

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

July 5, 2019

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Hi Weequalandofiles,

On this July 4th weekend, hope that your personal "stars and stripes" remain forever.

Informs of sad news:

Charlie Rosen (65)

I sadly am informing everyone that my brother Arthur Rosen, a graduate of the Class of 1962, passed Away on Friday June 21st. Art attended Peshine and Maple Avenue Schools. He Graduated from Rutgers New Brunswick in 1966. He was a cousin of Marian Hershoff (66), Michael Gross (6/63), Morty Weinstein (49), Lois Weinstein (53 or 54) and Marc Kurland (65). Art will be missed. Charlie

Dianna Bash Deo (6/60)

It is with deep sadness that I bring attention to the passing of another alumnus of Weequahic HS. On June 26, Harriet Brooks Flamm passed away. Harriet graduated February 1961. We met in second grade and maintained a friendship all these years sharing many times together both happy and sad. Harriet leaves behind a daughter, Sheryl Levine, two

grandchildren, Connor and Madalyn, and son-in-law Matt. May you rest in peace, Harriet, I will miss you. Dianna

News received this week that Sonia Ehrich Rosenberg (44) passed. Her obit can be read at

<https://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=sonia-ehrich-rosenberg&pid=193264642>.

Alumindians in the Archives:

4/24/10

David Kessler (1/60)

Does anyone share my memories of growing up on Elizabeth Avenue and having Weequahic Park as a back yard? There was always a baseball game or a football game with enough players to play, whatever section of the park was available. Usually we would play around Lehigh Avenue. There were all age groups available. I remember Steve Warner, Matty Naula, Sid Eisenberg, Mel Lissner, Tex Murray, Richie Roberts and many others who lived in the many apartment houses. We also played punch ball and stick ball in the courtyard between the buildings. In the winter we would ice skate on Weequahic Park Lake or sleigh ride around the trees on Elizabeth Avenue. Many fond memories. David

Bonnie Bunin-Danetz (1/64) extends an invite for a NJ treat:

My brother's (Howard Bunin 1/59) son will be opening a new Italian restaurant in Delray Beach FL. There will be Newark Style Hot Dogs on the menu. It will be taking the place of *Brick Oven Pizza* now located in the 3G's shopping center, West Atlantic Avenue. *Avellino's* will be opening, hopefully, end of July, beginning of August. Stop in and say "Hi" to Todd, the pizza guy. Check out your Weequahic/Shore connection. Enjoy. Bonnie

Mel Brodsky's (58) notice about a documentary on Newarker Moe Berg received responses:

Ted Jellinek (57)

To Mel Brodsky (my BFF from teen hood), there is also a Hollywood film about him called "The Catcher Was A Spy" starring Paul Rudd as Moe Berg. Interesting and inspiring. Mel, glad to know you are out there. Ted

Esther Isacoff Zachai (62)

Thanks to Mel Brodsky for his review of the film "The Spy Behind Home Plate." Sounds so good that I checked the list of planned screenings and found none in Oregon. But I called our local alternative movie theaters and happily learned that there will be a showing beginning July 19 at our *Broadway Metro* in Eugene! It will be fun to share with all our family and friends. Thanks to all who make the newsletter possible! Esther

Education Earmarks:

Rita Kirsch Morris (64)

I would like to thank Judy Horwitz Wolff (64) for mentioning additional teachers who no one had mentioned before. By doing so, it reminded me of the English teacher, Mr. Bucharest, and how grateful I was to him after all these years. He stands out as the wisest for having us read "My Antonia" so that every girl and boy could realize the choices they made in high school would help them move in the right direction for their future success. I recommend it for any grandchild, niece or nephew or other. Rita

Edward Kiel Klein (6/62)

But all the teachers in Weequahic weren't so wonderful. What about those who played favorites with certain students. For example, in my junior year at Weequahic our class was given an assignment to write a term paper. The subject was "foreign countries." Now, being the lazy S.O.B. that I was, there was no way I'm going to spend all my afternoons down at the Newark Library researching this. I'd rather be hanging out in the street at Katz's Candy Store or playing stickball with my friends on Goodwin Avenue.

Anyway, I knew that 2 years prior, my cousin Sybil had the same teacher and I figured that she could help me out with this ridiculous project. Low and behold, my cousin had done a term paper on Brazil and Mrs. Malamut gave her an A+ as a grade. Mrs. Malamut also wrote a personal handwritten note to my cousin saying, "This is one of the best term papers I've seen in all my years of teaching." You see my cousin was a straight A student and was Valedictorian of her graduating class. She had been awarded a four-year scholarship to Skidmore and was the recipient of almost every scholastic honor in her Weequahic class.

