

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

November 30, 2018

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PLEASE SHARE NEWS OF THE NEW DELIVERY SYSTEM OF THE WEEKLY NEWSLETTER WITH ANY FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES WHO ALSO ARE SUBSCRIBERS.

PLEASE SEND ALL INQUIRIES AND COMMENTS/MEMORIES DIRECTLY TO WHSALUM63@AOL.COM.

Hi OBAteamsters,

Cyber Indians Network E-mail Changes:

King, Jim(64)-- Jimfking3@verizon.net (new)
Lert, Richard(56)-- rlert@wilentz.com (change)
Ponchick, Elliot(1/63)-- ejp20032001@yahoo.com (change)

Rita Kirsch Morris (64) is a new Cyber Indian at ritamor99@comcast.net and opens with a note of her own:

I actually attended Teacher's College when Phil Yourish did. I married in 1967. and automatically became a military wife while the Vietnam War was still going on. I have been married to the same man for almost 52 yrs. Like Philip Roth, I could write lots of stories about Newark, but perhaps not as eloquently as he did. My sis, Anna is a graduate also, Class of 62. I have enjoyed all the people who have sent in various nostalgic information.

By the way, after my parents sold our first house and moved to Wainwright Street, I was just across from Rubin's Drugstore which someone mentioned as one of the spots Weequahic people went to. Rita

Stanley Hausman (6/60) passed away on November 23rd
(<http://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=stanley-hausman&pid=190823933>).

Harold Kravis (Chancellor/W. Essex 74) Ads to neighborhood nostalgia:

Does anybody remember any of these stores on Chancellor Avenue and the advertisements appearing at **[NEED LINK TO THE PDF ATTACHMENT]**? Moishes Kosher Restaurant was on 223 Clinton Place and their ad was circa 1950-53. The ad for the Stoffer Restaurant and Delicatessen goes back to 1953. The ad for the *participating stores* on Chancellor Ave is dated to 1957. On the third page of the attachment, the listing of kosher restaurants appeared in 1948.

Howard Markowitz (6/63) extends an invite to all AZquahics:

As a 5-month snowbird in AZ, I am hoping to put an all grade get together at the Scottsdale AZ JCC on Wednesday, Dec 19 at the 11AM" Nosh and Learn" room on the second floor. If there is any interest, reach me at agimarko@aol.com. Howard

Philip Greenberg (49) reaches out to his WHS mates:

As yet, I don't see any other members of my class, or who are members class of 1949 and 1950 sharing their comments in the weekly newsletter. I invite them to participate and to reach out to me (brewsterpines1@me.com) Philip

Church Talk:

Fred Decter (60)

Speaking of St. Peters, my family moved to Leslie Street in 1946 when my mother was pregnant with my sister. We lived directly across from the large field that was part of the church. We would sometimes climb the fence to play ball, but when we saw the nuns in their black habits, we became frightened and quickly climbed out. I seem to remember when I was very young, a fire broke out in the field. Does anyone else remember that? Fred

Psela *Pesi* Kastner Wilpon 6/52)

To Bob Kleinberg (6/52), right, it was Blessed Sacrament Church across the street (Clinton Avenue) from Bnai Abraham. *Pesi*

Barbara Rappaport (66)

I lived in the apartment building on the corner of Elizabeth and Lyons Avenues, the bottom of the hill, across from Weequahic Park. A beautiful church was and, I believe, still is across the street. Does anyone remember that church and the name? Barbara

Susan Oaklander Leon (1/58)

The church across the street from Temple Bnai Abraham on Clinton Avenue. was Blessed Sacrament. My best friend and her family belonged there. I recall being taken to the church in the late 40s to see *The Song of Bernadette* starring Jennifer Jones. Susan

Anita Wasserman Banks (55)

My mother and I would pass St. Peters Orphanage walking home from Silvers Bakery, and I would eat my Charlotte Rouse on the way home. I must have been about 5 and I was carrying a balloon as we passed the orphanage. I remember some of the kids who lived there running up to the fence. I do not remember the details clearly, but I will always remember the lesson. My mother said, *Give them your balloon, they don't have anything*. If the fence was chain link, as I remember it, how was I able to do that? Anita.

