

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

JULY 31, 2020

THERE WILL BE NO MAILING OF THE “WHS NOTE” THROUGHOUT THE MONTH OF AUGUST 2020. DELIVERY OF THE WEEKLY NEWSLETTER WILL COMMENCE AGAIN ON SEPTEMBER 4, 2020.

PLEASE BE PATIENT IF YOU HAVE SHARED A COMMENT FOR PUBLICATION IN THE NEWSLETTER. YOUR MEMORIES WILL APPEAR AS SOON AS DELIVERY OF THE “WHS NOTE” RETURNS.

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TO RESPOND WITH A COMMENT OF YOUR OWN, PLEASE WRITE TO OR CLICK ON WHSALUM63@AOL.COM.

Hi Weequahicdom,

Fredda Kriegsfeld Glatt (6/58) has changed e-address to fkgl1940@att.net.

Norman Gross (6/47) advises of sad news:

It is with a heavy heart that I report that my beloved wife, Marilyn Bilow Gross (6/49), passed away on July 10th. After graduating Weequahic and then NYU, Marilyn taught vocal music in Metuchen. We moved to Cranford in 1959, were married for 63 years, raised 3 children (Mark, Marla and Alan) and enjoyed the last 35 years being snowbirds between Cranford and Coconut Creek, Florida. Here is a link to Marilyn's obituary. <https://njewishnews.timesofisrael.com/marilyn-gross/>.

Norman

Dennis Estis (65) reports class reunion change of date:

Because of the pandemic, the Class of 1965 has been forced to change the date of our 55th Reunion. It will now be held on Saturday evening, May 1, 2021. The reunion was originally scheduled for October 3, 2020. We hope all of our classmates will now be able to attend. It will still be held at the Hilton Garden Inn on Route 22 in Springfield. Please direct any questions to me at destis@greenbaumlaw.com. Dennis

To Enid Hinkes (60) on sharing the memory of a WHS musical program:

Seymour Levine (6/60)

I too recall the entrancing performance and dance by Janet Ehrenkrantz to *Harlem Nocturne*. I was the saxophone soloist in the school band playing the piece while Janet danced. I must admit it was a bit hard to concentrate while watching her and paying attention to Mr. Frank Scocozza directing me. Seymour

Jerry Krotenberg (6/60/Faculty 1964-70)

After all these years, I thought I was the only one who remembered Janet's dance in the black leotard. I think it was the time I realized that girls were different from boys, but at the time, I didn't really understand why. Also, I believe there was an act on the program that featured a chimpanzee. I was picked from the audience to help with the performance. At the end, the performer let me shake the hand of the chimp and it pulled my hand. To this day, I still remember (besides Janet's dance) the power in that animal's grip. It was a life changing moment. They are 5 to 8 times stronger than a human. Jerry

Tom Boose (1/59)

Having been a fairly accomplished athlete myself at Weequahic HS, Enid's article on Janet reminded me of what an accomplished athlete and performer she was. When I first saw her perform as a cheerleader, in 1957, I realize that what she was doing no one else could duplicate. She brought grace and outstanding acrobatics to an otherwise pleasant emotional viewing experience.

Looking back, I feel comfortable believing that Janet was probably the most gifted athlete of her time at WHS! We rarely recognize cheerleaders as athletes, but when

you saw Janet perform, you walked away stunned by her great physical abilities. If there was a place where sheer athletic ability and elegance could truly be measured, Janet would be recognized as Hall of Famer! Tom

Beryl Lieff Benderly (6/60)

Enid Hinkes' recollection of Judy Shapiro playing in the orchestra reminded me of my mercifully brief time as a quite incompetent violist in a string section that boasted not one, but two members of the very talented and accomplished Shapiro family. Judy was on first violin and Naomi, a few years younger, on cello. Both were excellent players, but my most vivid memory was not musical.

We were rehearsing, as usual, on the stage of the auditorium, with Mr. Scocozza conducting. The orchestra was playing, but I, during one of the extended rests that seem to characterize viola parts, was counting off the measures while idly watching the players in front of me, especially Naomi, who was bowing very enthusiastically. Then, as I sat dumbstruck, not only Naomi's bow but her chair began to move, then tip. And I saw her feet, the chair legs and the cello spike disappear behind the edge of the stage, followed immediately by a loud crash. Everybody abruptly stopped playing and Mr. Scocozza whirled around. "What was that?" he cried. Naomi sat up in the pit and calmly said, "Here I am, Mr. Scocozza." In surprise he asked, "What are you doing there?"

