

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

May 10, 2019

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Hi "Mes Amies Weequoise:"

The usual Cyber Indians Network tepee tinkering:

Cohen, Chester (Chet)(6/59) -- chesdor@cablespeed.com (new)

Pfeffer, Bruce (6/62) -- bppfeffer@yahoo.com (new)

Radin, Steve (53) -- sradin@sillscummis.com (change)

Troublefield Ford, Bara (68) -- so3fords@earthlink.net (new)

Mourning WHS Alumni:

The attached PDF file highlights the remembrances of Barbara Blumgart Berti (6/63) and David Blumgart (66) of their mother Elaine Epstein Blumgart (38) who died on April 9, 2019 [Link to Elaine Epstein Blumgart's Obituary](#).

Richard Gillman (48), another notable WHS grad success story (CEO of Bally Casinos), passed away;

<http://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=richard-gillman&pid=192807202>.

Alumindians in the Archives:

1/2/10

Michael Mantell (WHS 64/WO Mountain 66)

Reading these postings brings back such terrific memories, the names of the streets, Olympic Park, etc. My father, Sol Mantell, owned shoe stores on Clinton Avenue and Prince Street (Buster Brown). I suspect, Weequahic, South Side and Hillside grads might recall buying shoes there. My aunt Lillian Mantell graduated Weequahic in the mid-50s. Her husband, Ed Freundlich, just passed away. Harjays, Halems, Chancellor Deli, Rabbi Sky bookstore; there could not have been a better place for raising kids. I remember playing in the field on Chancellor Avenue and buying clothes at Russ Scott and ogling the T-bird belonging to the son of the owner. Michael

Elaine Hersh Krusch will share the kind thoughts of Alumindians with the Ming's family:

When I go to see Bernice Chin, I will bring the *WHS Note* and its wonderful comments about Ming's and read it to her. Since Charles died, she is a bit down. But hearing about Mings will cheer her up. Elaine

It Is a Small Weequahic World After All:

Cheryl Weisman Fulmer (68)

Somehow, there are three Weequahic HS graduates that are members of the Bat Yam Temple of the Islands located on Sanibel Island in southwest Florida. We are Bernie Lubetkin, Class of 1943, Dr. David Berger, Class of 1955 and me. We all appreciate growing up in Newark and attending WHS. If anyone finds themselves on Sanibel on a Friday evening, visit Bat Yam and we will be happy to greet you. Cheryl

Bob Gold, (59)

When I retired from my practice of oral surgery a few years ago, I began to study the clarinet. I guess I shouldn't say "began," because I had at one time played second clarinet in the woodwind section of the Chancellor Avenue School orchestra. Anyway, I took my new hobby on the road and now perform complementary music trivia programs for senior groups around Morris County. So far, I do programs of show, film and pop music from the 1900's. (I can be reached at home if anyone is interested; bbgold@optonline.net; 973-584-1781). I recently had a gig for the *JCC Shalom Club* in Morristown. Lo and behold, the president of the group is a Weequahic graduate, class of 1957, Wilma Bernhaut Pitman. Wow! Bob

George Golomb (64)

I am a practicing lawyer in Baltimore, Maryland. I recently had lunch with Gary Brooks, who was in my class and is a veterinarian. I spoke to another classmate, Robert Hollander, a social worker in Maryland. Yesterday I exchange e-mails with another classmate, Gary Goss. When I was at Weequahic, I thought there were so many terrific people in our class. I feel the same way today about my classmates. I feel very lucky that I went to Weequahic. George

Sandy Baer (59)

In my case, a close "WHS Small World" moment. I was having lunch in Morris Plains with a couple of buddies recently when four people of our age (old) sat down at the very next table. One of them proceeded to hand a book across the table, which book looked like a high school yearbook. It was black and white, and the title read, *Legend*. As she turned the pages, I could see that it looked exactly like ours. It had to be *Weequahic High School*. I put on my WHS Alumni hat, which I was wearing that day, and turned my chair so they could see my hat. I was met with blank stares. It turns out that it was a yearbook from a Brooklyn HS of about the same vintage. We chatted away about the rare coincidence, but it leads me to wonder how many yearbooks out there are called *Legend*. The owner of the yearbook was very excited to show me the picture of Sandy Koufax, who

graduated with him. Little did I know, Sandy played basketball in high school and not baseball. Sandy

