

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

January 11, 2019

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[WHSALUM63@AOL.COM](mailto:WHSALUM63@AOL.COM).

THEWEEQUAHIC HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION IS ALSO LISTING LINKS TO THE  
NEWLY FORMATTED *WHS NOTE* ON THEIR WEBSITE AT  
[HTTP://WEEQUAHICALUMNI.ORG/WHS-NOTE/](http://weequahicalumni.org/whs-note/).

Hi Archeologists of the Orange & Brown Culture,

Cyber Indians' contact info:

Baker, Erwin(6/50)-- erwin.baker@gmail.com (new)  
Ignatoff LeVine, Ellen(64)-- ellenilevine@gmail.com (change)  
Mandel Lynd, Phyllis(6/58)-- phyllislynd19@gmail.com (change)  
Weiss, Bill(39)-- bill@weiss.net (new)

David Beckerman (43) shares sad news:

It is with great personal sadness that I announce the passing of my longest living close Weequahic friend, Gerald *Jerry* Gohd (1/44). We never bonded while we were in school as I was a full year ahead of him. After we were both discharged from the service and returned and finished college, we reunited and were inseparable until we both got married. He was my best man. We both settled in NJ, he in the Philly area and me in Short Hills, but we managed to talk frequently by phone. I shall miss him. The obituary for Jerry can be read at <http://www.burlingtoncountytimes.com/obituaries/20181212/gerald-m-gohd>. David

Alumindians in the Archives:

January 9, 1999  
Jeff Golden (6/63)

Your latest email revived a few more Newark memories. Yes, Schustack's (correct spelling) was one of the several fine bakeries on Chancellor Avenue. Speaking of Pic 'n Pay supermarket, I worked there, mostly in the Produce Department. To compete with other bigger, newer markets (like Shop Rite on Lyons Avenue, which later grew into the Pathmark chain), they offered special services. They had summer fruit in the winter imported from South America. Many a cold winter evening, I used to stuff myself with fresh peaches, plums and grapes (while on the lookout for the boss's wife).

Also, you could do your shopping, have it packed in empty grocery cartons, and HAVE IT DELIVERED (by me, in the store's panel truck) TO YOUR HOME! This is also where I learned how to slice lox (a true art) in the Deli Department. Jeff

### **Parshas (Torah readings) of a sort on Rabbi Prinz's B'nai Abraham:**

Claire Mayer Nierenberg (6/58)

B'nai Abraham, I believe, was affiliated with United Synagogue until the Rabbinical Assembly would no longer include Rabbi Prinz among its members because he did not follow *halacha* (the rules of observance). I know that the Sisterhood remained affiliated with the Women's League of United Synagogue for a number of years even after that. When I was a teen in the 50s, I was a member of LTF (a youth group similar to USY) and we attended monthly gatherings at the Jewish Theological Seminary in NY. Claire

Arthur Schechner (1/49)

I am sorry, but you all have it wrong. I was there and Rabbi Prinz was a relative of mine. Here is the *Emmess* (the truth). He was the head Rabbi of Berlin and a Jewish world scholar. B'nai Abraham was a member of the United Synagogue of America, associated with the Jewish Theological Seminary and part of the Conservative movement.

Just before the war, B'nai Abraham hired Rabbi. Prinz, but the Seminary said he could not be ordained in this country as a Conservative rabbi because he did not have a degree from the JTS. The rabbi did not argue with that odd decision and said he would sit for any and all exams and if he passed, then he would be ordained. The JTS refused, saying that before he could take any exams, he had to also attend substantial hours of classwork at the JTS.

As one of the prominent Jewish rabbis of the world, this difficult ruling offended both the membership of B'nai Abraham and Rabbi Prinz. Neither side would yield and so B'nai Abraham dropped out of the United Synagogue and the Conservative movement. The Synagogue never rejoined the Conservative movement and remains an outstanding and vibrant independent Congregation to this day.

Rabbi Prinz had a long and distinguished career in our community. In fact, he officiated at my wedding. Arthur

Luci Prinz (49)

My father, Joachim Prinz, admired Mordecai Kaplan's Reconstructionist Movement, but was unable to enroll his congregation. He often referred to B'nai Abraham's affiliation (informal though it was) as "progressive traditional," a term he coined. He meant that he wanted to retain the meaningful aspects of Judaism, the rituals, philosophy and feeling of community without imposing the strictures of some other more orthodox denominations. He wanted his congregation to be involved in the aspects of Judaism that would enhance their lives and, as the saying goes, *Tikkun Olam* (healing the world). So, B'nai Abraham was, in a sense, unique. It was, I believe, considered officially as a Conservative synagogue. He was an unusual rabbi with a large fan club, but also controversial at times. His autobiography, "Joachim Prinz: Rebellious Rabbi," and the film "I Shall Not be Silent" describe his life and what led him to lead his synagogue in both traditional and progressive ways. Luci

### **Erwin Jacobs (1/42) entitles his submission "Flights of Fancy:"**

As far back as I can remember, I was always interested in flight and airplanes. It may have started with my older brother who built balsa wood models and designed airfoils. He wanted to become an aeronautical engineer but ended up teaching Physiology at Yale and Howard Medical Schools before practicing internal medicine. We used to work on the attic floor and take the planes powered by rubber bands to the local park for flights and to enter contests.

