

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

March 15, 2019

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Your exchange of comments makes the weekly WHS NOTE a vibrant and pleasing connection to the past we shared. Your participation will ensure that the newsletter will be sustained for many editions to come.

All recent editions of the WHS NOTE can be read on the WHSAA web site at [HTTP://WEEQUAHICALUMNI.ORG/WHS-NOTE/](http://weequahicalumni.org/whs-note/).

Hi Weequahichood's Friendship Circle:

Reports of sad news:

Marcia Stein (57)

I am so sad to report that Bill Bash (6/56), passed away on February 1 in Boynton Beach, Florida, after a fall. Bill was my neighbor and friend; in fact, he was the first person I met when I moved to Florida and the Coral Lakes community here in Boynton Beach. Needless to say, during the past three years, we traded many Weequahic/Newark/Jersey Shore stories. He sometimes went through my yearbook to see who he knew or remembered from my class, as I delighted in reminding him that he was a year ahead of me!

Bill was a member *The Jaguars*, a club with memorable jackets, black with an embroidered head of a jaguar. A talented artist and musician, he started playing drums at the age of 7 and was a member of the WHS marching band and orchestra. He and his band played at events at Mt. Freedom hotels.

Bill lived in Florida since 1966 after serving in the Navy, and stayed in touch with or renewed friendships with several Weequahic friends including Marty Stolinsky (6/57), Gloria Kushner Levy (1/58) and Tony George, a friend from Peshine Avenue School. Bill often attended the annual Florida reunion held at the Gleneagles Country Club in Delray Beach, but he didn't have to go far to find Weequahic alums. Three of us live on the same floor in our condo (along with one Barringer grad).

Bill's beloved wife, June, passed away four years ago. Our deepest sympathies go to his daughter, Marcie, and sister, Dianna Bash Deo (6/60). We all lost a special person who will be greatly missed. Marcia

Fay Gorelick Scheige (68)

Charlie Tenner, class of 1968 (whose surname was Tennenbaum) passed February 9, 2019. There is an error on the obit. He went to the Hebrew Academy in Newark, NJ, not in NY.

<https://feldmanmortuary.com/tribute/details/3679/Charles-Tenner/condolences.html#content-start>. Fay

Alumindians in the Archives:

12/22/03/03

Jay Knight (6/63)

Today's presentation is brought to you courtesy of the dream world of Jay Knight, a place where home is in the mind, the heart and.... read on....

It was late Friday night when I could see Bob Levine, Barry Stein (both 6/63), and my father as clear as if it was yesterday. We were on our way to Echo Lake, a very special fishing spot my father would take the three of us, very early on a Saturday morning. As my dream progressed, and the smile

on my face grew even larger thinking of those wonderful times we all had together, I suddenly awoke and it was 4 AM. Not feeling tired and wanting the feeling of euphoria to continue, I decided to take my old rod and reel, my old tackle box and my old lures, walk 300 feet and go fishing in the lake in my back yard.

As I threw out the first cast, the wind changed direction. I could smell the same crisp air with the hint of fresh water only a true fisherman would remember just as it was in Echo Lake about 40 years ago. The smell made me think of how the aroma of a salami sandwich could fill the air at 8AM, on a large lake, and yet, at the time it didn't seem silly eating that salami sandwich so very early (since we left the house around 3 AM to get to the lake before the sun rose and we were up for five hours).

As the wind changed direction again, the strangest feeling came over me. As if it was 1963, I swear I could smell the rye bread being baked at Lerhoffs s Bakery on Chancellor Avenue. I thought how wonderful the smells of our time were, such as, Dave's Hot Dog Haven (boiled hot dogs), The Bunny Hop (a "bag" of fries) and the pastrami at the Chancellor Deli. G-d how I miss the barrel pickles, Mings Chinese Restaurant on Lyons Avenue, Watson's Bagels' aroma filling the air on a Sunday morning and the smell of malt coming from Margies Candy Store on Chancellor Avenue. The funny smell of hot air at the Chinese laundry and fresh vegetables on the outside of the grocery store (can't remember its name).

Then the wind changed direction again and, oh brother, I wish I didn't remember the smell of the chemistry lab (rotten eggs) on the third floor of our beloved Weequahic. And thoughts fell to the boys' gym locker room. Wait! I don't have any of my old fishing equipment any more. When, thank G-d, I opened my eyes, it was 7 AM. I was still in bed and this time I am awake. Although living that dream for me was a dream, it's a shame what they say, that you can't go home again. But if you keep your memories alive, you can relive all the best parts, any time you close your eyes. Hope all is well. Jay

