

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

NOVEMBER 15, 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 Editors of "The Weequahic Tabloid,"

E-address Entries:

Berenfeld, Gary(1/61)-- [rogar727@gmail.com](mailto:rogar727@gmail.com) (new)

Stone, Patricia(6/57)-- [stonepatricia6@gmail.com](mailto:stonepatricia6@gmail.com) (change)

**Rosalind Klinger Friedman (1/51) shares the passing of classmate:**

I am sorry to have to share the news of the passing of Martin Friedman, Class of January 1951. Marty's yearbook reads that he was the Freshman Basketball Manager, a member of the WHS Orchestra, Uniform Staff, Sagamore, Varsity Football, Prom Committee and Economics Class Chairman. He was a successful businessman, an outstanding husband of 55 years, father, grandfather and great grandfather. There is no formal obit, but an announcement and photo can be found at

<https://www.dignitymemorial.com/obituaries/north-lauderdale-fl/martin-friedman-8871483>. Roz

## Alumindians in the Archives:

1/8/01

Joseph Brenner (6/63) on WHS educators:

The key to Martino's class was memorization. You had to answer each question with a verbatim description of what he dictated in class; thus, the "acting lessons" (line memorization). If you knew dictation, you could save a lot of cramping of the writing hand. Of course, then you'd have to read back what you wrote in order to "memorize the answers." Now that I think of it, there were a lot of girls in that class. Must have been Mr. Martino's receding (all right, bald) hairline.

One of my favorite teachers was Albert Adler. He impressed me so much, I went up to him and told him I was thinking of becoming a teacher. He said, *Don't, you'll starve.* When I heard that, I figured, maybe teaching wasn't for me. Joe B

## Notes on the WHSAA "Hall of Distinction" Dinner

David Lieberfarb (64)

The Hall of Distinction dinner was a wonderful event. The highlight for me was a chat with inductee Wilfredo Nieves (66). Who would have guessed that I was tutoring a future college president when I was helping a youngster from Puerto Rico with his studies? I hadn't seen him in over 50 years. I had no knowledge of his whereabouts or his successful career, so it was a great thrill to see him. David

Barry Steinlight (1/63)

I was happily invited to attend the Hall of Distinction ceremony last week in Elizabeth by Steve (65) and Lauri Dinetz. I was amazed by how many people have given their talents to the WHSAA so kids can have a chance at living a better life. I met people I haven't seen since I had hair. It was well organized, and I am glad people received the recognition they so well deserved. Keep up the good work! Barry

## Interested in WHS Alumindians gatherings?:

Gayle Brody Jacobs (6/52)

How interesting to know Arty Drucks (54) and the “guys” of Florida meet for dinner in Boca. I live in Palm Beach Garden; any Weequahic women near me? Perhaps could also have a reunion? I can be reached at [jacobsgb@comcast.net](mailto:jacobsgb@comcast.net). Gayle

## Lou Ball (6/62) recalls a WHS friend:

About five years ago (around 2015), out of the blue, I wondered whatever happened to my old buddy Harold *Hal* Weintraub (6/63). There was nothing that triggered my action, which was odd, because I had completely lost track of Hal and had not communicated with him since the early sixties. I only knew Hal during my school years playing our daily baseball, basketball or football playground games. Despite his average size/speed, Hal was one of the most determined and accomplished athletes I'd ever encountered. As successful as he was in football and baseball (All City) he was also most humble.

I Googled him. My objective was to surprise him with a phone call to catch up after all those years. To my dismay, I found his obituary from 1995, which was the last way I wanted to “catch up” on his life. I found his widow's email address and sent her a note explaining who I was and with the 20 year's late condolence letter. I never got a response which is understandable after all those years but that was my way of making a connection to Hal.

Last week, five years later, for no particular reason, I again Googled Hal Weintraub and found a beautiful tribute made by his friends/co-workers. I had no idea that Hal had become a world class bio-medical researcher whose findings, according to the article (link below) “opened the doors to stem cell research and made possible Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center's developments in cord blood transplantation that now cure many people living with blood cancers.” Based on what I read in the tribute I think Hal, had he lived, would have made it to Stockholm to pick up a Nobel award. I think he was one of our most noble alums. Enjoy the read:

<https://www.fredhutch.org/en/news/center-news/2015/04/remembering-harold-weintraub-20-years-later.html>. Lou

**In response to an archival submission (10/28/06) from Joni Davis Law (South Side 63):**

Paula Stashin Schwartz (1/58)

The candy store on Peshine Avenue and Runyon Street was Shuster's. The boys were Sam and Bobby Shuster. Paula

Elaine Einhorn Blumenfeld (6/52)

I just wanted to respond to Joni; I remember Lois Davis, I lived on Hawthorne and Hunterdon Streets. My grandfather Abe Siegel had a candy store on the corner. It was one of the nicest times in my life. In the neighborhood there was a man named Willy Geltzeiler, who, once a week, would stand on corner and yell ice pops. The pops were bought at my grandfather's store, but they were free to the kids in neighborhood. I would read all the comic books.

