

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

MAY 08, 2020

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Hi Anecdoters of Newark's Weequahic Section,

Please welcome Harry Snyder (Seton Hall Prep 63) as a weekly Cyber Indian at harrysnider@mac.com.

WHS Alumni mourned:

Bruce Zimmer (Chancellor/Hillside 71)

Bea Kupperman Fink (44), died recently of Covid-19 related causes. Bea used to live in Springfield next door to my cousin. Over the years, Bea, my cousin, my mom, and another one of their friends used to play mahjong together. Bea was the last one in the Group. So sad. [Link to Bea Kupperman Fink obituary](#). Bruce

The Class of January 1951 has provided notice of the loss of David Teschner. [Link to David Teschner obituary](#).

Larry Reisner

Sorry to say that my mom, Janice Rebenfeld Reisner, passed away on the 9th of April. at the age of 91, a victim of the Covid-19. Janice grew up on Osborne Terrace, went to Hawthorne Avenue School twice and graduated from Weequahic in 1947. My mother went on to Bloomfield College after which she worked as a dietician at Saint Michael's Hospital, then at the telephone company and Scharff's.

In 1954, after meeting mom at the *6 O'clock Club* at Temple B'nai Jeshurun, she married Charles Reisner, the owner of Bragman's Delicatessen on Hawthorne

Avenue. She first worked with my father, then with me, retiring after her stroke in 2011 at the age of 84.

She taught at the Newark Vocational School for a number of years, teaching food service, of course. In 1959, mom moved to Union, where she lived until 2012, then moved into Winchester Gardens in Maplewood. My mother was a proud member of the WHS Alumni Association. Also surviving her are two daughters and four grandchildren plus several friends from her high school. Mom had a great life and will be missed. Larry

Ron Citron (50) follows-up on 70th class reunion effort:

When I reached out asking about a 70th reunion, the response was underwhelming! Eight of the ten responses are currently living out of state. However, the thought of “Zoom” came up and I thought, it might work! While we could still hold it in my walk-in closet, “Zoom” might be a perfect solution, and more comfortable. Fellow classmates of 1950, what do you think? Reach me at rcitron77@yahoo.com. Ron

Philip Lustig (46), Judy Herr (64) and Rich Kaplan (1/61) shares a stream of memories:

I see very few comments here that date back to my era. However, when I see mentioned neighborhoods and specific streets, my memory goes into overdrive. Philip Roth’s family lived three blocks from me on Leslie Street, and I graduated with Sandy Roth. In retirement, I now write short stories and poetry. I like to think some of Phillip’s creativity drifted down to my block.

I lived on Hedden Terrace. Next to our house was a lot with a gigantic stone, which we used as a “fort” when playing games. I remember the day a large crane appeared and removed it. ‘That stone’ is the one that marks Untermann Field. The dedication was in 1949.

My English teacher was Marie O’Conner, one of the most upbeat and the liveliest teacher I ever had (she was over 100 when she passed). “Friday” was, what she called, I thought, as “Solomon Grundy Day (a poem),” because she never actually wrote the words on the blackboard. Friday was a day to discuss any and everything,

out of the curriculum. I have read the poem many times and never could connect it with “her” Friday.

I recently had a revelation; I just discovered the word “salmagundi” (sounds alike), which originally is a mixed salad, but also a “hodgepodge,” “mishmash” or “potpourri” which now makes perfect sense to me now, 74 years later.

Also, of note, as a freelance advertising photographer, I have been around the world four times and to 88 countries, satisfying my wanderlust. I think the basis of that was moving eleven times in ten years within the Weequahic area, a sign of the economic times. I served as Director of Photography Fingerhut Corp. and Senior Photographer, Franklin Mint. Philip

We lived in an apartment at 2 Custer Avenue. My mother and 9 other women who lived in the same building or next door met every day. With kids in carriages or walking toddlers, they all walked in the neighborhood and then went to Weequahic Park. These 9 women remained her lifelong best friends. I feel for parents of young children today during the COVID-19 crisis who can’t get their kids to playgrounds and can’t have play dates for moms and kids!

When my parents looked for a house, they were shown Longy Zwillman’s house. As soon as my mom saw that the house had a big safe, she wanted to get out of there as fast as possible! She feared someone would break in thinking there was mob money still in the safe.

Regarding Sam Teiger (sp?) and The Tavern restaurant, that was our go-to restaurants for celebrating important events. I still dream of their boysenberry pie. We can’t even get boysenberries where we are! I only see them when I’ve been to Oregon, but no Oregon pie tastes like the Tavern’s! Judy

Seeing Tom Boose's (1/59) name reminded me of watching him win a game in overtime with a winning jump shot in the Weequahic gym. He was a great player. I also remember Beryl Lief Benderly (6/60) and send congratulations on her wonderful career accomplishments.

