to email. Print the copies you receive by email, and send them to Sea Gaters. Let me know if you want the address of a Sea Gater who relies on mail to receive the newsletters. My email address is [Dembums42@aol.com](mailto:Dembums42@aol.com) My address is 14 Oxford Road, White Plains NY 10605. My mailing list is growing, and I can use some help. Each month I print out and mail to about a dozen Sea Gaters. I also keep on hand the earlier issues and when we receive a new name and address, I mail a set of all the newsletters to the person.

At the beginning of each month we send out a newsletter by email to a list of about 300 Sea Gaters. If by the fifth of the month you have not received a newsletter by email, give a holler. We'll send it again. If you change your email address, let us know. We do get a few returns each month. If you receive a copy of the newsletters by mail, give me to the 10th of the month to get the newsletter to you.

Someone passed on some wise advice: If you send an email to a Sea Gater (including any of the editors of this newsletter), put the words, "Sea Gate" in the subject of the email. Many of us delete emails without reading them because we get so much spam. That reminds me: If you have an active spam filter (as I do with AOL), check it to make sure that it does not "capture" the newsletters we are sending you.

If you have any Sea Gate photos, especially of friends or interesting background, either scan it and send it by email or make a duplicate and send it to me. Please don't send me an original or your only copy. I'll scan it and we'll use it for a photo gallery, but I'd prefer not to have to mail it back to you.

Finally, my "broken record" message. Help us find other Sea Gaters to add to our list.



*Jerry is the editor of SEA GATE REVISITED. He lived on Oceanic Avenue and currently resides in White Plains, NY. Jerry can be reached at [dembums42@aol.com](mailto:dembums42@aol.com).*

## Sea Gate, Haven and Heaven

By Karla Sona

Before we moved into the “Gate” we lived on West 37<sup>th</sup> Street between Neptune and Poplar. Our house faced the gate and the wonders that lay within were always beckoning. Even though I was only five years old when we moved “in,” I still remember it as if it were yesterday.



Kids Playing on West 37 Street (between Neptune and Poplar), circa 1939. Photo courtesy of Mitch Sackson

Sometimes, my brother would take me for a walk on that small path between the houses in the gate and the gate itself; it ran from Neptune Avenue all the way to where it ended, almost at the bays edge. What an adventure for such a small child!

Then one day it happened. In February 1958 my parents

announced that we were moving “in”. I could barely control the emotion. I would live in Sea Gate now. Even at that young age, I understood what that meant; I was special, I lived in Sea Gate.

We moved into a two family house, Ben and Thelma Rubinstein’s house, and there I made my first life long friend, Diana Rubinstein (now Wiener). To this day we are close friends. We lived at 4028 Surf Avenue and I was in heaven! Only one block separated me from what would become one of the most important parts of my life--the ocean.

I went to PS 188 until third grade, but then something happened that changed everything: Busing. They sent me to PS 205 in Bensonhurst, which was not that bad, I liked the bus ride, but waiting on the corner of Oceanic and Neptune for the school bus on a cold winter day was as memorable as the day I fell into the water while sledding on the golf course on Staten Island.

Mark Twain JHS followed, as a matter of course. And then my next challenge--they changed the zoning and they wanted to send me to Lafayette, not Lincoln. I would have none of that. My entire family went to Lincoln; my parents, my brother, my uncles, aunts and cousins all went to Lincoln and I was not going to be the outcast! Somehow my mother managed to get me in. (Never underestimate the power of a Jewish mother.)

[Editor’s Note: See Danny Baker’s experience in this issue. He seconds the motion.]

As a child of the 60’s, my memories are surely different then those of you who have written before me. The streets were ours. We wandered for hours on end, no matter what season it was. And we had the Sea Gate Police, who we regarded as our protectors.

Somehow we felt that we could do anything we wanted and never get anything but a stern look from our friendly police. Believe me, for a teenager of my generation that was very important. We did not hate the police as the rest of the 60’s generation did, and we could not understand why other young people felt that way. Sea Gate police were nice to us. Not that we did bad things; we were all good kids from good homes, but sometimes, maybe, we skated on the edge a bit.

The beach in winter was the best. The rays from the lighthouse beaming off the snow and fog; what a sight! The solitude of the cold beach was so warming, not easy to explain in words, but a walk along the ocean in the winter could make you forget your worst problems (what our worst problems were then, I can’t even remember now).



**A winter stroll on the beach**

We arrived home, frozen to the bone, but exhilarated from the experience. Wow! Remember Ice-skating in the parking lot of the Riv? Remember the parrots that lived in the railing around the lighthouse for the warmth of the beam? Legend has it that they had escaped from a shipment from Kennedy Airport. Wherever they came from: there they were!

Not that we didn't love the beach in the summer too. We felt great anticipation waiting for the sale of beach passes, and I wanted to be right there to be one of the first to get a picture taken. If only other of life's rituals was that simple now. The beach--all day, every day. We didn't know about sunscreen then, did we? Baby oil with iodine was what we applied to ourselves. And sun reflectors. Our goal was to get very tan.

I remember the excitement when the Queen Mary or the Queen Elizabeth would round the bend and we would all scurry up the beach because of the "tidal waves." Once, when I was still very little, I wandered off during a tidal wave and my mother feared that I was swept away. When I showed up though, she forgot about how

worried she was and I got it good!

Fall was a beautiful time of year in Sea Gate. Leaves of all colors were piled in the streets. I purposely fell into the tall piles and felt I was in heaven. As I look back, I guess I was lucky there was never any broken glass or something else that was sharp in those piles. The squirrels would be collecting and saving, scampering all over the place. That was a sure sign that winter was coming.



**Fall leaves**

Winter never stopped us. Just more layers of clothes. Because I have been living in Cancun, I don't think I've seen a house with a hall for the coats and boots and all the winter paraphernalia in over 30 years! I'm sure they still exist; we just don't need them here in the tropics.

After Sea Gate winters, it was spring again; the trees would begin to spout tiny buds, the birds would return, and the potted plants would be returned

outside of homes. Oh, what a life we had in Sea Gate! No matter the season, no matter what happened in the outside world, we were Sea Gaters.

I voted for the first time in the Chapel. My guy lost, but I was so proud to have voted.

My brother, Greg Sona, got a black tooth from a basketball mishap in the Center. He still can show the result of the injury to this day, even after all the wonders of dental bleaching.

My parents, Fran and Lou Sona, are still on their own and in Margate, Florida. They live in the same complex as their old friend Thelma Rubinstein. My brother lives in Rockland County.

I have been living in Cancun, Mexico since 1982 and have a 19-year-old daughter, Janna Samira. She goes to a university in Monterrey, Mexico, and studies Art.

A few years ago, I took her to Sea Gate to show her where I grew up. The guard at the gate let me in when I explained that I grew up here and wanted my daughter to see my beautiful Sea Gate. I hadn't been there in 20 years. We pulled up to our old house and it was like I never left.

Was my daughter impressed? She didn't get it, but I did. I guess it has never left me and never will. I am and will always be a Sea Gater.

I dedicate these great memories to all my Sea Gate friends and family, those who are still with

us and those who have passed on. You are all a part of who I am, who I have become. And especially to my friend Diana, who with her most beautiful family, joined me here in Mexico to escape the harsh winters. I love you Diana.

I live on the Caribbean now, but even on its most exquisite turquoise blue day, the water does not invoke the same feelings in me as the ocean right around the corner from 4028 Surf Avenue. In Sea Gate I had my own very special ocean, and even though I didn't know it then, it helped me to think, to meditate and to wonder.



**Karla's view of the Caribbean.**



**Karla remembers the Sea Gate beach with affection**



**Karla Sona**

*Karla used to live at 4028 Surf Avenue. She presently resides in Cancun, Mexico and can be reached at Crater 13 S.M. 15 Cancun, Q. Roo, México 77500(+52-998) 887-5554 or [karla@cancun.net](mailto:karla@cancun.net)*

## **A TRIP BACK IN TIME**

**By Marilyn Ferber Kopp**

Last month, I took my teenage grandsons on a tour of Sea Gate. They were impressed by the policeman at the Surf Ave Gate and how I had to give my name before we were let in. I had called a former neighbor, Martin Steinberg, the night before to say we were coming to visit.

The boys thought the streets were narrower than most, and the houses seemed closer together. I showed the boys where my grandparents lived at 4817 Beach 48th Street. The large Fisher/Levitt house across the street looked just the same. We stopped to look over the fence at the Verrazano Bridge and the Narrows. The jetty of rocks is no longer there --- just a sandy beach. I showed them the Lighthouse on Beach 47th Street, across the street from the Epstein house where my parents

first rented an apartment in 1929.

All through the gate there were very many changes in the houses, some brand new, and others beautifully renovated. But the roads and sidewalks are in desperate need of repair. Beach 2 and Beach 3 are closed. Only 1 & 4 are open. And you have to belong to the cabana club (The Sea Gate Beach Club) to enter Beach 1. It was a warm July day and the parking lot on the old Tennis Courts on Surf Ave was full of cars (by the users of the Cabana Club). As one might expect, we saw many people walking to the beach.

We found a parking spot on Atlantic Avenue and walked over to the Chapel, which looked just as I remembered it. We strolled around the grounds in front of it and I showed the boys the Memorial sculpture dedicated to the boys who died in the various wars. It was very moving.

We visited with Marty Steinberg at 3780 Surf Avenue. My mother's house (3774 Surf) was sold again to a young Russian family. They are busy remodeling the inside of the house. In the backyard they put in a deck with a small pool.

The old Gershonoff house down the block is in disrepair and Marty says he believes it will be taken down. Marty says that Dr. Arthur Reinhardt passed away and his brother, Jay and his wife live in the corner house (3764 Surf). A chain-link fence (about 6 ft high) all around this property is not flattering.



Otherwise the old block still looked neat and well kept. The old "Ocean Breeze Hotel" was redone into a Senior Residence, and it looks great.

The houses on the first block of Mermaid Avenue in Sea Gate (across the tennis court field) are still there, but the stores are not. In fact the Mermaid Avenue gate is closed. Only the Surf and Neptune Avenue gates are open. And the bus no longer runs through Sea Gate. Marty told me that the residents did not use it enough.



**Houses along Mermaid Avenue in Sea Gate**

It was a very nostalgic and emotional day for me, and my grandsons enjoyed seeing where their grandmother and her family came from. But the real treat for them was Nathans and riding twice on the Cyclone.

*Marilyn is an associate editor of **Sea Gate Revisited**. She lived on Surf Avenue in Sea Gate. Marilyn presently resides in Woodmere, NY. and can be reached at [mfkopp@optonline.net](mailto:mfkopp@optonline.net).*

## **Report on a Report: Will Coney Island be Revitalized?**

**By Jerry Stern**

*The NY Times* reported recently (July 4, 2006, "Down by the Boardwalk, A \$1 Billion Revival Plan") that Coney might be on the way back. Over the past few years, there have been improvements, including a new stadium for Class A minor league baseball and a new subway transit facility at Stillwell Avenue that is quite attractive.



**New Stillwell Avenue Terminal**

The 7,500-seat stadium is the home of the Brooklyn Cyclones, which draws near-capacity for every game. The stadium is two blocks from Gargiulo's and three from Carolina's; both are renovated and thriving.

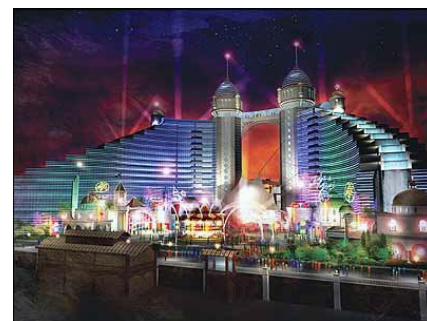


**Keyspan Park, home of the Brooklyn Cyclones**

*The Times* article reports that a wealthy resident, Joseph J. Sitt (known as "Coney Island Joey") whose heart and soul never left Coney Island, has spent more than \$100 million in buying property from West 12 Street to West 15 Street. *The Times* reports that he lives a few blocks from that area. Included in his master plan are expensive

condo apartments, a new amusement industry, high-tech arcades, hotels and restaurants. He still needs New York City's approval, but seems to be getting support. *The Times* says he has "the deep pockets to develop the project."

Some of the present amusement sites would be retained; others would be replaced by a "year-round water park on the east side of Stillwell Avenue that would be connected to a family-oriented, S-shaped hotel, which would include apartments and time-share units" (*NY Times* article, p.B3). And on the west side of Stillwell Avenue, there would be another, more luxurious 500-room hotel and a 30-story condo apartment building on top of a shopping center, a modern game arcade and a multiplex theatre. A spokesperson for the City's Coney Island Development Corporation and Economic Development Corporation says that the two public corporations would be supportive if "the amusement and entertainment uses are protected." The Parachute jump was refurbished a few years ago, and is now illuminated at night.



**A futuristic Coney Island**

Personal experience: When the Cyclones started playing a few years ago, I went to several

games, and on Sundays I could hardly get a parking spot either in the stadium parking lot, on the streets, or in Gargiulo's huge parking lot that is used to meet the demands of the overflow of cars for ballgames. For at least the first two years, every game was sold out, incidentally. And I saw one report that in the first year, more stuff was sold at the Cyclone's gift shop than any other stadium gift shop in the country. By the end of the first season, it was really tough to find a BC cap for sale.

I have enjoyed both Carolina's and Gargiulo's in recent years, and while both are good, my preference is Gargiulo's, where we held the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary reunion of the 1953 graduating classes of Abraham Lincoln High School. (January grads meet the June grads.)



**50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion for the Class of 1953 booklet**



**Gargiulo's Restaurant**

Is it "Gargiulo's" or "Gargiulio's"? We all pronounced it as though it was spelled with an "io" at the end. We were all wrong. But for those of who still eat there, it will always be "Gargiulio's."

Hmmm. Good place for a reunion? Even a small one?

## **A CHRISTMAS TREE GROWS IN SEA GATE**

By Danny Baker

Danny responds to Joan Midlin Graff's email/article in issue #6 and recalls a compelling journey on the eve of the Holocaust in Nazi Germany to a safe haven in Sea Gate.

Issue No. 6 was particularly exciting for me, since it shared an email to me from Joan Mindlin Graff.

She talks about what a great mom I had--one of Joan's teachers at PS 188. Probably very few people know how great a mom she was to me.

In 1936 my mom-to-be rescued me from a Jewish orphanage, in Nazi Germany. She and my future dad were told that the quota laws made it impossible

for me to be brought into the United States that year. My mom responded, "The quota laws be damned! I'm gonna get him, if I have to make new laws! "My dad, the realist, said, "Right! Go fight City Hall!"

Well, I'm here to tell you, she did. She went to Washington, D.C., and collared every senator and congressman she could get hold of.

As a result of her efforts, a law was enacted, saving 2,500 Jewish kids from annihilation, including me. Molly Baker made me a piece of U.S. history!

I arrived at the Brooklyn Port of Embarkation on Christmas Eve, 1936, when I was four-years old. So, when Joan Graff says I had a special mom, was she ever right! My mom saved my life--it was a re-birth!

Now, I want to interject that every year after my arrival I wanted a Christmas tree. My parents opposed the idea.

They explained: "Jewish kids don't have a Christmas tree." I heard that every year until Morty and Louise Gross moved into the Gate, two houses away from me. They lived near Donny Robins, Normy and Ronny Schwartz, Shep [Finklestein] Forest, Arnie Rosen, Etta Sapon, Stanley and Francine Geller, and Morty and Joan Blum.

Well, Morty and Louise had a Christmas tree. And I renewed my argument for one. What could my parents say now? Jewish kids don't have

Christmas trees? I now had proof they did. And other kids in the neighborhood wanted one.

We never got them, but the reason given up to that point no longer carried water. The new reason was, "You can't have a Christmas tree, because I said so!" [Sound familiar?]

In 1955, when I moved out of my family's house, I had my first Christmas tree, next to my Menorah, and have had one ever since!

*Dan lived at 3920 Lyme Avenue. He presently resides in Scottsdale, AZ., and can be reached at [sea\\_gate\\_is\\_cool@yahoo.com](mailto:sea_gate_is_cool@yahoo.com).*

## I WROTE THE SONGS

By Lou Stallman

If I had to choose which Sea Gate entrance I went through the most, it would have to be the Neptune Avenue gate. Whether I came from Mark Twain or the Stillwell Avenue Station, I'd end up going home through the Neptune Avenue entrance. Of course I would make a ritualistic stop at Stollers on Neptune to buy my candy bar snack.

I went to Mark Twain JHS for two years and then my family moved to Los Angeles where my mom bought me a guitar and I started to write songs. The move was sudden and since it occurred in the middle of the semester, I never got to say goodbye to my friends in Sea Gate, so I started to write songs about my feelings.

When my parents got divorced, I had to return to Brooklyn every summer to stay with my father and reunite with my friends Grover Clark, Richie Clark, Babs, her brother, Richard, Chicky, Sheila Buxbaum, Brenda Wolfson, and Phil Levin. I wrote songs and sang them on Beach One or Beach Four with the whole gang. I loved walking at night, strumming my guitar and singing songs with my friends down Sea Gate Avenue to Cypress Avenue where my brother and his family lived. The streets were lined with lush trees which created a welcome canopy of shade during the summer. Cypress and Sea Gate avenues were always cool, breezy and were my favorites.



Lou's friends: (Guys standing) Chicky, Rich Clark, Grover Clark; (Girls sitting) Babs, Sheila Burnbaum (legs crossed), little boy, Richie, (Bab's brother)

During these walks I started to fantasize about the music business. Joe Shapiro lived nearby on Lyme Avenue. I heard he wrote a song, had it recorded by Les Paul and Mary Ford. I loved the record and one day I got up enough nerve to knock on his door. I introduced myself and soon a friendly relationship developed. We started writing every Sunday

and went to Tin Pan Alley every Wednesday to solicit our songs. One of our first hits was "Treasure of Love" sung by Clyde McPhatter and recorded on Atlantic Records in 1956. In 1957 Perry Como recorded our second hit, "Round and Round." This song was #1 for 16 weeks. Joe and I published over 100 recordings.

I found peace in Sea Gate; family in Sea Gate; frustration in Sea Gate and because of all of this, I found creativity.

There was no teen center in our community, so I decided to create one. It was called "The Chapel." The concept spread and soon we had 50 members. Among the early group that participated were my friends, Sharon Sulzer, Rochelle Beame, Steve Goldstein, Freddie Goldstein, Richie Sulzer, and Mike Cullen. The Chapel ceased to exist when the Sea Gate Mens Association built a community Center.

## 🎵 Grammy Nominee Songs 🎵

"It's Gonna Take a Miracle" Denice Williams  
"Everybody's Got the Right to Love" The Supremes  
NY Yankees Theme Song  
"Here Come the Yankees" "Round and Round" Perry Como  
"Don't Pity Me" Dion & The Belmonts  
"Treasure of Love" Clyde McPhatter  
"Once You Understand" Think  
"If You Don't Want My Love" Robert John



"I've Come of Age" Billy Storm  
 "My Son I wish You  
 Everything" Ernie Ford  
 "I Want To Meet Him"  
 Royalties  
 "Yogi" The Ivy Three  
 "A Boy Without A Girl"  
 Frankie Avalon  
 "It's Gonna Take A Miracle"  
 The Royalties  
 "It's Gonna Take A Miracle"  
 Bette Middler & Manhattan  
 Transfer  
 "A Corner in the Sun"  
 Walter Jackson  
 "Sit Down and Cry" Aretha  
 Franklin  
 "Going Nowhere" Los Bravb's  
 "Southern Comfort" New  
 Christy Minstrels



**Lou Stallman**

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 29909. All material submitted for  
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# The Sea Gate Beach

## A Photo Gallery Supplement

### *Sea Gate Revisited*

Photo Gallery 7

August, 2006



Aerial view of Sea Gate, submitted by Lance and Barry Burns

Of all the amenities Sea Gate had to offer its residents, the wonderful beach was perhaps the crown jewel. In the 1900s this strand was a broad, gently sloping stretch of hard, clean, fine white sand, which extended for approximately a quarter of a mile from West 37<sup>th</sup> Street on the east to Beach 46<sup>th</sup> Street on the west and varied in width from 100 to 300 feet. It commanded the ocean view to the east, south, and west.<sup>1</sup>

Another of Sea Gate's premier amenities was the Atlantic Yacht Club. Located at the western edge of the island on Bay View Avenue, it was an imposing structure that was designed by Stanford White. The Club reigned supreme as the center of social activities and parties from 1890 until 1930,

when it burned down. The night of the fire many of the residents of Sea Gate watched the flames envelope and level the once-grand, wooden structure.<sup>2</sup>



The Atlantic Yacht Club

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<sup>1</sup> Rosen, Arnold, *Sea Gate Remembered*, published by Xlibris Corporation, 2004, page 36.

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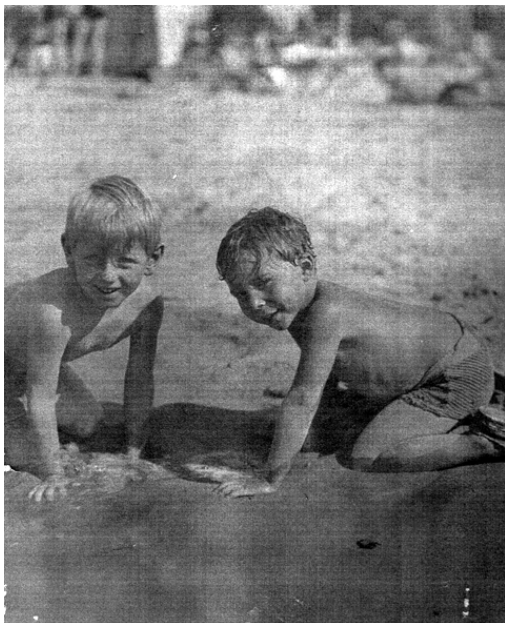
<sup>2</sup> Ibid, pp36-37.



**Gloria Steinberg-Gerst (right) and friend**



**Allan Armour (extreme left) Stan Ameri and Nate Diamond (standing in background) circa 1950**



**Allan Armour (left) and Barry Burns (right), circa 1934**



**Rona and Cliff Kopp, Beach 2. Note military facilities in background.**



**On the Beach: Donny Robins (left) and Arnie Rosen (right), circa 1933**



**Henry Marcus on leave from Navy, 1943**





The Sea Gate Beach is wonderful, even in the winter. Phil Horn surf casting, circa 1950

## BEACH PASSES

For over a hundred years families had enjoyed the cool breezes, splashing in the surf and the beautiful ocean view. Beach admission cards and later, beach passes were needed to gain entry. Beach passes were issued to owners and renters of property. Each person had to sign up at the Sea Gate Association's office, near the gate and then cross the street to the Chapel to have their photo taken.



Louise Dick and Thelma Rubinstein



"Show your passes please!"



Marilyn Ferber Kopp



Florence Needle Weingram



Richie Ehrman



Allan Armour



*1946 File 7*  
**Remember 1946**

BEACH PASSES WILL BE REQUIRED on Saturday, June 15. Get your beach list into our office at once.

Also please advise your tenants to get their beach lists into our office at once. Please do not delay. Your cooperation will help speed up the issuance of passes and avoid inconvenience to you.

Very sincerely yours,

BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
SEA GATE ASSOCIATION

A 1946 Post Card Reminder



Sherry and Bob Harnick



# Sea Gate Revisited

A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories

[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

Issue Number 8

September 2006

## From The Editor

By Jerry Stern

We present here our new format of letters and articles. We look forward to receiving both, and the letters can be brief. If you send in photos, they should be clear enough to be copied for the newsletter. We prefer, if possible, to receive a scan send by email, but we will do the scanning if you send the photo to us. The best photos for our purposes have an interesting Sea Gate theme or background, or a photo that reflects the era in which it was taken. Please submit articles, letters or photos to [Seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to Sea Gate News, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909.

Times change, but our memories hopefully will not forsake us. Diana's letter refers to "Carolina's Zuppa di Clams." She says it was "kick ass." Well, Carolina's is no more. Gone, but not forgotten. It is now a Chinese Buffet. After I ate lunch recently at Gargiulo's with an old Coney Island friend, Angelo Trippiedi, who owned the Shell station on Cropsey Avenue, I noticed the demise of Carolina's. By the way, for those of you who were lucky enough to have your cars serviced by Angelo, I want to report that at age 80, he looks

very much the same as he did. Angelo now owns a gas station with his son, Michael in Las Vegas. He recently cut his work week to 40 hours.

We look forward to hearing from you.

## Letters to the Editor:

To the Editor:

Issue 7 was the best yet!

What wonderful memories of Lou Stallman and the Chapel and his teen center. He was kind and smart, and so talented.

## Reunions

See Page 8

I remember so well a cold, winter's day in Manhattan. Brenda Gersh and I and a few others of Lou's teeny-bopper admirers running from one radio station to another trying to get "The Treasure of Love" played. That song is still part of me. We harmonized that tune in the subway, so people would know about it. We badgered people on the buses to call the radio stations and demand they play it. We were Lou's groupies. I celebrated my 14th birthday

with that group of kids. It was so exciting to be able to call myself a teenager and be part of the magic of Rock and Roll in the Chapel. What a crush I had on Bob Tannen! Joe Zucker and all those boys who were two years older than me wouldn't give me a second look.

The article from Karla Sona is wonderful. I was the "older girl" in the apartment upstairs. I am 12 years older than Karla. Our friendship has sustained because of a Sea Gate tradition. It was a tradition for Sea Gaters to understand and support each other. We shared a common place and time. What a unique and beautiful community it was. It was a small town, after all.

And the article from Danny Baker was wonderful. All the kids in PS 188 knew his mother as a kind and great teacher.

The absolute surprise for me was to see the beach passes of my Mother (Thelma Rubinstein) and Aunt Leonore's (Dick) Beach Passes from 1943! Where did you get them??? [Editor's note: We mistakenly identified Leonore Dick as Louise.]

Please, keep this good stuff coming.

Also, Carolina's Zuppa di Clams was kick-ass! But Gargiulo's



Veal Marsala was better! Every graduation in our family was celebrated at Carolina's, because my Grandma Gussie liked it best. Also, we were afraid to go to Gargiulo's in the 1940's and 1950's because of the rub-out that took place there.

[Editor's note: What "rubout?" We need more information about this.]

Love to you all.

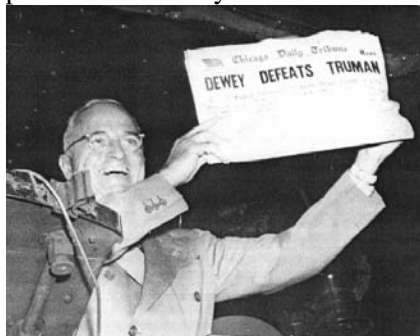
Diana Rubinstein Wiener

To the Editor:

The newsletters are great and the pictures are super! The sixth issue arrived last month just before we left on a three- week vacation to Australia and, with one thing and another, I didn't read it until today, just before the new one arrived. The pictures have been super. I love seeing all the old houses. The pictures of Coney Island were amazing.

When we moved to Sea Gate in either late 1939 or early 1940 we lived at 4011 Sea Gate Avenue between the Reals and the Seltzers. If I remember correctly, the Reals owned their house and Seltzers rented as we did. It was wonderful. I used to talk to Nancy Reals from my bedroom window at night when we were supposed to be sleeping. In 1942 or 1943 we moved to 3748 Maple Avenue, which would prove to be a hot bed of left-wing political activity. We lived next door to the Raskins who hosted a rally for Henry Wallace on their porch in 1948. That was a

memorable day. That was the cliff hanger election where the *Chicago Daily Tribune* proclaimed Dewey



**Truman Wins**

victor in the early editions. I remember my home room teacher at Lincoln--I believe her name was Mrs. Weisberg--telling us that morning, when the vote in New York was still in doubt, that if Truman lost it would be our parent's "fault." I also had lots of baby sitting jobs from people on the block who were active in campaigning for Vito Marcantonio when he was running for Mayor. I didn't care about politics in those days but the money was nice.

When I was about nine, my mother asked me if I wanted to go to Hebrew school and I figured, sure. Why not? When I arrived at the class at Kneses Israel, there was one other girl in the class, Helen Hoffman, I believe. I remember that our teacher's name was Tilly Toy and the first year or so, I know we enjoyed it, but then we suddenly noticed that the boys were promoted to the next class and we were still with Miss Toy. When we complained that we weren't learning anything and we wanted to go into the other class, she sent us to talk to the Rabbi. He said we couldn't be in that class because they

were studying for their Bar Mitzvah but that we would get extra work. That must have been the year we learned the "Mah Nishtanah..." in Yiddish. It took me years to realize that the other teacher, a man, probably didn't believe in teaching girls and wouldn't do so. I guess the Rabbi must have gone along with it. People wonder why I have always been so vociferous for women's rights! Does anyone else have recollections of Hebrew school with Miss Toy?<sup>1</sup>

Another memorable event that I haven't seen mentioned is the Day Camp that was opened on one of the Beach streets in 1948. The owners must have known the Baders because, Helen Bader, two of her cousins, and a couple of other kids and I were recruited to be counselors. I was old enough for working papers, but a couple of the girls weren't, and half way through the summer, they had to leave. I enjoyed it, but I believe the camp only lasted a year or two and they were forced to close down. It was my first real job. A few years ago one of Helen's cousins showed me a group picture of the camp. Does anyone remember the camp?

By the way, the idea of a mini New York reunion appeals to me. I would imagine we could even arrange a tour of Sea Gate.

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<sup>1</sup> I remember sitting in a classroom with a large map of Palestine and the Hebrew alphabet displayed in the front of the room. Miss Toy was my teacher. Rosen, Arnold, *Sea Gate Remembered*, © p. 68.

I'm living with my husband of 50 years in Old Bethpage, LI. Two of our children live in Melville, the next town over, with four of our grandchildren.

Again, thanks for all the work and I hope you get enough information to keep the newsletters coming. I'd love to see pictures of the places I just mentioned. I have forwarded the newsletters to my brothers and some friends and they love them too.

Sharon Murnick Kunoff

*Sharon lived on Sea Gate Avenue. She currently resides in Old Bethpage, NY and can be reached at [skunoff@optonline.net](mailto:skunoff@optonline.net).*

To the Editor:

I enjoyed the newsletter and have a faint recollection of Eddie Meadows. I lived in the gate before and after the war for about 20 years and, like so many others, I had lived right outside of the gate. I lived at 3711 Maple Avenue and at 3623 Mermaid Avenue across the street from the Mermaid Avenue gate.

I remember Stan Ameri, as his younger brother Vic was one of my buddies. Your newsletter gave me an idea which may affect more reunion activities. What about a column or listing of "do you remember me?" It might have some drawbacks, especially when we do not remember people who remember us. A few people said hello to me at a Sea Gate reunion at the "Riv" a few years ago, and I didn't have the

slightest idea who they were. It was embarrassing.

[Editor's note: No reason to be embarrassed or insulted. Memories vary. If anyone wishes to send in a letter asking, "Do you remember me?" or "Are any of my friends out there" or "Has anyone heard from or about so-and-so?" just do it.]

Sam (Sammy) Berger  
*Sammy lived at 3711 Maple Avenue. He can be reached at [siberger@optonline.net](mailto:siberger@optonline.net).*

To the Editor:

The newsletter is great. I lived on 4617 Beach 46th Street from about 1940 to 1953. My parents Kittie & Victor Mintzer moved to Boston, and I went off to Brown University and graduated in 1957.

I practiced Ob-Gyn on Long Island from 1967-2001, and am now retired. I live in a golf community in Wellington, Florida and spend summers at The Greens, in an apartment in Melville, Long Island.

Steve Mintzer

*Steve lived at 4617 Beach 46 Street. He currently resides in Wellington, FL and can be reached at [smintzer@i-2000.com](mailto:smintzer@i-2000.com).*

## Reading the Newsletter Brings Back Memories

By

Joan Steinberg (Powers Porco)

Page 3

I rarely look back, but having an opportunity to reminisce with others about a significant part of my life is too appealing to overlook. Especially as Ziev Rivlin had submitted a photo of us and spouses for the July issue. He and his sister Orah, were and remain interwoven as a special part of my life.

In 1932, when I was two years old, my parents, Moe and Betty Steinberg, moved to Sea Gate with my seven year old sister, Ina. I've a poor memory for numbers, so addresses don't pertain, but I know we lived on the second floor of a house on Maple Avenue nearest to West 37 Street.



**The Steinberg family in their first apartment on Laurel Avenue, circa 1933. Moe, Betty Ina (left) and Joan (right).**

Our neighbors were the Julius Landes family; their sons Irwin and David were friends of Arthur ("Artie")<sup>2</sup> Rifkin, my eventual brother-in-law. My

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<sup>2</sup> See Issue 3, "A Family Tree Grows in Sea Gate" by Art Rifkin.

earliest memory of that time was seeing rowboats coming up the street to ferry people, right after a storm which hit Sea Gate fairly hard. Similarly, I can recall being on Beach One when huge liners like the Queen Mary came around from Gravesend Bay sending a tsunami which covered the entire beach.

Terrified, we'd grab our blankets and run to dry ground. From thence my family landed on Lyme Avenue where the Rivlins, Maishe, Rose and Orah, lived in the attic apartment. My family was on the second floor. Our parents were mutual surrogates in child tending. Orah and I became close friends, having shared our childhood diseases together (sometimes in the same bed). Ziev was brought there fresh from the hospital. For some reason, he was nicknamed "Boy" and it stuck with him for a long time. Across the street lived Annette Achenbaum and Myrna Friedman who were our playmates.

In those Depression-era days, apartments were often offered with a free month's rent and a fresh paint job, so the Steinberg/Rivlin quartet moved again, this time to Laurel Avenue. My Aunt Dora and Uncle Jim Weiner lived on the attic floor with cousins Leon and Marsha. We also lived briefly on Oceanic Avenue. Our extended family on my mother's side eventually moved to Sea Gate. They included: Mildred and Jules Zucker and my cousins Joseph and Michael. Grandmother Esther Gutterman lived with them. Uncle Lou Gutterman became a fixture as a Sea Gate bus driver. Making

his own rules, he drove old, encumbered ladies directly to their doors. Pretending ignorance, he'd allow the boys to hitch their sleds to the back of the bus for the sleigh ride of their lives in the dense accumulations of Sea Gate snowfalls.

On the corner lived Iris Katz, another good friend of mine. Other friends included: Elaine Tarnapol, Mildred Flam, Irene Needle, and Francine Shorofsky. Cello-playing Jeannie Ausubel was a friend of my earlier days as was Carol Smith. Boy's names I remember include: the red-headed twins Alfred and David Nevins, Eugene Goldberg, Noel Schwartz, Morty Rubenstein, and Jack Foshko, whose father was an artist and mother was related to actors Stella and Luther Adler. I believe Gene's father was a principal or a teacher, which impressed me greatly.



Photo of Luther Adler in the 1976 movie, *Voyage of the Damned*.

Luther and his sister, Stella lived on Maple Avenue in Sea Gate.

An active fisherman as well as president of the local chapter of the Zionist Organization of America, my father was also an air raid warden during WWII and created a community "Victory Garden" on the corner

of Cypress and Surf Avenues. The war effort was deeply felt by the whole Sea Gate community. On summer nights Dad would go lobstering down on the beach jetties and we often went crabbing together on the pier.

My mother and her friends Rose Rivlin, Sara Lindenbaum and Lena Rubenstein ritually walked the boardwalk several days a week and did calisthenics on Beach 1. They were the giggling target of many of us.

Some memories I can dredge up include: riding the Norton's Point trolley, attending movies in the Chapel with its smells of old, musty wood, learning Hebrew dances and songs at Young Judea meetings at the synagogue, ice skating on the flooded tennis courts, sledding, checking out neighborhood "haunted houses" for hide-and-seek, roller skating, playing "immies", stoop ball at Lyme Avenue and later "stoop hanging" at 3916 Laurel where Orah and Ziev lived. Viewing July 4<sup>th</sup> Coney Island fireworks from Beach One was always exciting. Bicycling to the Whittier Inn for an orange Popsicle on summer evenings, and later as we merged into adolescence and were more "sophisticated," going to the Sweet Shop were special treats. There seemed to be so much for us youngsters to do which didn't require parental intervention. Always predominating was that sense of freedom that this community offered its children.

In 1945, my family moved to West Palm Beach, Florida. A difficult transition period, it



made me very aware of the intensely protective, uniquely bonded community Sea Gate was

A graduate of NYU, I received an MSW at Adelphi, completed post-graduate psychology studies at the Gestalt Center of Long Island and retired from private practice in 1997. I live year-round in Montauk and recently had a non-fiction environmental book published. I am completing a memoir.



Joan Steinberg (Powers Porco)

*Joan lived on Maple Avenue. She currently resides in Montauk, NY and can be reached at [jgsp@optonline.net](mailto:jgsp@optonline.net).*

## Sad News

*The NY Times* brought us the sad news this month of the passing of two former Sea Gaters, Joel Harnett and Richard Post. Richard twice shared his memories of Sea Gate with us, the last time in our July newsletter. We express our condolences to their families.

## Cupcakes, Kites and Patsy the Gardener

By

Carole Spitzer Eichenbaum

I enjoyed getting the Sea Gate newsletter. It has evoked many pleasant memories of a carefree childhood and one without being driven around in a car. Sea Gate allowed you to bike, skate, and walk locally. We had the beach to explore. I lived at 3746 Maple Avenue and we were one block from the bay with a very large undeveloped field (now filled with houses) suitable for kite flying. My father would take me there to fly kites and he only allowed me to participate when the kite was airborne. Thinking back, he probably enjoyed this more than me since his childhood was spent on the lower east side. I also remember all the vendors who came to the house. There was the seltzer man who constantly replaced the heavy glass seltzer bottles. The Dugan bakery truck usually left a white bread but if my brother and I were around we begged for the iced cupcakes. There was also the milkman delivering glass bottles of milk with the cream separated on the top. The stores on Mermaid Avenue. also delivered their orders in cardboard boxes. I also have fond memories of Patsy the gardener who tended our postage stamp property and others on our street with such friendliness and care.

I grew up in the 40's and 50's and now live with my husband in Morris County, New Jersey. I just retired after teaching school for many years.



Carole Spitzer Eichenbaum,

*Carole lived at 3746 Maple Avenue. She currently resides in Morris County, NJ and can be reached at [spicey327@aol.com](mailto:spicey327@aol.com).*

To the Editor:

Patsy was our gardener too, although we had a very small lawn. When I was discharged from the Air Force in 1954, I came home with my duffle bag. My mother gave the duffle bag with all its contents to Patsy without consulting me. It included a fleece-lined genuine leather jacket that I used on those cold windblown days and the flights we took in our drafty, noisy and bumpy WW II vintage aircraft in Korea. Today I see my jacket advertised on the internet at Avirex and eBay for \$600. If only we knew!



Arnie Rosen, Chinhae, Korea, 1953

Arnie Rosen

To the Editor:

Arnie's letter reminds me that when I got back from service all my baseball memorabilia was gone including about 15 Jackie Robinson autographs (that now sell for about \$750 each). My mother explained that she had cleaned out all my "junk."



**Jackie Robinson**

Bobby Cantor remembers the famous home run hit by Bobby Thomson in an article he wrote in Issue #5. I'd like to add a postscript to Bobby Cantor's reference to Sonny and Lou's closing the store for 3 days when Bobby Thomson hit the infamous home run.

I reached Steve Jackel, whose parents, Ann and Phil, owned Sonny and Lou's for most of the 1950s. Steve's dad served the best malteds in Brooklyn and packed in two pints of ice cream in every pint I bought. Steve got a kick out of Bobby Cantor's article referring to Sonny and Lou closing their store for three days when Bobby (what's-his-name?) Thomson hit that cheap home run in September 1951 to win the National League

pennant. Steve reminds us that his parents bought the store in November 1951, and Steve now wonders whether Thomson's home run (and the grief they felt) resulted in Sonny and Lou's decision to sell. Interesting speculation. Maybe they couldn't take Bobby Cantor's razzing them for another year. Of course, as we know, 1952 and 1953 were much better years. And, fortunately, Ann, Phil and Steve were avid Dodger fans.

Jerry Stern

To the Editor:

I look forward to each new edition of the newsletter and was delighted my article was included this time.

One slight correction. My Scottsdale, AZ address is just during the winter. We live less than five miles from Donny Robins, who found me after half a century, as a result of the 2003 Reunion at Gargiulo's – yeah, like most others, I always pronounced it as though it ended in "io." We bought the Scottsdale house seven years ago, to escape Virginia winters. When we moved from New Jersey, we thought we were moving south. Virginia is typically 5 degrees warmer in winter than Brooklyn. Most of the year I live in Clifton, VA, about 35 miles west of Washington, DC, out in the horse country, near the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

I hope more folks from the "Gate", will share memories for future editions.

Danny Baker

## **A Coffee Break for the Firemen**

By

Howard W. Friedman

I've been reading the newsletter with interest and enjoyment. I lived in Sea Gate from about 1932 to 1952 when I got married. My parents lived there at 4106 Highland Avenue until the end of their days.

Nonetheless, since many of my friends lived in Sea Gate after they married, I continued to maintain a warm association with them.

An early recollection is about 1932 when my parents drove to Coney Island from Bensonhurst where we then lived, and my father was unable to find a parking space. He ended up at the Gate and said he was looking to rent an apartment, and although it wasn't originally intended, we ended up renting an apartment on Manhattan Avenue close by the Atlantic Yacht Club. I remember the fire because the fireman were coming up to our apartment to drink coffee that my mother was making for them.

I attended PS 188 but went to David A. Boody JHS as Mark Twain was not yet built. Some of my close friends were Joel Harnett, Herby Kahn, Jerry Maisel, Aaron Perl, Ralph Silverman, Joe Rabinowitz, Ira Kuhlik, Stanley Greenstein and Marvin Berger. About 1938 Joel, Jerry Zebrak, Stanley Greenstein and I manage to

raise about \$5 or \$6 and we purchase a mimeograph machine from Johnson Smith. We kept it in Stanley's basement and began publishing a newspaper called *The Bugle*

- - The small newspaper with a big, floy, floy.<sup>3</sup>

We sold it (all four pages) for one cent. I still have copies of one issue but it is very hard to read. Joel was the editor, Cynthia Barnett was the assistant editor; Stanley Greenstein was the business manger; Martin Deinstag was the art editor. I was Associate editor and sales manager. Ad rates were five cents a line.

I don't remember how many issues we put out but we subsequently managed to raise \$8 from a raffle we held and purchased a used multigraph machine from Jerry Katcher's father. The raffle was a coup of mine. They cost five cents each, and first prize was an Ingersoll pocket watch (it cost us \$1.98) and second prize was \$2.00 in cash. The inference of course was that the first prize was much more valuable than the second prize.

We then published a give-away newspaper called *The Sea Gate Advertiser*. We would sell ads for 50 cents each also deliver the paper to the residents of Sea Gate. This continued for a number of issues until the Sea

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<sup>3</sup> "Floy Floy" are lyrics in the song "Flat Foot Floogie" and was written in 1938 and played throughout the war years by top name big bands and sung by several recording artists.

Gate Police stopped us and said we couldn't deliver any circulars in Sea Gate.



**Howard and Lee Friedman and grandson Benji**

*Howard lived at 4106 Highland Avenue and can be reached at [Amrep1@aol.com](mailto:Amrep1@aol.com)*

## **It's a Small World**

By

Barbara Harnett Weill

My mother recently passed away in Florida at the age of 105 and 7 months. Before she died she met Teeny Whitlin and she knew that Harry and Yetta Kaplan were down in Florida.

