

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

June 7, 2019

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Hi Orange & Brown Nostalgiaholics,

Cyber Indians Network News:

Cohen, Jack (58)-- jadec241@gmail.com (change)
Eisenberg, Marc (1/62) -- marceisenberg113@gmail.com (new)
Flaxman Mandell, Nancy (67) -- golf3nutz@gmail.com (change)
Posnock Sommer, Diane (Linden 67) -- dianersommer@yahoo.com
(Linden HS grad omitted in listing last week)

Alumindians in the Archives:

4/24/10

Sandy Serbin Dresdner (6/56)

When I was in high school, I was so jealous of all those kids who were working downtown, or just working at all. I lived alone with my father who would not permit me to have a job because I was responsible for cooking and cleaning our apartment. He felt that it was already enough for a young girl to do. But, reading these stories, I am jealous all over again!

By the way, did anyone else go to Bamberger's in 1950 and stand in line for hours to shake hands with Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and Gabby Hayes?

Probably not; I am not sure cowboys and horses were a Weequahic neighborhood kind of thing. Sandy

Stewart Manheim (6/51) and Calvin Schwartz (6/63) send notes after attending “The Sunday Morning Group/The Weequahic Guys Luncheon” reunion on May 17th:

A big thank you to Billy Poznak and his committee for making this (every other year) stag event at the Maplewood Country Club a reality. Over 70 guys attended this reunion. It was the 50th anniversary of this gathering of WHS alumni from all classes. His tribute to the memory of Burt Geltzeiler was moving, as was his “Thank You “ to the 93 year old computer expert Mal Sumka for keeping the data, addresses, etc. of the WHS alum.

The age range of the attendees ran from the sons of WHS graduates to the 90’s of the graduates. Whenever we get together, we pick up the conversation from last time like it was yesterday, not 2 years ago. The hugging greetings, comradery, conversation and reminiscing about the times in Newark and WHS sports was great. I don’t think any other high school has a gathering like this with such a turnout for so long a period of time. Stewart

I so appreciate Jac Toporek from the Newsletter and my Weequahic classmate from June 1963. He keeps lighting my literary fire to report on relevant occurrences. My history with the Sunday morning group was actually nothing until perhaps 20 years ago. Reason being, there was no real personal history of my Weequahic days; it’s called invisibility. Then, with the prodding of the late wonderful Sandy Scheps (6/63), I went to my first Group dinner in Livingston. Perhaps 400 men attended; many former athletes from the 1940’s, 1950’s and just through my class of 1963. Thereafter, the lineage halted. It’s billed as “Stag-Informal.” Long before the modern treatments of gender equality, the guidelines for this gathering were cemented in masculine athletic gender.

Then I retreated for another fourteen years. Six years ago, I became a newish journalist and thirsted for human interest stories. So, I attended the Sunday morning group at the Maplewood Country Club. Subliminal themes

extant for me besides seeing all those familiar nametags from Newark of bygone days; I was going to the Maplewood Country Club. Six years ago, seeing those nametags, so many familiar, were jolts of sentiment and beautiful memories. It was like a Disneyland fantasy, going back to the future, knowing so many names but not the men specifically. Invisibility meant I never met a lot of people. Spent high school years shooting hoops in my backyard.

Four years ago, I went again because I loved being back at Weequahic spiritual energy and I joined a table filled with 60's graduates. Table conversation bristled with memories, legends, teachers, football, basketball. Not much contemporary conversation, just memories. How I love the poignancy of remembering. At a next table was Mr. Barone from the playground at Chancellor. It was worth the trip to talk Mr. Barone and he remembered me as being "Silent Cal."

Also, four years ago, I saw David and Mal Sumka (a Group committeeman, organizer). As synchronicity would follow me all the days of my new life, the Sumka's were now extended family. Two years ago, I attended again. Sat with the guys from my class and the rest of the sixties. But there was a subtlety and sadness. Maybe six less tables filled than the previous two years.

And now to this 50th Anniversary. I loved every moment. Names flashed by kindling memories. This day around 70 attended. No longer "Silent Cal," I engaged nametags. Perhaps the most introspective, emotional, everlasting moment; at the cocktail hour. A small table. gathered around, Phillip Gross, (when my mother was in the hospital in 1955, I ate lunch at Phillip's [egg salad] every day for a week), Dave Flecker (he looked ready for hoops, one on one maybe), Joel Jarman (a frat brother and legend at Rutgers Pharmacy School), Sandy Markowitz, quarterback (I wanted to think he could still quarterback which meant I could still dunk a ball), Marc Tarabour (we've seen each other often during reunion planning meetings), Lew Gelman (first time we met who was replete with NY Knicks stories), Phil Yourish (the essence of Weequahic alumni), AND there was a nametag 'Billy Fromkin.'

Here's the introspection moment. A Fromkin family lived ½ block away from my Goodwin Avenue house on Lehigh Avenue. There was a Billy Fromkin a few years older, a good athlete and tough guy. The last time I saw Billy, I was around 15. So, whatever image of Billy I had was of then, when he was 17. He's not 17 now standing around the cocktail table. Then it hit me and I expressed this at the dinner table we're all that older generation now. No more spying on the nurse's dormitory at the Beth Israel Hospital, paying 25 cents a view. No more cruising Chancellor Avenue. No more party exploits. No more college admission tales. And, too many stories of people not here anymore. For the first time attending these Group dinners, I finally realized, time had caught up.

