

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

DECEMBER 20, 2019

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

### Hi Weequahic Townies:

As the days of celebration and joy near, best wishes to all "WHS Note" Cyber Indians for the holidays and for the New Year.

### Tinkering with the e-Totem again:

Farber Cook, Beverly (1/54) -- [farbercook@gmail.com](mailto:farbercook@gmail.com) (change)  
Loss, Michael (59/60) -- [drmloss@gmail.com](mailto:drmloss@gmail.com) (new)  
Rindzner D'Angelo, Lorraine (1/55) -- [roland9@starstream.net](mailto:roland9@starstream.net) (change)  
Schnitzer Katz, Ronnie (Hillside 70) -- [rokz23@aol.com](mailto:rokz23@aol.com) (new)

### Comments of sorrow:

Sylvia Fertig Levin, a graduate of one of the earliest of WHS classes, 1937, passed away recently at the age of 100. Her obituary can be read at <https://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=sylvia-fertig-levin&pid=194642484&fhid=17116>.

Norman Siminoff (6/57)

My sister Frances Siminoff Feld passed away last week. She was nine years older than me but most of my fondest memories growing up was doing things with her moving from apartment to apartment in Newark. She graduated from Weequahic in June 1947. She had lost her short-term memory recently, but when I would go to the nursing home she was in and

wore my Weequahic sweatshirt, she would at loud spell out the letters.  
Norman

## Alumindians in the Archives:

4/28/12

Hal Lipton (1/55)

The talk about snow days and school by Jac Toporek (6/63) reminds me of life on Pomona Avenue when I went to Chancellor Avenue School. My mother, being an overprotective Jewish mom, wanted me to wear leggings to school on a snowy day. Imagine? I was 7 years old and there was no way I would wear leggings. Those were for little kids. We had a fight. For some reason that I cannot recall, it came down to wearing leggings or wearing shorts to school. Well, there was no way I was wearing leggings. So, off I sent to school wearing a pair of shorts. I was not even cold (good circulation back then, eh?). The teacher said something like, *Wow--wearing shorts in the snow*. I think I was able to pay the usual amount of attention to the class work (which was minimal) and spent time thinking about snowball fights and sledding down Pomona Avenue after school. I probably wore long pants after school. Hal

## Reach of the "Teach:"

Marc Eisenberg (1/62)

Reading about Mr. Schaefer as chaperone to a class trip, brought back memories of Clinton Place. I was in Mr. Schaefer's very first English class. He assigned book reports on real grown up serious books. Mine was George Orwell's "1984," a year, then, in the distant future. I read the book, of course, reread some parts and did a lot of pondering about what the story meant. A week or so after handing it in, I received what I call a major "backhanded" compliment. Mr. Schaefer talked to me in the hall after the class and said no junior high student could have written this report. He quizzed me about the novel and even threw in a few trick questions, all of which I breezed through. He then apologized and congratulated me. Marc

Clifford Botwin (6/60)

To Linda Melton Mann (6/63) on the Typing teacher Bertha Butler, I was in the college academic program and took typing as an elective, the only male student in the class. I think Mrs. Butler initially resented my being there amongst all of the female students not in college prep classes and really was tough on me. First marking period, I received a "C," which wouldn't help my grade point average for college. As the semester continued, I recall a progressive warming of our relationship and, ultimately, I ended the semester with an "A" for a final grade. Although, I had many wonderful teachers at Weequahic, Mrs. Butler still stands out in my memory. Clifford

Ellie Miller Greenberg (49)

One of my favorite teachers was Mr. Martin Green. He taught Social Studies. In one class when he was discussing early American history, he mentioned the word "boycott." After a few minutes of his using the word, I raised my hand and asked, *What does boycott mean?* He was so appalled that I did not know that he threw a chalk board eraser at me! Ellie

Billy Fromkin (62)

My fondest memory of Mr. Bucharest is him holding up his three fingers and telling us to read five chapters. Naturally I only read three. Billy

Fred Goldman (6/62)

We had some typing story's in the past, but my story is still with me over 50 years. I took Typing class with Mrs. Silbernagle. To start us learning how to type, we had to type the alphabet without looking at the keys and this also helped so we would position our fingers in the right spots. After the first couple of classes, we started having speed contests to see how many and how fast we could type letters of the alphabet. I was really good at this skill and was the fastest in the class; no one came close to beating me.

The next step was learning to type while looking at a book and make a copy of what we saw. I was doing OK taking my time, but my problem was I was such a bad speller I couldn't just read the sentence then turn away and type it. I would make spelling errors, which came to be my downfall. We no longer typed the alphabet for speed and accuracy but had to type the pages from the textbook without mistakes. If you made a mistake, 10 points were

taking of your score for each error. I still could type very fast, but the key was not to make any mistakes. The students who were good spellers would read the sentence and type away, whereas I had to keep going back and check my spelling. Mrs. Silbernagle, who was so worried about my spelling, recommended that they put me in re-mead English and that was a joke.