Wherever we have been in the world we have run into people from Sea Gate. In 1959 we were outside of Paris and I recognized a woman from Sea Gate. When I asked her if she was from the New York area she said no, that they lived in California. I replied that I was sorry that I had bothered her but she looked exactly like friends of my parents from Sea Gate. I thought the woman would faint. She said we used to live in Sea

Gate. They were old friends of my parents and moved to California when I was 9 years old.

In 1980 we went to Moscow. In Red Square we met Joyce Mandel Wolff who was traveling with her daughter.

Again, in the 1980's we traveled to Epcot in Orlando. We were eating dinner in the Japanese Pavilion and we started a conversation with the couple sitting next to us. They asked us if we were having a good trip and I replied that It was not perfect because I had not met anybody from Sea Gate. He replied that he was born in Sea Gate and his name had been "Fat Fink." There were two brothers, one was "Fat Fink" and one was "Skinny Fink". Isn't it a small world? Thank you again for keeping me in touch with Sea Gate. Hope to hear from you soon again.



**Barbara Harnett Weill**

In the photo above, teenager Barbara Harnett worked part-time as a telephone operator at the Ocean Breeze Hotel.



*Barbara Harnett Weill lived at 3907 Lyme Avenue. She presently resides in Stanford, CT.*

## **Listen to Lou Stallman's Songs**

Log onto Lou's website at [www.loustallmanworld.com](http://www.loustallmanworld.com), turn up the volume, close your eyes and hum along to "It's Gonna Take a Miracle," "Treasure of Love," and other favorites.

## **Reunions**

### **ABRAHAM LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL REUNION**

The Florida Chapter of the Abraham Lincoln High School Alumni Association will hold an all-years reunion on Sunday, February 11, 2007 at the Boca Raton Polo Club. Attendance at the last two reunion luncheons were in excess of 500 alumni. Capacity at the Polo Club will be somewhat more limited, so those who wish to attend will have to get their reservations in early. Details will become available late October or early November. Members of the Florida Chapter will automatically receive a newsletter with reservation form. Any Lincolniters who are not members of the Florida Chapter, but are interested in attending the upcoming reunion can e-mail their names and addresses to Joan Greenberg and she will see to it that they get detailed information as soon as it becomes available

For information: Joan Berlin Greenberg  
[joangreen@bellsouth.net](mailto:joangreen@bellsouth.net)  
12140 Dunhill Drive  
Boynton Beach, FL 33437  
Or log onto  
[abrahamlincolnhsalumni.org](http://abrahamlincolnhsalumni.org).

### **SEA GATE REUNION**

The date of the Sea Gate reunion is February 13, 2007. The cost will be \$29.00 per person. It will be held at Benvenuto's in Boynton Beach. Anyone interested in attending should send an email to Barry Burns at [sueburns@juno.com](mailto:sueburns@juno.com). All those on the mailing list for the reunion will receive a written notice in November. The notice will have a short registration form that should be completed and mailed to Paul Markowitz with a check for \$29.00. Barry's address is 2103 Lucaya Bend, Apt. M2, Coconut Creek, FL 33066. No checks yet! The purpose of contacting Barry is simply to get on the mailing list to receive the notice and registration form.

### **SEA GATE REVISITED**

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Arnold Rosen,  
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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

# Remember the Trolleys?

## A Photo Gallery Supplement *Sea Gate Revisited*

Photo Gallery 8

September, 2006



**The Norton's Point Trolley**

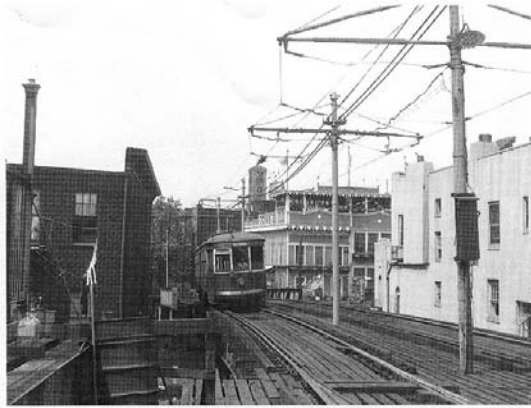
Do you remember the era of the trolleys? We had our choice of two east-west trolley routes. One ran along Surf Avenue and the other, shorter route was known as the Norton's Point Line. We used the Surf Avenue route to ride to and from Lincoln High School and enjoyed a visual treat as we rode past the amusements of Coney Island. Luna Park, Steeplechase, Nathans, Feltmans and the Cyclone were visible along the route. If we were going to the city, we usually chose the Norton's Point Line which started at the Gate and traveled on a right-of-way between Surf and Mermaid avenues and climbed up an incline to the Stillwell Avenue subway station. Martha Reinken-Goldstein remembers her rides on the Norton's Point trolley. *As I rode the trolley, I would look into the windows of the apartments along the tracks. There were flower boxes along the windowsills. During the summer, their windows were open and I could hear the beautiful music and smell the aroma of olive oil, tomato sauce*

*and garlic cooking on the stove. Inside the trolley, the seats were wooden slats. At the end of the line the conductor gave us a free transfer to the subways to Manhattan.*<sup>1</sup>

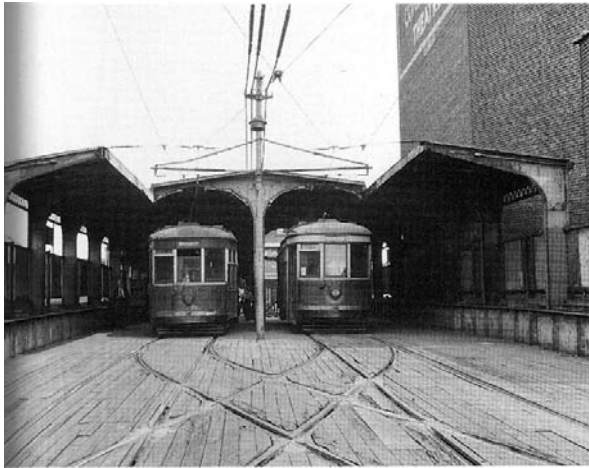
Most of the photos displayed in this gallery were taken by transit authority veterans Don Harold and Bob Presbrey from the late 1930s to early 1940s.

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<sup>1</sup> Rosen, Arnold, *SEA GATE REMEMBERED*©, P. 94

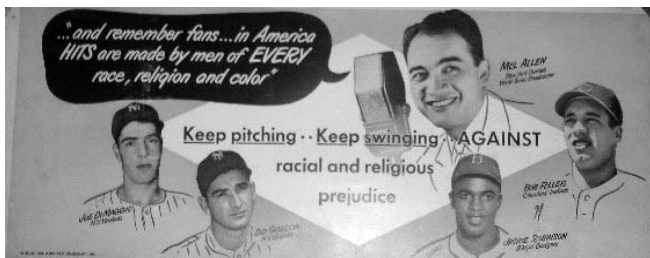


**Up the ramp to the Stillwell Avenue Station**



**Trolleys in the Stillwell Avenue Terminal ready to make the round trip to Sea gate**

Inside the cars the overhead panels displayed poster advertisements for the likes of Bon Ami cleaner, Pepsodent toothpaste, Coke, Pepsi, and public service announcements.



**The seats were wooden slats**

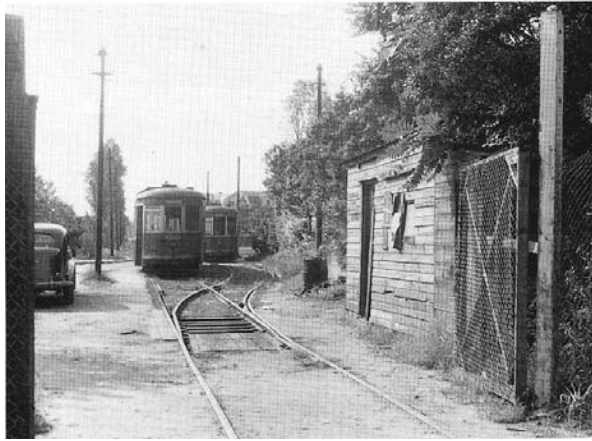


**The Surf Avenue trolley approaching West 12 Street with Luna Park in the background.**



**Along Surf Avenue passing the Cyclone and Feltmans**





**Entering Sea Gate**



**Tracks of the Norton's Point trolley ran through the front lawn of the Ocean Breeze Hotel**

*As a youngster, I tossed rocks at the trolley that used to bisect Sea Gate. I missed and broke a window. The conductor came right to our house on Surf Avenue. We hid under the bed on the second floor but my mother dragged us out to "face the music." – Joel Harnett<sup>2</sup>*

Joel Harnett died on August 11, 2006 at his home in Paradise Valley, Arizona. He was 80 years old. His obituary was published in *The New York Times* on August 15, 2006, which mentions that he grew up in Sea Gate and had a distinguished career in politics and publishing.



**Norton's Point trolleys parked inside the gate along the tennis courts**



**The end of the line in Sea Gate. The remains of the old track are submerged in Gravesend Bay.**

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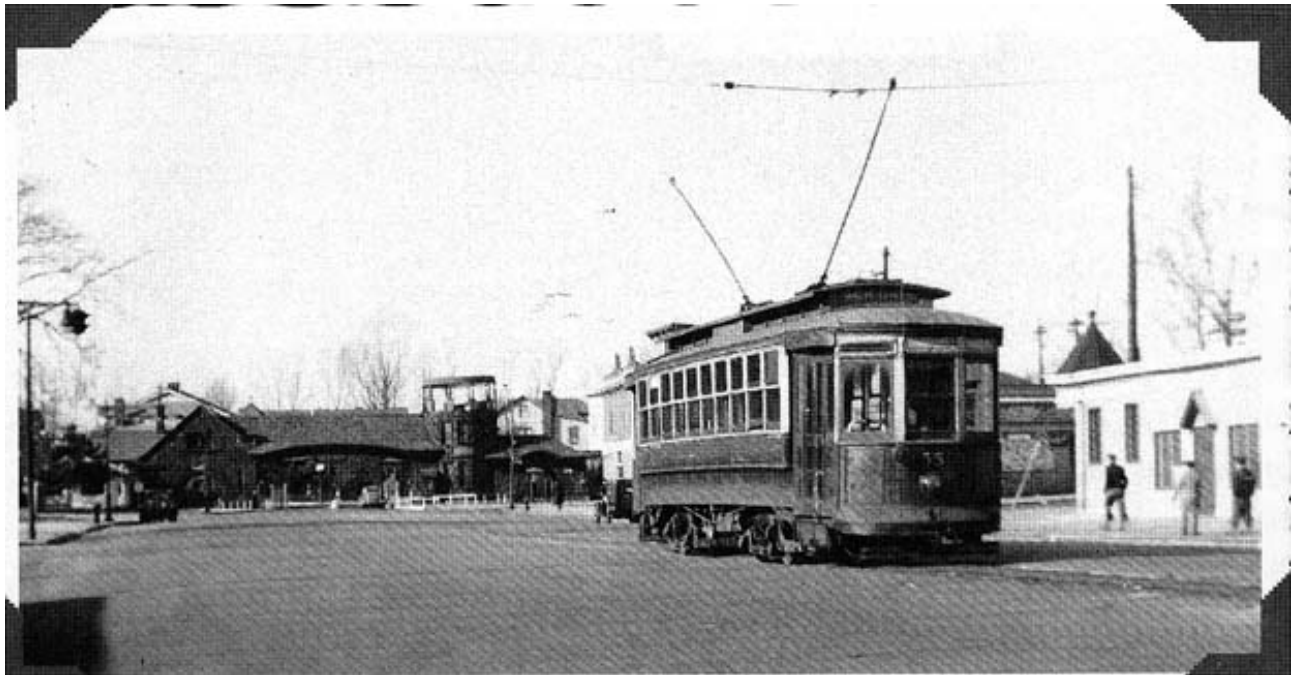
<sup>2</sup> op. cit. page 32



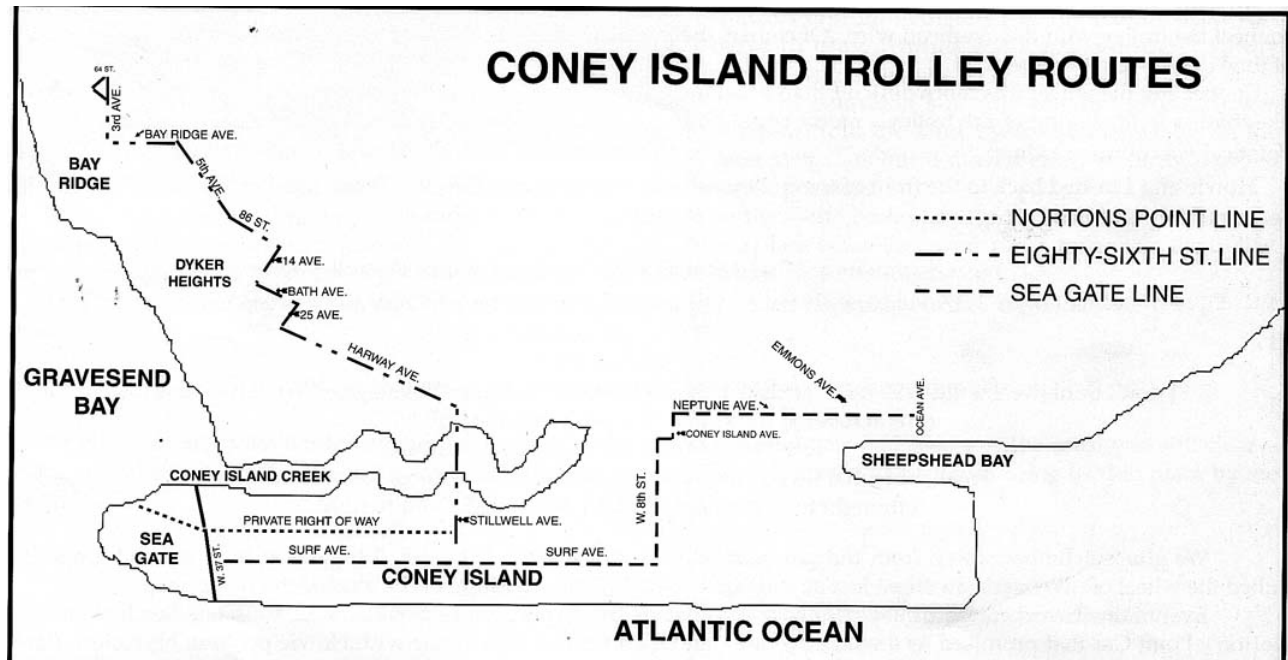
Stillwell Avenue and elevated tracks in background



Surf Avenue, circa 2004 minus trolley tracks



Approaching the Surf Avenue Gate



Map of old trolley routes



The new Coney Island Terminal

In the August Issue #7, Jerry Stern's article, "*Report on a Report*" highlighted Coney Island's massive revival plan. Part of the plan included a new subway terminal at Stillwell and Surf avenues. The former steel and concrete station, badly corroded by the effects of salt water and poor maintenance, was replaced with a new infrastructure, including a soaring roof with arches reminiscent of classical European train sheds.





[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

# *Sea Gate Revisited*

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 9

October, 2006

## **From the Editor**

By Jerry Stern

This is our ninth newsletter, and we hope you look forward each month to receiving another one. If you do not receive it on the first or second day of the month, let us know.

In this issue, we have the usual mix of articles and letters. We want to encourage more stories about Sea Gate today and in recent years. Send us your memories (from any era) and we'll include them in future newsletters.

We also urge you to help us find more Sea Gaters. Send us their email addresses, and we'll add them to our mailing list. Print the newsletter and send it to friends who might be interested.

## **Letters to the Editor**

To the Editors:

I love the newsletters. They certainly help to sweep away some of the cobwebs of the brain. We need to get more contributions from the '50's crowd.

It would be interesting to see a roster of the recipients of this broadside-- Sort of like a "lost & found" of contacts and memories. I had lost contact with Reuven Zasler for 43 years before re-discovering him on a Coney Island website. We now e-

mail each other almost every day. It would be good to know who is still around. Thanks for making me part of the chain.

Much thanks & best regards,

Mark Gornstein  
[Mark\\_Gornstein@StrideRite.com](mailto:Mark_Gornstein@StrideRite.com).

To the Editors:

Thanks so much for sending me the newsletters. What fond memories I have of Sea Gate! I moved into 4203 Nautilus Ave. in 1934 when I was two years old. When I was ten we moved to 4606 Surf Avenue. In the 1940s, the Army barracks were right around the corner. I remember that Sea Gate families invited the soldiers for dinner, and some of the Sea Gate teen-age girls dated the soldiers.

My best friends in Sea Gate were Anita Orans and Marilyn Lentchner. They also lived on Surf Avenue.

I remember Russ the lifeguard. He was well over six feet tall and very friendly. I also remember my mom giving me money to buy ice cream at the Whittier Inn. Mom always told me to buy a "melloroll" to be sure I got a full measure of ice cream. My dad was an air raid warden, and I remember him

drilling the men to march. Those were great years.

Elaine Wilder Foti  
[Elray32@aol.com](mailto:Elray32@aol.com)

To the Editors:

Thanks so much for the back issues. What are the chances of having a small map of Sea Gate in one of the next editions? I would find it very helpful. You are really doing a grand job!

Joan Steinberg Powers Porco  
[jgsp@optonline.net](mailto:jgsp@optonline.net)

Editor's note: Chances are excellent, Joan. Take a look at the last page of this newsletter. We aim to please.

## **A Visit Back in Time**

By Laurie Musiker-Croes

We have not been back to Sea Gate since my grandfather moved out of there in the mid 70s. We always talk about returning, and at age 46, I am getting nostalgic about the wonderful memories I have from visiting my grandparents. I remember the "magic turn," our name for the exit off the Belt which was so curvy. We waved to the officer at the gate, and back then that was enough to go through. I also

remember 4401 Atlantic Avenue, where my grandparents lived, and the brick wall with the raised bricks that we would walk along.

On my last visit, the first thing that jumped out at me was the sculpture just inside the gate. Those two sculptures outside the (now-called) Nova center have been there since I was a very young child.



Abstract sculpture of dancers

I remember the bricks along the sidewalk, slightly inclined, and alternating high and low. How I loved balancing on those bricks as a little girl.

On Sundays we would visit all my grandparents' friends, and my brother Lee would play piano, and my sister and I would sing for our friends.

We visited 4217 Highland Avenue, where mom spent the first five to seven years of her life. There we saw Sondra Watson sitting outside. She had been living there for 30 years.

We went to Lyme Avenue, where my mom was photographed when she was five years old, sitting on a lion statue on the front steps. But, there no lions left.



My mom, Juliet, 5 years old, sitting on lion statue in front of her home in Sea Gate

The population of Sea Gate is diverse. There are many Russian immigrants, some of whom were already successful, intermixed with wealthy people, building their homes upward because they could not build out

What a glorious opportunity it was to visit the past. It did not leave any of us with a feeling of sadness, but one of completeness and fulfillment. My mom decided after about 1 1/2 hours that she had had enough. The day of our visit was a brutal 94 degrees.



Laurie Musiker, 2004  
*Laurie can be reached at [alcrows@verizon.net](mailto:alcrows@verizon.net)*

To the Editors:

I was born in Seagate in 1945 and lived there until I married in 1967. My parents, grandfather, and uncle and other extended family members were long time Sea Gaters. My parents were Charlie and Bea Ochacher; and my family included my uncle Hy Ochacher, my aunt and uncle Sid and Tillie Rosch and my cousins Sharon and Janet Rosch.



Bea Ochacher and Sylvia Altman at Sea Gate Reunion, Feb, 2003  
Pat Ochacher Sussman can be reached at [lsussman@rcn.com](mailto:lsussman@rcn.com).

# Memories of Sea Gate

By Mary Altman Bernholtz

For me, there were several unusual things about Sea Gate which provide warm, wonderful memories. Living in a place located on a peninsula made it particularly enchanting. We were fortunate to be able to see the ocean every day.

When I was a child, it was a relatively safe period in our history. It is difficult to believe every place was as safe as Sea Gate. We were protected by the three gates, and felt protected by the adults who lived there. From my earliest memories, I recall playing outdoors on Lyme Avenue nearly every night, even if it was dark out. We would eat our watermelon and buy ice cream from the Good Humor man. We played many games—stoop ball, running bases, potsy, red light, green light—always with a safe and secure feeling.

A major source of joy in my life was the abundance of children close to my age. The following is a list of my friends during the years 1947-1963: Sandy Horowitz, Jimmy Steinberg, Pearl Pat Ochacer, Nancy Buchman, Jackie Buchman, Gordan Pearlmuter, Elizabeth Breslow, Harriet Taylor, Louise Weiss, Randee Segal, Jane Gershaw, Rozzie Rubenstein, Donna Becker, Cathy Weiss, Laurie Gertz, Robin Turer, Lynne Kwalwasser, Mendy Mendelson, Lonnie Wollin, Mike Nelson, Robert Shumsky, Jay Fogelhut, Robert Trube, Robert Rubinstein, Sheryl

Rosenberg, Rhonda Lehr, Janie Benson, Melanie, Glenn, Marcelle Stricoff, Billy Pasternak, Jeffrey Peck, Michael Rabkin, Steve Freed, Gary Zwickel, and Steve Squires.

There are some special times I remember with my friends. The Halloween parties in Lonnie Wollin's basement were a lot of fun. We were imaginative in making our own costumes and creating good, clean fun for ourselves. Watching American Bandstand at Randee Segal's home after school every day was another joyful memory. Some of us (not me) were able to sing and dance along with the people on the show.

Sometimes, when Bea Benson's shop was closed, Janie would have some of her friends over and we would try on some of the fancy clothes. We felt very grown-up and sophisticated.

Living in Sea Gate was a joy because of the unique and beautiful place it is. It was even better because of the wonderful people who lived there.

Oh where are you my childhood friends? If you should read this, per chance, and would like to contact me, my email is [MAltman666@aol.com](mailto:MAltman666@aol.com). (Please mention Sea Gate in the subject line.)

[Editor's note: good idea for all of us.]

The following poem is dedicated to the memory of Janie Benson and the memory of Randee Segal. They both loved me unconditionally. They

were both much too young when they died in 1995.

## IF YOU LOVE ME

By Mary Altman Bernholtz

If you love me, you will accept me as I am as I look without wanting to change me.

If you love me, you will accept me as I change and grow without thinking these changes are a reflection of you.

If you love me you will give me tenderness when I ask for it those times I feel low.

If you love me, you will allow me to lean on you when I tell you I am vulnerable.

If you love me, you will give me space for whatever reason I need space.

If you love me, you will listen, just listen and allow me my feelings even though you may not agree with me.

If you love me, you will tell me what you love about me, you will affirm me.

If I love myself, I will do all these things for me.



Mary Altman (right) with mom, Sylvia in Sea Gate, 1981

Mary Altman Bernholtz can be reached at [MAltman666@aol.com](mailto:MAltman666@aol.com)



# The Saltwater Apartment House

By Mitchell Sackson

I was born in the “Saltwater Apartment House” in 1932. We moved to the “big” apartment house in 1933, then to Poplar Avenue just outside the Gate, and then to Cypress Avenue, inside the Gate. In 1942 we moved to Flatbush and that just about ended my close association with Sea Gate.

Does anyone know of the “Saltwater Apartment House” in Coney Island? Built at the end of the ‘20s, it was the latest in a series trying to make Coney Island out-shine Atlantic City. It was down West 29 Street, not far from one of the most famous hotels of the 20’s. The Half Moon Hotel was the pride and joy of the flapper generation. Politicians, show business stars, and money flowed into the great hotel by the sea, but that is another story.

Turkish baths were scattered throughout Coney Island and they appealed to Russians, Middle Eastern people and Europeans. These were the spas of the poor and middle class. Studying this environment, a builder decided to combine apartment house living with the “luxury” of a Turkish bath. The Saltwater House

was at the northwest corner of West 29 Street and Surf Avenue. All plumbing was normal except that it had an extra nozzle in the bath tub. The water that came from this tap started its journey several hundred feet off the shore. It made its way under the beach, beneath the Boardwalk, across several fields, under Surf Avenue and into the building. It was salt water from the Atlantic Ocean!

I was born in this apartment house so everything I relate is as told to me by my parents years later. The experience of having your own “Turkish Bath” inside your own apartment was as exciting as having a sauna in your home today. Our relatives and friends started to flock to our home for a quick visit and (guess what?) a bath also. Feeding the guests and providing towels began to get costly, not only for my family, but for many others so *fortunate* to live in the house. But this luxury was not to last.

Problems with the salt water system soon appeared: the intake would become clogged (with what I can only imagine); the pipes began to breakdown because of the salinity of the water; faucet valves became stuck and inoperable. After a period of time--perhaps two years-- the entire process was

abandoned. Thus the “Saltwater Apartment House” remained salty in name only. We moved diagonally across Surf Avenue to the new “big” apartment house. But that will be another story.

*Mitch lived on Poplar avenue. He presently resides in Sun city Hilton Head, SC, and can be reached at [mich615@hargray.com](mailto:mich615@hargray.com).*

## Precious Memories

By Michelle Ostrie

I was brought up in Sea Gate and left when I married Barry Ostrie. That was 46 years ago. I lived at 3726 Lyme Avenue and Barry lived at 3774 Surf Avenue, in the Ferber’s family house, next door to Donny Robins and Arnie Rosen.



**Barry (left) and Harold Rosen in driveway at 3768 Surf Avenue, circa 1945**

My memories take me back to the wonderful Sea Gate summers—the Sweet Shop, the beach and hanging out with the guys--Paul Teitler, Morty Chaitman, Butch Frank, Chester Shwimer, Barry Serper, Dickie Spodak, Lou Linder, Bobbie Berman, Josh Fein, Paul Sharfin, Philie Gaines, Albee Pressman, and Sammy Berger. It’s been a long

time and I know there are many more that I'm not mentioning, but Sea Gate for me was the best place to grow up. Abby Wapner was on my block and Lenny Wachs and his brothers and sister lived across the street. Glory, Donny, and Phil Brenner lived down the block.

I met my husband-to-be, Barry, at a New Year's eve party when I was 12 years old and we caught up again (on Beach One) when I was just 17. We were married two years later. We still get together with our Sea Gate friends every year and reminisce about PS 188, Miss Lamm, and the daily walk to and from Mark Twain JHS and the good times at Lincoln High. I tell my kids about the great street games we played—"A My Name Is" and stoop ball when we played until it was too dark to see the ball. If it was Tuesday, it was fireworks night on the boardwalk. I remember my mother warning me never to go under the boardwalk. "It was dark and scary and the sand was wet and cold," she would say. We enjoyed the Riviera and swayed and danced to the music at night. Perhaps Sea Gate was our little Peyton Place.

I remember Irving Smokler, our friendly cop at the Neptune gate. Sergeant Bill was never too fond of me. He caught me driving my grandparent's car many times while underage.

Barry and I moved to Merrick, Long Island, had three great kids then took off to California about 22 years ago. Sea Gate will always hold dear memories for me. It was very special!



Michele and Barry  
*Michele Frey Ostrie can be reached at [michele@ostrie.com](mailto:michele@ostrie.com)*

## One Miserable Memory

By Jerry Stern

For many of us, the 1951 National League pennant race was the worst experience of our lives, and even through the trials and tribulations of the next 55 years, it still ranks high on our list of tragedies. Our beloved Brooklyn Dodgers, ahead by 13 1/2 games in August, were overtaken by a surging New York Giant team that refused to lose games in the final few weeks of the season. And then there was Bobby Thomson's cheap home run, ending the final playoff game. What is a cheap home run? Answer: one that travels 257 feet into the stands. But this home run ended the season for the Dodgers and sent many of us in Brooklyn into despair.

That it was, and continues to be, a memorable occasion is the subject of a new book that is receiving raves and may soon be on the ten best-sellers list for non-fiction books. The book, by Joshua Prager, is *The Echoing Green*.

I am one of many Dodger fans quoted briefly in the book. I tell the story of being hunted by friends whose only mistake in life was to be Giant fans and who sought

retribution by their visiting and making life more miserable for as many rabid Dodger fans as they could. In an earlier newsletter, Bobby Cantor revealed that all of these Giant fans were named Robert and were known as "Bobby." There was Bobby Cantor, Bobby Ringer, Bobby Liebowitz and Bobby Glickin. And must we again cite the name of the player who hit that memorable home run: Bobby Thomson. Is this weird?

Let me add just one more short story before I tie this up. A few years ago, a well-known author and former editor of *Sports Illustrated* wrote a blistering attack in *The NY Times* about the Dodgers and our beloved Ebbets Field. *The Times* received many angry responses, and I was fortunate to be the primary responder. The author and I exchanged several friendly letters after that, and he disclosed to me that he had been a New York Giant fan. His name is Robert Creamer. Of course, another "Bobby."

Well, I made Bobby Cantor famous. You can find his name (and mine) in the book's index.

I also told the story of receiving as a "present" from my stepfather the record made of the Russ Hodges broadcast of the event: "The Giants Win The Pennant, The Giants Win The Pennant." I broke it and buried it in a rear garden at 3807 Oceanic Avenue where I lived. I assume it's still there.

*Jerry is the editor of Sea Gate Revisited. He lived on Oceanic Avenue and presently resides in White Plains, New York and can be reached at [dembums42@aol.com](mailto:dembums42@aol.com).*

## My First Hit

By Jeffrey Steinberg

“Meatball, fat-boy, and fatso” you name it; I was called every name in the book growing up. All these names hurt me; I should add that being an overweight baby-boomer Jewish kid living in Sea Gate, in the 1950s through the 1970s wasn’t all that bad. I mean I had friends and family and a strong sense of community that somehow made me feel special, secure and protected.

I had the salty sea air running through my sinuses and heard buoy bells and fog horns serenading me to sleep each night. The Yankees were always going to win the World Series and Mickey Mantle (who, according to my grandmother, was Jewish) would always inspire all of us kids in the lot across the street from my house to squint their eyes, suck it up and play to win. Oh yeah, “Meatball” played ball; not well but he played. When we didn’t have enough players for a pitcher and catcher, we played “Fungo” by tossing the ball in the air and hitting it with a bat.

I know it seems difficult to imagine striking out playing Fungo but I did so on numerous occasions. Eventually at the age of six, I got my first hit and stood on a make-shift first base for the first time. I had never run the bases and was nervous as all hell about how I would get from first to second.

I wondered: Could this asthmatic fat boy run fast enough? Sweating and wheezing, I worried. Each moment of Steven Rosenberg’s at bat seemed like an eternity. I could hear my heart pounding and feel the sweat running down my fat skin. Maybe he’d strike out, which

would take the pressure off me. But of course, Rosenberg never misses. He tosses the ball high into the air and with a mighty swing of the bat he hits the ball hard--a solid line drive into right field and with all the energy I could summon I took off for that crab-apple branch (our second base). As I ran, Rosenberg was running right behind me and I heard him yelling for me to keep running to third base. Was he just being cruel to me or did he somehow recognize Superman-like qualities in me that even this fat sweaty kid didn’t believe existed? I brushed the edge of the crab-apple branch and rounded towards third (third base was Kessler’s winter hat that his mom insisted he wear late into the Spring). As I finally got to third, Rosenberg screams “Go home, go HOME.” Oh no. At that point my heart felt like it was going to explode as I gasped just to catch a breath and wheezed like my old red wagon squeaked when the axels needed to be oiled; I brushed right past that funny looking hat with the earflaps and brass snaps, and home plate was a million miles away. (Home plate was the old trolley marker—there were no more trolleys in Brooklyn but these old markers along with hitching posts for horses could actually be found all around Sea Gate).

“Touch it—touch it,” Rosenberg yelled. The old marker was a concrete and brass post that stood about three feet tall. You don’t slide into that base or stand on it for that matter; you touched it and let everybody see that you did, so there’d be no question that you were safe at home. It was going to be close. “Tag him, tag him, tag Meatball out,” I heard a number of my opponents scream. “Got to get home safe. Got to get home safe;” I said to myself as though my life

depended on it.

Legs straining as sweat rolled down my cheeks; there it was in plain sight. I have to touch that base. I hear a ball smacking glove leather and my legs began to feel like my feet were stuck in the mud. My hands slapped against the rough concrete marker so hard that my palms were bleeding. Yes! Made it. (I wondered whether “The Mick” had gotten started that way. He was six years old at some point.)

That was one of those watershed events that can help define a life, and my recollection of it is quite clear even though it is 47 years later. Why do we remember those things?



**Safe at home!**

*Jeffrey Steinberg lived at 3780 Surf Avenue. He presently resides in Plainview, NY and can be reached at [jsteinberg@jmtconsulting.com](mailto:jsteinberg@jmtconsulting.com)*

**Correction**  
**Carole Spitzer’s correct**  
**email address is**  
**[carole1777@yahoo.com](mailto:carole1777@yahoo.com)**



## SEA GATE REVISITED

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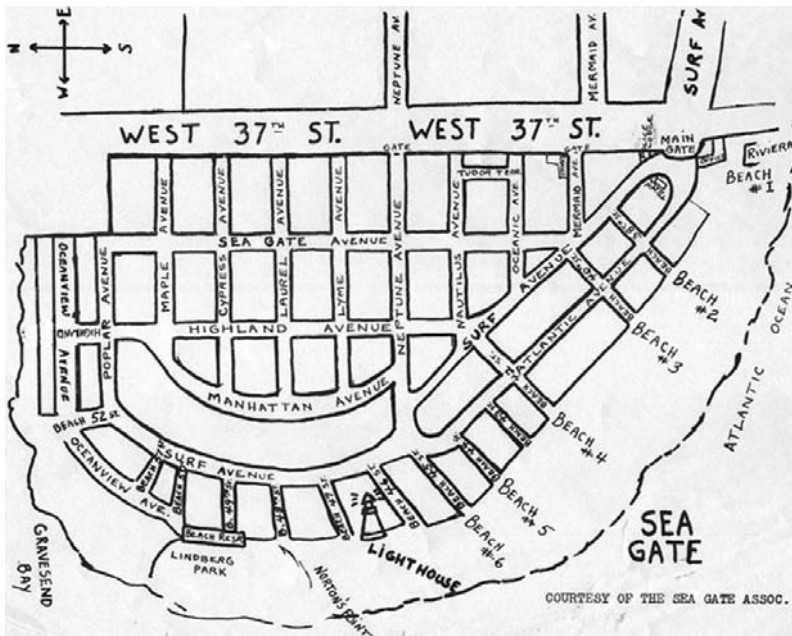
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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.



Street map of Sea Gate.

# Mermaid Avenue

# A Photo Gallery Supplement

## *Sea Gate Revisited*

## Photo Gallery 9

October, 2006



**Mermaid Avenue, 1953, photo courtesy of Andy Fuhrman**

Who can ever forget the small mom-and-pop stores that stretched along Mermaid Avenue from West 37<sup>th</sup> Street to Stillwell Avenue? There were luncheonettes, drug stores, meat markets, and dozens of specialty stores that catered to our every need. Many of the shopkeepers and proprietors lived in apartments above their stores in the shadow of Coney Island's gaudy neon entanglement of roller coasters, fun houses and merry-go-rounds.



**Mermaid Avenue, 1953, Andy Fuhrman photo.**



The Norton's Point trolley tracks ran between Mermaid Avenue and Surf Avenue. Photo shows tracks looking towards Sea Gate at 29<sup>th</sup> Street.

## Store Ads

**ABE & HARRY'S**  
**YOUTH CENTER**  
*Men's - Boys' - Children's Apparel*  
 2009 Mermaid Avenue • ES 2-9614

✓  
 10% off on all merchandise  
 not already reduced

IF  
 You bring this  
 ad with you.

**BACKALENICK'S**  
**DRUG STORE**  
 IS AT YOUR BECK  
 and call, rain or shine  
**Mermaid Ave. cor. 36th St.**  
 Phone Coney Island 6-0275

**A. BERLIN**  
 NOTED FOR  
 High Grade Meats and Poultry  
**2922 Mermaid Avenue**  
 Phone Coney Island 6-0010

Phone Coney Island 6-4797  
*"The Way To a Man's Love Is  
 Thru His Stomach"*  
**C. H. BUCHHOLTZ**  
 Quality Meats and Poultry  
**3622 Mermaid Ave. Coney Island**



Guaranteed Service and  
Parts at Low Cost  
**BRUSTEIN - DONNELL**  
**FUEL OIL CORP.**  
**2507 SURF AVENUE**  
OFFICE ESPLANADE 2-0200  
HOME DEWEY 2-5904

**JOSEPH MORETTI**  
Dealer in Coal and Ice  
*See me before you place your  
order for coal.*  
**2568 W. 15th St. Coney Island**  
Phone MAYflower 9-8656

*For a Better Appetite —  
Get Acquainted With*

**GOLDBERG'S**  
**Quality Appetizers**

=====  
**3513 Mermaid Avenue**  
*Bet. 35th & 36th Sts.*

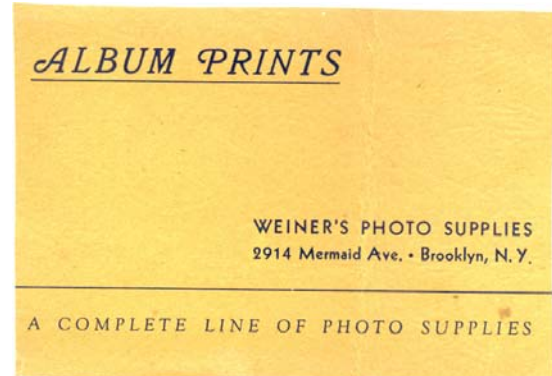
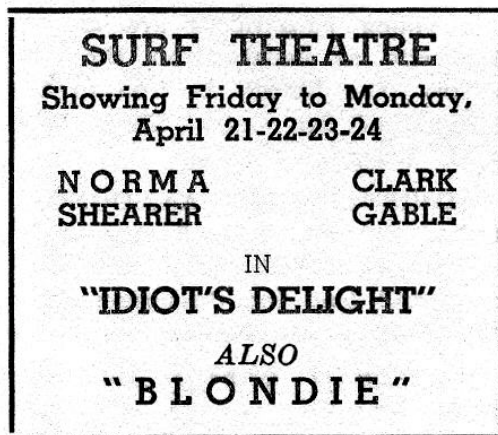
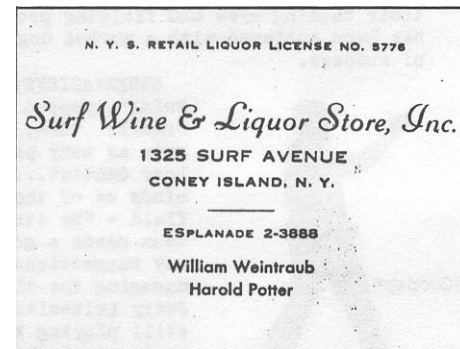
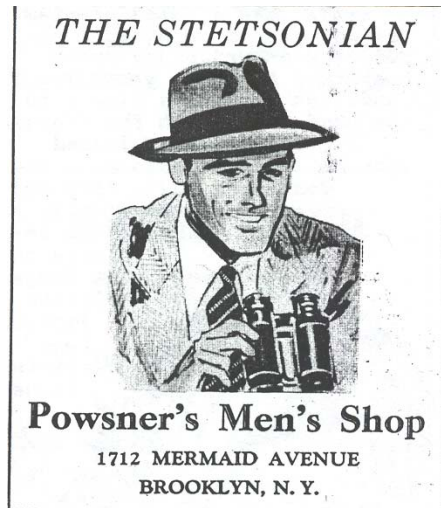
=====  
Phone ESplanade 2-5575

**ROSENBLUM'S**  
FANCY FRUIT AND  
VEGETABLE MKT.  
3526 Mermaid Ave. Coney Island  
Tel. ES. 2-9294

*Sol & Frank's*  
**BARBER SHOP**  
EXPERT HAIRCUTTING  
**3515 MERMAID AVENUE**  
**MEMBER AVC**

**SEA GATE**  
**PAINT & WALL PAPER CO.**  
*outdoor furniture  
and housewares*  
3626 MERMAID AVENUE A. GOULD  
Tel: ESplanade 2-6129 H. ROSENBERG

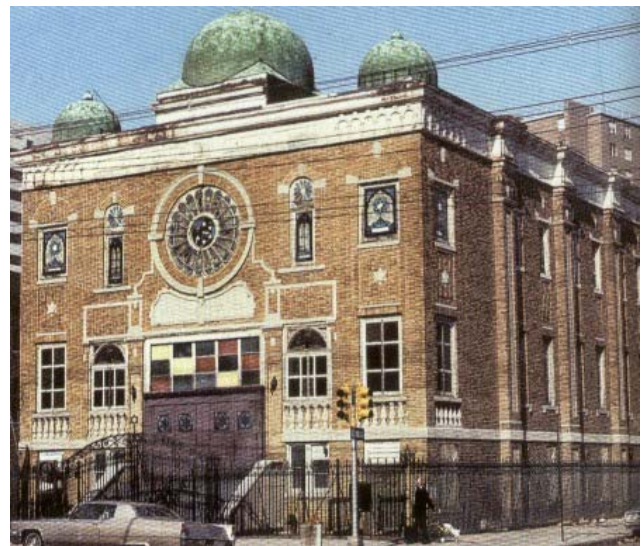
**GOLDEN CRISP**  
**BAKE SHOP**  
2510 MERMAID Near 25th Street  
ES 2-8523 VETERAN



## The Beginning of Mermaid's Decline



The marquee of the Mermaid Theatre in the background.



The orthodox synagogue (above) lost its congregation as the neighborhood changed. During the 1970s, Mermaid Avenue followed the amusement area downhill as stores closed. Photograph by Charles Denson from *Coney Island: Lost and Found*.





**Buchholtz moving! Circa 1970. Photograph by Charles Denson from *Coney Island: Lost and Found*.**



**Lou Powsner's going out of business sale.**

## Epilogue

Before public housing projects loomed over Surf Avenue, Mermaid Avenue bustled with more than 400 prosperous retail businesses. By the 1980s, only 39 stores remained. Today, it may be Coney Island's bleakest area.





[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

# Sea Gate Revisited

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 10

November, 2006

## From the Editor

By Jerry Stern

Reminder: Reunion in Boynton Beach Florida will be on February 13, 2007. If you plan to attend, send an email to Barry Burns at [sueburns@juno.com](mailto:sueburns@juno.com). All those on the mailing list will receive a written notice in November with a short registration form. Barry's address is 2103 Lucaya Bend, Apt. M2, Coconut Creek, FL 33066. Don't send checks to Barry! The purpose of contacting Barry is to get on the mailing list and receive the registration form.

Some interest has been expressed about a Coney Island reunion. Sounds good to me. If you are interested, send me an email at [Dembums42@aol.com](mailto:Dembums42@aol.com), even if you have indicated earlier that you would be interested. If this gets to you by regular mail and you are interested in a Coney reunion, you can send me a letter or postcard at 14 Oxford Road, White Plains, NY 10605.

Keep writing and we'll keep doing newsletters.

## Letters to the Editor

To the Editors:

I really enjoy sharing in everyone's recollections, which brings back many fond memories. I spoke recently with Barbara Harnett Weil. We talked about Rabbi Gellman. Barbara remembers my wedding in 1947, which we believe, was Rabbi Gellman's first in Sea Gate.



**Gloria (on right) with friend on Sea Gate Beach, circa 1943**

I visited Barbara and her husband, Ken, early in June and I got to see some of the pics that she had.

We moved into a community that boasts another Seagater, Ralph Roberts (Rosenwasser), who married my former college roommate. Those Sea Gaters who are TV sports watchers may see their son, Jimmy Roberts, on NBC. The newsletter reminds me that Sea Gate was a wonderful and special place in which to have grown up. It seems that though many recollections may vary, that theme remains constant.

Thank you for keeping those memories alive.

