

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

OCTOBER 04, 2019

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Hi Carriers of the Weequahic DNA,

Alumindians in the Archives:

6/27/09

Phyllis Adler Metz (6/58)

To all those who remember the Port Murray Milkmen, especially my father, Jules Adler, thank you. My father was a very dedicated milkman. He always made sure, no matter what the weather or temperature was that the milk was delivered. He worked seven days a week and many times I delivered milk with him. I climbed many stairs announcing, *milkman's daughter*, at the door. What fond memories. Phyllis

Dennis Estis (65) shares another Weequahic World moment:

On the morning of Friday, September 13th, I stopped in to get a bagel at Goldberg's Deli in Millburn. I had just ordered my food and was still standing at the counter. A gentleman gets in the line to order right after me. I look at him, but I have no recollection of this individual. Out of the blue, he says to me, *Are you a Weequahicite?* It was a little strange and came out of left

field, but I figured what the hell, and I responded in the affirmative. I am wondering whether or not I know this person. He then asked me what year I graduated and I told him, 1965. I then asked him when he graduated, and his response was 1955. I responded jokingly by saying, *That was a few years before me*. I then asked him the \$64,000 question, what is your name, or he might have asked me first. When we exchanged names, we both immediately recognized that we had known each other for more than 40 years, long after Weequahic. He was Warren Grover (1/55) and we had been friends in the seventies but had not seen each since the early 1980's. The moral of the story is, "you never know." Dennis

Beryl Lieff Benderly (6//60) and Henry Klein (Bragaw/Nutley 6/60) respond to archival (1/29/11) comment of Arlene Chausmer Swirsky (64) on volunteer activities at "The Beth:"

Arlene Chausmer Swirsky's recollections of volunteering at the Beth reminded me of my own time as a *Wee Bethian*, as the girls (we were all girls) were called who became candy strippers through the program at Weequahic. This was an affecting experience for me at the time, and also taught me things that have been very useful ever since. Beyond learning how to make a tight bed and a hospital corner that lasts, I had my first brush with death as I watched what happened when a patient died. I learned a lot about how to deal with people through feeding and transporting patients and running various errands. I also cleaned bedpans, as well as transfusion kits, which now are disposable, but back then were washed out, autoclaved and reused, as was almost all the other medical equipment. I remember cleaning transfusion kits, that is, flushing the blood out of the tubing, in cold water (so the blood wouldn't clot) with my bare hands (something that that would be absolutely forbidden today, thank goodness).

Miss Treffinger, the Head Nurse of the women's medical ward where I worked weekly for two years, had very high standards and expected everything to be done perfectly. It was challenging, but had the very valuable effect of teaching me what good nursing looks like. Beds were tight, patients were clean and comfortable; or else! This knowledge really helped me during hospitalizations of family members because I knew what kind of care they should be getting and how to complain effectively when

they weren't. Sadly, I have had to do so at various times because standards of nursing have declined since my time on the ward.

Miss Treffinger also taught me something else of lasting value. After working on the ward weekly for a while, I asked about something that puzzled me. The ward was full of pain, hardship and sadness, but the nurses were always cheerful and laughing, making jokes with the patients and each other. Even the morgue men kidded around when they came to collect patients who had died, just like the comic relief characters in Shakespeare. Why was this, I asked. Well, Miss Treffinger said, *You have a choice. You can laugh or you can cry, and if you cry, you don't get your work done.*

So many thanks to Miss T. and to the teacher, whose identity I have forgotten, who ran the *Wee Bethian* program. Beryl

Regarding the candy strippers at the Beth, there were some people on the other end of the age spectrum who visited the Beth in order to cheer up the cohorts. My uncle, Yachiel Maclis, emigrated from Linitz in the Ukraine in 1923 to find a page group of Linitzers in Newark. They even had their own shul (synagogue). He was the youngest member of the Linitzer KUV (Health and Welfare society of Linitz). He was a natural comic. So, he was given the position of *Linitzer Hospitalier*. His job was to go to the Beth in order to cheer up Linitzers who were hospitalized. The only concern that I had about it was that I thought some of those he visited would die laughing. Henry

Educators remembered fondly:

Linda Melton Mann (6/63)

If I recall, the typing teacher was Mrs. Butler and she was difficult. Linda

Margie Bauman (6/64)

