

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

January 4, 2019

PLEASE SEND ALL INQUIRIES AND COMMENTS/MEMORIES DIRECTLY TO WHSALUM63@AOL.COM.

THE WHSAA IS ALSO LISTING LINKS TO THE NEWLY FORMATTED *WHS NOTE* ON THEIR WEBSITE AT [HTTP://WEEQUAHICALUMNI.ORG/WHS-NOTE/](http://weequahicalumni.org/whs-note/).

Hi Weequahic Web-spinners:

Sy Mullman (66) and Bea Chaiklin (57) share sad news:

Marc Wiener (66) passed away on December 16, after a two-year illness. Marc swam for the Indians during his time at school. Following graduation from college, he became a well-respected commercial and residential architect in Florida, the head of his own firm, and a member of the AIA. He is survived by his wife and two children. Sy

Bea Chaiklin informs us that her brother George Austrager (1954) passed away on January 4th in Silver Springs, MD. For more information, Bea can be called at (973) 992-3650.

Alumindians in the Archives:

Entering the 21st year of editing the *WHS Note*, thought it might be of interest to take a look back and highlight some of the archival commentary that has enlivened our weekend reading and helped to connect us to the high school, district, neighborhood and, most importantly, friends of our youth (many who still remain our friends to this day). So, each of the weekly newsletters for 2019 will include a look back, a memory of a memory. Enjoy!

12/5/98

Jac Toporek (6/63)

The morning bell has rung and we are all seated in our homerooms awaiting the day's messages over the loud speaker (does anyone remember who owned the voice that delivered those morning messages?). In monotoned syllables we are asked to rise for the Pledge of Allegiance. Once our loyalty was assured for one more day, we were back in crammed seat quarters. Depending on the individual, daydreams, fantasies and the fear of scoring low on another not-studied-for test set in. Well, if you are finding yourself in a similar situation this morning...WAKE UP!!!!!! GOOD MORNING, WEEEEEEEEKWAAAAAAKE!! Jac

Harriet Zucker Singer (6/51) responds to a recent *WHS Note* entry:

A couple of weeks ago an article was written regarding Sy *Shushy* Friedberg (Irvington 52) being the first to own a Corvette and all were envious. Incorrect information. I was the first. I was dating my husband Timmy Singer (of blessed memory), who was a friend of *Shushy* along with the late Bernie Schneiderman. I remember needing to have an appendectomy and unable to drive a shift car so Timmy and I traded cars temporarily. His was a yellow Cadillac convertible. That, I believe, is when *Shushy* got the idea to purchase a Corvette. Mine was blue with a white stripe, had white leather seats and NO air conditioning, which was the norm at that time. It also had a FIVE forward stick shift, while, I believe, *Shushy's* was grey with an automatic shift. Big difference! Harriet

Weequahic's "Fine & Practical Arts" teachers remembered:

Jack Lippman (50)

In a recent posting, someone mentioned a “memory selection sheet” (commenting on *Invictus*; “Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole, etc.”) Well do I remember those two big sheets called *Memory Lists*. One contained all of the poetry then-Principal Max Herzberg expected us to have memorized and all the difficult words we were expected to know how to spell by the time we became WHS graduates. These sheets were produced by the print shop classes taught by Mr. Mayer down in the school basement. We were expected to hang on to them throughout our years in high school. The first time I heard Benjamin Franklin’s quote, “Once something is kissed by printer’s ink, it lives forever,” was Mr. Mayer’s class. What richness Weequahic provided. Jack

Marilyn Klein Anderson (64)

Thank you for keeping us all in the loop! It is lovely to hear about my Jersey friends and roots all the way out here in the middle of the Pacific Ocean (Kailua-Kona, Hi). BTW. I am an artist; have always been. I thank my former instructor Esther Schechter for years of support, nurture and understanding. She thought like the creative soul she was. She “Got Me,” always holding up the good, pulling creativity from my stubborn insecure teenage self and pushing me to take risks, fail AND relish all endeavors. I went on to Parsons School of Design straight from Weequahic HS in September 1964 to study Art and major in Fashion Illustration.

In 1968 I landed a job in Denver, CO doing ads for Fashion Bar Department Store, where the people featured in the daily ads in the Denver Post and Rocky Mountain News were all Caucasian. None of the advertising had been diversified yet! Well that just seemed outrageous and outdated to this 22-year-old WHS girl who knew better than that! I began pleading with my art director to let me mix it up by representing Denver’s population of mostly Latinos, African Americans and Caucasians (in reverse order) in the fashion ads.