At first, my cousin was skeptical about giving me a copy of her term paper, but I convinced her to do it and promised that I would re-type it and change most of the words so that it looked as if I wrote it myself. The next day I gave the paper to a girl in my class and paid her \$5.00 to re-type it for me. I instructed her not to change anything, not even one word. Screw it; I'm going to hand it in as is and get my very first A+. I mean it's been 2 years since Mrs. M saw this thing and she's probably read hundreds of term papers since. I wasn't worried one bit. It was a perfect plan until I got my grade.

That woman gave me a C minus. How can that be? OK, so I wasn't a very good student. I hated school and I always did the minimum amount of work just to get by. But come on, this isn't fair! I handed in an A+ term paper and the teacher gave me a C minus, and I can't do a thing about it. If I tell her that this was my cousin Sybil's paper and all I did was re-type it, she'd fail me for the marking period. I'm screwed!

So, I took the C minus and then understood what was going on. Ya see, many of these Weequahic teachers played favorites. I was always a C/D student and barely graduated with my class in June 1962. School was something I actually found boring except for a few subjects like History and Political Science. Algebra, Chemistry, French; give me a break!

So now, a week later my cousin calls me from Skidmore to see how I made out with her term paper. When I tell her that Mrs. Malamut gave me a C minus, she starts laughing her head off. But, back then, the bottom line was if you were a kid who came to Weequahic from Chancellor or Maple Avenue

Schools you were treated differently, as opposed to the kids who came from Clinton Place, Bergen or Peshine. I was a Clinton Placer and that meant I was scholastically inferior. They graded us accordingly. Was I wrong to think at way? The proof is in the pudding! Ed

Steven Epstein (6/63)

As I think back, each grade school had its own territory and friends. I grew up going to Chancellor, but eventually moving to the Maple Street area and lucky to be able to remain at Chancellor. I got to know wonderful kids from each school. Kids from Bragaw, Hawthorne and others lived like in a foreign country. Then we graduated to the high school on the hill and all melded together to make Weequahic great. It is a shame the world today could not be like that way, people getting together and usually enjoying each other. Yes, as we grow older and as long as we keep our faculties, we can have great memories of a simpler life. Steven

“Thanks for the Memories:”

Elaine Hersh Krusch (6/50)

Yes, food is important in our memories of those days. I went shopping to a local chicken market with my mom and saw the chickens running around. After selecting a chicken, the head was chopped off and the chicken dispensed. Soup was made with the chicken feet which I loved to munch on. The round yellow eggs ended up floating in our soup. Shopping, cooking, eating, all part of our childhood. Too bad Philip Roth isn't around to reminisce. Elaine

Mel Rubin (56)

Syds has been closed for many years. It was located in the Millburn Mall. When the mall was renovated, they lost their lease and their location was taken by a “5 Brothers” franchise and a wonderful landmark was lost. I can't believe that they closed. The store was always packed lunch time. I ate there for every day of my three years (the first was at the Annex and Cohens Knishes). After returning from college and way into my working years, at least once a week I would have lunch there, until they closed. While in school, I used to pay 75 cents for two hot works, fries and a root

beer. Before they closed, the 25-cent dog cost \$2.50. I asked why and was told that their costs went up tenfold.

I recall that in the summer months, Syd's would relocate to Bradley Beach, right on Ocean Avenue in the Lorraine-Bradley Hotel, next to Mike and Lou's. One Memorial Day weekend I worked for Syd while in my junior year. Who could forget ordering fries in the brown bag, with the grease running down your arms while you gorged yourself? My cholesterol was starting to build then. They used to double fry the potatoes and had a manual potato slicer in the back. How about their grilled steak sandwiches with fries and peppers and onions on a pizza roll; manna from heaven! Mel

Nat Chesal (6/50)

Remember the Good Humor Man; three wheeled bicycle or truck? Popsicles were 10 cents and if you got a stick that said "LUCKY," you got a free popsicle. Most GHM worked hard to make enough money to spend winters in Florida.

The Dugan Bread man drove an electric truck in the 1940's; 70 years ahead of their time! The raisin bread was the best! How about the vegetable man who drove down his truck through the neighborhood with his farm fresh fruit and vegetables? Did you have a Port Murray milkman deliver to your home? Cream was separated on the top for the coffee, the rest was for drinking. We didn't realize it was "SKIM MILK!"

Now, on to Syd's, where I worked for five years. Every week we served 1,000 lbs. of hot dogs, 2,000 lbs. of potatoes, 100 lbs. of hamburger meat and six large restaurant cans of tuna. The French fries were blanched, then fried and served in a paper bag. The grease was beef fat flavored with fried onions. My first son Larry was born while I was working at Syd's. Everyone knew of his coming. When he was born, we put up a big sign "IT'S A BOY – 8lbs. 10 oz. Marlene also worked there dispensing soft ice cream. We would bring Larry with us where his bottle was heated in the water that cooked the hot dogs! And, that's why, to this day 64 years later, I still love a good hot dog. Nat

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