

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

June 14, 2019

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Hi Neighborhood to Weequahic Notables,

Please add Norman Mann (68) to the Cyber Indians Network at normanmann01@aol.com.

Alumindians in the Archives:

6/3/01

Billy Belfer (6/63):

Does Mike and Lou's ring any bells? Certainly not a gourmet place, but a good hot dog at the Jersey Shore, nevertheless. Bradley Beach was the only place where two hot dog joints could compete while being right next to each other. The other was Sid's (south).

Ah, yes, the boardwalk! It still exists! some places even have the same splintered boards. But they'll be no more "under the board walk stuff" for us WILD Indians. Ex.-Gov. Whitman did an EAP thing and is building sand dunes along Ocean Avenue. Don't get too excite about the chances of sneaking away for some privacy in these "natural barriers." Signs are posted, "Keep off the Dunes!" The good news is that we have beautiful beaches again in Bradley and Belmar and they still have dancing at the pavilions. Billy

Elinor Miller Greenberg (49) responds to posted archival comment (2/7/04) from Joel Schanerman (6/63) and notes lasting WHS friendships:

Just so you know, in addition to my memories of the Tavern Restaurant, of course, there were and are the people who I loved and with whom friendship has lasted for over 70 years; Anita Klein Strausberg, Beverly Rappaport Goldberg, Pearl Stein Fertell, Irwin Geller (deceased), Don Marshall (deceased), and Jack Levin. Bev and I have traveled to Europe and South America together. Jack, Anita and Pearl and I talk on the phone periodically and do e-mail. I miss Irwin and Don very much. But I am grateful for these lifelong friendships and the love that took root at Weequahic! Ellie

Tom Krueger (6/60) shares some pictures:

Looking through an old scrapbook I came across X-Country, Track and Swim Team photos from 1957-1959. Wonderful years. Hope you enjoy the attachments. [Tom Krueger pics](#). Tom

Arthur Chausmer (59) seeks an assist:

If anyone can share contact information for "Chuck" Seigel, Class of 49, please mail me at achusmer@ca-info.com. Arthur

Dennis Estis (65) authors 'Part II' of his neighborhood:

As a follow-up to my last Part, I heard from Gary Goss, Class of 1964, who was a good friend of mine a lifetime ago. He let me know that the kid who was killed at the corner of Walcott Terrace and Hawthorne Avenue was a friend of his and he was practically at the corner when the young man was hit by a truck and died. He couldn't remember his last name, however; but he did remember that his family had no other children. Very sad.

At Hawthorne, I finally got past Kindergarten, though it took me 1 and 1/2 years, having started before the age of 5, and the school wouldn't let me move into first grade until I was six. I remember many of my grade schoolteacher; Mrs. Subin, Mrs. Melchior (sp.?), Mrs. Isaacson, Mrs. Keil,

Mrs. Johnson (she got married during the time that she had us in fifth grade) and, of course, Mr. Korbman (later to be Rabbi Korbman). Mrs. Keil was probably the only teacher I ever had who thought that I had the patience of a saint. I guess I fooled her. I will talk more about these teachers in another episode.

My best memory of the teachers at Hawthorne, other than Mr. Korbman, is that of Ms. Daphne Raisin, later to become Mrs. Daphne Swaggerty. She was my brother's teacher in third or fourth grade, but, unfortunately, she was never mine. She was one of only a handful of African-American teachers at Hawthorne at the time. My only other recollection is that of Mr. Wheeler, who was a good friend of my father. Mrs. Swaggerty and her husband (whose name escapes me) were good friends of my parents and one summer my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Swaggerty, my brother and I drove together up to Montreal. My grandparents lived there, along with many of my relatives. We were able to fit everyone in one car because those were the days of seats with nothing in the middle, three in the front and three in the back. I was probably 7 or 8 at the time. We had a great time together. A few years ago, I checked and discovered that she was living in Montclair or somewhere in that area.