It took persistence on my part, and I reminded the art director frequently that the ads in New York and LA/SF had already been integrated and that we in the mid-West needed to catch up. He was a Jewish guy, and I used a little Jewish guilt to remind him that it is up to those with access and the power to help eradicate racism to do so!! Thankfully he took a chance and on November 1, 1968 the first integrated fashion ad was published in Colorado (see pic below).



The public response was tremendous, and our store received notice and praise from minority customers!! Within a few weeks ALL the other stores followed our lead. By the end of 1968, ads featuring minorities alongside Caucasians became standard in Denver and throughout the entire mid-West! Thank you, Parsons, Weequahic HS, and the wonderful Art teacher Esther Schechter who helped develop my talent and find my voice as an artist.

PS. I was also trained in persistence by Mr. Frank Scocozza during four years with the Marching Band as a WHS Twirler.
Marilyn

Frank Argenziano (6/62)

I have written about Mr. Mayer in the past. I really enjoyed the printing class he taught. Of course, I *PI'd out* (I think that's what he called spilling the box of type) once or twice and it seemed to happen to someone during most classes. I also remember some trolls (no names) that may have caused some of their classmates to drop their boxes of type. Frank

Jerry Krotenberg (1/60; Faculty 64-69)

I taught Woodshop and Mechanical Drawing from 1964 through 1969. During that time, Les Fusco was the Printing teacher as Mr. Mayer had already retired. I shared the Woodshop with Cy Weiss and the Drafting Room with Mr. Edits who had a strong resemblance to President LBJ. I remember the view from the Drafting Room looking out toward Chancellor Avenue school and watching the yellow Forsythias bloom as a harbinger of spring after a cold NJ winter. Now I look forward to the winters, as that is the best time to be living in Miami. Jerry

Elias Roochvarg, (67)

The only one of that group whom I had for a teacher was Esther Schechter; for Art. She basically gave us (or tried to) an appreciation of the different historical schools and styles of painting. She was very creative and nurturing. Many years later, when I was teaching an Elderhostel class in Baltimore, one of my students was Rhoda Appel, who had worked in the Weequahic Library. She told me that unfortunately, Mrs. Schechter had gone blind. How sad! It reminded me of the famous story of Beethoven, who began losing his hearing when he was still in his 30s. Elias

Philip Lustig (46)

I enjoyed seeing a photo of a "favorite teacher" Marie O'Conner, who I remember was one of the best. She was an individual who departed often from the normal drone of teaching. Although I never saw the connection to the poem, Friday was *Solomon Grundy Day* when we talked about anything current. I think she just liked the quirky name. The hundred years she lived gives credence to having had a creative mind.

Since my retirement as a world traveling photographer, I am writing short stories to good reviews. I credit that to having lived on Leslie Street a few blocks from Philip Roth where some of his creativity may have flowed down to me. Or, was it shared "Weequahic" air? Philip

Arlene Chausmer Swirsky (64)

Esther Schechter showed great prescience when she suggested, in my Legend, that I forget a career in ceramics and stick to writing. I have two published books and many newspaper and magazine articles to my credit. In truth, all we did in ceramics was schmooze. My schmooze mates were Harvey Sinins, Louis Kalber and, I think, Irene Gottesman. My memory is a little fuzzy on her. Arlene

Fred Decter (60)

Mr. Mayer was the Printing teacher. We once paid a kid a few bucks to drop an entire tray of letters. Mr. Mayer was not very happy, to say the least. I made a rubber name stamp which I still use to this day. I also have the record cabinet I made in Woodshop. Great memories of great times in a great neighborhood in a great school. Fred

Arnie Kohn (56)

In answer to the question put by Jac Toporek (6/63) on mishaps in Mr. Mayer's class, when one dropped his "typestick" on the floor or messed up the type in any way it was called "PI." I was in the printing industry from the late forties (dad's shop) until I retired in 2011 as the owner and President of West End Graphics in Manhattan. The history of the movable type is very interesting. The majority usage fell out of usage in the early fifties and before when linotype and monotype machines were developed. That need was also diminished in the late seventies with the advent of lithography and digital type setting devices. Today, there are programs that set type so perfectly, there really is no need at all for movable type. One (including journalists) can submit perfectly produced copy that can be incorporated directly onto a page to be reproduced. Arnie

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