Very fortunately, the folding chair had flattened, and Naomi had landed on top of it and the cello on top of her; all apparently unhurt. In fact, she got up and returned to the stage as everyone looked on in amazement. The practice resumed with all the other musicians rather shaken. Naomi seemed remarkably unaffected by this mishap and began playing again with complete aplomb. My career as an orchestral player ended permanently not long after this, and I remember nothing of the music I was supposed to have learned. But this incident stays with me still. Beryl

Rita Kravet Rzepka (1/55) joint project of the WHS Alumni Association and Newark Public Library:

Sadly, I lost my yearbook, January 1955, some years ago. I took it out of its designated spot in about 2010 to show it to a friend, Erwin Greenblatt, who graduated from Weequahic and misplaced it at that time. I went to the yearbook site ([Search Results - Newark Public Library Digital Collection](#)) and went through my

yearbook. It brought back wonderful memories and I recommend it to all of you. Even though it didn't have the things people wrote to me, it was fun to reminisce. My thanks to the people that made it possible. Rita

Reply to Joyce Janoff Fader (6/60) and the "shul" (synagogue) of her inquiry:

Herb Sabin [1/53]

The Orthodox shul, Congregation Kesser Torah, was led by Rabbi Saul Zinn. It was on the corner of Clinton Place and Aldine Street. My brothers, Bern and Nate, and I were barmitzvad there. My parents were still active members when I got married. There was a synagogue every few blocks. We grew up in a very insulated world back then. Herb

Abe Himelstein (South Side 55)

Rabbi Saul Zinn's Shul was on Clinton Place on the corner of a Street which I forgot. That's all I recall. Abe

Elaine Sheitelman Furman (6/56)

Rabbi Zinn's shul was the *Briska Shul* (I think). My father, Jack Sheitelman, went there to say mourner's *kadish* (prayer for the dead) for his father. I can still picture the one-story brick building of a darkish color. Elaine

Jacqueline Kaufer Klein (66) offers "Thanks:"

I read in a recent "WHS Note" the name Sandy Markowitz and felt that after 64 years, hopefully, it wasn't too late to say thank you. When I was 7 years old, my friend gave me a glass jar and together, we went collecting for the Maple Avenue School fundraiser for "Community Chest." I started walking fast and the glass jar broke in my hand. A piece of glass got stuck in my palm. There was blood everywhere and on my dress. Couldn't stop crying; was quite scared.

I didn't know Sandy before or after, but my friend did. Sandy was on the street and saw what happened. He was so incredibly kind, took me by my hand, had it cleaned and bandaged and calmed me down. Sandy even walked me back to my mother's store, "The Maternity Shop," on Lyons Avenue near Elizabeth Avenue. He also then took me for orange juice at the candy store, next door because he thought that I lost a lot of blood.

I was so little, and I never thanked him. Was also shy and never thanked him as time went on. But I still have the scar on my hand after 64 years and it wasn't a small thing. So, if you read this, Mr. Markowitz, thank you for helping me. It meant a lot to me. I am sure the angels recorded that. Jacqueline

Responses, Part I, to inquiry as to Alumni involved in WHS and thereafter electioneering:

Norman Barr (6/54)

During my senior year (1953-54) I was one of seven students elected to the Orange and Brown Association (OBA). Three of the students belonged to one "Club." The other three students included two males who belonged to a rival "Club" along with one female who was their very close friend. While I was friendly with all six of them, I was not affiliated with either "Club." At our first organizational meeting we had to elect a President, Vice-President and Secretary.

One group offered me the option of becoming Vice-President if I voted for two of their members as President and Secretary. The other group offered me the option of becoming part of their "group" if I would vote for all three of them to become President, Vice-President and Secretary. I will leave it up to the reader to decide how I voted.

There were two activities of mine which I believe were successful in popularizing my candidacy. The first involved making a repetitive and colorful campaign sign with my last name (BARR) in large letters and placing it in every homeroom, on every bulletin board and at any other location where it could legally be displayed. My "name" was all over the school.

The second activity occurred at the school-wide meeting in the auditorium where every candidate had an opportunity to give a short speech. The assembly occurred when "knock-knock" jokes were sweeping the country. Television was still relatively new and one of the popular shows was doing "knock-knock" jokes every week. My overall speech was fairly good and I then ended on a high note as follows:

Me -- "knock, knock"

Audience -- "who's there?"

