

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

August 23, 2019

TO RESPOND WITH A COMMENT OF YOUR OWN PLEASE CLICK ON
WHSALUM63@AOL.COM.

CLICKING ON "REPLY" TO THE NEWSLETTER WILL SEND YOIUR MAIL TO THE WEEQUAHIC HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION AND, IN TURN, THEY WOULD HAVE TO MAIL IT TO THE AOL ACCOUNT FOR EDITING AND PUBLISHING.

Hi Weequarecollectors:

Cyber Indians in the neighborhood:

Gelman Horowitz, Harlene (6/58) - harlenehorowitz@me.com (new)
Green, Channon (73) - channon0606@verizon.net (new)
Limsky, Herbert (1/53) - hlimskycpa@comcast.net (change)
Quattlebaum Green, Juliette (Judy) (72) - channon0606@verizon.net (new)

Alumindians in the Archives:

3/15/08

Paul Goff (6/58)

It has been 50 years since our graduation, and I have enjoyed receiving news of Newark and Weequahic through this newsletter. As one who grew up on the wrong side of Lyons Avenue, on Schuyler Avenue between Nye and Hawthorne, I enjoyed the memories of the area described by Bill Strauss. I have returned just a few times to the neighborhood in the last 50 years.

Our house was taken when route 78 came through. To the Strauss memories I would add Hoffman's Fruiters, next to Kiel's Bakery, where one could buy vegetables and fruits often displayed in the bushel baskets in the store and out front, in which they were shipped. Harrison's Fish Store was next to that and across the street was Sherman's, a candy store that evolved as the years went by into the neighborhood liquor store. On the corner of Schuyler Avenue were Stein's Butchery, which I think had sawdust on the floor, and Henry's Grocery, a place in which I never saw a customer.

There was Mr. Zomchek (I am not sure of spelling), whose barber shop was on Osborne Terrace near Hawthorne where I had my first haircut. Why are the guys so taken with their recollections of their barbers? When he retired, we used the Petrocelli Barber Shop across from the Esso Station on Hawthorne, where you could get a haircut for forty cents. He had a limited repertoire, but the price was right. Paul

The WHS Alumni Association provides more info on their upcoming event:

For those of you coming from out of town, or who may have family and/or friends coming in for the **Weequahic HS Alumni Association's Anniversary and Hall of Distinction Ceremony** on October 17, 2019, we are happy to announce that the Renaissance Newark Airport Hotel in Elizabeth has discounted room rates. [Hotel Reservation Link](#). Also, the link for the listing of the [Hall of Distinction Inductees](#).

If you have any questions, or need additional information, please contact Myra Lawson at (973) 923-3133 or via e-mail at weequahicalumni@gmail.com.

Like to come to a class reunion?

Lillian Friedman Weinstein (6/59)

Any member of the Class of June 1959 interested in attending the 60th reunion, please contact lil.weinstein@gmail.com for further inquiries. The reunion will be held on Sunday, October 6, 2019 from 11-3 PM @ the Grain House Restaurant of the Olde Mill Inn, Basking Ridge, NJ 07920. Lillian

Ellie Miller Greenberg (49)

I searched for news of a reunion for our class and am disappointed not to find one. If someone organizes such an event, in N.J or Florida, I'd consider coming from Colorado to be there. Let me know (greenbergellie@gmail.com). Ellie

Correction:

Don Kauffman (1/57)

I had mentioned last week in my note about Avon Avenue School that my classmate Frank Celentano passed away in 2017. It was Frank Colantuono. Don

Responding to Jac Toporek's recollection of the 4 corners of Meeker and Elizabeth Avenues:

Clark Lissner (6/63)

The couple that ran the grocery store (great pickle barrel) on Elizabeth Avenue worked their "tuchas" (butt) off from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. every day. Cannot recall their names, but their hard work paid off, as both sons became famous doctors at Beth Israel hospital.

BTW, the luncheon area of the Meeker Pharmacy was run by a couple separate from the pharmacy and used "bonita", a cheap cousin of tuna, and other ways to keep their costs down. And my parents always felt the store owners were anti-Semitic. However, it was wonderful having a luncheonette/pharmacy right nearby. Other neighboring stores along that side of Elizabeth Avenue included a cleaners and an auto parts place. Clark

Lois Weinstein (6/53)

Loved memories of Jac's four corners. Living on Belmont not very far from Hawthorn, I recall walking or riding my bike to Weequahic Park and passing the area. Lois

Steve Epstein (6/63)

Thank you to Jac Toporek for the description of the corner of Elizabeth Avenue and Meeker. So, that is where Peshine Avenue School was. Nice to know now where all those kids went to school. That area seemed like a distant foreign land to those of us attending Maple and Chancellor and living in those neighborhoods. Steve

Jack Lippman (50)

Before getting to Jac's four corners; since the most recent posting mentioned the "sweet potato man," which I had referred to in an earlier submission the peddlers' horses came from the Joe Frucht Livery Stable on Charlton Street, an institution that pre-dated WHS (play around with that on Google!).

