

BB1

Changes

Cynthia Blayer

Things are different today from the way they were when I was growing up. We walked or took a bus. Today we get into our cars and drive. We did not have shopping malls like we do today. We went to mom and pop stores or department stores.

Barbershops were not unisex. They were for men only. Women went to beauty parlors.

Everyone went to the movies once a week for around 25 cents, and in addition we had a newsreel. Now we have multiplex movie theaters. With the invention of television, cable and DVDs, people don't attend movie theaters very often.

I remember a man selling vegetables and fruit coming by the house with a horse and wagon with hanging scales. Later, they came in trucks. Years ago we did not go to the store to buy milk. The milkman delivered the milk to us.

My mother would wash clothes by hand on a washboard and hang them up to dry on a line. Eventually, she bought a washer and dryer. We had an icebox to keep the food cold and ice was delivered. Then it was replaced by a refrigerator.

There are no more small kosher meat markets and delicatessens. They have been incorporated into large supermarkets. Our highways have expanded and buildings have become skyscrapers. As a result of having cell phones, the public coin operated phones have been virtually eliminated. Instead of personal communication, people are e-mailing and texting.

Some of the changes have made life better while others have taken away something from the quality of life.

BB2

Young People's League

Alexander Cohen

The Emanuel Synagogue's Business and Professional Young People's League was formed in 1935. An organizational meeting was held on October 1, 1935 and according to *The Hartford Courant* anyone who came would be considered to be a charter member. Its first president was Raymond Dragat. Formed as a social and cultural group, it presented guest speakers, musical concerts, and dances. The first social was held on December 5, 1935.

In the post World War II years it provided a significant meeting venue for Jewish GIs who were returning from overseas and domestic postings to get reacquainted with the local social scene and for local damsels to meet prospective husbands. A number of marriages resulted. Known by the acronym YPL, it was a very active group.

BB3

Pomfret Street Roots

Deborah (Debi) Durkin

Love, poetry, song and flowers surfaced
Upon Awakening,
The coffee and teapots were forever full
And the doors were always open.

Our lives were never dull.
Family, friends, neighbors and children
Were gleefully all welcomed.

Our yards and streets, imaginary and creative havens of
Playground parks,
Climbing trees, giant steps, hide & seek
Tag, red wagons and hopscotch;
Roller skates, paper routes, jumping rope, baseball,
Sleds, cowboys and Indians
From dawn to dark.

Aromas of Tollhouse cookies and apple pie;
Italian "pollo" oreganato, cacciatore, scallopini
Di Vitello, angel wings and pasta sauce,
German sauerbraten, huhner fricassee, Christmas
Lebkuchen and pfeffernusse,
Polish gallumpkes, pierogies, bigos and borscht.

Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur
Challahs, kreplach and kugel,
Chanukah and Passover – matzoh, latkes and bobka,
Kishke and knishes too!

And, of course, we can't forget:
Irish bread, corned beef and cabbage and
The Christmas caroler's cocoa and beef stew.

Nursery rhymes and fairy tales,

Story books, cards and games.
Bridge, canasta, pinochle, Monopoly,
Trips to Ocean Beach and the River Thames.
Inner Sanctum, The Thin Man, the funnies on WTIC,
Dragnet, Orson Welles and the World War II on the radio,
I Remember Mama, Howdy Doody, Ozzie & Harriet, Bandstand
Ed Sullivan and T.V. shows.

My, how the 40s and 50s glowed!
Our lives were imbedded in the essentials of tradition.

Now only wishing that the world of today could
Go back and try
Tonto, Hopalong, Autry, Happy Trails and Roy.
The visions of Happy Days and Brooklyn Bridge,
Enough to make one cry.

We heard no evil, we saw no evil,
We spoke no evil.
I could go on, but that's the way it was!

BB4

PHOTO CAPTION

Sidney Holtman

My late father, Hyman B. Holtman, was a vegetable and fruit wholesaler who had a stall at the Regional Market near the Connecticut River. He would drive south to the Carolinas and Virginia to bring back truckloads of fruits and vegetables. On one of these trips, he fell asleep, was thrown from the truck, and died. He was 42 years old and left his wife, Eva Youlovsky Holtman and four children: Morris, age 14; Seymour, age 10; me, age 5; and a 6-week old daughter, Beverly. My sister's married surname became Blumenson.

CAPTION: The person in the truck holding the truck is Hyman B. Holtman. Man in the truck was his brother-in-law, Sidney Youlovsky.

BB5

Skating on Keney Park Pond in Late 1930s

Harry Lichtenbaum

When I was a kid in the late 1930s and early 1940s, it seemed like the winters were colder and snowier. A favorite thing to do was to walk from our apartment house at Albany Avenue and Vine Street with my brothers Bud and Jay and my sister Doris to the Keney Park Pond House, put on our skates, and enjoy an afternoon skating. My brothers would play ice hockey, but my sister and I would just skate. I remember Sis had white figure skates and she was very good. My mom's friends, the Goodmans, lived across the street from the park, so before returning home, we would visit them and warm up with some hot chocolate. Then we would walk back to Vine Street.