In response to Jac Toporek's (6/63) comments about typing class, that turned out to be a really good one for me, as I still work full time as a journalist in Alaska. My beat is now being mostly fisheries and environmental issues, which of course also involve politics. These *MacBook Pro* laptops have their issues, for sure, but they are a lot easier to type on

than my old *Olympia* portable typewriter. Yes, I still have it, a high school graduation present from my parents. Margie

Jac Toporek (6/63)

I have from time to time prided myself on writing skills whether it was for letters related to the various positions I held and government entities and organizations with which I worked or for the many comments of my Weequahic history authored for the last 20 years for the weekly *WHS Note*. Oh yes, there were those letters, sort of diary, sent almost daily to twin brother Norbert while I was in Israel and back-packing Europe for almost 12 months. But that is another story, one that for all of the year had no WHS-Small-World-After-All meetings.

Getting back to the main reason for writing this note, perhaps the WHS English Com classes and teachers were the seeds of them writing skills. Really do not recall much from those classes other than completing an assignment ordered by Mr. Bucharest to write a Greek Mythology of our own. I recall some grammar classes with diagrams of sentences, but not sure I can today draw any of those diagrams.

Do not have any recollection of English classes in college. Yet, I must have learned something about composition, somewhere. Does Jewish Eastern European DNA contain a gene for writing skills? "Dunno;" so why not give credit to the English Comp teachers at Weequahic HS? Jac

Judi Wodnick Chait (62)

I remember a trip to West Point in 7th or 8th grade from Clifton Place Junior High chaperoned by Milt Schaefer and the gym teacher Marcia Kramer. We toured the grounds and watched the cadets march. I didn't know he had passed away. Sad to hear that. Judi

Judy Horwitz Wolff (64)

Here's a little footnote to Dennis Estes' memories of Daphne Swaggerty. I taught elementary school art at various schools in Newark from 1969 to 1982. One of my favorite assignments was the Thursdays I spent at Hawthorne Annex at the old Boys' Club building on Hawthorne Avenue.

The annex was made up of four second grade classes and Mrs. Swaggerty was the head teacher. She was a fabulous leader and mentor who loved teaching and the children. She referred to the nicest children as "wholesome." And, despite the shabbiness of the location by that time, it was a lovingly wholesome learning environment thanks to the teaching staff led by Daphne. Judy

Wrestling with additional comments on Laurel Garden:

Jerry Krotenberg (1/60; Faculty 1964-1969)

I started a *Graham Brothers Fan Club* and we had meetings in my basement on Porter Place. Jerry

Lew Wymisner (64)

I remember watching wrestling from Laurel Garden on Channel 13. Anyone remember the announcer? It was Fred Sales, who was also Uncle Fred on *Junior Frolics*. I was once in the audience on *Junior Frolics* as I suppose were many others from the Weequahic section. Uncle Fred supposedly had a "wooden" leg. Lew

Ed Winokur (1/55)

Love the memories of Laurel Garden. The tag team matches were my favorites. My grandfather, Morris Bender, owner of the Ferry Street Diner took me to the Gardens on a regular basis. Must have been a poker game somewhere in the building because he would give me money for food and drink and then disappear for most of the night. Rupert Stadium, home of the Newark Bears was our other regular day trip. Ed

Nathan Himelstein (South Side (1/55)

It was great hearing about the wrestling matches at Laurel Gardens. My friend Morty Zemel's father was one of the owners. A few times, my twin brother Abe and I, as well as my late father, went to see the matches. My late mother could not believe that those matches were just good acting. In addition, I believe Fred Sayles, the person who was the anchor man on *Junior Frolics* on WATV Channel 13, was also the TV Sportscaster for those matches. I also believe the live broadcasts were on Friday evening. Channel 13 was on the upper floors of the Mosque Theater in Newark.

Does anybody remember the *Roller Derby*? Although many of the events came from Madison Square Garden, I believe at one time there was a roller derby rink built on Wilson Avenue near the Newark Bears Stadium. Nate

Fred *Derf* Goldman (6/ 62)

I wrote many letters to the newsletter and got a few good responses but make one small mistake about the name of Laurel Gardens and the flood gates open up. I wonder why a lot of people knew the Little Theater was one of the first X-Rated theater has anything to do with it? I'm just glad people are still reading the newsletter being sent to us every week. Keep up the great work and to quote Dean Martin, keep those cards and letters (e-mails) coming. Derf

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