

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

MAY 29, 2020

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

Hi Thespindians of the Weequahic Stage,

Your Consideration Invited:

Thank to the generosity of many of our weekly readers, a \$1000 contribution has been made to the WHS Alumni Association to support the Weequahic Class of 1963 Scholarship Fund. More than \$46,000 has been similarly sent over the years to help make a difference in the future of today's WHS students. If you have done so, yet, please lend your individual support, too, by filling out the attached form ([Link to PDF](#)) and committing to assisting the Scholarship Fund and helping this newsletter keep us connected.

"Phyllis Scharago (60) has been added to the Cyber Indians wigwam at prsnewark@yahoo.com."

Remembering our WHS grads:

Barbara Lerner Blumberg (60)

Many years ago, when my neighbor John Denick learned that I was a graduate of Weequahic, he arranged for me to meet his mother at a family dinner. Ruth Denick (45) and I may have been of different generations, but Weequahic alums and Newarkers can relate in a very special way. We sang songs and shared memories.

Ruth Horowitz Denick was born 91 years ago in Newark to Samuel Horowitz and Pearl Sientz Horowitz. Ruth died May 13th of the coronavirus. She will be missed

greatly. Her obituary can be read at <https://www.baltimoresun.com/obituaries/bs-md-ob-ruth-denick-20200519-17ft4gceibb2piagperhjq7rwy-story.html>. Barbara

Leslie Goldman Pumphrey (6/62)

I want to share the news that my beloved big brother, Marty Goldman, passed away on May 13. Marty went to Bragaw and then graduated from Weequahic in June, 1954. He used to joke that he was not the world's best student and just barely managed to get that diploma.

He served honorably in the US Army, went on to get a college degree (finally showing he really could study and learn!) and then became a police officer in the Newark Police Department for the next 30 years, retiring as a Sergeant. Marty absolutely loved being a cop! He mentored other police over the years. He worked in the Weequahic area for some of those years and would regale us with stories about our old neighborhood. Some of his stories were funny, some were very sad, but he told them all with respect for the law and for the people he served.

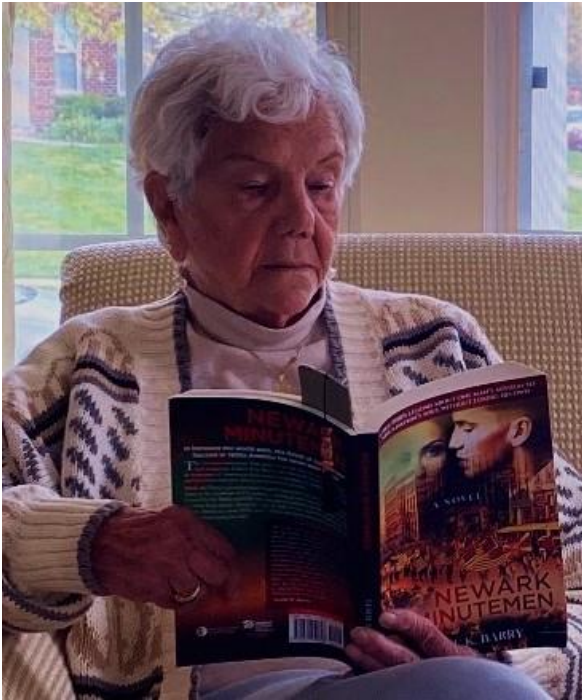
For me, Marty was my big brother. Almost a decade older than me, he was born to two very young parents. While I used to say that the decade difference made me the offspring of two completely different people; maybe Marty aged them a little bit! My brother was funny, gruff on the outside but a teddy bear on the inside. He was my protector when I was little. As we grew up and went our different ways, we didn't always see eye to eye but always remembered, with love, our parents Harry and Sadye (of blessed memory).

Marty fought with every ounce of his strength over the past few years against his illness. He took such good care of his wife Susan throughout it all, and of his children and grandchildren. I was lucky to have the chance to tell him how much I loved him toward the end, but a huge chunk of my life is gone, and I will miss him forever. Leslie

Esther Levine Kaplan (44) takes pride in a next-generation accomplishment:

At 94 years old, I am so pleased to celebrate the release of a new novel *Newark Minutemen* authored by my daughter Leslie K. Barry. The book is a love story based on the true American account of my brother fighting against the German-American Bund on the streets of Newark, NJ during the Depression for Mob King

Longie Zwillman, Nat Arno and the FBI. It is also in development to be a movie. You can learn more about the story, the backstory and view historic photos at <https://newarkminutemen.com/>. The book is also available online Amazon and Barnes & Noble. I enjoyed reading the book (see picture, below). Esther



Jac Toporek (6/63) shares a “Scary Newark” addendum:

I previously penned a comment for the “WHS Note” highlighting episode 3 of "The Plot Against America" and a scene where young Philip was asked to get the Shabbat tablecloth drying on a line in the apartment basement. I wrote that Philip walked “through a seemingly darkened abyss, while the voices and coughs of other apartment dwellers came loudly through the creaking floorboards above. Even the washer in the basement looked menacingly human like.”