Typing is still haunting me fifty years later and here's why. When I type on the computer, I'm pretty fast, but my spelling is still just as bad, or worse. I can type some words and spell them so bad that even SPELLCHECK can't help me; now that's really bad.

After I graduated WHS and got a job in Maplewood, I ran into her husband or her son who had a driving school also in Maplewood. When I saw their training car coming down the street, just to bust balls I would dart out or make believe I was going to cross in front of the car to see what would happen with a student driver at the wheel. That was my small way of getting back at Mrs. Silbernagle for failing me in typing and getting me in re-mead English. Not really a smart thing to do (but look who was doing it?). So, what goes around comes around. I think not, all because I took typing looking for some easy points so I could graduate. Fred

Bobbi Fechtner Bierman (1/54)

My father Al Fechtner always spoke about good times at Laurel Gardens. What a coincidence when the city of Newark took our building at 144 Springfield Avenue, where my husband, Monroe, owned and operated a women's clothing store, and we moved to 465 Springfield., the Laurel Garden building. Monroe and our son David ran that store until March this year when it was sold to Domino Pizza. Bobbi

Rita Kravet Rzepka (55)

My thanks to Jack Lippmann (50) for telling me when Phillip Roth graduated from Weequahic. I came into the main building in February 1950 and just missed him. I read many of his books and bragged that we went to the same high school. I liked reading about the streets, etc. in Newark, too. But now I live in Ohio and read *Little Fires Everywhere* and books by Les Roberts to see local streets, eateries, etc. for local references.

I want to congratulate Warren Grover for his induction into the WHSAA *Hall of Distinction*. He was in my class and I saw him in May at our reunion. If I still lived in N.J., I would attend the dinner. Congratulations, Warren, and may you have many more productive years! Rita

### Thinking Back:

Lew Kampel (6/60)

One of our clerical staff's grandmother lived in the Weequahic section and is asking for the name of a bakery at Lyons and Schley that she vividly recalls (except for the name). Does anyone remember the bakery? I am wondering if it might be one owned by a family named Baker. I eventually lived not far from there, but do not remember a bakery. The entrance to the bakery, I think, was ground level. I recall a lot of glass and at least one white pillar near the entrance. That's about all that I can recollect. Lew

Elaine Hersh Krusch (6/50)

Here's a photo of Bernice Chin at her 93rd birthday. It was her and/or husband Charles' family who owned and ran Mings. Charles passed away this year and Bernice is living at Sunrise in Madison. My daughter, grandson and I would go for dim sum with them regularly. Charles was a great cook who loved cooking and made the best fried rice at home on Sundays chock full of veggies and pork. Bernice doesn't see too well but otherwise is in good shape. Charles ended up working on Wall Street. Elaine



Marcia Stein (6/57)

To Phyllis Adler Metz (6/58) oh how I remember your dad! I think he delivered milk to us when we lived in Irvington (I was still in grammar school), but maybe later as well. He was always so cheerful, and I can still hear him yelling out to my mom, *Hi, Molly!* What wonderful days those were, and what wonderful people were part of our lives. And yes, they sure were dedicated. I don't think they knew any other way! Thanks for bringing back such a fond memory with your post. Marcia

Bill Fromkin (62)

went out with Arlene Adler and she went to my Bar Mitzvah in 1957. Hanging out at her house was great because her dad Jules let us get milk, juice and whatever out of the truck. We had a great time. Bill

Mark Gordon

To Nathan Himmelstein (South Side 1/55), as a child, I used to watch Uncle Fred (Sayles) hosting *Junior Frolics* on Channel 13 in Forest Hills, Queens.  
Mark

Arnie Cohen (56)

A few recollections:

1: Were not the volunteers at the Beth Israel Hospital called "Candy Stripers?"

2: Fred Sayles was indeed the announcer and the discoverer of Connie Francis. She was in the fifth grade at Bergen Street School and the correct last name was Francanero.

3: I still watch Wrestling today. It is by far the "funniest" program on TV. The anecdotes are hilarious. The wrestling is, of course, staged and choreographed. The Original owners of the WWE (WWF) at that time were Willie Gilzenberg and Vince McMahon (the current CEO's grandfather).

4: Yes. I do remember the Roller Derby. We even had a New Jersey team, featuring Moose and Mona Jean Payne. This was also "Sports Entertainment." The fight and spills were all very carefully rehearsed. Arnie

**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.