

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

NOVEMBER 29, 2019

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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 Neighbors of the Extended Weequahic Block:

Indians Info:

Boose, Tom (1/59) - <mailto:nyuseton@aol.com> (new)

Kravitz Peitz, Eileen (6/56) - eileen.peitz@outlook.com (change)

In memory of:

Myron Borden (1/52)

I'm very sad to relate that a few days ago, Larry Barsher, who graduated with me in January 1952, passed away after a very brief illness. He has lived on Mercer Island, Washington for many years maintaining a number of highly successful businesses. Larry lived on Homestead Park, a few houses away from me during his years at Hawthorne Avenue School, Bragaw and later Weequahic. We enjoyed many years together taking part on various athletic teams in leagues sponsored at the Hawthorne Avenue Schoolyard and gym. It was run by Max Yanney, a longtime Phys. Ed teacher in the Newark School System. A great many well-known Weequahic H.S. athletes came out of the program there, such as the Lubetkin brothers, and many, many others.

Larry graduated from Newark College of Engineering where he played third base on their varsity baseball team, then moved to the west coast to work for Boeing Aircraft as an engineer before starting his own business ventures. He will be missed by those of us here who maintained contact with him over the years. Myron

Fern Lentz

It is with great sadness that I report the passing of Heidi Lambek, Class of 1964. She lived in Beaverton, OR and is survived by her daughter, Beth, daughter-in-law, Jen, granddaughter, Leila, and brother, Ronny. Fern

Roger Rouse (WHS47/Newark Acad 49)

Sorry to report that Lillian Mantell Freundlich (49) passed on November Nov. 13. We had seven wonderful years together much of which were spent with Weequahic friends. She loved to play tennis; only when she became ill last year, did she quit. Her joy was her family and playing bridge. She will be missed by all who were lucky to know her. Roger

Alumindians in the Archives:

10/9/04

Joel Katz Hillside 63), now a Florida resident, has Weequahic district roots with a Hillside High degree in his pocket, transcends the weather to share a few thoughts about time spent in our neighborhood with a note to all those who graduated from or went to Clinton Place Jr. High from 1957 through 1960 and possibly a little later:

The mention recently in a WHS Note of Amato's Pizzeria on Hawthorne Avenue brings back a lot of memories of that era in my life. Friday nights were reserved for canteen or a night of music and dancing to the latest hits in the gym at Clinton Place Jr. High. After the canteen, which ended around 10 P.M., one of the stops was at Amato's Pizzeria. Cohen's Knishes was up the street a little way, but I think Amato's was a bit more popular.

We had some good times there and good clean fun. The only time I can remember any trouble was when me and friend of mine Gerald Smelson (6/63) set off some firecrackers in the girl's locker room, one Friday night.

Was Mr. Yaney ever hot at us for this incident? Anyway, Joe Romero (6/62) tried to intervene for us; but it did not help. The next day we were down in the vice principal's office. I think it was Anthony Avela at the time. We made up a story that we bought the firecrackers from a gang on 16th Avenue called the "High Hats." Well there was no gang called the "High Hats" and the problem seemed to end there. Mr. Yaney and Mr. Avela tried to use scare tactics to solve the situation, but it really did not work. Other than this incident, I really do not believe there were any problems at the canteen. It was actually a lot of clean fun. Joel

Tom Boose (1/59) points to an honor for a WHS alum:

Lawrence *Larry* Layton ((63-64)), was inducted into the NJ Boxing Hall of Fame on November 14th at the Venetian Banquet Hall, in Garfield, NJ. The Hall of Fame event and listing of all honorees and their credentials are referenced and highlighted at <http://www.njboxinghof.org/new-jersey-boxing-hall-of-fame-icons-of-boxing-thursday-november-14th/>. Larry is pictured below (second from the right) receiving the honor. Tom



Bobbie Dodis Kessler sends a note of thanks:

To Nancy Weisburd Brill. "Thanks for reaching out to me." I can be reached at wenfarb@hotmail.com. Bobbi

Judy Wilson Schwartz (6/63) responds to Lou Ball's (6/62) note about Harold Weintraub (6/63):

I have thought about Harold Weintraub so many times in the last 56 years. I always knew he would be a very accomplished person. He was brilliant, but, also extremely nice. When we were in 8th grade at Clinton Place Junior High, he was the President of Student Council. Being in that position, he was allowed to go to the 9th grade prom.

Harriet Kalisky (6/63), had a huge crush on Harold and was hoping he would ask her. But he asked me. Harriet, also an exceptional person, and a great friend to me said, "If he did not ask me, I am glad he asked you."

