

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

May 3, 2019

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Hi Communicating WHS Alumsters & Kemosabes:

Cyber Indian correction as to first name from last week's WHS Note:

Jones Purrell, Lyndell (*Dell*)(65) - dellpurrell@gmail.com

Alumindians in the Archives:

4.28/03

Marc Kalmanson (1/64), leads the way with a comment on maintaining contact with alumni and friends:

With great interest, I read the newsletter and the thoughts and expressions of alumni. Regrettably, and sadly, I let many of my friends slip away. I agree with that we should at least keep in touch. I was very surprised and saddened to learn of the passing of so many of our classmates when I reconnected with others through this newsletter. It emphasizes the importance of making the best of each day and living to the fullest; enjoying and sharing the time with our friends and loved ones. Marc

Ed Winokur (55) has an intriguing invite to honor a WHS athletic legend:

I am wondering whether anyone would be interested in attending Al Attles' induction into the Naismith Hall of Fame. Since I'm a former teammate, I'd be interested in making the trip from Florida for this event. I don't know how many of his ex-teammates are left but I'd love to hear from them and other WHS alumni who may make the trip. Details and information on the September 5, 2019 enshrinement of the 2019 class of Hall of Famers can be found at <http://www.hoophall.com/events/enshrinement/enshrinement-calendar/#>. If you want to discuss further, I can be reached at Elwinokur@gmail.com. Ed

Wearing the Weequahic Hood-ie:

Roseanne Litwak Skopp (57)

I loved Jac Toporek's guided tour of the old neighborhood. I've done it with my grandchildren who now know all the highlights. And when my sister Janet Litwak Goren (6/60) arrives from Israel, it's among our first outings. Roseanne

Robin Botnick 66

I didn't realize there was so much history about B'nai Abraham and Rabbi Prinz. My grandfather, Sam Ferster, was on the Board of Directors, and was influential on bring the Rabbi to Newark. Joachim Prinz was my Hebrew school teacher. We always sat in the cushy seats, but never knew why. I loved Rabbi Prinz. He was so patient with me when I was studying for my Bar Mitzvah. Thank you for providing all that history. Robin

Marc Tarabour (6/63)

To Shirley Ezersky Friedman (56), my favorite also was, and still is, a coffee sundae with wet walnuts. No one did it better than Gunning's, at the bottom or the top in South Orange. Marc

Bob Gold (59)

To Wayne Chen (64), thanks for your note about Mings. I lived on Goldsmith Avenue right near the restaurant, which we often frequented. I remember taking a girl there on my very first boy-girl date. I was with an eighth-grade classmate of mine from Chancellor Avenue School. 'Twas years ago, in another lifetime! Bob

Steven Epstein (6/63)

Talking about the Maple Avenue School Playground, does anyone remember the short right field fence or the numerous balls hit on the short roof over their gym which was close to the soft ball field. Many wonderful memories of trying to get through the fence doors or hopping them on weekends. Oh, what fond memories of a special childhood growing up in that neighborhood.

What about the joy of being able to hit the ball over the left or centerfield fences? It was much harder to do at the playground at Chancellor and hitting a ball into Untermann Field. Except, of course, for people like Gilly Lustig who could put out over the right field fence. Truly a gigantic blast! Steven

Alan Ginter (64/65)

Responding to the archival note (12/22/03) of Jay Knight (6/63), I believe the grocery store to which you refer was Miller's Produce on Chancellor Avenue next to "the lot" between Schley and Wainwright Streets. Alan

Jack Lippman (50)

I lived on Hillside Avenue between Meeker and Watson Avenues and recall that the street in front of our building was paved with cobblestones. I can't recall any streets south of Meeker paved that way. I also seem to recall that the City didn't allow wagons pulled by horses south of Meeker either. We had them on our street though. It was as far south as they were allowed. I remember that the peddlers who sold from them rented the wagons from the Joe Frucht Livery Stable, which was somewhere in the Third Ward (Prince Street or Charleton Street?).

