

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

August 2, 2019

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CLICKING ON "REPLY" TO THE NEWSLETTER WILL SEND YOUR MAIL TO THE WEEQUAHIC HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION AND, IN TURN, THEY WOULD HAVE TO MAIL IT TO THE AOL ACCOUNT FOR EDITING AND PUBLISHING.

**Hi Ideologues of Weequahic Alumism,**

**Florence Elaine Stone (WHS 54-56) (efstone@aol.com) joins the Cyber Indians Network with a note and an inquiry?**

Left Badger Avenue, Newark at age 17. Moved to Southern California. We lived on Peshine Avenue before moving to Badger. I also attended Bergen Street School, which I understand is no longer there. Wish I had stayed in touch more w/my WHS friends. Does anyone remember the Jewish Orphanage on Clinton Avenue? I recall (vaguely) going to a party at the orphanage. And the movie theater on Clinton I believe right off of Peshine?  
Elaine

**Correction:**

The newest Cyber Indian announced last week is Janet (not Jane, as mistakenly stated) Eule Addalia (64) (janeteaddalia@gmail.com).

**Paul Lipkin (60) shares sad news:**

It is my sad duty to report that my sister Sandra (*Sushy*) Lipkin-Russack,

Class of 55, passed away. I was five years younger and she always looked after me growing up. Last year I moved to the same complex in Florida where she lived and due to some of her health issues I took care of her. I will miss her a lot. Growing up in Newark and both of us going to Weequahic, we had a special bond. Rest in peace sis, I love you. Paul

### **Alumindians in the Archives:**

1/29/11

Arlene Chausmer Swirsky (64)

I, too, was a candy striper at the Beth. Could not wait to get my uniform and be taught how to make a proper bed. I particularly remember being taught that, when with a patient, we had to measure I & O. At the time I was clueless about the I & O issue, but the nurses did a crack job seeing to it we measured every drop of liquid going in and coming out of our assigned patient. Of course, there were no gloves available during these tasks.

I also remember visiting another Weequahic student, maybe 2 or 3 years my senior, Allen Bauer, who had, somehow (forgot the exact details) fractured his hip. I was quite in awe of the whole process of putting pieces back together when they were broken. Often, I have thought about those days and think it was the death of Lois Pilchman that motivated me to try to learn as much as I could about medicine at that young age. Never quite got over the fact that children sometimes died. But those candy striper days were a very important part of life I have never forgotten. Arlene

### **HOLD THE DATE:**

#### **Myra Lawson (1970), Executive Director, WHSAA reports:**

On Thursday evening, October 17<sup>th</sup>, the Weequahic High School Alumni Association will be celebrating its 22<sup>nd</sup> Anniversary and will be inducting outstanding Weequahic alumni into its *Hall of Distinction*. One of the inductees will be Jac Toporek, the editor of the WHS Note. The event will take place at the Renaissance Newark Airport Hotel. More information will follow. [Click on the blue link to see the event flyer.](#)

### **Richard Hoffman (1/60) seeks WHS connections:**

I recently moved to Monroe Township, NJ and would like to know if there are any WHS alumni in the area. I can be reached at [reubenart@msn.com](mailto:reubenart@msn.com).  
Rich

### **Norman Mann (68) reminds of rules moving from class to class:**

In my senior year whenever the bell rang to change classes, we all use to stand in the hallways conversing with one another or singing; just having fun even talking to the beautiful girls. All of which actually made us go to our next class late. All the teachers complained that something had to be done. So, the Administration got together and put this new tactic together called OPERATION CLEAN SWEEP. Man was that funny. But it worked.

Here is the way it worked. First bell rang to change classes. We had about five minutes or less to your next class. When the second bell rang, the teachers closed and locked the doors. Anyone caught in the hallways after the second bell was picked up and taken down to the Disciplinarian's office (Mr. McLucas) and was handed detention.

You can't imagine how we stood outside the classrooms begging the teachers to let us in. Some of the teachers, especially the ones we had great relationships with, used to stare at the doors and laugh at us. We had a lot of good clean fun at Weequahic. And, of course, being on the football team, we got it worse from Coach McLucas. Norman

### **Lois Weiss Sonnabend (59) clarifies prior note on commute to Upsala:**

I was the Lois who commuted to Upsala in Michael Mitzmacher's car! We had early classes, and Michael was not up to my cheery chatting in the morning. LOL. However, he was a good sport. I remember two other girls commuting with us. Don't remember their names. It was a fun time! Maybe there was another Lois, but I don't recall her. Lois

## Thinking of Teachers:

Marc Tarabour (6/63)

In response to courses in the "Business" curriculum where typing was a must, my teacher was Mrs. Lillian Ritter. Having Mrs. Ritter as a teacher was very challenging for me. Her son Larry and I were good friends and we were prone to get into trouble as we said in those days. So, I wasn't her favorite student. She was a wonderful teacher, tough but fair and she taught us a skill that pays big dividends even today as I type this response. As it turns out, I was able to return the favor to thank her when I introduced Larry to Marlene (Cookie) Kelner and they have been happily married for 52 years. Marc