My dear friend Harriet passed away in February of 1988. My comfort, after hearing a few years later, that Harold passed away, was that they would be together in Heaven. I have been fortunate to have had Harriet and Harold in my life and in my memories. Judy

Penning about the W-Park:

Cliff Botwin (6/60)

Reading David Kessler 's (1/60) memories of Weequahic Park brought back so many memories of the park. Especially, how they converted the "Boat House" to an ice-skating mecca. The boats were removed and the whole facility was set up for ice skating on that big beautiful lake. This included putting sawdust all over the floor, skate rentals and supervisors. What fun!
Cliff

Jac Toporek (6/63)

I, too, recall the ice skating. But, for me, it was from afar, off the ice and with deep regret that our parents never provided my twin brother Norbert and I with the opportunity to learn how to skate while growing up in ice skating and hockey crazy Montreal, Quebec. I think my brother and I might have played some street hockey (skateless) on that ice, but it certainly was not the same. But, the Toporek boys turned our passion for ice hockey, gained in our small neighborhood in Montreal, into an annual winter sporting highlight of street hockey with our Meeker Avenue “amis.” Jac

Lew Kampel (60) submits the final chapter of his *Quadrillagy* on being “an illegal” at WHS:

I was still illegal at WHS when the girl sitting right in front of me in English class turns around and out of the blue asks me if I would be her date for a party her club was having that weekend. I had never been on a date and had no clue what to do or how to do it. But, yes, of course, because who am I to turn down a date with a Weequahic girl or, for that matter, any girl? And she did seem nice.

My friends back on S. 13th Street, who were a little younger and not yet fully emerged from latency, teased me mercilessly. The price I would pay for any attempt at social climbing, one of them assured me, was total embarrassment. I was sure to spill punch (punch--remember this was circa 1957) all over myself. and my hapless date, who would then reveal me to be an interloper from across town lacking the social skills needed to survive in Weequahic's rarified social environment. Thus, causing me to return, tail tucked, to the pre pubertal world from whence I had come.

By now you all must be breathless with anticipation. So, rest assured; not a drop of punch went astray! But I am sure my date thought it very strange that I refused to go anywhere near the punch bowl and its potentially perilous purple potion all evening, instead praising the fine quality and clarity of Newark tap water whenever she said she was thirsty.

Before that, however, the issue of my fake address, and the need to keep it secret reared its ugly head. An older friend of my date would drive us to and from the party and had offered to pick me up and drop me off at home at the

end of the evening. But that would not work for obvious reasons. So, my parents and I engineered a plan worthy of a John Le Carre spy novel. Or maybe more like a Gilbert and Sullivan farce, which, as I remember, involved improvising absurd reasons why I did not need to be dropped off. In addition, there was to be a late-night phone call from a telephone booth on Chancellor Avenue and a waiting car with dimmed headlights.

We moved to Wainwright Street between Lyons and Chancellor in the summer before my junior year, so I was no longer illegal. By that time many of my friends knew my secret. I was lucky to find a great circle of accepting friends who helped shape my values, raised my own expectations and, when necessary, gently corrected my course. I did OK academically and was a class officer. Yet, even now I when I read the newsletter, I still feel a bit like an outsider because I was a latecomer to Weequahic and am not familiar with the feeder schools, the playgrounds, the storekeepers or the various corners of the neighborhood so well described by all the posters over the years.

I had dinner with a friend from Newark a few years back at which time he suggested that our ongoing obsession with Weequahic was pathologic. This mini memoir is my response to his comment. Finally, I want to apologize if I offended anyone who lived in the S. 13th Street area. As I said at the start, there was nothing wrong with that neighborhood and many fine and accomplished people trace their roots back to those streets around West Side Park. Lew

Brenda Allen O'Neal (64) adds comments on WHS teachers:

I remember Mrs. Estera Eames, who taught Health. She lived directly across from us on 17-19 Vernon Avenue. She had this big car then that had wings as I would call it. That's when the cars had that flared rear end. She had a Pontiac (red). Ms. Alice Cobey lived on Nairn Place; she taught Business and was my Shorthand teacher. I remember her platinum blonde hair and as being kind of tall. I remember Mrs. Bertha Butler, who was very strict also taught Shorthand II and they rolled her in the classroom in a wooden wheelchair just to give us our final exam. She would give those "A or F" test; so, you had to be right.

Who can forget Mr. Edward Kobetz, who taught Business? Don't ever let him catch you with gum in your mouth. He would call you out and say you look like a cow chewing (not me). Mrs. Grindlinger who would wear the short skirts for Gym and bobbie socks with sneakers. Don't let Ms. Judson pass you on the track at Untermann Field when we had to run a mile. If she passed you on the track, you failed. (hahahaha). Those were the days.
Brenda

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