

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

December 7, 2018

APPRECIATION TO THE WHS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (WHSAA) FOR DELIVERING THE WHS NOTE THROUGH ITS MAILING SERVICE. IF ONE DOES NOT RECEIVE THE WHSAA BULLETIN, THEY CAN CONTACT THE WHSAA AT WEEQUAHICALUMNI@GMAIL.COM TO GET ON THE WHSAA MAILING LIST FOR THEIR BULLETIN AND THE WEEKLY WHS NOTE.

PLEASE SHARE NEWS OF THE NEW DELIVERY SYSTEM OF THE WEEKLY NEWSLETTER WITH ANY FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES WHO ALSO ARE SUBSCRIBERS.

PLEASE SEND ALL INQUIRIES AND COMMENTS/MEMORIES DIRECTLY TO WHSALUM63@AOL.COM.

Hi O B A-teamers,

Cyber Indian participants join the e-pow-wow:

Applebaum Eisenfeld-Moretsky(59)--
ritamoretsky@gmail.com (new)

Bitterman, Stew(1/61)-- stowwie@me.com (change)

Bloom Noll, Sheba(1/53)-- twotox@yahoo.com (new)

Brandmeyer, Gerry(1/51)-- sbrandmeyer@att.net (new)

Cahn, Richie(6/58)-- RCahn1332@verizon.net (change)
Epstein, Steve(6/63)-- ninaepstein3@gmail.com change)
Jenkins, Thomas(1/59)-- acesaround@gmail.com (new)

Rudowsky, Jack(1/49)-- rochelletsr@gmail.com (new) introduces himself:

Since 1988, I have been living in Tampa, FL. All my friends from Weequahic that were living in Florida, who I visited often, are now gone (Sandy Krusch, Jack Birnholz, Don Chinsky). I would hope that a few of us older folks are still around.

I remembered playing stick ball, stoop ball and just hitting any kind of ball in between houses. Remember? Many of us have had productive lives. I, for one, reached my boyhood dream of becoming a professional baseball player when I signed to play for the then ST. LOUIS BROWNS a few months after graduating from Weequahic. I only played for a year and a half before I was drafted into the Army during the Korean War. Dreams, sometimes, do come true

I would like to hear from any of my "Guerra Mobster" friends, as we were known in school. Dominic, our leader, has also passed away.

We will never forget our friends at the "Wigwam on the Hill."
Hope to hear back from those in the class of January 1949. Jack

Saddest of News:

Hal Braff (6/62), community activist and co-founder of the WHS Alumni Association passed away this week. Hal is well admired to all of us as a selfless and committed leader who, together with Sheldon Shep Bross (55), was the guiding light that has been the

pathway for WHS alumni giving back to the school that meant so much to who and what we are today. Hal will be missed, but his inspiration remains his legacy. May Hal's memory forever be a blessing. The Ledger obituary appears at [Hal Braff's Obit.](#) Donations in his memory can be sent to the *WHS Alumni Association, P.O. Box 494, Newark, NJ 07101* for the Marie O'Connor Scholarship Fund. Ms. O'Connor was Hal's favorite English teacher.

Marilyn Silber: (6/62) has a "Weequahic All Over" story

On a transatlantic cruise, Barcelona to Fort Lauderdale, FL. (I don't think my grandparents traveled this route), I met someone from Weequahic. The name was Wekstein. He told me his late wife lived on Goldsmith Avenue, same street that I lived on. We started playing Jewish geography and reminiscing about Newark. Marilyn

Annual Florida Reunion

The All Grades Annual Florida Reunion Brunch is scheduled to take place at 9:30 A.M., Sunday, March 3, 2019, Gleneagles Country Club on Atlantic Avenue., in Delray Beach, Florida. Ray Kirschbaum, the organizer, can be reached at 561-496-6494. For more info, please contact jeanette.hendler@gmail.com.

Arthur Chausmer (59) extends an invitation to a winter BBQ:

For those who do not know, my wife and I judge professional BBQ competitions. We are, in fact, KCBS certified master judges (Kansas City Barbecue Society). Well, KCBS is starting a sanctioned Kosher BBQ competition program which requires a separate judging certification. We will be taking the kosher

certification course December 29th and judging at the competition in Boca, where there are a lot of WHS grads living and particularly from the class of 59.

The competition will be held on January 1st in South County Regional Park in Boca from 1 to 5 PM. We will be judging from noon to 2 PM. We will be available before and after the judging to meet up with anyone who can attend, especially WHS alumni. Anyone needing more information, get back in touch with me and I will provide whatever I can (ABC@ca-info.com). The web site is <https://www.firedupflorida.com/>. Hope to see some of you there. Arthur

Jerry Glyn (WHS/Hillside 67) recalls his father:

I recently found an article written by Linda Eisenfeld about my father, Sam Glyn. See [Samuel Glyn Story](#) The YM-YWHA had a monthly newspaper with the purpose of communicating upcoming events and highlights in the community. My father ran the Teen Program at the Newark Y for many years, beginning at the Y on High Street and later at Chancellor Avenue. When the Chancellor facility closed, he ran the program at the Northfield Y (before it was changed to a JCC) for a short while.

