

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

FEBRUARY 7, 2020

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Hi Followers of the Orange and Brown Tradition:

Alumindian Address Amendments

Bahler, Alan (6/53) - asb5935@gmail.com (new)

Margulies Kaufman, Judy (62) - Jk10686@yahoo.com (change)

Passing of WHS Faithful:

Jerry Glynn (WHS/Hillside 67)

It is with great sadness that I inform you of the passing on January 17th at age 71 of my brother, David Glyn, Class of June 1966. David leaves behind his wife Rachel, 5 sons (Josh, Jonathan, Joseph, Ellie, Noah), one daughter (Becky), their spouses, and 7 Grandchildren.

David worked as an attorney in Philadelphia for 47 years with two law firms, Wolf, Block, Schor, and Solis-Cohen and later Cozen. In addition, he taught American History at the University of Pennsylvania. He had a passion for nature, reading, poetry and loved to share his knowledge during conversations with family and friends. He had a wonderful sense of humor and was adored by his clients because of his warmth and ability to communicate intricate legal matters in a simple fashion.

David was most proud of his time in Newark and the unique, wonderful Weequahic neighborhood we grew up in. His obituary can be read at

<https://www.cozen.com/people/bios/glyn-david>. If anyone wishes to share any thoughts, I can be reached at jglyn10596@aol.com. Jerry

David Block, Weequahic alum (6/47) and founder of the well-known David Block Advertising, recently passed. His obit in the Star Ledger appeared at <https://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=david-h-block&pid=195244720&fhid=17084>.

In response to an archival note (2/18/06) from Jerry Wichinsky (64) and the Boys Club:

Alan Ginter (64/65)

I also remember all those different Boys Club locations and the Director Dave Warner because my best friend, Jeff Davis (64/65) belonged and I'd go as his guest. Dave took us to a huge pool somewhere outside of New York to go swimming and to stay for an evening for the *Water Comedy Show* featuring Olson and Johnson called "Hell Za Poppin." Long time *Manhattan Transfer* singer, Alan Paul Wichinsky (Jerry's brother) was also a member as was magician, Mystic Myron (Lowenstein), I think. Alan

Jerry Wichinsky

I am sharing, below, another Boys Club photo that was taken at one of their annual dinner dances at the Essex House Hotel circa 1958. Who can name the kids in this picture? Dave Warner is pictured in the middle. Jerry



Lew Kampel (6/60) received responses to inquiry about a bakery:

Lois Blumenfeld Gilbert (6/60)

The bakery on the corner of Lyons and Schley was Wild's Bakery. Going to Weequahic I lived on Schley. Lois

Janet Litwak Goren (60)

Though I know you are usually right, this time you got it wrong. I don't know the name of the bakery, but Baker's was on Lyons and Willoughby. Norman, their son graduated with us. Janet

Mel Rubin (56)

The bakery on the corner of Schley and Lyons was owned by Lerhoff. That was one of their drop stores. They received deliveries every day from their main location on Prince Street in Newark. I remember another location on 16th Avenue. My parents were friends with the Lehrhoff's and we would often meet them Saturday nights getting ready for Sundays business at their main store where Irving was always busy. We lived around the corner from there on Shaw and Leslie. Mel

W-Folklore Features:

Mel Ortner (64)

It certainly unexpected to get caught up in this thread continued by my classmate Brenda Allen O'Neal as the remarks I made newsletter were sent to the newsletter a while back. Brenda, I remember you very well and your memory of my home was pretty accurate. It was on the corner of Keer and Summit Avenue and was a very futuristic floor plan totally designed by my mother. It was even written up in one of the architectural magazines of that era and touted as the home of the future. As unique as the exterior design was, the inside was more so with most of the furniture, in all the rooms, built in to the walls and a hidden wet bar in the living room that was released by a secret latch and then swung out into the room for entertaining. Every room had unique features many of which I still haven't seen to this day.

Though living there was fun on some levels (had some good parties when my parents were away), it also segregated me from the majority of my white classmates and neighbors who perceived me as the "rich kid" and continually bullied and

chastised me. It was for this reason that I migrated towards the African American community where the people were more real and accepting of me as a person. My first friend from day one of my freshman year was Ronald Parm. We were seated alphabetically, and he sat behind me. I turned around and introduced myself and that started a friendship that has remained strong for 60 years.

