

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

January 10, 2020

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

Hi Folklorists of Weequahicdom,

Sara Friedman Fishkin (60) has relocated her e-wigwam to friedfish33@gmail.com.

Regretfully:

Bill Jacobs (1/58)

My cousin Bernice (Bunny) Sigmon Slade (46/47) recently passed away. She was 90 years old. She will be missed by all who knew her. Her obit appears at <https://www.everhere.com/us/obituaries/nj/vauxhall/bernice-slade-10096096>. Bill

Joanne Rosen Friedman (1/52)

Unhappy to announce the passing of Marty Friedman, January 1951, on September 29, 2019, in Florida. Marty graduated from Newark College of Engineering in 1954 and for many years ran his family business (Empire Electrical Co). He also did consulting engineering until his death. Marty served in the US Air Force from 1954 to 1957 in Dayton, OH, and was in Air Materiel Command in procurement and production of the B-52 bomber.

We were married in 1954 while he was still in college. We eventually moved to Cranford, NJ, until 1993, then to Coral Springs, FL. There were three children, Jane Weitzner and Eric and Jack Friedman. Marty rarely met anyone he didn't like. His sense of humor and a hearty laugh are

remembered by many of his friends and all his family. Marty was a warm and loving husband and father. He is missed by many friends and family members. Joanne

Mike Kopin (1/62)

Gary Lemer, an unofficial member of the Classes of 62 lost his older brother William A. Billy Lerner (59) New Year's Eve. A day after graduation he moved to DC to attend American University and never left. Billy's obit appeared in the Star Ledger at

<https://obits.nj.com/obituaries/starledger/obituary.aspx?n=william-a-lemer&pid=194921289&fhid=10909>. Mike

Correction:

"A few recollections" noted in the last "WHS Note" (December 20, 2019) should have been credited to Arnie Kohn (56), not Arnie Cohen.

Harvey Schwartz (54) and Florence Feldman Cohen (42) reach out to classmates:

Hi dere; long time no see. I would love to see wh1s still around. Not much on Facebook or -mails. So, call if around town; coffee or dinner is ok as I make my own hours at work. I can be reached at mrbrickface@aol.com.
Harvey

Is there anyone out there who graduated either June 39 or January 1940. Would like to hear from you. My e-mail address is fcohennn@gmail.com.
Florence

Something about them schools:

Arthur Chausmer (59)

Reading those notes brought back a few memories. I was "College Prep," but we were still required to take some "practical arts" courses outside of that path. I elected to take Typing instead of Shop or some of the other alternatives. I knew I was never going to have to type anything myself. I was going to go to med school and have a secretary. I elected Typing for a more

practical reason; that was where the girls were. Well, I never really met any of the girls and ended up failing typing because I was never fast or accurate enough, probably because I didn't really care. That was the only course in which I got an "F."

Fast forward ahead a decade or two. Finishing grad school, I had to have my thesis typed and retyped many times by someone else, which helped financially support some of my classmates as their wives did the typing without mistakes at, I think, 25 cents a page. There were, of course, no word processors at the time. Then computers came to the fore, something was absolutely unpredictable in 1958, and I had to learn to type well because all programming was "command line" entry.

Remembering my failed WHS course basics, I actually became fairly proficient because I needed to. Later, my secretaries appreciated me because I typed everything myself, it being easier to edit my thoughts on the fly and not have to have things retyped. Since then, I have typed several dozen scientific papers and a novel as well the more mundane emails and such. While perhaps not the most important course I had at WHS, it became, quite unexpectedly, one of the more useful and perhaps most impactful on a daily basis, given that I typed this note, too. You just never know. Arthur

Joel Enda (1/62)

Went to Bergen Street School in the late 50's, the same school that my mother went to. Was a crossing guard during my time at Bergen Street. Was one of the first classes to attend Clinton Place. The school had classrooms in an octagon, and it was the first time of changing classes. From Clinton Place, I went on to Weequahic and was the last class to graduate in Jan of 1962. Joel

Gerard Gerry Brandmeyer (1/51)

In 1950, I was enrolled in a Civics class taught by an excellent teacher, Jennie Twardus. One of our projects was to examine the provisions of the *Taft-Hartley Act*, a Republican effort to rein in the rights of labor unions passed over President Truman's veto. At the time, I was an admirer of the infamous Senator Joseph McCarthy. The senator was testing his strategy of

accusing the Truman Administration of concealing the Communist loyalties of countless numbers of “Reds” hidden away in the State Department and elsewhere in the Federal Government.

