

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

JULY 17, 2020

TO RESPOND WITH A COMMENT OF YOUR OWN, PLEASE WRITE TO OR CLICK ON [WHSALUM63@AOL.COM](mailto:WHSALUM63@AOL.COM).

**Hi Paradors Under the Weequahic Banner,**

**Remembering WHS grads:**

Muriel *Mikki* Klein Weithorn (1/51) advises of the passing of her brother Monroe Klein (55). My brother was a fine physician in New Jersey for many years. The obituary can be read at <https://www.messingermortuary.com/obituary/DrMonroe-Klein>. Mikki

The passing of Robert West (42) is highlighted in the following online obituary, [https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/dailyrecord/obituary.aspx?n=robert-h-west&pid=196387734&fhid=8240&utm\\_source=MarketingCloud&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_campaign=ObitMessenger\\_Results\\_PowerInbox\\_0819&utm\\_content=ObituaryURL&sfmc\\_id=10036091&fbclid=IwAR3iMGmWBPU7duYY1-jIGCIP8RJxCCxTeZzZeqLUoDp1w-oXI-7cOJCUHP0](https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/dailyrecord/obituary.aspx?n=robert-h-west&pid=196387734&fhid=8240&utm_source=MarketingCloud&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=ObitMessenger_Results_PowerInbox_0819&utm_content=ObituaryURL&sfmc_id=10036091&fbclid=IwAR3iMGmWBPU7duYY1-jIGCIP8RJxCCxTeZzZeqLUoDp1w-oXI-7cOJCUHP0).

Barbara (Rubin) Rood reported that her brother David Rubin (1/58) passed away in June, 2020. His obituary can be found at <http://hosting-16052.tributes.com/obituary/show/David-Paul-Rubin-108487865>.

**Correction:**

The note below was incorrectly attribute to Chet Stone (6/59) in last week's *WHS Note*. It was Chet Cohen (6/59) who authored the following:

To Dennis Estes (65), did not realize that part of Stecher Street was saved. Glad to hear it. I looked up 27 Stecher and that house looks nothing like any I remember. It looked like it had a value of around \$191K. All of ours were four-family homes. I was at 67 Stecher, three houses down from where the barracks were.

**Seymour Levine (6/60) responds to prior comment from Esther Levin Kaplan (44) highlighting her daughter's (Leslie K. Barry) authorship of "Newark Minutemen:**

Esther is my father's cousin, so Leslie must be my second cousin. I am in touch with Bruce Levine (would have been 6/63), a second cousin of mine and Leslie's, who lived on Homestead Park but did not go to the Wigwam on the Hill as his family moved to Long Island.

My father was Irving Levine who owned Irving's Barber Shop on Hawthorne Avenue, a couple of doors from where we lived at 409 Hawthorne. The house is gone, but the only tree on the block, a maple tree, remains. It was home for the many hide and go seek games we played in the sweltering heat amidst the mosquitoes from the meadows, but we loved it.

My father's shop was roughly next to the *916 Hawthorne Welfare and Social Club* where all the Jewish so-called gangsters hung out. According to Leslie, my father gave haircuts and shaves to Longie Zwillman and others. On Sundays, a number of them would come up to our house for a haircut. Crap games were played in our backyard (concrete) or in our cellar.

On one rainy day, I looked out the window and saw something green on the concrete ground. No one was around. I went down and found a \$20 bill. I ran upstairs to our flat on the second floor and proudly showed it to my mother. Looking back at that incident, it was as if I had won the lottery. I considered it a tip for keeping quiet about the craps games; still my favorite sport in Vegas. Seymour

**Marty Weckstein (WHS 57/Columbia 58) shares vintage photo; Peshine Avenue School, Class of June 1954.**

The 76 people in this photo comprise two separate classes and the 8th grade teacher Mrs. Kehrer. The two classes had almost the same students in each class for the five years I attended Peshine with very little fraternization between them. For this reason, I don't remember the name of 12 students in this picture. I have listed the names by row. If anyone is listed in error or knows who the missing names are please contact me at [marweck@charter.net](mailto:marweck@charter.net). Marty



Top row; Mark Curry-Unknown-Robert Smith-Rita Stone-Norman Hecht-Rochelle Blecker-Harvey Altman-Sherry Smith-Martin Weckstein-Michelle Graifer-Tom Miles-Flora Milchman-Unknown-Ronald Rapp-William Ginsberg

5th Row; Nancy Cohen-Unknown-Marvin Rous-Wendy Kassel-Samuel Balk-Phyllis Asherman-Jason Wolfe-Unknown-Jerry Max-Ellen Levine-Sanford DeLeon-Unknown-Allen Goldberger-Unknown

4th Row; Unknown-Barry Feinblatt-Kathleen Walsh-David Saltman-Linda

Gendell-Irving Zeidner-Barbara Silberman-Steven Schwartz-Ellen Weissman-David Kendall-Chanda Gregory-Lee Coxson-Alton Carr

3rd Row: Donald White-Unknown-Ezra Friedlander-Unknown-Leonard Tucker-Marion Lewis-Valerie Cypra-Leonard Furer-Unknown-Grace Johnson-Barry Kirstein-Mrs. Agnes Kehrer

2nd Row: Ellen Rose-Ellis Ellis-Nancy Wildstein-Donald Furman-Frances Levin-M.C. Dean-Elaine Klefer-Unknown-Ellen Pincus-Daniel Lepore-Frances Rothenberg-Edward Brown

1st Row: Verdin Lampley-Joel Braverman-Judith Sylvester-Burgess Berlin-Kay Rabstein-Michael Whittle-Sylvia Lipshitz-Harry Houston-Ellen Charin-Frank Sison

### **The saga of “Scary Newark,” with some variations, continues:**

Norman Barr (6/54)

Reading the various articles about cellars in Weequahic homes stirs all of my memories which are mostly the same as those described. These include the stairway down to the cellar, the bare lightbulb with the pull-chain, the musty or dank odor, the scary darkness, the locked storage bins where clean but no-longer-needed items were stored (only to become covered by cobwebs and spider webs over time) and the high flat windows which were at sidewalk level.

