

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

MAY 22, 2020

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Hi Federation of WHS Orange & Brown, & Happy Start to the “Start of Jersey Shore Summer Memorial Day Weekend,”

### Networking-In 3 New Cyber Indians:

Levine Kaplan, Esther (44) - [lesliebarry1@aol.com](mailto:lesliebarry1@aol.com)  
Ordower Berg, Rona (1/60) - [larryrona@verizon.net](mailto:larryrona@verizon.net)  
Zeiper, Barbara (64) - [blzieper@yahoo.com](mailto:blzieper@yahoo.com)

### Honoring Alumindians:

Wayne Schachner

My mother Gertrude Levitt Schachner, a graduate of Weequahic High School in 1941, I believe, passed away on April 8th. She tested positive for Covid19 before she passed. Her obituary appeared in the Star Ledger at <https://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=gertrude-schachner&pid=195962789>. Wayne

Chet Cohen (6/59)

Hello WHS nation. I am sorry to report than my brother, Bruce Cohen, Class of June, 1955, passed away from the Covid-19 virus on May 7, 2020. He put up quite a fight but could not overcome the rotten virus. Bruce taught at various schools. For many years, and to the age of 80, he taught at Worcester State Teachers College/University in MA. He was a Professor Emeritus and specialized in Labor Movements. Bruce was a huge WHS fan and followed the sports programs very closely. Bruce was very charitable and feel free to give to a charity of your choice

in his honor. His obit appears at <https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/telegram/obituary.aspx?n=bruce-cohen&pid=196181543&fhid=17105>. Chet

### **Gail Konwiser Rosenberg (6/64) highlights remaining classmates of WHS 1939:**

I want to report that my mother was sad to learn of the passing of Gnesha Convissor Ozick (1/39) who was one of her classmates. My mother, Muriel Vasey Konwiser (1/39), who has always gone by the name *Mickey*, lives in West Caldwell and is still friendly with Ellie Freeman Garfunkel (1/39), another classmate, who resides in Tinton Falls. Mom believes that they may be the only remaining members of the Class of 1939. Hopefully, there are others from the class who will make their presence known. My mother was married to Elmer Konwiser (6/38) who passed away in 2006. Gail

### **Shirley Ezersky Friedman (56) tells of another “Small-Weequahic-World” encounter:**

My husband and I went to a very popular deli called Brent's in the LA area; everyone goes there, it's incredible. On this particular night, they were really busy, so I'm waiting and waiting and noticed a fella looking at me. I ignored him as he didn't look familiar, but he keeps looking at me then starts to walk over. Quoting him, he says, "Are you originally from here?" I said, "No, I live in Woodland Hills." Then, he says, "No I mean from another place." I responded, "Yes, Newark, New Jersey."

I see his eyes open wide and he asked where did I live in Newark. "I knew it," he says. The fella lived across from me when I lived opposite from *Joe Ray's Pizza* on Chadwick Avenue. I told him my name and he told me his. He was the infamous Billy Krim whose brother is named Bobby. Wow, was that a shocker. Here I'm a senior and he remembers me when I was a child under 12.

I remember the Krim brothers from name only as being knowing back then as the hot brothers that we girls loved to look at and not touch. It goes to show that the years go by and 3,000 miles away from where it all started, we bump into each other. What a good feeling it was! Shirley

## The legend of “Scary Newark” frights on:

Norman Maranz (Hillside 57)

The recent remarks about the cellars and coal bins brought back some memories of my own. We lived at 402 Chadwick Avenue and had coal heat. If my memory is correct (which is a chance of 50/50 these days), every time we would need to take a bath (of course, we had no showers), my mother would have to shovel coal into the furnace to heat the water. She was afraid to go to the basement alone, so she would make me walk in front of her, down the creaky stairs to the dark basement, where there was a light that only had a string hanging down to turn on and off. I was about 2 feet high and would have to jump as high as I could to put the light on. Norman

Linda Bodzin Coppleson (68)

I lived at 66 Summit Avenue between Chancellor and Keer in a two-family house owned by my parents. I so vividly remember, like many of you, being scared to death to go down the basement to check on the furnace. My grandmother, who lived with us, had a set-up in a room in the basement where she worked for a decorator sewing drapes and bedspreads. I remember going downstairs to see her in her workshop and consciously avoiding even looking towards the dark, scary part of the space where the furnace was. I didn't know others had that same irrational fear!  
Linda

Bobbi Fechtner Bierman (1/54)