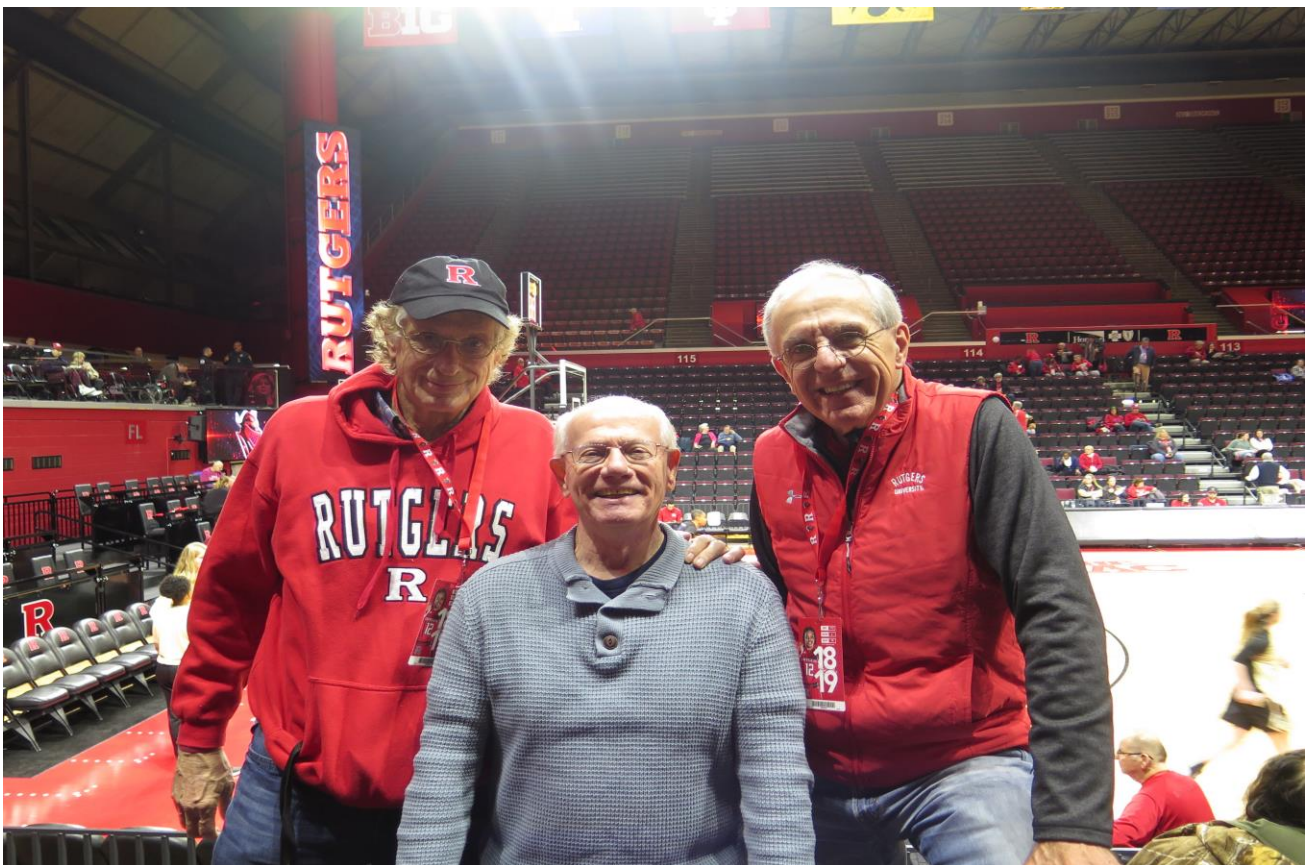
Marc Scher's (6/63) story congers up that phrase from the 50's/60's, "see you later alligator:"

Several Saturday's ago, my son Jacob and I were heading home (in The Villages, Florida), when we ran into this MONSTER! It was aired on Orlando local news channel.....enjoy the story!

<https://www.clickorlando.com/news/walk-on-the-wild-side-monster-gator-caught-on-camera-in-the-villages>. Marc

Calvin Schwartz (6/63) penned as essay, "Basketball in the Shadows of Weequahic High:"

