



Morton Gaber

May 18, 1924 - April 7, 2012

Morton Gaber, 87, of New York City, died Saturday, April 7, 2012 at Whittier Rehab and Skilled Nursing Center in Ghent.

Born May 18, 1924 in New York City, he was the son of the late William and Minnie Gaber.

Morton was the owner of 8th Street Liquors in New York City. He was a jovial person with a sharp wit and keen sense of humor. He was a very generous man who liked to make everyone laugh. He loved the opera and classical music. Morton was very proud of his service in the US Navy in the Pacific during World War II.

Surviving are his beloved wife, Goldie (Himmelfarb) Gaber of New York City; his daughter, Evelyn (Mitchell) Bloom of Texas; two step-children, Risa (Lewis) Dimm of Livingston and Eric Fineman (Bernadette Leggiero) of Croton-On-Hudson, several grandchildren, and many great-grandchildren.

Services will be held at 3 pm on Wednesday at the Bates & Anderson - Redmond & Keeler Funeral Home, 110 Green St., Hudson, NY, 12534.

Burial will be in Mount Zion Cemetery at a later date.

Donations may be made to Whittier Rehab and Skilled Nursing Center, 1 Whittier Way, Ghent, NY, 12075, or to the Alzheimer's Association, Pine West Plaza, Bldg 4, Suite 405, Washington Avenue Ext, Albany, NY, 12205.

Tribute Wall

DA

“Morty was like a father to me when I lived in NYC and worked at the liquor store, back in the day. He was hilarious, and a real honorable and decent man who taught me a lot about life, and business, and how to be a man. He did this for many young guys either at college or having just graduated. A lot of special people came from "the school of 8th Street Wine and Liquor".... a lot of good guys that learned how to be a mensch from Morty.

After 9/11, I turned to Morty and his wife Goldie for emotional support and he was just great. Fearless. He was always that way, bravely taking on any street thugs that would try to mess with us or steal from us at the store.

He was a pillar of strength and good humor. He provided me with a great opportunity to make a living, that came with an apartment right above the store in the Village in Manhattan. To this day, I still hear his voice in my head...yelling at me like only Morty could do, but it was a good type of yelling. It was out of love and humor and he just had an old-school NYC personality that was one of a kind.

Morty. Wow. What a guy. A character. A friend. A boss. A mentor. Like a father to me, and to many. He will be missed. And rest assured, life lessons many of us learned from him will not be forgotten.

He was a special man to many people.

To his family (especially Goldie, who he loved so much), I want to extend my heartfelt thoughts, prayers, and sympathy.

A truly great one has passed.

Love ya, Morty.

David

David - April 11, 2012 at 08:38 AM