When I was 12 years old a neighbor took me up in his *Aeronca* for a brief flight. I never told my parents about it. Two years earlier, I had gone to an air show at Newark Airport and saw one of the first flight demonstrations for civilians by Igor Sikorsky, the developer of the helicopter. It was

so startling to see it take off and land vertically, spin around and go backwards. The crowd was in awe and applauded loudly.

In those days, we always played in the street-usually a quiet residential side street. We lived in the Weequahic section, very Jewish, and our house was one block from Beth Israel Hospital. That was a very tall building on the high, western edge of Newark, still easily seen from interstate 95 or train when approaching Newark. We were used to airplanes coming over low since it was 4 miles from the airport.

On Thursday, May 6, 1937, there was an unusually loud rumble in the sky and we looked up and saw this huge dirigible with large swastikas on the rudder at an altitude of about 1500 feet. It was the Hindenburg, which had been ordered to fly low over the Jewish area on the way to Lakehurst-65 miles to the south.

Newark Airport was the only major field in the metropolitan area and very busy. However, in 1940 LaGuardia opened and the commercial planes went there. Some later came back to Newark. In early 1941 most of the meteorologists were called to active duty and there was a need for help at the weather bureau. Our high school science advisor was approached to help out and he asked us if anyone was interested in working there. We would be trained and get a salary of \$0.75 per hour (\$17.00 in 2018). A few of us signed up and worked various holidays and weekends.

The weather bureau was in a small, two-story red brick building. We were on the second floor. We learned how to measure the barometric pressure, wet and dry bulb temperatures for humidity, wind velocities, cloud heights, visibility, etc. We had to enter all the findings and give them to a teletype operator who transmitted the data. We also drew the large weather maps, sent up helium balloons, measured cloud height by triangulation and wind speed aloft.

The airport was under military control. They put up a high, wire fence and had soldiers walk the perimeter. There were machine gun emplacements, anti-aircraft cannon, large searchlights and controlled entry. There were also lights and guns in the park close to our house.

At the weather bureau we radioed the weather in code to the heavy bombers going to Europe. At midnight there was a code change for each of the values. However, we could hear the German submarines a few miles away, off Staten Island, sending the weather back to Germany.

Periodically, large flights of fighter planes or twin -engine bombers (B-26) would come in. They would taxi to a hanger which previously had made a fighter plane called the *Brewster Buffalo*. It was not a very good performer and production was stopped. The new arrivals would be wrapped in a waterproof sky-blue material and then put on a platform. This went on an inclined rail to Port Newark which was just a quarter to half-mile away. Then the planes were hoisted onto merchant ship decks to be taken to Europe. Later, small aircraft carriers came there.

After six months, we got a pay raise to \$1.25 per hour. I had applied to college and had just turned seventeen when I left for North Carolina. I had a few commercial flights in DC-3, Convairs, etc., but then went into the Army in 1953. Every chance I had to catch a lift back to the northeast was a thrill. Once I went through a thunderstorm while in the bucket seat at the rear of a huge cargo plane. We bounced around and one of the crates became loose. Fortunately, the weather cleared and the crew tightened the chains.

I was later transferred to the Navy and assigned to a Naval air station. That gave me a chance to have many flights. My neighbor in the Bachelors' Officer Quarters was a former dive bomber pilot who showed movies he took taking off from carriers and going into his runs over North Korea. On one flight to Patuxent, I was sitting in the radio operator's seat. The crew chief said we might have to bail out. It was 10 PM over eastern Tennessee. I could not get into the parachute and get it off the floor. He later came back and said the engine was OK. I think he was trying to frighten me.

However, when we landed, I walked the wrong way from the plane and nearly was decapitated by the spinning prop. He grabbed me by the collar and jerked me back a couple of steps from the prop.

After starting in practice, raising a family and working hard, I did not have a chance to fly except on vacations. Finally, in 1982, I decided to take lessons at a small airport outside of Poughkeepsie. It had a narrow, dirt runway close to a State Prison (which we could not fly over). I took periodic lessons there and also continued when I moved to Chesterfield, VA. I finally soloed. My instructor said most people can do it after 17 landings; I took 43. No one in my family would go up with me! I continued for a short time but then had an acute medical problem and had to stop piloting.

I still love aviation in all forms. My wife liked hot-air ballooning and we did that, as passengers. The thrill of being up in the clouds, even in a large, crowded, commercial closed metal cigar, is a wonder to me-and a nice, soft landing keeps the heart rate down. Erwin

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