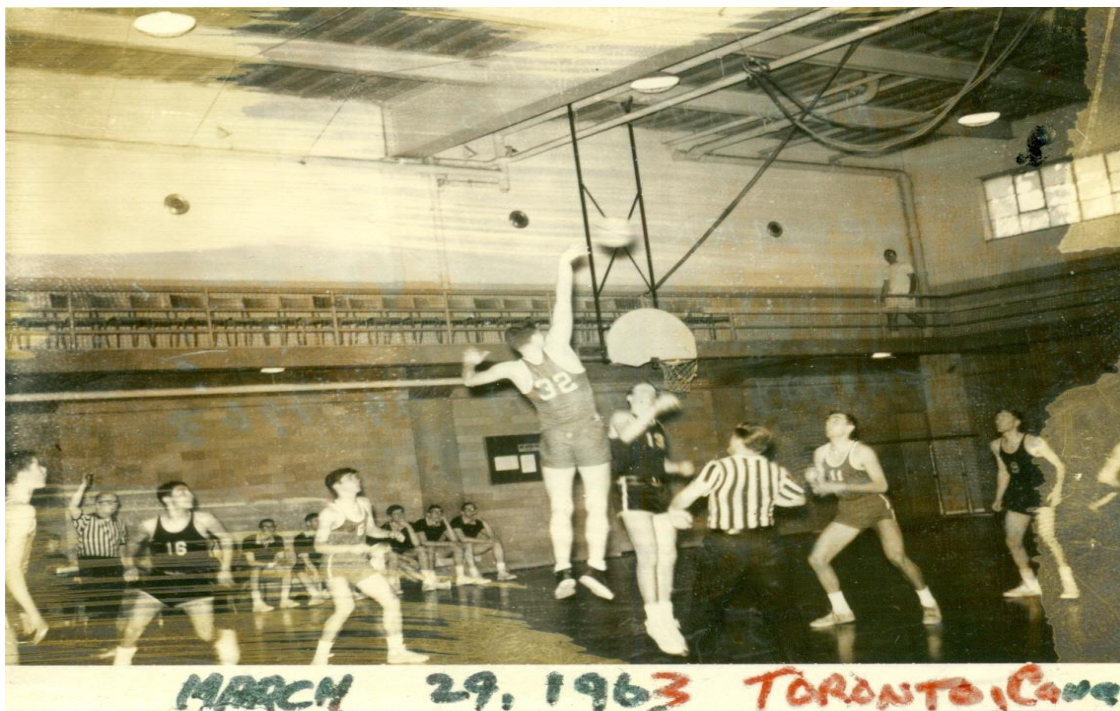
This essay for the newsletter is long overdue, but spurred on by a picture I recently took with fellow Weequahic HS June 1963 grads, Mike Kerner and Jac Toporek at a Rutgers Women's Basketball game. There we were; the 3 of us, enriched by our 59 years of familiarity, friendship, fellowship that went from Chancellor Avenue to Rutgers, a few decades of wandering around Turnpike and Parkway and then back to Rutgers.



Yes, basketball still brings us together. The title mentions the shadows of Weequahic High. Simply, it means Mike Kerner and myself did not play basketball for our high school but for the adjacent Newark Y. A long story. For me, reasons, will be addressed in my upcoming second novel. Issues of relationship with father, coaches, classmates, self-esteem. But Mike and I found our niche at the Y with basketball.

Senior year, March 1963, The Y won the NJ State Championship, with a 12-0 record. They had a sock-hop dance to raise money to send the team to Toronto, Canada to compete in an international tournament. We finished 3rd. On that team, myself, Mike Kerner, Stuart Nover (64), Barry & Irwin Steinlight (1/63), Joel Moskowitz (who we see every year in modern times at Rutgers football. No further comment), Arnold Miller (6/63), Larry Gold (6/62), Fred Port, Jim Levinson, Al Rosenfeld, Mike Slomovitz, and coach Mike Cohen.

Picture, below; Newark Y March 1963 Team in Toronto Tournament. Me, #32, jumping ball to #11 Mike Kerner. Also, Arnold Miller #6 and extreme left Barry Steinlight.



More shadow memories. Playground and pick-up basketball playing was avid and delineated by class (societal) backyard courts. Harold Weintraub

(6/63) had a double backyard court around Renner Avenue. If you played there after school and on weekends, you made it. The best players of the day showed up including Al Friedman, who played at Rutgers after Weequahic and I think even Chris Perval (6/62), an All American at Iowa (and All State New Jersey). I rarely played there; intimidation.

Stanley Herr's (6/63) backyard on Pomona Avenue, a block from the park, was mildly adequate, which means there were obstructions, poles, tree branches, cracked pavement to navigate. Stanley, always a high achiever, loved basketball, but was a better long-distance runner. At the 35th Reunion, my first glimpse of him after all those years was after he jogged around New Brunswick. Stanley's family were very hospitable. When you lost a game and had to sit and wait, it was done in their den, soft sofas and lemonade. I remember walking down Lyons Avenue to his house, dribbling all the way to Herr's, past the Beth Israel Hospital, the Berkeley Savings, my barbershop (Adolph, the proprietor, whose son Moshe, later married my cousin Sandy).

Mike Kerner had a backyard court, but not favorable when the ball often bounced onto trafficked Bayview Avenue. Maple Avenue School had courts as well. Basketball was my life, dream, and contact mechanism with my father, so I played incessantly. Once, we had a big snowstorm on a weekend. I had to shoot around. Took a shovel, climbed the playground fence, shoveled ½ the playground. Mike Scher (6/62), some guy, last name Ross, a great shooter and dribbler used to play at Maple. Often, I dreamed of being able to play like Ross.

Life is full circle emerging from shadows. Another long story, now shortened. Last year, I brought Mo Layton (67) to a Rutgers men's basketball game. Of course, Mo played for number one ranked in USA, State Championship Weequahic High team, later University of Southern California and San Antonio Spurs, Phoenix Suns, and NY Knicks. Waiting in the non-shadows is an article/interview I want to do with Mo. Full circle. Mo met Mike Kerner, Jac Toporek that night as well.

The best thing about shadows is they spur memories, determination, dreams, realities and exigencies. Thanks, Jac, for lighting my fire. Cal

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