Photo 1 - Harry

Photo 2 - (L to R) Bud, Harry, Jay

Photo 3 - Doris and Betty Bill, plus unidentified friends

BB6

Changing Course

Sheila Berger Mark

As eighth graders, my classmates and I were required to plan our course of studies for high school, starting with the ninth grade. Being both a good student, but also very shy, I decided to choose a business curriculum, rather than a more challenging college-based one. My eighth grade teacher, Mrs. Conrad, knowing that I was a good student, was very surprised by my choice. She was so concerned that she invited my mother and me to her home to discuss this more fully. By the time the visit was over, I had been convinced that I could make a better decision, and choose a college-oriented course of study instead. She changed my attitude and, obviously, my life.

BB7

Nostalgic Poem

Alan Porter

Irving Street was my hub: so many memories:

There was Pop, the lemon ice man -2-3-5 cents at 10:00 a.m. (had to beg mother),

Veeder Root with the ack-ack artillery on the roof,

Wynn's drug store – my cousin and I called for two ice cream cones to be delivered during a rainstorm. They arrived with extra napkins, none the worse for wear.

Never found the person who was buying fireflies by the jar or the guy who paid for silver foil.

Boy Scouts-troop 104, Vine St. School – Ray Stein – Scoutmaster, Joe Arborio, Patrol Leader,

North End Library on Albany Avenue – bringing the wooden books to the librarian to exchange for the real books if she thought you were old enough to handle *God's Little Acre*.

Royal Crown Sodas from gas station coolers,

Iggy Craemer on a Good Humor bicycle,

Selling *Liberty* and *Saturday Evening Post* magazines on the corner of Garden and Albany Avenue.

Weinstein's arrival in our back yard. I didn't like to play in the rear of our house.

Friedman's Grocery (corner Magnolia and Albany, across from Platts) where you gave your Passover order on a paper bag. They delivered on a bicycle.

What could be a better treat than éclairs from Pomerantz Bakery – two for a dime. Then next door to the Ice Cream Shop and pinball machine using a friend's slugs. Joe really didn't care, even gave us nickels.

School people I remember: Vine St. School – Principal Wheelock; the librarian – Miss Simmons, Miss Finn;

Jones Junior High – Miss Hubbard, Miss Wycoff, Mr. Brainard, Mr. Strong
Weaver High School – Miss Hogan, Miss Regan, Mr. Winslow.

And then there was paradise – Nate's Cigar Store (next to Kay's Fish Market). With a nickel you could spend lots of time picking out stuff you could find no place else and you knew that you wouldn't show your mother.

BB8

The Knights

Gerald (Jerry) Roisman

Under the auspices of the Hartford Jewish Community Center, a number of teenage groups flourished. The Knights, a boys' group, was one of those clubs. We had an adult director for each of the years between 1950 and 1955. We participated in a number of activities and events, such as dances, trips, games, and of course, girls and sports. There were football, basketball and baseball teams. We all hung out at the JCC, Maxwell Drug Store, Keney Park, and our individual homes, where we played cards, played basketball in the driveways, and by the end of our tenure, we all had TVs. In the wintertime, we used to shovel the driveway at Dave Borden's house, so we could play basketball outdoors no matter what the temperature. It was a wonderful, positive, and character- building experience.

BB9

The Sapphires

Lewis H. Silverman

I was born on March 16, 1939 in Hartford and now live in South Windsor.

Growing up in the North End of Hartford meant a lot to me. I grew up on Lenox Street, between Albany Avenue and Greenfield Street with the Lenox Theater on the corner.

In the spring and summer we played baseball, stickball and handball all day in Keney Park. In 1954 my baseball team was called the Consumer Sales Redwings. We won the Jaycee Courant League championship. I went to the Vine Street School, Jones Jr. High, and Weaver. I had my bar mitzvah at the Agudas Achim Synagogue.

In 1956, four friends and I formed a singing group called The Sapphires. We were five teenagers from the North End. The Sapphires lasted about three years with bookings at the White Cedar Steak House on Albany Avenue and many bookings at the Horace Bushnell Church at Vine Street and Albany Avenue. To this day, we all remain friends.

In 1963, I went into business. I opened a store called the Phoenix Building News in the Phoenix Insurance Company building at 1 American Row in Hartford. I operated the store until I sold it in 1985.

BB10

Unforgettable Teachers

Gayle Ellins Trabit

Memories of Jones Junior High School always included some of the noted teachers. Miss Hubbard introduced me to my first opera. I think it was "Aida." Miss Finn, the Latin teacher, had us do the declension of verbs out loud. Our favorite with many giggles was *amo, amas, amat*. No one ever forgot *Omnia Gallia divisa e* either.