Arnie Kohn (56)

To Bob Kleinberg, it was Blessed Sacrament. I could never pronounce it. Arnie

Paul Radler (64)

I went to the wedding of Miss Breck at St. Peters, also. Paul

Lenny Sherman (1/61) reflects on the life of his youth:

It was the best of times. Fondly, I recall growing up in our beloved self-imposed ghetto in an almost monolithic culture. We lived near friends and relatives who shared the same experiences and held similar values and beliefs. But it was not until I left home in September 1964 that I realized there were subtle differences between the outside world and our mostly Jewish

Weequahic bubble. As I made my way to the Midwest, *Dr. Browns Cel-Ray Soda* became supplanted by *Vernors Ginger Ale* and I noticed things that I had taken for granted. One afternoon I had an epiphany in an East Lansing supermarket as I held a packaged loaf of rye bread and realized that the rest of the world referred to *kimmel* as caraway seeds. Further down that aisle I saw that the *Vienna* rolls of my youth were called Kaiser rolls.

Now many years and many miles away from my beloved home on 266 Schley Street, I think of a time when there was only one brand of yogurt, *Dannon*, of course, with flavors limited to prune, coffee or vanilla. I thought only old people ate yogurt. Scallops had not yet evolved in the seas and kiwi fruit and macadamia nuts were not mentioned in the bible. *Wise Potato Chips* had a monopoly on its junk food, and no one questioned the occasional small green greasy chip at the bottom of the bags. In the summer blue jars of *Noxzema* were the panacea for sunburn and insect bites. With the advent of adolescence, *PhisoHex* offered hope to those afflicted with terminal acne.

Jewish culinary offerings such as kishka (stuffed derma), chopped liver, and gefilte fish had no warnings in the State of California about their health hazards. I fondly recall my first bout of heartburn after a brisket sandwich. Friday night boiled chicken my mom made, I would now forgo. Our parents never bought a Ford product and voted Democratic. My recollection is that in my home the Holocaust curiously was never mentioned.

In dentist chairs scores of cavities were relentlessly filled without *Novocain* and would soon be extracted by sticky bars of *Bonomo Turkish Taffy*. *Kodak Brownie* cameras and *Kodak 620 Verichrome Pan film* faithfully recorded our precious memories. *Sylvania Blue Dot for sure shot* flash bulbs provided indoor illumination. People walked around with red stained finger tips after snacking *Zenobia Pistachio Nuts*. Yoyo tricks, like *walk the dog* and *rock the baby*, were beyond my grasp, but not so of some of my Weequahic buddies.

I only knew of two families who resided in single-family homes. Amazing that we endured with only one bathroom and party line phones. But it was wonderful having my grandparents living downstairs. In the winter I used to fill with snow the long underwear legs of my grandfather which were drying on the clothes line; and my grandmother never got mad at me. We never knew of head lice, bed bugs, or cockroaches.

Was there really a difference between the *Ludens Wild Cherry Cough Drops* and *Smith Brothers* besides the shape? For a change of pace there was *Pine Brothers* that cost 10¢ instead of 5. I hopefully tried *Brylcreem*, *Vitalis*, and *Wildroot Cream Oil* to enhance my budding sex appeal, but girls never particularly beckoned me with any of these hair products.

Spalding high-bounce red balls (now \$3.79) cost a dime were indispensable for *Stoop Ball* and *Aces Up* that we played against the wall of *Chicken Delight* across from Margies. Diesel fumes from the *6 Crosstown* bus did not bother us at all. There was touch football in our street that was interrupted by the occasional car and hop scotch on the sidewalk or driveway. Ralph (thank you Diane for recalling his name), the lovely Italian cobbler on Chancellor Avenue would give us old heels to play it with. We later discovered that stick matches ignited when struck on hard rough surfaces. We crafted an effective pyromaniacal weapon with an empty thread spool and a rubber band across one end.

Rolling mercury between our fingers and coating pennies seemed an innocuous pastime. We smashed a thermometer to get some of the heavy metal. It might have been preferable to chewing on lead paint chips which, to our credit, we avoided. Ah, the wonder of asbestos pads in Chemistry lab and all the noxious solvents such as benzene and carbon disulfide and carbon tetrachloride that we inhaled!

I have fond memories of watching Saturday morning cartoons with Fred (61) and Alan Ginter (64) in their house and then going to *Hot Dog Haven* for lunch. A hot dog, fries and Coke ensured that my blood pressure and cholesterol were not too low.

One afternoon Stewie Bitterman (1/61) and I bought a pouch of *Prince Albert Tobacco* and smoked it in a plastic bubble pipe. I got dizzy and do not know if it was from the tobacco or the melting plastic. In the lot next to the Alterman house we would foolishly place metal CO2 cartridges in a small fire to have them explode. Shrapnel was not yet part of my vocabulary.

It was truly the best of times living in the Weequahic section of Newark, and, somehow, we survived and thrived with so many wonderful memories that I wanted to share on this Saturday morning. Lenny

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