

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

SEPTEMBER 13, 2019

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

CLICKING ON "REPLY" TO THE NEWSLETTER WILL SEND YOUR 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 WHS Memorians,

E-mail Address Changes:

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Publishing Info:

A number of inquiries received question when a certain submitted comment will be published. The general rule on the weekly comments is first in, first out. There are limited exceptions such as reunion notices, obits and help locating classmates. Because of the many comments received every week, it now takes 5-7 weeks, at least, to print a comment in the *WHS Note*. There are 5-7 weeks' worth of weekly comments saved on the PC for future publication. I just ask all who write in, please be patient. Everything, within reason, gets printed.

Alumindians in the Archives:

9/12/09

Marty Friedman (1/47) shares a few memories:

After seeing Buffalo Bill Cody on the History Channel, it reminded me that while at Chancellor in the 30s, our class was taken to the Newark Public Library and were entertained by a group of about 15 *real live native American Indians* doing their famous WAR DANCE and SNAKE DANCE. The Indians were all dressed in their native war dance costumes with paint on their faces and they had plenty of drums. I remember being scared to death. I just wonder if anyone else is left to remember the same.

I also remember that as a *Manager* [water boy] for the 1945-46 WHS track team and cross-country team, the practices always took place after school when the whole team would walk or run from the back of the school to Weequahic Park to practice. It was far then. It is still far today. Does anyone know in mileage how far that is? I think the Team Captain was Al Jacobs. Our long-distance winner was Mickey Edelston. He is now known as Marty Edelston, the Chairman of *Bottom Line Publications* and the benefactor for WHS reunion/dinners the last few years. Sandy and Teddy Weiss were the short distance runners. Elvin Rosenberg and Aaron Chernus were the discus, javelin, and shot-put experts. Stanley Godfried won in the pole vault. And, old Bill Rose was the coach. Weequahic High School won the City Championship for Track & Field that year. Is there anyone who remembers that long trip to the park and back? Marty

Michael Gabriel sends news of a new book and appreciation:

My new book on NJ diner history will be released in about a week. Yes, there's an extensive chapter about the beloved *Weequahic Diner*. The chapter ends with a heartfelt email quote from Enid Kesselman Gort (57/58). Allow me to say "thank you" to Enid, Phil Yourish (64) and Jac Toporek (6/63) and to all the Weequahic High School folk who helped me with my research and were kind enough to share their memories.

I don't have copies of the book in my possession just yet, but I've ordered a bunch from my publisher because I'm already getting booked up for NJ diner history speaking engagements later this month and in October. My publisher, The History Press, has set up a link so that people can pre-order the book online:

<https://www.arcadiapublishing.com/Products/9781467139823>.

I can be reached at (973) 773-7745 or michaelcgabriele@gmail.com,
Michael

Bette Krupenin Kolodney (6/60) continues her roll penning responses to *WHS Notes*' commentary with a note dedicated to her parents:

Bette Krupenin Kolodney (6/60)

This is a response to Judy Wilson Schwartz (6/63) re: her memory of *Herb Kaye's* restaurant on Broad and Market, one flight down from the street. I am Herb Kaye's daughter. My father's name was Herman Krupenin and my mother, Harriet Krupenin. In all the restaurant memories written in the *WHS Note* over the many years, no one ever mentioned my parents' businesses.

The story starts on December 7, 1941 when my newlywed parents of 11 months were at Radio City Music Hall and there was a small TV. The news came that Pearl Harbor was bombed. My father said that it is war and at age 20 he was going to be drafted. So, they went home to have me and I was born a year later for the purpose of keeping my father out of the army. However, I failed at my first mission in life and he was drafted when I was 9 months old. He was sent to basic training in Arkansas, was injured in a truck accident, hospitalized and then sent to work at the officers' dining hall for the duration of the war. All he used to tell me was that he put white tablecloths on the table. When the war ended and he came home, he and a partner started their first restaurant business on the corner of Bergen Street and Lehigh Avenue.

The Park Theatre was two doors away. It was called the *Bette Lynn Sweet Shoppe*, a small luncheonette. Lynn was the partner's daughter. My father had a genius I Q, a business man and a great cook, but his business goal

was to find a good location, buy the store, gut it, rebuild it, operate it and sell it and move on to the next project; a little bigger.

The second was called the *Suburban Sweet Shoppe* in downtown Union. Next, the *Leslie Sweet Shoppe* on Leslie Street and Chancellor Avenue followed by *Kaye's Fine Foods Down Neck* and then *Junior's Fine Foods* on Broad Street across from Washington Park and next to the Little Theatre. My parents operated that restaurant for eight years. I had my 12th birthday party there. After a roast beef dinner, he let my friends behind the soda fountain to make any creations they wished. When my friends and I attended college at Rutgers we sometimes had lunch at the competition because my parents would never let us pay for our meal.