If you attended the Y Lounge for ping pong, shuffleboard, or just hang out, you knew my father. If you attended one of the many dances at the Y, they were always supervised by him. So, if you misbehaved, he was the one who asked you to leave!

If you were a member of a club, my father ensured it was a successful one. I recall him organizing programs so the kids at the Y could mix with the less fortunate orphans at the Bonnie

Brae Home for Boys. They even came to a few of the dances. In addition, he created monthly programs so the Newark teens could interact at the Hillside War Memoria with those suffering from intellectual disabilities I.

He also worked with my uncle (Moe Septee), who promoted the concerts down at Asbury Park Convention Hall and was the emcee for several years. So, I was fortunate to see him introduce stars like the Doors, Janis Joplin, Led Zeppelin, etc.

While playing ping-pong at the Northfield Y in 1970 he suffered a major heart attack and passed at age 51. This week, had he lived, he would have celebrated his 100th birthday! Jerry

Edward Woody Sonnabend (6/53) recalls a game played with everyone's favorite ball:

Not to beat subject to death, but I recall playing a game called "Pointers" on the stoop. The idea was to bounce the ball off the point of the stair step and catch it on the fly to get the most points or bases. I don't remember how it was scored. The game was all done with the precious pink "Spaldeen" ball. Maybe that game was the Clinton Hill version. Woody

Fred Goldman (6/62) and longtime friendships:

Call this story Newark and Weequahic Strong. It all started a long time ago in a place called the Weequahic section of Newark. There was a bunch of kids that grew up between Clinton Place and Wolcott Terrace to Hawthorne and Goodwin Avenues and a few streets in-between. After all the years that have passed, there is still a group of guys that are great friends.

When we were growing up, there was a big-time rivalry between the guys from Wolcott and the guys from Goodwin. The rivalry was from touch (yea) football in the street to basketball (with the basket hung on a garage) to stick ball (again in the street) and even box ball (another story) and stoop ball. The main guys from Wolcott were Howie Llednam Mandell, Kenny Moose Meyers, Seymour Yock Yoskowitz, and me, Derf Goldman. The main boys from around Goodwin were Frank Argenziano, Mike Weisholtz, Steve Silverstein, Richard Trechak and, sometimes, Jr. DeVito; they were the no nickname boys.

It all changed when we started going to Weequahic where we all became great friends; and still are. It was sort of like when you had a fight with someone and after the fight you would be good friends. That's what happened with us. So, after our Class of 62 didn't have our reunion of 55 years, we decided to have our own every two years. The first one was in Las Vegas with the guys and girls coming in from CA, FL and NJ. Two years later, we met in sunny Florida. This year, in good old NJ the week of the Columbus Day holiday. We had the reunion in Point Pleasant and it was anything but pleasant. It was GREAT with lots of laughs yelling and telling the old stories over again.

One thing that makes our group very unusual is that all but one of us have been married only once, some closing in on 50 years. That one person can be forgiven because he lives in California (HA, HA); no names. What makes this group even better is that the wives get along great.

So, are there any other groups out there that might like to join our group? Sort of like that all classes Weequahic reunion they have in Florida every year. Or, are there other long-standing

friends such as ours out there that maybe would respond with their own story. Let us know through the newsletter. Fred

Neighborhoodly Nostalgia:

Judee Slatnick Horel (48)

To Jac Toporek (6/63), I went to my file and read an old blog dated 5/31/14. Your recall of The Tavern, Weequahic Diner and the Denburg Bakery touched my heart. This should be repeated and hopefully serve to remind some Indians that all was not so perfect. However, we were so fortunate in so many ways and fancy expensive dining and expensive clothing did not make who so many of us are today. Judee

Lew Wymisner (64)

To Marty Green (6/60), Seymour Shushy Friedberg's Men's Store was The Squire Shop. Shushy and his brother Bernie Friedberg and their family (mom, aunt, cousins) were close friends of our family. Bernie, of course, was a Spanish teacher at Weequahic. Bernie also married a cousin of mine. Because of my family's friendship with Shushy and his family, my mom frequently shopped with me at the Squire Shop.

Much later, Shushy, when he was an insurance adjuster, helped me when some property in the downtown area of Newark (Spruce Street), in which my mother and uncle were involved, burned in a fire (but that's another long story for another time). I still keep in touch with Shushy on Facebook and also on a Facebook group, All about Springfield NJ, past and present. Lew

Leonard Clarke (WHS/Arts 56)

Shushy's clothing store was the Squire Shop on Bergen Street. One of my good friends, Morris Moish Grossman worked there.

Shushy lived on the east coast of Florida. He owned the first fiberglass Corvette. One day while driving, he must have hit something, and it split apart. Leonard

Arthur Schechner (1/49)

I just saw a note from an old classmate, Reese Schonfeld (1/49), about the Clinton Hill gang. I lived on Renner Avenue near Weequahic Park but would venture up to Reese's house on Madison Avenue for an occasional poker game. Rabbi Prinz performed my marriage to Judi Ruback, in 1957. Arthur

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