

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

JUNE 19, 2020

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

Hi Narrators of the Weequahic Story,

**Michael Weismann seeks alumni assistance:**

Wonder if the Weequahic Alumni community can help me identify the three guys in the picture, below. It looks like it was taken outside WHS, yes? My father, Ira Weismann, was a Weequahic grad in the early 40s (1943?), but none of these guys are him. Possibly they were friends of his. Thanks for any help you can give. Responses can be sent to me at [mjweismann@yahoo.com](mailto:mjweismann@yahoo.com). Michael



**Sandy Serbin Dresdner (6/56) invites Alumindians to meet, literarily, a WHS author:**

I recently finished a terrific book, "*Dissident Doctor: My Life Catching Babies and Challenging the Status Quo*," written by yet another of our illustrious Weequahic graduates, Michael Klein, MD (6/56). Michael, (who taught a Senior Lifesaving class at B'nai Abraham in which I was mercilessly teased for being the only girl) has written a thoroughly engaging memoir, beginning with a description of his life in Newark, and how it informed so much of what came thereafter. It is not, I want to emphasize, what you might predict, given the paths many of us followed.

However, his story does touch on so many current and newsworthy events we all remember from our younger years from the late 1940s up to and including the many controversies such as health care; some which are so current today. The book is also filled with poignant first-person examples of patients Michael has cared for in his practice at home, as well as so much that he learned working in some of the most primitive societies in the world.

If you remember Michael as your bandmate, or as captain of your swim team, you will recall a very modest, decent guy not at all interested in bringing attention to himself. In this book however, he shares many heartwarming (and heartbreaking) personal stories of his own family's trials and successes. These are numerous and make you feel so proud that he's a product of our years at Weequahic. I invite you to click on [Link to "Dissident Doctor."](#) Sandy

**Walter Chinoy (66) reaches out to classmates and WHS friends:**

The first week of June, included two life changing anniversaries for me. On June 2, 1979, I had a blind date with Elaine Weiss from Colonia, NJ. Five weeks later, we were engaged and this past November 18, after two sons and two grandsons (so far), we celebrated our 40th anniversary. On June 3, 2018, I had a hemorrhagic stroke resulting in months of medical care; still having Occupational and Physical therapy. Because I lost most of the ability to use my dominant left arm, it put an instant end to my career as a dentist. I'm still learning how to do steps but spend most of the day in a wheelchair. I'd appreciate hearing from my fellow Indians. You

can call until 8 PM (908-232-0062) or email me at [elainechinoy@gmail.com](mailto:elainechinoy@gmail.com).  
Walter

### **Bradley Beach memories are endless:**

Harry Snyder (Seton Hall Prep 63)

Although I'm not a Weequahic grad, I was born on Hawthorne Avenue in 1946. When I was 4, my mother took ill with polio and my father, brother and I moved to the Vailsburg section to live with my grandmother. During those early years, we would spend summers at my grandparents' house at the Jersey Shore. Bradley Beach was a home away from home for many of the beautiful Weequahic co-eds.

While attending Seton Hall Prep I lifeguarded in Bradley and spent every night at Mike & Lou's and Sid's on each corner of the Brinley LaReine Hotel on Ocean Avenue. We spent countless hours at the pin ball machines across the street at the boardwalk arcades and attended the dances on the Pavilion. Up the street towards Newark Avenue was the bowling alley where we hang out with the likes of Danny DeVito, *Mousey* and the rest of the colorful characters who frequented Bradley Beach. Great memories that I cherish to this day.

After SHP and Seton Hall University, I began a teaching career that took me to Barringer High School in the Health & Physical Ed Departments. I had coaching duties, as well, that took me to compete against Weequahic and the rest of the City League; more great memories. Today I proudly have the position of President of the Newark Athletic Hall of Fame, again dealing with the many WHS Inductees who grace our Halls. Harry

Arnold Goldblatt (56)

We stayed in Vogel's Villa on McCabe Avenue near Beach Avenue renting the owners apartment which had a full kitchen, one bedroom and a big screened in porch that became a bedroom for me and my two brothers. We met our friends from Baldwin Avenue in Newark including the Lessins and the Davis family. One of the things we did was pick up empty soda bottles and got 2 cents for each bottle. Those were the days. Arnold

Jac Toporek (6/63)

My twin brother Nor and I and my parents may have spent a week or two in residence during a Bradley Beach summer, but not entirely certain. Memory lapse, perhaps? Bro Nor has a better recall than I do, but somewhere in the graying recess in what sits on the top of my body, is a faint image of a bed (maybe floor) shared with Nor, a small room in a shore rooming house and, as many have described in a large number of Bagel Beach posts in the past, cook alone privileges.

