

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

April 12, 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 & Power to the Peoplequahics,

Honoring Alumni who have passed:

Roni Freedman Parlin (66)

I report the passing of my cousin Pearl Wachs Lazar, Weequahic Class of 1936 on March 15, 2019. She was a beautiful, smart lady who lived to the age of 102. Roni

Fred Goldman (6/62) shares the passing and obit for Olga Wus Burns (61); <http://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=olga-marie-burns&pid=191916256>.

Alumindians in the Archives:

1/30/10

Cooki Wax Gulkin (62)

Although Bams was a wonderful store, for me, Orbach's was the place! High quality clothes at discount prices. I worked there for four years, starting out as a packer at 16 and getting the great promotion to cashier when I turned 17. My net pay for Monday and Wednesday nights and all-day Saturday was about \$14. Between bus fare and dinner before work (at a place on Broad Street right off Market) with my friend Rita, there was not much left to buy the bargains.

Gary Rasnick, a very dear friend, and in my class of 6/62, worked in the Supply Department and we had a great time. There were often Weequahic friends in my check-out line, and I would always comment on their wonderful purchases. Does anyone remember the place on Broad? I think it was downstairs from ground level. I loved downtown Newark. It would be wonderful if it makes a comeback. Cooki

Alan Ginter (64/65) has another "It's a Small Weequahic World" story:

Since I retired from teaching in Sacramento, CA, I sub at a local high school a couple of days each week (much more fun than teaching). A guy named Jerry Sanders came in to teach a class for SAT and ACT test prep. Turns out he is from Detroit but went to U. of Michigan and knew kids from Weequahic. He could only remember Calvin Schwartz, Weequahic Class of 1963. Alan

Cal Schwartz responds:

Indeed, a VERY small world. So, Jerry Sanders was my fraternity brother in AEPi at University of Toledo for 2 years while I was there before Rutgers. Jerry was from Toledo, a townie, from a very respected family. His brother Dave, a verifiable genius, also a frat brother. Interestingly, Jerry's cousin (whom he is still in contact with) Nathan Butch Kugelman a pharmacist in

Philadelphia, is still one of my oldest and dearest friends. I believe Jerry started out in Toledo Pharmacy School like Butch and myself. I left Toledo after 2 years to come home to Rutgers. Alan, if you ever see Jerry again, send him HUGE regards. Wow! What a precious small world. Cal

Harold Kravis (Chancellor/W. Essex 74) seeks an assist is locating a friend:

If anyone knows where Martin Zipkin is, please let me know. My email is harold.kravis55@gmail.com. He lived at 259 Wainwright Street and I lived 257 Wainwright Street. His brother Daniel (66), a chiropractor and now deceased, married Terri Dehaas. Martin, too, may have been a chiropractor. Thank you for any help. Harold

Fran Letzter Malkin (1/57) updates viewing possibilities of family film:

In 1949, my Uncle Sam Suchman, father of Sonny Suchman and Dorothy Suchman Cohen, brought 10 members of my family to Newark. During World War II, we were hidden for 20 months by a Polish woman in a hayloft over her pig sty. When we were liberated, we spent three years in a Displaced Persons Camp in Austria. Sam found us, brought us to America and located an apartment for us at 258 West Bigelow Street. Our film, "No. 4 Street of Our Lady," which tells our story, can now be streamed on Amazon Prime.

I received this and next email from my cousin Sol Nachfolger who grew up in Newark. Fran

Barry Steinlight (1/63) replies to recent neighborhood basketball entry authored by Calvin Schwartz (6/63):

I want to thank you, Cal, for writing about this event. It brought back great memories of the fun I, Irwin and friends had during the Weequahic years. I read the alumni mail almost every week and laugh at some of the comments. Keep those cards and letters coming! Barry

Gail Greenfeder Saks (6/62) and Toni Weiner Rosenberg (6/63) share photo of recent FLA reunion lunch:

Susan Ledner (6/62) and I put this together. We heard from some of our usual group and Susan heard from Lynne Lawrence Tzeses (6/63), who had contact with her classmates Toni Wiener Rosenberg and Janice Rubin Silberman. I was in contact with and invited her. We met at Chez Marie, in Boca on March 14th and talked old times like it was yesterday. Most of us had gone to Maple Avenue and reminisced back to those day. Gail

From l to r. Jan Rubin Silberman, Toni Weiner Rosenberg, Lynne Lawrence Tzeses, Gail Greenfeder Saks, Toby Stein Udine, Linda Yoskowitz Kohler, Susan Bain Ledner.



Dennis Estis (65) answers the request of “Big Chief Editor” for tales of the past, with a story that starts with buses and ends with, unfortunately death:

Starting in September 1955 and running through June 1962, I attended Hebrew School at Young Israel Synagogue on Lyons and Maple Avenues across from the Beth Israel Hospital. I was only 8 years old in September 1955 and my family lived on Patten Place. I expect that most of you could not identify where that street is. It is a small street, one block south of Hawthorne Avenue, which ran for exactly one block from Walcott Terrace to Goodwin Avenue. And it is still there, notwithstanding Interstate 78.

It was too far for an 8-year old to walk at night from Lyons and Maple Avenues to Patten Place and Goodwin Avenue, so I would take the No. 14 bus. The BUS! Who would dream of sending an 8-year old on a bus at night today? I had my student ID card and I think I paid between 15 and 25 cents to ride the No. 14 from Clinton Place and Lyons Avenue (on the corner where Mings was located) to Hawthorne Avenue and Clinton Place.

Imagine that I then walked 3 blocks alone in the dark from that corner where the red-brick bank (Howard Savings Bank) stood across from Hawthorne Avenue School and down Hawthorne Avenue (past the candy store the name of which I have long forgotten). I made a right onto Walcott Terrace and then left onto Patten Place. If memories serve me correctly, Howard Savings is where I deposited \$1 a week so I could learn what it was like to save money.

Patten Place brings back memories. I remember the Cohen family; Rita, the mother and Susan, perhaps one of two daughters. There was the Fishbein family (Steve and his twin baby sisters who were under 5 years old at the time) living on Patten Place or right at the corner of Goodwin Avenue. The Weisholtz family lived in a small apartment building on the corner of Walcott Terrace and Hawthorne. Michael Weisholtz, who was 2-3 years older, was a friend of my brother. Perhaps David Blumenthal (may he rest in peace) was also a friend of my brother and lived in that same apartment building. On

Goodwin Avenue, there were many families including the Weinberg family (Joe being one of my best friends).

I also have a sad memory of walking home from Hawthorne Avenue School one afternoon when I was probably 6 or 7 years old. I recall seeing the police and an ambulance gathered at the corner of Walcott Terrace and Hawthorne because one of my classmates had been hit by a car after running out between two parked cars and died instantly. I wish I could remember his name. I will try to continue this story in Part 2, perhaps next week. Dennis

Neighborhood Commentary:

Allan Sapolnick (6/62)

I wonder if anyone remembers my mother's store, Ethel's Dress Shoppe located at 1007 Bergen Street. At the time there were 10 other dress shops, 8 furriers and many other stores selling women's shoes and accessories. Today, when I walk on the shopping streets of the world's great cities, I still do not get the buzz that was Bergen Street when I was growing up. Allan

Ellie Miller Greenberg (49)

Jac Toporek's (6/63) story about ride through Newark and the Weequahic section reminded me of the Tavern, my father's favorite restaurant. We went there often, especially for special occasions and Sunday dinner. The name of the owner/maître'd was Sam Tieger. Or, do I have that wrong? OOOHH, that Tavern cheesecake! Have you ever had anything like it? Not even close! Ellie

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