

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

MAY 15, 2020

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

Hi Groupies of the “Band of W-Indians,”

More “Cyber Totem Pole” adjustments:

Goldblatt, Arnold(59)-- ajgmingo@aol.com (new)

Hilf Cohen, Lynn(61)-- glowy43@gmail.com (change)

Hoffman, Marty(1/57)-- martysusan@aol.com (change)

Kaplan, Richard(1/61)-- richardkaplan641@sbcglobal.net (new)

Segal Livingston, Bette(6/61)-- bettesheila@yahoo.com (new)

Info on sad news:

Sam Convissor (48)

My 99-year-old sister, Gnesha Convissor Ozick, died from Covid-19 on March 13th in New Rochelle, NY. I believe she was in the Weequahic Class of 1937 and may have been the oldest graduate around. She was preceded in death by her husband, Dr. Julius Ozick, a sister Paula Gash of Montclair and a brother David Convissor of Boston. She leaves me, two sons, Tzvi of Israel and Daniel of Newton, MA, sister-in-law and good friend Cynthia Ozick and two grandsons Ari and Rafi and five great-grandchildren, all in Israel. Sam

Bruce Goodman

My uncle, Alan Adler, 73, passed away on April 28, 2020. After graduating from Weequahic High School in 1964, he attended Stevens Institute of Technology obtaining a degree in Physics. He then attended Cornell University School of Law. Alan began his legal career with the law firm of Porzio Bromberg & Newman

in Morristown, NJ. After obtaining an LLM in Taxation from New York University School of Law, my uncle established his own successful practice, also in Morristown.

Until recently, he was a competitive runner participating in several marathons every year. Surviving him is his twin sister Susan Adler Goodman (64) of Clark, NJ and their older brother Barry of Cherry Hill, NJ, as well as his nephews and nieces Bruce Goodman, Lisa McSherry, Mark Adler, Glenn Adler, and their children. Bruce

Sandy Levine (6/59)

To the Class of June 1959, and particularly to those of us who came from Madison Junior High, it is with tremendous sadness that my dear friend of 70 years, Robert *Bob* Lang passed away on May 8th. Although dealing with health challenges at home in recent years, Bob spent the past few months in a nursing home in South Jersey. Fortunately, we continued our long-standing tradition of talking to each other telephonically two to three times per week. Our conversations focused on inspiring each other while meeting the challenges of aging. Routinely combining humor with stories of the old neighborhood (Weequahic and Madison) would fuel us with a dose of youthful feelings; until last week, when his phone went unanswered. Bob is survived by his wife Esther, daughters Susan and Marissa, their spouses and grandchildren. Sandy

Fred Goldman (6/62) has afterthoughts to his latest reflection on his Sam Hydler, the “Hall of Fame” boxer:

Wish I had my uncle at my side when circumstances were such that I had to defend myself on the streets of Newark. Left over DNA turns into DNF (DO NOT FIGHT). None worthy of the Boxing Hall of Fame. It started way before I got to Weequahic in the Hawthorne Avenue Playground area. No big fights, but lots of shoving and pushing; and I did both. Then it was on to Clinton Place Jr. High. Now this is when it got real, where the DNA I shared with my uncle kicked in.

At Clinton Place, if you were going to have a fight after school it was held about three blocks from school at this little dirt circle known as Homestead Park. I had about three fights there which would always draw a big crowd. I can't remember who the fights were with, but If you heard that after you have a fight with someone

you become good friends after the fight, not true, not with me. One of the fights I was doing good till one of the spectators joined in and not to help me. Another time we had to get out of there as someone in a house nearby called the cops.

On to Weequahic where, because of my small size, I had to watch my back. One night, in front of the " Y " I did get into to a fight. It was about a girl with whom I had gone out. And, it was the same girl that the other kid was going out with. I could say his name but won't. He was a lot bigger and, once he got me on the ground, it was all over for me. Years later, I found out he married her, and I think they are still going strong.

My last disaster was when a bunch of us from the Class of June 1962 were hanging out in front of Goldman's Drug Store (yes, another uncle, but one from whom I go no DNA). A car pulls up and Kenny Meyers yells out to the guys in the car, *Is your mother getting much?* He was supposed to add the word "sleep." The car drove off with no response. Later that night, I was there with just a couple of other kids when the car comes back. Five guys jump out and come after me. I ran into Goldman 's store, but they came right in after me. A few good punches and I was on the ground getting kicked and stepped on. I guess they thought the cops where coming, so they ran off.

So, I guess this just goes to show DNA is a little overrated. One uncle became a good boxer and the other uncle owned a drug store and it looked like I didn't get their DNA. Fred

Jac Toporek (6/63) provides an international flavor to the Weequahic experience:

Immigrating from Montreal, Quebec to Newark, NJ in January 1957, my twin brother Norbert ("Nor") and I were pleased to have been accepted and included at school (first Bergen Street and then Peshine) by classmates and the neighborhood kids. Though, have to admit that our spoken English, thanks to the Canadian accent (which still comes to light in conversational speech), did motivate some satirical comments and several laughs. But it was also great (and helpful at the time) that we were not alone and were able to share the "new immigrant" experience with others in the class and neighborhood who, similarly, tried to, so to speak, fit in a new environment.