Carole Ades Kaye (64)

I think it's great to honor the WHS Business Department teachers. I can't remember the name of my typing teacher and he was not mentioned among the teachers listed in a previous newsletter as appearing in the June 63 Yearbook. I can recall that he had a physical problem which manifested in his speech. Wonder if anyone else remembers his name. Carole

Dawn Knight Gaskin (6/63)

Re: Steve Epstein's (6/63) recollections of Mr. Egeth. Yes, Mr. Egeth was a great math teacher, but what I REALLY remember about him was that, the last day of class, he stood at the door and had all the girls kiss him goodbye as we were leaving. I, and another girl (Carole Heller Shapiro (6/63)) snuck out the back door of the room to get out of kissing him. Dawn

Fran Letzter Schonberger Malkin (1/57)

I took Business Course at WHS. I was going to be a "Secretary" so I took *Gregg Shorthand* with Mrs. Deutsh. I still use it for quick notes, I had Bookkeeping with Mr. Kobetz, a Business course with Mrs. Malamut and I took Typing in which I was fair.

When I graduated in January 1957, I had various secretarial jobs; American Standard at 972 Broad Street, Gertrude Ederle Pools on Haynes Avenue, General Development on Chancellor Avenue and a number of others. I

hated typing because I felt I was writing other people's words. I was a poor typist and was either fired from some of these jobs or companies went out of business. I never wanted to work in corporate world since it was too constricting for me.

After my daughter Debbi was born in 1966, I met Mrs. Fisher, a real estate broker (whose husband was a butcher in Weequahic area) on the beach in Bradley. She encouraged me to get a real estate license. I did. I started at the Archie Schwartz Co. in 1971. Elmer Schwartz was the only one willing to hire a woman to be a commercial real estate broker. And, I spent the next 45 years working there. I felt free to make my own decisions at work.

I'm glad we did not have today's computers (remember the IBM Selectric?). Today we can so easily correct errors, I may not have gotten out of being a secretary. Fran

Scott Lurie (1/63)

I read with extreme sadness and empathy Linda Krugman Holtzman's (59) story. Constantly reading the newsletter generates images of my own experiences in the Weequahic community. In a long about way this story will lead back to Mr. Pearl, WHS Phys Ed aficionado.

The dates may be a little blurry, but the events are accurate. Starting way back to my days at Bragaw Avenue Elementary School, I was hit by a car at age twelve. A serious accident that almost ended my life as a "normal" boy if not for the work of a few miraculous doctors. This was in 1957. Very seriously injured, I spent a few months in Beth Israel Hospital, and then a year or so in a wheelchair and home tutored as I healed and recovered. I must say that the experience of recovery was very enlightening for a boy of twelve moving through different stages, including a stint at what I think was Montgomery Street School. It was a rehab school at the time. Other children there had far larger obstacles to overcome than I. I began to see my place in life through these others.

I started back to regular attendance at Clinton Place Jr High as the last half of my 8th grade experience. Quite a culture shock for a young just teen out of circulation for a time. The pace was faster than I could keep up with both

physically and mentally. Writing this today, I realize that my brain must have been affected for a time by the accident (I'm fine today...at least I think so). I was allowed longer time to get to class and I sat out the "Gym Period" because they felt it would risk injury as my bones continued to heal. Of course, I didn't think so since after school I played touch football and other such games in the streets of Newark without a hint of any problem.

That takes me around to Mr. Pearl. When I arrived at Weequahic, the first semester I took with me all my medical records for the nurse to review along with my Doctors' recommendations for activity. Basically, I was then cleared for all activity. But Mr. Pearl was going to have me sit out an entire semester anyway. Halfway through I got tired of sitting in the bleachers and talked to Mr. Pearl about participating. He was very cautious and had me do a "private" PE test separated from the others. You know, the regular stuff such as sit ups, pushups, running a lap or two, etc. He even wanted to see if I could climb the gym ropes without risk. Eventually, he acquiesced and allowed me to participate only in exercises. No games for a short while. He felt I was at risk of being injured by any real contact. Not so, but I accepted his decision.

That lasted until the next semester. I always liked his mannerisms and how he conducted his classes. I felt he was respectful (for the most part) unlike other teachers who felt I was faking (without dropping names). Of course, they never looked at my files. Although I never had Mr. Pearl for a class again, I always got an acknowledgement from him, and from me the same to him, when we met in hallways, etc. He made my transition back much easier. Obviously, I was not the "jock type" but Mr. Pearl was an understanding and encouraging influence. Not being a star student, I looked forward to his classes and enjoyed his non-judgmental attitude. Scott

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