

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

APRIL 17, 2020

TO RESPOND WITH A COMMENT OF YOUR OWN, PLEASE CLICK ON [WHSALUM63@AOL.COM](mailto:WHSALUM63@AOL.COM).

Hi Presenters of “Good & Weequahic Plenty,”

**Cyber Indians’ new add-ons & changes:**

Blake Abramson, Roberta (1/54) - [robertaabramson@aol.com](mailto:robertaabramson@aol.com) (new)

Bornstein, Paul (1/54) - [p.bornstein@aol.com](mailto:p.bornstein@aol.com) (change)

Goldberg Zall, Roberta(WHS 58/Union 59) - [brgoldberg@verizon.net](mailto:brgoldberg@verizon.net) (new)

Steinlight Geller Leff, Susan (Jan. 1959) - [susan11219@aol.com](mailto:susan11219@aol.com) (new)

**WHS Alumni remembered:**

Allen Garfield, born Allen Goorwitz (57), actor appearing in more than 100 films, died this week from Covid19 complications. [Link to Allen Goorwitz Garfield obituary in Newark Star-Ledger](#). [Link to Garfield obituary in LA Times](#)

Jac Toporek (6/63)

Martin Fox (1/41) lost his battle with COVID-19 this week. A sad loss for many communities, Weequahic, law, Jewish, New Jersey, all of which were benefited from Marty’s passion, guidance, and engagement. Marty was the first to recognize in me the possibilities of merging my strengths in the field of advocacy and community relations with my deep family Jewish roots, love of Israel and making those combined strengths an asset of the state’s Jewish Federations. Our friendship began in the late 1970’s when, I, as a staffer for then Governor Brendan Byrne, and Marty coordinated and planned the Governor’s visit to Israel. Governor Byrne did not wish to travel with an entourage, but he and his wife Jean would only travel with Marty and his spouse Muriel. Almost 40 years have passed, and time has

proven that Marty's vision of me personally was only one of his so, so many inspirational acts of leadership," mitzvot" (good deeds), good counsel, compassionate mentoring and justice for those in need. [Link to Martin Fox obituary in Newark Star-Ledger](#). [Link to Martin Fox obituary in NJ Jewish News](#). Jac

Susan Levine (65)

My friend Beverly Grossman Robbins (6/48) died on March 20. We became friends during the time that *Heart of Stone* came to the Bay Area, I think, 2005? She was full of energy and had great artistic style. The link to her obit from the San Francisco Chronicle can be found at [Link to Beverly Grossman Robbins obituary](#).  
Susan

### **Newark Public Library Foundation extends an invitation:**

**Date:** Monday, April 20 @ 5-6 PM

**Program:** Conversation via "ZOOM" on themes of HBO's "Plot Against America" and influence of Philip Roth's childhood experience

**Registration:** Ask to join "ZOOM" conversation at [nplfoundation@npl.org](mailto:nplfoundation@npl.org)

### **"Shout Outs" to keeping the connection:**

Len Cohen (6/54)

It appears that very little has been seen or written by or from one of the most outstanding classes that ever graduated from Weequahic High, the Class of June 1954. There were 7 Valedictorians (straight A's) that were lauded all over the State of New Jersey. There was an appearance on the NBC-TV morning program with Dave Garroway taking the academic reputation of Weequahic to an unprecedented level! Where are they? I would like to hear from them or see them in the newsletter writings! I can be reached at [lwc7@aol.com](mailto:lwc7@aol.com). Len

J. Paul Blake (68)

Susan Jacobs Grassgreen (61) was among a number of people who contacted me after seeing the word of my recent move to the City of North Las Vegas. It was a real pleasure to meet Susan for breakfast and have the opportunity to talk about Weequahic High, life in the Weequahic Section, taking the 107 bus to New York

City, the Nevada caucuses, politics in Israel and more. Susan, who lives a very active life in the valley, and I look forward to a future gathering of other Weequahic faithful in the area. Paul

### **Calvin Schwartz (6/63) racks up the nostalgia points with memories of a beloved growing-up obsession:**

The particulate energy to expound and write about Pinball Machines (those that don't know Pinball, please Google) came from Jac Toporek, the purveyor of the iconic Weequahic newsletter. Interestingly, I mention pinball machines in my first novel, 'Vichy Water,' (plug) which begins in 1960 Newark, Weequahic section. Pinball and baseball (not basketball or football, as they weren't part of a growing kid's consciousness yet) were major components of our active world in the 1950's to 1960's. How I loved the Brooklyn Dodgers then, mostly because they were the first team to integrate. Baseball statistics and cards were my pastime as were pinball machines. If I only had my baseball cards (major lamentation), it would've provided the income for a winter Florida home. My mother randomly tossed them when we moved out of Newark.