Mr. Martino demanded perfect word-by-word, comma-by-comma, definitions, but was a lively, inspiring teacher. I became a chemical engineer. One day in Mrs.

Litzky's class, she received notice that a package had arrived for her. She sent me to get it. The package contained flowers from her husband. She cried when she opened it. Rich

Leslie Goldman Pumphrey's (6/62) recent commentary on Bradley Beach motivated recall of BB moments:

Beryl Lieff Benderly (6/60)

The prevalence of quarantine, plus Leslie Goldman Pumphrey's (6/62) reminiscence of Bradley Beach, has me thinking about my time in quarantine under the eaves of a Bradley rooming house. I was five or six and I don't remember which street the house was on. Several families rented rooms and shared the kitchen (my mother hated that), and I came down with measles.

I was pretty sick and a man from the Health Department arrived and put me in official quarantine in a tiny room in the attic. There was a stern official paper on the door frame and nobody but my parents were allowed in. All the kids in the house, of whom there were many, and including my brother, could only peak in at the door while I lay there feverish and itchy. I remember that my father brought me a beautiful doll in a bride's dress. Remember those small dolls in exotic costumes that came in boxes with the skirts spread out?

Before too long and without untoward incident, I recovered and was officially released and, as I remember, no one else in the house caught it. Of course, the adults were already immune, having had it as kids themselves. It must have been a terrific nuisance for the adults to keep my dishes, linen and such separate and to keep the kids away. But for me, it was just an odd interlude in that summer.

We never stayed in a rooming house again, though we spent numerous other summers at Bradley. For a couple of years, we stayed in an apartment run by a Mr. Asher. The Fuchs family, Judy and Carol and their parents Ida and Morris, who were my parents' friends, stayed there, too. Then we stayed at the LaReine-Bradley for several years, though later than Leslie's family did. It was fun to look down from the porch at the crowds of kids gathered at Syd's and Mike and Lou's.

So that is the story of my not very exciting quarantine. Speaking of crowds, I hope that all are following social distancing guidelines and that anyone who had been

quarantined emerged as well as I did. Seriously, it is heart-wrenching to hear of the suffering going on in our beloved New Jersey. With fervent hopes for the health and welfare of everyone. Beryl

Hesh Goldstein (1/57)

Every summer growing up, my mom and I stayed in Bradley and my dad came down on the weekends. As I was getting older, in my teens, and doing sports at Weequahic HS, a bunch of us used to run on the boardwalk from Bradley to Asbury and back. The bummer was on Sundays; Ocean Grove, which we used to call *Ocean Grave*, put barriers up to keep their boardwalk closed. That really ticked us off, so we used to jump the barriers to continue our workout. The good news was we got to sprint on OG because the security guards chase us, and we also got the opportunity to hurdle the barriers. As strange as it was, we always looked forward to Sundays. Hesh

Paul Lipkin (6/60)

Leslie, you bought back great memories of Bradley Beach. My dad rented an apartment in 1951 from Mr. Grushkin. He and my dad were “lansmen” from Russia. When my dad came down on weekends, they always had plenty to talk about. My parents made lasting friends they met at the apartments that summer. Paul

Merwin Feinsot (2/53)

I worked for Grossman Paper and sold to Bunny Hop in Bradley Beach (and Newark owned by Rich and Jeffery; 2 great guys). One day Larry Barsher (rest in peace) and I parked his Hudson car in Ocean Grove and woke up the next day with a ticket. We had a few fights the Syrian boys because we were making out with their girls. When I got older my wife (Myrna Schnirman married for 61 years) would spend the summer there and I would come there for weekends. Myrna passed away 2 years ago. We had great memories of those days. Merwin

Neighborquahics' comments:

Alan Eisenberg (Hillside 60)

Thank you so much for running the epoch I submitted on the Newark legacy of the Eisenberg and Sadolf families and their Newark connections. I can't thank you enough. As far as my family is concerned, this is only the tip of the iceberg (not

Eisenberg). There are heart-warming stories about my family's life in Newark that, sadly, I will never know. I really don't think we Newark boomers, and near-boomers, got our parents and relatives talking nearly enough about life in and around the Weequahic Section. My guess is that there are literally thousands of Weequahic residents from the 30s - the 70s who have reminiscences that rival and surpass mine. Alan

Arthur Chausmer (59)

On a different subject, recently some friends and I were discussing high school lunch experiences. Why we were discussing this I do not remember. In any event, I do not remember the location of the Weequahic cafeteria, or it having a cafeteria at all. I always either went out to one of the places near the school or had lunch at Bruce Meyer's house when his mother left tuna sandwiches for us in the fridge. Can anyone enlighten me? Was there a cafeteria at WHS, and if so, where was it located? Arthur

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