In the next chapter, I hope to discuss several of the other teachers at Hawthorne, the pond at Mrs. Novak's home, the Osborne Terrace Branch Library, the summer reading contest, and discuss the trial and tribulations of a schoolboy crossing guard at ages 11 and 12, in the days before insurance came to rule and shut down schoolboy crossing guards forever. Dennis

W-Learning from some of the best:

Arnold Heller (64)

I was sorry to learn of the passing of English teacher Milton Schaeffer. In ninth grade at Clinton Place, I was having trouble understanding why a certain modifier was misplaced. Schaeffer had Andy Giordano climb on his back and carried the Italian stallion around the room over to another student's desk to show how one action affected the other. Schaeffer, a great teacher, was willing to do anything to get a concept across and this is why he is remembered. Rest in peace Milton. Arnold

Jane Mendlowith Statlander Slote

To Hedy Spiegel Mark (6/63), I loved Miss Melkowitz too, and learned so much from her. Jane

Steve Epstein (6/63).

Mr. Egeth, I can't imagine a better Math teacher than him. What an inspiration he was to better yourself. Marshal Banners was a funhouse of gadgets and tricks. Steve

Hesh Goldstein (1/57)

At WHS we used to go to the auditorium for sort of a study class. In the auditorium there were steel plates under the seats throughout the auditorium. So, one day, I had an idea. My buddy, Dick Hertz, and I used to come in with pockets full of marbles. When we sat down in the back, we would roll them down the floor and all period long you would hear, "ping, ping, ping." It would drive Mrs. Isserman crazy. Hesh

Jac Toporek (6/63)

As a "College Prep" student at Weequahic, I didn't take many courses in the "Business" curriculum. Typing was a must, though. However, I received poor grades from Gary Barr because of trying to rush the typing assignment and making mistakes, rather than going slow and keeping typos at a minimum. Notwithstanding the "D," I learned the art of the keystroke and taught my fingers to remember where each key was. Came in handy for college reports and the office work in my various career positions. But, still making typos with fingers moving faster than an aging mind.

So, why am I telling you all of this? Well, the memory above comes with an invite to share recollections of some of the Business teachers at WHS like June 1963 yearbook notables, Bertha Butler, Sophia Deutsh, Ellen Finkelstein, Alice Cobey, Edward Kobetz, Sidney Sperber, Nathan Lemerman, Tova Malamut, Miriam Hample and Department Chair, Milton Kappstatter.

Coming back to home and neighborhood:

Lou Bodian (64)

This is in response to Dennis Estis' (65) memories of the Young Israel Hebrew School. I, too, went to that school. I have two distinct memories. One occurred on the first day of class my first year. I remember crying (don't ask why) and Rabbi Berkel comforted me. He was my Hebrew School teacher for at least one year. I'll never forget his kindness; only wish I were a more attentive student. Still have trouble reading Hebrew, although I've served as President of the Morristown Jewish Center and one of my daughters is a rabbi.

The other memory was that Rabbi Siegel, the main rabbi of Young Israel, came into my classroom (a rare occasion) and said he would walk home with me after class. I couldn't stop shaking as I didn't know what I had done wrong. As promised, he walked me home (we lived on Schuyler Avenue just past Renner Avenue) and he needed to talk to my parents about my upcoming Bar Mitzvah. Whew, what a relief! Dennis, thank you for stirring those memories. Lou

Burton Dubowy (57)

To Allan Sapolnick (6/62), Ethel's, I absolutely remember your other's dress shop! She was such a help to her clients, using tact to avoid a disaster of a choice! Burt

Mel Brodsky (58)

"Meet me at the Rock at four o'clock and don't be late, cause we have a date." Also, Chancellor Avenue Grammar School. Mel

Shirley Ezersky Friedman (56)

Mark Tarabour (6/63), I loved your reply to think there is someone other than myself that craves coffee ice cream with wet nuts to me is like finding a needle in a haystack. Here in California it's hard to find such, so I settle for coffee yogurt and dry nuts, not the same not even close.

I miss the old days. Loved Halloween and mischief night. I would meet my friends on Bergen Street; Henry's was the meeting place. Nancy Wildstein Curtis (6/58) mentioned all the places I and friends went to. There was a

place (I forgot the name) on Route 22 that had a juke box and loads of kids. Only went a few times, much fun, but I liked to stay local.

What we had growing up could never be repeated today. Living in California, it's like another world, another planet. I cherish my years at Weequahic. It's a distant memory that would never be forgotten. We were free and secure and did we have fun, great fun! Shirl

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