

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

JULY 24, 2020

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Hi Actors in Scenes Weequahic,

New subscribers to the "WHS Note:"

Fried, Michael (1/61) -- 98michaelf@gmail.com

Kalfus, Richard (Hillside) -- kowface18@yahoo.com

Weckstein, Marty (WHS 57/Columbia 58) -- marweck@charter.net

Remembering fellow alumni:

Marcia Nover Cohen (6/61).

With a heavy heart, I am writing that my beloved husband of 54 years, Barry Cohen, (1/61) passed away. Barry and I started dating in high school when we were sophomores. We had a wonderful life together and enjoyed spending our retirement in New Jersey and Florida. He loved playing golf and had many other hobbies. Family and friends were utmost to him. Barry was always willing to lend a helping hand and share his wisdom with those who knew him.

He is greatly missed by all. His obituary can be read at

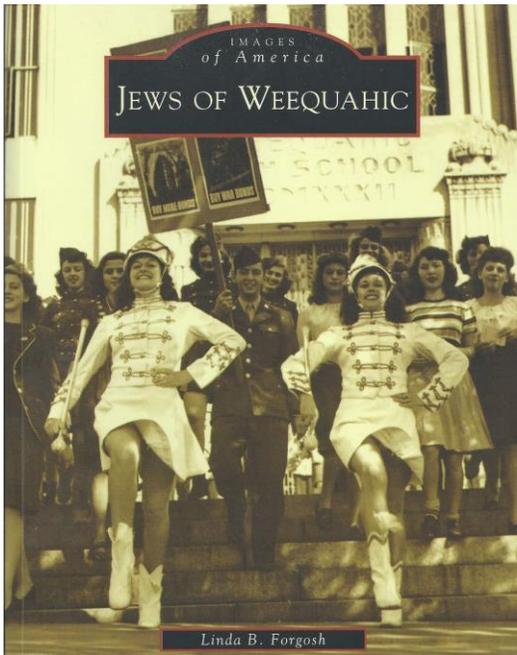
<https://www.menorahchapelsatmillburn.com/memorials/barry-cohen/4084049/obituary.php>. Marcia

Robert Kreiser (1/60)

I am sad to report the death earlier this month of my brother-in-law Herman Berg (1/50). He and my sister Beverly Kreiser Berg (also 1/50) had recently celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. His obituary can be found here:

<https://www.dignitymemorial.com/obituaries/ocean-nj/herman-berg-9257592>. As the obituary notes, Dr. Berg had "retired in 2017 as the oldest practicing veterinarian in the state of NJ at age 85." Robert

Doris Lew Beck (46) passed away on July 12, 2020. Formerly the Mayor of Livingston, NJ, Doris' service as a WHS drum major was highlighted on the front cover of Linda Forgosh's "The Jews of Weequahic" (picture on right, below) while leading the World War II war bonds parade in 1945. The full obituary can be read at <https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/sunsentinel/obituary.aspx?n=doris-beck&pid=196487385&fhid=12152>.



Harold Klein (6/60) provides class reunions update:

Unfortunately, due to the continuing Corona Virus pandemic, the Reunion Planning Committee decided to postpone our 60th class reunion which was scheduled for October 18th. The good news is that we have re-scheduled the reunion for June 13, 2021 at the Olde Mill Inn in Basking Ridge. If there are questions, I can be reached at hmklein42@gmail.com. Stay safe and healthy! Harold at WHS.

Cellars, basements, not so “Scary,” sometimes:

Carol Miller (6/56)

I don't think we had coal, but we did have oil pumped into cellar from a hole in middle of front lawn. We lived in Keer Avenue between Bergen Street and Parkview Terrace. We had no cellar; our basement had been finished before we moved in. It had flooded. One wall had an odd shape on it from where the water had risen. There were several rooms down there, one of which was a liquor room with a lock of some kind on the door. I do not recall ever being sent down there. Wish I could remember more about the basement. Maybe my sister Ellie can remember more? Carol

Eleanor Miller Greenberg (49)

As my sister Carol noted, our basement at 66 Keer Avenue was “finished.” All the walls were paneled with wood. The floors were linoleum tile, maybe green and tan. There was a large “rec” room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a narrow liquor room with shelves for bottles (liquor sales were illegal during WWII). There was a furnace room where the oil heater was located.

We had lots of parties in the basement. With a record player and records, it is where we all learned to dance and jitterbug. Our live-in Black maid, Pearl Turnage, taught us lots of jitterbug steps. Even the boys tried to learn how to dance. Our basement was the center of my group's social life, in winter and in summer. We were outside in the front, side and backyard a lot in the summer, as well as upstairs on the first floor, where the food was laid out on the dining room table. The dining room had two ground level windows, and I can recall some boys trying to climb into the windows in the summer (wonder where the screens were?) My father was furious!