But whether we stayed longer than the usual one day (Sunday, usually, after a bumper-to-bumper trip down the Garden State Parkway), memories of many enjoyable beach adventures remain. Not the girls kind since we were for the most part one would consider “socially awkward.” Loved the night strolls on the BB boardwalk down passed Ocean Grove and into Asbury Park. And, the walk back, with the moonlight shimmering over the ocean, was never tiresome for young legs because we had so much fun in Asbury to energize us. Skee-ball, the arcades and the games plentiful in their confines, Khor’s custard treats and a few acts of mischief.

If we were instructed to remain in the Bradley area and not venture further, there was the gazebo, dances where my parents and some of their Holocaust survivor friends danced away the tragic memories that must have still haunted them and the Sort of “Easter Parade” on the boards as men on certain days wore tie and jacket and the women with fur stoles. Even these memories are so distant that I am not even sure they are real. In today’s terms, anyone is free to “fact check” me. Jac

### **“W-memories on my mind:”**

Marc Tarabour (6/63)

I want to thank Sandy Markowitz (6/63) for posting the pic with his brother Neil; fabulous! We have lost so many of our classmates and friends from the tepee over the years. Whenever Neil’s name comes up, the accolades seem to never stop. He was a special guy. Marc

Rita Mittleman Jamnik (Hillside 67)

Found a bag from my father’s bakery, Mittleman’s. The bakery was there many years baking cakes for all occasion, especially for birthdays, weddings and Bar/Bat Mitzvah. Dad also made rolls and was the expert in making challah for Shabbat!

I remember the bag that I found; it was the first bag coated with wax. I recall the breads being sliced and put into the bag. Unforgettable, especially, as the smell of the fresh the rye bread. Also made wonderful cookies, donuts; everything a wonderful bakery made. The lines to get into the bakery were long. Boy, could we use this bakery now! Rita



Herb Trinkler (55)

To Fred Goldman (6/62) and his note on Sam Hydler, boxer, I was an electrician in Newark and remember Sam very well. My father Sidney Trinkler, also an electrician, was very friendly with Sam. Our company name was *Trinkler Electrical Service*, of which I was partners with my dad. May he rest in peace. Herb

Ike Laufer (45}

I played football and basketball. We were pretty good in basketball; not a great football team. But football provided a rare memory. We were playing West Side HS and scored our first touchdown of the season. Because I had been practicing place kicking, coach Art Lustig said, "Let Laufer try the extra point." My big chance. Ball was centered perfectly to center Mendy Rudolph. It was placed down and I kicked. Looked up to see what happened, but heard a "thud." It was blocked.

The ball bounced up and I grabbed it and ran around left end. Two West Siders were there waiting patiently and guarding the goal line. I leapt between them and ended up on the ground in the End Zone. I scored one point and it remained my



only point of my checkered career. One point! I remember it like it was yesterday. I'm still around in the LA area of California and celebrating my 93rd birthday this month. Ike

Cheryl Alterman Elblonk (64)

To Alan Ginter (64/65), after a long talk with my husband, we both agree that the bakery that was on the corner of Schley Street and Lyons Avenue was Wild's Bakery. As I remember, they were a German bakery that used to make the best pumpernickel bread. I can still recall the smell as it wafted down Schley. Since you and I both lived a few houses apart, do you remember that aroma? Ira (my husband) remembers the wonderful smells from that bakery on Passover when we couldn't eat bread, LOL.

Lehrhoff's Bakery was on the corner of Chancellor Avenue and Wainwright Street. I remember this because every day I either went there or to the Garden Bakery on Chancellor a few doors from the corner, next to deli. I think it was called Harry's or that was the owners name? Went there for fresh rye bread. But I am positive about the bakeries; such good memories. Cheryl

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

**PLEASE BE CAREFUL -- YOU MIGHT UNSUBSCRIBE BY MISTAKE:**

**The WHS Note and WHS Alumni Bulletin is sent through Constant Contact, the WHS Alumni Association mailing service. At the bottom of the page, there is an unsubscribe link.**

**If you unsubscribe from either or both the WHS Note or the WHS Alumni Bulletin, you will be removed from the mailing list by Constant Contact and will no longer receive any future communications.**

**Also, if you forward the Note or Bulletin and that person unsubscribes, you will also be unsubscribed by Constant Contact.**