

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

DECEMBER 2019

TO RESPOND WITH A COMMENT OF YOUR OWN PLEASE CLICK ON
WHSALUM63@AOL.COM.

Hi Preservers of all things Weequahic:

Newly e-feathered WHS Cyber Indians:

Denburg, Marvin (1/54) - denburg.marvin0@gmail.com
Lieff Benderly, Beryl (6/60) - blbink@aol.com

Saddened but not forgotten:

Barbara Klein Weisman (6/50)

I am sad to report the passing of my sister, Natalie Ellen Klein. Class of June 1955. After a long illness she passed on 11/23/19 at a facility in Spokane, WA. Natalie was a dedicated social worker for the Board of Education in New York for many years. She is survived by her devoted son, daughter-in-law and two adorable grandchildren. She is now at peace.
Barbara

Charles Lubetkin (6/49) passed recently. His obit can be read at
<https://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=charles-arthur-lubetkin&pid=194549035>

Alumindians in the Archives:

11/8/08

Fredi Geenfield Miller (59)

Since I became part of this WHS blog so many memories have come rushing back. Having left NJ in 1963, I have had little contact with *old friends* to reminisce with, but that changed when my husband and I started spending winters in Florida several years ago. I am now seeing friends like Merle Starkman and Riva Rock regularly and the memories keep flooding back. I was just remembering the Friday nights at Joe Rae's; I do not think I have ever walked into a pizza restaurant that smells quite as good!

For those who attended Maple Avenue School, do you remember Mrs. Bornstein? She taught us about other countries by having us dress up and bring in food from each. I can still sing the Canadian National Anthem. Keep all those memories coming; it is wonderful. Fredi

Marvin Denburg (1/54) and Roberta Blake Abramson (1/54) reach out to classmates:

I enjoy reading all comments about old streets and stores. I graduated Jan-Feb 1954 and have not lived in NJ again. Spent most of my life as a licensed psychologist in upstate NY. Now semi-retired in Iowa where my daughter is professor at UIOWA. Be nice to have any other survivors from graduation January 1954 write into the newsletter. I can be reached at denburg.marvin0@gmail.com. Marvin

Burt Abramson (48) and I are part time residents in Boca Raton since 2016 and would love to hear from Weequahic grads. My e-mail address is Robertaabramson@aol.com and in Boca, whenger7@aol.com. Roberta

Arnie Kohn (56) "bridges" the years to a friend:

I noticed Charles Rosenblatt's (52) name as author of a 2012 archival note in the *WHS Note*. He was my "Duplicate" Bridge partner for 55 years, dating back to 1958 at a private (Bob Wakeman) house to the early days of the Essex Bridge Club. Charles moved to Florida about 10 years ago, but we

continued to play at national tournaments and online. He passed away, three years ago, but I will always remember him as one of my favorite partners. Arnie

In reply to recollections of Susan Handler Gibbs (1/62) previously printed about Leo Place:

Mike Moroze (6/58)

I, too, lived on Leo Place (one small block), a short walk to Bnai Abraham and Dr. Prinz. Remember playing pick-up games at Hawthorne playground against our idol Alvin Attles. He was a few years ahead of me

Oh, the memories. The summers spent at Bradley Beach going to Syd's and the beach on Brinley Avenue. Sunday night going to Evelyn's in Belmar (always a wait), but no wait at Dave's (not as good). Ain't we great, the class of 58. Mike

Gary Prager (1/61)

Susan is correct. Leo Place, where my sister Barbara also lived, was a great hidden gem lost in the hustle and bustle of Clinton Place, Clinton Avenue and Hawthorne Avenue. Gary

Brenda Allen O'Neal (6/64)

You brought back memories. My family moved to the area August 1958. Next to 13 or 15 Leo Place was Alan Triedel. I am not sure if I got the last name spelled correctly, I know he had an older brother. And if I'm not mistaken, Barbara Prager lived in the house as well, if not in the one next to it. Her dad delivered milk to our family when we lived across town on Wickliffe Street, Newark, NJ. When we moved to 16-18 Vernon Avenue in 1958, Barbara's dad continued delivering the bottled milk to us on Vernon Avenue. Barbara and I also worked together in Probation from where she retired. I retired from Civil after 45 years of service.

