

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

SEPTEMBER 27, 2019

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

Hi Awardees of the "Order of the OBA,"

MAY THE BLESSINGS OF THE JEWISH NEW YEAR BRING EACH AND EVERY ONE OF OUR EXTENDED WEEQUAHIC FAMILY JOY, PLENTY AND PEACE.

A few more Cyber Indians on the W-Reservation:

Dodis Kessler, Barbara (59) - wenfarb@hotmail.com (new)
Marks Geller, Ellyn (6/61) - eg1@me.com (new)
White, Robert (68) - rmwhite@wesleyan.edu (new)

Pamela Horwitz mourns another WHS alumnus:

My mother Judith Horwitz Wolf, Class of June 1964, passed away on Friday September 20th, 2019. She was much loved by her husband, Theodore, her three stepdaughters, her nieces, nephews, cousins, colleagues, students and many friends. Judy was born in Newark, NJ on March 10th, 1947 and will be remembered by all for her wit, laughter, kindness, grace and style. [Judith Horowitz Wolf obituary](#). Pamela

REMINDER: UPCOMING ALUMNI EVENT

On Thursday evening, October 17th, the Weequahic High School Alumni Association will be celebrating its 22nd Anniversary with the induction of 17 outstanding Weequahic alumni into its Hall of Distinction. The event will

take place at the Renaissance Newark Airport Hotel. *Buy a ticket, purchase a journal ad, or make a donation.* September 30th deadline for journal ads is approaching. For more information and details [Click on this link.](#)

Alumindians in the Archives:

3/25/06

Sandi Wasserman Enfield (64).

I do not remember the horses at St. Peter's very well and I do remember the horses that were boarded in Weequahic Park behind the racetrack. We used to feed them cubes of sugar that we had just gotten from the restaurants, maybe the Ideal or Weequahic Diner. I also gave the goat (the companion of one of the horses) the paper that the sugar came from, as he likes to eat that, too. My family used to go to the racetrack and watch the trotters many moons ago. Anyone else go there, too?

Was Moishe's on Clinton Place? I remember eating in there with my grandfather. He ate this black stuff and would not tell me what it was until much later. It was the cow's utter; I think. Ugh. I did not eat any, luckily! I did like Moishe's food very much, though, especially the *kishka* (stuffed derma), and his *kasha varnishkas* (bow ties and buckwheat). Sandy

Weequahic Alumni family, widow of Steve Wallerstein (6/63), Daria, needs an assist:

I am selling Steven's pride and joy, a 1997, SVX limited edition and stored in the Subaru Showroom with 61,000 miles. I certainly not asking you to purchase, but to network to any collector who can appreciate and love this as Steven did. I have attached the details and pictures of the car (LINK TO PDF). We have driven the car, brought it in for required maintenance and have a complete history of the car from when it was born. It is a beautiful and well-loved car that at this time needs a "Forever Home" and someone who appreciates it's worth. If you know of a collector who would appreciate this car, the information is in my attachment. I can be reached at sjwallerstein@verizon.net. Thank you. Daria

Weequahic Park continues to be remembered fondly:

Sheba Bloom Noll (1/53)

My grandmother lived at 5 Pomona Avenue, just opposite the Rose Garden in Weequahic Park, so it was like our own private garden. Years before, my father, who was a professional musician, played at the bandstand there, then packed up his accordion and went to play golf. I haven't seen the park in years, but hope it's still kept up. Sheba

Bob Kessler (56)

To Jac Toporek's (6/63) regarding a parking lot between the railroad tracks at Weequahic Park There is an answer. The Lehigh Valley Railroad had a passenger station there until the mid to late 1940's. Living across the street from the park at 469 Elizabeth Avenue, I was frequently in the park and couldn't help but notice the railroad activity. In the 1960's. Post HS and college, I would occasionally drive in from Elizabeth and use the parking lot when picking up dessert from the Tavern Pantry. Bob

Eliot Braun (1/64)

According to *Google Earth*, the distance from the middle of Weequahic High to the edge of Weequahic Park on Chancellor Avenue is circa 1.16 km (almost a mile). Eliot

Jack Lippman (50)

Yes, I remember the small botanical garden within Weequahic Park, a bit south of Lyons Avenue. I seem to recall it specialized in roses. And I also remember the Fifth Precinct Station House on Bigelow Avenue (or Street?). It was a yellow brick building. Watching TV police dramas years later, I always imagined them taking place out of that building. Jack

Mary Sherot Mandel (64)

To Bobbi Wigler Dinnerman (49), the flower garden In Weequahic Park was beautiful! Lots of stories about the park bring back memories of bike riding along the paths with friends. And then stopping at the playground to play. No clock. No watches. No adults. And we were always home in time for dinner! It was a carefree and responsible lifestyle growing up in the Weequahic section of Newark.

To Susan Oaklander Leon (1/58), the Tavern coconut cream pie was amazing and always part of Thanksgiving. My first Thanksgiving with Bob's family also had the pie as a dessert!! Mary

Esther Gordon (6/52)

Did you know Weequahic Park has bridle trails? I didn't till my father pulled into one and got out of the car to change sides with me. He was going to teach me how to drive. And, he said, *the trails, were no longer used by riders, and provided an ideal no-traffic, stress-free place in which to practice.* The car was a *Simca*, which we immediately christened "Simcha," the Yiddish word for happy occasion. It was a tiny French import, narrow enough to be accommodated on a path constructed with horses in mind.