Table conversation bounced around all the physical ailments we discovered and shared. Some new ones; old ones, male ones. I kept thinking, like the lyrics of a Simon and Garfunkel song, "where did the time go, Mr. Billy Fromkin?" You were just a teenager. So was I. Not anymore. This was so precious to me. A time warp. A wormhole. Going back; I loved every minute of this day.

For all you out there, if there is another one of these in two years, you should come. It's life and history in the sharpened face. Aging catches up. Relentless. But the good news as we all said goodbye, a few hugs, with no mention when and if, is we still feel the sunshine on our faces. We all know Weequahic was and is a special place. Walking out, I passed former pro-basketball player, Maryland star, Weequahic star, Jerry Greenspan, four years older than me. In some convoluted thinking, I was pissed off at Jerry, that he couldn't really play basketball anymore. But neither can I.

Here are my Sunday Morning WHS 60's table mates Left to right, Billy Fromkin (62), Lew Gelman, Phillip Gross (63), Dave Flecker (62), Joel Jarman (62), me, Marc Tarabour (63) and Sandy Markowitz (63). Cal



To Dennis Estis (65) in answer to his bus story:

Jeff Golden (6/63)

To Dennis Estis (65) in answer to his bus story, the first place I lived was on Grumman Avenue, below Maple. My mother never drove. Whenever I went anywhere with her, we took the bus. So, I learned at a very early age how buses work and where they go. I always was fascinated by anything that rolls, floats or flies; cars, boats, planes, trucks ... and buses.

One summer day, when I was about 7 years old, I was walking to Segal's Candy Store at the corner of Grumman and Maple to get an ice cream cone. When I got there, the 48 Maple Bus was arriving. I had a dime, the price of an ice cream cone, and I knew that bus fare was 7 cents. I decided that a bus ride would be much more interesting than an ice cream cone, so I got on the bus, gave my dime to the driver, he gave me 3 cents change, and I was on my way downtown.

I was sitting by an open window, enjoying the breeze and watching the familiar landmarks go by. We were somewhere on Clinton Avenue. I started thinking, *I only have 3 cents left, not enough for bus fare, so I won't have enough to take a bus back home. Maybe I should just get off the bus now before it goes too far.* So, I did. I knew the route that the bus takes. Walking, I followed that route in reverse and finally got back home.

When I got home, my mother asked me where I had been. I told her I went for a bus ride. She didn't seem too upset. I'm not sure whether or not she

believed me, but it probably wouldn't have surprised her that I was capable of taking a bus by myself. But it wasn't that unusual for young children to take buses by themselves. There were no school buses in Newark, and kids, who came a long distance, often did it on a city bus. Jeff

Daniel Fink (66)

This recollection is inspired by Dennis Estis' note about riding the 14 bus. I caution that 1955 was a long time ago and what I write below could be entirely wrong. When my brother David and I were maybe 6, our parents sent us to the Y Day Camp on Chancellor Avenue. We lived at 27 Edmonds Place (which did not survive Route 78) and that was too far to walk for little boys. So, we took the bus. I think our mother accompanied us once or twice, to show us what to do, and then we were on our own. I think the fare was a nickel apiece. I can't remember if she gave us each a nickel, or one of us a dime for the bus ride to camp and the other for the ride home. Mom lived almost to 96, but she died in 2013 and I can't ask her.

Anyway, one day we lost the dime she had given us for the ride back. If a kind woman hadn't taken pity on us and given us a dime, we might still be standing on that bus stop on Chancellor Avenue today. And as Doug points out, who would let a little kid (in our case, two of us; but still!) ride a public bus today? Anywhere in the USA? Daniel

Jac Toporek (6/63)

Courageous or precocious, Dennis? Trying to figure it out. Probably more of the latter. But, it does once more evidence how less concerned and more trusting of the street our folks were. My twin brother Norbert and I would on multiple occasions take the #107 into NYC on our own to see the Rangers play at the old Madison Square Garden. And, I recall many trips with Meeker Avenue friends on the bus to downtown Newark to see a movie at the Branford ("Ten Commandments") or to do fake shopping (who had enough money to do it alone without the parents around to cover the cost?). Jac

Three alumni events this weekend

Phil Yourish (6/64)

This Saturday, June 8th, there are two alumni events. From 1 to 5 pm, the class of 1964 will be having a mini-reunion celebrating 55 years since graduation at Spring Run in Martinsville. Contact Gary Goss for more info at funnyface1531@gmail.com.

Also, the class of 1969 has organized a bus ride to the Caesars Casino in Atlantic City. Departure time is at 9 am. For more info, contact Maxine at (973) 672-3055 or Shirley at (484) 548-0817.

On Sunday June 9th, the Weequahic High School Alumni Association is having a membership fundraiser "*Hoops Challenge*" with DJ Roc Anthony in the high school's athletic complex on Goldsmith Avenue. See flyer below.

Weequahic High School Alumni Association
Membership Drive
Sunday, June 9, 2019
Doors Open at 12:30 / Game at 2 pm
Free Admission / All ages invited
Ronald G. Stone Community Gymnasium

Come Rep Your Class
HOOPS CHALLENGE



WEEQUAHIC VS. POLICE & FIRE

Featuring DJ ROC ANTHONY

WHS marching band - cheerleaders
poetry jam - food - prizes - merchandise

Proceeds will support Weequahic HS scholarships and student activities

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