*Gloria Steinberg Gerst lives in Wellington, FL and can be reached at [jgerst1@bellsouth.net](mailto:jgerst1@bellsouth.net).*

To the Editors:

Thank you so very much for the memories. I lived at 3730 Cypress Ave. I trained with Natie Diamond one summer under Lincoln HS Coach Cahan. I lost forty pounds, from a 41 inch waist to 29. Each day we played and worked out for six hours and then went to the beach at Sea Gate.

Etta Sapon was a classmate at PS 188. My friend Mike Cullen lived on Laurel Avenue. Last year I visited with Mike in Berlin, his home for the last thirty years. Mike is quite well known. He has taught urban architecture at Harvard, in Japan and elsewhere. He gave me a book that credits him with the idea to cloak the Reichstag in fabric (done by Christo, who authored the book). Mike also served on the Board of Directors of the Berlin Holocaust Museum. I remember running the beaches with the late Mike Byrdie, whose father was our Chief of Police. I also remember ocean kayaking with Kenny Bates, who lived in a veritable mansion on Beach 4.



**Chuck Levy**

*Chuck presently resides in Chevy Chase, MD., and can be reached at [chucklevy@comcast.net](mailto:chucklevy@comcast.net).*

To the Editors:

Thanks to the editors for the terrific work you do in keeping the memories alive and helping us Gaters stay in touch. It was through a mention of my sister, Carole Gabay, in your newsletter several months back that Sheila Weinman (of Sea Gate Avenue) and I were able to reestablish contact. Sheila and I went to kindergarten together at PS 188 in the 1950s and then were friends within a group of teenagers in the 1960s. It was great when she emailed and we spoke again after more than 40 years!

Also, Mark Gornstein had a letter in the October issue. He mentioned Reuven ("Bob" back then) Zasler who now lives in Karmiel, Israel. We were all friends (and obsessed with baseball cards and 45 RPM records. We were friends with Joel Bromberg (who still is on Cypress Ave.), Ken Solnit (Highland Avenue) and Bob Shumsky (Manhattan Avenue).

Joel Bromberg is retired from the US Navy after 25 years. (He was pictured in your last issue). Also in our Cypress Avenue crew were Danny Vogel (older brother Barry was a contemporary of Roy Sharfin), Gil Raff (who was a few years younger than us), Ronny Fishbein (who quarterbacked Lincoln High's football team), Jay Sokolofsky (a topnotch Riviera handball player) and the Botchan boys, Peter and Michael. A frequent visitor--and terrific athlete--was Jay Glicksman from around the corner on Laurel Avenue. We played punch ball and stickball until we dropped.

I also enjoyed reading Lou Stallman's piece a few months ago, since I started guitar lessons with him when he lived next door to me on Cypress and I was just eight years old. That man was a walking party, and I had a terrific time playing my guitar and singing with him and his group of friends.

Keep up the great work and keep the memories flowing!

PS--loved the ads from the Mermaid Avenue stores. I will never forget the aroma of Goldberg's Appetizing that hit you upon entering the store.



**Barry & Jane Mennen**

*Barry Mennen lives in Rockaway, NJ and can be reached at [barrymen@yahoo.com](mailto:barrymen@yahoo.com)*

To the Editors:

I am so pleased to be getting *Sea Gate Revisited* and feel stimulated by memories every time I read the offerings. The latest issue mentioned Anita Orans. I recall her big old white house up on Surf Avenue, and the after-the-day-at-the-beach parties on her big front porch; everyone in their after beach whites, all sunburned and smelling of Coppertone. I also remember parties at their house and playing post office and spin-the-bottle hoping that I would get to kiss my then heart-throb Rhoda Shapiro who married Sandy Einhorn (they later divorced). Rhoda now lives in Florida. I recall that I set up "LeeBob" photo studio with Bobby Gersh who still lives in Sea Gate. We had a camera, and I got a developing tank, an

enlarger and we set up a dark room under the front porch of my house at 4222 Surf Avenue. I spoke to him once about three years ago and tried to contact him again when I took Jackie (my second wife) to see Sea Gate in 2004. (Sadly I couldn't make contact with Bobby.) I also contacted Nardy Katz, who lives in Southern California, and we visited together one night about three years ago. He and his wife have a home in New York and in California, and divide their time.

One summer I worked at the Sweet Shop jerking sodas but I could not get the idea of only washing one glass at a time, and broke so many, that Sonny fired me. It was the summer of 1944 when "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War" and cost only 10 cents a pack.



The next summer I worked at the Whittier Inn, and Buster Merriam, Bob Gersh, Phil Rosenberg, Nardy Katz, Anita Orans, Joan Blum, Rhoda Shapiro, Dudu Cronenberg, Reed Metzger, Don, Phil and Glory Brenner and Ronnie Berliner all came by for ice cream and hanging out especially after a day at the beach.

Keep the memories coming!  
Thanks again. The map helped a

lot. I enlarged it and it is providing some memory links for me.

*Lee Myerhoff lived at 4222 Surf Avenue. He currently resides in California and can be reached at [leempych@yahoo.com](mailto:leempych@yahoo.com).*

## Snow Memories

By Mitch Sackson

It was around 1938-39, a winter that coated Poplar Avenue and Sea Gate with a huge layer of fresh snow. The older boys, as well as a contingent of Sea Gaters (who jumped the fence) started to roll a snow ball at the end of Poplar Avenue to make a "Snowman" (what else?). Well, the boys just kept on rolling and rolling until it was a huge ball way over my head. It was now at least five feet in diameter. Someone got the idea to hollow out an opening to make it look like a "potbelly stove." Some of the fellows from over the fence who were now our friends, decided to put a few pieces of wood into the gaping hole and make a fire! (A fire in a snowball?)

The fire burned, the snow melted, the temperature was so low that the melt refroze. Lo and behold, we had a furnace made of snow! I must say that I was about six to seven years old. (There must be some old timers from those streets in Sea Gate that remember this.)

And there were the snowball fights over the gate at the end of Poplar Avenue. Lest we forget, most of the snow balls had a stone in the middle.

It is exhilarating remembering these events.

*Mitch Sackson lived on Poplar Avenue . He presently lives in Sun City – Hilton Head, SC and can be reached at [mich615@hargray.com](mailto:mich615@hargray.com).*

## Young Judea

By Joan Berlin Greenberg

Young Judea was a wonderful organization that was available for girls only and it met weekly (evenings) in the classrooms of Kneses Israel. I was a member from grades 4-6. For most girls in the group, Young Judea exposed us to Judaism and also fostered a connection to Israel by having us learn Israeli songs and dances. Our meetings always closed with the Hatikvah. Our leader, Elaine Kabakoff, was rewarded with a trip to Israel after her successful leadership of our group. The photos below are of a show put on by the Sea Gate Young Judea chapter around 1952.

*Joan Berlin Greenberg can be reached at [joangreen@bellsouth.net](mailto:joangreen@bellsouth.net)*





**Front: Edith Dubers    Rear from left to right: Diana Rubinstein, Joan Berlin, Mira Haas, Roberta Levine, Louise Ratner, and Evelyn Grossberg**



**Front Row left to right: Carole Israel, Joan Richman, Joan Leventhal, Diana Rubinstein, Mira Haas, Carole Spitzer, Edith Dubers, Susan Goldman. Row 2, left to right: Sybil Walter, (unidentified), Evelyn Grossberg, Paula Rechler. Back Row: left to right: Maxine Sparagon, (unidentified), Janet Weissman (unidentified), (unidentified), Louise Ratner, Martha Warshaw, Joan Berlin.**

## Sea Gate Revisited

By Laurie Frankel Feuerman

On a recent trip to New York, my daughter planned a special birthday celebration with a trip to Sea Gate. We entered the gates and even managed entrance to my beloved Tudor Terrace. It still faces Coney Island, but now it's a walkway, and is protected by padlocks at each end. We stopped for a picture at our old home and of course, completed the day with a Nathan's hot dog, root beer and fries. Oh, it's so good to go home again.



Laurie and daughter Lisa in front of 36 Tudor Terrace



Laurie at Nathan's

*Laurie used to live at 36 Tudor Terrace. She presently resides in Hilton Head, SC and can be reached at [rafeurman@adelphia.net](mailto:rafeurman@adelphia.net).*

Editor's note: Several Sea Gaters have revisited Sea Gate after a long absence and have shared their reaction to "going home again" such as Marilyn Ferber Kopp, "A Trip Back in Time" and Laurie Musiker Croes, "A Visit Back in Time."

If you plan to visit Sea Gate after a long absence, share your reactions with us—good or bad.

## Memories from the Next Generation

By Norman Silverman

Hi. It seems we are now starting to hear from the next generation down (my generation), so it might be the time to put in my 2 Cents.

(Editor's note: Why wait until you read someone else's letter?)

Like all of you, I loved living in Sea Gate. I lived there from 1946, the year of my birth, until 1969 when I entered the service. It did provide the sense of being better protected than those who lived "outside the gate," and it certainly fostered a feeling of belonging to a community that was cohesive, unique and left a lifelong impression on me.

As a kid, I was always crazy about cars. I started buying, fixing and selling them way before I could legally drive. I did all this with a little help from the guy who was the mechanic at the garage, Gino Biancaniello. Gino was a very patient and big-hearted guy who took me under his wing and actually taught me about cars. And despite the presumed disadvantage that my Hebraic heritage might have imposed upon me, I was then, and continue to be now, a pretty good mechanic. I still buy and sell cars for fun, having owned about a hundred at last count. Right now there is a '64 Imperial convertible in my garage, which I would not hesitate to get in and drive to New York (from California).

I was also the kid who always stole my father's cars from the age of 14 on. Where else could I drive around in a beautiful, black '57 DeSoto, or a big, four-holed '56 Buick well before the time I would normally be entitled to a permit or a license? Nowhere else but Sea Gate! And I probably tied with Robert "Moe" Patrick, or still hold to this day, the record for having driven "MMASG" - Most Miles around Sea Gate.

Only once did I come even close to getting busted. That was the day Gordon Perlmutter and I lined up our father's respective cars on Surf Avenue in order to drag. It was where Highland ends and Surf begins, right where Norman Savage's house was. Of course, Gordon was older and he was actually licensed. No such authorization for me. Gordon lined up in a cool '58 Packard coupe; I in a be-finned '57 DeSoto. We dragged "off the line" and I believe he beat me. No matter! The point of the story is that the Sea Gate Police saw us and chased us. I don't know how, but I managed to make it home and stash the car inside our garage--never to be caught. It was thrilling.

There was probably no place other than Sea Gate where this story could have had a benign ending like that.

I worked every summer except one in Sea Gate. First I was a cabana boy, then a beach cop and finally a blue-uniformed, badge-wearing, nightstick-wielding, gate-opening Sea Gate cop. One day a real cop from the "6-0" drove up to the Surf Avenue gate, where I was assigned. He said he wants to bring his family, all piled in the car with him, to the beach. "No problem," I said, "Come right in," whereupon he hands me his service revolver and says I should hold on to it until he picks it up again. Here I was--all of 17--with no firearms experience and I get to play with a real .38! What a great summer job!

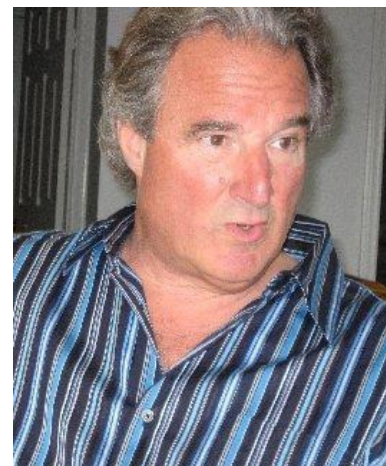
(Editor's note: Oy Vey!)

I met my wife, the former Anna Caterina Wilhelmina Curci, at Lola Calicchio's wedding in 1971. I was the only Jewish boy at a really unique Italian wedding. How so? When was the last time you attended a wedding where there was a table of all men, who actually invited the photographer to sit and have a drink, then removed the film from the photographer's camera because he had photographed the table?

Anna and I have been married since 1972. We live in San Diego. We have one son, William, who lives in New York. My mother, Evelyn, is still going strong at 90. She lives out here in her own condo. Harold, my father, lived to 87 but Alzheimer's made the final few years not so great, although he did have a lot of fun selling bras until he was 77. Sister Nancy lives in Boston with her husband and son.

Although I did not attend Lincoln HS, thus losing track of some of my early cohorts, I still speak regularly with Lonnie Wollin, Noel Raskin, Roger Manusov, Mike Russek, Tina Datz, Tina Perlmutter, Sharon Aloviss, Rhonda Lehr; and sporadically to Andy Berdy, Bob "Reuven" Zasler, Ken Solnit, and Wendy Pasternak. All of whom were ok when last we spoke.

I am in the watch business, representing several factories in China.



**Norman Silverman**

*Norm lives in San Diego and can be reached at [watchfatha@aol.com](mailto:watchfatha@aol.com)*

**Correction**  
**Mary Altman Bernholtz's**  
**correct email address is**  
**[maltman555@aol.com](mailto:maltman555@aol.com)**

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.



# Lincoln High

## A Photo Gallery Supplement *Sea Gate Revisited*

Photo Gallery 10

November, 2006



We rode the trolley or bus from Sea Gate through Coney Island, and as we approached the elegant, tree-lined Ocean Parkway, Lincoln High was an imposing sight. Its manicured lawn, dotted with forsythia, rhododendron, and flowering cherry trees, swept toward the broad white building, bisected by a concrete walkway. There were flagpoles on the lawn and, near

the front steps, an imposing statue of the Great Emancipator.<sup>1</sup>

Not all ex-Sea Gaters attended Lincoln High School. Beverly Sills, Mary Elizabeth Dillon and Elise Barnett Elman attended Erasmus, Norman Silverman, Joel Bromberg and Barry Mennen attended Brooklyn Tech; Henry Marcus, Miami

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<sup>1</sup> Rosen, Arnold, *Sea Gate Remembered*©, Page 75

Beach HS; Melvin Sonny Krown transferred to Brooklyn Poly Tech; and Judy Levine went to The Dalton School. But for those Sea Gaters that did attend Lincoln, the photos that appear in this month's gallery will rekindle fond memories. . ."



Images





**Lincoln Cheerleaders, 1951. Irma Freedman-Most and Robert Summer appear in second row from top.**



**Brenda Gersh (left) with friends Martha and Doris at Lincoln Football field.**



**At the Lincoln Sweet Shop**



**Working on the Lincoln Log, Sea Gaters Anita Kaskel Roe (left) and Laurie Frankel Feuerman (right), circa 1950.**

## **Lincoln Varsity Show**

In the Fall of 1944, Lincoln High School presented the annual Varsity show, "You Can't Take It With You," written by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. It won the Pulitzer Prize in 1937. There were two separate casts.





**Cast 1 includes Eleanor Epstein, (Middle row, far right); Gloria Harnick-Blecker, Middle row, second from right); Dr. Gabriel Mason, Principal, who appeared in the play with both casts (Top row, far right); Marilyn Ferber Kopp (Top row, fourth from right).**



**Cast 2 includes Sea Gaters Barbara Harnett Weil (far left front row); Corrine Levine Peddy (Third from left in middle row); Mr. Gustov Blum, English Department drama teacher and Director of the Varsity Show (Top row, far left); Alfred and David Nevins (Top row, far right).**



**1949 PSAL NYC High School Champions! Standing, left to right: Moe Berger, Stan Weiss, Bob Levy, Coach Venty Leib, Hal Leek, Ed Blodnick. Seated, left to right: Joe Massa, Bob Sassone, Archie Lipton, Sid Youngleman, and Seymour Sedacca.**



**A senior class group photo, Spring, 1950. No formal group photos of graduating Lincoln seniors were taken as was the custom of Mark Twain JHS (see below)**





**By the Numbers! The best and the brightest! Next stop--Lincoln High School! Mark Twain JHS Class of January, 1942. 1 Marilyn Ferber, 2 Gloria Nisgor, 3 Rita (Cookie) Levine, 4 Thelma (Tibi) Cantor, 5 Richard Ehrman, 6 Jack Berg, 7 Mimi Simons, 8 Flora Sadetsky, 9 Rose Sadetsky, 10 Stanley rubino, 11 Joy Zwerling, 12 Selma Sinrod, 13 Libby Dashefsky, 14 Harold Fine 15 Beverly Fineberg, 16 Rosalind Landau, 17 Shirley Landau, 18 Mildred Steinberg**

GOT PHOTOS? We are always looking for nostalgic Sea Gate photos to include in our Photo Gallery collection. Dust off that old family album; bring out that shoe box stored in your closet (labeled "old photos") and send us your most memorable, moving and joyful images that celebrate the magic moments of your Sea Gate childhood. Email to

[seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or regular mail to SEA GATE NEWS 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. Good quality photocopies are OK. Don't forget to include a notation for the caption, i.e. names, places and date.







[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

# *Sea Gate Revisited*

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 12

January, 2007

## **From the Editor**

By Jerry Stern

As you can see, just mention a person or event and Arnie Rosen (our innovative "techie") will find a photo for us. And thank you, Arnie for the photo galleries!

You can help by sending us photos of life in Sea Gate. Group photos of Sea Gaters are especially needed. Beach scenes, parties, weddings, etc. To make this newsletter more interesting, we will not be including recent photos unless they pertain to Sea Gate.

We could scan your old photos, or you could do that for us and send them as email attachments.

Six weeks left to the Florida reunion.

Happy New Year!

To the Editors:

I just have to tell you... I can't get enough of the Sea Gate Newsletter!

Every month I look forward to receiving it... and read it over at least twice during the month. Often I find myself going back to re-read older issues because the stories are so interesting.

Keep up the great work! And thanks!

Warm regards,  
Richard Salzman

To the Editor:

Growing up in Sea Gate in the 1940's and 1950's was wonderful.

My first -- and best -- friend, Danny Friedman, lived on Highland Avenue in a house owned by his parents. He had an older brother, Howard and two older sisters Gloria and Myrna. The first game I learned how to play was marbles, "immies," "puries," "realies," "hitting out of the pot." I loved the game. I was playing marbles with Danny on his 10<sup>th</sup> birthday, April 12, 1945 when we heard that President Roosevelt died.

I lived on Laurel Avenue and played with Artie Segal, Bobbie Cantor, Bobbie Ringer, his good friend Eddie Meadows, Ziev Rivilin and Danny. We played stoop ball, triangle, box ball and my favorite sport, punch ball. We played the kids from Lyme Avenue: Billy Ackenbaum, George Goran, Stevie Cole, Richie Gell, and Ira Levitsky. We beat them and then expanded further east to Mermaid and Surf Avenue. We played punch ball and stick ball in the alley-ways between

houses, in the streets (Lyme, Laurel, Cypress, Popular, Oceanic and at PS 188). My memory is not as good as my second best friend, Jerry Stern, but I really don't remember losing any (certainly not many) punch ball games.

As we grew older, we played basketball, handball and stickball at the Riviera, triangle on the beach, had track meets on the beach like the "big guys" (my brother, Gilly, Davie Goldstein, Marvin Minoff, Larry Levine, Davie Dolgenes, George Israel, Gene Goldberg, et al).

I would watch the older guys play touch tackle and softball at the tennis courts and then go there with my friends and try to



**Gil Christian**

emulate them. We played softball for ten cents a man; the big guys played for \$10 a man and more. Every Saturday and

Sunday summer morning at the tennis courts there was “big time” soft ball games. I remember watching the Harlem Yankees with a pitcher that was ambidextrous. Their second baseman was a basketball player for CCNY the only college basketball team that won both the NIT and the NCAA in the

girls were my age so I chased after the “younger” girls: Gloria Glickman, Ann Miller, Marlene Stern, Judy Persky, Dina Posey, and my first girlfriend, Toby Altman and then my next-to-last girlfriend, Judy Plattman. In 1957, I married Elinor Cohen and my chasing days were over. (Fifty years later, I count three

his compliment to remind him that we also chipped in ten cents a “man” for the softball purchased at Sonny & Lou’s. The price for that ball did not change over a 15-year period. As to the reason for Paul’s many girlfriends, he was known as Montgomery Clift. See photo below of Paul and Ellie at the 1960 Rochester, NY wedding of Ruth and Jerry Stern.



**Softball at the tennis courts, circa 1946**

same year. (I graduated CCNY in 1957)

The “big money” softball games rivaled my love for the Brooklyn Dodgers. I really enjoyed watching Jerry Leibowitz, Ray Shore, Lennie Wachs, Irwin Plattman, Sandy Levine, the Adler twins, “Emile” the windmill pitcher and others playing bunting and stealing.

The girls? Who can forget the girls? They were all beautiful. The girls in my classes at PS 188 and Mark Twain included Anita Kaskel, Dolores Frankel, Judy Levine and the smartest and one of the nicest students I ever met, Miriam Engel. These

children and five grandchildren)

Sea Gate was great; plenty of kids my age, plenty of activities and the beach. Everyone who lived there loved the beach. I was “one of the Boys of 256, you heard so much about” (Boy Scouts) and enjoyed it.

I apologize to any and all my friends that I grew up with whose names, but not whose memories, escape me now.

*Paul D. Christian*  
Paul588@aol.com

Editor’s Note: Since Paul attributes to me a better memory than he has, which I vigorously dispute, I will take advantage of



**Photo of Paul and Ellie Christian**

To the Editors:

I lived in Sea Gate from 1950 to 1966. My first home was at 3739 Nautilus Avenue, next door to Mrs. Howard’s home, where she gave piano lessons. Joan Richman lived upstairs, and when her family moved, Ken Litvak lived there. I belonged to the Spartan’s Club, had many friends, including Freddie Gaines, Mickey Roselle, Steve Kornfeld, Howie Lesh, Andy Lerner, Larry Goldberg, Marty Goldstein, Shelly Stern, Mike Cullen, Roger Fox, Fred Goldstein, Jay Aimos, Jeff Miller, Arty Levine, Steve Harrison, Jerry Kaplan, and Lou Stallman. I worked at Nathan’s when I was 14.

My family and I then moved to 3800 Surf Avenue across the street from Gershonof's Hotel. We watched movies there every Friday night. I now live in California and look forward to receiving future newsletters and hearing from old friends.

*Irv Rosenberg*  
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Northridge, California 91326  
kingsize186@yahoo.com  
818-366-8165

To the Editors:

My family and I lived 3738 Maple Avenue from about 1942 to 1955, when I got married and moved away. The Rockmans lived downstairs for several years. When the new homes were being built in the late 1940's, my brother Ted found a way to earn money. He went to the store for the workmen and bought sodas. He then cashed in the soda bottles for the deposits. The pennies added up.

Incidentally, Aaron Lansky's *Outwitting History* has a great chapter about Sea Gate.

I'd love to hear from old friends. Keep the newsletters coming!



**Sharon Murnick Kunoff,**  
**graduation photo, Landmark®,**  
**June, 1950**

To the Editors:

It's always such a nice surprise to get the newsletter and remember all the great people and great times in Sea Gate!

I now live in an "urban" community of close to 40,000-- Montclair, New Jersey. It's a great place and very convenient for a day trip to New York City. We have old Victorian houses and tree lined streets. But the kids are missing out on so much of the spirit, freedom and adventure we had growing up in Sea Gate during the 50's and 60's. Today's kids don't seem to have the vacant lots, the stoops, or the use of the streets; and certainly not the beaches and the bays and all the other wonderful places we had to "hang out."

I was born in June 1946. We lived on Maple Avenue for my first six years, then Neptune Avenue. After my grandmother passed away in 1963, we moved to her house on Laurel Avenue where I remained until I graduated college in 1963.

In the early 50's I had a large number of friends. Two especially close friends were Ken Solnit and Jerry Rackoff. In the fifth grade I thought Ken was the smartest person on earth. (I still believe he is.) We were the kids whose idea of "fun" was to go the library, or make up math puzzles to solve. In the days before calculators we actually spent hours calculating the number of inches from the sun to the earth, or estimating the number of holes in the screening of the porch door. I seem to also remember

trying to calculate the number of grains of sand on Beach One.

Kenny had a great interest in Chemistry, and a "lab" full of chemicals in his house on Highland Avenue. We would spend an afternoon "doing experiments," but also found time for making gunpowder and fuses which we would use to construct "rockets," using the aluminum tubes that cigars once came in. Our final rocket "launch" misfired on the "launch pad" and the rocket exploded. The cops came and chased us for a half hour before we managed to disappear.

I saw Ken this past year, on one of his visits from California and we had a terrific time. I was also good friends with Barry Mennen, Joel Bromberg, Bob Zasler and so many others!

Being by the water, Sea Gate was always filled with adventure. There were always strange things that would wash up, especially by the bay-- perfect for grade school kids. One time we found a safe (how that floated ashore is beyond me). Another time we found a large wooden box with all sorts of Chinese writing. We were intrigued and hauled it off to the Chinese laundry on Neptune Avenue, outside the gate, for translating. It turned out it said something like "Made in China." Not a very exciting translation.

But perhaps the strangest thing to float up was what seemed to us to be a seven foot dinosaur! Well, we had active imaginations! It turned out to be a sturgeon. By this time we were in junior high school and



were routinely going into “the city” to explore the wonders there. One of our favorite hang-outs was the Museum of Natural History (today it’s still my favorite city place). So when we found the sturgeon we were sure it was some type of prehistoric dinosaur. We called the Museum, and as hard as we tried, we couldn’t get them to send out a scientific team to evaluate our discovery.

Our sixth grade teacher, Ms. Albert, also lived by the bay. We absolutely adored her and she would often tell us stories. During the war, a submarine net stretched across the New York harbor, and the harbor was mined. She told us that at least one mine apparently went astray and floated up on the shore

During my early teen years most of our activity was focused around the beaches. We swam by the barrels, and caught fish and crabs in the lagoon on Beach 4. My grandmother’s friend, Adele Altman, taught me to swim when I was probably no more than five years old, so in High School I got my lifeguard certificate. When I went to apply they had a full staff of lifeguards, so I worked as a beach cop and filled in as a lifeguard when needed to replace someone who was out. Speaking of lifeguards and beach cops, I remember Freddy Goldstein, and Pinky, the Sea Gate cop.

I graduated from Lincoln in 1963. I get a good chuckle out of today’s kids and their “college” searches. They have online databases and private college counselors charging as

much as \$30,000. I remember my father’s college “guidance” words to me: “I know nothing about college and we have no money. Figure it out for yourself.” I went to the guidance counselor probably six months before graduating and she, of course, suggested CCNY.

I graduated CCNY with an engineering degree in 1968, and then went to work for General Electric in Utica, New York. Back in those days, being an engineer often meant working on projects for the military, which is what I did for two years. I accepted a Teaching Assistantship at SUNY/Binghamton, and graduated in 1972 with an MS in Systems Science. (Of course things might have been different had my draft number came up.)

Since then I’ve had a career in high tech, starting in engineering and moving up to management. The last ten years I have been responsible for developing new products for use in thin film media (data storage) on a world-wide basis.

My mom, Madeline, lived in Sea Gate until 2001 when my father died. At 82 she now lives in Whippany, NJ, not too far from me.

My sister Janet, who was five years younger than me, succumbed to cancer and passed away in 2002. I have three terrific kids.

Cary Africk" <carya@comcast.net



Gary in Sea Gate, circa 1964

To the Editor:

Reading *Sea Gate Revisited* brings back so many memories. Sea Gate is embedded in me like a nail goes into a 2 X 4 stud. I’ll be 80 next month and if you asked me if I wanted to drive up to TMR (Three Mile River), I would say, “Let’s go!” Even the license plate on my car is C-GATE.

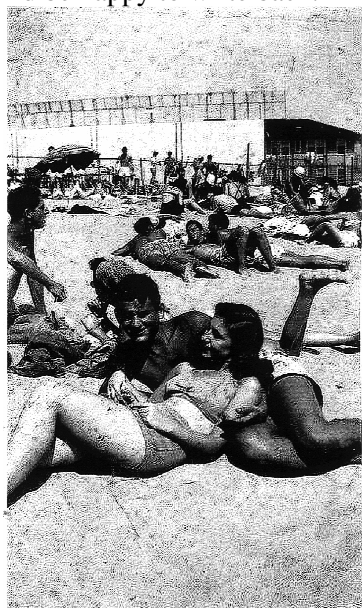
My earliest thoughts go back to PS 188. I only went there about 2 or 3 years then I was sent to the annex school. I think it consisted of two or three rooms with toilets and coal bins outside. My teacher was Mrs. Blair and I remember going to the store to buy her Coca Cola.

In 1938 I was 11 years old and was able to join Boy Scout Troop 256. What great memories! The following year I joined other troop members to visit the World’s Fair in Flushing Meadows where we got a look at the “World of the Future.” I remember friends Morty Sussman, Jesse Wolfenson, Danny Kaplan, Norman Williams, and Bobby Drachman. I often wonder how many of my friends are still around. On December 7, 1941 I was on an overnight hike and on that fateful day we got the news about Pearl Harbor.

When I read the Sea Gate newsletter, I think of my brother, Walter and his friends. Walter once took my car for a drive, had an accident on the corner of Neptune and Highland Avenue, got out of the car, left the key in the ignition, and ran away. What did he know of license plates that would be used to track the owner?

I went with a girl from Cypress Avenue in Sea Gate. Her name was Rosalie Firester. She wrote to me every day when I was in the Navy. I served two years and was discharged in 1946. We married in February, 1948 and in two years we will be married 60 years. It's been hectic, but what a great ride!

I'd really like to hear from any guys or gals who remember me. I'd be happy to write back.



**Sheldon Spodek and wife-to-be Rosalie Firester on Beach One**

*Sheldon can be reached at 7637B Lexington Club Blvd. Delray Beach, FL 33446*

To the Editors:

Please note that David S. Landes, retired Emeritus Professor at Harvard, has had his latest book reviewed in the Sunday *New York Times* of October 29. The title is "Old Money" and traces 13 great private business empires built by eminent families.

One of his prior books, *Wealth & Poverty of Nations* (1998) was "one of the most unlikely, if most richly deserving, of recent best sellers" (*NY Times* Oct 22, 2006)

David was a mentor to many of us in Sea Gate, graduating at age 19 from CCNY, Summa Cum Laude. There were many peer sessions at his home on Maple Avenue, along with his younger brother Irwin. He currently resides in Cambridge Mass with his wife of more than 60 years, the former Sonia Tarnapol, both from Sea Gate.

Stanley G. Greenstein.  
Aventura, FL.

To the Editors:

Sunday, November 5, 2006 was a clear and sunny day, perfect for the NYC Marathon. And it was also perfect for a Sea Gate reunion. At 4:00 PM, I met Carol Israel Kuller and Joan Leventhal Luria at Gargiulo's. We drove through Sea Gate for an hour, and then returned for dinner at the restaurant, where Elissa Kaplan Macklin and her husband joined us. My husband, Sy, came along for the tour, as we had lived in Sea Gate for four years after we were married (he grew up in Flatbush), and he was interested

in seeing the changes, and enjoying the upbeat adventure. The other husbands socialized at Gargiulo's bar while we "did our thing."

The mood was excited, optimistic, and happy. Passing through the gate, I chatted with the guard, and even *he* was enthusiastic about our trip.

The chapel looked the same, but, sadly, Bob Tannen's "Hora Dancers" sculpture was barely visible behind overgrown bushes at the Community Center. We immediately began to point out houses of friends, and things looked clean and the same as always for the first few blocks on Surf Avenue. Driving past the houses I lived in as a child (4810 Surf Avenue), as a teenager (4222 Surf Avenue), and as a young married woman (4510 Surf Avenue.) was wonderful. I felt as though a warm blanket had been draped on my shoulder. All those games of marbles, potsy and red light/green light played on Beach 49th Street could have been in progress that Sunday afternoon. I was so happy to be "home" again. We stopped in front of Carol's and Joan's houses and reminisced about those old times and our families.

Carol took pictures of friends' houses. Joan was in contact by cell phone with another classmate, verifying her old address. We did a slow drive down almost every street, remembering all those faces and personalities. The conditions of the streets and houses between the 37th Street and Sea

Gate Avenue were shabby and neglected. But, overall, Sea Gate looked good. Of course, my eyes were seeing ghosts, so there was magic in the air. It was a day to enjoy the memories, not for nitpicking. The streets and sidewalks we walked as children were unchanged. The sycamores still had their leaves. Many houses have been improved since the 60's, when Sy and I fled the city with our three small children.

Although we didn't see too many people out in the streets, we were able to observe a really mixed bag. I had expected to see only Orthodox Jews, but we saw all kinds of people, and of all ages. I was happy to see the diversity.

We drove to the lighthouse. Bobby Brown's house could use some work, and there are new houses directly across the street, but I could still remember everyone who lived on that block. The light was on, and that surprised me, as it was 4:00 PM. I know the lighthouse is not staffed anymore, but is it possible that the light is on 24 hours a day?

We returned to Gargiulo's and had a wonderful few hours together. We were all content to have made the trip.

Sea Gate, in my childhood, was beautiful and safe, and full of the people that shaped me into the person I am today. And that Sunday, my grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends were all home as I passed each of their houses. In my mind's eye, their houses

were in good repair, as I remembered them. I felt I could stop by and say hello. Have cookies and milk, share conversation.

That Sunday was just for us-- Joan, Carol and me. What a priceless gift we gave ourselves!

*Diana Rubinstein Wiener*  
[sydi@ourtribe.net](mailto:sydi@ourtribe.net)

To the Editors:

I saw Arnie Rosen's book and web site and just had to drop you a note. My dad grew up at 4401 Sea Gate Avenue, right on the corner, in the second floor apartment: His name was Boris M. Spivack, known simply as "Bo." He lived there most of his life. When he attended the first grade, he was amazed that no one spoke Russian; he had to learn English all by himself. My dad was active in the Sea Gate Boy Scouts. He spoke of his friend named "Pee Wee," and remembered when they broke into a neighbor's basement and ate the canned peaches stored there. They got caught and were punished. He remembered sneaking onto the dock at the Atlantic Yacht Club at night and hanging out there, sometimes with girls! He attended Abraham Lincoln High School, graduating around 1936, then off to NYU and then to the US Army in 1942. After the Army, he married and moved to Sayville in Suffolk County. My grandparents continued to live in Sea Gate for some time, eventually moving to Elmont in Queens in the mid 1950's. My grandparents were Mike and Frieda Spivack.

I wonder whether anyone from Sea Gate remembers my dad. He passed away in October, 2003 at the age of 85. About a year before he died, I took him to Sea Gate for one last tour of the old neighborhood. He had very fond memories of growing up there. Thank you for writing the book.

*Capt. Gary Spivack,*  
*US Merchant Marines*  
*Alexandria VA.*

To the Editor:

I was living at 3840 Laurel Avenue on Dec 7, 1941, in Birdie Wolf's three-unit apartment house. I lived down the street from Richard Siegel. Judy Levine lived in the large house on the corner of Cyprus and Highland Marvin Minoff lived on Lyme Avenue across from the lot next to 3840 that ran from Laurel to Lyme Avenues. I have been in touch with Nardi Katz and Judy Levine. Judy now lives in Texas and is a great grandmother

Joel Mandell lived on Laurel Avenue. He and I found an old heavy canvas covered Kayak in the garage when I moved into 3725 and Joel and I fitted it out with a sail and outriggers. It weighed a ton and we dragged it to the Bay on an old baby carriage frame. We put it in the water near where the old Sylph and Sylph-2 used to dock.

I remember the war years. I recall that a couple of uniformed bodies from the sunk war and merchant ships floated up to the beach. Despite our confidence in the US war effort, we were



apprehensive. My father Dick Myerhoff was an air raid warden and I often went with him around the neighborhood to insure that the lights were blacked out. And of course, I remember Rhoda Shapiro. She was the last girl in New York whose books I carried from Mark Twain to the gate.

Warm memories to all who were lucky enough to live in that magical place.

Lee Myerhoff

## Gloves

By Jerry Stern

One would think that growing up in Sea Gate in the 1940s made it essential to own a softball glove, since, after all, softball was Sea Gate's version of the national pastime. But, it was not essential at all. Nine gloves for 18 players worked well. And I used some excellent gloves that were left in the field by the players on the opposing team.



Dixie Walker's glove on Ebbets Field Seat. Photo by Jerry Stern

There was Larry Nelson's glove for example. Larry was a fine centerfielder who owned a fine glove. He used shoe polish and oil to keep the leather soft, and, I'm sure, kept a softball in the glove, tied tight with string, when the glove was not in use. One of the opposing outfielders would pick up Larry's glove from the outfield where Larry left it as he ran in from the field hoping it was his turn at bat. I loved using Larry's glove.

My favorite glove experience and the one I remember best was the day I got to use Cookie Lavagetto's glove. So, let me explain who Cookie was and why the event was so memorable. Cookie Lavagetto was not an ice cream flavor; nor was Cookie a player with the famous women's professional teams. Cookie was a "he," and a Brooklyn Dodger "he." He was not a star player like, Reese, Robinson, Campanella or Snider. But he was a real hero because in the 1947 World Series, he came to bat in the bottom of the ninth inning of the fourth game of the World Series. Bill Bevens of the Yankees had a no-hitter going with one out to go in the game. (It would have been the first no-hitter in the history of the World Series.) The Dodgers had two men on, courtesy of Bevens' wildness (both runners had walked) and up came Cookie as a pinch hitter. Cookie hit Bevens' high, outside pitch off the right field scoreboard; both men on base scored, and Da Bums won the game as pandemonium broke out at Ebbets Field.



Cookie blasts a double in Game 4 of the 1947 World Series

So, four years later, you think I wasn't excited wearing Cookie's glove on the Sea Gate tennis courts (our premier softball field)? I was! Here's how it happened, and here's what happened to make the event really, really memorable. It starts with Bruce Paterson. Bruce's father, Nat Paterson, was a Buick dealer who sold a car to Cookie Lavagetto. Cookie apparently was so happy with the deal that he gave his glove to Nat Paterson. Nat brought home the glove, and Bruce used it to play softball – of course.

So, Bruce owned this sensational glove with the greatest webbing I had ever seen. On this eventful day, in 1951 as I recall, Bruce was playing right field, and I was the opposing team's right fielder and probably the youngest player in the game. Bruce explained to me how he came to this incredible glove and, as was the custom, permitted me to use it. Each inning, as Bruce's team left the field, Bruce dropped the glove in right field and I picked it up. I was thrilled. Cookie Lavagetto's glove on my left hand. What a large glove, and what webbing! I was one happy Dodger fan playing right field on the Sea Gate tennis courts.

(No tennis; just softball and touch football.)

Well, here's the rest of the story. Bruce was a notorious right-field, power hitter. He waited patiently for a high, outside pitch. A smart pitcher like Paul Christian would never let Bruce hit to his power alley. Paul would have fed Bruce low, inside pitches, and a very-frustrated Bruce would not get "good wood" on the ball. That was Paul, but Paul wasn't pitching that day. Our pitcher lobbed it into Bruce, and as the right fielder, I saw that high, outside pitch to Bruce and I knew I'd be sorely tested. Bruce reared back and hit the ball long and far. I went back, back and back to the edge of the bushes, stuck my glove hand over my head as high as I could, and the force of the ball took my arm as far back as it could go. Bruce rounded first and was half-way to second. Frankly, I was not sure where the ball might be; I looked in Cookie's glove, and there it was: in the web. I held the glove up, and I heard Bruce yell: "Damn glove. He makes that catch only with MY glove."

Thanks Cookie. And thanks Nat Paterson for selling a new Buick to Cookie Lavagetto. (Seven years later, I bought a new Buick from Mr. Patterson, which is how I remember that Bruce's father was a Buick dealer.)

Incidentally, the Yankees won the 1947 World Series of course, but my heroes were Cookie Lavagetto and Al Gionfriddo, our little left-fielder who made a sensational catch off the bat of Joe DiMaggio.

One remarkable bit of baseball folklore is that neither Cookie Lavagetto, nor Al Gionfriddo, nor Bill Bevens (the almost no-hit pitcher for the Yankees) ever played one minute of major league baseball again after the 1947 World Series.



**Photo of Gionfriddo's amazing catch in the 1947 World Series**

But since this story is titled, "Gloves," allow me to tell you another true glove story. About five years ago, Al Gionfriddo put his famous glove up for auction. It drew a lot of interest and was being offered for big bucks. But with the resulting publicity of the auction came an announcement from the Baseball Hall of Fame. In essence, the Hall of Fame said, "Wait a minute. Al Gionfriddo gave us his famous glove when he retired from baseball, and we have had it on display for 50 years as the glove that caught the ball that Joe DiMaggio hit in the 1947 World Series." So, how could Gionfriddo be selling that famous glove now for a ton of money? Oops, said Gionfriddo, "I owned two gloves." Now let's see, which one was he wearing on the day in question? The one he gave to the Hall of Fame in 1949, or the one he was selling 50 years later to enhance his standard of

living? Gionfriddo said it was the one he was selling, but for some reason, his story was viewed with skepticism.

All I can say about that glove riddle is that if Bruce Patterson still owns that Cookie Lavagetto glove, it's worth a lot of money, the value of which would be enhanced by a great catch I made with it on the Sea Gate tennis courts. Well, I'm not sure I should get credit for that catch. It was really the webbing on that glove.

Lincoln High School 50th Reunion  
class of 1957, Sunday, June 3, 2007  
2 PM to 6 PM  
The Players Club, 16 Gramercy Park  
(East 20th St. between Park Avenue  
and Irving Place)  
New York City.  
Contact Sandy Dreisen at  
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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

# Our Surrounding Neighborhoods

## A Special Supplement *Sea Gate Revisited*

January, 2007



Our beloved Brooklyn is not just the most heavily populated borough of New York City—it is 75 square miles of contiguous neighborhoods, each one like a small hometown. This month's photo gallery supplement focuses on the neighborhoods

that we visited, played ball, in and shopped in and are most familiar to us. How can we forget the El on Brighton Beach Avenue, playing hoops in Homecrest Park, or enjoying a meal in Dubrow's Cafeteria on Kings Highway?



Gratitude is extended to Oscar Israelowitz of Israelowitz Publishing ([oscari477@aol.com](mailto:oscari477@aol.com)) and Brian Merlis of [Brooklynpix.com](http://Brooklynpix.com) for permitting us to use their nostalgic photos in this issue.

## Ocean Parkway

Ocean Parkway extends over a distance of about six miles (120 city blocks), running almost north to south from Prospect Park to Coney Island and Brighton Beach. Its residents are mostly of the Orthodox Jewish religion. The parkway runs roughly parallel to Coney Island Avenue, an important commercial avenue that is several blocks to the east. It consists of a central bi-directional avenue of six lanes, two small parallel side streets, and several medians with trees, benches, and pedestrian paths. There is also a bike path. The parkway is New York State Reference Route 908H, although this is not signed.



Along Ocean Parkway



Apartment Buildings along Ocean Parkway

## Brighton Beach

Brighton Beach is one of the last "old world" communities in New York City, serving

immigrants since the early 1900's, when the first wave of European/Russian émigrés settled here. Today, it is still a community of émigrés - a neighborhood that encompasses people of almost every region of the world.

With an estimated population of 150,000 people, Brighton is a melting pot of world cultures, which can be seen in its many restaurants, shops and cultural establishments. The largest population thus far is Russians. The first wave came in the early 1900's. The second wave came in the late 1970's with an estimated 25,000 arriving in our shorefront. With this influx, Brighton Beach became a bustling scene of cultural upheaval. Brighton will never be the same.



Russian restaurant along Brighton Beach Avenue. Photo courtesy of [bridgeandtunnelclub.com](http://bridgeandtunnelclub.com)

Brighton Beach Avenue is the main commercial strip of Brighton Beach and over 80% of the businesses are Russian owned. The "Momma Pappa" stores of old now reflect the influx of major chain stores like RiteAid and Duane Reed along with Petland Discount. You can not go hungry on Brighton Beach Avenue because there are blocks of produce stores along with restaurants and nightclubs.