There also was the fruit and vegetable peddlers, whose prices were scrawled on upside down brown paper bags affixed to sticks). And, there was the knife sharpener guy, who also peddled his work. I well remember the sweet potato man who had a small oven on his wagon in which he roasted sweet potatoes and sold them, wrapped in newspaper. The cost was, perhaps, a nickel or a dime. This was in the 1940s. Does anyone else remember this stuff or am I hallucinating? Jack

Fran Letzter Malkin (1/57)

My family is orthodox, so they opened Kosher chicken stores on Lyons, Chancellor and Hawthorne Avenues. It had to be *Shomer Shabbat* (observant of the Sabbath). They bought live chickens (Down Neck) and a rented building on South Street where my uncle, Zalmen Nachfolger slaughtered the chickens. They then prepared the chickens and brought them to their stores.

I share an interesting article about a small orthodox synagogue in Newark, Linas HaTzedek (located in the South Street area), which also touches upon the fate of orthodox synagogues in the city.

<http://www.mishpacha.com/Browse/Article/12094/Hanging-On-in-Newark>. Fran

Jac Toporek (6/63)

In my professional position (fancy for full-time job), I have done some advocacy in the area of promoting "age-friendly communities." No, I will not go on about the worthiness of such initiatives, but after a recent meeting on the subject, my mind roamed, and my mumbblings rambled, and the thought came to me that neighborhoods in the Weequahic era that we all recall so well and so fondly, were "growing-up friendly."

The South Ward neighborhood itself was tight, not only from the standpoint of the homes and apartments close to each other, but the residents themselves felt a wonderful kinship with each other in inhabiting the same space (almost). Not to mention getting to know your neighbor real persona-like through the "party line" phone calls and from time to time being privy to our neighbors' family arguments, joyous occasions and difficult moments. But we saw our neighbors on the street on the way to school, in school and after school either in WHS activities or playing for a few hours on our street until called home for dinner and to do homework. Suburbia, post South Ward Weequahic District, was far less intimate.

And, despite the complaints about the newsletter too often obsessed with commentary about food, those special places remain imbedded in our psyche because they provided a locale where we could share experiences with friends and work out youthful adrenalin and hormonal rushes. Those "foody" places were a convenience and a subjective comfort

personally in one form or another to each one of us. The fact that the spots served “delicious” fare was a plus since the food tamed some of our discomfort and youthful unease. Based upon the above, Syd’s hot dogs, Ming’s egg rolls, Weequahic Diner health salad, Amato’s I-dogs, Tavern pastry and, among other culinary delights, Tabachnick’s deli specials were more than “food for future thought” and weekly WHS alumni newsletter commentary. Satisfied appetites were part of an environment friendly to our growing of age period.

I do not have a Ph D in Psychology, nor a degree in the culinary arts, and this whole exercise might be a bit of a reach or too “shmaltzy,” but that is what happens sometimes, as noted at the outset, when the mind roams. Jac

Chester *Chet* Cohen (6/59)

I thought some of my fellow WHS alumnae would enjoy a little Margie's blurb. Let me start that Margie's was (and may still be there?) on the corner of Schley Street and Chancellor Avenue. It was a busy corner with the number 14, 6 and, I believe, 108 buses stopping there. I call myself a Margie's alumnae as I spent quite a bit of my free time inside or just hanging around outside. I started going to Margie's when I was around 10 and didn't stop until I moved away when I was around 24. I had many great times there.

The store was owned by Irv and Sylvia Bloom. I was friends with their son Billy (WHS grad). To this day, I have not found a better made and tasting chocolate soda, egg cream or lemon lime fountain soda. Now that I have whet your appetite for more about Margie's, I will stop. If there is an interest or other memories of the place appear in the newsletter, I will follow up with some more of my personal anecdotes. Chet

Nancy Wildstein Curtis (58)

I am writing in response to Ellen Rose Korey's (6/58) comments about some of her memories in Newark. Ellen, I remember you very well. I also graduated from Peshine, recall where your family's laundry store was and, too, have a vague memory of going to a few parties in your basement.

I recall all the fun stuff you mentioned like going to Henry's, the movies on the week-ends, Jo Ray's for pizza on Friday nights and Ming's (but not all in one day)! Like others, I spent time with friends at the Weequahic Diner, the “Y” and Dairy Queen on Chancellor. All such fond memories (and happily, before the days of Social Media). I recall the club jackets, but mine was the *Silhouettes*. My goodness, hard to believe those experiences were over 60 years ago! Nancy

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