I have two cellar memories which I think have not yet been mentioned. The first is that whenever I spent any time in the cellar, I would often get the urge to have a *B.M.* Was I the only one? Now I'm in my 80's, I live in California, and there are times when I wish I had a cellar.

My other memory is of the porcelain pickle barrel with the wooden cover that my mother kept in the cellar, right next to the stairway. Once every two or three months, she would make a batch of pickles, starting, of course, with cucumbers. The dill and other spices would fill the stairway with that wonderful pickle smell. Within a few days the cucumbers started tasting like “new” pickles, and then “good” pickles, and finally “really good” pickles. For anyone who is looking for good pickles, you can go on the web to “The Pickle Guys.” Norman

Roberta Blake Abramson (1/54)

Shoveling coal memory is very vivid. Lived on Madison Avenue in an apartment building owned by my aunt. Across the hall was an apartment where the Brandt family lived. It was attached to the candy store owned by the father of Dr. Frederic Brandt, renowned as *The King of Botox*. We remained friends over the years. His mom would go with my mom and me to shovel the coal which was in a dark scary area. My basement area is finished space, but that memory buried deep makes me avoid dark scary areas. Roberta

Henry Klein (Bragaw/Nutley 6/60)

On the subject of cellars, like most of you of my generation, we had one, too; ours was at 146 Fabyan Place, the little apartment house owned by my aunt. It seemed a little scary. But not so much as I grew older when our neighbor, my cousin's husband, built a woodworking shop down there. What I recall was my mother (born 1912) describing having to go down there when she was little. My grandfather kept his pickle barrels in the cellar; pickled cucumbers, tomatoes, peppers, and sauerkraut. My mother and her little brother would be sent down into the cellar to fetch the pickles. Holding hands, they went down the stairs together to get the pickles with rats scurrying around in the darkness. Now that was scary! Henry

Mel Rubin (56)

In response to Norman Marantz's (Hillside 57) article talking about coal bins, after the war we moved in with my grandma to Peshine Avenue, two houses away from the school. Not only did we have coal heat and coal bins, but the apartment was a "cold water flat" meaning the hot water heater was in the kitchen. What a great place for drying clothes! The radiators were used for drying pumpkin seeds after Halloween. Also, we had a "party line" and could listen in on all the conversations. This pre-dated TV! What entertainment!

There was a large porcelain tub in the bathroom on legs. Just before Passover, there would be a fat carp swimming in it, to be used to make fresh-from-scratch Gefilte fish. We would go to the fish market on Bergen Street, near the A & P, to pick it out. Many years later, in the early 70s I was hired to open a real estate office in Lake Hopatcong. As a kid, we used to picnic there. My boss, in an attempt to impress me, took me to a fancy white glove restaurant in Dover called "Three Sisters." He suggested that I try shad roe, their seasonal specialty. I would eat

anything other than pork, so I tried it. I bit into it and was instantly reminded of the reigin, the fish eggs that would accompany my grandma's gefilte fish.

Before moving to Shaw Avenue and Leslie Street, we lived in a 6-family home with those scary bins and darkness. My weapon against that darkness was the trusty coal shovel. One of the occupants, actually the landlord, pickled tomatoes and pickles in a large wooden barrel located behind a "chicken wire" fence. Every once in a while, I was able to reach in a snag one of those brined delicacies. Every time I comment for this newsletter, it inevitably winds up about food! Mel

### **"Snapchats" and shots of good times past"**

Eliot Braun (1/64)

One of my earliest memories is from Newark. We lived on Leslie Street, corner of Chancellor in a small apartment facing an alleyway between our building and the one next door on Leslie; just next to the 4 family houses. Both apartment houses burned down some time ago. When I went to drive by with one of my daughters to show her where I lived, we were greeted by an empty lot.

I actually remember an old man with an organ grinder (and a monkey with a hat) who came into the alley seeking money. My mother put some change in a paper bag and tossed it out to him from the 3rd floor. That's something none of our kids would ever see.

From the same window, by accident came sailing a gorgeous sour cherry pie complete with cut out leaves of dough on the top, their veins marked in green food coloring applied with a toothpick. It was something my mother made only rarely. And there it went out the window to explode 3 stories below on the cement alley.  
Eliot

Natalie Confield Tublitz (1/52)

In response to commentary Rosanne Litwak Skopp (57) on her family's history with Beth Israel Hospital, In the 1950's we gals went to the Beth to have our babies. I remember that Gayle Brody Jacobs (6/52) and I were there at same time. We usually spent a week, wore makeup and had contests as to "who wore more beautiful gowns" daily. Also played cards etc. Who does these trivial things today? Life at Beth was a family. Natalie

Ellie Miller Greenberg (49)

Ah, yes; Sam Teiger was the ultimate maître'd and the Tavern was the go-to restaurant for every occasion. Their cheesecake was unmatched! My father loved being there and had his favorite table. I once left my new wristwatch, a birthday gift, in the women's bathroom on the sink foolishly thinking I should take it off when I washed my hands. I went back to look for it, but I never found it. I felt so guilty. Great memories. Ellie

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