# Brighton Beach Images



Photo courtesy of bridgeandtunnelclub.com



Photo courtesy of bridgeandtunnelclub.com

## Sheepshead Bay



**Sheepshead Bay** is a bay separating the mainland of Brooklyn, New York City from the eastern portion of Coney Island, the latter originally a barrier island but now effectively an extension of the mainland with peninsulas both east and west.

The bay itself was originally the easterly entrance to Coney Island Creek but filling of the central part of this waterway during the 1930s in conjunction with construction of the Shore Parkway portion of the Belt Parkway



eliminated access to the creek. At the same time the bay was widened at its western end, deepened and bulkheaded. It is now the home of recreational fishing fleets. At the Western end of the bay, there is a holocaust memorial park, which is used throughout the year for commemorative events.

In the last decade of the 20th century, a real estate boom brought the reopening of the landmark Lundy Brothers seafood restaurant, as well as the opening of Russian-themed restaurant/nightclubs such as Paradise and Baku Palace, turning the waterfront into a party destination. Capitalizing on the views, the waterfront also experienced a growth of condominium developments. The northern shore of the bay contains piers with an active seafood market, tour boats, and casino boats.

Sheepshead Bay is named for the sheepshead, an edible fish once found in the bay's waters.<sup>1</sup>

## Dubrow's on Kings Highway



In its heyday Kings Highway had "Dubrow's," a classic cafeteria where holes would be punched in patrons' printed tickets, which would total the cost of the meal. Also "Levine's" was the king of the bar mitzvah suit trade, and "Jimmy's" catered to high fashion customers (as it does to this day). They seem to represent a different day and age, when people were encouraged to go out, sit around and drink coffee, and schmooze for hours and hours, without ever buying much. It was an extension of people's living rooms.

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<sup>1</sup> From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

## Images from the Past

Nostalgic photos courtesy of Israelowitz Publishing, PO Box 228, Brooklyn, NY 11229, [oscari477@aol.com](mailto:oscari477@aol.com)



Neptune Avenue, circa 1940



Schecter Bros. Poultry Store, 257 Brighton Beach Avenue, circa 1935





**PS 98 on Avenue Z, circa 1950**



**John's Fish Market, Emmons Avenue & East 18<sup>th</sup> Street, circa 1949**



**Seidel's Restaurant, 2214 Emmons Avenue, circa 1960**



**Lundy's, Ocean Avenue side, 1948**

The following Nostalgic photos  
courtesy of Brian Merlis of  
[Brooklynpix.com](http://Brooklynpix.com)



**Boardwalk at Brighton Beach, 1950s**



**Sea Breeze Avenue looking west to Ocean Parkway / Surf Avenue, 1947**



**Lundy Brothers seafood restaurant seen from Emmons Avenue, 1946**



**Brighton Beach Avenue looking east to Brighton 5th Street, 1944**



**Kings Highway looking east at East 16th Street, 1942. View from Brighton Line structure**



[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

# Sea Gate Revisited

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 13

February, 2007

## From the Editor

By Jerry Stern

We are pleased to have completed one year of *Sea Gate Revisited*, an outgrowth of Arnie Rosen's book, *Sea Gate Remembered*. Please help us distribute the newsletter, which FYI should reach you on the first of every month by email attachment. Print copies and send them to Sea Gaters who you are still in touch with. We'd like to create a website where the newsletters and photo galleries would be accessible. Maybe some Sea Gaters who cannot download can find their way to our website. If anyone out there has expertise in designing a website, please let us know.

To the Editors:

I cannot even come close to describing the sheer joy I experienced reading the newsletter. Thank you.

We lived at 3730 Laurel Avenue. My mother sold the house only a few years ago, after she attained age 88 or so. She moved to Florida and is still there. So I visited Sea Gate on and off for many years. I'm now in Highland Park, IL, north of Chicago.

I remember WW II ending; the block alive with happy, cheering

people; Mom waking my brother and me to see the crowd.

One of the letter writers was Lee Myerhoff who lived across the street from me during the 40's. I was four or five when he was 12 or 13 or so, and he led the war drive in which the kids collected war material. I was a "paper commando" and collected from the neighbors. I often think of Lee, as he was quite the hero to me.

I walked to Nathans; either paid a dollar for Steeplechase or got unused tickets from people leaving; worked at age 14 lugging beach chairs at the stands under the boardwalk and once got mugged there. I remember the softball games on the ball field near the Sweet Shoppe (remember the fancy spelling?); Stickball and punchball in the street after school; "Hide & Seek" when it was getting dark in the summer; "Kick the Can;" marbles (dig a shim with the heel of your shoe); "Ring- a- Leevio" (why that name?).

I am 67, but my memories are like it was yesterday.

What a place to be a kid! The playing, beaches, fishing (still do it, but in Florida). Oh God, too much! Life was such fun and so rich. Few of us had money, but life was rich.

Reading the newsletter brings these sweet memories back. The many letters, several by kids I remember, produced wet eyes and a chilled backbone. They will always be kids to me. I love them all. There are no friends like the old friends.

Phil Glick  
[Pglick144@yahoo.com](mailto:Pglick144@yahoo.com)

To the Editors:

Once again, the newsletter was filled with great stories and incredible pictures. I just loved the picture of Ellie and Paul Christian.

Doris Litt-Dingott, a Coney Island girl  
[dldingott@optonline.net](mailto:dldingott@optonline.net)

To the Editor:

Seeing Danny Friedman's name in Paul Christian's letter reminded me of how I learned, at age 7, about the outbreak of WWII.

Two adults were in my home talking to my parents about some terrible event that put us into a war. Upon seeing me in the house, my parents sent me outside. I saw Danny Friedman, age 6, looking very worried. His first words to me were: "How are we going to pay for this war? Wars are very expensive. Where will we get the money?"



I always thought it was very appropriate that Danny became an accountant.

Neil Bachman  
Bronx, NY

To the Editor:

I am also an "old Sea Gater." I currently live on Cypress Avenue, and have been working at the Sea Gate Association office for the past seven years. I loved, and will always love, Sea Gate. It was Sea Gate where I came to live, when I arrived in this country in 1958, and have lived here ever since. I will never live anywhere else except in Sea Gate.

I was privileged to have met Arnold Rosen, Author of the book, *Sea Gate Remembered* and Charles Denson, author of the book, *Coney Island Lost and Found*.

Alba N. Diaz  
[seagateassoc@aol.com](mailto:seagateassoc@aol.com)

To the Editor:

Youse guys have a heckuva batting average with the Sea Gate newsletter; this time especially with Jerry Stern's fielding exploit and his accounts of Dem Bums heroics (although could chug-a-lug Bruce Paterson really have been half-way to second when Jerry snagged the ball--in a right field that was so shallow)?

Eli Flam  
[elilu@juno.com](mailto:elilu@juno.com)

Editor's Note: Eli, even Bruce would have rounded first base on a high, towering and long fly ball. And he took extra steps toward second base because no one knew whether I caught the ball. (Kenny Somers would have rounded third base.)

To the Editor:

Paul Christian's reference to his best friend, Danny Friedman, reminded me that Danny's sister, Gloria, was my Spanish teacher at Mark Twain JHS. I remember how proud we Sea Gate girls were that a Sea Gater was a teacher at our school. And she dressed very fashionably, which impressed us. What a wonderful role model! Myrna taught either a Junior Hadassah class or Young Judea class. Has anyone heard anything about them?

Joan Graff (nee Mindlin)  
[Joan\\_graff@comcast.net](mailto:Joan_graff@comcast.net)

Editor's Note:

Gloria and Myrna Friedman were Spanish teachers at Mark Twain JHS, and I can report that both Friedman teachers married educators (and great guys) and have lived happy lives in the New York area. Gloria was my teacher, and Myrna chose me on "red letter day" to "teach" her class. She neglected to tell me it was a tough bunch. When she left the room, I spent most of the time ducking chalk and erasers thrown at me.

Danny's older brother has also led a great life and was a contributor of a marvelous article (issue 8, September) on

his 1938 experience with friends in running a mimeographed, four-page newspaper, called *The Bugle*. It sold for the bargain price of one cent. From that one-cent newspaper, Howard and his friends published "The Sea Gate Advertiser" that cost nothing to buy; but those little entrepreneurs sold advertising space. Alas, the enterprise failed when the Sea Gate police stopped the free deliveries. (I guess that was before Freedom of the Press.) Remarkably, those Sea Gate kids in 1938 created the model for the economic survival of newspapers today -- not from the price of the newspaper, but by the sale of advertising.

My friend, Danny Friedman, died four years ago, and hardly a day goes by when I do not miss him. Danny's daughter, Jamie, is a recent addition to our mailing list.

Jerry Stern

To the Editors:

What a joy it is to read the stories! Two old friends were mentioned in the last newsletter -- Mally Marquit who used to walk with us to Mark Twain JHS, and Nardy Katz, part of our old crowd on the beach.



**Ruby's friend, Mally Marquit**

I've read *Sea Gate Remembered* by Arnie Rosen, and all my children have copies so they can "feel" all the Sea Gate stories I've told them. It was a fabulous place in which to grow up. My family moved to 3726 Laurel Avenue in 1944, where my brothers, Mike and Andy Cullen, and I, grew up. Our neighbors were the Glicks, Rose Pershan and daughters Shari and Andrea, and the Beinstocks. Eddie Beinstock still lives in the Gate.

Cousins Reedy and Dorothy Metzger, and Alan and Bernice Metzger lived at Sea Gate and Lyme Avnues.

I married Phil Brenner who lived at 3729 Lyme (sister Glory and brother Donnie). Our children are Valerie, Steve and Mitch. Phil and I split in the '60s and he now lives in Albuquerque, NM.

I now live in an area much like Sea Gate. It is called Diamondhead, Mississippi (in Katrina territory). It is a private community with a gate and stores and shopping outside. The Gulf sits on our south side, but it is golf, not a beach, community. Private security and all.

Ruby Cullen Brenner Stegeman  
[rubystegeman@bellsouth.net](mailto:rubystegeman@bellsouth.net)

To the Editors:

I enjoyed issue 12. Seeing Paul Christian's name reminded me of playing chess with Paul. He taught me how to play, and I believe he especially enjoyed beating me because I was older,

about six inches taller and 30 pounds heavier. I also enjoyed the memories brought back by Jerry Stern's article: dropping the glove on the trot back to home plate when our "side" was "up" and then retrieving an unknown glove from the position vacated. And training the gloves we owned by placing a ball in the glove and tying it up at night to get a deeper pocket. That's the way it was.

Nardy Katz  
[Katzbmee@yahoo.com](mailto:Katzbmee@yahoo.com)

## Remembrances of a Sea Gate Lifeguard

By Nardy Katz

I was the youngest Soda-Jerk at the Whittier Inn during WW II years, and that place really boomed during summers. On weekends, the tables were all taken and the Inn flourished as an alternative to the hot city. I lived at various times on Laurel, Manhattan, Neptune and Atlantic Avenues. After my graduation from Lincoln High School in 1951, where I was on the swimming and football teams, and my discharge from the Air Force in 1955, I spent the next two summers as a lifeguard on Sea Gate's beaches.

Gone were the days of Russ, *the* Lifeguard, who fished from his catamaran and sold flounders in the early morning hours to housewives for fresh dinners. Now the gifted amateur swimmer, often the unprofessional college student, became guardian of the delightful sparkling kingdom by

the sea. The head lifeguard in 1956 was a doctoral student at Columbia – In Philosophy, no less. And of such stuff were Sea Gate's finest. I recall a good guy by the name of Schwimmer as one of the other lifeguards.

The beaches, from One to Five, had changed nary a bit from earlier times. Flotsam that had accumulated during the war years from 1941-45 at Beach 5 disappeared, and gone were the boyhood adventure of sailing makeshift rafts. Beach One remained unchanged except now buoys had long replaced the ropes that had been strung across standing poles. The pillar we once climbed and dove from, in perfect Swan dive form, had disappeared. The rock jetty, which ran parallel to the sand, still provided its small lagoon for children but missing were the boys breaking mussels fishing for crabs, which were too often bashed against the rocks.

There were none of those ball games, like Triangle, played on the sand where tempers sometimes flared. Things were more physical back then, human pyramids, handstands, and some gymnastics. As to sports, now there wasn't much more than some ball tossing.

The Riviera had long changed. Die-hard basketball players hung on but the stickball and handball games had just about disappeared. The pinochle and bridge players retreated to the now extended cabanas. That evil-smelling wooden structure which housed cubicles to change from street clothes to bathing suit still lingered but

had become simply a place where lifeguards put on their embarrassing trunks. Practically its other use had evolved into a storage room where long time residents stored their beach chairs in old shower stalls.

Beaches Three and Four played host to most of the young married couples with growing families. The old WW II gun mounts between Beach 3 and 4 still stood lonely sentinel with wood pole feet showing, or not, depending upon the ravages of tides.

And during the summers of 1956 and 1957, we did not have the “tidal” waves that had swept the beaches during the war years from the bow wave of fast incoming warships (or was it the churn of the ship’s screws?). No sense blowing my whistle to bring in the swimmers as the rush of water never materialized. The romance was gone. Even the jetties had effectively disappeared. Once something to jump off or over, shifting beach had removed them from sight.

The narrow strip of sand between Beach One and Two had also just about melted away at high tide. You had to navigate close to the chain-link fence that separated the old Army water tower and concrete blockhouse from the beach. The tall WW II remnant had special meaning -- having climbed it so often late at night after Mal Marquit and I closed up Sonny and Lou’s.

As lifeguards we wore trunks with a red tank top and a whistle hanging adroitly. Gone were the dramatic eye-catching two

hulled catamarans, which decorated the sands for so many years. They were replaced by uninspiring, awkward rowboats proving difficult in the occasional Sunday “rescue” just off the Beach 5 rocks.

In the early mornings the beaches hosted the occasional swimmer and the Sea Gate clean-up crew picked up excess seaweed and other debris. Long gone were the two dray horses that pulled a sled which raked and smoothed the sand. (You need a good memory for that one).

Besides being a great summer job enabling a dull reading of Spinoza on rainy days, the outstanding benefit of becoming a lifeguard became Linda Goldfarb of Oceanic Avenue., a young lady with white buttons decorating a one-piece red wool bathing suit. If you can keep a secret, she is now Mrs. Linda Katz, my wife.

Nardy and Linda live most of the year in Oceanside, CA. and also have a residence in Easton, PA. Nardy taught Economics at Lafayette College, where he was Chairman of the Economics Department. Their email address is [Katzbmee@yahoo.com](mailto:Katzbmee@yahoo.com).

To the Editors:

Let me add my congratulations to you and to all those who are laboring to put out the Sea Gate newsletter. It brings back all kinds of wonderful memories. What a treasure!

It might be helpful if somebody could publish a list of all those

names and current addresses or emails you have, so we can make contact without waiting for their names to appear in the newsletter or bother you. I know it’s quite a chore, but if it can be accomplished, it would be helpful.

Larry Weinberg  
[bawtest@aol.com](mailto:bawtest@aol.com)

Editor’s note: Same old problem. We know, in trying to obtain names and email addresses of Sea Gaters, that some are reluctant to publish their email addresses. Pleas on my part for emailed expressions of consent have resulted in just a few responses. So, here’s the deal: We will publish the email addresses of anyone who writes a letter for publication. So, write a one-line letter. Say anything. Say “hello.” You can even express your thoughts about the newsletter – kind or critical. Send in anything and we’ll have your implied consent to include you on a list of email addresses we would then include in a future newsletter. And if you want a particular email address that we have, we’ll send it to you after we check with the person. On a related point, help us find more Sea Gaters.

To the Editors:

Our parents, Harry and Yetta Kaplan, passed away within three months of each other in 2005. They were married for seventy-two years, most of them living in the house shown in the photo below.



Lyme Avenue was a wonderful block. Neighbors were Sol and Labelle Harrison, Herman and Dottie Roselle, Arthur and Molly Baker. Relatives living in Sea Gate were Mac and Sarah Weis and Harry and Yonna Glenn. Extended family was Fred and Pearl Kornfeld.

Sea Gaters who played cards at our home were: Patterson, Ameri, Frankel, Lesh, Kastenbaum, Perlmutter, Post and others. Our basement hosted Boy Scout Patrol meetings and "Spartan" meetings (rivals of the Centaurs).

We were very sad to leave this house, which contained so many memories. Lucky for us, we still see many former descendants of Sea Gaters and have opportunities to reminisce and catch up.



**Linda Kaplan Weis and Gerry Kaplan in front of 3916 Lyme Avenue.**

The new owners will find new and impressively refurbished houses on Manhattan Avenue and Highland Avenue. The beaches and views are still beautiful. Plans for Coney

Island's renaissance are in the works.

Sea Gate will always hold a special place in our hearts.

Linda's email is [charmsall@verizon.net](mailto:charmsall@verizon.net)  
Gerry's email is [gwkdir@hotmail.com](mailto:gwkdir@hotmail.com)

To the Editors:

My closest friend to this day is Sid Paterson, whose grandmother, Mrs. Moscovitz owned the San Souci Lodge Hotel on Surf Avenue. I am also friendly with Stan Buchholtz, the butcher's son; in fact, we are having dinner with him and his wife this month in Palm Beach.

I belong to the North Shore Country Club on Long Island. Two other members of my club are from Sea Gate: Hank Salzauer, and Bill Achenbaum.

My wife and I travel quite frequently and I find it amazing that whether in Turkey or China or the south of France we inevitably wind up meeting someone with some kind of roots in Sea Gate.

Congratulations to the editors for taking the time to keep this information-channel open. I think it's a wonderful thing you are doing.

Arthur S. Levine  
[asl@tahari.com](mailto:asl@tahari.com)

To the Editors:

I truly enjoyed reading the newsletter. It was good to see Diana Rubenstein still looking beautiful, hearing names from the past that brought fond memories of my time on the Riv and singing in the Chapel with Lou Stallman ("If I had a Hammer").

I lived in Coney Island and made friendships that are still going strong. I met my dear friend Olivia Lorch in 1956 and that started my great time in the Gate. I saw familiar faces at the Lincoln Reunion, and I expect to be going to the Florida Sea Gate Reunion in February.

Thanks for good memories.

Wendy (Herzog) Blumenthal  
[WEST29TH@cs.com](mailto:WEST29TH@cs.com)

To the Editors:

Arnie Rosen's book on Sea Gate brought back many fond memories. My grandparents, Anna and Lewis Goldfarb, had a hotel called Sea View Manor at 4909 Beach 49<sup>th</sup> Street. It was once the Yacht Club. Perhaps it was built after the first one burned down. There were window seats around the dining room which were filled with yachting books and other records from the yacht club. I was also told that at one time it was Franklin Roosevelt's summer home, but there was nothing around that could prove that. The hotel was on a nice size property that had a tennis court and two large porches, one

in front and one on the side facing the lawn and the water. Every summer an opera singer (I was too young and disinterested to learn her name) gave a performance on the side lawn. My mother Bobbie Friedman and my uncle, Chester Goldfarb worked there summers and I spent all my time there as a child. The guests were primarily Yiddish writers and intelligentsia. My grandmother was friendly with Aliza Greenblatt, Marjorie Mazia's mother. My sister Alice and I took dancing lessons from Marjorie at her Sheepshead Bay studio for years. During the 60's my grandparents sold the hotel and I understand that there are six houses on the lot. On my only visit to The Gate since then I couldn't bring myself to look down the block.

I lived at 5011 Surf Avenue, went to PS 188, Mark Twain, Lincoln (class of 1953) and Brooklyn College. Many years later in my capacity as Director of Magnet Programs in District 21 in Brooklyn, I worked at PS 188 and Mark Twain. It was strange to return to a totally different population inhabiting a physical facility that had hardly changed at all.

One summer after high school I was offered a summer job modeling. I was told that I had to lose any trace of a tan because they were showing Fall clothes. I turned the job down and took a boring clerical position because I didn't want to give up my time on Beach One and the Riviera.

Arline Friedman Geller  
[gellerad@yahoo.com](mailto:gellerad@yahoo.com)

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Lawrence, NY 11559  
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### **Corrections:**

Michael Cullen's web site is  
[www.Berliner-Reichstag.net](http://www.Berliner-Reichstag.net)

In the Photo Gallery Issue 12, "Nostalgic photos courtesy of Israelowitz Publishing, PO Box 228, Brooklyn, NY 11229, [oscari477@aol.com](mailto:oscari477@aol.com) "Israelowitz Publishing, PO Box 228, Brooklyn, NY 11229" should be corrected to read "Nostalgic photos courtesy of Brian Merlis." Brian Merlis has published numerous photo books on Brooklyn neighborhoods.

Sonny Krown graduated from Lincoln HS 1/1949 and then Brooklyn Poly in 1955

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

# Capturing Life: *Images of Sea Gate's Past*

## A Special Photo Gallery Supplement

### *Sea Gate Revisited*

February, 2007

This month's photo gallery is a compilation of photos of community events, social gatherings, and other special occasions.



Sea Gate Community Center Dinner (date unknown)--Seated 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> from the left, David and Lottie Finklestein, Joseph and Fannie Steinberg and on extreme right is Rabbi Ezra Gellman. Standing, from left is Paul Yampol, 3<sup>rd</sup> from left, Evelyn Handler, 4<sup>th</sup> from left, Leo Gross, and on extreme right, Max Gerhunoff.



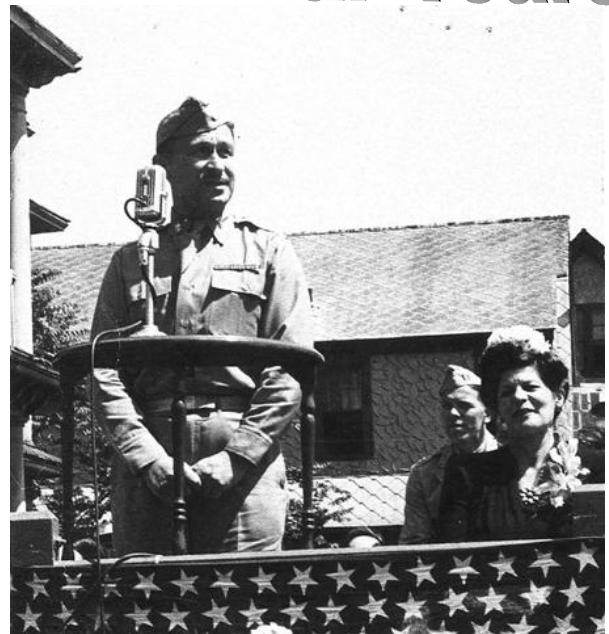


**Bill Miller's Riviera, circa 1947--Seated at the left to right, Jack and Anna Freedman, Ruth Klein, Hyman and Janet Robins; Standing left to right, Ken Klein, Irma Freedman, Don Robins, Archie and Donald Klein.**



Sea Gate Association Dinner honoring Lester Pincus, Dec 8, 1952 far left is Joe Altman, 4<sup>th</sup> from left, Ben Salzhauer, and far right is David Finklestein

## The War Years



Dedication ceremonies at the Sea Gate Canteen. Fanny Steinberg is seated at right and Brig. General Philip Gage officiated, June, 1943. Photo courtesy of Gloria Steinberg-Gerst.



The Sea Gate Canteen officers: (Left to right) Mary Ziegelbaum, Emil Post, (unidentified), Ray Greenstein, Fanny Steinberg, (unidentified officer), Mary Dillon, Betty Meyer, Virginia Sutherland, (and unidentified). Photo courtesy of Evalyn Greenstein-Krown, circa 1943.



Night out at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochell, circa 1946. Left to right: Alvin Dworman, Barbara Harnett, Sandy Levine, (unidentified), Seymour "Jeep" Lefkowitz, Norma Tomkin, (unidentified), Sandy Levitt. Photo from *Sea Gate Remembered*©, published by Xlibris, 2004.

# Weddings



**Boris (Bo) Spivack –Bo Spivack, was married to Lois Ann Berger of Sayville, Long Island on 19 August 1945 at St. John's Lutheran Church in Sayville. The reception was at the bride's home.**





Lou and Irene Powser were married on April 14, 1946. Lou lived at 3807 Laurel Avenue



Don and Beverly Robins were married on Sunday Aug. 26, 1956 at the Menorah Masonic Temple in Brooklyn, NY. Don says, "It seems like yesterday, now going on 51 years."



**Jerry and Ruth Stern were married on February 14, 1960, in Rochester, NY. From right to left, Danny Friedman, Paul Christian, Angelo Trippiedi, Allan Armour, Gene Stern, David Zaslow, Jerry and Ruth Stern. Gene is Jerry's older brother; David is Jerry's younger brother.**



Gloria Steinberg and Jerome Gerst were married on June 29, 1947 at the Cottage at the Hampshire House on Central Park West in New York.





Left to right, the groom's parents, David and Pearl Gerst; the bride and groom, Jerome and Gloria; and the bride's parents, Fanny and Joseph Steinberg.



Greeting Rabbi Ezra Gellman on the receiving line

# Sea Gate Reunion

## Special Edition

Published by the staff of *Sea Gate Revisited*  
*A newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*  
February, 2007

The Sea Gate Luncheon Reunion was held at Benvenuto's in Boynton Beach, Florida on Tuesday, February 13, 2007

### The Reunion: A Success

By Marilyn Kopp

It had rained much of the day before, so it was with great anticipation and relief that Tuesday, February 13, 2007 was a bright, dry and warm day in South Florida. Like many others who do not live in Florida, I came down to go to the reunion and see old friends.

I arrived at Benvenuto's, a beautiful catering facility in Boynton Beach, about 11:30 AM and I was very excited. The first person I met in the parking lot was Eddie Mann. I remembered hearing about him as one of Lincoln's best football players. He was hoping to be able to attend the reunion even though he was told it was a sellout a few weeks before. He decided to take a chance. Eventually he was able to attend and have lunch because there were a couple of "no-shows. At least one other person also came at the last minute and enjoyed the day.

Barry and Susan Burns greeted guests and showed me where to pick up my name tag and guest list. I couldn't wait to see who was going to be there.

I saw Florence Bellock Schub, cousin to Bernice Meyers Zibrak. I said hello to Essie Kafka and her daughter, Wendy Solomon, neighbors of mine on Surf Ave. Then I spoke with Rhoda Shapiro Montella and her daughter, Nann

Einhorn Kafka. Nann is also the niece of Elaine Einhorn Sturtz. Winifred Drachman Davis and I reminisced with Rhoda about our days in the Girl Scout troop founded by Winnie's mother.

Soon we entered the dining room which was beautifully set with china and crystal that sparkled on the large round tables. I brought along my little disposable camera and circulated in the room taking pictures of those I remembered from the years growing up in Sea Gate. Gloria Steinberg Gerst, Arnold Rosen, Vivian Keel Lassman, Gloria Friedman Baron, Victor Bachman, Toby Altman Marcus, and Shep Forest.

I chatted with Stephen Kornfeld who reminisced about his father, Fred and my late brother, Stanley. I spoke with Marce Mandel Haber, who lived next door to my cousins, Sidney, Jerry and Dorothy Deutsch on Beach 48 St. Her sister Joy, was in my JHS class.

My cousins, Sidney and Priscilla Deutsch, were at my table and they filled me in on their winter in Boca Lago.

Barry Burns welcomed us and explained why he was pinch-hitting for Fran Markowitz. Fran was sitting shiva for Paul Markowitz, who had died just four days earlier after he and Fran planned this event. Expecting to be too ill to speak at the reunion, Paul prepared some remarks and asked Barry to read them.

Lunch was delicious and beautifully presented by the staff.

Jerry Stern and Rhoda Shapiro Montella sat

together and reminisced for hours about their families' close relationship. Their families lived in the same apartment on Atlantic Ave. and Beach 45 street and lived in the same home on both the 3700 and 3800 blocks of Oceanic Ave. Paul Christian reminisced with Bobby Cantor and Ed Meadows, and with Gene Goldberg and Victor Bachman, who were friends of Paul's brother, Gil.

Bobby Cantor told the story of how he and Paul were friendly adversaries in the 1940s and 1950s with Bobby rooting for the NY Giants and Paul rooting for the Brooklyn Dodgers. In the 1960s, years after each of them moved from Sea Gate, the Dodgers beat the Giants in the final season game. It was late on the east coast, well after 2:00 AM; Bobby's phone rang, and Bobby picked up the phone and said, "Been waiting for your call, Paul." He was right. Paul couldn't let the moment pass without continuing the rivalry that started about 20 years earlier.

A few of the former boy scouts entertained the group by singing "We are the boys of 256 you hear so much about..." If these men had not just met after 50 years, one would think they had rehearsed all week. They knew the words and melody of the song! Judy Plattman-Denenberg sang the PS 188 school song.

Others told anecdotes about Sea Gate, and the afternoon just flew by. Old friends greeted each other with hugs, and at times we all had to sneak a peek at name tags to know who we were talking to. But it was pure joy. What a great day. I left with renewed memories of my hometown of Sea Gate, Brooklyn, New York.

Gerry Kaplan spoke about how much Sea Gate meant to his parents, Yetta and Harry Kaplan. Gerry and Linda's parents had great pleasure in attending most of the Sea Gate reunions in Florida.

Jerry Stern spoke of the origin of the newsletter. He said the best description of life in Sea Gate was Arnie Rosen's book, *Sea Gate Remembered*. Jerry proposed to Arnie that they continue the remembrances by a newsletter that Jerry thought should be distributed quarterly. Arnie pressed

for a monthly newsletter, and *Sea Gate Revisited* was born.

Marilyn Ferber Kopp

The following are digital photos taken at the event.



**(Left to right) Arnie Rosen, Marilyn (Ferber) Kopp, Jerry Stern. Photo by Marylyn Staines.**



**Jerry and Gloria (Steinberg) Gerst. Photo by Marylyn Staines**





**Carol (Mennen) Gabay and Harvey Yurman.**  
Photo by Marylyn Staines



**Dr. Sidney and Pricilla Deutsch.** Photo by Marylyn Staines



**Ronni (Spinner) Haller.** Photo by Marylyn Staines



**Victor & Midge (Levine) Bachman**



**Eugene & Joanne (Irgang) Goldberg.** Photo by Marylyn Staines



**(Left to right) Eugene Goldberg, Arnie Rosen and Shep Forest.** Photo by Marylyn Staines



**Gene Rifkin.** Photo by Marylyn Staines



**(Left to right) Irma (Freedman) Most and Barbara (Goldberg) Furman.** Photo by Marylyn Staines





**Essie Kafka and Ed Mann. Photo by Marylyn Staines**



**Barry Burns and Sheldon Spodek. Photo by Marylyn Staines**



**(Left to right) Marlene (Stern) Bryda, Jerry Stern, Richie Gell, and Doris (Litt) Dingott. Photo by Marylyn Staines**



**Judy (Plattman) Denenberg and Paul Christian**



**Jerry Stern and Harvey Yurman**





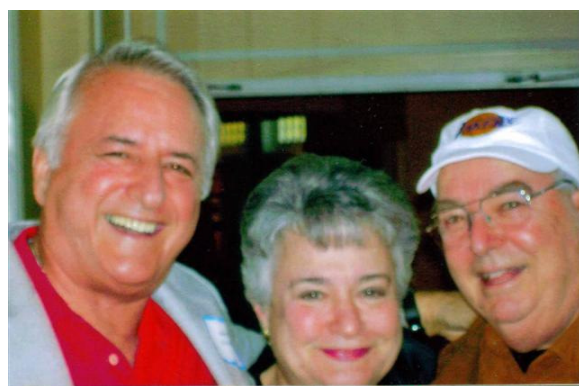
**(Left to right) Marlene (Stern) Bryda, Ziev Rivlin And Harriet Primack**



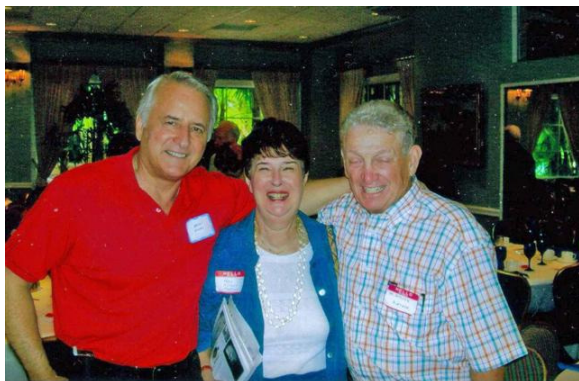
**(L to R) Ed Meadows, Linda Katz (Nardy's wife), Bobby Cantor, Judy Plattman-Denenberg and Harvey Yurman. Photo by Patti Fox Yurman.**



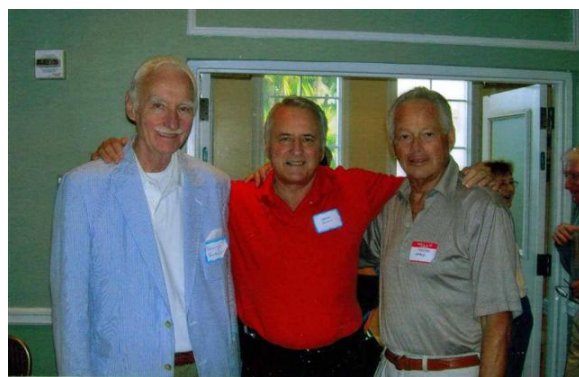
**Singing "We are the Boys of 256," from left to right: Barry Burns, Jerry Stern, Harvey Yurman, Paul Christian,, Bobby Cantor, and Gerry Kaplan. Photo by Patti Fox Yurman.**



**(L to R) Harvey Yurman, Judy Plattman Denenberg, and Paul Christian. Photo by Patti Fox Yurman.**

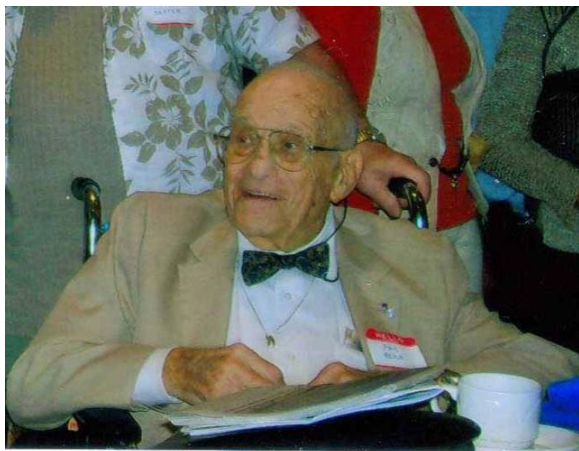


**(L to R) Harvey Yurman, Toby Altman Marcus and Steve Mintzer. Photo by Patti Fox Yurman.**



**(L to R) George Goran, Harvey Yurman, and Stan Ameri. Photo by Patti Fox Yurman.**





**Phil Reich, (Joan Reich's dad) celebrating the reunion at age 102. Photo by Patti Fox Yurman.**



**(L to R) Dan Cassel & Eddy Mann. Photo by Marilyn Ferber Kopp.**



**(L to R) Sidney Sturtz, Elaine (Einhorn) Sturtz, and Vivian (Kheel) Lassman. Photo by Marilyn Ferber Kopp.**



**(L to R) Florence and Al Schub. Photo by Marilyn Ferber Kopp.**



**(L to R) Marilyn (Ferber) Kopp, Stanley Krueger, Gene Rifkin, and Marilyn Krueger (seated). Photo by Marilyn Ferber Kopp.**



**(L to R) Irwin Landes, gloria (Friedman) Baron, Alvin (Buddy) Baron. Photo by Marilyn Ferber Kopp.**



**Reprise! Group singing "We are the Boys of 256,"**  
**(L to R) Barry Burns, Jerry Stern, Harvey**  
**Yurman, Paul Christian, Bobby Cantor. Photo by**  
**Patti Fox Yurman.**

## *Sea Gate Reunion*

### *Florida 2007*

Achenbaum, Bill & Carol (Oliver)	Greenberg, Sharon (Alovis)
Alovis, Meryl (Levine)	Greenstein, Stanley
Ameri, Stan & Joan (Reich)	Haber, Marce (Mandel)
Bachman, Victor & Midge (Levine)	Haller, Ronni (Spinner)
Baron, Dr. Al & Gloria (Friedman)	Hecht, Shirley (Miloff) & Stan Abrams
Becker, Mickey & Diane	Horowitz, Sam & Estelle
Blaukopf, Orah (Rivlin)	Janoer, Gladys (Miloff)
Bryda,, Marlene (Stern)	Kafka, Essie
Burns, Barry & Susan	Kafka Nann (Einhorn)
Cane, Herbert & Andi	Kaye, Robby & Roslyn (Gurin)
Cantor, Bob	Kopp, Marilyn (Ferber)
Cassel, Dan & Alice (Bael)	Kornfield, Stephen & Louise
Christian, Paul & Ellie	Krueger, Stanley & Marilyn
Davis, Winnie	Landes, Irwin & Lois Ullman
Degner, Barry & Marcia (Burns)	Lassman, Vivian (Kheel)
Denenberg, Judy (Plattman)	Leavy, Flossie (Plattman)
Deutsch, Dr. Sidney & Pricilla	Levine, Bob & Sonny
Dingott, Doris (Litt)	Mann, Edwin
Fishbein, Sylvia (Sexter) & Bernard Kushel	Marcus, Toby (Altman)
Forest, Shep	Mazer, Gloria
Furman, Barbara (Goldberg)	Meadow, Ed
Gabay, Ed & Carole (Mennen)	Melet, Barbara (Rechler)
Gell Richard	Metzger, Dr. Al & Nancy (Gurin)
Gerst, Jerry & Gloria (Steinberg)	Mintzer, Dr. Steven & Gail
Gerzog, Janet (Zorn)	Montella, Rhoda (Shapiro)
Gladstone, Charlotte (Gertz)	Most, Jack & Irma (Freedman)
Gladstone, Fred	Nemiroff,, Maxine (Rich)
Goldberg, Al	Oxhandler, Bob & Louise
Goldberg, Eugene & Joanne (Irgang)	Primack, Harriet
Goldberg, Jerry & Rosalie	Reich, Phil
Goldstein, Gibby & Esta (Wynn)	Rifkin, Gene & Anita
Gorran, George & Harriet (Goldstein)	Rivlin, Ziev & Nicole
Graff, Joan (Mindlin)	Rosen, Arnold & Marylyn Staines
	Schatten, Paula (Rechler)
	Schub, Al & Florence
	Schulman, Burt & Gloria
	Serowitz, Adrienne
	Sexter, Jay & Eve



Shapiro, Irwin & Lila  
Shub, Dr. Harvey  
Silverman, Rita  
Slatkow, Robert & Rita (Fine)  
Solomon, Sid & Wendy (Kafka)  
Spodek, Sheldon & Rosalie (Firester)  
Stahl, Fern (Hammersmith)  
Stechel, Dr. George  
Stern, Edith (Gurevitch8)  
Stern, Jerry & Ruth  
Sturtz, Sidney & Elaine (Einhorn)  
Vogel, Susan (Arnowitz)  
Weiner, Ethelind (Altman)  
Weinstock, Shelly  
Weis, Linda (Kaplan)  
Yurman, Harvey & Patti (Fox)  
Zenna, Richard & Loretta

We express our condolences to Fran Markowitz and family on the passing of Paul Markowitz. We were looking forward to spending time with Fran and Paul at the February reunion in Florida. Fran and Paul organized and ran the reunions. Sadly, Fran was sitting shiva as the reunion was being held.

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.



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# Sea Gate Revisited

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 14

March, 2007

## From the Editor

By Jerry Stern

By now you have received the reunion newsletter and photos. It was great to see old friends at the reunion.

Keep sending us letters and articles. The focus should be on your recollections of friends and events in Sea Gate. But that should not exclude school, other neighborhoods, or even the recollections of the two or three of you who rooted for the NY Giants.

We are working on the April newsletter.

To the Editors:

Thanks for the most recent newsletter. I read all the issues with a smile on my face; the shared memories revive names and events and descriptions of life in the Gate for me. Thanks for all your efforts in compiling it. You are doing a "mitzvah!"

Joan Mindlin Graff  
[Joan\\_graff@comcast.net](mailto:Joan_graff@comcast.net)

To the Editors:

I so enjoyed the current issue of the Sea Gate newsletter. You all have created something wonderful. It's such fun to read

all the responses to previous articles and photos. Please keep it going!  
Warm regards,

Judy Plattman Denenberg  
[Judywink98@aol.com](mailto:Judywink98@aol.com)

To the Editors:

Another great job with some really wonderful photos and great memories--Nardy Katz lived right around the corner from me on Highland Avenue and Neil Bachman down the street on Laurel Avenue.

The first photo of the Sea Gate Community Dinner has my parents, Maishe and Rose Rivlin second and third from the right, seated. Not sure it needs a correction but I'm delighted to have the picture. Standing behind my parents, next to Max Gershunoff is Abe Rubinstein – father of Jeanette and Barbara Rubinstein.

Ziev Rivlin  
[rivlinj@hevanet.com](mailto:rivlinj@hevanet.com)

What a great job! The last issue was outstanding. It brought back so many great memories. I spoke to Paul Christian yesterday. We are both overwhelmed by its contents. Many of the people mentioned are older than me, but I knew

most of the younger ones. I grew up with many of the names in this past issue. Sid Paterson, Gerry Kaplan, Stan Buchholz, Mickey Roselle, the Leshes. Fran Lesh is living in Aventura, Florida. She is now 98

Thanks again for the memories. And don't forget to mention that Carolina's Restaurant is now a Chinese buffet.

Irving Rosenberg  
[kingsize186@yahoo.com](mailto:kingsize186@yahoo.com)

To the Editors:

My family owned a house located at 3815 Nautilus Avenue, which was next door to Kneses Israel, the Sea Gate shul.

The previous owner, Mrs. Beaver, told us about her tenant, John Garfinkle, who later became John Garfield, the actor.

We had Jacob Javits' mom as our tenant and Mayor Abraham Beame's brother, Jack and his beautiful wife, Fritzie as our tenants. Rochelle, Jack Javits' daughter, sang with me on some of Lou Stallman's demo records, such as "Wink your Eye, Grow and Grow," and "He loved a Lady from Japan."

My parents welcomed my friends, and they dropped by often.

Growing up in Sea Gate was wholesome, safe, and friendly. The air smelled from the fragrance of tree blossoms and the salt air from the nearby ocean. At night ocean liners would blow horns and buoys were heard in the distance. Sea Gate had the feeling of “Peyton Place” without the sordid stories. A wonderful and enchanted environment for children and families!

Others have written of their memories of playing punchball, stickball, “Triangle” on the beach, softball, touch football, stoopball, races and many other games. I have similar memories.

Some of my fondest memories are of the Boy Scouts. I looked forward to those Friday nights at the Chapel. The Boy Scouts combined learning, development of skills, hikes, overnight camp, building-projects, friendships and lots of fun. I remember shows we put on for Sea Gaters. One in particular was “Of Thee I sing.” George Gorran and Jerry Chasen were in it, and in a previous newsletter, Jerry Stern described the Conga line show in which we were dressed as women. Jerry was Carman Miranda. We laughed as much as the audience did.

Harvey Yurman  
Harveyyurman@bellsouth.net



**Harvey Yurman as a cub scout**

From an Editor:

I spent a great deal of time at Harvey and Allen Yurman’s home. Here are three photos (circa 1948) that show Mrs. Yurman’s spirit and warmth.



**In one, the family is in a wooden sled they built so that Mr. Yurman could attach the sled to his car and drive his family around Sea Gate after a snow storm.**



**In another, Mrs Yurman has wrestled her daughter to the ground, as Allen watches with glee.**



**And in another, Mrs. Yurman is laughing at herself after falling in the snow.**

This was no ordinary Sea Gate housewife and mother! She was special.

