

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

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Hi Imagers of WHS' Legacy:

Janice Krusch (6/58) shares sad news:

It is with great sadness that I inform you of the passing of my dear cousin, Howard Krusch, Class of June 1952, on December 10. Howard was predeceased by his wife, Josie, this past year. They were married for sixty-four years. Howard leaves behind two sons, and their spouses, and three grandchildren.

Howard worked for thirty-five years as Head Supervisor for the Department of Sanitation for the City of Newark. Upon his retirement, he and Josie moved from Parsippany to Boca Raton, where they lived for thirty years. He lived in a retirement community, where he was on their Board of Directors for twenty years and was President for twelve years.

Howie's real love was his professional career as a drummer. Starting as a teenager, he played in the Catskills during summer vacations. He played for Marty Ames, of wedding and bar mitzvah fame, and was Marty's leader when he wasn't there. He also worked for Jay Sher's orchestra. Besides teaching drums privately, he also taught at the Gene Thaler Drum Studio in Maplewood for many years.

Howard had a wonderful sense of humor that made everyone laugh, and he was liked by all who knew him. I will greatly miss our once a week, and sometimes in between, telephone calls. Rest in peace, Cuz. An online death notice page with his photo can be found at <https://www.dignitymemorial.com/obituaries/north-lauderdale-fl/howard-krusch-8956336>. Janice.

Paul Blake (68) is seeking WHS Alumindians in his new area of residence:

I have a new home in the City of North Las Vegas and would like to connect with WHS alums in metropolitan Las Vegas. I can be reached at jpaulblake@hotmail.com. Paul

Fred Goldman (62) makes it to the screen:

The link, below, is for the movie trailer that my fellow postal worker's son made; the full movie should be out soon. I'm in the first minutes of the trailer with the perm-like hair, but I have a lot more to say in the movie (<http://www.postal-reporter.com/blog/video-gone-postal-the-documentary-trailer/>). Fred

Lenny Sherman (1/61) responds to a note on the legendary Chem teacher:

I enjoyed reading Joseph Brenner's (6/63) archival remembrance of Mr. Martino. In regard to memorization, I can still recall him calling on students to recite verbatim, "hydrogen, silver, sodium, ammonium radical, iodine, chlorine, lithium, and bromine have a valence of 1. All the rest have a valence of 3 or 5 except arsenic, antimony, bismuth, aluminum, chromium, nitrogen, and phosphorus which have a valence of 3 or 5." Okay, that never helped me in my life, but Mr. Martino instilled in me the respect and, sometimes, even fear of the teachers and professors that I faced later on. One afternoon a couple of years after graduation, I sat next to him on the bus that I took home from Rutgers Newark and I found that he was actually a very nice person. He lamented the decline of academics at Weequahic.
Lenny

Lew Kampel's (60) saga as to WHS student from out of the district motivated a few responses:

Fred Decter (60)

Your coming to Weequahic was our gain. Fred

Margie Bauman (6/60)

Really enjoyed Weequahic classmate Lew Kampel's narrative on how he made it from South 13th Street near West Side Park into Weequahic from outside of the Weequahic district. Way to go, Lew! I lived on 13th Street half a block from Clinton Avenue and I'm not sure how my brother Jon got into Weequahic. Maybe because he took four years of Latin and maybe that wasn't offered at West Side High?

My mom in particular was adamant that we would both go to Weequahic from Madison Avenue School, where we were students from kindergarten through 8th grade. So, she insisted that I go to Weequahic so that I could take four years of French, which was not offered at West High. Like Lew, I might have learned valuable lessons from four years at West High but am still appreciative of the fantastic teachers and education I got at Weequahic. Helped me get into Michigan State University and an amazing career as a journalist, which I still pursue full time.

Since I eased in at the Annex, I suppose I was an "illegal," too. But our house at 862 South 13th Street was just five houses in from Clinton Avenue, across from Clinton Place. So, we were a bit closer, although still on the wrong side of the tracks. And hey, Lew, you turned out pretty good for a guy from the wrong side of the tracks

Also, BTW, my parents were neighbors in the Clinton Place area of Leo and Hannah Litzky years before I went to Weequahic. She was an amazing teacher. Margie

Beryl Lieff Benderly (6/60)

I have been fascinated by Lew Kampel's account of his unorthodox entry to Weequahic and the fact that he felt uncomfortable and out of place. When I became a full-fledged member of the class of June 1960, having moved up from the class of January 1961 with a group of others through summer and extra courses, the Lew I saw was one of the suave and confident leaders of the high-status "smart group," to which I naturally aspired to belong.

