

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

June 21, 2019

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Hi Networking Smoke-Signaling Indians,

Cyber Tepees' e-mail changes:

Gold-Gamble, Marlene (Pinky) (6/53) -- mgg14k@gmail.com
Kirschner Lowenthal, Ronnie (62)-- ronnie.lowenthal@gmail.com
McNeil-Wright, Sandra (6/65) -- sawrightmcneil@att.net

Rhona Lipsky Kotler (Colonia 73) (Rhona.Kotler@gmail.com) joins the Cyber Indians Network with an opening generational note:

Both of my parents graduated WHS. My mother was Gloria Angert (6/49) and she grew up on Goodwin Avenue. My dad was Julius Lipsky (6/47), who grew up on Hawthorne Avenue. I have such fond memories of going to my grandparents' home in Newark in the 1950s and 60s. I have WHS yearbooks from both my parents. I also have relatives buried in several Newark Jewish cemeteries. I was born in 1955 and prior to being one year old my parents moved out to the suburbs of Colonia. Rhona

Alumindians in the Archives:

4/29/06

Priscilla Winn Glinn (57) beats out a tom-tom message of her own:

To Judy Karetnick Rufolo (1/58), The Chancellor Avenue fish store you are talking about was Capitol Fish, which later moved to Chancellor Avenue in Irvington and was there for many years. I have lived in Colonia for 43 years, and for years after we moved here, we went back to that fish store in Irvington for great lox.

To Carol Miller (56): The bank on the corner of Lyons Avenue and Aldine Street was the Fidelity Union Bank. The gas station across the street was a Flying A. Baker's Bakery was diagonally across the street from the gas station, on the corner before the Shoprite. Priscilla

Judy Sarnow Gluck (60) responds to recent archival comment of Natalie Confield Tublitz (1/52) that “the palace to many was the apartment building at 280 Goldsmith Avenue” and as to the person whose last name eluded Natalie:

I was a classmate of Michael Mitzmacher at WHS. After I transferred “home” from Penn State to Upsala College, we somehow ended up carpooling together to the Upsala campus in East Orange. Actually, Michael drove me and Lois (whose last name escapes me at the moment). I think there may have been a fourth person, too. I have always fondly remembered those rides being filled with laughter. Though the memories are a bit hazy at this point, I think it was Michael who made the rides so much fun. I think we coined the expression "Tell a Mitzmacher" referring to Michael's humor.

His father owned the cleaners that was on Chancellor Avenue near Maple Avenue. I remember his father and the store very well and think I must have walked from our house at 174 Keer Avenue to the store to carpool from there.

After reading Natalie comment, I wanted to share Michael's first name. Then I Googled him and am sad to discover that Michael died in 2013. There is a photograph of Michael with his obituary. I was shocked that he looked exactly the way I picture his father. Here is a link to Michael's obituary: <https://kraftsussman.com/tribute/details/603/Michael-Mitzmacher/obituary.html>.

I also remember Natalie, the older sister of my good friend and classmate, Vivian Confield. Judy

Mel Brodsky (58) praises documentary on Newarker born:

“The Spy behind Home Plate” is one of the finest documentaries I've ever seen. It's about a little-known Jewish hero who came from the streets of Newark, played Major League Baseball during baseball's "Golden Age" and served as a spy for the U.S. OSS during WWII. This improbable story is told with rare historical footage from palling around with Babe Ruth to having dinner with Albert Einstein. James Bond (007) has nothing on Mo Berg. This is a classic for the ages, I can't wait to see it again. Mel

Alan Ginter (64/65 adds to Marty Hoffman's (1/57) comments on Mal Sumka:

He was my scout leader also, troop 96 at Chancellor Avenue School. I remember the smell of musty canvas when he would open the storage room in the basement to get out the tents for a weekend camping trip. I have no idea where we camped, sometimes just us, sometimes a Camperee with other troops. Apparently, it was a tradition for the older kids to cut the tentpole ropes during the night so the tent of the Tenderfoots (Tenderfeet?) would collapse on them while they slept. You remember what it was like to be a 13-year-old awoken from a sound sleep in the middle of the night? How about when a tent was crashing down around you? We laughed about it good humoredly later but, oh man!

They used to send us around to the other troops looking for a left handed smoke shifter. Of course, no such thing exists. Lots of laughs. I also enjoyed the campfire scary stories and songs. I heard a lot about an Irish

Shalala, which was horrible to contemplate but I never actually saw or experienced one.

I think that those early camping trips gave me a lifelong love of the outdoors. I have been camping ever since. We still (at our age) go tent camping on the CA coast at THE perfect campground. I will be glad to share the location, but only to the Weequahic family and only on pain of death if you reveal it.