As Harvey tried to teach me social skills so that someday I’d be able to talk to girls, Mrs Yurman would offer words of support and encouragement. Most of the time I spent dancing at ages 17 and 18 was with Harvey as he tried to teach me to dance. The Yurman home was warm and welcoming, and I could drop by whenever I chose. And I did.

There is one incident that should make it clear how unusual Mrs Yurman was. Josh Fein, Allan and I were tearing the house



apart one afternoon after Mrs Yurman had stepped out to do some chores. Josh was about 14, and I was 15. Allan was chasing us, and either Josh or I slammed a door to separate ourselves from Allen. As Allen ran forward, his arm went through the glass in the door. He left broken glass, blood and part of his flesh on the floor. We grabbed a towel to stop the bleeding (we needed the Boy Scout training). We were helping Allen and I was cleaning up the awful mess when Mrs Yurman came home. What a sight! I thought she'd throw a fit, and then kill us. Mrs. Yurman calmly wrapped and bandaged Allen's arm, and then told us to accompany her. She said: "You boys look faint. It's time for a malted!" And she drove us to the Sweet Shoppe for malteds.

Here's to Mrs Yurman! Thank you, Mr. and Mrs Yurman, and thank you Harvey and Allen for the good times, the welcome I always received, the good friendships, and the dance lessons. They probably worked a few years later.

Jerry Stern

To the Editors:

I found the February issue very interesting and I particularly enjoyed the letter written by Arline Geller. I knew her parents and grandparents for many years. Her father was the first person I ever met who owned a Peugeot car. I spent lots of time in her grandparents' home where I had many political discussions with her

grandfather. Her uncle Chester (Goldfarb) Carity was one of my closest friends and we were partners for about 40 years.

A number of us would meet every weekend on Surf Avenue in front of the Dworman house for our regular "Association" touch tag football game. I don't remember all who played, but I do remember many of them.

Ralph Silverman was 6' 4" (he used to say that he was 6' 8" but shrunk as he got older). My brother Danny played with us occasionally. Also Aaron Perl, Irv Schreiber, Ira Kuhlik, Joe (Yussy Rabinowitz), Dave Yagoda, Jack Oldstein (a friend of Chester), Jerry (Danchelsky) Daniels, Chester and myself. Chester was well known for his sidewalk cut, running from the middle of the street towards the sidewalk behind parked cars so that we were unable to block the ball. Jerry Daniels and I wore eyeglasses and we both wore basketball masks to protect our faces.

Every New Year's Eve we would have a party, most of them were held in the Goldfarb house on Beach 49th Street. We would get wood for the fireplace and two days before we would start preparing the food. Since Chester worked at the hotel he would get a fresh piece of beef and then go through the process of cooking it and making it into corned beef. We also prepared big salads. I can still picture Chester mixing the salads in a big stainless steel bowl with his bare hands and his hairy arms were covered with the salad. Every year I would bring a movie camera there (or wherever we held the party, and

take movies of the evening. We would always show the movies from the previous years at each party. I remember that the first party was held in Al Bungard's house and he attended the subsequent parties each year until he died.

I remember the nautical books at the Beach 49th Street house and looked through them often.

It was my understanding that after the fire at the Yacht Club, the club moved to the Beach 49th Street house. I was also told that it was once Al Smith's summer house.

I noticed in the last issue Angelo Trippiedi's picture at Jerry Stern's wedding. (Angelo owned the Shell station on Cropsey Ave.) Jerry recently gave me his phone number and I spoke with him. It was a little emotional for me as I haven't seen him in many years. My parents loved him and he was the first person they invited to their 50th Wedding Anniversary celebration.

Howard W. Friedman  
[amrep1@aol.com](mailto:amrep1@aol.com)

Editor's Note: Angelo became part of my "family" also. He serviced the cars of many Sea Gaters and had the informal title of Mayor of Coney Island. He's 81, still works (at his and his son's gas station in Las Vegas), and he looks the same as he did 50 years ago.

Now about those football games that Howard described. Although I thought I played my best football in those games, obviously my skills were not memorable since Howard did

not include me on his list. I loved that game, and I made the trip to it from my home in Rochester, a 6 1/2 hour drive! Every Saturday morning. Danny indeed did play, got me involved in 1959, and I brought my friend Arthur Weinstein (4019 Manhattan Ave.) into it. What great memories.

Jerry Stern

To the Editors:

The story behind my family's move to Sea Gate is that as an infant, I refused to eat. Fearing the worst, my mother took me from Flatbush to Coney Island daily for the sea air, since everyone gets an appetite at the beach. Right? After two years of this we moved to Lyme Avenue, across the street from Bobby and Mel Cantor, and then to a house on the corner of Sea Gate Avenue and Cypress Avenue.

At Mark Twain JHS, I won the eighth grade beauty contest. My best friend, Phyllis Ratner won the ninth grade beauty contest and had the further honor of being the prettiest girl in the school. In 1950, at 15, my friends and I crashed a party hosted by a college guy, and there I met the guy's roommate. We just celebrated our 52<sup>nd</sup> anniversary. My husband's great grandfather was the founder and first rabbi of the Sea Gate synagogue.

On my last visit to Sea Gate, about 15 years ago, I was told at the Gate not to make noise or ring doorbells because it was a Jewish holiday and services were about to end. I enjoyed

seeing my former house, but was amazed to learn that it had become a synagogue.

As others have said in earlier newsletters, Sea Gate was a great place to grow up in. What I especially loved was the beach and living in a small community with close proximity to the "city." So, how did I end up in Arizona?

Keep those newsletters coming!

Maxine Rich Nemiroff  
[Nemiroff7314@AOL.com](mailto:Nemiroff7314@AOL.com)

To the Editors:

I noticed in one of the newsletters the names of Gloria Steinberg and Gloria Harnick. They both were members of our Sea Gate girls' club, the "Caravan." Our motto was "One World." Are there any other members of that club out there?

One friend stands out. There weren't too many girls on my block so when a girl came to live in a large Victorian house one summer, my friends and I welcomed her into our group. The girl was taking singing lessons and serenaded us with "The Donkey Serenade." We spent the summer giggling and laughing at her. She was Bubbles Silverman, later to be known by Opera lovers as Beverly Sills

Rene Farber  
[ahfrf@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ahfrf@sbcglobal.net)

Editor's note: A photo of Beverly Sills in Sea Gate appears in this month's photo gallery.

## Life in Sea Gate in the 1960s

By Tina Datz Zucker

I was born in 1949 and lived for my first eight years in a bungalow in Coney Island on West 31 Street, between Mermaid and Surf Avenues. I remember the boardwalk and fireworks once a week during the summer, the Coney Island rides and especially Steeplechase where I rode the race horses and walked through the moving barrel. In 1957, as Coney Island began to deteriorate, my parents decided to move to Sea Gate.

We moved into a multi-dwelling house across the street from the Sea Gate Gardens Hotel on Neptune Avenue where Chico Rivera worked and lived with his wife and son, Pablo.

Friends were confidants and partners in adventure. My friend Sandy, who has been my friend for the past 50 years, and I once rode our bikes from Sea Gate to the Staten Island ferry and across to Staten Island. Inside the gate, we played hop scotch, potsy, hit the penny, scully, and Hoola Hoop. All it took was a Spalding ball and a piece of chalk. Red light- green light, one two three, and stoop ball. The guys would play Ringalevio and Johnny on the Pony while the girls would watch. My sister would take me to the ice skating rink right near the Surf Avenue gate.

My friend Amy used to call for me in the middle of the night

and we would go walking. It was quiet, safe and beautiful. Sometimes we would come home late and crawl under the gate at Neptune Avenue and West 37 Street. My friends Ronda Lobel and Harriet Saltzman lived on West 36 Street and Neptune Avenue. Debbie Goldberg lived nearby. They too loved Sea Gate.

Sharon Aloviss and Sharon Marlowe and I were inseparable. We had so much fun together. I remember we'd fall asleep talking to each other on the phone.

Other friends of mine were Alison Miller, Fern Hudson, Susie Squire, Tina Moehring, Amy Tubin, Lisa Werner, Sandy Ravin, and Nettie Schnitzer. The guys were Steven Brass, Steven Beam, Andy Berdy, Roger Manusov, Norman Silverman, Moe Patrick, Alan Santamaria (was he gorgeous!) Philip Weiss, Joel Fleischer, Ralph Rose (another beauty), cousins Frankie and Georgie Vero, Rubin Binder, Robert Scanoni, Michael and Robert Lesh, Russell Fox, Ira Horowitz, Kevin Jones, Joel Tag, Lee, Johnny Piro (whose older brother, John, lived in the same multi-dwelling house as I lived in). Also, Jeffrey Purseley and Benjie Silberman, whose parents owned the drugstore right outside of Sea Gate on Mermaid Avenue. Joey Ross was my first boyfriend. At my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday party, he played the saxophone and Alan Santamaria played the drums. We played spin the bottle.

Recently, I got together with Andy Berdy, Norm Silverman

and Roger Manusov and their very delightful wives. We told stories and reminisced. They are terrific men.

I spent hours putting rollers in my hair and picking out my clothes to go to the bus booth at Surf Avenue and wait for friends to come so we could all do nothing together.

In 1961 we moved to Sea Gate Avenue. My friends and I would sit on my stoop watching the boys go by in their cars. Bruce Shareck, Marty and Lenny Fishgold and Lester Rackoff, all lived across the street from me, and Mike Nelson lived right next door after Dr. Condello moved out.

And there were the older guys. Harvey Stingray took Sharon Aloviss and me for a ride. I had a big crush on Jeffrey Peck. He took me riding on his motor scooter. On one warm summer day, he was fishing on the bay side and we both jumped into the water with our clothes on. Jeffrey Miller spent summers as a Sea Gate policeman, and I had a crush on him too.

There was "Eddie's Fascination," right across the street from Nathan's. You had to roll a ball and get five in a row before everyone else did. There has never been a hot dog and French fries as good as Nathan's. There will never be a place so crowded as to have wall to wall people on a summer's night waiting in line for that great experience. And the Lobster rolls were yummy.

Venturing out of Sea Gate, we went to the pizza place across

from PS 188. When I went to the bus stop at Neptune and West 37 Street, I would stop at Richie's for a malted or egg cream. I remember the snow, the snow drifts, and the snowball fights.

At lunch hour at Mark Twain Junior High School, we went to the Huba Huba for the best burgers. I remember Shirley the waitress. My mother asked Shirley to serve me even if I didn't have money and my mother would pay her later. A hamburger, French fries and a coke were .45-.50 cents. Shirley put her tips in her bra.

There was a terrible flood in 1963. The water was so deep people used rowboats. My parents came to get me.

Jerry and Noel ran the butcher shop in the old supermarket just inside Sea Gate, off Mermaid Avenue. During snowstorms, the store delivered our groceries. The only time in my life when I took something without paying was at that old market. My friend Sandy and I took a pint of ice cream. To this day, I don't know why we did it. The owner ran after us and that was terrifying.

When I lived on Sea Gate Avenue, some of my friends lived as far as Poplar Avenue, and on the Beach streets. My friend Susie Squire lived in a house overlooking the water. There was a pillbox nearby where the soldiers had guarded the Sea Gate shore during WWII. I remember finding a bullet in the sand. My friends living farthest from the "Riv" would start the walk and call for



other friends. We walked everywhere. We never thought about any place being too “far.”

I remember when the opera “La Boheme” came to the Sea Gate community center. Mimi Benzell was one of the stars and it was my introduction to opera. My friends and I were ushers. It was very exciting.

During the summer on the Riv, that little café served really delicious Pizza, We would dance and eat pizza, and I played handball and racquetball. I was one of very few girls who played sports. Little did I know that at 41 years old I would begin to play soccer? Now I am 58 and still playing.

The local police chief was Gene. One time he came to my house and told my parents that I was on the beach late at night with some boys. It wasn’t me, but it was another blonde girl, whose identity I protected.

My favorite teacher was Adele Edelman. She taught creative writing and English at Mark Twain Junior High. She also taught us about accepting other people and being nice to each other. I found her about ten years ago and she visited us in Solana Beach (San Diego area).

My only bad memory of Sea Gate was when I had a rehearsal at my house for school and Tony Powell, one of my classmates was not permitted entry because he wasn’t “white.” He was killed in Viet Nam.

The Viet Nam war came home to Sea Gate on the day a

memorial was dedicated to Michael Berdy and others who did not return from Nam. Nothing like that had ever happened in Sea Gate in my lifetime. We were all affected. Most of us did not speak, for, after all, what could we say? I went to the Viet Nam war memorial and witnessed the names of Michael Berdy and Tony Powell.

Sea Gate was safe. Our parents wanted us outside to get “fresh air” and had no concerns about pollution. The times were less threatening. We worried about getting “Pink Eye.” There were no worries about AIDS, social diseases, drive-by-shootings, or terrorists. I long for that security.

I loved Sea Gate and all my friends. They all contributed to my happiness. I married Joey Zucker who lived on 29th Street and Surf Avenue. He was my first boyfriend. First and last that is!



**Tina Zucker**  
[soccernut@aol.com](mailto:soccernut@aol.com)

Editor’s note: It’s a shame Tina had so few friends.

## Spin the Bottle

by Ed Meadow

When I entered Mark Twain Junior High in 1946, I was socially backwards. I could play punch ball, stick ball, and football but I didn't know how to dance, kiss, walk or talk. I think it was a Jewish thing. I think it took many more years for a Jewish boy to mature in certain areas. Italian boys seemed to know what to do from birth.

I used to go down to the auditorium to watch HiLo dance on stage. He could spin. He could twirl. He could dip and maneuver the girls across the stage with ease. I thought watching him would help me master these social skills. I DIDN'T LEARN A THING! I never made it to the stage.

It was in seventh grade that I first fell in love. Her name was Theresa Rozano. She had rosy cheeks and big brown eyes and I felt that we were connected. The problem was, I didn't know how to approach her. I finally made up my mind that the next day I would ask her for a date. We would meet on the boardwalk where we could walk and talk and go on some rides. But, when I got into school the next day, Teresa was gone. Her father must have read my mind, because he had transferred her out of Mark Twain into a Catholic school. I never saw Theresa again.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Washburn, the gym teachers, must have heard about my

plight. They instituted a new program in the gym. They lined up all the boys in a straight line and invited the girls into our gym. Each girl picked out a boy that she wanted to dance with and stood in front of him. When I looked up, I saw that Josephine, (I don't remember her last name) was standing in front of me. She was very well endowed. The music started to play. I looked into Josephine's big brown eyes. I looked down into her big breasts and I saw her arms open up to embrace me. I looked down at my feet. They did the only thing they could do; THEY RAN AWAY! I ran to the farthest corner of the gym in order to hide. But, I couldn't get into the corner because there were twenty boys already there, hiding. The new social dancing was canceled because of lack of interest.

It was at this time that my friend, Frankie Lerner came to my rescue. Frankie was cool. Frankie was suave. He knew his way around girls. He introduced me to Anita Kaskel and Dolores Frankel. The girls must have thought I was cute, because they invited me to a party. That Saturday night, I put on a Bar Mitzvah suit and slicked down my hair. My mother pushed me out the door. I was off to Tudor Terrace for my first ever party.

I knew I was in trouble when I first entered Dolores's house. I heard the music of Frank Sinatra, Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller. I must say that the girls were very nice. They tried to teach me how to dance. They moved me around the room like a sack of potatoes. Thank goodness the dancing part of the

party only lasted an hour. We then moved on to Spin the Bottle. Now, this I was good at. I knew how to spin the bottle very well and I could kiss the girls on the lips real quick. It was when we moved from Spin the Bottle to Post Office that I found myself in trouble once again. To this day, I don't really know how to play Post Office. All I remember is that you mailed out kisses and delivered them in a closet or a back room. The next thing I knew, I was in the back room with Anita Kaskel and I had to deliver kisses. This lovely girl saw my dilemma and took me around, gave me a kiss and we returned to the party. I failed party going because I was never invited back to Tudor Terrace for another party.

Since then, I have improved my social skills. I have become a great dancer and I have learned to talk to girls. I want to apologize to Theresa, Josephine, Dolores and Anita for my immaturity. Dolores and Anita, the next time you invite me over for Post Office, I will know what to do.



**Ed's photo as a senior at Lincoln High School in 1952.**

Ed Meadow's email address is [BSouthbell@aol.com](mailto:BSouthbell@aol.com)

We express our condolences to Fran Markowitz and family on the passing of Paul Markowitz. We were looking forward to spending time with Fran and Paul at the February reunion in Florida. Fran and Paul organized and ran the reunions. Sadly, Fran was sitting shiva as the reunion was being held.

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# Sea Gate's Famous

## A Special Supplement *Sea Gate Revisited*

March, 2007

This month's photo gallery recognizes notable and talented Sea Gate residents—full and part time—who once called Sea Gate “home.” Regardless of the length of their stay—be it summers only—or a several years, or whether they owned a home or rented in one of the many multi-family homes, these notables-to-be were attracted to Sea Gate.. Was it something special about this unique community? Perhaps it was the beach, the ocean or a serene haven away from the stress of the ever-burgeoning commerce and competition of life beyond the “gate.” To those Sea Gaters who have come into contact with “Sea Gate’s Famous” they have graciously shared their anecdotes and snippets of memories about their famous neighbors.

### **Beverly Sills**

**Beverly Sills** (born **Belle Miriam Silverman** on May 25, 1929 in Brooklyn, New York) was perhaps the best-known American opera singer in the 1960s and 1970s. She was famous for her performances in coloratura soprano roles in operas around the world and on recordings. After retiring in 1980, she became the general manager of the

New York City Opera. Later, in 1994, she became the Chairman of Lincoln Center and then, in 2002, of the Metropolitan Opera. Sills continues to use her celebrity to further her charity work for the prevention and treatment of birth defects. Beverly lived in Sea Gate during the war years of 1941 to 1945.<sup>1</sup>

*There weren't too many girls on my block so when a girl came to live in a large Victorian house one summer, my friends and I welcomed her into our group. The girl was taking singing lessons and serenaded us with “The Donkey Serenade.” We spent the summer giggling and laughing at her. Bubbles Silverman (Beverly Sills) had the last laugh.*

**Rena Farber**

*“Bubbles” Silverman used to wait with us for the bus to take us to Mark Twin Junior High School. I remember her as a very vivacious and outgoing gal with a warm and friendly smile.*

**Martha Goldstein-Reinkin**

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<sup>1</sup> Beverly Sills. (2007, January 14). In *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 14:02, January 26, 2007





**Beverly Sills (left) walks along Sea Gate Avenue with friends, Barbara Harnett (center) and Joy Swerling (right), circa early 40s. Photo from the album of Barbara Harnett**



**Photo Restoration:** The photo above was enhanced and restored by Roger Harrison of Sun City – Hilton Head, SC. Beverly's face was too far gone to recover. Roger found another young Beverly face photo on the internet and blended it into the photo. Now you can actually make out her features. Roger Harrison is an expert at photo restoration. His website is [www.WorldVue.us](http://www.WorldVue.us).



**Beverly Sills at her desk at the Metropolitan Opera**

## **John Garfield**

**John Garfield** ([March 4, 1913](#) - [May 21, 1952](#)) was an American actor. Garfield was especially adept at playing brooding, rebellious, working-class character roles, and was twice nominated for an Academy Award<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> "John Garfield." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 15 Dec 2006,



**Jacob Julius Garfinkle**, born March 4, 1913, died, May 21, 1952. Photo courtesy of Wikipedia, the Free encyclopedia

*My family owned a house located at 3815 Nautilus Avenue, which was next door to Kneses Israel, the Sea Gate shul. The previous owner, Mrs. Beaver, told us about her tenant, Jacob Garfinkle, who later became John Garfield, the actor. Harvey Yurman*

In the 1890's and the early 1900's, Sea Gate was in its glory as a resort, with its mansions - many designed by Stanford White - porches and grand gardens, and visitors such as Diamond Jim Brady and Douglas Fairbanks Sr.<sup>3</sup>

### **Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.**

**Douglas Fairbanks** was an American actor, screenwriter, director and producer, who became noted for his swashbuckling roles in silent movies such as *The Mark of Zorro* (1920), *The Three*

*Musketeers* (1921), *Robin Hood* (1922), *The Thief of Baghdad* (1924) and *The Black Pirate* (1926).<sup>4</sup>



**Douglas Fairbanks** (May 23, 1883 – December 12, 1939) Photo courtesy of Wikipedia, the Free encyclopedia

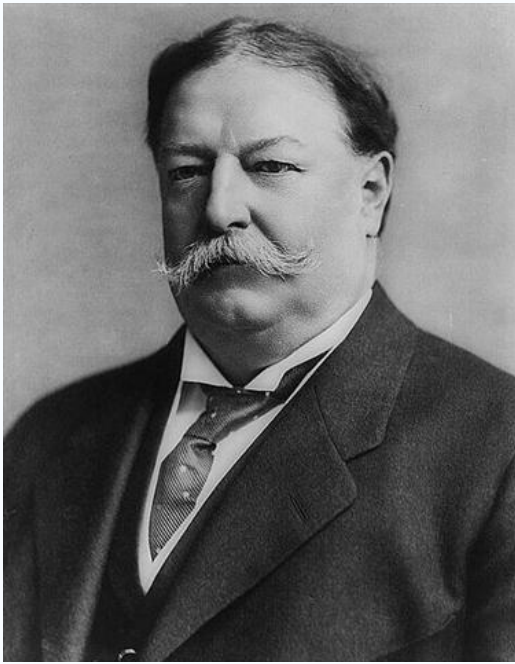
### **Diamond Jim Brady**

**James Buchanan Brady**, also known as **Diamond Jim Brady**, (12 August 1856–13 April 1917) was an American businessman, financier, and philanthropist of the Gilded Age. Born in New York City to a modest household, Brady worked his way up from bellboy and messenger. After gaining employment in the New York Central Railroad system, he became the chief assistant to the general manager by the age of 21. At 23, Brady parlayed his knowledge of the railroad industry and its officials to become a highly successful salesman for Manning, Maxwell and Moore, a railroad supply company. Known for his penchant for jewels, especially diamonds, he collected precious stones and jewelry in excess of US\$ 2 million (adjusted for 2005 dollars, approx. \$50 million).<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Douglas Fairbanks. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. 18 Jan 2007, 21:19 UTC

<sup>5</sup> "James Buchanan Brady." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. 29 Dec 2006,

<sup>3</sup> Radomsky, Rosalie, "If You're Thinking of Living in Sea Gate," *The New York Times*, April 17, 1988.



**Diamond Jim Brady**

## **Luther Adler**

**Luther Adler** (May 4, 1903 - December 8, 1984) was an American actor best known for his work in theatre, but who also worked in film and television. He also directed plays on Broadway. Born **Lutha Adler** in New York, New York, Adler was one of six children born to Russian Jewish actors Sara and Jacob P. Adler. His siblings also worked in theatre; his sister Stella Adler achieved fame as an actress and drama teacher.

Adler made his first acting appearance on Broadway in 1921 and appeared in several productions before joining The Group Theatre in 1931. He played opposite Katharine Cornell in *Alien Corn* (1933), his sister Stella in *Gold Eagle Guy* (1934), *Awake and Sing!* And *Paradise Lost* (both 1935), and Frances Farmer in *Golden Boy* (1937). By the early 1940s he was also directing but his first production *They Should Have Stood in Bed* closed after only eleven performances in 1942. His next directorial venture, *A Flag is Born*, ran for 120 performances in 1946 and featured newcomer Marlon Brando in one of the major roles.

From 1937 Adler appeared also in films, though they were never his highest priority. His credits include *D.O.A.* (1950) *M* (1951), *Voyage of the Damned* (1976) and *Absence of Malice* (1981). He also acted frequently on television, in such series as *General Electric Theater*, *Kraft Television Theater* *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *The*

*Twilight Zone*, *The Untouchables*, *Ben Casey*, *77 Sunset Strip*, *Mission: Impossible*, *Hawaii Five-O* and *The Streets of San Francisco*.

Adler was married to actress Sylvia Sidney from 1938 until 1947, and father of Sidney's only child, her son Jacob, who predeceased her.

He died in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, and was buried in Mount Carmel Cemetery, Glendale, New York, next to several of his relatives, including his older sister Stella.<sup>6</sup>

*I remember growing up in Sea Gate and my wonderful days on the beach and my famous neighbors across the street)—the actors Stella and Luther Adler.*

**Gloria Harnick-Blecker**

*I remember Jack Foshko, whose father was an artist and mother was related to actors Stella and Luther Adler.*

**Joan Steinberg Powers Porco**



**Luther Adler**

<sup>6</sup> "Luther Adler." Wikipedia, *The Free Encyclopedia*. 28 Dec 2006,





**Stella Adler**--This publicity photograph was probably taken in 1937, the year Stella's first film "Love on Toast" was released.

*The Adler family spent summers in Sea Gate on Maple Avenue (about four houses in from Highland Avenue).*

**Gloria Steinberg-Gerst**

## Nina Foch

**Nina Foch** (b. April 20, 1924 in Leiden, Netherlands) is a Dutch-born American actress and leading lady in many 1940s films. Her mother was an American actress who returned to the U.S. after her marriage collapsed.

Her movie fame was during the height of the 1940s in which she played cool, aloof and often foreign women of sophistication. She has been featured in over 80 feature films and hundreds of television shows, most notably as a regular in John Housman's "Playhouse 90" series. In 1952, Foch played the role of Marie Antoinette in *Scaramouche*. Another noteworthy role for Foch came as Bithiah in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*, in which she played the Pharaoh's daughter who found the baby Moses in the bullrushes and adopted him as her son. She was actually a year younger than Charlton Heston who played Moses. Foch was nominated for an Academy Award for her supporting role in the 1954 film *Executive Suite*.

On television, she was cast in the first pilot *Columbo* movie, as well as **Prescription: Murder**, where she played a woman name Carol Flemming who was killed by her husband. More recently she appeared on *Just Shoot Me*, *Bull* and *NCIS*.

Nina Foch currently teaches "Directing the Actor" at the USC Cinema, where she has taught since the 1960s. She also works as an independent script-breakdown consultant for many prominent Hollywood directors. She lives in Beverly Hills, California, as she has for forty years, and has one child, a son, Dr. Dirk de Brito.<sup>7</sup>

*The Foch family, along with Nina, frequently visited the Adler family. They would join other theatrical family from the Yiddish and American Theatre Group. They would enjoy each other's company talking show business and theatre in the Adler's second floor apartment. They would sit out on the porch and seemed like they were really enjoying Sea Gate's tree-lined streets and salt air breezes.*

**Gloria Steinberg-Gerst.**



**Nina Foch**

## Paul Muni

<sup>7</sup> "Nina Foch." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 12 Jan 2007

He was born **Meshilem Meier Weisenfreund** to a Jewish family in Lviv, Galicia, an ethnically Polish part of the then-Austro-Hungarian Empire, which became Lvov, Ukraine (known as Lviv since the 1990s).

His family emigrated to the United States in 1902. Both of Muni's parents were actors with the Yiddish theater, so it was only natural that he would join them on stage. He made his stage debut at age twelve. In a stage quirk, Muni played an 80-year-old man as his first role. It was an appropriate beginning for an actor who loved wearing elaborate costumes and assuming accents in his film career. During his time in Yiddish theater, he was known as **Moony Weisenfreund**. He was quickly recognized by Maurice Schwartz, who signed him up with his Yiddish Art Theater. Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni were cousins to Charles M Fritz who was a notable actor and manager of The Little Red Theater in Northport, Long Island, New York during the depression.

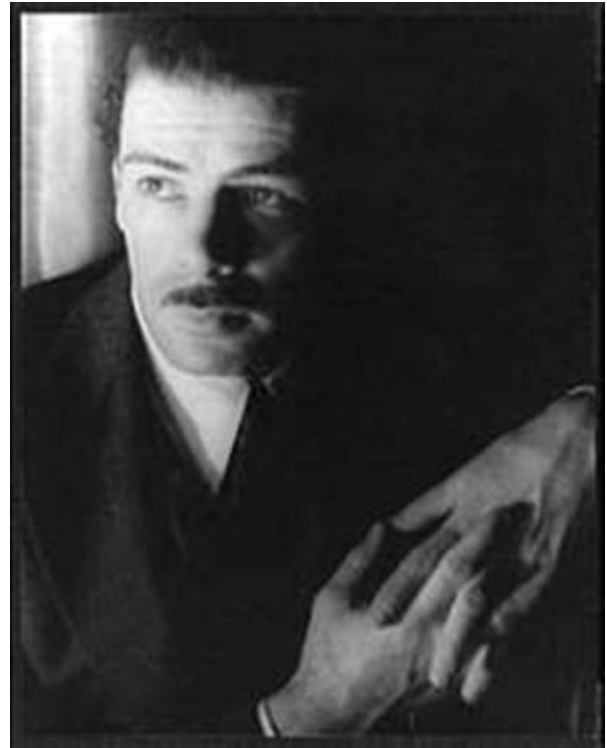
A 1925 New York Times article singled out his and Sam Kasten's performances at the People's Theater as among the highlights of that year's Yiddish theater season, describing them as second only to Ludwig Satz<sup>8</sup>.

*Paul Muni, the actor, (whose real name was Muni Weisenfreund) used to play pinochle with our neighbors on Beach 48th Street. His cousins, the Kopelevitches played with my father and an uncle.*

**Leonard Everett Fisher**

*I met Paul Muni at Martin Wunsch's house on Beach 49th Street in the middle forties. Muni was a relative of the Wunsch family, I believe.*

**Art Rifkin**



**Paul Muni--photographed by Carl Van Vechten, 1932**

## **Robert Summer**

**Robert Summer** grew up in Sea Gate and lived on Surf Avenue across the street from Gershunoff's Ocean Breeze Hotel. Upon graduating Lincoln High School, he attended Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh and embarked on a distinguished career in the music business. Robert now

serves as the Executive Chairman of iMesh. As a music industry veteran and the former head of Sony Music International and RCA Records, Summer brings extensive



knowledge of the music industry to the authorized peer-to-peer service and will oversee all aspects of the operation and liaise regularly with music industry partners to assure the performance and integrity of this new digital music venture. A graduate of Carnegie Mellon University, Summer brought unique design skills to the music business and is credited with innovations in packaging, product introduction and the globalization of artist marketing. His executive career began in 1973 with appointment as Vice President RCA International. Thereafter, he served as President RCA Records USA and

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<sup>8</sup> "Paul Muni." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 3 Jan 2007

then President of the world wide company. While President of RCA Records he was elected President, Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) where he was a leader in the early fight against record piracy. In 1985, as RCA prepared for the sale of the Company to General Electric, he left to become President, CBS Records International. He was immediately elected to the Board of the International Federation of Phonographic Industries (IFPI) where he once again took an active role in the fight against new forms of record piracy. With the sale of CBS Records to Sony, he became President Sony Music International and was later appointed Executive Vice President, Sony Music Entertainment. In this latter capacity, he opened the Sony Corporation office in Brussels and established an EC lobbying initiative for Sony Pictures, Sony Music and other Sony enterprises. Summer, has been honored by several charities, and most recently was awarded the 2005 Distinguished Achievement Award, the highest award granted by the alumni association at Carnegie Mellon University. He has also has lectured at Columbia University, The New School and Carnegie Mellon and, with his wife, owns and operates a vineyard in Litchfield County.

Irma Freedman Most remembers Bob Summers. *I was a cheerleader at Lincoln and Robert Summer, a fellow Sea Gater, was my partner. (I wonder if he could lift me today). We traveled with the basketball and football teams and had our time to cheer in Madison Square Garden.*

**Irma Freedman Most**



**Robert Summer (left) with friend, Shep Forest in Sea Gate. Photo, courtesy of Richard Oberfield**

*I remember Bob Summer as first living on Oceanic Avenue, in a basement apartment, the part of Oceanic that is closest to the fence (not where my house was at the other end after crossing Sea Gate Avenue). My brother, Elliot remembers him as living on Surf Avenue somewhere between Eli Flam and Shepard Finkelstein. Perhaps they can verify the Surf Avenue house that they moved into and where he spent most of his teen years.*

*He was a few years younger than me and was close friends with Eddie Feinberg (who was our upstairs tenant for many years. I remember him as tall for his age with a quiet demeanor. As a teenager, I remember that he loved the opera and had many opera records that he always wanted to share with us.*

**Richard Oberfield**



**Robert Summer (seated in front center behind the little boy) poses with Sea Gate friends at a Bar Mitzvah reception at the Ocean Breeze Hotel in Sea Gate. First row, left to right: Unidentified girl, Carl Levine, Robert Summer (unidentified boy in front of Robert Summer), Eddie Feinberg, Morty Gross. Second row: Eli Flam, Harvey Weiss. Third row: Morty Blum, Bernie Kasten (head bowed, picking a pocket), Donny Robins, Rich Oberfield, and Shep Forest, circa 1945. Photo courtesy of Rich Oberfield.**

*Robert Summer's father was an avid fisherman off the rocks at Beach 1 and beach 4 Bob also was an avid fisherman. I remember one summer I took a trip with Bob to Washington DC He didn't drive nor did he have a license. On the way back to New York I got sick and could not drive (impossible) I told him if we want to go home he is going to have to learn to drive on the spot and HE DID. Many years later, my father lived in NYC next door to Alan Grubman (Lizzie's father). Alan Grubman, at the time, represented*



many singer celebrities and invited my father to a dinner for the recording industry honoring Robert Summer. They asked me to come along and I was impressed with Bob, the evening's honoree, and his achievement in the industry. After that evening we spent a couple of evenings together—it was 20 years ago. I have not seen or heard from him since then.

#### **Shep Forest**

The last time I saw Robert Summer was at Paul Rosen's Bar Mitzvah in 1984. I have spoken to him and emailed him a couple of times since. He lived on Surf Avenue after a move from Oceanic Avenue. His mom sold glassware and I remember my mom purchasing some. He had an interest in tropical fish which we shared. I always enjoyed being his friend.

#### **Don Robins**

I often walked to P.S. 188/Mark Twain Junior High--no Middle/ing Schools in those days--with Robert (in memory, never Bob) Summer. Coming from 4022 Surf, I angled up Oceanic to the rooming (?) house where he lived, and remember knocking on a first floor, rather than basement, door; for several years slim, agreeable, quietly questing Robert was a good friend. (Can't remember an address for Robert/Bob on Surf; my family moved to Mermaid Avenue., opposite the Tennis Courts, when I was 12, and took up different routes.) An exotic, for me, datum was his father's work, in silk screening. To a young shtoonk rooted on the pedestrian local streets, such a specialty suggested distant China (reachable by boring straight down through the earth, magma and all) and the sophisticated aura of the whole phrase itself. Many years later, working in writing/editing, I wrote to the Robert Summer who loomed large in the publishing world. Was he the lad from Oceanic? No reply. Now *Sea Gate's Famous* reveals he found his metier in the musical world, screening--so to speak--his talents to resonant results.

#### **Eli Flam**

### **Irwin Winkler**

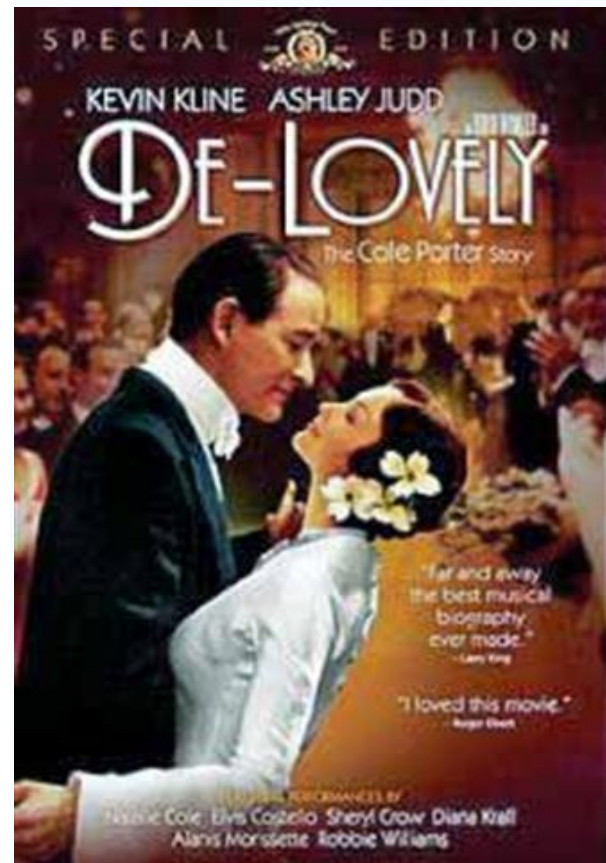
**Irwin Winkler** was born on May 25, 1931 and spent his childhood days in Sea Gate.

I played "Core Core Ringalevio" with Irwin Winkler, and other kids on Oceanic Avenue in the mid- to late 1940s. He lived at Tudor Terrace on

Oceanic Avenue.. I Also played "Kick the Can", with Winkler, and Bobby Summer.

#### **Jerry Stern**

Irwin Winkler is an American film producer and director and produced and directed 50 major motion pictures, dating back to 1967's *Double Trouble*, starring Elvis Presley. The fourth film he produced, *They Shoot Horses Don't They* (1969), starring Jane Fonda, was nominated for eleven Academy Awards. In 1976, he won an Oscar for Best Picture for *Rocky*. As a producer, he has been nominated for Best Picture for three other films: *Raging Bull*, *The Right Stuff*, and *Goodfellas*. During the 1990s he began directing his own films, which he also produced or co-produced. These include *The Net*, *At First Sight*, *Life as a House* and *De-Lovely*.



Winkler cast the actor Kevin Kline as the lead in "De-Lovely" (2004), in his elegant and sophisticated biopic of American composer Cole Porter centered on his unique relationship with his wife and muse (Ashley Judd). "Irwin Winkler." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 18 Feb 2007, 02:12 UTC. Wikimedia Foundation, Inc. 22 Feb 2007

He was born in New York, New York, to father Sol Winkler and mother Anna Winkler. He

received a BA from New York University in 1955, after serving in the U.S. Army. In partnership with Robert I. Chartoff from the late 1960s, Irwin Winkler produced an impressive array of modern American gems, beginning with their first effort (along with Judd Bernard), Lee Boorman's taut thriller "Point Blank" (1967), largely ignored in its day but now regarded as a top film of the time. Adding Sydney Pollack to their production team for a one-shot-deal, they garnered critical acclaim for "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969). Their next film, "The Strawberry Statement" (1970), won the Jury Prize at Cannes but Chartoff and Winkler roared to the top with "Rocky" (1976), which earned the Academy Award as Best Picture. Subsequently, the producing duo picked up Best Picture Oscar nominations for "Raging Bull" (1980) and "The Right Stuff" (1983), their last project together before Winkler launched his solo career with the disappointing "Revolution" (1985). Winkler produced such noteworthy features as Bertrand Tavernier's "Round Midnight" (1986) and back-to-back Costa-Gavras films, "Betrayed" (1988) and "Music Box" (1989), before receiving another Best Picture Oscar nomination for Martin Scorsese's "GoodFellas" (1990). He also returned to the franchise to oversee "Rocky IV" (1985) and "Rocky V" (1990), continuing the association forged with Stallone on the first three Chartoff-Winkler productions. Approaching the age of 60, Winkler moved into the director's chair, debuting with "Guilty by Suspicion" (1991), a drama (which he also scripted) about the Hollywood blacklist that starred Robert De Niro. Winkler was the writer-director of the Sandra Bullock movie, "The Net" (1995).<sup>9</sup>



**Irwin Winkler**

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<sup>9</sup> "Irwin Winkler." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 18 Feb 2007, 02:12 UTC. Wikimedia Foundation, Inc. 22 Feb 2007



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# Sea Gate Revisited

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 15

April, 2007

## From the Editor

By Jerry Stern

Florence Needle-Weingram and I recently exchanged numerous emails about Sea Gate. We did not know each other although we both lived on the 3700 block of Oceanic Avenue in the early 1940s and we are the same age. We tried in our emails to identify every family on the block and I believe we succeeded. Florence, who has lived in West Lafayette, Indiana for the past 40 years, makes the suggestion that we elicit for future newsletters old photos from Sea Gaters on various Sea Gate themes. Photos in front of homes or with Sea Gate scenes shown in the background, Sea Gate landmarks such as the Sweet Shoppe, the beach, clothing fashions, groups of friends, particular streets, Sea Gate events, and related subjects of interest. Arnie Rosen, our photo magician, has been supplying photos, which seem to be a hit. So, here's another pitch for photos of and about Sea Gate and photos depicting life in the 1940s, 1950s, 1960s or 1970s. Either scan them and send them by email or mail good quality photocopies to us.

Early on, we talked about events such as the ship that landed on the beach at Beach 45<sup>th</sup> Street in about 1949. Does anyone have any more recollections of that

event? Any photos of that beached ship residing in anyone's album or old cigar box or shoe box?

Also, please send in any memories, stories, or results of research concerning Sea Gate's history. In this issue Leonard Everett Fisher adds to the theme of Sea Gate celebrities in an interesting look at Sea Gate history.

One additional request. Send in brief letters about where you are and how life has treated you since you left Sea Gate. Let's keep the subject about Sea Gaters. Those of us who have grandchildren know that our grandchildren are special and contribute significantly to our lives. That applies to all of us. So, talk about what you have been doing since leaving Sea Gate. And that does not preclude more stories and events from the few of you who have remained in Sea Gate.

To the Editors:

I enjoyed the special Reunion newsletter, and it was wonderful to see the names and photos. Some were familiar while others I knew well.

I wanted to attend, but it was too big a trip from Scottsdale, Arizona--perhaps another time and place. If there is ever a

reunion in New York, count me in.

I'd love to hear from anyone who remembers me, even vaguely.

Danny Baker  
[sea\\_gate\\_is\\_cool@yahoo.com](mailto:sea_gate_is_cool@yahoo.com)

**Editor's Note:** Reunion in the Spring of 2008 in Coney Island (Gargiulo's)? It may draw only a few of us, but if you're willing to attend, let us know. Even if you already told us you'd come, tell us again. We need to know what interest there is, and we will report the results. Maybe May or June 2008? Perhaps lunch, a walk on the boardwalk and a caravan to Sea Gate. Let's do it!

To the Editors:

Great Job!! I howled when I saw that picture of "our gang"--The Surf Avenue Boys.

I literally bumped into Irwin Winkler on the golf course at Cabo-St-Lucus a year ago and although the course was unbelievable, and his son is a "scratch" golfer and we were having a great time, all we did was talk about growing up in Sea Gate. Irwin is a little older than I am, and we didn't hang out together as kids, but his first



words to me when we were paired as twosomes (my wife, Carol and his son, David) on the first tee was, "Aren't you from Sea Gate?" Of course, even when the starter was introducing us, I immediately thought it was him. Funny, not "did you grow up in Sea Gate?" but "Aren't you from Sea Gate?" Quite a difference there, and basically, I think that says it all about growing up in Sea Gate, from someone I really didn't know that well personally and probably hadn't seen in over 60 years. Keep up the good work.



**Morty and sister Joan Blum**  
Mort Blum  
[cbmassoc@aol.com](mailto:cbmassoc@aol.com)

To the Editors:

I enjoyed the Florida reunion in February and seeing people whom I had not seen in more than 50 years (ouch - we are aging aren't we?). Of course reminiscing about growing up in Sea Gate slows the aging process for a little while.

The March issue showed a picture of a bar mitzvah reception with one "unidentified" girl and a little boy sitting in front of Robert. The girl was Sondra "Bunny" Simon a good friend of mine. I think the bar mitzvah boy was her cousin. It may be Bunny's younger brother sitting in the

front. The Simons lived on Neptune Avenue next to the Reich family.