When Burgerama was built, it became a social hub for the white middle class community in that neighborhood. But, for me, it was more of a link to the hot rod car and drag racing sector for which I had a deep interest. However, I soon learned that most of the car junkies hung out at the White Castle down on Elizabeth Avenue which was where you could find me most Friday or Saturday nights. The people I hung with down there didn't know my background or where I lived, nor did they care. We were all there just to have fun, talk smack and race cars.

So, I did eat my share of Burgerama cheeseburgers, but White Castle's were my favorite. In fact, Ronnie Parm and I went down there one afternoon, and each ate 24 cheeseburgers. That's 48 burgers. The employees were cheering us on. We were both bigger and heavier back then and they went down easy. It was said that we held a record. It's always good to walk down memory lane even with the potholes that life creates. Mel

Chet Cohen (6/59)

I lived on Stecher Street which was the last street in Newark. Stecher Street is no more as it turned into, I believe, the Garden State Parkway. It was nestled in between Lyons and Chancellor Avenues. Behind the apartment I lived in was Irvington and an all industrial area including train tracks, welding shop, wood trim store, a diner and many other businesses. Plenty of places to explore. One place was a dairy processing plant called Dairyland, which was located on the corner of Chancellor and the street behind my house (which I cannot remember the name of).

In the summer, we used to yell at the Dairyland dockworkers that they couldn't hit us with the water when they were washing down the docks. We yelled long enough for them to turn the hoses on us. Which felt good in the summer. We would then go into their ice cream outlet store and complain and get a free ice cream. This only worked a couple of times. Dairyland sold hard ice cream and sherbet; all was extremely good and was hand scooped.

I used to get ice cream for the neighbors and get a free ice cream out of it. It was a good two block walk one way. If I walked fast enough, the ice cream held up well. We all used to sit outside behind the apartments and eat ice-cream until the beautiful (not really) NJ mosquitos chased us in. Chet

Jack Lippman (50)

Back in my day, the grocery next to the Meeker Pharmacy was owned by Phil Rosen. When he and his family took off for a weekend, he needed an adult to manage the place since it had a liquor license and my dad sometimes filled in. In those days, it was a bit pricy and most people in the neighborhood did their real food shopping on Watson Avenue, a block to the south. Conceivably, subsequently, the place changed hands and became Kelly's. Of course, now, the entire building (225 Meeker Avenue) has been demolished due to fire and reconstruction efforts. Jack

Neil Rothstein (59)

I lived on Irving Avenue in the 40s and 50s. It was 1 block long just above the Beth, between Lyons and Lehigh Avenues. There was a candy store on the corner of Lyons and Schyler, then a dress store, Feldman's cleaners, a record store, and then a bar at the corner of Clinton Place. Across the street there was Ming's, then Rubin's Pharmacy. There were plenty of families with kids on our street. The ones I can recall were the Rothsteins, Fischers, Trihearts, Schwams, Friedmans, Pozners, Gelfands, Tessmans, Smiths, Padulas and Gashes.

Street games were a big thing, which we would play morning till night, weekends, vacations and summertime. We would only come in the house when we were called for dinner with a shout or whistle. Even though cars were parked on both sides of the street, somehow, we had enough room. I loved it, as did all the kids in the neighborhood. We knew no better. The activities included stickball, stoop ball, punchball, boxball, box-baseball, asses up, ring-o-lario, flipping cards and sleigh riding. There must have been others.

Occasionally, there was a league at the Maple Avenue Playground. Once I reached high school, the leagues switched to Chancellor. That was the big time. By some accounts, it was the best playground in the world. Neil

Maurice Bessman ('45)

Anybody still above ground out there from way back then? I graduated in 3 years, so my actual class affiliation is tenuous at best. I ran cross country and the mile under coach Rose and managed the basketball team under coach Don. We called him "Har-Don" which got back to him and he read us the riot act. Still think Syd's hot dogs "wit da hot woiks" were the best I've eaten. The soft pretzels for a nickel made my mouth water. The push cart vendor selling charcoal fired chestnuts outside the Wigwam was unique.

I took Latin for 3 years with four other guys, and I represented Weequahic in the Newark High Schools Latin Translation Competition; came in dead last. St. Benedicts blew us all out of the water. I learned a lesson that has stuck with me all these years. You may be a big shot in your own back yard, but as you move up the ladder, you'll be competing with other folks who are well prepared. So, you better do your homework. Weequahic gave me a great start. Maurice

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