Since my grandfather owned the house, we lived over the candy store. All the neighbors looked out for the people in the neighborhood. It is hard to believe I am going to be 85. It seems just like yesterday, but the best memories. Elaine

Elaine Stone (WHS 54-56)

To Joni Davis Law, we lived on Peshine Avenue a half block from the corner with the police station and the little candy store across the street from it. I always pictured that Peshine ran east and west. But now I believe that was wrong and it actually went north/south. Was the station on the corner of Peshine and Runyan?

I attended Bergen Street School until we moved to Badger Avenue; then I went to Peshine at approximately 12 years. old. So that might have been around 1951. I learned that Bergen Street School was torn down. Remember the blue one-piece gym outfits and playing softball on the Bergen side of the police station. Flute-a-phones? I really can't remember too much about those days. Wish I could. Elaine

Diane Hammer Foss (59)

I am a Bergen Street School graduate, June 1955. I used to go to the Cameo almost every Saturday. I lived on West Bigelow Street near Hillside Avenue before I moved to Echert Street in my junior year. Great times and good memories. Diane

### **Lew Kampel (60) follows up recent comment hinting that he was, at first, "an illegal" at WHS:**

I was still living on S.13th Street near West Side Park when I finished eighth grade, which meant that I was heading for the notorious Cleveland Junior High School on Bergen Street. It was a school labeled as a "Blackboard Jungle" by the Newark Star Ledger because of poor academics, lack of discipline and rough climate. My mother then began a full court press to get me transferred to Weequahic. The problem was that the only legitimate reason for transfer was to take Hebrew; and I refused to do that.

So, I started 9th grade at Cleveland. It was not as bad as the Ledger made it out to be, but it was difficult. I was afraid to use the bathrooms and I was regularly shaken down for my lunch money. But somehow, I got by. I helped a tough kid, who was just out of reform school, with Spanish and he became my friend and protector. And, I made friends with a bunch of black kids with whom I played basketball every day after lunch. Classes unfortunately were awful. One teacher spent the entire time dictating text to us which we had to write down word for word. An Algebra teacher in her first teaching gig regularly got lost in the lesson and would ask me to bail her out. Note; Math is not and never was my strong point, as several WHS Math teachers subsequently informed me.

Meanwhile, my mother was regularly making a nuisance of herself down at the Board of Ed trying to convince the powers that be that her fair son belonged at Weequahic. Finally, one day in late October or early November, my lunchtime basketball game was interrupted when I was called to the office and told that I was being transferred to Weequahic. Dr. Leo Litzky, the Principal and husband of our beloved Hannah Litzky, asked me only one question, "*Is it that bad?*" I could see that he was honestly pained when I answered, "Yes." He signed the papers and I was done.

On my way out, I stopped to say goodbye to the guys playing basketball who seemed genuinely disappointed that I was leaving (probably because I was so easy to beat on the court). So, I was on my way to the promised land, but I can't help but wonder if I might have learned more valuable lessons if I had stayed at Cleveland Jr. High. Lew

### **“Those were the days” memories:**

Mike Mandel (6/63)

Harry was the man who owned the *Weequahic Delicatessen* on Chancellor Avenue between *Chicken Delight* and *Garden Bakery*. It was located between Schley Street and Fabian Place. We would go in where he had crinkle cut French fries. We would buy the fries and a quart of pickle juice.

*Margie's Sweet Shop* on Schley and Chancellor always had the newest pinball machines. The owners were Irving and Sylvia. They had two boys. The oldest, I think, was Billy; not sure what the other was. I loved pinball. I worked at the *Bunny Hop* all through high school and even part time after I got married.

The funniest thing I remember was when Louis, the motorcycle cop with a sidecar, took another officer's police car on a Saturday afternoon and parked it on the white line on Chancellor with the lights flashing. That did a number on the traffic in the area. Those were great times! Mike

Eddy Masarsky (6/59)

That restaurant was Fong's not Mings. I lived three houses up on Scheerer Avenue from Bergen Street. Fong's was open seven days a week until 10 or 11PM. Being a very fussy kid, all I ordered was roast pork tips and white rice. Eddy

Trudy Burakof Slater (64)

So, I'd like to note that Ming's restaurant was on Lyons Avenue, Fong's was on Bergen Street. I think it was next to Murray Levine's kids shoe store. And Lehrhoff's Bakery was near Lehigh Avenue, unless it moved after I had left the neighborhood. Well, everything was leaving soon after. Trudy

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