

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

August 16, 2019

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Hi Inter-Networking Weeqhahicers,

Alumindians in the Archives:

1/26/13 Tony Handler (57)

I also have some very fond memories of Olympic Park. My wife Narda and I have been married for 53 years, but we met in the Hawthorne School playground when I was 13 and she was 12. We dated all through junior high and high school and used to love to go swimming at Olympic Park. The only problem was that her mother was convinced that public swimming pools were a good place to contract polio, so she insisted that Narda wear Converse sneakers in the pool. It was rather embarrassing going into the pool with this very cute, well-endowed 14-year-old who was wearing sneakers. But we still had a ball there! Tony

Susan Levine (65) meets with Bay Area Alumindians:

A few Sundays ago, a group of alumni were invited by the Jewish Community Library in San Francisco to discuss life in the old neighborhood. This group had read several Philip Roth books and had seen *Heart of Stone*. I would guess there were about 20-25 WHS folks who attended from the classes of 1948 through the classes of 1967. The group had heard about our newsletter and were pretty impressed that it comes out weekly.

One alum talked about his sad years living in Vailsburg and how life changed when the family moved to the Weequahic section. Most of us told of the rich culture and community we were lucky to have had, as well as the excellent education we received. Naturally, when the program was over, there was a lot of *schmoozing*; people not wanting leave. Susan

Harold Kravis (Chancellor/W. Essex 74) wants to meet WHS grads:

I live in South Jersey in Barnegat at a 55 and up community. Any Weequahic alumni in the area. I would like to hear from you? My email is harold.kravis55@gmail.com. Harold

Mike Warner (53) responds to archival note of Billy Belfer's (6/63) remembrances of Bradley Beach:

Ah- what fond memories of "Bradley." We stayed at the Le Reine Hotel when I was just an infant. Years later, pre-teen and teen years Bradley was our summer abode. Parents rented several rooms in a "rooming house; Brinley Avenue comes to mind. Common area kitchen for families was provided.

Another memory is fishing off the bridge on Fletcher Lake off Newark Avenue. Dad would come down on weekends with quarters, dimes and nickels for us to play games in the penny arcade and at the concession stands. There was surf fishing off the beach and at Belman's Shark River Inlet.

Wrote some lyrics and music ([LINK TO PDF](#)) down here in Tampa, FL, remembering a vision of those days of our youth in Bradley. Hope they bring some memories. Mike

Dennis Estis authors Chapter 3 of his youth in the Hawthorne Avenue area:

And the saga continues. When I last left off (6/14/19), I promised to talk about some of my teachers at Hawthorne in some greater depth. Mrs.

Johnson was a very difficult teacher. She was definitely not warm and fuzzy. It wasn't that she made us work; that never bothered me. It was that she just wasn't understanding or pleasant. What a difference it made when we got to Mr. Korbman's class. Like night and day.

I continue to be in contact with a number of my classmates from my 6th grade class; Joe Weinberg, Lora Perlman, Louis Finkelstein, Bert Coppock, Hermia Kessler and the list goes on. Joe Weinberg moved to Maplewood at the end of our 9th grade year and went to Columbia High School. However, we reunited when we both attended Johns Hopkins University for college, and we remain close friends through today.

During 6th grade, I served as Chief of the Safety Patrol at Hawthorne. This couldn't happen today for many reasons, not the least of which is insurance. Nobody would allow a 12-year-old kid to be in charge of 20 or more kids ages 10-12, who stood on street corners throughout the district.

One of my most frightening memories at Hawthorne was when I was a patrol boy with a post about 10 minutes from the school. I had a student from Clinton Place Junior High School pull a knife on me. I notified the authorities at Hawthorne and the next day I went from classroom to classroom at Clinton Place until I was able to identify the culprit's friend who had been with the perpetrator when he drew the knife. The friend identified the culprit and he turned out to be the son of a local schoolteacher. I never did learn what kind of punishment was administered.

I had heard many bad stories about Clinton Place before I started there in 1959 and they turned out to be totally exaggerated. During my three years at Clinton Place, I only had one minor incident. It was very minor resulting from one of my classmates in my homeroom taunting me until I couldn't take it any longer and started a fight with him. I will talk about Clinton Place in my next chapter.

My final comments regarding my time at Hawthorne relates to the places to eat, shop and play in the neighborhood. No stories could ignore Cohen's Knishes and Dubin's Delicatessen, as well as the bakeries, Silver's, Keil's and Lehrhoff's. I loved the French fries that Cohen's sold in a brown paper

bag with lots of grease, ketchup and salt. And, of course, the jelly apples that Cohen's gave away on Halloween night.