Cousins, Katie Falus and Maria Lontai, whose family came to America as a result of the Hungarian revolt against the USSR, were members of my graduating class at Peshine Elementary School. Katie continued on to become a WHS graduate with me in June 1963, while Maria moved after a couple of years at Weequahic and graduated West Orange Mountain HS. Incidentally, Maria is now Marion Feldman, owner of the Ritz Diner in Livingston. During my WHS and college years, I got to know Maria's brother Peter as he participated in our pickup soccer games at Weequahic Park. Peter, I believe, still has a medical practice in Elizabeth.

Weequahic's international flavor was in full bloom on Coach Joe Nerenberg's soccer team. Great mix of young men for American teammates from the Ukraine (Zaz Zazimowich [60]), (Dutkevich brothers [59 & 60]); Canada (twin Toporeks [6/63] and Team Manager Abe Ash [64]); Portugal (Bill Sousa [62]); Russia (Boris Mantelmacher [62], now Mantel). And, quite a few from Israel, Gideon (62) and Ami (64) Freud, Jack Dorn (6/63), Yehuda Reinharz (1/63), Leon Weinglass (6/63) and Joe Diamant (67). Perhaps missed a country or two and not sure if Maurice Assayag (6/60) was Israeli, French or from a North Africa country. On hindsight, whether one thought Nerenberg was a good soccer coach, he did quite a decent job bringing such a diverse together for a sport that is based totally on teamwork.

To those who I have missed or mislabeled as to origin, my apologies and an invitation to respond and share the international flavor of their personal WHS experience. Jac

Alumindians' Anecdotes:

Nate Himmelstein (South Side 1/55)

When I think of all the beer companies in Newark and the Newark Area, I believe the largest was Ballentine. Their facility was right off Wilson Avenue. Also, in the area and still there is Budweiser. Another famous beer in the 50's was Rheingold. There was also Hensler. Nate

Steve Radin (53)

To Sheba Bloom Noll (1/53), I lived deep in the South Ward at 291 Belmont Avenue and my mode of transportation was the fantastic bus lines. After Charlton Street School, I took the #56 Bus up Avon Avenue. To Avon Avenue School, I believe (not positive) I took the #9 Clifton to the Annex. After the Annex, I took the

#14 Clinton to WHS. And one more, it was the #9 Clifton again to our nightly hangout at the corner of Bergen and Lehigh. The fare was 5 cents a ride. I topped it off by going to school in NYC on the #107 down Lyons Avenue. Do the buses still run? Steve

Warren Grover (1/55)

From 1952 through 1955, I worked part time at *Clem and Irv's Maple Dairy* on Maple Avenue between Hansbury and Chancellor Avenues. It has taken me decades to fully appreciate the qualities these men exhibited. They were honest, hard-working businessmen and, above all, *menschen* (upstanding men). I want to pay homage to them, and to let their descendants know they are remembered.

Clem and Irv knew all their clients and had an easy rapport with them. They worked 6 ½ days a week. On weekends and before holidays their wives often helped out. I was first a stock boy and then served behind the counter waiting on customers. In my final year, after brief training, I was allowed to slice lox and other smoked fish.

The partners always treated me generously. How well I remember Clem and Irv in their white aprons, perched on a pickle barrel during their five-minute lunch break and spreading the black bread they had just sliced with pot cheese. But they told me I could eat anything in the store. I took the job because I was a growing, ravenous adolescent and heard that the biggest bonus awaiting me as an employee at Maple Dairy was the food. In all the years that have passed, I don't think I have eaten anything as good their rolled beef.

For those who recall our memorable retail establishments of the 1950's, both large and small, e.g. the Weequahic Diner and Andy's Sporting Goods, how about Clem and Irv's Maple Dairy? Warren

Marty Guppy Gelman (6/64)

In response to Eliot Braun (1/64) sharing a copy of the Chancellor Avenue School commencement for our Class of June 1960, here is a copy of the Class' graduation photo. Marty



Gary Prager (1/61)

I recently read about the passing of Saul Lemkowitz (60). I was friendly with Saul during my time at WHS. He, like myself, had an avid interest in chemistry and assisted me on some science projects involving chemistry. Saul, along with some other acquaintances, would build rockets, generally unsuccessfully and launch them on a vacant lot on Clinton Avenue. He had an in-depth knowledge of chemistry; it was the Sputnik era and such enthusiasm, regardless of safety, was encouraged.

Saul, in his enthusiasm, contacted a large defense corporation seeking information on fuming red nitric acid, a key ingredient of liquid rocket fuel. The firm, obviously concerned, contacted the Newark Fire Department and informed them a student was working with this hazardous material. Somehow, the *Newark Evening News* found out resulting in an in-depth article about a Weequahic student working with the material in his basement. Saul soon became a celebrity and, hopefully, the incident helped him in his career. He did go on to get his PhD in Chemistry and, ultimately, became a professor dealing, in large part, with chemical safety. Gary

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