Given the scene and my commentary, I engaged myself in a “stay at home, social distancing, time on my hands, nothing else to do project,” by first trying to locate in several dusty house locales my edition of “The Plot Against America.” Could not recall where I placed the book, which I read millions of heartbeats ago. Always the last place you look. In the bedroom armoire I found, to my surprise, a pretty well-kept hard copy edition; not the paperback variety of “read-alreadies” in abundance on our rickety bookshelves.

In any case, the purpose of my house hunt was to skim through Roth's book to find what he actually wrote about the basement visits and the fears. Nothing until page 133 where young Philip retells of his mother washing the remnants of cousin Alvin's clothes left in his dingy apartment after Alvin ran off to join the Canadian army. "Everything washable my mother scrubbed on the washboard in the divided cellar tub, soaping in one sink, rinsing in the other, and then feeding each piece at a time into the wringer while I cranked the handle to force out the rinse water. I hated that wringer; each piece of wash emerged flattened out from between its two rollers, looking like it had been run over by a truck, and whenever I was down in the cellar for whatever reason, I was always afraid to turn my back on the thing."

The "cellar" continued to be referenced vividly on pages 138-140 after Philip seeks out the double sink to throw up after that evening first seeing what remained after Alvin lost the lower part of his leg while fighting the Nazis. He continues with a hilariously gruesome description of the cellar and its condition and relationship to the mythologic netherworld. Philip also laments having to accept responsibility for doing furnace chores and the spirits of family that passed on, but still reside in the cellar. The attached document contains Roth's writings on his "Scary Newark." ([Link to PDF](#))

W-Yore Memories:

Renee Lehrhoff Fromkin (1/58)

There were two Lehrhoff's Bakeries. My father's (Al Lehrhoff) was on Bergen Street across from Henry's and Tabachnick's. There was another one on Chancellor Avenue owned by his family. Just wanted to clear up the confusion. Renee

Jeff Golden (6/63)

Reply to Alan Ginter (64) and Mel Ortner (64), actually, there were TWO drag racing drive-ins on Route 22, *Adventure Car Hop*, and *The Big Top* that were conveniently located just 1/4 mile apart. At one time, I found myself the owner of a 1953 Chrysler Windsor convertible with a big, powerful Chrysler hemi-head engine. It also had a Chrysler fluid-drive transmission that was not renowned for its drag racing capabilities, but, so what?

I took it to Route 22 and actually did engage in a drag race. Shortly after the race began, the hood latch on the old Chrysler let go, the hood blew up and curled over the windshield, and the big chrome bird hood ornament came tearing through the convertible top right next to my head. Luckily, I was able to stop without hitting anything. I un-bent the hood as best I could, tied it down with wire, drove home, and got rid of that car shortly after that. Jeff

Enid Hinkes (60)

I recently heard *Harlem Nocturne*, a piece I had not heard for a long time. It brought back memories of Janet Ehrenkrantz who danced to it at the Spring Concert. Probably in 1958, with the band providing the music. She wore a black leotard as she performed a rather sultry acrobatic dance, something quite unusual at that time for a high school concert. She was fantastic.

Janet was also a cheerleader and during basketball season would do a running flip (no hands). Being someone who had difficulty doing going upside down on the rings in gym, I was amazed. I wondered what had happened to Janet and looked her up on the internet. Sadly, I found a Janet Ehrenkrantz Stoddard who was a dance teacher of the same age, who died in 1999 in NJ, which I presume to be her.

My only other recollections of the Spring Concerts were the performance of the orchestra, with Judy Shapiro playing the violin, and Stuart Kaplowitz singing "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation." Perhaps others recall the rest of the programs. Enid

Margie Bauman (6/60)

Re Beryl Lieff Benderly's (6/60) remembrance of quarantine, I remember those Board of Health quarantine notices they put on the door of houses in Newark when we came down with measles and chicken pox or whooping cough. That chocolate flavored codeine medicine my dad kept in the medicine cabinet for whooping cough tasted so good. I guess my dad, who was a doctor, forgot it was there, so I would sneak a teaspoon of it out of the bottle on occasion as a young kid. Funny how times have changed. When my own son got chicken pox at the age of three years old, those quarantine signs were long gone in Fairbanks, Alaska. A friend asked to bring their kids

over to play so they could get chicken pox and be done with it before starting school. Stay well, Weequahic tribe. Margie

Marc Curtis Little (69)

My wife's family, Reverend J. Wendell Mapson Sr., the pastor at Mount Calvary Missionary Baptist Church, lived in the Ortner home in the mid '60s until the late '90s. Marc

Barbara Rappaport (66)

So many of us have fond memories of Weequahic Park. For those of us who lived at the "bottom of the hill" and faced the park, it was a beautiful site, and yes, great exercise walking to school. My best memory is the winter and sledding down "Suicide Hill." Sometimes you made it and sometimes just fell over in the snow, wet and laughing, and having friends come back for hot chocolate and cookies. Sure wish I could still enjoy the winter!

Weequahic Park is again playing a vital role in the lives of Weequahic residents. It served as a drive through testing site for Corona 19. Serving a great cause, soon, hopefully, the park will return to its role of play and making fond memories for current residents. Barbara

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