

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

AUGUST 30, 2019

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Hi Digital Era Smoke Signalers,

Newest Cyber Indian:

Marmur Korda, Rose (1/57) - [brigitteaugust@yahoo.com](mailto:brigitteaugust@yahoo.com)

Alumindians in the Archives:

12/11/10

Susan Handler Gibbs (1/62)

A reply to Hank Sonnabend (6/54), Leo Place was a wonderful street! Besides who you named, Jerry and Lois Halper lived on the street, as well, right across from Shirley and Amy Landow. We often put on skits and plays to a captive audience of parents. I seem to remember the Applebaums lived down the street and on the corner of Leo Place and Ingram Place. My brother, Tony Handler, and I lived at 12 Leo Place and yes, he married Narda Mandel (1/ 59) when they were very young. I still dream about our flat on Leo Place with all the phenomenal memories of a simpler and more relaxing time to grow up. Any other Leo Placers out there? Susan

## Mel Brodsky (58) shares attached photo of an Alvin Attles' return to the home court.

[Link to Attles pic.](#)

"A Playground Legend." Our Goombah, Mister Barone and Alvin. *Demz Waz Da Daze*. That's Mr. Harris to Mr. Barone's right, Oops, I mean my Nephew Howard. July 11th, 1975 was the day Alvin was honored first at Avon Avenue Playground. Then there was a tribute and dinner at the Robert Treat Hotel in Downtown Newark that evening, to celebrate the Warriors first World Championship.

I lost contact with Mr. Barone a few years ago. He, Mr. Harris and Mr. Drexler were all great men and wonderful role models and teachers. It's no wonder we turned out decent. Mel

## Harvey Belfer's (2/56) philanthropy secures a special piece of Pop-History:

At a Jewish Federation event I bid up to \$20,000 to get Henry Winkler's jacket of *Happy Days* fame. Many people say I looked like him; check out the photo, below. I am proud to be a Weequahic Alumni and *Redskin Club* member. What I learned from Weequahic was an education, sports and how to get in trouble and out of trouble, all of which helped me be the person I am today. I'm very lucky to be successful and able to give back to many charitable causes through my Belfer Foundation. Harvey



## Responses to the submission from Ed Klein (6/62) on Clinton Place Jr. High as a conduit to Weequahic H.S.:

Dennis Estis (65)

I am sorry that coming from Clinton Place apparently did not hold you in good stead with some teachers at Weequahic. Fortunately for me, I found the opposite to be true and I was very pleased that I came from Clinton Place and got my introduction there before attending Weequahic. I was reasonably scared when I graduated Clinton Place in June 1962 that I hadn't gotten the kind of education there that would put me in good stead at Weequahic. It was a pleasant surprise to learn that I was wrong.

The summer before my first year (sophomore year) at Weequahic, having just graduated from Clinton Place, I decided to take Latin in summer school as a refresher. I did this because I had heard all kinds of stories about Weequahic's Latin teacher and I was scared stiff that I would not do well in a course that I had gotten all A's in at Clinton Place. There were at least 25 students in that summer school class, many of whom had attended Maple or Chancellor first and almost all of whom had taken *Latin 1* at Weequahic. I quickly realized that my Latin education at Clinton Place was much further advanced from the kids who had taken first year Latin at Weequahic.

To make a long story short, I never found the teachers at Weequahic to be unfair to Clinton Place graduates. I did find that most of them were very tough and I had to study that much harder to do well. Thankfully, they better prepared me for four years of College. Dennis

Jan Krusch (6/58)

Mrs. Malamut was a favorite teacher of mine, (dark hair with gray streak in front reminding me a little of Martha Raye). However, my recollection of Mrs. Malamut was that she only taught business subjects; hence, the confusion as to why she assigned a term paper. I don't remember any term papers being assigned in the Business Department. Perhaps her assignment changed after I graduated. Jan

## Jack Lippman (50) continues to share pages of his novella:

*I had a classmate in high school who was more or less peripheral to the gang I usually hung out with. But occasionally, he went to movies or dances with us. One evening, we went over to Milty's house to pick him up and, to my surprise, when I was introduced to his father, I recognized the scruffy old man who sold papers at the bus terminal. Clean-shaven, standing more erect, and wearing a clean sport shirt and neatly pressed slacks, he looked like another person. I never got to know Milty very well. I do remember, however, that he was the first member of Weequahic High School's class of 1950 to die. Some were casualties of the Korean War, which started in that year we graduated, but Milty died very unexpectedly of heart failure. His obituary in the Newark Evening News was a brief one.*