I had come from the completely opposite end of the Weequahic district. We lived on Grumman Avenue, the absolutely last street in Newark (part of our backyard was actually in Hillside). I came up through Maple and the Annex. I always felt a bit of an impostor at Weequahic because I had been skipped multiple times through experiments that Vice-Principal, Miss Johnson, had been doing at Maple; and I was younger than my classmates. So, I was very glad that the June 1960 “smart group” accepted me to an extent, though never, I always thought, into their inner sanctum. And my closest friends were always fellow stowaways from January 1961.

I really appreciated learning about Lew’s own feelings of insecurity, much more complicated than mine, of which I never had the slightest inkling. He always seemed so relaxed and in control. I can only conclude that in adolescence almost everyone feels unsure of themselves, so much so, in fact, that they don’t notice the feelings of others. Thanks, Lew, for letting me know what I had not seen. Beryl

In appreciation of memories kept:

Marv Goldberg ‘47

The name of the newspaper guy on the corner of Lyons and Bergen was Lou. My brother, Ken and I actually worked for him there at different times. “Alfie” (Sanders) sold papers on the corner of Meeker and Elizabeth. I think. Alfie’s father was called “Speaka” or something like that. Marv

Eliot Braun (1/64)

Who remembers when Newark had a large beer industry with Ballantine and Pabst and possibly another, as well as Hoffman sodas? The water in Newark attracted them. Hard to read about the lead in Newark’s water today. Eliot

Brenda Allen O’Neal (64)

Enjoyed reading a recent published note from Mel Ortner (64). If I am not mistaken, he lived on the corner one block in from Chancellor off of Summit. I can't recall the actual street. I thought his house was the most beautiful I had seen at that time. It had a round sunken living room, if I am correct.

The house still looks great.

I remember the Burgerama Cheeseburgers. It so nice to remember those days. I also remember Barbara Prager's brother also and mother. Brenda

Sanford *Sandy* Shuster (South Side 58)

Me and my brother Bob (South Side 59) lived behind the candy store known as Shuster's Confectionary. We walked the mile and a half to school rain or shine or snow! We went to the Jewish YMHA location on Chancellor Avenue (the "old" Y). Those were great times and I remember them dearly.

Unfortunately, my brother passed away this past February. We were very close, and I miss him greatly.

I am fortunate to be happily married for over 52 years, have three great kids and six wonderful grandchildren. Bobby was married to Judy Shara Shuster for over 53 years and has three wonderful kids and eight grandchildren! I am retired to Boynton Beach, FL playing tennis and doing my photography and enjoying my kids and grandchildren. Good luck to all who are enjoying their present life and fondly remember their past. Sandy

Arnie Kohn (56)

The candy store on the corner of Peshine and Runyon (southwest corner) was clearly run by Mr. and Mrs. Shipp. Their daughter Cynthia also helped. I lived there until 1953 and I remember it distinctly. Paula Stashin Schwartz (1/58) was a few years younger and it may have changed owners. Arnie

Jerry Krotenberg (1/60; Faculty 64-71)

I lived at 307 Peshine Avenue until I was 10 years old. The candy store next to my house was "Shipp's," not Shusters'. Next, on the corner was a butcher shop. Across the street was a small grocery store, "Freidloch's."

Unfortunately, you can't go back and check because of the Interstate; they cleared all the land and that area as seen on Google Maps is a freight warehouse. Jerry

Elaine Sheitelman Furman (6/56)

I lived on Schley Street and Margie's was on the corner where they saved the newspapers (Ledger and the Jewish paper; *The Day*, I think). We would

walk our dog and she would take the papers in her mouth and carry it back home. We had a bakery on the corner of Chancellor and Wainwright street, but I don't remember the name. I also remember when the house on the corner of Chancellor and Schley was moved across Chancellor to the vacant lot on Schley Street and turned into a 2-family house. The other houses that fronted Chancellor were torn down to make way for stores.

From Weequahic I moved on to Rutgers in Newark and then to the College of Pharmacy; also, in Newark. When people asked me what school I was going to, and I replied Rutgers, they would try to correct me and say you mean *Douglas*. No, I mean Rutgers. Not everyone was privileged to go to school and live on campus. Some of us lived at home, rode the bus to get our education and worked after school and on weekends. Elaine

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