Their last business was *Herb Kaye's* on Broad and Market. And yes, when my parents were 45, they did sell it in 1966 after 20 years of hard working in their six businesses (one at a time). My father's next endeavor was to become a stockbroker. My mother who was also very smart could have been a broker, too, but she only wanted to go to work with my father and sit next to him in the office for the next 20 years. He died in 2008 at age 86 and my mother in 2011 at age 92.

When I cleaned out their Florida condo where they had retired to in 1990, I found my father's discharge papers from the army and it listed all of his duties in the officers' dining room. It seems that he learned every facet of the restaurant business in those 2 years. My Weequahic friends knew and admired my parents and that they spent their 67 years together almost 24/7-365 (except for the army). I know this was a long story, but I hope you found it interesting and I dedicate it to my parents. Bette

Lorrie Axelrad Cohen (64) comes home:

I recently took a tour of where I lived in NJ. It all started at 14 Harding Terrace in Newark in a 2 1/2 family home in the Weequahic Section of Newark. Some of my most wonderful childhood memories were made living in Newark. At the time, it was a vibrant and beautiful community to grow up in. Now, notice the bars on the first-floor windows. When I lived in Newark, there wasn't any need for these bars. Harding Terrace was a small one-way street perpendicular to Bergen Street (I lived two houses up from Bergen Street) and Parkview Terrace. I never paid much attention to the street names until my recent visit and realized that Harding Terrace and Parkview Terrace have a nice panache to their name.



Then I went to 175 Prospect Street in East Orange at The Executive House. That was more of a who's who in NJ until the Claridge House opened up. From there it was 19 Wedgewood Drive in Verona by beautiful Verona Park. Then I went to 32 Castle Ridge Drive in East Hanover, which I just sold about 3 months ago. Before I moved to Arizona and Florida, 69 Cornell Drive in Livingston was the last NJ residence for me. There was a lifetime of memories in all those homes. Lorrie

Sharing tales of growing up in the "W-Hood:"

Arthur Schechner 1949

I think the funeral parlor on the corner was Goldsticker's. The proprietor was Leo Gold, son-in-law. My mother was friendly with Bernice Goldsticker, but never wanted to play cards with her because they lived upstairs over the parlor and mom thought it was sort of creepy. Arthur

Lenore Kugel Velcoff (1/54)

My three friends Estelle Cohen Fried (deceased), Lois Acker Urban (deceased), Myrna Penschansky Alperin and I ate at Ming's on Lyons Avenue every Sunday morning when they opened at 11:00 AM. Back in the day, we thought we were so sophisticated eating our chicken chow mein and spareribs.

The four of us were together all through Bragaw Avenue School, grades 6-8, the Weequahic Annex and then Weequahic High. We remained friends all these many years until we lost Lois and then Estelle. Myrna and I still meet for lunch every other Thursday. In fact, Myrna was at my 4th birthday party. Her father owned Marc's Dry Goods on Hawthorne Avenue near Clinton Place. My father owned Kugel's Tavern on Clinton Place next door to Charlie Bernhaut's (1/54) uncle's pharmacy. Those were the days.

Lenore

Fred *Derf* Goldman (6/62)

Reading about all the kids that had jobs Downtown, I think they had their jobs on Saturdays and maybe on vacation time. But in my senior year, I got a job working Downtown after school. What made this really tough was that school was over at 2:35 PM and work started at 3:00 PM. I also found out that my friend Steve Silverstein (6/62) also worked Downtown. So, every day when school let out, we would run to where we parked our cars (of course, not close to school that wasn't allowed).

Steve got into his 1956 *DeSoto* and I got into my '56 *Chrysler*. The first couple of times we tried to take the main streets, but there were too many lights and when we got Downtown, it was almost impossible to find parking spaces. So, we both asked our bosses if we could start at 3:15 PM and we got the OK. We also came up with a plan to help get us there a little faster. We would zip down Chancellor Avenue right into Weequahic Park and we put the pedal to the medal to drive as fast as we could through the park (really didn't save us a lot of time; but it was really fun). When we would finally get Downtown, we had a secret spot to park and, of course, we had to run to work. I would leave him in the dust when we ran, though he was all ways in front of me during the drive. I'm not sure what happened at the end

of the school year, but I was fired, and I think Steve quite his job because he was moving out of state to sunny California.

Now looking back on it, we were really lucky not to have gotten into any accidents and no tickets. Racing through the park at speeds of almost 50 mph was a blast. And it was more fun because I had the top down on my convertible with the wind blowing through my hair. If you never drove through the park, it was sort of like going through the S-turns on South Orange Avenue in the area of Newstead. So, all that work I did help pay off my car, but got me in big trouble with Coach Joe Nerenberg because he wanted me to come out in my junior year and run indoor and outdoor track (that's a whole different story with a bad ending for me). Derf

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