Keep up the great job of unearthing all the wonderful photos and stories in the newsletter.

Joan Mindlin Graff  
[Joan\\_graff@comcast.net](mailto:Joan_graff@comcast.net)

To the Editors:

The Kinsky family moved to Sea Gate in 1936. I was six months old so I don't really remember the move, but, oh boy, do I remember Sea Gate and the great life! My children became a part of the Sea Gate experience for many of their growing years. My brother Jimmy lives in Long Island now and I am in California. since 1976. I would very much like to receive the newsletter on a regular basis. Looking forward to enjoying and sharing memories of the best times ever, I remain a loyal New Yorker.

Marcia (Kinsky) Rennick  
[Coney8@aol.com](mailto:Coney8@aol.com)

To the Editors:

As a former Sea Gater, born and raised there, I have a lot of info that I will try to send to you as soon as I have the time. Both my brothers, Matthew and Bert Spiegel were also born there. We at first lived at 4307 Highland Avenue, across the street from Dr. and Soph Levine, who were our very good friends. Later on we moved to 3816 Neptune Avenue, a huge home bought by my family in

the early 1900's. The Levines' daughter Cookie and I were very close friends as children. Their oldest daughter Muriel, who was married to Dr. Resnick, lived on Cypress Avenue; they bought the house from the Goldsteins. The Levines' middle daughter, Judy, now lives in Texas. Soph Levine sang at my first wedding held in our home 3816 Neptune Avenue.

My parents' names, Ruth and J. Lee Spiegel, are inscribed over the front door of the Shul,

When I was a kid, the streets would flood from heavy rains and my brother Bert and friends would row a canoe all the way from Neptune to Maple Avenue. No exaggeration.

The principal of P.S. 188 at that time was Dr. Kaiser. He once slapped my brother for chewing gum in school.

We kids, age about 12, belonged to a Young Judea group that used to meet in the building attached to the Shul. Two sisters ran it. They were the Maisel sisters, Helen and Henrietta Maisel, the older sisters of Jerry Maisel. We used to go with Pishkies (cans) and collect money for Palestine. Also, there was a Russian War Relief chapter in Sea Gate, run by a Mrs. Orans and I recall knitting big woolen sweaters for the Russian soldiers. Ah, memories, there are so many.

Enid-Mae Alter.  
[Enid-mae@adelphia.net](mailto:Enid-mae@adelphia.net)

**Editor's Note:** Make the time, Enid. Send it. We're not getting younger.

To the Editors:

Winter reminds me of Sea Gate, and sweet potatoes remind me of the man on the corner of Neptune Avenue and 35th Street who sold baked sweet potatoes from a metal stove on wheels. He wore knitted gloves with the fingers cut off. The potato was wrapped in tissue paper that was reused from a piece of fruit; that was recycling to save money! The potato was hot and warmed my hands as I walked home. It was delicious. I think it cost five cents. Of course, that was the 1940s.

The memories of winters in Sea Gate still linger. We dressed warm and always walked to school. "Snow days" would have been a foreign term. School was never closed. And when we came home, there was the wonderful outdoor life: snowball fights, sledding and hitching sleds to cars (too dangerous by today's standards).

Evalyn Greenstein Krown  
[sonnymel@aol.com](mailto:sonnymel@aol.com)

To the Editors:

Philip Reich, age 102, passed away on March 1., 2007. Beloved husband of the late Lena Reich (nee Spodek) for over 60 years. Survived by his wonderful and devoted family, Joan, Stanley, Jill, Lewis, Edith, Victoria, Erika and his brother, Irving. Most of his years in Sea Gate were spent in

good health. He was blessed with a beautiful voice and sang in many choirs. He attended Knesset Israel in Sea Gate and in later years Temple Beth El of Cedarhurst. He was a Boy Scout leader for many troops, Chancellor Commander of the Phythian Lodge, active in the Dokeys, U.J.A. and Five Town Senior Center and many other organizations. For the past several years, New York Law School honored Phil as the oldest living graduate. His legal career spanned over fifty years. Phil will be remembered for his intelligence, thoughtfulness, warm smile, caring, for others, excellent voice and friendly personality.  
Joan Reich Ameri

To the Editors

It is with great sadness that I must tell you that my uncle, Kalman Bergen, passed away on, Sunday February 25, 2007. He was a kind and gentle man and will be greatly missed. His funeral was held at Riverside Memorial in Great Neck, Long Island, February 27. Please feel free to contact me.

Thanks,  
Tod Greenfield  
516-658-5604

To the Editors:

My mom, Sylvia Altman in her 99th year, passed away early Sunday Morning (March 4, 2007). The funeral was in New York on Monday, March 5. It was a very moving farewell and celebration of her life. With her 7 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild (most of whom were present), she was truly blessed.

Mom died on the on the day of my father's yahrzeit--18 years after his death. We will memorialize them together.

My mom showed resiliency, strength, and spirit. Thank you for your past support and friendship.

With love,  
Ethelind Altman

## Sea Gate Celebrities

By Leonard Everett Fisher

This is in reference to the bios of Sea Gate celebrities in the March newsletter.

I am not sure how one would define a Sea Gate "celebrity." Not all "celebrities" were or are of the stage and screen or even mega sports, for that matter. For what it is worth here are a few whose celebrity and modus operandi were little known within the "gate."

The late Leonard Koppet--nee Kopelevitch--Paul Muni's cousin once removed--was Sports Editor Emeritus of *The New York Times*. Leonard was, on the two occasions that I attended, Master of Ceremonies of the annual black tie Baseball Writers dinner at New York's Waldorf Astoria. Just as an aside--the last dinner I attended was in 1957--the year the Dodgers left town--oh, what a night that was!! Seated at our table in the Grand Ballroom besides my father-in-law, brother-in-law, and me, was Dazzy Vance, Willy Mays, Nat Fleischer (of *Ring Magazine*), Dan Daniels (Sports Columnist of the *New York World Telegram*), and three other ballplayers whose names escape me.

Joseph Wunsch, also a Beach 48th Street neighbor, was CEO of The Silent Hoist and Crane Company [mechanical engineers and manufacturers, Brooklyn, NY and Milford, CT] whose cranes and lifts were bolted to nearly every American warship before, during, and after WWII; and won the company the coveted "E" for its contributions. Joe Wunsch, an ardent Zionist, was a founder of Israel's Technion Institute.

My own father, Benjamin M. Fisher, pioneer marine designer of naval surface, subsurface, and commercial ships all over the United States, contributed to the design of the US Navy's "even keel" diving submarines at the Simon Lake Torpedoe Works, Bridgeport, CT. Prior to that he participated in the design of the USS Arizona at the Brooklyn Navy Yard (1913), now a national shrine at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. While a resident of Sea Gate he contributed to the hull designs of the USS Honolulu, a light cruiser and the USS North Carolina, a capital ship, also at the Brooklyn Navy Yard (1934-37). I attended the launchings of both those ships.

My late brother, Richard Arnold Fisher, architect and civil engineer and a partner in the firm of Iffland, Waterbury, NY, contributed to the designs of Brown University's Athletic complex, the Brooklyn Law School, Shea Stadium, and the modernization of Yankee Stadium. In fact he was the project manager and directed on site the rebuilding of Yankee Stadium—all this among other

major projects. Early in his career he was employed by the noted firm of Harrison and Abramowitz and was involved in the design and building of the United Nations complex in Manhattan. As for the underworld:

Arthur Flegenheimer otherwise known as "Dutch Schultz," was known to have prowled Sea Gate waters in a "rum runner" as he outwitted the Coast Guard in their failed attempts to nab him during Prohibition. It was rumored that he frequented the "Bootlegger House" at the north edge of Lindberg Park. I have no hard evidence about the rumor.

Lepke Buchalter and Meyer Lansky along with their bodyguard, Abe Reles (he who fell or was heaved out of the 16th floor of the Half Moon Hotel), lived for a while in a huge black boarding house next door to us on the south edge of Lindberg Park. Lepke, if you will recall, went to the electric chair courtesy of Thomas E. Dewey. The house, once home to the New York Yacht Club, also once housed the former governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith.

**Editor's Note:** Great point, Leonard. And keep sending us articles about Sea Gate history.

## **A Very Special Group of Friends: Memories of My "Gang of Boys"**

**By Art Rifkin**

David Landes was a very special friend during our childhood years in Sea Gate. David, his brother Irwin, and people like Eugene Sussman, Jerry Maisel, Herbert Kahn, Stanley Kalander, Stanley Greenstein Joel Harnett and I were all part of my *gang of boys*.



**Part of Art's "Gang of Boys" (L to R): Herbie Kahn, Jerry Maisel, and Joel Harnett. Photo courtesy of Marilyn Ferber Kopp**

We were the Young Judean Spartans, sponsored by the local temple, and we participated in all sports. One of the fond memories I have were the weekend touch football games, held on the tennis courts--Six-man, very intense games. The big star was Ray Shore. Everyone wanted to be on his team, and I got to play with him quite often. This was the kind of game where the winner stays on, and teams wait by deciding who's next. It was great fun, but sometimes guys got hurt. The Adler twins were often there--they were very good players.

Most of the guys went to Lincoln. My high school was Brooklyn Tech, and David Landes went to Townsend Harris, and was at CCNY when he was 15. When I enrolled there at 16, he was already a senior. But we took a German



class together, and in fact, shared a room in an apartment up in Washington Heights in a building his father owned. We loved the freedom and got to see a lot of basketball games at City College. CCNY had great teams in those days. Red Holzman led them, but there were others who I just can't remember. I do remember seeing them win an invitational tournament at the old Garden.

Art Rifkin  
[rifartr@comcast.net](mailto:rifartr@comcast.net)

## Sea Gate Marriages

By Barbara Harnett Weill

Most marriages are made in heaven; therefore Sea Gate must be heaven on earth. Here is a partial list of Sea Gaters who married each other.

Gloria Finklestein - Sid Barkan  
Joan Reich – Stan Ameri  
Sylvia Kunitz - Lenny Atlas  
Sherry Kunitz - Bob Harnick  
Helen Kunitz -Franklin Platt  
Norma Tonkin - Marty Starkman  
Alice Ziegelbaum - Irwin Landis  
Sonny Tarnapole - David Landis  
Ruth Shubitz - Marty Altman  
Miriam Weisman - Seymour Lefkowitz  
Midge Levine - Victor Bachman  
Jane Zwerling - Donald Steinberg

Rita Fine - Bobby Slotgow  
Bernice Meyers – Jerry Zibrak  
Rella Meyers -Monroe Rifkin  
Joan Blum – Walter Spodek  
Rosalie Firester – Sheldon Spodek  
Lorraine Brustein – Stanley Young

To the Editors:

I attended the reunion and had the good luck to see Dr. Harvey Shub for the first time in 50 years. He's an accomplished surgeon living in Orlando. I also had the opportunity to see Susan Vogel (Arnowitz) again. The first time we met as adults was two years ago when she happened to preview our home in Delray for her real estate business.

At the reunion, I met Gibby Goldstein for the first time; he is married to our former upstairs neighbor, Esta Wynn. Gibby told me that my grandfather (father's father) worked for him as a cutter in the rag business. That was news.

I didn't have an opportunity to speak with Phil Reich at the reunion, but I just found out that our friends and neighbors in West Palm Beach, Bob and Lois Reich, are related to Phil and that Bob spent summers at the Riv as a youngster. Bob's sister Joan is married to Dr. Steve Mintzer.

My Mother, Charlotte Gladstone (Gertz) was planning to attend the reunion but she had

to cancel at the last minute. She sends her regards to her students from her Nursery School and to her friends.

[See photo below.]

My mom reminded me that the Mintzers and the Gladstones were neighbors on Laurel Ave. 60 years ago. One of my mother's students was Harvey Weiss. I had the good fortune to marry his sister, Cathy. We are working on our 42<sup>nd</sup> year together and are happily retired in Florida.

I grew up at 3763 Nautilus Avenue at the corner of Sea Gate Avenue. Your readers may remember that our front porch, across the street from the shul, was where many of them sought refuge after the holidays.

I am submitting a photo of our 6A class at P.S. 188 taught by Mrs. Hessel.

My mom will be celebrating her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday on April 20. Birthday wishes, or other notes, from Sea Gaters would be a very pleasant surprise. She doesn't do e-mail but her address is 25422 Sea Bluffs Dr. #105, Dana Point, CA 92629.

Fred Gladstone  
[flgladstone@yahoo.com](mailto:flgladstone@yahoo.com)



**Nursery Class Picture, circa 1936. Bottom row: Donald Robins (4<sup>th</sup> from left), Marcia Weinstock (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Ken Klein (6<sup>th</sup> from left); Middle row: Len Friedman (2<sup>nd</sup> from left), Fredda Packrose (3<sup>rd</sup> from left), Morty Gross (4<sup>th</sup> from left); Top row: Arnie Rosen (1<sup>st</sup> from left), Alan Radetsky (3<sup>rd</sup> from left), Mally Marquit (4<sup>th</sup> from left), Bart Meissner (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Merrill Hessel (6<sup>th</sup> from left), and Charlotte Gladstone, Director of Nursery (extreme right). <sup>1</sup>**



**Charlotte Gladstone (top row, right poses) with her nursery school students (Arnie Rosen second from left and Donny Robins, extreme right) in vacant playground lot on Surf Avenue between Beach 40<sup>th</sup> & 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, circa 1936**

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<sup>1</sup> *Sea Gate Remembered*, published by Xlibris, copyright© by Arnold Rosen 2003



**PS 188, Class 6-1, June, 1954. First row: Susan Arno (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Billy Shore (6<sup>th</sup> from left); Second row: Kenny Harris (1<sup>st</sup> from left), Mr. Kaplan (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Mrs. Hessel (6<sup>th</sup> from left), Fred Gladstone (8<sup>th</sup> from left); Third row: Wendy Gershaw (3<sup>rd</sup> from left), Herby Dorfman 4<sup>th</sup> from left), Allen Liederman (6<sup>th</sup> from left), Harold Gelb (8<sup>th</sup> from left), Ellen Shapiro (11<sup>th</sup> from left), Morton Bobowick (12<sup>th</sup> from left); Fourth row: Shelly Fishbien (1<sup>st</sup> from left), Ellen Glick 3<sup>rd</sup> from left). Recognize any other Sea Gaters in this photo? Let us know!**

### **Correction**

The photo of Diamond Jim Brady in the March Photo Gallery is not Brady. It is a photo of William Howard Taft, 27th President of the United States. The incorrect caption was used intentionally to see if any of our readers would notice. (Well, you don't have to believe that.) The source was Wikipedia who had the photo and caption in a page of images with the title, "Diamond Jim Brady."

Our esteemed Sea Gate Historian, Leonard Everett Fisher, was quick to bring this error to our attention. Thank you Leonard!

### **We Honor Their Memory**



Phil Reich





**Kal Bergen**



**Sylvia Altman (right)**

Philip Reich, age 102, passed away on March 1,, 2007. We extend our condolences to Joan Reich Ameri and to all of Phil's family

Kalman Bergen, age 74, passed away on February 25, 2007. We extend our condolences to Arlene Bergen and to all of Kal's family.

Sylvia Altman, age 99, passed away on March 4, 2007. We extend our condolences to Ethelind, Toby, and Mary and to all of Sylvia's family.

#### **SEA GATE REVISITED**

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to

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Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

# From the Album of . . .

## A Special Supplement

### *Sea Gate Revisited*

April, 2007

Our previous supplemental photo galleries have featured a variety of Sea Gate-related themes. Our first two galleries however, featured, ***Photos from the Album of . . .*** Marilyn Ferber Kopp, Gallery 1 (February, 2006) and Irma Goldman, Gallery 2 (March 2006). They included a dozen or so Sea Gate-related, nostalgic photos of friends, family and scenes from the 30s, 40s, and 50s. This month we are going to continue that theme and include photos from the Album of Boris Spivack, Edwin Mann, Allan Armour, Harvey Yurman, Eli Flam, Marlene Stern Byrda, and Jerry Stern..

### **Photos from the Album of Boris Spivack**



**The lighthouse, 1935**



**Boy Scout Troop, 1932**



**Gulls on the Bay**



**Beach One, 1935**



**Bo Spivack, 1937. He lived at 4401 Sea Gate Avenue.<sup>1</sup>**

## **Photos from the Album of Edwin Mann**



**Brothers, Len, US Army (left) and Mitch Mann US Coast Guard (right), 1942**

<sup>1</sup> Boris (Bo) Spivack's background appears in the January, 2007 issue of *Sea Gate Revisited* in a letter to the editor submitted by his son, Gary Spivack



**(Left to right) Mitch Mann, Albert Mann (dad), Ed Mann, and Cy Carr, 1942**



**Monroe Spodek (right) with mother at the Sea Gate Riviera, 1936**



**Ed Mann (left) at Curtis High School after football game. Lincoln Football Coach, Abe Plaut (with hat), Tommy Harrigan back to camera, and Milt Gold, Lincoln Football Assistant Coach, handing Eddy Mann a towel. 1937.**





**Eddy working at the 1939-1940 New York World's Fair as a guide for American Express Company. Pictured from left to right are Mary Livingston, Dorothy Lamour (in white hat), Jack Benny, Woolworth Brothers, and Eddy Mann wearing a guide hat.**



**Sledding around Sea Gate on sleds with rope attached to auto. On first sled (left to right) Lenny Wachs and on second sled is Alvin Dworman, holding the rope. Photo taken at the corner of Neptune and Sea Gate Avenue, 1942**

## **From the Album of Allan Armour**



**Left to right: Stan Pinchuck, Dan Friedman, Allan Armour, and Jerry Stern.**



**On the Beach (L to R): Nate Diamond, Stan Ameri, and Allan Armour. 1950**

## From the Album of Harvey Yurman



Boy Scout's on the way to "Goat's Trail," (L to R): Gerald Chasen, Irwin Levine, Phil Gaines, and Butch Frank, circa 1950



Top (L to R): Deana Posey, Miles Sprinzen, Joyce Kalina, Toby Altman, and Judy Plattman, 1952



Ten Mile Boy Scout Camp: Harvey Yurman making delivery, circa 1952



(Left) George Gorran, holding snake and Harvey Yurman, holding turtle, Boy Scout Camp, 1951



Winter storms of 1950-51 took a toll on Sea Gate's beaches, bulkheads, and waterfront property.





**George Gorran surveys the damage**

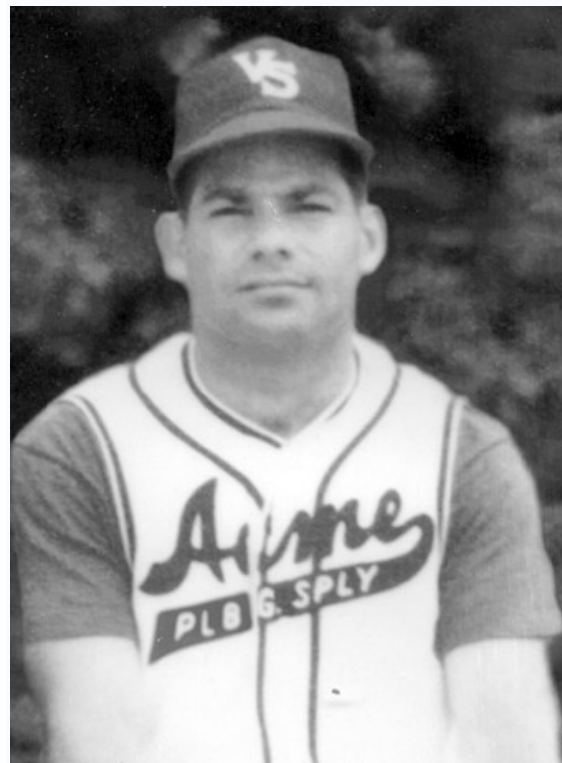


**Bobby Wolfe, Sea Gate's ubiquitous resident.**

## **From the Album of Steve Cole**



**Steve, as a Boy Scout, Troop 256 in front of home on Lyme Avenue, circa 1946**



**Steve as a semi-pro player in Long Island, 1966**



## From the Album of Eli Flam



(L to R) George, Eli, and Mildred Flam  
*"Don't remember the year, but it had to be in the early 1940s, well before I was 13," Eli Flam*

## From the Album of Marlene Stern Bryda



Sheldon Stern (Marlene's kid brother) as a Junior Commando, circa early 1940s



Marlene Stern Bryda, 1951

GOT PHOTOS? We are always looking for nostalgic Sea Gate photos to include in our Photo Gallery collection. Dust off that old family album; bring out that shoe box stored in your closet (labeled “old photos”) and send us your most memorable, moving and joyful images that celebrate the magic moments of your Sea Gate childhood. Email to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or regular mail to SEA GATE NEWS 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. Good quality photos are OK. (No originals, please). Don’t forget to include a notation for the caption, i.e. names, places and date.



**Jerry Stern, at 15, with brother David Zaslow, at 3,  
in front of 4415 Atlantic Avenue**



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# Sea Gate Revisited

*A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

Issue Number 16

May, 2007

## From the Editor

By Jerry Stern

I lived in Sea Gate for about 23 years, 1937 to 1960, plus 18 months in the late 1960s, when I brought my family back to Sea Gate as we contemplated where to settle in New York.

My daughter, Andrea spent her time in Sea Gate riding a tricycle, running around in a yard on Atlantic Ave, across from Beach 3, and enjoying Sea Gate's natural wonder, the beach. So, I was not surprised on a recent visit from Venice, CA, where she lives, that she asked to go to Sea Gate for the day. It was a cold windy Spring day. Alba Diaz, a Sea Gate resident for over 50 years, who works for the Sea Gate Association, helped me get into the gate.

I was deeply moved by the experience of visiting seven homes I lived in (don't ask!). My first home on the 3800 block of Maple Ave. is the same (outside) as it was in 1939, when I left there to move to 3740 Oceanic Ave. My mother and Jack and Florence Shapiro, parents of Rhoda and Susan, owned 3740 from 1939 to about 1945-46. Both families then bought 3807 Oceanic Ave. Most of my formative years were

spent on the 3700 block of Oceanic, and I stood on that street on that cold March day thinking of all the games I played there.

I thought of the Oceanic group of kids and the visitors who played punchball with us. I thought of Stan Hersh as I stood in deep centerfield in front of his house. Within a few days I learned that Stan recently died. I thought of playing "Kick the Can" and "Core-Core-Ringalevio" with Irwin Plattman, Bobby Summers,, Heshy Abromowitz, Barry Serper, Carole Leachman, Barry Alexander, Bobby Liebowitz, and Harvey and Allan Yurman.

My daughter took photos of 3740, which is now a Shul, and of Tudor Terrace, where Judy and Irv Plattman, Steve Suffin, and the Becker and Katz families lived.



**The Sea Gate Shul**

I saw the "new homes," built after the war and remembered the large vacant lots between Oceanic and Nautilus Avenues

where we played war games during the war years.

I stood at home plate on the Tennis Courts and envisioned the great, great softball games played there.



**Home plate at the tennis courts**

I went on the Beach at Beach 4 and visited the gun turrets that were once on top of the sand and are now several feet above the sand. I remembered the large guns during the war firing into the ocean and holding my ears and later picking up shells.



**Beach 4 WW II gun mount**

As I looked back, it was hard to think of bad memories, although my thoughts often are on my father's death when I was seven years old.



I saw many homes well maintained others in disrepair, and new homes on property that were once inhabited by my friends.

The most depressing sight was the Mermaid Ave. entrance to Sea Gate. I can only hope that there are plans to rebuild there. Right now it looks like parts of Germany after the war.



**Mermaid Avenue inside the gate**

My daughter took photos of the Sea Gate garage, the supermarket, the Sweet Shoppe, Rand Cleaners, and the barber shop. And across the street, Sonny and Lou's. Yeah, well, the photos are of a lot of bricks.



**Where Sonny & Lou's used to be**

Great memories; great visit; great lunch at Gargiulo's, and as you read this, I have already returned to Sea Gate with my wife and son and his family. I guess it is the time for remembering the past.

To the Editors:

Two more Sea Gate marriages:  
Louise Weiss and Steven Kornfeld and Carole Mennen and Eddie Gabay

Carole Mennen Gabay  
[Spicey327@aol.com](mailto:Spicey327@aol.com)

## **A Cool Laundry Truck Ride**

By Shep Forest

My granddaughter: Nicole Forest and her twin brother Dylan are 9 years old and live in Chappaqua. My son Marc (widowed) has become friendly with Andrew and Leslie Kaskel. (I met Howard and Susan at my grandson's bar mitzvah). Nicole had a homework assignment to interview her grandparents and ask nostalgic questions. After answering about 10 questions, she asked me what I remember most going to school. Lo and Behold I said, "Going to school in the laundry truck belonging to my friend Morty Blum's father." I remember the sign on the side of the truck, read "Rose Coat & Apron." We sat in the back with bags of laundry. She thought that was the coolest! And since there was a relationship with Kaskel, it made it more interesting. Nicole won "coolest" story.

**Shep Forest**  
[Sf62@aol.com](mailto:Sf62@aol.com)

## **My Life After Sea Gate**

**Gloria Friedman Baron**

A few issues ago, a letter asked about the Friedman sisters.

I married Buddy Baron back in 1956 and moved into Sea Gate with my mom and dad (for a couple of weeks) until our apartment on Ocean Avenue was ready. A couple of weeks became several years during which we had three kids, Jill, James, and Caroline. We bought a house in North Woodmere and discovered that our fourth, Rob, had been conceived while we were still in Sea Gate, so he is an honorary Sea Gater. All the kids love hearing stories about the Gate and from time to time drive in to rekindle old memories of their lives at 4106 Highland Avenue living above Grandma Bertha and Grandpa Harry Friedman.

I stopped teaching at PS 188 when the kids began arriving but got back into it in the Lawrence School District when little Rob turned 4 and entered nursery school.

After a long career in the New York City schools as teacher and administrator, Bud was appointed principal of the Lawrence Junior High School, then high school, and finally superintendent of schools. I retired early, but Bud continued for several more years.

We publish educational texts that Bud writes and I sell to high

schools and colleges. I enjoy talking to teachers across the country.

Jill practices medicine in NY, James is a lawyer with a NY firm, Caroline is a film producer (Capote - last year's nomination for best film at the Oscars); Rob is involved, after retiring from a public corporation, with an organization called GroundWork, that is working to improve conditions in the Hudson River towns such as Yonkers.

So that's what happened to Gloria since her Sea Gate childhood.

## Sharing Fond Memories

By Phyllis Sperber Noury

I lived at 3829 Laurel Avenue from 4th grade until I graduated Abraham Lincoln High School in 1946. We lived across the street from the Steinkleins. My sister Helene married Seymour Steinklein.

Seymour had a sister Ruthie who married Benjamin Strongin. He also was a Sea Gate resident and served in World War II. He always looked so handsome in his officer's uniform. I was very young at that time and impressed by uniforms.

My friend, Kelly, lived with her grandmother on Atlantic Avenue. When I slept over her house, we would go swimming at night—a very eerie experience. During the day,

however, Beach One was the place to “hang out.” The older men (30's or 40's) played handball.



**Phyllis on Sea Gate Beach**

Reading your newsletter brought back many other fond memories.

When the war was finally over and the Sea Gate vets returned home, they were called the 52-20 club. They were paid \$20.00 for 52 weeks for serving.

One young man who returned was nice enough to teach us the how to play bridge. We had a great time and I now continue to enjoy the game.

Shopping was known as “going out the gate”. Along Mermaid Avenue, there were luncheonettes, drug stores and small mom-and-pop grocery stores. We shopped at Ketchan's Grocery Store and Goldberg's Appetizing Store. The pickles in the barrel were “mouth watering” and so were the rest of the goodies.

We have lived in New Jersey, Florida, and presently reside in the San Diego, California area (Oceanside). Thanks to this newsletter for allowing me to

share my fond memories of growing up in Sea Gate



**Left to right: Florence Shapiro, Lenore Feldman, and Phyllis Sperber**

Phyllis Sperber Noury  
[phyjan@sbcglobal.net](mailto:phyjan@sbcglobal.net)

## The House on Beach 48<sup>th</sup> Street

By Marylyn Franks Goldberg

I was eleven years old when my family moved to Sea Gate from Brooklyn. My grandparents, Dora & Isaac Goldberg and my Aunt Celia and Uncle George Kaufman already lived there. We had a house on Beach 48th Street next to the Lorch's. Across the street and up the block lived the Deutsch family. Dorothy and I played together either by her house or my home. I remember her brothers Sidney and Jerry. My brother Larry and I loved to go down the block by the Fisher and Levitt home to watch the waves and listen to them crashing against the rocks. There was a fence there and you were not supposed to go down on the rocks. My brother and I

sometimes did just for the fun of it.

I remember walking out the Neptune Avenue Gate to go to P.S. 188, then Mark Twain and finally Lincoln. We did our shopping out of the Mermaid Gate and the Surf Avenue Gate was where the Sea Gate bus started. My close friends were Janet Rosch and Debby Aimis and to this day we are still close friends.

Summers were just wonderful. There was the Beach (4 of them), Cabana and just outside, the Boardwalk. We enjoyed walking the boardwalk to the Bowery, Steeplechase Park and especially Nathan's for a hot dog.

When my son was born, we would spend summers with my parents and idle the day away at the beach or in the backyard where my parents had a small pool for my son.

My fondest memories were growing up in Sea Gate.

Marylyn Franks (Goldberg)  
[Mfif34@optonline.net](mailto:Mfif34@optonline.net)

## Sea Gate's Historic "House of the Future"<sup>1</sup>

By Beth Poznansky Ritter

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<sup>1</sup> Permission to reprint article courtesy of Eric Levy, from Astella Development Corporation Newsletter, April, 2007

It's been disassembled, reassembled, and moved a few times, but Pete Spanakos' art deco steel house finally made its home in Sea Gate. Spanakos, who's lived there with his family since 1967, is proud of his unusual residence; for one thing, it's from an era that once called such houses "futuristic." His Oceanview Avenue house is prefabricated, made of steel, and believed to be designed by the renowned architect William Van Alen.

A film crew from Home and Garden TV came to Spanakos' home in January to film a segment for the channel's "What's With That House?" show. The show takes viewers behind the closed doors of unique homes and to meet the interesting people who live there.



**A Film crew from Home and Garden TV interviews Pete Spanakos on his house's backyard deck.**

Spanakos first shows his visitors the first floor of his home, where he has photos displayed of the Chrysler building, Van Alen's ultimate art deco achievement. Upstairs, Pete proudly shows photos of himself and his twin brother from their championship amateur boxing days.

Spanakos then guides the TV crew to the backyard deck of the house. Against a backdrop of the beach and Verrazano Bridge, Spanakos talked to a reporter about his deep appreciation of the panoramic ocean view and the sound of breaking waves that his home affords him. "The view is great because you see all the boats coming in. You see these beautiful sunsets behind the bridge. You get a breeze coming in, and get to see canoes, kayaks, and old pirate ships that come in every now and then when the harbor festivals take place. You get hundreds of ships going back and forth. It's really quite exciting."

Spanakos says he also enjoys the array of wildlife that he sees from his backyard deck, including parrots, hawks, and harbor seals. "You get very attuned to nature here," he says. "I hear the tides all the time; I feel like I'm on an ocean liner."

Living by the ocean, he says, provides cool breezes that travel through the windows of his home. "I rarely need to use the air conditioner," he says. "It gets so cool here on summer nights that I need to use a blanket when I go to bed."

Prior to its current location, Spanakos' house was located at Park Avenue and 39<sup>th</sup> Street. Van Alen charged spectators 25 cents to see "the house of the future." At the time, in the early 1930s, architects were experimenting with different housing solutions. Van Alen was among that group, and came up with the idea for



prefabricated, all-steel houses. Spanakos has uncovered drawings by Van Alen showing the details and written description of houses such as his.

To say it doesn't look like every other house in the area is an understatement. Some Sea Gate residents refer to it as the "sugar cube" because of its white box-like appearance. The house's previous owner had white stucco-like paint applied over the exterior steel walls to create a Greek-like appearance to his home.

Spanakos says he doesn't know that he'll live in Sea Gate forever. An inquisitive reporter then asks: "If you did move and chose to bring the house with you, how would you go about it?"

Spanakos lets out a hearty laugh. Without missing a beat, he replies, "With a plane and a huge magnet!"

*The "What's With This House?" show appears on Home and Garden TV on Mondays at 11 pm and Sundays at 10:30 pm. To find out when Spanakos' house will be profiled, visit [www.hgtv.com/hgtv/shows\\_hwth/](http://www.hgtv.com/hgtv/shows_hwth/).*



**Pete Spanakos' art deco steel house**

## **Memorabilia from 1947**

By Elaine Einhorn Sturtz

My husband, Sid Sturtz, was active in the Sea Gate Veterans Group and did the cover and some of the sports photos for the newsletters. I hope these copies may be useful for your great email newsletter, which we enjoy so much.

We lived on Beach 47<sup>th</sup> Street across the street from the lighthouse. Our living room faced the water and we could see everything coming and going in New York Harbor.

On December 7<sup>th</sup>, Pearl Harbor Day, we were able to see, that evening, tugboats spreading the submarine nets across the harbor. The most exciting scene was when the troops were coming home on the large, 3-stack ships with approximately 14,000 men aboard passing our window. A tugboat would pull alongside the ship with a WAC band out of Ft. Hamilton and

would strike up "Roll out the Barrel." A scream from all the soldiers aboard the ship was heard by us that will never be forgotten. I remember the large sign on the grassy knoll outside the gate at Ft. Hamilton, "Welcome Home. Well Done."

Sea Gate was a memorable life for me from 1925 to 1953

Elaine (Einhorn) Sturtz  
[elaside@bellsouth.net](mailto:elaside@bellsouth.net)

## **That Old Court of Mine**

By Eli Flam

If James Naismith could do it, why not us? So—as memory serves—12-year-olds Buddy Rubel and I cadged a peach basket from a Coney Island grocer and nailed it to a Beach One handball wall at the end of World War II. Like basketball-founder Naismith at a YMCA in 1891, we soon found that the basket didn't last long. Norman Bobowick to the rescue!



**Basketball at the Riv with pole-mounted backboards, circa 1949**

He bought a black-enameled, regulation rim and screwed it into the wall. A bell-shaped, white cotton net was icing on the cake, the cherry on the sundae, the ice cream on the pie. It rippled, it snapped, it sang with a susurrant thrill when the ball dropped through.

All that winter, shoveling off snow, sweeping away wind-blown sand, playing (never mind dancing) in the rain, a growing cast of characters (Arnie “Wah Wah” Rosen noteworthy among them) pegged away with the likes of, say, Sid Tannenbaum of N.Y.U. with his wrist-snap set shots and Moe Berg of Abe Lincoln High’s deadpan fake and drive in mind.

Those drives sometimes carried us into (but not up) the wall; lo, the following spring angel Bobowick—an earnest player himself—led other “older guys” into coming up with pole-mounted backboards on both ends of the handball court’s cement surface. Bring on the pros!

True, the backboards were semi-circular, of white-painted metal and sporting metal chains, but soon we were calling, “Cash register!” when shots arced in. Now it was easier to picture yourself as Joe “64 Points” Fulks of the Philly Warriors, Tommy Byrnes of the New York Knicks, (he of the lissome glide to the hoop), or speedster Ernie Calvary of the racehorse Providence Steamrollers. And we learned from such look-in locals as ace ball-handler Howie Feital of L.I.U., “Big” Schultz when he was back from Idaho

State and Mannie Greenberg of C.C.N.Y., who never lost his cool.

Looking back, it’s clear that Norman Bobowick made it possible for many of us to hoop it up by Beach One, and even on from there.

To the Editors:

My name is Steve Goldstein. I am 64. I lived at 4504 Beach 45th Street, where one of my two brothers (Fred, age 67) \_ still resides. My other brother (Jeff, age 72) has lived in Madison, WI since the mid 1950’s.

Zei gezunt,  
Steve Goldstein  
[Steve7693@aol.com](mailto:Steve7693@aol.com)

Stan Hersh, passed away recently. We extend our condolences to his family. Stan was the son of the owner (and then owner) of Shatzkins Knishes. He lived on the 3700 block of Oceanic Avenue in the 1950s.

#### Correction

In the PS 188 Class Photo:

Wendy's last name wasn't Gershaw, it was Gunshor).

Also, 4th row - 3rd from left - that's Ellen Gluck, not Glick.

And, at the far left - the tall gal with the flowing skirt: Indrea Kintisch.

Submitted by Flora Rudolff Goldfarb

#### SEA GATE REVISITED

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*Sea Gate Revisited* will be sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

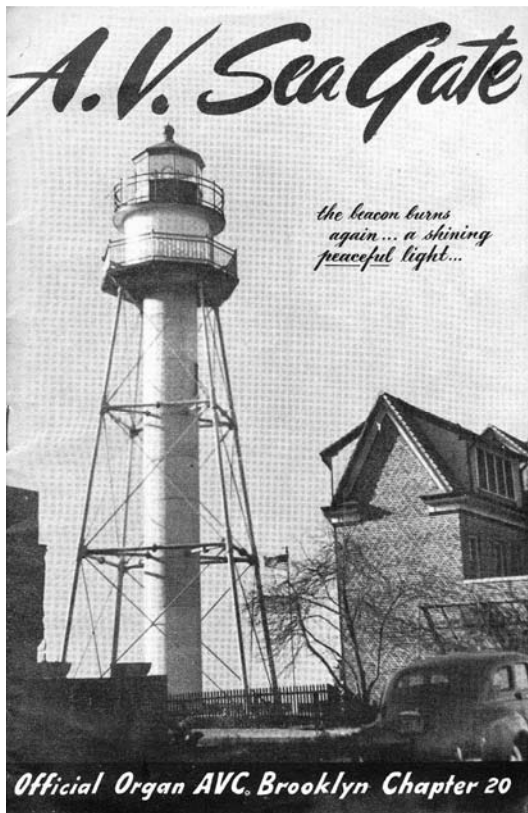
# 1947

## A Sea Gate Retrospective

### A Special Supplement of Sea Gate Revisited

May, 2007

The year 1947 is being highlighted in this month's special supplement, thanks to the contribution by Elaine Einhorn Sturtz. She submitted three issues (circa 1947) of *A.V. Sea Gate*, a branch of the American Veterans Committee. This branch was formed by a group of Sea Gate veterans which published a newsletter devoted to social and political issues affecting local life. In this special supplement we will include cover pages and articles from this vintage newsletter that captures the essence of news and events of Sea Gate during the year, 1947.



The following are some of the events that shaped this special year: **Jackie Robinson**, the first African-American baseball professional, signs a contract with the

Brooklyn Dodgers. He played his first game on April 15, 1947 and at the end of the baseball season (1947), he won the Rookie of the Year Award. By the end of 1947 baseball season, five African-Americans played major league baseball; **Exodus** (ship) departs France to Palestine with 4,500 Jewish Holocaust survivor refugees; **Princess Elizabeth** marries the **Duke of Edinburgh**; **Tennessee William's** play, "A Streetcar Named Desire," opens on Broadway; the first practical **transistor** is demonstrated; **Raytheon** produces the first commercial microwave oven; and **Howdy Doody** makes its TV debut.

The New York Yankees beat the Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series and in the last month of 1947, a blizzard hit New York City and buried Sea Gate with 26 inches of snow





**Irma Freedman Most in Sea Gate after the Blizzard of '47**

In January 1947, the graduation class at **Mark Twain JHS** included the following Sea Gaters: Joan and Morty Blum, Richard Oberfield, Herby Frank, Anita Orans, Shep Forest, Eddie Fienberg, Stuart Goldrich, Phil Stein, and Reed Metzger.

The Mark Twain JHS Sea Gate graduates of June, 1947 included Marty Tankowitz, Ethelind Altman, Arnie Rosen, Eugene Browne, Ethel Rabb, Marcia Dansky, Bart Meissner, Saul Weiser, Elaine Starkman, and Kal Bergen.



**Ethelind Altman, 1947 Mark Twain graduate**

At **Lincoln High School** some of the Sea Gaters that graduated in January, 1947 include: Victor Bachman, Arlene Bergen, Eugene Goldberg, Eugene Manusov, Jackie

Trupin and twin brothers Alfred and David Nevins.

Sea Gaters that graduated in the **Lincoln HS** class of June 1947 include: Annette Achenbaum, Darryl Dworman, Jack Foshko, Dan Frankel, Phil Friedman, Marion Gershunoff, Rhoda Krawitz, David Kronenberg, Irving Levinson, Dorothy Metzger, Irwin Plattman, Anna Powsner, Monroe Rifkin, Renee Rubel, Francine Shorofsky, Grace Sultan, and Marilyn Wachs.

## **Sea Gate's Real Estate**

**Sea Gate. 2-family brick, 13 rooms, 2 open porches, facing ocean, every modern convenience; 2-car brick garage; oil, steam heat, lot 30 x 100. asking \$20,000. Telephone ES 2-2321.**

*A classified ad in The New York Times, January 5, 1947*

**Sea Gate. Modern 2-family brick-stucco detached dwelling; 1<sup>st</sup> floor apartment with 3 bedrooms rented for \$60 a month; 2<sup>nd</sup> floor apartment 7 rooms, owner occupied; oil burner, brass plumbing, play room, 2 car garage, \$17,750.**

*A classified ad in The New York Times, February 9, 1947*

The following display ad from *The New York Times*, November 17, 2006, lists a home in Sea Gate with the asking price of \$1.15 million



## A. V. Sea Gate Newsletter Pages

### A.V. Sea Gate

Paul Hessel, Chairman  
Brooklyn chapter 20 AVC  
Joe Muldavin, Editor A.V.S.G.  
Address communications to 4916 Surf Ave.  
Murray Benson, Assoc. Editor  
Joshua Kheel, Business  
Florence Bellock, typography

### Murray Benson's Peekin Thru the Gate (March, 1947)

Having been born and raised in Sea Gate, Murray Benson is no newcomer to this community. However, had it not been for *AV. Sea Gate*, he never would have been catapulted to such fame—and out so many homes after the appearance of each issue. It

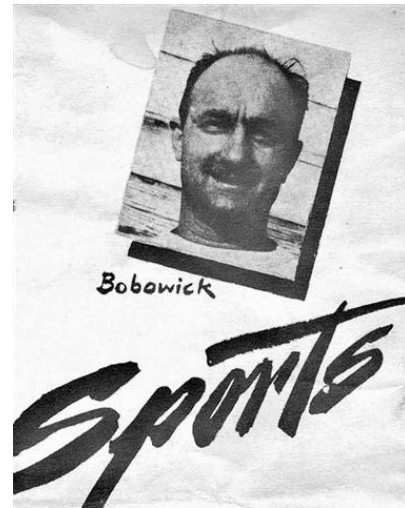
can safely be said that his column, “Peekin’ Thru the Gate” is more widely read than the stories in *Esquire*.

Murray started at PS 188 and continued through Lincoln H.S. and graduated from Brooklyn College. Always interested in the theatre, he acted in Varsity Shows and Class Night at Lincoln and in numerous productions at Brooklyn College. For the next three years he became involved with the US Army, taking basic training at Camp Wheeler and later assigned to the NY Port of Embarkation in Special Services appearing accidentally in the January 1945 issue of *Life* as a contestant in the “Blind Date” program.

He is now associated with his brother-in-law in the bead importing business as assistant credit manager and in his spare time attends courses at the American Theatre Wing.



