

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

May 24, 2019

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Hi Cast Members of the Weequahic Production,

Alma Gersten Klein (6/47) is the newest Cyber Indian at mklein79@comcast.net.

Alumindians in the Archives:

8/5/99

Jac Toporek (6/63)

My daily sojourn to the office takes yours truly on route 22 through Weequahic Park. Aside from the frequent cursing at the reckless motorist or traffic delay, I do get a chance to recall the fond memories of the greenery which basically served as my front yard. There are distant recollections of Class of June 63 mates beyond Billy Belfer practicing the discus throw, golden haired Bobby Schwartz dribbling the soccer ball for endless hours and Charlie Conrad teaching this fellow that no matter how good a broken-field runner one might think he is, a good tackler will get you to the ground any time.

How many remember the oval racetrack (still exists) when it was a horse racing venue. Saturday afternoons betting pennies with Clark Lissner and

brother Nor on the nags. Learned early that gambling doesn't pay; well, at least at the penny level. Even recall a parade which ended in fireworks at the track. The Grand Marshall was Floyd Patterson who had just become Heavyweight Champ by besting Ingmar Johansson. And how about the boat rides on the lake where dad would flex his rowing muscles and the kids would dangle toes in the murky (not so) deep. In winter, Sandy Markowitz, another 6/63 classmate, was a streak on his skates over the frozen lake. Hey cyber buddies, got any Weequahic Park memories to share? Send them on in and the words shall continue forth to the masses. Jac

Steve Newmark (6/61) extends an invite:

Join us as the Hebrew Free Loan of New Jersey hosts Myron Sugarman (Columbia 55), aka "The Last Jewish Gangster," for a night of inspiration and lessons on the life and history of the "Jewish Mob." June 13, 2019; 7:30 PM; Oheb Shalom, 170 Scotland Road, South Orange, NJ. [Click on blue link for info about Myron Sugarman program](#), or contact me at captainsn@me.com. Steve

Bill Pollak (53) seeks a friend:

We have been trying to find Ed Friedman, Class of February 53. if anyone knows anything about him please let me know; wpollak66@verizon.net. Bill

Fred Goldman (6/62) brings back a Newark experience that was coveted at the time:

OK, so we read about all the good restaurants and what we ate at places where we hung out before and after school. Also, let's not forget the movie theaters we went to. So, thinking back what else did we do, I came up with one place we went to and I'm sure there will be a few more stories about this place. Back in the late 50s and early 60s, TV was taking off like hot cakes. There was a show that most of us kids, mainly boys, loved to watch. It came on Friday night on Channel 5; Pro Wrestling from Washington, DCI always watched it with my father and grandfather (before he fell asleep).

We were hooked. Then, wrestling came to Newark. I think it was mainly on Thursdays and it was held in the Little Theater on Springfield Avenue. I

don't remember driving there, so I took a bus right to the arena. I remember how dark and dirty and filled with smoke the place was. It was great to see the same professional wrestlers who were on TV right in front of us live. Some of the names were Killer Kowalski, Gorilla Monson, Andre the Giant, Haystack Calhoun and Bo Bo Brazil. The fans big favorite was Bruno Sammartino who used his feet as a big weapon. Of course, the bad guys, the Graham Brothers, were memorable Also, there were the nights with women wrestlers like the Fabulous Moolah. Who could forget the midget wrestlers? This was a real fun night out and a lot of good memories.

On a similar track, my uncle became a pro boxer. His father was a very strict Jewish man and he did not want his son to become a boxer. So, my uncle changed his last name from Hymowitz to Sam Hydler without telling his dad. A few years later, my uncle was teaching underprivileged kids boxing for free in downtown Newark. After one of his sessions and on his way to his car, he was mugged and beaten so bad that he almost died. He was never the same. My uncle is in the NJ Hall of Fame. He ended up getting Parkinson's disease and actually became friends with the late Mohammed Ali. Not a bad story ending. Fred

Bob Dubman (6/52) has a new career of interest:

I spent 49 years in New Jersey in a futile attempt to make a living as a dentist. Finally, I realized that I didn't have to remain in New Jersey because I could go anywhere and not make a living. So, guess what, Betty and I got out of town and moved to Florida. Why Florida? Two reasons; no snow, and no state taxes on the money that I'm not making.

Now, here in Florida, I've moved up to the zero-income tax bracket by being a partner in a talent booking agency. I also am a performer. I needed to own the agency because how else would I get booked to entertain? If you are a masochist and would like to see my act, check out this website under my stage name "Bob Herman." [Click on blue link to see Bob Herman perform.](#)

Scroll down to see a list of my various performances. Then, scroll back up and click on my picture to link into a 4-minute review of my one-hour performance. Bob

Neighborhood Weequahic:

Carol Soltanoff Davis (Chancellor/Union 70)

Because of this newsletter (although no one in my family actually graduated from Weequahic), I went to the Newark Public Library to see the exhibit on Synagogues of Newark. While there, I met Chief Development Officer Spencer Scott, who gave me some literature and guided me to the third floor to search the archives for more information on my two sets of grandparents. I was so fortunate to find this photo, which shows the confectionery and cigar shop (second store from corner) owned by my paternal grandparents on Orange Street, taken in 1927.



The building was razed for a highway many years ago. If you click on the photo, you can see the name S. Soltanoff on the storefront. I am not sure if they are in the photo, but I'm checking in with other family to see if we can confirm. They lived in the apartments upstairs. I remember being in the store once as a toddler, and I was told to pick out anything I wanted. I chose a white plastic sailboat with a lollipop in it. Imagine that; no Cuban cigar for me! Carol

Shirley Ezersky Friedman (56)

I miss the good old days. Knowing future generations will never share in what we shared together is sad; the 50's and my favorite things; the friends growing up, Halloween, mischief night on Bergen Street. Unheard of today. Beautiful old cars were driven up and down Chancellor Avenue Some kids had convertibles: they really were the "hot shots." Syds, Hot Dog Haven, Mings, which I did love. The list is endless and includes Jo Ray's for pizza.

The Peshine area, I remember there was a candy store a block down from Peshine where I entered Yo-Yo contests and won once. Today, ask a kid about a Yo-Yo and get the reply, "What?" It was the simple things.

Friday nights at the Roosevelt Theatre, it was the best, the meeting place to mingle. Before that, The Park Theatre with Charlie and his flashlight prancing up and down the aisles looking who to throw someone out. Charlotte Rousses, another fond recall.

As time went on, and I moved away, those early days became memories. I made many friends in California, but the kids from Weequahic are imbedded in my brain never to be forgotten and could never, ever be replaced. As I grow older, I learned to hold on to those early years. The simple things are what matters in life. My Facebook profile has my best friends from school keeping them alive in my mind every single day! Shirley

Elaine Katowitz Zirulnick (648)

In reply to the candy store on the corner of Dewey Street and Edwin Place, it was owned by Mr. Dubow. He was great; always gave us candy when we stopped in. I remember him well. He had a great daughter, too, named Edie. Good old Newark. It was great to grow up there, on 19 Edwin Place. Memory still good to remember the exact address. Moved there in 1935 and moved out to Osborne Terrace in 1944. Good memories of yesterday. Elaine

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