Me -- "Howie"

Audience -- "Howie who?"

Me -- "Howie ya gonna have a good OBA if you don't elect Norman Barr?"

This opportunity for audience participation awakened all the students who had been getting bored by all of the speeches. I immediately sensed their heightened interest in me and this was borne out over the next day as I was receiving positive comments from students who I didn't even know. And as events proved, I was the only one of seven elected members who did not have an affiliation with one of the independent "Clubs." Norman

Lew Kampel (6/60)

I was elected Class (of June 1960) VP in the second half of our junior year and first half of our senior year. Tom Krueger, one of the most competent and nicest guys I have ever known, was our Junior Class President. He was also an athlete and when pushed by his coach, decided not to run for Class President again in order to concentrate on track. That was the only reason I became the graduating Class President.

I don't remember much campaigning, no debates, no news articles in the Calumet. What I do remember were small posters we were allowed to post in classrooms and larger ones in the cafeteria. My campaign sign appears, below. Warren Kessler, my best friend, and Class Treasurer\VP, came up with the idea of using the *Shmoo*, an Al Capp cartoon character, as my campaign symbol. It prompted Mr. Ed Tumin, who was then a Math teacher to ask, "Why was I being represented by a limp dick?" In any case, I won, but not before a second election was held because my upstairs neighbor and frenemy, who was not even running, jealously alleged voting irregularities in his homeroom. And no, I never ran for anything after that.

Shown in the photo taken at a victory party are left to right; Diane Polk Schwartz, me, Andrew Goldman, Sharon Gaidemak O'Neil (another very close friend and Class Secretary; campaign sign, below), Warren Kessler (mostly obscured) and Judy Barr Wertheim.



June Selesner Fischer (1/50)

Politics have been part of my life since my WHS days. I am now the Honorary Chair of the NJ Biden for President Campaign. Those of you who live in some part of Union County will see my name on the ballot as a delegate to this year's Democratic National Convention. I will serve as a delegate for my 12th convention, having been a delegate and even a super delegate to the past 11 conventions starting in 1972. I was as a member of the Democratic National Committee from NJ for 28 years; elected by my peers for seven terms.

I first met then young Senator Joe Biden in 1974 and we have been friends ever since. In 1988 I ran for Congress. It was a hopeless race but still Joe Biden came to NJ and hosted a fundraiser for me. When he announced his presidential candidacy in 1988, I stood with him in Iowa and New Hampshire. Should Joe Biden be sworn in on January 2020, it will be an extraordinary feeling to have this Jewish girl from Newark be known by the President of the United States by my first name. June

W-Commentaries Corner:

Marilyn Davis Jeris (1/48)

To Margie Bauman (60), I remember when someone from the Newark Board of Health would post a sign on our door if we were quarantined for measles or chicken pox. We were not quarantined for whooping cough, which allowed my sister and I could go outside and play. Marilyn

Fred Goldman (6/62)

Back at WHS, I was a runner on the indoor track team; referred to by teammates sometimes as “FAST FREDDIE.” I was on the outdoor team in the spring, too. I did run against the “best” ever to come out of Newark, Lonnie Wright of South Side HS. He won the long jump, but I did place 3rd that day!

Didn't run my senior year because I had a job after school so I could buy a car. After a really good junior year, Mr. Nerenberg, our coach, wanted me to come out for my senior year. Needless to say, he was mad and tried every trick in the book to get me to come out and run track; they didn't work. So, what happens? Of course, I get him for Gym my senior year, and he gives me an “F” on my report card. My parents nearly flip out since they could not understand me getting an “F” in Gym, I told them that the teacher was upset because I didn't go out for track. He told my parents I was unprepared; no white socks, no sneaks, no shorts. Not true, but that's why I failed that first marking period. I talked to him and the next two marking periods he gave me “D” grades. Had he not, I would have stayed back.
Fred

Arnie Kohn (56)

In past columns, the two most maligned teachers were Mr. Martino and Ms. Bingham. Sure, they both had mannerisms, that might have been offensive to students, but this was not a detriment to their teaching abilities. They prepared me for college Chemistry and Math and Carnegie Tech, I found myself far better able to comprehend these difficult programs. My high school learning experience placed me far above my classmates. Arnie

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