I started Simcha's motor, and, alternately lunging and short-stopping, managing by a 5 to 95 per cent ratio to stay on the road and off the surrounding grass. This took all my concentration. Perhaps that is why it was a sudden shock to be facing a horse incoming at 3 o'clock. Dad grabbed the wheel. Simcha morphed into a mighty *John Deere* and mowed the grass, just missing a nearby flower bed as well as the galloping steed. Hunched over in the passenger's seat sat a defeated man, hands covering his face, repeating, *Oh my God; oh my God.* For the rest of my lessons, we went to Frelinghuysen Avenue. Esther Gordon,

Marc Tarabour (6/63) shares photo memento from another nearby "Park:"

The famed "Rocket" Roller Coaster at Olympic Park, Irvington waits for the demolition crew to begin tearing it down. Photo is from 1969. Marc



Charlie Bernhaut (54) shares some personal Weequahic area thoughts:

We lived at 27 Wolcott Terrace in a two-family house – my grandmother on the first floor and on the second floor were my mom and dad, sisters Wilma (Pitman)(57) and Sylvia (Brody) and me. My brother Robert had been institutionalized as mentally challenged and is still alive at the age of 84.

As a 9-year-old (1945) I was charged with keeping the furnaces going. Furnace? Do you think our kids and grandchildren have a clue? First, let me tell you about the delivery of the coal. Our driveway was too narrow for the large coal truck to enter. Two very, very strong men had the chore of carrying large baskets of coal to the coal chutes. There was always a concern about having enough coal. But that was only part of the concern. The other concern was that perhaps there were some coals that fell free in the furnace and could be reused. So there was a large strainer held over a large garbage can and I would have to shake the ashes to find and retrieve usable coal pieces (my sister Wilma reminded me that I had to ‘bank’ the fire at night – slow it down but be ready to revive the fire in the morning).

Ashes? Remember ashes? In the winter (and it seems that there were many severe winter snows in the 40’s), I would spread ashes over the sidewalk and stairs so people would not slip on the ice. And if a car got stuck in the snow, the ashes were used for the car to get traction. After ashes were utilized, it was important to take off your galoshes (what is that?) so as not to track the apartment with ashes. Someone in the neighborhood got a machine that had a conveyor that automatically fed coal into the furnace. Wow! But who could afford that? And then came oil and the demise of coal as the source of heating.

At 27 Wolcott there was an attic. It’s strange how certain events are never forgotten. There was a window in the attic with a view of Newark Airport and Manhattan. I had a dream that I was looking out when all of a sudden there was an atomic bomb exploding on Manhattan. I woke up mumbling, “Oh, God – it finally happened.” Do you remember that there were a few people who built bomb shelters on their properties?

Remember the *27 Mt. Prospect* bus? It cost a nickel to get a ride to Broad and Market and spend the day walking through Bamberger's and see what we were missing. I particularly went to the sporting goods section. Just as an aside, Kresge's had a radio show broadcast from their store located on Broad and Raymond Boulevard and I remember attending several live broadcasts. And somehow, I remember Klein's on the Square; the store building is still standing. Just following this train of thought, I remember the opening of Two Guys from Harrison with searchlights and bally-who. And there were Hahne's and Orbach's. It was certainly a different world. There was a Chinese restaurant on the second floor across from Bamberger's. I think I got a vegetable chow-mein lunch for 20 cents.

My uncle Benny Bernhaut owned the B&B Drug Store on Clinton Place. After school I used to go to the drug store and work the soda fountain. Part of the deal was that I would make myself the greatest malted. I was so skinny that it was necessary. I also got to make the best Egg Cream (I know a lot has been written about how to make it).

In school, do you remember *Auditorium*? Unless my memory is failing, I remember that the principal would read a section from the bible at the beginning of the gathering. And didn't we all pledge allegiance, raising our right hand as we made the pledge? Quite a different world today.

And how can one ever forget Silver's Bakery? For years, the Silver's grandmother used to sit outside near the entrance watching the customers come and go. My sister Wilma's greatest treat was to buy a charlotte rouse; the whipped cream was the "real deal."

Wilma reminded me that sometimes our mom would give her a dime to take the #14 bus for a round trip fare to WHS. She would keep the dime and walk and save it to buy ice cream. She says it was probably a *mell-o-roll* from Krugmans pharmacy on the corner. The ice cream came in a cardboard roll and you would strip it down and put it in a cone.

Just a block west of Silver's was the tiny, tiny Cohen's hot dog and knish store. I always smiled when I saw how Cohen's expanded into a huge and

successful enterprise. It all started with the Cohen family working together in that little “hole in the wall”.

On Wolcott Terrace, going one block from Hawthorne Avenue to Nye, we had a wonderful array of guys; Alan Lempkowitz, Neal Nadler, Bob Dubman, Alan Lazaroff, Ira Blumenkranz, Billy Ludwig, Barry Mauer, Lenny Strauss, Also, there were the Segal brothers, Lance Posner, Marty Rosenfeld, Harvey Rein and the Dvorins. And Nicky Givas, possibly the only non-Jew in the neighborhood. There was always a stoop ball game at the Ludwig house. If you were able to hit the stoop perfectly, the ball would bounce into that very small garden across the street and the old lady would scream and yell that we not go on to her property to retrieve the ball. I think that we kept her alive for many years so she could be energized by watching our game and yelling at us. Charlie

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