

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

SEPTEMBER 6, 2019

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**Hi Setters of the Weequahic Table of Delights,**

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**Weequahic limelights fade, sadly:**

Oft mentioned fondly in publications of the WHS Note in comments recollecting Weequahic scouting memories, Malvin Sumka (43), passed away this past week. Mal was an educator for life and a dedicated WHS alumnus. His obituary can be read at [Link to Mal Sumka's obituary](#).

Larry Barish (6/63)

It is with deep sorrow that I report the death of my brother Robert J. Barish (64). Robbie lived a full and remarkable life, refusing to allow struggles with Hemophilia define his abilities or limit his accomplishments. He was a medical and radiotherapy physicist whose career included teaching, research and consulting. Music also was an important part of Robbie's life.

He played Oboe and English Horn in several Orchestras throughout much of his life.

He also was a producer and program host on Capital Radio in London. For many years Robbie was part of the live radio team at Pacifica Radio in New York City, WBAI-FM. Readers of this newsletter may remember our mother, Naomi Barish, who worked in the Weequahic H.S. office. She claimed to be a bit under 5 feet tall, but that may have been an exaggeration.

Robbie earned a BS in Physics and a Master of Engineering from New York University, and a PhD. in Medical Physics from the University of London. He was a leading advocate for educating flight crew members and business frequent flyers about the dangers of in-flight radiation. Robbie was a truly unique individual. His passing leaves a deep void for those who have known and loved him. A memorial service will be taking place on Sunday, October 20, 2019 at Plaza Jewish Community Chapel; 630 Amsterdam Avenue (and 91st Street), NYC, NJ 10024. [Link to Robert Barish's obituary](#). Larry

Arnie Kohn (56) reports that Marty Wasserberg (6/56) passed away in Southern Florida.

### **Alumindians in the Archives:**

9/3/05

Judy Taylor Firtel (63)

Now as a grandma of two, with a third on the way and married to a grandpa, for 38 years, the memories of Maple Avenue School and Weequahic HS slip further and further into the past. However, my roots remain with me always as do the sweet memories of the years of my youth. My best to all, as we enter the journey of a new decade. Judy

### **Bette Krupenin Kolodney (6/60) was on a roll penning a response to WHS Notes' commentary:**

Jac Toporek's (6/63) memory of learning to type at Weequahic High School brought back a memory for me. I got a "D" in Typing class. I don't remember the female teacher. It strikes me as totally ridiculous to grade a student who

is learning a skill. By 1973 I was typing my doctoral thesis on my electric typewriter. I had 300 pages that I re-typed about 5 times; no word processing. I am amazed that I did not become deaf from the noise of the typewriter. Anyway, after those two years I am a fantastic typist. I wish I had also taken stenography, though I probably would have earned another "D!".

As to Dennis Estis' (65) memories of Temple Young Israel, I do not want to rain on his parade, but I did not have a favorable experience there. My parents, probably pressured by their parents, chose to enroll me at Young Israel when I was in third grade at Maple Avenue School. Their reasoning was the convenience of the synagogue being a block away from Maple Avenue School. Not starting Hebrew School in Kindergarten and learning gradually the Hebrew alphabet, the male teacher called on me to read these hieroglyphics. It was mission impossible and he got angry at me and hit me. No one has ever hit me before or since.

So, since my parents were always at work in their restaurant and I was always in charge of myself, I took matters into my own hand, and just never returned to the school. At first, I feigned headaches to explain to my parents why I did not attend synagogue classes. Then they just resigned themselves to me being a Hebrew school dropout. Though, thanks to wonderful Mr. Chasen, I learned Hebrew as a second language at Weequahic High School.

To Steve Epstein (6/63) re Mr. Egeth the Math Teacher, some may know that those of us who came to Weequahic High School from Madison Junior High School, not the Annex, had the benefit of Mr. Egeth teaching us Math at Madison. After graduating from 9th grade, the Madison students were divided. Some went to West Side High School and some to Weequahic. Our Homeroom Class was transferred intact to WHS, Home Room 231 with Mr. Kobetz. We did integrate with the Annex kids in our academic classes. Bette

## **Iris Lauer Talesnick (6/53) with an end of the summer response to Mike Warner's (53) comment on Bradley Beach:**

I have fond memories of going there every year. My family would rent a bungalow either on 5th or Brinley Avenues. Our mothers would sit on the beach (no sunscreen) and we went to the indoor pool for swimming lessons. At night a bunch of us would walk the "boards" into Asbury and go on the rides. Or we would have a fireside get together on the beach at night. A year or two later we went ourselves for weekends. Nice! Iris

## **Lorrie Axelrad Cohen (64) asks and answers her own question whether one can go back:**

Who said you can't go back? Growing up in Newark contributed to a special bond, a special connection you had with your friends that will last a lifetime. Going to WHS was a rite of passage that ensured you with a wonderful education to succeed in this world.