I lived on Goodwin Avenue, one block below Clinton Place and Shepherd Avenue. At that corner, was the epicenter of my world; Harry Becker's candy store. He had a pinball machine at the end of the counter, with its adjacent swiveling stools. The machine was changed every six months or so. Machines were made by Gottlieb Manufacturing, my favorite kind.

I saved every penny, collected empty bottles for deposit, shoveled snow, delivered meat for a butcher on my bike, carried groceries for Meyer Kravitz on my sled when it snowed, washed empty stainless steel coleslaw trays at Kravitz's, and at twelve began babysitting; all to make money to play Becker's pinball machine. I wasn't very good. That ineptitude lasted for decades, right up to my son trying to teach me to play video games (King Koopa, Mario, Nintendo all of which I hated because the game beat me up night after night, sometimes even seeing the sunrise).

Harry was a stereotypical candy store owner, aging, bald, who never quite understood the magnetism and popularity of that game with the kids, who made a lot of noise in the back of the store and almost never purchased anything. Once (still guilty) when Harry wasn't looking, I grabbed a warm bottle of Coke from the

stacked wooden cases. Opened the bottle, wiped my lips and pretended it was cold purchased soda. I was enamored with playing pinball; the only game in town for me.

There was another popular pinball candy store called Stein's; three blocks away down Shepherd Avenue as it crossed Osborne Terrace. But a million miles away for me. The cool, tough, popular, athletic, and older guys hung out there. If you didn't fit, you could never go there risking getting beat-up. As I write this, it's a holy (cow), that never once did I walk into Stein's because of elemental fear and no self-confidence. I settled on Harry Becker's. Desperation did enter my consciousness briefly when I conjured a plan to pay Stein's a few dollars, if he'd let me play early in the morning or late at night after closing. I needed to play that pinball. Never happened. That deficiency feeling would last a long time; how I never got into Stein's. It's still there as I write this.

On Lyons Avenue, across from Lyons Farm Tavern, near Ming's Chinese Restaurant, an old-fashioned diner got a pinball machine. There was a button underneath the machine which could give you free games. But the management was very strict. You had to order food to stay and play. Once every few months, I saved money and ordered a tuna fish sandwich, which was actually outstanding tuna. I think they used ketchup and sugar to lure you into their taste web.

Jersey Shore pin ball memories in "Part II" next edition of the "WHS Note." But here is photo teaser of what is to come. Cal



## “Home” is where the memories are:

Merle Rosen Cohen (6/63)

I wanted to thank everyone involved in the Rabbi Prinz documentary. Sharing it with the community is a very special gift. I was in Newark at the time and he was our Rabbi. He was the Rabbi for my brother's Bar Mitzvah. We knew he was gifted but as a child had no knowledge of all he had done. I was overwhelmed by his accomplishments. It's nice to have an uplifting story in such a stressful time. Merle

Arnie Kohn (56)

To Janet Einhorn Hirschfeld (Schley Street was parallel to Fabyan Place and did not intersect it. You are probably referring to Chancellor Avenue. Arnie

Richie Gerber (6/63)

In response to Harold Kravis (Chancellor/W. Essex 74), synagogue plaque detective, the name Max Jacobs was on the plaque brought from Israel in 1956. He was the owner of the *Fire Place Tavern* and night club. Later, the name was changed to *Flamingo Tavern* located on Spring Street, one block north of McCarter Highway. He and his wife Anna operated the night club from about 1938, during prohibition until the mid-60s. I remember, as a small boy of about 6 years old, going with him behind the bar asking a customer what they wanted to drink; got a lot of laughs. As you have probably guessed, Max Jacobs was my grandpa. Richie

Alan Ginter (64/65)

To Natalie Cohen Price (64) re: Joel Enda's (6/62) post about the last January graduation class. Jeff Davis and I were the only ones of the Class of 65 to decide not to go to summer school or take extra classes to graduate with the rest of the graduates of 1964. We stayed at WHS for four and a half years to graduate with the Class of 65. We had 2 proms, 2 graduation exercises, 2 yearbooks (although only I got in both of them; check it out). Which is why I always include both classes in my postings. Our last semester we had lots of study periods. Alan Ginter

Dennis Estis (65)

Chet Cohen (6/59) said that Stecher Street had disappeared. Fortunately, he is wrong. Only half of it was consumed by Interstate 78. My house at 27 Stecher Street, which was owned by the parents of Maria (6/63) and Teresa (67) Farese, is still there. Incredibly, Dairyland is still on the corner of Stecher and you can still get

an ice cream cone there, at least you could the last time I stopped there 3 or 4 years ago. Dennis

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