My favorite stop was Dubin's, right near Cohen's, since Mrs. Dubin was always kind enough to give me the heel of one of the huge salamis. As far as other well-known places, there was Joe's Barbara Shop right near the corner of Hawthorne and Clinton Place where I would often get a crew cut before the summer (when I had hair). Another was the Commerce Bank where I deposited my \$1.00 a week and the tailor shop where I got my suit for the Jewish holidays. Of course, I will always remember the Hawthorne Avenue School Playground where I learned to play punch ball and knock hockey. I now realize that I probably could spend many more pages about Hawthorne, but life must go on. Seventh grade awaits! Dennis

E-Posting Weequarecollections:

Howard Klein (66)

Priscilla Winn Glinn (57) was correct in the archival note printed in the *WHS Note* that the bank on the corner of Aldine and Lyons was Fidelity Union. She was right again about the gas station across Lyons Avenue from the branch. The rest of that corner, the other side of the street had a kosher butcher across Aldine Street from the bank and a bar, name long forgotten, across Lyons. Baker's Bakery was on the next corner, Wiloughby and Lyons. Shop Rite was halfway up the next block on Lyons.

I lived on Shaw around the corner. My mother sent me to Baker's many nights for fresh rolls with dinner. They smelled so good; I frequently ate one walking home. Good, but not Silver's. Howard

Jac Toporek (6/63)

Howard, since we lived a block from the Weequahic Diner and the Denberg Bakery (behind the diner), we would stop at the bakery every Friday night on the way home from our family store for rolls out of the oven. Never had Silver's but loved those hot Denberg rolls. Especially, smothered with our typical late Friday night meal of scrambled eggs and sautéed onions. Not the typical Sabbath chicken soup and boiled chicken, but for weary workers, it was a welcome "Shabbat" feast. Jac

Sheba Bloom Noll (1/53)

I lived on Goodwin Avenue, took the #14 bus to the main building at WHS, but always walked home with Marty Claire and Marty Lavore. I happened to be in the neighborhood a while ago and found Route 280 goes right down next to my house at 33 Goodwin. My friend Evelyn Morgan and I went to Hawthorne Avenue School together from kindergarten to 5th. She then went to Bragaw and I went to Peshine. We met up again at the Annex Now, all these years later, we meet for lunch every month with some other Weequahic gals. It is so much fun to remember the good old days. Anyone interested in getting together for lunch, let me know (twotox@yahoo.com).
Sheba

Steve Epstein (6/63)

Glad to see I could bring back fond memories to another old men. Living in the area of Chancellor and Maple Avenue Schools, we rarely ventured out of our safe territory. I never had the pleasure of going to schools like Peshine, Bragaw and Hawthorne. You stayed in your safe territory for fear of being a stranger in a foreign land. But we all melded at the high school on the hill, Weequahic High School. We probably never appreciated the good life we had back then. Steve

Elaine Hersh Krusch (6/50)

To Norman Hinkes (1/52), I, too, remember those four corners including stores on each side of Chancellor Avenue. On my way home from school, I would stop at my Aunt Nettie's apartment in the first building on Wainwright Street for "elocution lessons." What more can I say? If anything dates me that takes the cake. Elaine

Don Kauffman (1/57)

I, too, went to Avon Avenue School from Kindergarten through the 7th grade. My Family lived at 93 Rose Terrace and many of the area kids either attended Blessed Sacrament School on Clinton Avenue or went to Avon Avenue School. Dr. Gann was the Principal at Avon for many years before she transferred to Maple Avenue in the Weequahic section of Newark.

I was a "police boy" while at Avon and my post was the corner of Rose Terrace and Seymour Avenue. I helped the kids cross the street and I proudly wore a police boy silver badge on my left arm. Mr. Frank was the teacher at Avon in charge of the "police boys" and I remember that he wasn't very likeable. I remember Frank Celentano who also went to Avon. We met again at WHS. Frank passed away a few years ago.

My family moved from Rose Terrace in 1952 to 267 Goldsmith Avenue and I completed the 8th grade at Chancellor. I missed all those fun years growing up on Rose Terrace, especially playing with my friends in the Woodlawn Cemetery as it was directly behind my house on Rose Terrace. I can still remember getting tickets for the circus at Olympic Park at the *Tastee Bread* plant which was on S. 10th Street and Rose Terrace. I have some great memories of learning about life while living on Rose Terrace and going to Avon Avenue Elementary School. Don

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