Anyhow, your recollections of the Meeker-Elizabeth intersection brought back some memories. From about 1940 until 1952 we lived in the now demolished apartment house on Hillside between Meeker and Watson. It was two blocks up the Meeker hill. The building also was home to Howie Leibowitz, Arnie Cohen and Arnie Stahl. Incidentally, Rabbi Levitsky from B'nai Jeshurun on High Street lived in the big white house on the left where Custer Place joined Meeker. The drugstore was owned by Carl Fuchs and Ralph Pagano (?). The grocery next store, which had a full liquor department, was owned by Phil Rosen.

About fifteen years ago, I wrote a novella (never published) which started out with recollections of that intersection, all of which were true. It's a bit long for the WHS Note, but here are the opening pages for your enjoyment. Will follow up with additional pages in upcoming weekly newsletters.

Most evenings during the week, at about ten o'clock, my father would take a walk down to the corner of Meeker and Elizabeth Avenues, across from the Tavern Restaurant. Occasionally, I went with him. Although there wasn't a newsstand in front of the drugstore, you could buy a paper there late in the evening from a man who set out piles of the earliest editions of the Daily News and the Daily Mirror on a plank of wood resting on two wooden milk bottle cases. The bundled New York papers were dropped from a truck shortly after ten every evening, and by eleven, they were usually sold out to people who were standing there waiting for them to arrive, people who

wanted an early glance at the next morning's headlines, the late daytime sports scores, or tomorrow's entries at the race tracks. It sticks in my mind, aromatically, that a lot of the men waiting for the papers there were smoking cigars.

My father, who bought the Mirror, did it to read Walter Winchell. True, Winchell's column would appear the next morning in the Newark Star-Ledger, but it was nice to have it the evening before. We didn't get the Star-Ledger in the morning anyway since my father brought the Newark Evening News home from work in the evening. There was something about Walter Winchell that appealed to Jews in middle-class neighborhoods in the early 1940s. They listened to him every Sunday night when he spoke on the radio to "Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea," as well as dutifully reading his newspaper column which the war had transformed from a showbiz gossip column to a supposed insider's view of what was going on in the war to defeat Hitler, tormentor of the Jews.

The Mirror and the Newark Evening News are long out of business. Jerry, the newspaper man's teenage son, who occasionally was there selling papers instead of his father, ultimately was drafted and died on D-day on the beaches of Normandy. His name appeared in the daily casualty listings in the Newark papers. I remember my father pointing out Jerry Bernstein's name to me there. There were other corners where you could buy newspapers at night.

A guy named Louie set up a stand every Saturday night over on Lyons Avenue at the corner of Bergen Street. He wasn't there with the News or Mirror during the week, but on Saturday night, you could get early editions of all of the Sunday papers, including the New York Times, the Herald Tribune, the Star Ledger, the Sunday Call (which was what the Newark Evening News was called on Sundays), the Journal American and even the Sunday Tabloid News or the Mirror. Most of the customers at that corner drove by and bought their paper through their car windows, calling out their choice, "Mirror, Louie, keep the change. This was before the 107-line running down Lyons Avenue all the way into New York City was started. More pages of the novella to come next week. Jack

Doing the neighborhood hop:

Alan Ginter (64/65)

In response to Sandy Serbin Dresdner (6/56), who claimed that maybe cowboys and horses were not part of Weequahic, I offer the attached photo, of my older brother, Freddy (6/60), and me circa 1952/3 (?) on Schley Street, up from Chancellor Avenue. Sometimes a pony would come through the neighborhood for photos. We are wearing our full Hopalong Cassidy regalia.



Re: the #14 bus and our freedom of the streets in the 1950s, every single Saturday morning, at the age of about 10, I used to catch the #14 bus at the corner of Schley and Chancellor (catty-corner to Margie's). I would pick up my friend, Stewie Siegel from Leslie Street, at the bus stop catty-corner to the vegetable market owned by Howie Horn's (6/64) aunt and uncle. We would ride to Washington Park near the Newark Museum and Library.

We would walk to the museum and tour the same exhibits (for the most part) that were there the week before. Especially memorable were the glass bee hive at the rear of the first floor, the water drop under a microscope on

the second floor, and, saving the best for last, located in the basement, the many displays of all the strictly mechanical systems mounted on the wall that you could actually make work. Anybody remember this stuff?

Then it was lunch at a small luncheonette (there's a word you don't hear anymore) on Broad Street across from Washington Park. After playing on the statue in the park, we visited the huge Newark Library. We went on all the floors and spend time in the record library where you could borrow an album and actually play it in a booth. On the way to Broad and Market for the ride home, we would visit the toy departments of every store we passed and play on the escalators until we got thrown out by the floorwalkers (another word you don't hear anymore).

While waiting for the #14 Clinton Place, we bought those terrific soft pretzels, 10 cents each, 3 for a quarter. It was usually very late afternoon before we got home. Our parents knew that we were responsible enough to do all those things, by ourselves at our age. Too bad it can't happen today. I've said it many times before, we grew up in a magical (in retrospect) time and place that is unimaginable today. Thanks to all of you and especially the *WHS Note* for keeping it alive. Alan

Elaine Hersh Krusch (50)

I think that places, stores, and food that were part of our growing up and that we remember are part of us. Who, what, and where? Of course, the people are as well. And it is fun remembering and sharing. Elaine

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