I never got further than 2nd class because I wasn't really interested in advancing. I really liked the dodge ball after the meetings. And the uniforms. I have since visited many, many places that reminded me of the covers of the Boy Scout Magazine where they talked about all those Western Jamborees which I knew I would never see. Much more fun seeing it with my family than with the Scouts, however. Alan

Reese Schonfeld (49) continues the many honorary thoughts shared about Rabbi Joachim Prinz:

Once again, we hear of that extraordinary man, Rabbi Prinz. I lived across corner from him on Madison Avenue at 10th Street. So far as I know, the rabbi remained in Newark until the riots. I knew his daughter, Lucie, who had been born in Germany and remained glued to the rabbi for many years. She was sought out by almost every young Jewish man in the neighborhood (there were many of them, including me and my younger brother, Norman). Lucie ran good parties at her father's house (to which I was rarely invited), but everyone had fun with her and felt older for hanging around her family. After the Newark riots, Rabbi Prinz and his family moved out into the suburbs where he remained the most important Jewish figure in the area.

I regret that never saw him again after he moved. It was a time of great hope and some achievement, and, of course, it is familiar to most of the people who will be reading this. Reese

Paul Tractenberg (56) has further notations on Basketball Hall of Fame inductee-elect Alvin Attles:

I like Ed Winokur's (55) suggestion of having a delegation of WHS basketball players, especially those who played with Al, attend his swearing into the Naismith Basketball Hall of Fame. I'll try to join the group.

I, too, was on the team with Al for several years, although mostly as a winter conditioner for baseball, my main sport. I have been in touch with Al, at least occasionally, over the years and saw him a number of times in 1996, when I spent a sabbatical year in San Francisco. Al, his wife Wilhelmina, my wife Neimah and I had a great dinner and attended the Warriors game. One of the most impressive things about the game was seeing how widely loved and respected Al was by everyone from the Warriors' organization we met there. It didn't matter who the employee was or what the status of his or her job was. Al knew them all by name and had a good word to say to them.

One of my last contacts with Al was at a WHS Alumni dinner in Newark some years ago when Al was one of the honorees. During his presentation, he was asked a question about his sports activities at WHS. He said that he actually preferred baseball, but since he couldn't hit my curve ball, he decided to focus on basketball.

On another note, a group of us from the Class of 1956 have been pursuing our own rump reunion program. We have met periodically for a day or evening together every year or two for a while. At its high-water mark, the group included Buddy Bing, my erstwhile WHS catcher and close friend over all these years, Bob Zimet, Mike Hotchkiss and Danny Rosen (of Henry's Bergen Street Sweet Shop fame, who deserted WHS in favor of Newark Academy, but still remained a friend until his death a few years ago). We also were in touch with Mike Kaplan, who lives in the Atlanta area and never managed to make it north for one of our gatherings. On May 6, Buddy, Bob and I, with our wives and companions, met at a favorite Italian restaurant in Edison for dinner and good conversation. I am confident that WHS days will figure prominently. Paul

Ed Winokur (55) replies to Steven Epstein (6/63) on playing ball in the Maple Avenue School Playground:

I loved the article; it brought back such vivid memories for me. I grew up on Watson Avenue (Weequahic's poor section) and I spent all my non-school hours on the Peshine Avenue Playground or playing basketball in Mr. Sullivan's gym. The left field wall at Peshine was a short shot but you were out if the ball was caught before it hit the ground. To hit one over the right or center field fence onto Hunterdon Street was another story. The only guy I ever saw do it was Wes Keefer who was several years older than most of us who played softball or pink ball on the playground. Ed

Norman Hinkes (1/52) points to "Four Corners," but not the well-known Downtown location:

The "Famous Four Corners" of Newark, NJ; no folks, not Broad and Market. But the intersection of Wainwright Street and Chancellor Avenue. I passed this intersection at a minimum of four times a day for eleven years. I lived in the first two-family house you came to when traveling towards Lyons Avenue. My favorite intersection had on one corner Lerhoff's Bakery. Great breads and cakes and for a nickel a charlotte russe (if you are under 70 years of age you might have to ask an older friend what that is).

The second corner had Leed's Drugs. It was a pharmacy that had an ice cream/soda fountain counter serving some wonderful treats. The third corner had another pharmacy, Rubin Brothers. They originally had a soda counter, but gave it up for needed space. The fourth corner was always a gas station. During my 11 years it had at least four owners and three different gas brands.

Wonderful memories of the magical neighborhoods we grew up in. We never realized how wonderful they really were! Norm

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