I, too, remember fear of our basement on Wainwright Street, # 264. My father would have coal delivered and the noise was scary. And then he would shovel for heat in winter. Mom had a bin which was locked; stored everything there, but the kitchen sink. In season, she would "put up tomatoes and cucumbers" from my father's garden next to the garage. Who was sent down to get one? I was, of course. "Oy vey (woe is me)!" Bobbi

Stewart Manheim (6/51)

Regarding Sara Friedman Fishkin's (60) scary cellar story, I lived right above her on the 2nd floor of 370 Schley Street. I had to travel two sets of steps down from the 2nd floor to the 1st floor and then to the cellar where the furnace and coal bin were located. The ritual was first thing in the morning to stoke the furnace and add coal from the bin. Then, after school, do the same thing to keep the apartment warm

until evening. Not finished, yet; before going to bed, go downstairs again the two flights, add coal and “bank “the fire so it will be warm throughout the night.

I do believe the basement was well lit, but if you are alone it could be scary since there was also a “storm” door leading to the basement from the street level. That was the ritual 7 days a week. If the fire went out, then you would need paper and wood to restart the furnace and then add coal.

BTW, in one of Philip Roth’s books he described going to the basement and tending the fire. He also described hanging the window screens by the hooks attached to the window frame in the spring and taking them down in the fall.

What memories. Stewart

Matty Benoun (6/62)

I remember the cellar and the coal. It did not bother me to go into the cellar dirty and dingy. The coal truck would back into the driveway open the window and fill the bin with coal. We lived at 50 Mapes Avenue. For some reason, probably no money, we had no coal. In the basement there were several cans of dried paint, wood, paper, etc. Since we needed heat and no coal, well, what’s next. I put everything into the furnace. Nobody knew what I did.

You brought back memories. How we look back and remember the times. I can say it was good times; Weequahic Park, paper route and Peshine Avenue. It has been tough. But today is good. Matty

**Elliot Braun’s (1/64) mention of WHS teaches Sadie Rous motivated recall by former students:**

Harriet Ordan (67)

Happy to hear Mrs. Rous' name (see pic below). She was wonderful and the absolute reason I became a History teacher. And yes, I surely remember her reference to "normalcy" as NOT a real word. I cringe, but remember her EVERY time it is used incorrectly by politicians since my high school years. Wonder what she would have had to say about the world today. I also hope some of my students might remember some of the stuff I taught them. Thank you for the memory.

Harriet

Mel Moschel (6/63)

Eliot Braun's comments referring to Mrs. Rouse brought back memories of being in her fantastic honors History class. She was one of the two best teachers I ever had (the other being Hannah Litzky), both of whom had a great influence on my life. I remember especially Mrs. Rouse often saying as she encouraged us to follow our dreams, "If you don't have stars in your eyes now, you never will." I will always remember her fondly. Mel

Larry Lewin (1/55)

A tip o' the hat to Eliot Braun for his remembrance of History teacher Ms. Sadie Rous. I was never thrilled with History, but Ms. Rous made it so interesting that everyone looked forward to her class. Larry

Elias Roochvarg (67)

One thing I remember learning from Mrs. Rous is that she taught us that the old aphorism, "you get as good a government as you deserve," is really not accurate. It should be, "you get as good a government as you demand." Elias



**To Jerry Wichinsky (Arts 64) on recent posting of South Ward Boys Club honor given to his brother Alan Paul:**

Steve Care (66))

Jerry, correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe I was at that talent contest that Alan won because that night my dad was Alan's accompanist. Steve

Nate Himelstein (South Side 1/55)

With regard to the article relating to Jerry Wichinsky's brother Alan Paul, it brought back a few good memories. Many years ago, I attended a conference in Atlantic City and in one of the events they featured *The Manhattan Transfer*. I vividly remembered the great show they put on for the large group who attended the conference. At the end of the performance, all the members were introduced including where they were from. Later that evening having a snack in one of the coffee shops sat Alan Paul. I introduced myself to him and we spoke for a few minutes. I remember he told me that he was living in Florida and of his relationship with Dave Warner. I also knew Dave's daughter Cookie Wisser. Nate

Judy Cohen Sloane (6/59)

Alan Wichinsky was a student in my Spanish class at Hillside High in the 60's. I was a student of Spanish at Madison Junior High and Weequahic HS. I went on to get my degree in Spanish at Montclair State. Over the years, I heard Alan sing and I felt very proud of him. Nothing is greater for a teacher than to learn the successes of her students Judy (aka Senora Sloane at Hillside until 1970)

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