When I look back at my childhood, growing up in Newark, I feel like one of the luckiest people, to have such wonderful and rich memories. I have memories of living on Harding Terrace and knowing all my neighbors. We were like one big family. We played stoop ball, *A my name is Alice*, stick ball, hide and seek, caught lightning bugs, went roller skating, drank water from the garden hose and, yet, without any cell phones, we knew when it began to get dark, we needed to get home. My parents never locked their front door. We lived without fear for our safety.

I remember the Good Humor man coming down the street and the peddlers selling their wares. The Fuller Hair Brush man was a fixture in the community as was Tabachnick's and Watson Bagels. Every Saturday, all the kids on my street and my classmates went to Temple Young Israel for lessons to prepare us for our Bar/Bat Mitzvah. Rabbi Berkel would reward us for coming to class with a Hershey bar.

I remember on the High Holy Days having to walk two miles each way to go to *shul* (synagogue) on Custer Avenue where my grandfather (before I was born) was an orthodox rabbi and spiritual leader. Once we arrived there, we were separated from the men, with the men seated on the first floor and the

women on the second floor. Such was life as a member of an orthodox *shul*. I also remember as I got older, we would get dressed to the nines and parade in front of Temple Young Israel for everyone to see our new clothes and how wonderful we looked.

I remember living in a strictly kosher home and going to the local Bergen Street butcher with my mom. I also remember going to WHS and to the Burgerama every day for lunch and ordering a tuna on rye bread with Russian dressing. Yet, what I really yearned for was a juicy cheeseburger that all my friends were eating, which, of course, I couldn't have because it was *traife* (not kosher). Being kosher, we couldn't mix meat and dairy together.

I also have many memories of Downtown Newark. One of my favorites was spending Saturdays with my mom. We would board the bus to Downtown and Broad and Market Streets and have lunch at my favorite restaurant at the time, *Chock Full of Nuts*. It may have been known to our parents as the "heavenly coffee" shop, but, because I was not of the coffee drinking age, my favorite libation was a glass of their delicious orange drink along with a cream cheese and walnut sandwich on date nut bread.

I look back with glee and feel fortunate to remember Newark at a time before malls and regional shopping centers filled New Jersey's landscape. Newark was a prime shopping destination. Imagine hopping into the family car in the 1950s and spending the day in Newark shopping or eating at restaurants. The streets were always busy as we passed by stores like Bamberger's, Ohrbach's, S Klein, Kresge's and Haynes, with their large windows displaying the newest fashions and most modern conveniences. I remember going to McCrory's and sitting on those fabulous seats at the food counter that spun around while waiting for a slice of their delicious pizza.

While the intersection of Broad and Market Streets was Newark's commercial hub, just a few blocks away, the area around Military Park presented a different kind of experience. This area was known as "Ladies' Mile" for the stores that catered to the elegant ladies who bought the finest

objects in America. This was the Golden Age in Newark. But, as quickly as it came, it ended by the 1970s, when new indoor malls began to spring up in suburban locations. Lorrie

### Connecting to the W- past:

Rita Kravet Rzepka. (1/55)

I lived on Scheerer Avenue. but do not remember *Ming's*. I do remember *The Tavern*, though. My mom and dad took me there often and we usually ordered lobsters, a real treat. I acquired a recipe for their famous cheesecake which I used to make. I also remember *Geudel's Bakery* on Scheerer just below Bergen Street. And of course, I remember *Henry's*.

I also remember, sometimes, walking home from Weequahic. Does anyone know the mileage from there to Scheerer Avenue and Huntington Terrace? Also, I often think of the library on Osborne Terrace near Lyon's Avenue. It was red brick and a beautiful building, architecturally. I love getting these blurbs about my youth. They were happy days. Rita

Frank Argenziano (6/62)

To Marty Weckstein (Columbia 58), the Chinese restaurant on Bergen Street was *Fong's*. When I lived on Chadwick Avenue. I went to Fong's many times. Frank

Sam Breidt (6/61)

Marty's recollection of the Chinese restaurant on Bergan Street between Renner and Scheerer Avenues has a minor error. That Chinese restaurant was *Fong's*, not *Ming's*, which was over on Lyons. According to Google Maps, *Fong's* is still in business at the same location. I remember walking there for dinner with my mom, since we lived on Mapes Avenue near Elizabeth Avenue. Sam

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