Later that semester, a member of the charter class was invited to speak to a school assembly. He was the Secretary-Treasurer of the New Jersey CIO, a major Labor federation. His subject was *the Taft-Hartley Act* of which, understandably, he was critical. After his presentation, I challenged him on the accuracy of some of his facts. Rather than dismissing me, he admitted that he misspoke on these points. Afterwards, I was nervous about how Ms. Twardus, who was rumored among students to herself being a Communist, would respond to my position on the law. I was grateful that she treated me with fairness throughout the semester.

In the following winter, as the Class of January '51 was in the gym practicing for graduation night, I heard my name being called to stand with my distinguished classmates who were to occupy the front row on stage during the ceremonies. While I had made a steady recovery from my weak freshman year at the Hawthorne Avenue Annex, I was far from the ranks of the top ten students who would grace that front row. My best subject had been History, so I thought that perhaps I was to receive the *Helen G. Stevens History Award*. To my shock, the History award went to Enid Karetnick, a girl for whom I had had a crush throughout my three years in the main building. I felt sure that my presence among the elite was a mistake. Eventually, my name was announced as the winner of a special award sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary of the local chapter of the Jewish War Veterans. The award was in recognition of my raising those questions of the Labor leader at that assembly.

My recall of these moments from nearly seventy years ago is a testament to the effect the intellectual rigor at Weequahic had on those fortunate to be its beneficiaries. Gerry

Herb Cohen (54)

My Dad had a liquor store on Springfield Avenue near Waverly Avenue, and we lived on Springfield for a few years. I went to Cleveland Jr. High for 1 year. My mother would make me wear a white shirt and tie to school. Most

of the kids were lucky to have shoes on their feet. Needless to say, my mother could not understand why I came home every day with blood on my shirt. Being a nice Jewish boy, I was not a fighter and always took a few shots in the school yard. That was until one day I was cornered and had to fight my way out. Flaying away wildly, I landed some telling shots and came out "whole skinned." I was then one of the boys, a white light with Black buddies (all good guys).

We finally moved to the Weequahic section (Goldsmith and Maple) across from Maple Avenue School. There were a bunch of guys at Cleveland who wanted to learn, but the atmosphere was survival. Herb

Sharing thoughts of "Then:"

Dan Green (50)

It is such a pleasure, reading all the recollections of former WHS students. As a former student, I love the memories we have of the wonderful lives we lived those years. I lived at 370 Badger Avenue, right near the border between Weequahic and South Side High Schools. I rode the city bus to and from school, first to the annex on Hawthorne Avenue and later to the high school on Chancellor Avenue.

We lived not far from Weequahic Park, so I often went to the park to walk the trail around the lake, rent row boats and fish for porgies and other small fish that lived in the lake. Talk about fish bones, it was a lot of work cleaning all those little fish. But clean them we did because we caught them and we were sure going to eat them. We sometimes went to the stables in the park to see the horses, and, sometimes, we watched them run around the race track in the park.

We also lived not far from the Weequahic Diner, on Elizabeth Avenue. When I got older, we would often stop there at night for night time snacks. We also would eat at the Claremont Diner, which was owned by the same people who owned the Weequahic Diner. Fond, fond memories! Dan

Ron Sedaille (60)

Many times, when reading these stories in the newsletter I think about my early childhood at 40 Sedgwick Avenue (long gone, sacrificed for new projects). One of my memories is going to Kindergarten in the Seth Boyden Projects. This would be about 1947-48. I wonder if any other alumni went there? Finally, a funny story while I was a kindergartener, my friend and I were on the exercise bars during recess. When recess was over, we stayed on them. After the door closed, we went to our houses where both parents told us to get back to school. Well, we did. Just before we arrived back at school, we see a lady walking up the street towards us. It was Mrs. Dye, one of our teachers. She took us back to the classroom, scolded us and made us stand in the corner for the rest of the day. I even remember the name of my friend from that day, Donald Wilson. We had two teachers for that Kindergarten class; one was the aforementioned Mrs. Dye. Mrs. Black was the other teacher. Ah, those were the days.

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