Murray Benson



Basketball takes over! With the past month more appropriate as "June-u-ary," the pass, dribble, lay-up, and set shot become the order of the day. Through the efforts of Norman Bobowick, the Riviera sun deck site was reconverted into basketball courts and each weekend over 50 of the 'teen and twenty crowd flock to the sun-swept area for the grueling sport. That adjective is no exaggeration. When each game is finished, it is a tired trio that puffs its way to the beach before taking on the next challenger. No time limit. . .game moves swiftly, first team with ten points wins. Since ace gene Goldberg left for Illinois, our nomination for all-star trio is Mannie Greenberg of CCNY, Howie Feitel with LIU's jayvees and Irwin Plattman. Other great performers include Monroe Rifkin, Ken Sommers, Dave Glickman, Mickey Becker, Gil Christian, and Ralph Hoffman. Several of these names may be Garden immortals. The community and the boys involved are grateful to Norman Bobowick for his initiative in arranging for these facilities. Salt air, clean play, friendly competition all combine to assure us a more healthy and useful citizen in the years ahead.

**Back Cover, A.V. Sea Gate, February, 1947**





## ***Peekin' thru the Gate***

**By Murray Benson**

Doom and gloom . . . gloom and doom . . . being the local Winchell is more rugged than you think. It's getting so that people are afraid to tell us anything vital for the record. How can we scoop to conquer that way? You can't believe everything you hear, but you can repeat it and we'll see if it rates an item. Tell us all! We promise not to monitonize the conversation and for each line used, we are giving away gravel from some of the paved (?) streets, our beach pass picture, a free ticket to Luna Park and several introductions to the "write" people—the editorial staff of **AV Sea Gate**. Step aside son, and let the people through!

Martin Danzig, having successfully launched his own business will take unto himself a bride when he ankles down the "I'll...say I do," with Mimi Grossberg this spring. His partner, Sam "Cousin" Roistacher, recently fired their stock clerk due to illness...they got sick of looking at him...

Kadish Millet, the Cole Porter of Lyme Avenue, having tough luck getting his tunes on the air, has offered to write the background music for police radio calls...Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sokolovsky, (she was Shirley Raboy, he's "Socko") may have two additions in July...One is definite. The other? Merely shopping for a cocker spaniel...We are thinking of renaming the Norton's Point Trolley, the Nauseous Point...Buddy Benjamin and Lynne Horowitz are Mr. & Mrs. Since Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> and Mon Dieu!...they found themselves an all-year-round apt. in the gate...We read of a man living without a heart, but it didn't surprise us....we know too many Sea Gate landlords...Murray Gerstein and Shirley Freidman have announced their betrothal ("at means engagement, y'crumbs)...Talking to her parents Ned & goldie, Drue ellen Fine said on Jan 29<sup>th</sup>, "What do you think, I was born yesterday?" Uh-huh!...Dr. Charlie vogel absentmindedly fixing

his car, took out a wrench and said, "Now this is going to hurt a little"...Esta Weitz is a bathing suit next summer..."Drool in the Sun"...Evelyn Levine and Julie Lentz are aheming...and not ahawing...There is no truth to the rumor that the Sweet shoppe will install tables with parking meters...Gertie Fine and Parkchester's Max Cherof engaged and soon to be wed...and Howard Tapper confirmed last months note by setting the date with Gloria Fleur for Mar. 30...Herb Schechter met a gal who was willing to live on his income...if he got another for himself...Jerry Daniels and Doris Eisenberg (another summer romance that didn't melt) may be telling it to a rabbi soon...ditto Bob Oxhandler and Louise Shapiro...Larry Kronenberg on the rocks, literally—she: fishing? He: No, just drowning worms...Ruth and Arthur Stabbe have named the baby Jane Marsha...Lifeguard Stan Liebowitz (Now a GI in Japan), accosted by a summer resident two seasons ago, "Did you save my boy from drowning?" "Yes," - "Well where's his cap?"...Lovely Gloria Harnick off to grace the campus at USC...and Gene Goldberg is hoping to be one of Illinois U. basketball "Whiz Kids" now that he's a student there... Paul Berg has reunited with his old flame Mildred Levy of Forest Hills and there may be a wedding in the fall...Barbara Harnett and Roberta Horowitz two of Cornell's most popular co-eds...Haberdasher Lou Powsner says he knows a bank where you can buy money for white shirts...Norton Elkin and Edna Rubenstein Mr. & Mrs. On Feb 9<sup>th</sup>...Harriet Harnett lost her job because the boss spoke Pittman and she took Gregg...Sandy Levitt turned down an offer from the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf—he felt his routine was too sophisticated...

Now, open the door, Richard....time to say, "A.h'll V.C. 'in' you!"

**"Peekin' Thru the Gate," by Murray Benson,  
February, 1947**

# Sports

## AV Sea Gate, December, 1947

The initial season of the Sea Gate Football League roared to its conclusion this month and the bitter rivalries of the four uniformed teams have been thawed by winter blasts, paradoxical as that may sound.

Ray Shore's red and white forces, (below The Demons, emerged as league champions by a single point over the orange-shirted Atoms captained by Stan Becker, with Howie Adler's Wolves capturing third place from Don Steinberg's Devils by virtue of two triumphs on the final day.



College rules prevailed. Notable exceptions being six-man team, all men eligible to receive forward passes, the two-handed tag, and the 25-minute halves. Nobody could deny the intensity of play with savage blocking, thrilling runs, long passes, bruises—all were in evidence each Sunday.



Ex-sailor Dave Glickman, probably the fleetest back in the league, was high scorer with 42 points, beating out brilliant pass-receiver Jesse Wolfenson, who amassed 37 Markers. Other outstanding performers include Sam Nelkin, Len Yarmus and Harry Rattner on the line; Don Shore, "Red Levine," Don Steinberg, Mickey Becker as receivers; Lennie Wachs, Howie Adler and Jerry Jaker as ball carriers; Ray Shore, Buddy Winter, Irv Schreiber, and Stan Becker in heaving the pigskin. Thus with the league a resounding success, sports-loving Sea Gate looks forward eagerly to signs of an early spring, when the cry "Play Ball" will resound through the clear salt air.



AV Sea Gate, December, 1947 (Photos by Sid Sturtz)



# Peekin' thru the Gate

**By Murray Benson**

We were standing at the bay one morning last week—about 2 ayem—meditating. . . wondering if there might be some chemical formula to purify the ocean water, (there was so much of it,—add sugar and alcohol, and distill it to be sold at your nearest tavern or bar. . .when suddenly, a girl's voice came from the back seat of a new Studebaker (or was it the front seat). . ."Spring or no spring - NO"—Then we knew—a new season had come to Sea Gate.

Spring! When the birds'll want to come back and live in their nests—but it's going to be a little tough this year. . .people are living in them. Spring! When a young man's fancy. . .or maybe he's plain. You gotta be there to really appreciate it. Where? Why on the next line, of course, so that we can tell you. . .

Lee Goldstein, now Mrs. Leonard B. Davis of Oakland Cal. Flew in to attend the wedding on March 29<sup>th</sup> of sister Phyllis to Lyn Stern, who will be a D.D.S. in May. . .bless you children. Pearl Bucholtz & Charlie Diskin a new twosome. . .Property is so high, if you get a grain of sand in your eye you could probably sell an option on it for \$50. . . A couple of guys nicknamed "Jeep" away from the local scene. . .Eugene Rothman working as an engineer in Harrisburg, Pa. and Seymour Lefkowitz a student at Alfred U. (aside to K. W. - he'll be back soon, courage girl). Paul

Weissberg sighs fondly over Shirley Goldscheider of Baltimore—too far son, forget her. . .Howie Adler, an angle boy from "way back" using a new approach on his women—the TRYangle. . . Barbara Harnett mending at Cornell U. after fracturing her pelvic bone while horseback riding. . . We know a few lads that horses have been throwing for quite a while. . .Spent 20 minutes in the Sweet Shoppe one busy Sat. eve, and nobody said, "this place is a goldmine". . .Sandy Levine writing a sequel, "The House on 91<sup>st</sup> St." - 'at's where his Harriet Markoe lives. . .Pearl Levine and Lennie Buckner are acting like it's the "real thing"—and Debbie kastenbaum jes' can't say no to Norman Strongin. . .some people think they are worth a lot of money because they have it. . . Len Wachs smashed the first home run of '47. . . Richie Ehrman getting plenty of sea duty visiting Irma Bellin in J.C. so often. . . Stan and Anna Finkelman have bought a Waxman home on Lyme Ave.—we hope the stork gets the change of address. . . With all the elderly people we've seen standing in the subway, seems there's no respect for age unless it's bottled. . . Walter Wagman home from a sea voyage to the Near East—n' Buddy Reichenthaler is back from Korea singing "Call Me Mister" . . . Leonard E. Fisher praised highly at an exhibition of his paintings in a 57<sup>th</sup> St. art gallery . . . among the many Sea Gaters now in L.A. are the Mann family; Marty Reals; Roger, Pearl, and Harold Mansov; Dr. Alvin Senter (recently engaged to a Cal. gal) and Lana Turner—Huh? How did she get in?

Did anybody ever stop to think that in Yiddish Sea Gate would mean "she goes"—and so we go. . .a'long for now!

**"Peekin Thru the Gate" A.V. Sea Gate, April, 1947**



# *Sea Gate Revisited*

## *A Newsletter devoted to wonderful memories*

[Seagatenews@Hargray.com](mailto:Seagatenews@Hargray.com)

Issue Number 17

June, 2007

### **We Have A Website— Sort Of**

**By Jerry Stern**

In response to requests for old issues of the newsletter, I have constructed an unsophisticated website. On it, one will find all of the newsletters to date. It should take from 30 to 90 seconds to download any single newsletter. They are in PDF form, and you will need Adobe, just as you do now to download the newsletters we send as email attachments. I have also added a few photos and will add more as we go along.

The Website address is:  
<http://web.mac.com/gstern42>

Eventually, I hope to add some Sea Gate movies. On top of the "Welcome" page, you will find links to a newsletters page and photo pages. Go to the newsletters page where all newsletter issues are listed and you will find links to each newsletter of the earlier newsletters. Just click on the link and you can get the newsletter.

I would appreciate your visiting the web site and advising me whether you were able to use it. My email address is [dembums42@aol.com](mailto:dembums42@aol.com). If you misplace the web site address,

send me an email and I'll send you a link to the address. I suggest you make a note of the web site address or "bookmark" it.

### **The Blizzard of '47**

**By Phil Glick**

You bring joy to this aging heart with the newsletter.

The blizzard of '47 evoked lots of memories. I remember mom taking me to Toyland for a new sled. When we got back to Laurel Avenue, I ran ahead to belly flop in the deep, still falling snow. BANG! Dead stop. There was no ice yet under the powder, so the sled, with me on it, stopped dead. It was like a punch in the gut. Total shock!

After the plows came there were big piles of snow and the kids played King of the Mountain. It was pure delight to savor the memory.

Phil can be reached at  
[pglick144@yahoo.com](mailto:pglick144@yahoo.com)

### **More on the Spanakos House**

**By Norm Siverman**

I love the Sea Gate newsletter.

Today, I read with particular interest the article on Pete Spanakos' house. I seem to remember someone named Mickey Spanakos moving in to the house. He had a '67 Volvo P1800.

While the article was detailed in the chronology of the house, it made no mention of the previous long-time occupants, Saul and Sylvia Fine. Sylvia was a teacher at either Midwood or Madison HS and Saul was in the automobile business (Bigelow Motors and Fine Motors, Belleville NJ). He sold Chryslers and DeSotos-- both were well known Sea Gate residents. I think Saul may have served on the Board at one time. We all called him "Sauly." He was also well known at the time for having broken his leg playing golf on Yom Kippur. It was the opinion of some people that it was a divine message-- delivered with substantial impact!

I also seem to remember that before he went into the car business, Saul was a government agent and was said to have been responsible to a significant degree for the arrest of a well known Soviet spy in the early 50's. It might have been Col. Rudolph Abel.

Norman can be reached at  
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[**Editor's note:** The article that Norm refers to is a reprint from Astella Development Corporation newsletter. Leonard Everett Fisher mentions a previous owner—Gilmore—in his article “A Little More History” in Newsletter Issue #1, February, 2006. Harvey Shub also cites owners of the cube house in his article, “Now it's My Turn,” in this issue.]

## Memories of All Kinds

By Enid-Mae Spiegel Kleiman

I love the stories in the *Sea Gate Revisited*. It brings back such memories even though so many friends I grew up with have passed away. I do remember Silverman very well, he was tall and handsome. Our family had a female dog (mutt) named Nancy. I think she populated Sea Gate with her pups. My brother Bert used to hide the pups in our neighbor's basement.

My Dad, J Lee Spiegel, was instrumental in making a skating rink out of the parking lot across from the Sweet Shoppe. Of course the Sweet Shoppe didn't compare to the Whittier Inn where all the kids used to stroll to on a summer's eve and hang out eating ice cream cones.

My two best friends were Elaine Ratner and Anita Rose. Anita lived directly across the street from us on Neptune Avenue in the new attached homes. She came from Coney Island, and we met in second grade. We are still best friends and enjoy recalling our childhood memories.

So many stories run through my mind. Anita and I played hooky from Lincoln High School one day. We went to the roller skating rink. The next day the Dean, a miserable old bat, called us both out of class to dress us down and sent for our parents. My mother defended both of us and got us both out of trouble.

The principal of P.S. 188 once slapped my brother in the face because he was late for school and was chewing gum. My father was enraged when he found out. He went to the principal's house in Sea Gate and warned him to never lay a hand on my brother.

I was in the first class that went to Mark Twain Junior High. Thereafter, I taught there, filling in for Mrs. Orans who broke her leg skiing.

Enid-Mae may be reached at [enid-mae@adelphia.net](mailto:enid-mae@adelphia.net)

[**Editor's note:** Many of us guys may remember being kicked in the butt or slapped by gym and shop teachers for talking in the halls while walking to other classes. And in PS 188, how about the antics of M.B.Stern our third grade teacher, banging our heads against the blackboard if we gave the wrong answer? Of course, that was in the 1940s, when those kinds of things were acceptable. I once complained to my mother. She went to school to talk to M.B. Stern. At the end of the day, my mother said that Mrs. M.B. Stern is a lovely person. I never reported anything like that again. For the

record, Danny Friedman complained to his mother the same day. Danny and I both agreed to quit school in third grade. He got the same reaction at home.

How about someone writing about the bullying we tolerated at Mark Twain JHS in the 1940's?]

## Another Friedman Sister Reports In

By Myrna Friedman Ezersky

I really enjoy the newsletter and appreciate all the work it involves.

Joan Graff asked "Whatever happened to the Friedman girls?" My sister Gloria replied recently. Here's my response.

I lived with my husband, Gene Ezersky, daughter, Jane, and son, Peter in Roslyn, L.I. for many years. I worked as a guidance counselor at Syosset High School and Gene was the director of Cooperative Extension for Cornell University in NYC. We owned and directed Indian Head Camp, a summer camp in the Poconos for more than thirty years. Unfortunately, Gene passed away five years ago. I am presently living in Manhattan doing volunteer work and playing bridge. When I was elected president of the Student Council in sixth grade, my brother, Danny, thought I had become president of the U.S.

Thanks for asking.

Myrna lives in NYC and can be reached at [mfenyc@nyc.rr.com](mailto:mfenyc@nyc.rr.com)

## The Funniest Woman in Sea Gate

By Norman Silverman

No recollection of the Sea Gate lifestyle is complete without a mention of a few of the memorable personalities who contributed to the uniqueness of the experience. I refer, in this case, to our great family friend, wife of Marty and mother of Lisa and Tony, Celia Werner.

Celia was both a very attractive woman and a hilariously funny comedienne. No surprise, considering she was the daughter of the late, great Ludwig Satz of Yiddish Theatre fame.



Poster of Celia's father, Ludwig Satz

Thus, Celia came by her talents naturally and delighted in making her friends and neighbors laugh uproariously- and often. She could mimic voices and gestures in a way that always resulted in an exaggerated but accurate caricature of many of Sea Gate's notables.

I remember to this day how she related one particular experience she witnessed in Goldberg's Appetizing store. You remember the place a block or so "out the gate" on Mermaid Avenue where we all bought our lox, herring, pickles from the barrel, and other assorted Yiddish culinary delights collectively known as "appetizing."

Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg were great storekeepers and very fussy about both the quality and freshness of their products. Mrs. Goldberg was also notable for the perfectly coiffed appearance she presented in the store. What few people knew was that we (their customers) were all so fussy about the particular characteristics of the products we purchased from them that they had developed an allocation system between the Goldberg's.

Celia was in the store buying several items from Mr. Goldberg. As she completed the purchase, she watched a very agitated Mrs. Goldberg examining the contents of all of the counters with great determination-looking for something she was clearly unable to find. She approached Mr. Goldberg and had a brief conversation about some of the

orders he had filled that day. Upon learning of his activities, most notably Celia's purchases, Mrs. Goldberg suddenly placed her fishy hands on her perfect hair. With a look of utter horror, she shrieked, "Oy-Gevahlt, Max, you gave her Shorofsky's herring!"

Celia related the story by flawlessly impersonating the voices and enthusiastically and accurately mimicking the gestures. We howled with laughter.

Nobody told funny stories better than Celia Werner!

Norman can be reached at [watchfatha@aol.com](mailto:watchfatha@aol.com)

## From Sea Gate to Show Business

By Stephen Sultan

After reading your regular editions of the Sea Gate Newsletter, I decided it was time to share some memories with everyone.

After over 20 years of employment at a large theatrical agency, now called International Creative Management (ICM), about 15 years ago I became the President and General Counsel of a play licensing and publishing company called Dramatists Play Service, Inc. During my tenure at the Play Service, we acquired about 12 Pulitzer Prize winners and about the same number of Tony Award winning plays. Our Catalogue has well over 3,000 plays and a few musicals and



includes such outstanding titles as *Doubt*, *Proof*, *Art*, *I Am My Own Wife* and *Dinner with Friends*, to name just a few. At the same time, I had acquired and published plays by authors who had not yet been heard from but who I think will become successful. For example, I have acquired plays by two of the most talented young British authors; Martin McDonagh, *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* and Conor McPherson, *The Weir* and *The Seafarer*.

On the personal side, I am going to be celebrating my 35<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary with Judy Korman and we are the proud parents of Arian Sultan, Peter Sultan and his wife, Dalit.

The most exciting news is that I am an expectant grandfather for the first time in early June.

I am also enclosing some photos compliments of Marilyn Abel Levy, my first high school and college girlfriend. Marvin Minoff and I are still as close as ever but regretfully we have lost Barry Gell, who died 20 years ago from a rare form of cancer. In addition Ron Berliner and Don Brenner are also gone. . I still say in close touch with Larry Levine who is retired in Florida. Enclosed are some pictures from Sea Gate, my freshman dance at Brown and a current picture of Marvin and me.

My warm regards to Arnie Rosen and Don Robins and to all of the names and people both familiar and unfamiliar whose names I enjoy reading in *Sea Gate Revisited*.



**Stephen Sultan**

Stephen can be reached at [sultan@dramatists.com](mailto:sultan@dramatists.com)

[**Editor's note:** Stephen's photos appear in this month's photo gallery]

## **A Sea Gate Tsunami?**

**By Gerson Kaplan**

I lived in Sea Gate from 1950 to 1958.

I was 11 when we moved to Sea Gate Avenue temporarily, and shortly thereafter moved to Cypress Avenue where we lived 'til 1958. I have great memories of those years. We used to play stickball in front of my house and were chased numerous times by Sea Gate's faithful. I recall a horrific rainstorm that flooded our street so that someone actually canoed down the street. We played softball at the "field" at the end of Sea Gate Avenue. Some games broke up after two innings or so when we couldn't agree if the guy who

slid into 2nd base was safe or out. Handball and basketball at Beach One were favorite summer activities. I recall once there was a *tsunami* in which the water actually reached to the cabana at the top of the beach.

Some of the guys I hung around with were: Alan Arno, Mike Kaplan, Harvey Fahn, Harvey Kudler, Larry Galpern, Marty Shafiroff, Alan Pinsker, Eliot Rogers, Marvin Berlin and others whose last names I do not recall: someone named Henry who could hit a softball a mile, Shelly, and Billy who had a made-up name for all car brands.

Unfortunately, I have no photos. The pictures are all in my head but are wonderful and I "look" at them often recalling the sweet memories of Sea Gate.

Gerson may be reached at [gersonk@verizon.net](mailto:gersonk@verizon.net)

## **Now it's My Turn**

**By Harvey Shub, M.D.**

Well I guess it's my turn. Not too many Sea Gaters from the baby boom generation have chimed in with their memories, so permit me to add mine.

Sea Gate for me was summers on the beach as a spectator and then as a lifeguard for several

years. Touch football in Lindy Park, stick ball on dead end streets and handball at the courts on Beach One were very much a part of my childhood years.

My life started on Nautilus Avenue in Belle Levine's upstairs apartment. Sara and Sonny (Irving) were the proud parents. We soon moved to the house on Ocean View Avenue that my grandfather built. Grandpa Samuel was actually Sea Gate's first deputy sheriff as well as a dentist in Coney Island. The steel house next door was owned by the Pollack family. In 1948 the Fines moved in. Peter became my best friend. Saul, his dad, was a secret service agent, and was credited with arresting Albert Anastasia and later famed Soviet spy Colonel Abel.

My friends over the years included Ricky and Jimmy Gertz, their cousin, Fred Gladstone and Jay Yampol. As I grew older my circle of friends expanded to include Jimmy Steinberg, Richard Epstein, Joey Hertz, Peter Litvack and Mike Berdy. We were inseparable. The stories and adventures we had are legion. And of course the girls--Merri Pytel, Ellen Meisner and Netty Schnitzer were a part of our group..

The years took me away to school in Miami, medical school in Rome, training in Manhattan, fellowship in New Jersey, and finally a practice in Orlando, Florida. The years took their toll too. My dear friend, Mike Berdy was killed in Vietnam and Peter Fine succumbed to cancer in Israel.

The memories of growing up in the Gate sustained me through many sad times. I enjoy reading the stories and viewing the photos in the newsletter. We did alright as a community, much to be proud of.

Keep the flame alive!



**Harvey Shub, M.D.**

Harvey can be reached at [tushmd4@aol.com](mailto:tushmd4@aol.com)

[**Editor's note:** Harvey makes an interesting point about the relatively few "baby boomers" we have heard from. Where are they? Was life in Sea Gate in the 1950s and 1960s not memorable?]

## **NEIGHBORHOOD REPORT: SEA GATE; The Case of the Dwindling Dunes**

By JAKE MOONEY  
Published: May 6, 2007, *The New York Times*

SEA GATE, the gated

community on the western tip of the Coney Island peninsula, is shielded from the rest of Brooklyn by a guardhouse and a long fence along West 37th Street. But in recent years, the neighborhood has been under siege along its exposed southern flank -- from the sea itself.

The waters of the Atlantic Ocean have been sweeping sand away from the community's private beach, around Norton Point, and onto property facing Gravesend Bay and Coney Island Creek, depleting beachfront land where residents want it and adding it where they don't. Now, local leaders say they will soon have enough government money to keep much more of the closely guarded land from washing away. The issue was reported in *The Brooklyn Graphic*, a local weekly.

According to the office of Representative Jerrold Nadler, who represents the area, money to install rock jetties known as T-groins along the beach, a total of \$10.9 million, is now in the provisional budget of the Army Corps of Engineers for the 2008 fiscal year, which begins this October.

The area has long had erosion problems, but in the late 1980s and early '90s, when the corps started a project to stem erosion along the entire peninsula, Sea Gate's homeowners association opted out of some measures.

Work went forward on the rock jetty at West 37th Street, after the corps promised that the sand level on Sea Gate's beach would

not diminish further. So far, the work has been a success in Coney Island, east of the jetty, but erosion in Sea Gate has worsened to the point that the existing jetty could be destabilized, said Frank Verga, the corps' project manager.

On April 18, Robert Castro, community manager for the Sea Gate Association, the homeowners group, said of the repair work: "It's badly needed. We just had that small northeaster come through, and the beaches are gone." At some spots, he said, the sand level drops sharply by five or six feet, or long-buried rocks are exposed.

Because Sea Gate's beach deteriorated after the work nearby, despite the corps' promise, the corps' corrective work would not require Sea Gate to open the land to the public.

In the eyes of some, the arrangement allows the gated community to benefit while giving up little.

"The end result is, Sea Gate is going to get a nice, new, wide, replenished beach at public expense, without providing public access," said Ida Sanoff, a resident of nearby Brighton Beach and chairwoman of the Natural Resources Protective Association, a nonprofit group. "I feel very badly for the people there. They have a major, major problem. But I think they should provide public access, or they should foot some of the cost."

Mr. Castro, however, said that not just Sea Gate but also Coney Island and other local communities would benefit from the work to ensure the stability of the West 37th Street jetty.

Sea Gate, meanwhile, remains in grave danger in the event of a major storm, like the one in 1992 that damaged several houses there, said Rob Gottheim, a spokesman for Mr. Nadler. "The federal government and the State of New York do have a responsibility to put them back to where they were before," Mr. Gottheim said, "not to harm them."

The mid-April northeaster did not help matters. Referring to the Sea Gate Beach Club, Mr. Castro said: "They lost their beach. They have nothing."

#### **SEA GATE REVISITED**

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# From the Album of...

## A Supplement of Sea Gate Revisited June, 2007

This month's photo gallery features photos from Sea Gaters Stephen Sultan and Phil Gaines.

### **Photos from the Album of Stephen Sultan**



**Barry Gell (left) and Ron Berliner (right) in Barry's classic MG sports car, 1953.**



Freshman dance at Brown, 1949--Top right, Larry Levine and Stephen Sultan's roommates; bottom, Barry Gell (right) and Stephen Sultan (left).

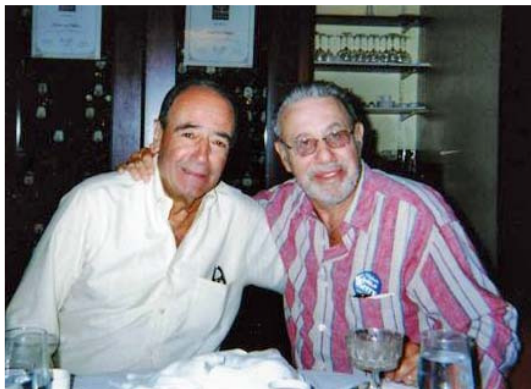


**Stephen Sultan with Marilyn Abel Levy prior to Freshman dance at Brown, 1949**

**Stephen's Photos**



**Left to right: Marvin Minoff, Barry Gell, Ron Berliner, Stephen Sultan, and Don Brenner, 1947**

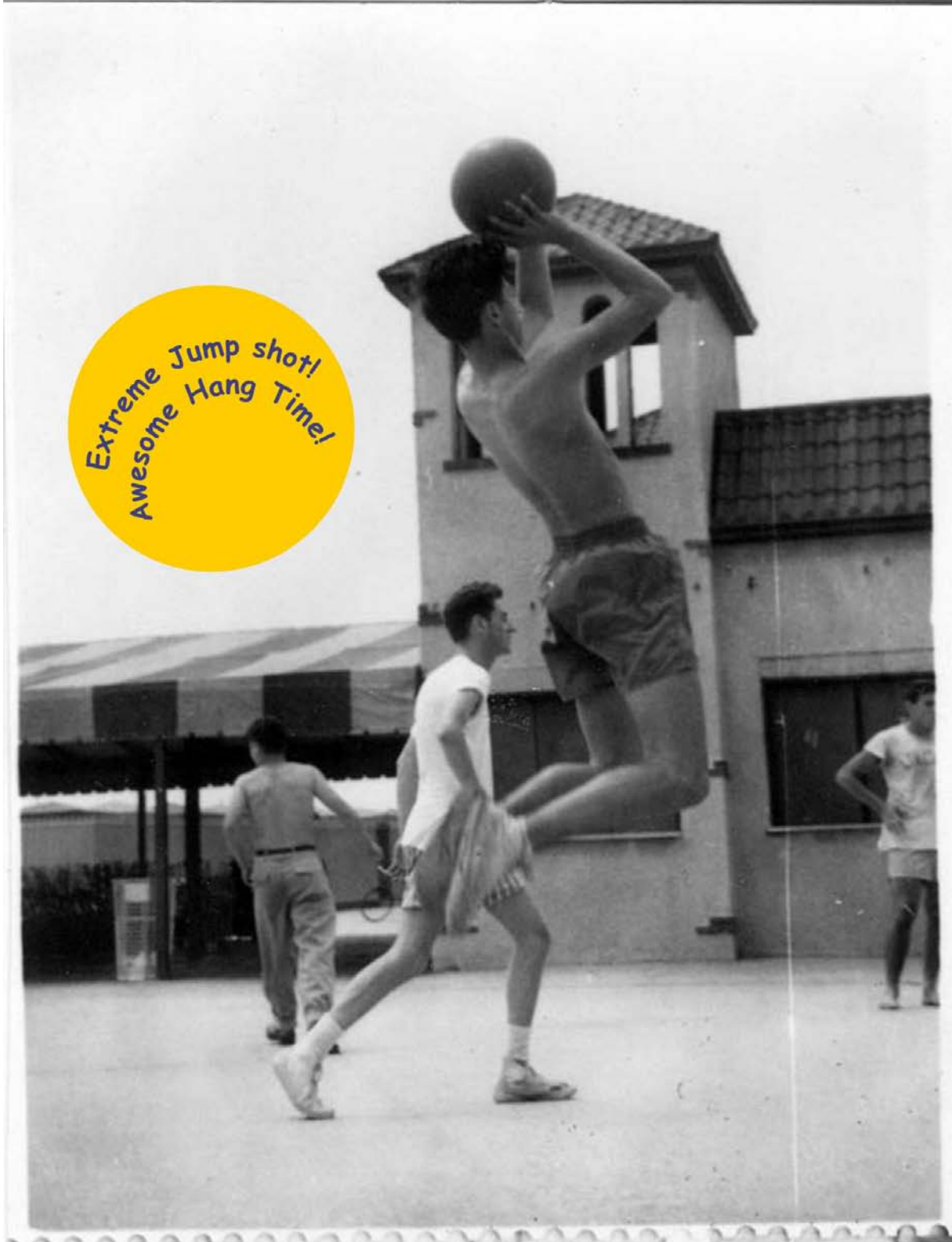


**A recent photo of Stephen Sultan (left) and good friend, Marvin Minoff, (right)**



Photos from the Album of Phil  
Gaines

---



Basketball at the Riv, circa 1951. Unidentified jump shooter



**Handball courts at the Riviera**



**On Beach One**



**Albee Pressman working at the Riviera**



**3<sup>rd</sup> Base Dugout: Barry Ostrie, Jerry Chasen, Mort Chaitman, Fred Berg, and Phil Gaines**



**Left to right: Ray Warsager, Vic Ameri**



**Left to right: Norman Ostroff, Phil Sharfin, Ed Engle, Jerry Chasen**

**Class Photo Revised - PS 188, Class 6-1, June, 1954**

Flora Rudoff Goldberg offers the following corrections and additions to the class photo below:



**PS 188, Class 6-1, June, 1954. First row: Susan Arno (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Billy Shorr (6<sup>th</sup> from left); Second row: Kenny Harris (1<sup>st</sup> from left), Barbara Greenstein (2<sup>nd</sup> from left), Bernard Tuchman (3<sup>rd</sup> from left), Mr. Kaplan (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Mrs. Hessel (6<sup>th</sup> from left), Fred Gladstone (8<sup>th</sup> from left), Flora Rudoff (9<sup>th</sup> from left); Third row: Indrea Kintisch 1<sup>st</sup> from left), Wendy Gunshor, (3<sup>rd</sup> from left), Herby Dorfman (4<sup>th</sup> from left), Irene Krautman (5<sup>th</sup> from left), Allen Liederman (6<sup>th</sup> from left), Harold Gelb (8<sup>th</sup> from left), Susan Segal (9<sup>th</sup> from left), Arthur Sussman (10<sup>th</sup> from left), Ellen Shapiro (11<sup>th</sup> from left), Morton Bobowick (12<sup>th</sup> from left); Fourth row: Shelly Fishbien (1<sup>st</sup> from left), Ellen Gluck (3<sup>rd</sup> from left), Debby Levy (6<sup>th</sup> from left). Recognize any other Sea Gaters in this photo? Let us know!**





# Sea Gate Revisited



*The first gated community in New York City*

Issue No. 7

*A Newsletter Devoted to Wonderful Memories*

August, 2007

## From the Editor

**By Jerry Stern**

This month's newsletter is devoted in large part to Beverly Sills, Sea Gate's most well-known resident.

Because letters and articles have declined, which is not unexpected, we will distribute a newsletter every other month. So, there will be no September newsletter, and you will receive the next one on October 1.

Once again, for any new subscribers, our website contains all prior newsletters.

<http://web.mac.com/gstern42>

Keep those letters and articles about Sea Gate coming in.

If you know former Sea Gaters, send us their email addresses. Or alert them to the newsletter.

We have an email mailing list of over 400, but, frankly, we are not confident that all of those who receive the newsletter are sufficiently proficient with email attachments, PDFs, and the like to open the attachments.

And mailing hard copies would just be too onerous to undertake.

Have a great summer.

## Lincoln Reunion

There will be a 50th anniversary reunion of Abraham Lincoln HS for the class of 1958 in October 2008 at Gargiulo's Restaurant on 16th Street in Coney Island. (Time and date to be announced.)

Anyone interested please contact:

Evelyn Vinetsky-Jacobson whose email is [Supermom18@aol.com](mailto:Supermom18@aol.com); or call 631-243-5333.

Andrew Cullen, Oceanside, LI NY  
[amcoptical@yahoo.com](mailto:amcoptical@yahoo.com)

## The Last Time I saw Sea Gate

**By Robert Spector**

Our family moved into the Gate (on Nautilus Avenue) in February, 1944.

After my parents died, we sold the house in April of 1994. I still go Sea Gate to see what the house looks like. The last time I was there, they had gutted the house down to the foundation and it was in the process of being rebuilt into a three family condo. I'm sure the outside is finished by now, and the property values are sky high. Like many other ex-Sea Gaters, we had sold it for a song.

It's interesting to see the various changes that have been made.

Robert Spector can be reached at [parjar1410@msn.com](mailto:parjar1410@msn.com)

### Editor's Note:

To Robert and others who have submitted articles about their recent visits to Sea Gate, and with apologies to Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern, Arnie Rosen offers this song:

*The last time I saw Sea Gate, her heart was warm and gay,  
I heard the laughter of her heart from ocean to the bay,  
The last time I saw Sea Gate, her trees were dressed for spring,  
But when I looked for my old street, I couldn't recognize a thing.*

*The homes were neat and tidy and the lawns were trimmed  
with care,*

*But now I see my home and others in dire need of repair,  
I climbed the same old rocks and dangled muscles for bait,  
And always was greeted by my favorite cop standing sentinel  
at the gate*

*The last time I saw Sea Gate, her heart was warm and gay,  
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way.*

## Beverly Sills

By Marilyn Kopp Ferber

Beverly Sills passed away on July 2, 2007 from lung cancer. She was 78. Very few people knew she was ill.

Though “Bubbles” Silverman lived in Sea Gate for only four years (1941-45), the fond memories of her teenage years in Sea Gate are recounted in her autobiography, entitled “Bubbles”, published in 1976.

She had an outstanding career in opera world wide. After retiring from the NY City Opera in 1979, she worked tirelessly as director of the NYC Opera. She became chairwoman of Lincoln Center, and then of the Metropolitan Opera.

As reported by *The New York*

*Times*, July 4, 2007:

“...with her combination of brilliant singing, ebullience and self-deprecating humor, Ms. Sills demystified opera – and the fine arts in general – in a way that the general public audience responded to. Asked about the ecstatic reception she received when she made a belated debut at La Scala in Milan in 1969, Ms. Sills told the press, ‘It’s probably because Italians like big women, big bosoms and big backsides.’”

Beverly Sills leaves a daughter, son, three stepdaughters, and a brother, Stanley Sills of Boca Raton, Florida.

Her artistry, charm and leadership in the arts will be her legacy.

### Beverly: Her Sea Gate Connection

Beverly Sills lived in Sea Gate during the war years of 1941 to 1945. She once wrote, “Our safe little haven was turned upside down during the war years. Our house was right on the ocean and we’d see troop ships leaving for Europe every day.” She wrote about her memories of Sea Gate in several books such as *Beverly, An Autobiography*, published by Bantam Books. 1987.

My first real boyfriend was Sandy Levine. He was a good-looking blond boy and an excellent athlete. Sandy had given me the little gold baseball and track letter that he received for being on varsity teams at Lincoln High. Sandy and I rarely went out alone. As was the style then, we traveled in groups that went to Luna Park or to the movies or to the Sweet Shop, a local hangout, or to somebody’s house where we played records and danced.

In 1945, not long before I went on the Shubert tour, Sandy gave me a beautiful silver bracelet with the inscription, TO BUBBLES, THE STAR OF MY HEART. When I returned from the tour, I found out that Sandy had started dating a blues singer. I was a little surprised that our breakup didn’t bother me at all, but I guess I shouldn’t have been. I came back to Brooklyn a much worldlier young woman than when I’d left it.

A lot of neighborhood boys went off to fight in Europe and never returned. My brothers had a friend named Stanley Greenberg, whose father owned the Baltic Linen Company—he always used to say his dad worked in a sheet house. Stanley was killed in the war. So were a lot of other boys we knew. Sea Gate is a residential community of single-family houses, and when I’d walk down the street I’d see many windows displaying the gold star.

## Good Night, Sweet Princess

By Pete Spanakos

### Beverly Sills

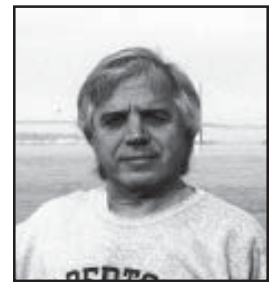
On July 2, 2007 we lost Beverly “Bubbles” Sills. She was vividly depicted in Arnold Rosen’s *Sea Gate Remembered*.



Beverly Sills

During the early 1980s, Dr. Radetsky, the Sea Gate Atlantic Avenue homeowner, died. I always loved his

waterfront home and his historic replication of the “famous room” in New York City’s 42 Street Library. I visited his widow who lived on Park Avenue and purchased their Harrington baby grand piano manufactured by Hardman and Peck of New York. Beverly trained and practiced on this piano while she lived in Sea Gate as a delicious and vivacious teenager.



Pete Spanakos

Mrs. Radetsky and Beverly were lifelong friends.

Pete can be reached at 5100 Ocean View Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11224 (718)373-2586.

Email: [zundos@hotmail.com](mailto:zundos@hotmail.com)

# Beverly Sills Remembered

Memories of Beverly by Sea Gaters appear frequently in the pages of Arnie Rosen's *Sea Gate Remembered*.

I enjoyed the company of good friends—Paul Berg (Noble Laureate), Beverly Sills, Sandy Levitt, and Sandy Levine.

*Gene Rifkin*

“Bubbles” Silverman used to wait with us for the bus to take us to Mark Twain Junior High School. I remember her as a very vivacious and outgoing gal with a warm and friendly smile.

*Martha Goldstein-Reinken*

During World War II, the billeted servicemen were often invited to neighboring homes for dinner and holiday celebrations. There were war-bond rallies to attend with our parents and the entertainment included “home town” talent Faye DeWitt and “Bubbles Silverman (aka Beverly Sills). They were great! The sirens screamed their warnings, the searchlights fanned the skies and everyone persevered.

*Irma Freedman-Most*

Many years ago our family vacationed in Tanglewood, Massachusetts. Seated at our dining room table was Beverly Sill's mother. She became friendly with us after knowing that we both lived in Sea Gate. She told us that she was good friends with Mrs. Radetsky. “See this bracelet I am wearing?” she asked. “This bracelet was given to Beverly for her sixteenth birthday by Sandy Levine.”

*Evalyn-Greenstein-Krown*

My closest friends during my Sea Gate days were Gene Rifkin, Stanley Greenberg (killed in France 1944–45), Stanley Katz, and Jerry Daniels. There were others who were part of the crowd: Sandy Levine, Sandy Levitt, Richie Ehrman and Buddy Benjamin. “Bubbles” Silverman (Beverly Sills) lived close by and was part of the crowd except she was often away with her singing lessons and attendance at Erasmus High School

*Paul Berg*

Eli Flam and Arnie Rosen returned to Sea Gate in 2003 and interviewed Pete Spanakos for the book, *Sea Gate Remembered*. Pete invited us into his historic “Sugar Cube” all-steel, waterfront home. Eli eloquently writes about his observations in The Preface:

In the living room Pete points to a baby grand piano (purchased from the estate of Dr. Radetsky) in a corner. Beverly Sills played on it when she lived in Sea Gate as young Bubbles Silverman. “Did the future opera star play the hit radio commercial she recorded for Rinso, king of soap flakes, on this piano?” Arnie asks. (He's been unable to scrub the jiggly jingle from his head all these years, and sings it: “Rinso White, Rinso White, / Happy little washday song!”) Pete smiles deprecatingly; for once he doesn't know, but fills us in about his rare, square, white house, built of steel panels in 1937 to a design credited to William Van Alen, architect of the Chrysler building in Manhattan. (That landmark's signature tower is not quite visible from Spanakos's deck, though on a clear day the Empire State building is—and the Twin Towers were.) The house is known in the neighborhood as “the sugar cube.”

Beverly took piano lessons with noted composer, Paolo Gallico.



*All-steel cube house*



*Beverly Sills' piano in Pete's house*



## To the Editors:

I accessed the *Sea Gate Revisited* website and read one of the archived newsletters. It is a terrific site! Thanks.

*Gerson Kaplan, gersonk@verizon.net*

To the Editors:

Arnold, Jerry, Marilyn and Donald,

I want to thank you all for the wonderful tribute to Joel that appeared in the newsletter. I think he would have been delighted.

*Lila Harnett, lilaharnett@msn.com*

To the Editors:

I LOVE the new format! What a pleasure to be able to scroll down through the pages, without having to also move back and forth between left and right.

*Ken Solnit, ksolnit@gmail.com*

To the Editors:

I am the wife of the rabbi at Chabad of Sea Gate. I was happy to join other Sea Gaters at the Florida reunion in February. I had a wonderful time, and I want to thank Sheldon Spodek for advising me of the reunion. I returned to Sea Gate inspired by reports of how wonderful a place Sea Gate was for all of you. I share your enthusiasm.

It is a privilege for us at Chabad to offer many programs to the Sea Gate community. We hope we are contributing to fond memories that future Sea Gaters will have of life in Sea Gate today. Just recently, Chabad enjoyed a Lag Baomer celebration at Lindy Park (which now has benches for Sea Gaters to relax and enjoy the scenic view). We had barbeques, pony rides, games, and we flew kites. Chabad offers Sunday Hebrew School, a nature program, classes for women, tots' Challah baking lessons, and holiday programs of all kinds. You can check us out at [chabadseagate.com](http://chabadseagate.com).

If you visit Sea Gate, drop in on us.

*Rivkah Brikman, rivkahbrikman@gmail.com*

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Website: <http://web.mac.com/gstern42>

# Sea Gate Celebrations

## A Glorious Gallery of Groups Sharing Good Times

Photo Gallery 19

August, 2007

This month's photo gallery focuses on celebrations of groups of Sea Gaters attending a variety of social functions such as birthdays, Bar Mitzvahs, reunions, and parties.



**Grossingers, c.1960:** On the left Emil Post has arm around Mrs. Ameri. Mrs. Post is to the right of Emil Post. Next to Mrs. Post is Jean and Sam Zaslow and on the right is Harry Kaplan; lower right is Yetta Kaplan



**Grossingers, c. 1960:** On left, holding a drink is Bill Suffin. Standing next to him is Jean and Sam Zaslow (seated). Next to Bill Suffin (seated) is Millie Podnos. Her husband, Joe Podnos has Bill Suffin's wife on his lap. Millie and Joe Podnos are alive and well.