We did not call it a “cellar”; it was always our “finished basement.” None of my friends had a house with such an elaborate basement. That's why all the parties were at my house.

The only coal bin I can recall, in my childhood, was in my grandmother's house at 814 New Jersey Avenue in Brooklyn. I would think that what my grandparents had was similar to many homes in the Weequahic section. I remember when they got oil

heat and the coal bin was cleaned up and abandoned. That was a big deal and probably very expensive, too.

Their basement was more for storage than for recreation. It may have been partially “finished but was really just an “unfinished” basement. In the house lived my grandmother, Anna Weiss; grandfather, Jacob Weiss; Aunt Lillian Deutsch; Uncle Abe Deutsch; and cousin, Sheldon Deutsch. Sheldon was not inclined to have parties, so their use of the basement was not the same as ours. Some may have used the word “cellar”, but mostly, the term “basement” was used.

When they had coal for heating, I recall how dirty that was. There was coal dust everywhere and it was hard to keep it in the basement. I’m sure it came up into their two-story house and caused lots of cleaning problems. I can recall the coal shoot in the front of the house in the front garden/yard. The coal truck would pull up in front of the house and there was a connection from the street to the shoot. The coal would be sent down the shoot directly into the basement through a window. There were basement windows in the back and on the sides of the house. Ellie

Beverly Farber Cook (1/54)

I so look forward to all the stories of scary basements! Mel and I just laugh and laugh. Who knows what lurks in the hearts of man? I do have another happy story set in our basement. All four apartments in the house had a washtub in the basement. My mom would get up early in the morning and go downstairs to do the wash with a scrubbing board. One week we went away for a little vacation. On our return, my dad said we had to go downstairs to check out the furnace. We all went and looked and behold there was a brand-new Bendix washing machine for mom! “No” scaries” there! Can you top that? Beverly

Sharing the memories:

Rosanne Litwak Skopp’s (57) latest article in the NJ Jewish News/Times of Israel included reflections on Watson Bagels <https://njewishnews.timesofisrael.com/our-pandemic-kneads-bring-back-weequahic-memories/>.

Henry Klein (Bragaw/Nutley 6/60)

Shirly Ezersky Friedman’s (56) story of her encounter at Brent’s Deli in Woodland Hills, CA brings a smile to my face. Brent’s may be the only decent deli left in the

San Fernando Valley, possibly the only one left in Los Angeles. When I get a little nostalgic for the flavors of our old Weequahic neighborhood, my wife and I go there, usually to share a hot pastrami with mustard on corn rye (they bake their own corn rye), half-dill pickles, pickled tomatoes, and sometimes mushroom barley soup. In these corona virus days, it is reassuring to order in advance. With face mask and latex gloves, we pick up a loaf of corn rye, our sandwich and pickles at the door.

But there was nothing like the four or five delis within walking distance from our old apartment, or a trip to Tulchinsky's pickle place. I was told that Tulchinsky was a relative, but I don't know the precise connection. I suspect that he must have been from our Ukrainian *shtetl* (village) of origin in Lenitz, and a member of the Lenitzer *Shul* (synagogue) on Avon Avenue. Henry

Arnie Kohn (56)

Jo Rae's Pizza was on the corner of Bergen Street and Custer Avenue. The pizza was delicious every Friday night after the Park Movie. Arnie

Jerry Krotenberg (1/60/ Faculty 1964-70)

To Renee Lehrhoff Fromkin (1/58), I also remembered the bakery across from Tabachnick's and Henry's to be the Bergen Bake Shop where I bought 1/2 dozen hard rolls (Kaiser) for .24 cents. I thought Lehrhoff's was on the same side of the street closer to Lehigh Avenue.

Maureen Morris Edwards (1/64)

The picture, below, was taken in April of 1955. I was celebrating my birthday and after we had cake and ice cream at home my father drove the bunch of us to the park to play. I'm not sure of the exact location in the park, but it was near the oval horse racing track. There was a building that housed a restroom, a sand box, swings, slide and a merry-go-round (see second photo, below).

From the bottom; Bonnie Bunin Dinetz (1/64), Nancy Marra Casciano (6/63), Rosalie Reitman, Vickie Max, Hope Miller, Patty Jones and me at the top with my head chopped off. On the merry-go-round facing the camera, from left to right, me, Vickie Max and Bonnie Bunin Dinetz. The other girls were not part of the party. Maureen



Phyllis Scharago (60)

To Judy Cohen Sloan (1/59), did you have Senor Otero at Madison Junior High? I took four years of Spanish in high school. One of the years was in ninth grade at Madison. Had wonderful teachers. Phyllis

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