Down the block (near the middle of the block) was a beautiful young woman by the name of Marcia Kramer who taught Physical Education at Clinton Place Jr. High. She later became Marcia Salerno, if I remember correctly. Her husband was our life insurance man; back in those days they would

come to the house and collect. Our backyard was adjacent to 12 Leo Place and I could stand in my yard and look over into the yard. By this time of 1958, August, the Mosley family lived in the house. Leo Place ended at Millington Avenue and two blocks down was Ingraham Place. Our house was the second house in from the corner of Leo Place and Vernon Avenue.
Brenda

In response to Lorrie Axelrad Cohen's (64) comment on "whether we can go back:"

Renee Bernstein Barclay (65)

Having read Lorrie's memories also brought back similar memories for me. I used to walk to Maple Avenue School with a Ruth Axelrod, back in the days when I lived on Mapes Avenue, around 1958 to 1960. We used to shortcut through the Beth Israel Hospital to get to Lyons Avenue on the way to the school. I also have fond memories of going shopping in downtown Newark in those days and going to Bergen Street to Henry's Ice Cream Parlor and to the movies at the Park Theater.

I have been living in Norwich, England since 1979 where my husband and I have raised our family. Best regards to all my old friends from Weequahic HS. Renee

Matty Benoun (6/62)

Not sure if Lorrie is the same person who shoved snow together with me. Wonder if she remembers? Matty

Paula Fincke Garrett (68)

I adored your piece about Newark life. I could relate to almost everything and I smiled throughout the piece. You def can write and tell it like it is or, shall I say, was. Thank you for the trip down memory lane. Paula

Mel Ortner (64)

Your recollections of the past are vivid and accurate and certainly worth revisiting. Thanks for reviving the memories both familiar and forgotten. Fortunately, I was able to eat the Burgerama cheeseburgers. Mel

No matter the date or season, never far away from the Jersey Shore; a la Jerry Krotenberg (1/60/; former faculty 64-70

Although I spent every summer at the Shore in Bradley Beach, my love of fishing lead me to Belmar long after my family stopped going to the shore during the summer. I worked on several party boats, The *Sea Swan* was owned by another WHS alumni, Lew Fromkin (1/58), while his brother Billy (6/62) worked on the *Shy Poke*. I spent about 10 years working one *The Chief*, an all-day fluke boat where the fare was \$5.

I would eat dinner at an open style stand up counter on F Street (Main Street in Bradley); the name, Zelby's. It was a husband and wife team and their shtick were to insult you while you were about to order. It was similar to the iconic restaurant in Cleveland, OH, and the other one in Beverly Hills, CA, Ed Debevic's. They would "greet" you by saying, *Hurry up, I don't have all day or the service would be better, if you tipped more*. The one in LA had a sign in the men's room; *Your mother was right; you're too good for her*. The other eatery was a small, and I mean small, diner (10 stools) named Al Chew's. AL and his wife would serve a homemade dinner every night with 3 vegetable for, if I remember, \$3. *Doze were da days*. Jerry

Shirley Ezersky Friedman (56) responds to Bette Krupenin Kolodney's (60) post:

Bette, I never read through the long ones; I lose interest in seconds. Not your post. You took "the Gold", you spoke from your heart from start to finish, and you certainly paid tribute to your remarkable parents. I feel as though I've known them all my life, that's how you related your story. When you wrote how your mom sat next to your dad for 20 years as he was a stockbroker and just wanted to be with him at his side, it without a doubt brought tears to my eyes. Besides all your dad did for us kids growing up in the old neighborhood, it was a true love story in many ways.

Bette your love for your parents is evident, and you certainly touched my "heart strings. And I bet they are looking down at you with huge smiles on their faces. Thank you for a beautiful story, "I truly loved it. Your two last paragraphs are where you touched me the most, it teared me up! Shirl

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