*There was a big newsstand downtown on the broad sidewalk in front of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company headquarters building. There was a canopy overhead because many bus lines, including those going into Manhattan, stopped there to pick up and discharge passengers. A hunchbacked old man, in scruffy gray clothes and always wearing the same worn cap, spread out the Newark and New York papers on the sidewalk against the building, along with a collection of magazines. I didn't have occasion to buy papers from the old man, but I did see him there when we went downtown to take a bus into Manhattan to go to a museum or to see a Broadway show.*

*High School graduation in Newark's high schools took place twice a year, in January and in June. The senior class, therefore, was divided in 4As and 4Bs, the As being the next class to graduate and the Bs scheduled to get their diplomas five or six months later. Hence there were two classes of 1950 at Weequahic High School, the January and the June classes. I was in the June class which, so far as I know, didn't include anybody who became famous. February 1950, however, was a different story. Among its members was Philip Roth, perhaps the leading writer of his generation. In fact, I used to have an autographed first edition of "Goodbye Columbus" which I lent to someone. I never got it back, but it didn't matter to me at the time since who knew in those days that Phil would become famous. I even knew the real names of some of the people upon whom the characters in*

*the book were based and to this day, when I read a Roth novel, the Newark locales strike a familiar chord.*

*And speaking of Newark locales, and getting back to the corner where my father went to pick up the Mirror, I had mentioned the Tavern Restaurant across from the drugstore. We didn't eat there very often since it was a rather expensive place. Though I never was really certain, I had the feeling that, during Prohibition, it had been a speakeasy frequented not only by locals, but by visitors from New York City. Some of the windows were stained glass and the interior of the restaurant was comprised of a series of sedate wood-paneled rooms. In those days, when smoking was still generally acceptable, the not always unpleasant aroma of cigar smoke hovered. The Tavern was the kind of place you got dressed up to visit on special occasions and the kind of place where it was not unlikely that you might encounter someone who looked like a racketeer. Jack*

### **The “W-Diet” of re-past:**

Mel Rubin (56)

Food has always been a focal point for me, and I had to work hard to shed pounds as a result of my favorite hobby, eating. In response to Marty Weckstein (Columbia 58), I believe that *Fong's* was on Bergen Street and *Ming's* was on Lyons and Clinton Place. Both were great. My wife, Sharon Segal Rubin, (Weequahic/Hillside 56), recalls the grease seeping from the paper bag as she munched on one of *Ming's* egg rolls on her way home from class. We are celebrating our 59thth and she is bound for sainthood, especially after putting up with me for all this time.

In response to Audrey Marcus Berton (6/63), a review of the Shore restaurants is in order. Asbury Park was full of great places to eat. One of my parent's best Italian restaurants was *Freida's* located on a side street off of Bangs Avenue. Then there were the seafood restaurants right at the beach like *Criterion's* right on the boardwalk with their own candy store. Also, *Michael's*, across the street and, one block down, *La Bove's*.

Belmar had *Klein's* and *Dave And Evelyn's*, which later split into two separate establishments, *Dave's* and *Evelyn's*; located across the street

from each other. I remember getting a giant bucket of steamers, not the meagerly one pound they offer now. I have been told that NJ virtually overfished the steamers and now they are imported from Maine.

Were you aware of the fact that “Maine Lobster” denotes a species, not a location? We get Maine Lobsters right off our NJ coastline. You can get them in Point Pleasant at either *Point Lobster*, *The Shrimp Box*, *Spike’s*, *Jack Bakers* or *Wharfside* and myriads of other great Shore restaurants.

Bradley Beach has the best thin crust pizza in *Vick’s*, a place I have been going to since the 40’s. *Mom’s Kitchen* still has the same portrait of the less than handsome owner but has changed hands and has lost much of its luster. Of course, both *Syd’s* and *Mike and Lou’s* are but distant memories. I am salivating remembering such gastronomic temples of delight. No wonder I am the proud possessor of 4 stents. Mel

Natalie Susser Braunstein (56)

I agree never found a match for the *Weequahic Diner*. Especially, here in so California, where we live. Natalie

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