But the most memorable for an eighth grader was the very imposing Miss Wyckoff. She wore the same three black dresses throughout the year, often badly in need of laundering. She had a wicked goiter that pretty much mesmerized me with its bouncing around. Her permed, white hair and her deep voice demanded all our attention. She required us to memorize several poems and recite them in class. Thank you, Miss Wyckoff, for forcing me to memorize and think about "If" by Rudyard Kipling. I think the world would be a far better place if we all "could walk like kings but keep our heads about us."

BB 11

At Farmington and Laurel

Remembering Scoler's Restaurant
For Carole

Andy Weil

No....don't Google it;
just face me and listen.
I want to tell you of a place... in a time, past.
Life's music thrived...things mattered. Be still.

An era has waned.

Through the front entrance,
one was greeted with quiet, understated elegance;
Aunt Mollie (or Uncle Bernie) would seat you;
we all had an Aunt Mollie...these nights you had two.

Traversing just thick enough carpet,
work-weary legs would know of the next hour's solace,
sitting...taking in soft, butter-cream colored walls
adorned with small but ample brass lights.

The gentle combination of linens with music barely heard
would soothe the day's terse tone.
" Something to drink, Honey? " ...emanating from grizzled
decades of spills, bitching , and unwavering patience.

*Outside, what was a neighborhood, is now a drug-addled
memory; consternation of Taco Bell and Checks Cashed
Here.*

Over Shrimp Piquante, I'd rehearse to myself,
telling Gina that I loved her; then, not long after,
I would tell her to her face at that very same table...
and as I did, she'd leap from her chair to my arms
as kindly diners smiled warmly at young love.

*Such a time. Clarity...and a happier town, then.
Paucity of tension with reasons to feel truly alive!*

And there was love enough, too, wafting through the air.
It would arrive as tomato-bisque, broiled twin crustaceans,
crafted New York cheesecake, or hot corned beef
on fresh rye.
And the starter...the warm basket of assorted rolls;
new-borns, kept snug under a " blanket. "

And it felt great wearing a sport coat to dinner.

From the very rear of the place,
pugnacious patron, Big Burt , is heard;
" Whata ya doin', I can't eat this! "
The game played with familiarity every week...twice,

always twice, though all knew the order was right
the first time.

And, of course , no eatery this close
to the heart of the city ever went without its share:
senator, governor , attorney general , judge , physician,
CEO, and an occasional Hollywood breeze, after all.

Expertly courted, they were. Experience....
filtering down from Bernie and Mollie, to Sid if it was
deli to be, to Lulu delivering the final act,
done with verve, banter, and confidence replete with
gorgeous, mocha skin , as if one was being coddled
by none other than Lena Horne, herself.

Open unusually late, your Saturday night out
at the theatre would, invariably, culminate into
the encore....HERE.
A bowl of matzo-ball soup or a shrimp cocktail
took the edge off...and always a stellar performance.

And, but a mere few miles up the street,
a lady named Auerbach was serving up victuals as well
in resplendent manor of trade; white-gloved men
in crisp uniforms, manning the cage,
proudly calling out each floor....

...and all at a pace concurrent with reality...unlike now.
Time...to do one task at a time, doing it well;
all under myriad floors of polished perfection.
Leaving here, smiling , a quick jaunt....and Bernie
and Mollie would be waiting.

*How fitting now; where culinary heaven once extolled pride
sits the place where man and machine are wed in holy bliss,
yielding offspring born of such namesakes as Pod, Tooth,
Blue, Gigabyte, Cell, Dot, Net, and Wi.*

So long before this pervasive decay, in the very same spot,
end of evening would bring an unhurried cup of the
black elixir; ostensibly, it would say " breathe now....
and just be." That was THEN.

Paul (Simon) and Art (Garfunkel) said it
some forty years ago:

" Long ago, it must be....I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories....they're all that's left you."

At the corner of Farmington and Laurel,
an old yet charming building moans its pangs of longing
within a dream of wanting, once again ,
to both physically and spiritually....feed its hungry.

BB12

Memory Lane

Selma Waxman Widem

We moved to Chatham Street when I was nine years old. Neighbors were the Deckers and Harold Goldberg. Barbara Fox was my friend. We played hide and seek. On Halloween we were mischievous. We attended Rawson School. Arlene Greenberg and Cynthia Gartner and I worked on art projects together. I recall that they had decorating and wrapping paper projects. Alton Tabey, our teacher, later became a professor of art at Yale.

Then I attended Jones Junior High School. Joe Hurwitz and Elaine Goodman were in my class. My homeroom teacher was Ms. Flynn who taught Latin.

My parents built a house on Canterbury Street. Neighbors were the Bordens. The father was a doctor. His son, David, became an attorney. I attended art class on Girard Avenue on Saturday mornings. We painted a mural of Mark Twain characters. We walked to the Lenox Theater to watch cowboy movies.

Hartford took up all the trolley tracks during World War II to help with munitions. We attended meetings for Young Judea, part of Hadassah, and played tennis at Keney Park.