Helen Lippman (65)

I recently planned to attend a recreational weekend with a group that an old friend has been part of for years, mainly because it was her 60th birthday. At the last minute, another friend of hers, Dell, decided to come from Maryland to join us. Over lunch on Saturday, Dell and I discovered that we both attended Bragaw Avenue School, graduated from Clinton Place Jr. High and Weequahic together. And, we both lived on Leslie Street!

We did know each other back then, but that was over 50 years ago! I remember her as Lyndell Jones. She's now Dell Purrell. I've gone back to my maiden name, Lippman. Later that day, we found we each have children living in Brooklyn with their families. And yes, turns out they all know each other, their kids attend the same school and both couples attended the same fundraiser/gala the week before. Double synchronicity!



Picture shows Dell on the left, me in the middle, and our mutual friend (not a Weequahic grad) on the right. Helen

Fred Goldman (6?62) recalls some scary student moments:

I was watching a show on TV that brought back something to think about. Going back to the Cold War when we were in Jr. High and high school, we would have air raid drills to get us ready if the U S A would be under attack from missiles. We were told to get under our desks for protection. Now think about how dumb that was. If the school would have been hit, I think the walls and ceilings would have collapsed in on us and trapped us under the desks. Good move! And what about doing fire drills and bomb scare drills? I think that if there was a fire or bomb in school, there would have been a lot of panic. Those drills wouldn't have helped. But it was nice to get a break from class and get some fresh air. Were there other things we did in school for the cold war? Fred

Teacher Tales:

Ron Baer (6/57)

Mention of the math teacher Ranucci and a post from Rich Lesnick (6/57) rouses a slumbering memory of them both. In those days at Weequahic, and perhaps still, plus and minus grades appeared on report cards, but not on the official transcript. Thus, to those of us greedily wanting everywhere A's for college admission, the hairbreadth difference between A- and B+ was wide as the irreparable separation of heaven and hell. In Ranucci's Plane Geometry class there were tests almost every week. I cruised through them, ending with an average solidly above 90 and the confident expectation of racking up an A. But in the end, an early encounter with injustice, the report card reported, not an A, or even A-, but a blaring B+.

I went to Ranucci to protest, timing my appearance to after the 3:15 closing bell. As the semester had progressed, the secrets of the triangle exposed and comprehended one by one, my respect for Ranucci had grown. He seemed to me a man of exceptional lucidity and substance, though that

perception may have been colored by the light of Euclidean Geometry itself, which confirmed my inborn conviction that the world was entirely knowable and firmly in place for my inspection. Floating on an ocean of confidence, and confident I was dealing with a reasonable man, I was hopeful an appeal to reason would win the day for me.

Ranucci was seated at his desk in the uncanny stillness of a depopulated classroom putting papers into a briefcase. I stood beside the desk and made my case; glad my head was the higher: “How can you give someone a B who has better than a 90 average on weekly tests and a 95 on the final exam?” Ranucci, with his silvery brush cut and perpetual plaid tie that made me think of him in those days and ever after as a Scotsman, answered my rhetorical question with his own. “Do you think you are as good as Richard Lesnick?” “No,” I replied, quick as a swallow modulating in mid-air, “Richie should get an A and I should get an A-.”

He had pitched me a change-up, and I had timed it and hit it over the fence. As I rounded the bases, serene as a planet sailing around the sun, my inner crowd cheering wildly, that memorable man, likely now long gone from this earth, inserted a last paper into his briefcase, snapped it shut, and rose, his words sinking their weight upon my aggrieved young heart: “To earn an A in *my* class,” (and then, with the calm finality of a QED), you have to be as good as Richard Lesnick.”

Thanks to my brother, Sandy Baer (6/59) for prompting, urging, insisting I contribute to WHS Note. Ron

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