**Grossingers, c. 1960:** Seated at left (rear), Mr. and Mrs. Silverman, Sam and Jean Zaslow (Jean has her left hand on the shoulder of Jack Shapiro). On right side of photo: at the front are Heddy Warner and Mr. Frankel. In rear (right) Harry Kaplan and Lou Warner.



**Celebrating the end of World War II at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle, circa 1946.** Left to right: Alvin Dworman, Barbara Harnett, Sandy Levine, (unidentified), Seymour "Jeep" Lefkowitz, Norma Tonkin, (unidentified), and Sandy Levitt.



**Birthday, circa 1983, celebrating Bernie Kasten's 50<sup>th</sup>.** Left to right: Arnie Rosen, Eddie Feinberg, Irma Freedman-Most, Robert Summer, Shep Forest, Bart Meissner, Harvey Weiss, Carl Levine, and Don Robins



**Bar Mitzvah, circa 1982.** (Left to right) Carl Levine, Don Robins, Bernie Kasten, Arnie Rosen, Harvey Weiss (kneeling), Morty Blum, Eddie Feinberg, Robert Summer, and Shep Forest



**Bar Mitzvah, circa 1945:** (Left to right clockwise) The Sommers, (Ken and Lila's parents) the Ostries, (Barry and Jeff's parents) and the Gershs (Bobby and Brenda's parents)



**Bar Mitzvah, circa 1945:** (left around the table): Doris Kaskel, ?, ?, Dr. and Mrs. Abe Levine, Ben and Mrs. Weinstein, Alfred Kaskel



**Bar Mitzvah, circa 1945:** (Left to right), Arthur Reinhard, ? Bobby Gersh, Bernie Frank, Barton Meissner, Shep Forest, Morty Blum, Donald Flamsbaum, Carl Levine A. Geller, Howard Stone, and Donny Robins.





**At Bill Miller's Riviera circa 1950:** Left to right) Irma Freedman, Don Robins, Janet and Hymie Robins, the Freedmans, and Morty Gross



**The Eisman Farewell Party, February 21, 1948 at the Latin Quarter, New York** The Eismans were moving to Hollywood, Florida. Around the table (left to right): Frank Eisman, ?, Charles and Mildred Ricken (Fred and Grace), Belle and Morris Hodash (Stanley & ?) Max and Manya Shorofsky (Clara and Mitzie), ?, ?, Ben and



**American Jewish Congress, late 1950s:** L to R: Beverly and Stanley Ferber, Joe and Vivian Lassman, Irving and Lili Meisner, Ann and Mickey Savage, Marilyn and Bennett Kopp, Rhoda Weisbrodt and husband



# A Tribute to Joel Harnett

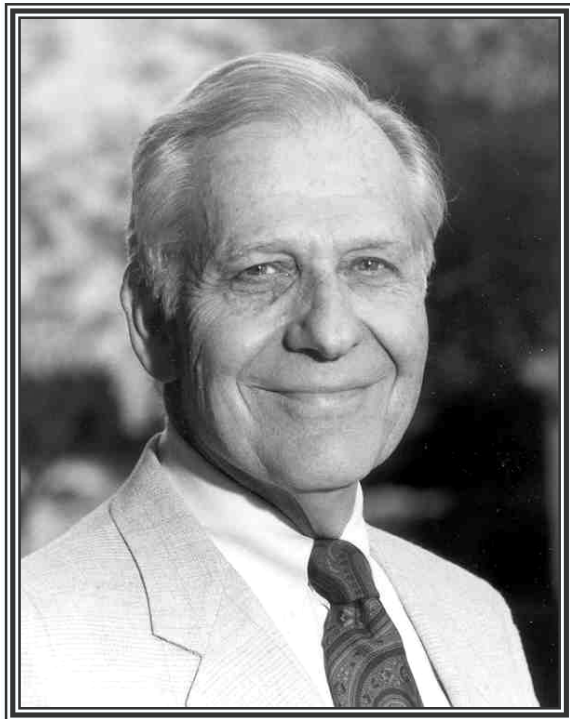
December 3, 1925 – August 11, 2006

A Special Supplement

*Sea Gate Revisited*

July, 2007

This month's photo gallery is devoted exclusively as a tribute to the memory of Joel Harnett—a distinguished Sea Gater who died on August 11, 2006. This supplement is a celebration of his life in words and images created by his wife of 55 years, Lila Harnett. Lila presented two memorials—one on October 22, 2006 at the University Club in New York City and a second service on November 19, 2006 at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, Arizona

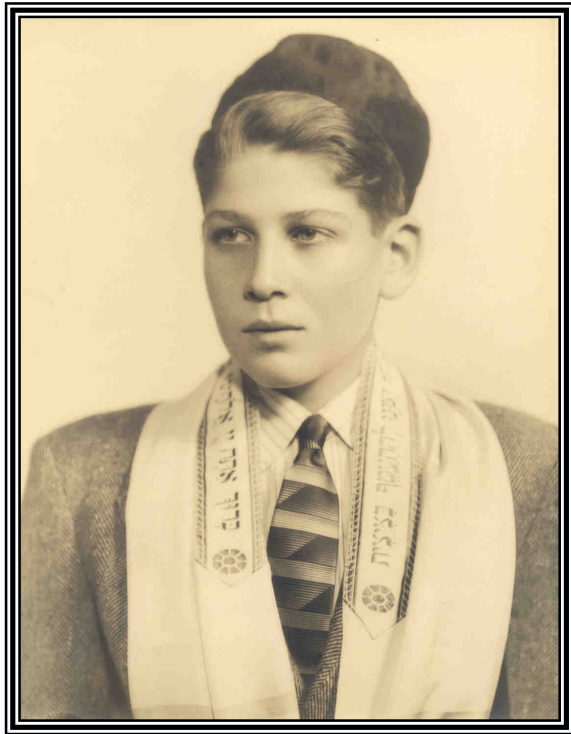


Joel Harnett — December 3, 1925-August 6, 2006



Dorothy Harnett and son Joel in Sea Gate

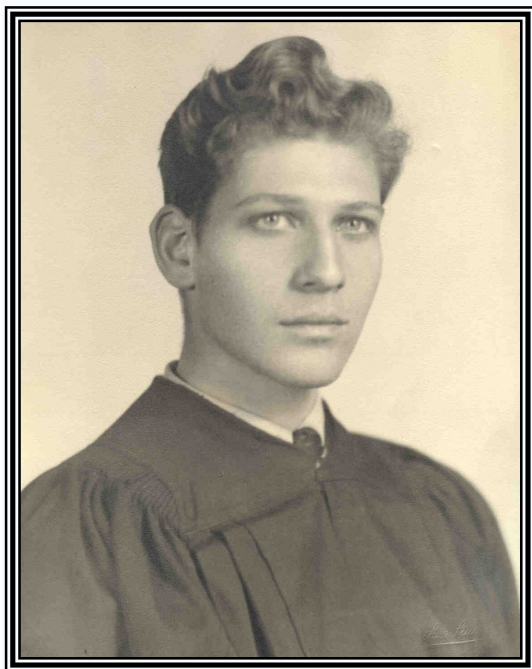




**Bar Mitzvah: Joel at 13**



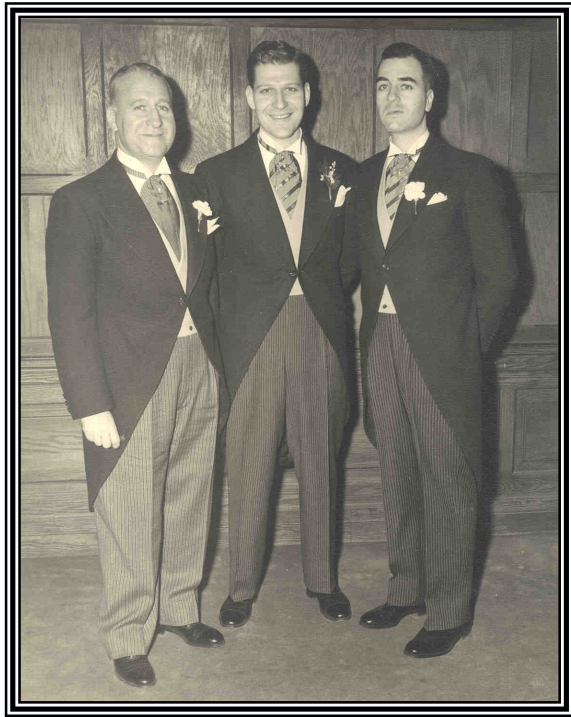
**“Red Sam.” Joel’s first car with Lila. They met at graduate school (The New School) in 1947 and married four years later.**



**Abraham Lincoln High School graduate: Joel at 16**



**Marriage photo, February 4, 1951**



**3 Harnetts (l to right) Dad Sidney, Joel and brother Bert.**



**On vacation in the Bahamas, 1973. They had a taste for travel.**

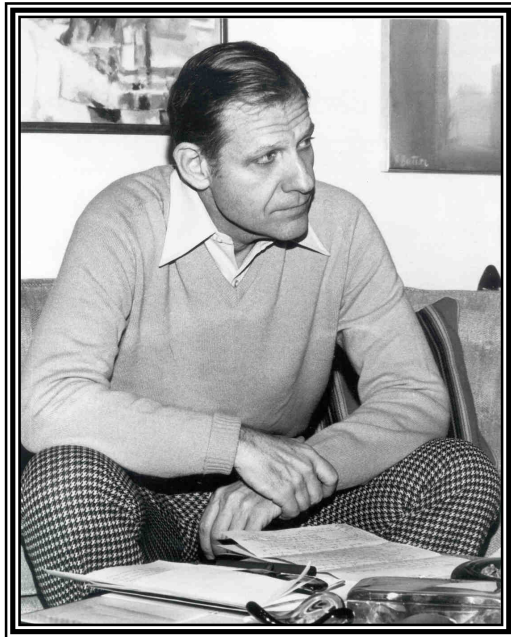


**US Army Reserve at Fort Drum in 1952. Joel retired as a major in 1963.**

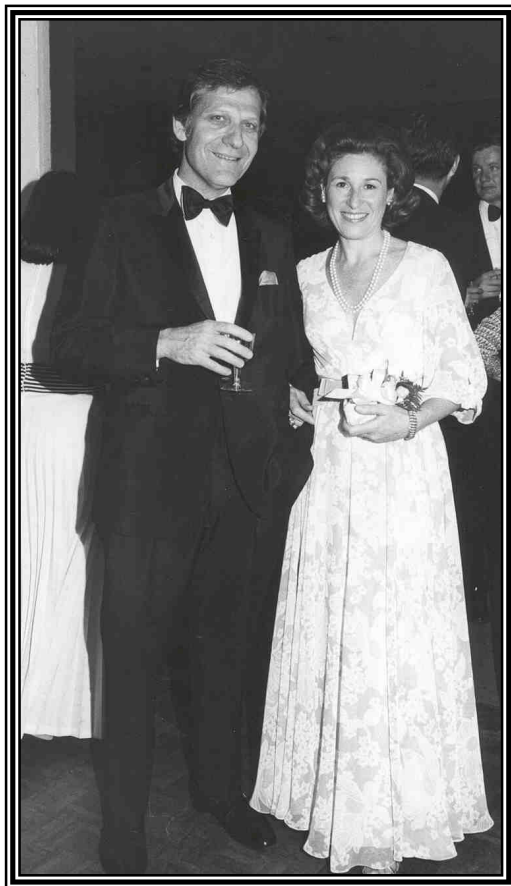


**Joel started his career in El Paso as a copywriter for radio station KTSM. His first New York job was with Hearst's *Journal American* where he wrote front page one-liners. In 1950 he found a home at Cowles Magazines where he became Vice President, Assistant to the Publisher and Director of Promotion for *Look Magazine*. After almost 20 years he left to form Media Horizons, his own publishing and broadcasting company.**





He was viewed as an “outsider—a good government candidate, not a politician.” He couldn’t win, but he could make a difference.



Whitney Gala, 1974: Joel developed an abiding interest in art. Lila and Joel began their collection in 1951 and never stopped.

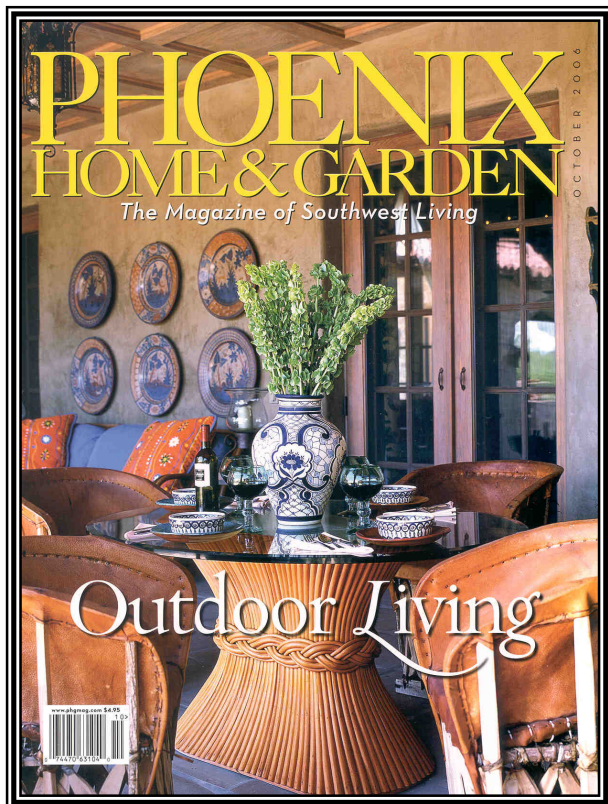


Joel was deeply involved in civic affairs. A member of the City Club for 15 years (seven as President), Joel was aware that New York City was in financial trouble. In 1977 he stepped out of the non-partisan City Club to run for mayor in the Democratic Primary and hit the campaign trail. He was the first citizen, under the Sunshine Laws, to sue the SEC and secure release of a report exposing New York’s financial problems.



They began to bring art in the form of shows to Joel’s alma mater, the University of Richmond, and subsequently presented the University with the Joel and Lila Harnett Print Study Center. Later, the University honored them by establishing the Joel and Lila Harnett Museum of Art on campus.

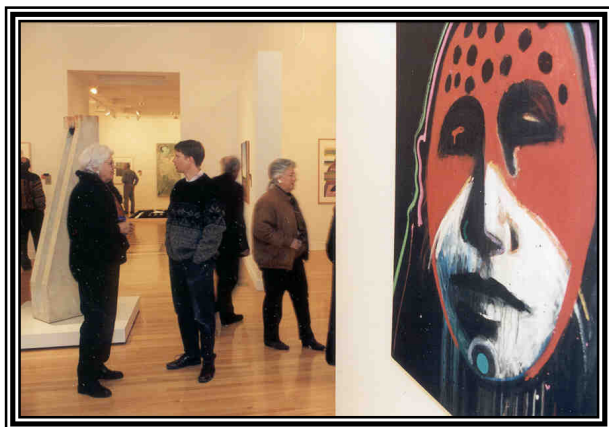




In 1979 they began to develop a magazine called *Phoenix Home & Garden* which brought new sophistication to Arizona. In 1987 they bought a home in Paradise Valley and then left New York to settle in Arizona. When they retired after 20 years, the magazine was the most successful regional home & garden publication in the country.



**Partying in Paradise: New Year's Eve, 2002--They tried to enjoy every minute . . . every friend . . . every experience.**



A view of the Joel and Lila Harnett Museum of Art at the University of Richmond. In addition, the Harnetts endowed a communications center at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, and a gallery at the Phoenix Art Museum.



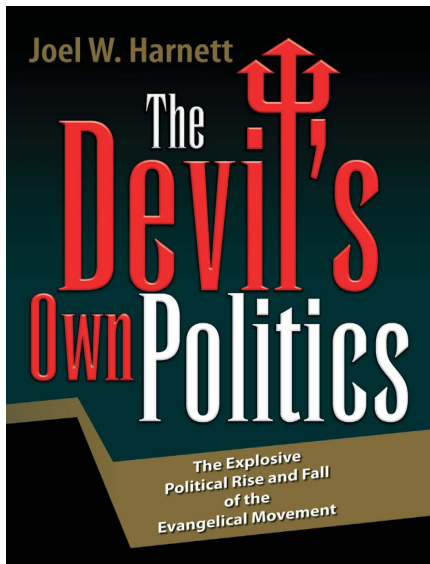
**Joel, Lila, and Joel's brother, Judge Bertram Harnett — 1995**



**They tried to make it last forever.**



**Author Joel Harnett's books include *New Day Rising*, a volume of poetry published and available at the Heard Museum (see above) and *The Devil's Own Politics*, just published and available at Xlibris.com, barnesandnoble.com or borders.com**



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This Photo Gallery Supplement is sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.



# Sea Gate Revisited



*The first gated community in New York City*

Vol. II Issue No. 6

*A Newsletter Devoted to Wonderful Memories*

July, 2007

## Revisiting Sea Gate Revisited

**By Jerry Stern**

Well, we're at our 18<sup>th</sup> issue and have a young website. Remember that second readings of the older newsletters are fun. They are available for downloading and printing on the website at <http://web.mac.com/gstern42>.

And we will make changes on the website as we go along. So pay us a visit.

We email the newsletter to 400 Sea Gaters, and we seem to lose about seven "subscribers" each month when, apparently, they change their email addresses and do not advise us.

## A New Look

In this issue, the format, graphic design, and masthead of our newsletter have been enhanced, thanks to Lucy Peppers of Sun City – Hilton Head. We hope you find this change eye appealing

## My Sea Gate Chronicles

**By Bobby Cantor**

I was about 12 years old in 1948, and I wanted to make some money. I can't think of why I would have needed much money then, other than for the penny polly seed machine outside the Sweet Shop. Anyway, my friend Eddie Meadow was working for a fruit store outside the Mermaid Avenue gate, and he got me a job in the summer delivering orders into the gate. They had a bike with a large basket on the front that didn't move in the direction you turned the handlebars. It was meant to stay straight to bear the weight shift when turning the wheel, and thereby prevent tipping over. At 12 years of age this kid probably weighed 80-90 lbs. I was only at 118 when I went into the army at age 18. So, on my first day, the owner put an order in the basket, gave me the address and off I went. I had never been on a bike like that before and it was hard to get used to the basket staying straight when I turned. I was going down Sea Gate Avenue, near Cypress Avenue and as I turned the bars the bike and I went straight

down. The basket was just too heavy for this 80 pounder. Everything would have been okay had I not been carrying a whole watermelon in addition to the bags of fruit. The



*Bobby Cantor at 12 years old*

melon split into about ten pieces (seemed like 100). I panicked! First day on the job! First order to be delivered! What do I do? Well, I did what any panicked 12 year old would do in that situation. I put it all back in the basket and drove to my house, brought the splattered melon in pieces, and put it together like a puzzle - with *scotch tape*!! What else could I do? I put everything back in the basket delivered the order, leaving it at the front door as no one was home (Thank

God). I went back to the store and when I got there the owner (who I only remember as "Red") said, "How did it go?" I said, "Ok". He said, "No problems?" I said, "No." He said, "That's funny, Mrs. so and so called and said her watermelon was all scotch taped together." I froze not knowing what to say. This Red was one sweet guy. He looked at this scared kid and turned a big grin then burst into laughter. He came over to take me around saying it was OK and it was the cutest thing he ever heard of. We kidded about it all summer. I realized in recalling this story that in my whole adult life I've hated doing puzzles. Getting that melon together really had an effect on me. I never dropped another order, and the rest of my life has been good. P.S. The reunion was great in Florida. It was wonderful seeing all my old friends. This newsletter has been great for seeing all the familiar names of people I knew. Hope to see you in Coney in 08.

Bobby can be reached at [misterc228@yahoo.com](mailto:misterc228@yahoo.com)



# A Special Tribute to Joel Harnett

By Lila Harnett

You may not know me. I didn't live in Sea Gate but I did graduate Lincoln High School in 1943. I do think, however, some will remember my husband, Joel Harnett, who loved his early years with many of you in the Gate. He died in Phoenix in August, 2006 after almost 16 years of fighting prostate cancer. Joel was a remarkable man. He was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Richmond in Virginia and a vice president of *Look* magazine for almost 20 years before leaving to start his own publishing and broadcasting company. He had a parallel career as a civic watchdog and stepped out as chairman of the City Club of New York to run for mayor in the 1977 Democratic primary. He didn't win, but he accomplished his goal by exposing the sick financial state of affairs in the city.

**Joel Harnett: Dec. 31, 1925-Aug. 11, 2006** Joel was a lifelong writer and his latest book, *The Devil's Own Politics*—completed just before he died—is an analysis of the stranglehold that evangelical religious sects had on the American political system during the period from 2004 to 2006. It has been published and can be ordered by e-mail at [www.Xlibris.com/joelharnett.html](http://www.Xlibris.com/joelharnett.html) or at local Barnes & Noble or Borders bookstores. This was an uphill job for Joel — not creatively or intellectually —but physically. He was so sick yet so determined to document this deeply troublesome episode in American history. Future scholars will examine this phase of our national saga, but Joel lived it, chronicled it, and studied the players, their actions and the resulting damage to our very image of ourselves. I hope you will find his take on what happened of great interest. We lived in Manhattan at 2 Sutton Place South for 30 years before buying a home in Arizona in 1987. We first came to Phoenix in 1966 to establish a radio station as part of our enterprises. In 1973, when it was sold, KMEO had become the #1 station in that market. We went back into that market in 1979 to create *Phoenix Home & Garden* which we edited and published until 1998. By that time Joel was fighting cancer and, although our magazine was a jewel in the southwest, time was the most valuable thing we had and Joel wanted more time to write. He was a poet of distinction, having written several collections, and his handsome book *New Day Rising*, published by the Heard Museum in Phoenix, continues to sell well. I congratulate you all on keeping Sea Gate alive in the hearts of so many who consider it the Motherland. Lila can be reached at [lilaharnett@msn.com](mailto:lilaharnett@msn.com)

## ***“Don’t Forget the Older Ones!”***

**By Florence Simmons Leavy**

I had to write after reading the last newsletter. Tudor Terrace was mentioned and the fact that Judy and Irwin Plattman had lived there. So did I! I am their older sister who their younger friends know nothing about. We moved to the gate in 1935. I went to Lincoln and then to



*Florence on the beach, circa 1939.*

B u c k n e l l University. Got married in 1943 and moved to the Bronx. Then it was on to Oceanside, Long Island where I taught Spanish. Some of my Sea

Cassel family, the Altmans, the Backalenick family, Bev Rothman, and Jerry Gladstone.

I am still in touch with Dan Cassel and Bill Backalenick from Oceanic Avenue. Many of these people are gone but I am hanging in there at 85. I enjoyed attending the last 3 or 4 Sea Gate reunions in Boca Raton, Florida and am sending a picture just to prove my existence. Incidentally, I enjoy your newsletters very much. I also want to mention that my cousin, Fern Hammersmith Stahl (from Oceanic Avenue) also attended the reunions.



*Florence at 85*

Gate friends included Evie Rifkin, Ruth Michaelson, the

Florence can be reached at [flor518@aol.com](mailto:flor518@aol.com)

**Editor’s Note:** As I have said, I lived on Oceanic Ave. and played a lot of street ball there. Bill Backalenick lived upstairs at 3939 Oceanic Ave. He used to watch us play ball. One day, my older brother was throwing pop flies to me with a spauldine. Bill was on his upstairs porch, and he motioned my brother to throw him the ball. Bill then threw the ball from his porch high in the air, and I had a special thrill catching that ball again and again. It seemed like it reached the clouds. Thanks, Bill. I am happy to hear those familiar Oceanic Ave names, such as Florence Simmons and Bill Backalenick. Irwin (Simmons) Plattman was one of my favorite “older” guys. He had a special quality of being nice to the younger guys. I remember him fondly. He was a fine athlete, a really nice guy, and a spiffy dresser.

## **Bullying**

**By Lee Myerhoff**

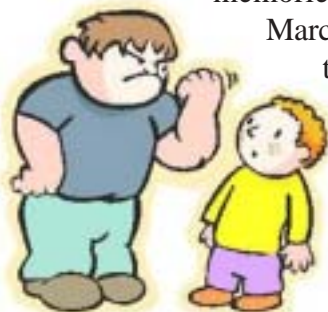
I am responding to the request for memories of being bullied at Mark Twain JHS. I was a Sea Gater from 1939 to 1947—third grade PS 188 to tenth grade Lincoln and all three years (1943 to 1945) at Mark Twain JHS. I recall being bullied by Joe Falcone at PS 188 many times. As a newcomer in the third grade, I was an easy target since I had not yet made many friends. Most of my memories of PS 188 were wonderful memories of Mrs.

Marcou, the art teacher who threw black-board erasers at c l a s s

talkers (often me) but with continuous good humor and affection. She was also the boss of the cookie monitors (remember them? with boxes of cookies from classroom to classroom). I was a cookie monitor—often eating more cookies than were sold for a penny each. I also remember Mrs Feinstein who (horrors!) used to pinch my frozen cheeks with affection (which I believe was the motive behind some of the bullying that I received). I also remember fondly Mrs. Yudel who finally interrupted and stopped my 3rd grade obsession of sending love notes to Rhoda Shapiro. (I sat in the last seat in the third row and she sat in the first seat in the second row, so the notes had a long way to travel.) I recall being busted for traveling the hallways with a room pass. The

principal (Streicher??) told my father that I was not to be trusted. I thought my father would punch him (he did not) and told me later that he should have never have become a principal. When I got to Mark Twain, I remember frequent muggings on the lunchroom line. Since I always brought my lunch I only observed those. Most of Mark Twain was filled with adolescent angst and mature worries about the state of the War and the horrible “discoveries” of the concentration camps. I welcome the newsletter each month and fondly renew memories of the magical place of Sea Gate. The Whittier Inn was the focal point of after-beach ice cream-and-socializing and planning the long lazy evenings.

Lee Myerhoff can be reached at [leempsych@yahoo.com](mailto:leempsych@yahoo.com)



# Classmates

**By Merrill Hessel**

In the 40's during World War II the population was stable, which meant that very few people moved. We all



went through the PS 188 essentially from first through sixth grade in the same class and into Mark Twain JHS.

There was no busing and we all walked to school through the Neptune Ave. gate. When we graduated from sixth grade and went on to Mark Twain JHS many of us were put into the Rapid Advance

class, (skipped a grade in Jr. High). There was not enough room for all the "smarties" so we were split into the 7BR1 and 7BR2 Class (R for Rapid Advance). I remember a few 7BR1 people, Eli Flam (Surf Ave.), Harvey Weiss (Ocean View Ave), and Arthur Reinhardt (Surf Ave.). I still see Howard Esterces, a lawyer, who lives in Great Neck, Long Island. A few years ago I worked with Eli Flam when he published the *Potomac Review* and lived in Port Tobacco, MD. I met Miriam Diamond who was a school teacher at P.S. 188. She lives in Norfolk. A few years ago, we visited Teddy Arenson, he owned a hotel in the Catskills and we stayed there for a night. Since then he sold or

converted the hotel. Teddy lives in Brooklyn and he and his wife are avid cyclists. I heard from Bert Aber (Abromowitz) by email. David Buxbaum stopped by my house about three years ago with his son. He lives in Hong Kong and was on his way to Israel. I live in Gaithersburg, MD just outside DC. Attached is a photo of our 7BR2 Mark Twain Class. The photo, below, includes the names of many of the classmates and the street where they lived in Sea Gate. CI means Coney Island; the street names of course refer to Sea Gate.

Merrill can be reached at [meral@meral.com](mailto:meral@meral.com) and his website is <http://www.meral.com/MMHbio.html>



**Top Row:** Teddy Arenson (Maple Ave), Merrill Hessel (Cypress Ave.), Stanley Sklar (CI), Robert Gottlieb (CI), Howard Esterces (Cypress Ave.), **3rd Row:** Artie Shore (Laurel Ave.), Eileen Berger (CI), Evalyn Greenstein (Atlantic Ave.), Miriam Diamond (CI), Teacher Mrs. Gallo, Ruth Ettinger (CI), Marilyn Kraw (CI), Barbara Brill (Highland Ave.), David Buxbaum (Highland Ave.) **2nd Row:** Stanley Felson (CI), Ronald Cherney (CI), Bruce Patterson (Neptune Ave.), Larry Werfel (CI), ?? (CI), ?? (CI), Monroe Korn (Seagate Ave.), ?? (CI), Bertram Abromowitz now Bert Aber (Sea Gate Ave) **First Row:** Dorothy Kreiselman (CI), Edith Bandler (CI), Sally Grimm (CI), Joan Brodie (Surf Ave.), ?? (CI), Marilyn ? (CI), June Yudenfreund (CI), Deena Israel (Neptune Ave), Barbara ? (CI)



## Beneath the Speeding Cyclone

By Marilyn Ferber Kopp

In *The New York Times* of May 29, 2007, there is an article about Coney Island, called "Beneath the Speeding Cyclone, a Look Back in Time," by Andy Newman. It reports on an exhibit set up under the Cyclone to house the history of Coney Island. You can view this website by logging onto [www.coneyislandhistory.org](http://www.coneyislandhistory.org). I looked it up and there is a lot of material, including stuff about Sea Gate. The Coney Island Panorama by Charles Denson is

## Searching for the Ludwig Satz Poster

By Noel Schwartz

The Yiddish theatre poster of Ludwig Satz (right) in the June issue of the SG newsletter fascinated me. I collect theatre and movie posters and would love to get a copy of that one. If anyone knows where I can obtain this poster please email me at [noel4314@aol.com](mailto:noel4314@aol.com).



### CORRECTION

The photo on page 5 in last month's Photo Gallery is not Albee Pressman working at the Riviera. It is my dearest friend, the late Stan "Smokey" Smokler (the cop's son). I summered in Sea Gate from 1949 (age 12) to about 1962. The memories are too many; the moments —too bitter sweet.

*Lou Linder*

### EDITOR'S NOTE

Several friends of Eddie Engel have asked about him. If anyone knows anything about Eddie or his sister, Miriam, please, let us know.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*To the Editors:*

The website comes in loud and clear. Thank you for all of your efforts. It's a remarkable project you have undertaken. Thanks.

Morris Shorofsky  
(Beach 44th Street)  
[MS9@nyc.rr.com](mailto:MS9@nyc.rr.com)

*To the Editors:*

Loved the issue! Can you add a search note for Eddie Engel? His pals, Albee, Osh, Josh, Philly, Berger, Paulie would love to contact him

Paul Sharfin  
[paulsharfin@sbcglobal.net](mailto:paulsharfin@sbcglobal.net)

### SEA GATE REVISITED

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*Sea Gate Revisited* is sent via email as an attachment in Word or Adobe PDF format. Emails to the editor are welcome and should be sent to Jerry Stern. Submit articles and/or photos to [seagatenews@hargray.com](mailto:seagatenews@hargray.com) or mail to SEA GATE NEWS, 15 Nightingale Lane, Bluffton, SC 29909. All material submitted for publication is subject to editing.

# **A Photo Gallery Supplement To Sea Gate Revisited**

Our Last Photo Gallery, October, 2007

## **A POTPOURRI OF IMAGES**

This month's gallery is a compilation of photos of friends, family, social gatherings and special occasions from the albums of our readers. The images depict a visual journey of our childhood years in Sea Gate.



A photo showing Ethelind and Mary Altman's parent's (Sylvia and Joe Altman) 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1971. The people in the photo are from left to right standing: Harry Kaplan, Hymie Robins, Fred Kornfield, Yetta Kaplan, Joe Altman, Sylvia Altman, Maxie Weiss, and Sara Weiss. Sitting: Vicki Ameri Robins, Pearl Kornfield, Murray Kornfield, and Lynne Kornfield. Submitted by Mary Altman Bernholtz



This photo of Jerry Maisel was taken at the corner of Laurel and Highland Avenue when he was 12 years old. Circa 1936. The photo submitted by Jerry was a copy of the original and the resolution and contrast was extremely poor.



Left to right: Augusta Ferber, Jerry Maisel and Marilyn Ferber Kopp on Surf Avenue, October 5, 1946. Submitted by Marilyn Ferber Kopp



Marilyn and Stanley Ferber, July, 1945





At the Prom: (Left to right): Howie Simon, Toby Altman, Judy Plattman Paul Christian, Deena Posey and unidentified date.

Photo from the 1953-2003 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Lincoln High School Reunion Booklet. The reunion was held at Gargiulo's Restaurant, Coney Island, Brooklyn, on May 3, 2003



On Beach 3, August, 1945: Starting at left back row: Corrine Levine Peddy, (Unknown), Marilyn Ferber Kopp Starting at left front row: Barbara Harnett Weil, Rhoda Kulik, (unknown).

## From the album of Phil Glick



Phil at age 7



Seagater Dave Glick, (brother of Phil) with Mom and Dad on Beach 1, circa 1949



Steve Cole submitted his Mark Twain JHS Class of June, 1950 graduation photo. Steve is in second row first left. Miss Lamb is the teacher. He would like to hear from any of his classmates. If anyone in his class would like to contact him, his email address is [stecol@davtv.com](mailto:stecol@davtv.com)



Winifred S. Drachman Davis submitted her Mark Twain JHS Class of June 1946 graduation photo. Winifred appears in the center of the first row (with bow tie). Sea Gater Marvin Minoff appears in the second row, second from right. Miss Kehoe is the teacher.

# *Sea Gate Revisited*

## *A Newsletter Devoted to Wonderful Memories*

The last Issue October 2007

From the Editor

By Jerry Stern

This is our last issue.

It was a good run; we shared many wonderful memories; and it was a treat for me personally to communicate again with old friends and some of you whom I did not know.

Our website contains all the newsletters, and I will maintain it as long as there is interest in it.

<http://web.mac.com/gstern42>

I might even get ambitious and add photos to the website and perhaps some old film footage of Sea Gate (which I have in video form from old 8mm movies).

We'll keep the email list and will advise you if the website has something special to offer.

Thanks for the letters and articles, and for the kind comments made about our efforts.

From time to time, we'll advise you of special events such as reunions.

### **Back Copies of Our Newsletter Provide an Enjoyable "Second Reading"**

By Phyllis Schlanger Kalikow

Thanks so much for sending me the site for *Sea Gate Revisited*. I spent an enjoyable evening looking back at the good times growing up in Sea Gate. We were four children: Norman Schlanger, Debbie Schlanger Kansky, Myra Schlanger Heller and I, Phyllis Schlanger Kalikow. We lived at 3702 Laurel Avenue; I lived there until 1954 when I married and moved to Manhattan Avenue in the Glass's house for a short time before moving to a more convenient location so that my husband would have an easier commute to school in NYC. After graduation from NYU Dental School, and a two year tour of duty in the Air Force, he and I moved back to Sea Gate, (Cypress Avenue) for a short while, then to Trump Village, and finally to Oceanside, Long Island. We lived there until we retired and moved to Boynton Beach, Florida. We have three children and six grandchildren.

My mother, Lillian Schlanger, remained in Sea Gate until my father's death and then she

moved to an apartment in Brighton Beach.



Pjyllis Schlanger Lincoln HS graduation photo, June, 1953.  
[Tootense78@comcast.net](mailto:Tootense78@comcast.net)

### **The Cube House: Tracking the Genealogy**

By Phil Glick

Google, God bless their little hearts! I found a *NY Times* article written in 2000 that traces the genealogy of the cube, and indeed it mentions Saul Fine as an owner until 1967, at which time Spanakos bought it.



Jeff Fine's father was Saul Fine, I now recall. His mother was Sylvia Fine. Jeff and I were friends and members of the Centaurs during the 50's. Jeff's brother was Peter Fine.

I remember many pleasant days at that house, for the living room window had a fantastic view of the bay. Once we got hold of some boats and rowed way out in the bay --maybe a mile or so, and then we sunk somehow. I thought that was the end (I was never a strong swimmer), only to find that we could stand and walk back to shore. Never a happier surprise greeted a boy in this world. We slogged the whole distance back to shore through hip deep water rather than try to get back into the boat, which had a serious leak or some equally incurable infirmity.

I remember Sylvia working with Jeff, Charlie Levy, me and some other kids to rehearse a play that required dancing and singing at PS 188 or Mark Twain JHS. She taught us to sing and dance a Spanish or Mexican song called "Cielito Lindo" (I think). She was a terrific lady.

One Halloween evening in the early 50's, a group of us kids went around ringing doorbells. The idea was to ring and then run like hell so the homeowner would come to answer the door but no one would be there. I rang one and a man emerged and chased me a few blocks and caught me. It was Mr. Sexter, my teacher at that time. Well, he really didn't want to be rough just scaring the hell out of me, so he lectured on petty vandalism and we parted

friends. Next day in school I was pretty embarrassed, but he never mentioned the event and gave me good marks for my work in class. He was a gentleman and a damned good teacher. He let me know that he did not appreciate being bothered, but didn't make too much of a little prank.

He fought in WW II and bore a scar on his chin that I think was from a wound he received in Europe. He once explained it to the class but my memory has lost the details.



**Marsha and Phil Glick, 1963**  
[Pglick144@yahoo.com](mailto:Pglick144@yahoo.com)

Editor's note:

Phil's getting caught by his teacher reminded me of ringing bells on Halloween night in the late 1940s and not waiting around to ask for treats. Our "trick" was to stick small pins in the black doorbells and run across the street to savor the moment. That stopped when we put a pin in a doorbell on Oceanic Avenue owned by the Bucholtz family. The men in the house chased us by foot and by car and we hid for hours shaking in fear of our lives. We found other things to do on Halloween the next year.

**Jerry Stern**

## **The Cube House**

By Kelly Starr

It must've been 1973 when I discovered the Sugar Cube House. I was 10 years old and it was to me a scary, white abandoned house. My friends, Laura Zam, Roger Goldberg, Martin Zam and I would ride up to it and just have to investigate the place.

What I remember most is that it really did look like a 'box'. There were still some chairs and tables in it but for the most part it looked like it'd been abandoned for years. There were no windows or doors.

We'd leave our bikes outside the back and run through the house like we were "Ghostbusters." The last time I was there, we ran into some other people who were doing the same as us. I think we both scared the living daylights out of each other! I jumped out of the nearest possible exit, jumped on my bike, rode home and never looked back. Next time we drove by it was gone.

When we were kids in Sea Gate during the early 70's (when some of the really old houses were being torn down or abandoned) we used to spend hours rummaging through them. You can imagine how imaginative the minds of ten-year-olds were. Of course this is all during the fall and winter months. If the beaches were open we could be found on Beach 1, at the Riv or in the pool! The houses would have to wait!



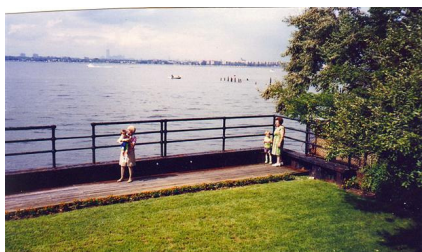
**Kelly Starr Caputo**

Graduation photo of Kelly, John Dewey, H.S. class of June, 1981. Kelly can be reached at [Tonto099@aol.com](mailto:Tonto099@aol.com)

## A Collision at Sea

By Ruth Alter

We lived at 5116 Oceanview Avenue from 1954 to 1990. Our backyard faced Lower New York Bay and the sunsets were amazing. From our back porch, we watched the Verrazano Bridge being built and all the ships going in and out of the harbor



**Ruth's backyard at 5116 Oceanview Avenue.**

From the end of WW II through the sixties, *The New York*

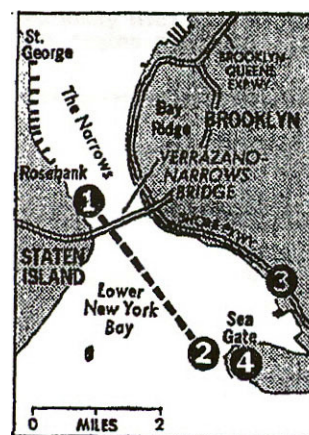
*Times* carried a daily list of all the major ships entering and leaving the port and it was fun identifying them. Among others, we saw the STOCKHOLM, with its needlelike prow returning from its collision with the Andrea Doria (about 1956).

On the night of June 1, 1973 we were spectators at a tragedy in the Bay. That night a freighter, the Sea Witch, lost part of its steering mechanism and collided with an anchored Belgian oil tanker. Both ships caught fire and the explosions sent flaming debris into the air and the bay. Because the Sea Gate bulkheads were mostly wooden at that time, the situation was perilous for us. The city sent a number of fire engines into the Bay streets to wet down the bulkheads. In addition, the police asked all the residents to turn on their lights so that any swimmers could find the shore. Navy and Coast Guard helicopters buzzed overhead, some dropping foam.

Fortunately, the tide was such that the burning debris from the collision swept out to sea. Not so fortunate were the 14 crewmen from the two ships who lost their lives.



**Ruth Alter, 1988. She can be reached at [halter2541@aol.com](mailto:halter2541@aol.com)**



**The New York Times/June 3, 1973  
Tanker rammed freighter at (1) and both ships drifted to (2). A command post was set up at (3) and auxiliaries mobilized residents at Sea Gate (4).**

## Precious Memories

By Winifred Drachman

I have many fond memories about living in Sea Gate. Here are some memories from the early 1940s. We loved to go to the beach in the summer. Day after day we would swim in the ocean (no sharks) or in the lagoon and play in the sand making drip castles.

My brother, Dr. Robert Drachmann, was in the Boy Scouts. I remember going to the chapel and running from front to back before the meetings started!

My father taught at Lincoln HS. The boys used to stand on the corner of Neptune Avenue and Sea Gate Avenue waiting for a lift to school. After five or six guys squeezed into our car, he would say, "Now remember boys, you ride at your own risk!"

I remember how scared my mother was when we had a hurricane and Bob used to walk out on the beach because he said that he wanted to see what it was all about!

Many times I rode the trolley and then transferred to the Sea Gate bus to get home. It seemed like the driver waited longer in the winter than in the summer for the Norton's Point trolley to come in. Then we gave the driver of the bus a transfer (was it green or yellow?)

I remember in the winter when the snow was on the ground we flooded our backyard and went ice skating. "Those were the days my friend(s)."



Winifred S. Drachman Davis lived at 3848 Maple Avenue and can be reached at [winising821@att.net](mailto:winising821@att.net)

## On The Move

By Judy Raskin Lee

These newsletters mean so much to me. By the time I moved to Sea Gate in 1947, in the middle of 8th grade, I had already been to five schools in two states. I really enjoyed being "grounded" in one place, albeit two apartments, until I finished both Mark Twain Junior High and Lincoln High School. Then it was off again, and we moved to Queens. I remember with great fondness the Sweet Shoppe where I had my first ice cream soda at the old age of 16. Thank you, Barry Fahn. It was Barry who took me for my first ice cream soda, and Kal Bergen and I were each others' first dates!



**Barry Fahn: Judy's Sweet Shoppe date.** Lincoln HS grad, June, 1950

Our first apartment in Sea Gate was on Nautilus Avenue, across from Mrs. Howard's piano school. I remember her being very angry at me during one World Series between the Yanks and Dodgers because it was more important for me to focus on the game than to practice.

I would love to hear from either Estelle Kotick, older sister of the triplets, or Carole Abramowitz, both of whom were friends. I did correspond too briefly with Kal Bergen whose email address I found on your wonderful pages. I would welcome email from anyone else who remembers me. My husband and I did go to a Lincoln HS reunion, but unfortunately found no one from Sea Gate there. Looking forward to more issues, as I open these first!

FYI, I have a great life, still working when in New Jersey, but I spend my summers on Cape Cod and part of every winter in Eilat, Israel where my scientist husband does research during winter break. Thanks for the memories and Carpe momentum!





Judy Raskin Lee  
High school photo, circa 1949  
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