

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

March 6, 2020

THE WEEKLY “WHS NOTE” WILL BE ON HIATUS FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. THE NEWSLETTER WILL ONCE AGAIN BE SENT OUT ON FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 2020.

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Hi WHS E-Posters,

Susie Jacobs Grassgreen (61) is new to the *Cyber Indians Network* at [sudig@aol.com](mailto:sudig@aol.com).

Obitquahics, sadly:

Sara Lempkowitz Lynn (1/61)

It is with sadness I report the passing on February 20, 2020 of my sister-in-law Roberta “Cookie” Pilchman Lynn, Class of 1956. Her obituary can be found at <https://www.segalfuneralhome.com/obituary/Roberta-Lynn?fbclid=IwAR23SY1xYsAJnU7tzj-0AroVqKHM-,DW4DTLTFh9pB10>.

Sara

This past week, Barbara Henig reported that her husband, Hugh Henig, Class of January 1946, passed away. She and Hugh lived in Bradenton, FL. He was a longtime member and supporter of the Weequahic HS Alumni Association.

Saul Kelton (64)

Memories returned upon reading the note from Helen Gottlieb Neadel (6/64) and Judy Gottlieb (6/68) eulogize their brother Howard Gottlieb (6/60).

When I was 7, I moved to Belmont Terrace from Avon Avenue. The Gottliebs lived across the street on the 2nd floor. Howard was older than me and so kind as to escort the new kid on the block to his new school (Peshine Avenue). I remember showing up in the Gottlieb kitchen and watching Howard eat a delicious, generously buttered roll which made my mouth water. He was kind to me and watched over me in those early days.

I also clearly remember Howard's mother Thelma (37). She was pregnant at the time. One day she was sitting by the window looking out onto the street. I was playing on the sidewalk in front of my house when all of a sudden without looking for cars I darted into the street. A truck had to stop short to avoid hitting me, which startled the onlooking Thelma and gave her a terrible fright.

My mother worked at Weston's, a factory across the street (Frelinghuysen Avenue) from Weequahic Park. When my mother got home from work and learned of my darting into the street and frightening Thelma, she felt terrible and thought she needed to teach me a lesson. She told me that if the pregnant woman loses that baby, it would all be my fault. Needless to say, when Thelma gave birth to the 4<sup>th</sup> Gottlieb sibling, Abby, I was one relieved child. Saul

### **Stuart Guterman (68) experiences an “Its-A-Small-Weequahic-World-Moment” before its time:**

A number of years ago (probably late 1970s), my buddy Bob Feinberg (68) and I were walking through the Georgetown area of Washington, DC, and we were approached by an elderly couple (we were not elderly at the time) who asked us to guess how many floors were in the house that we were all standing in front of. It turned out to be 7 (3 above ground, but 4 below ground, which held the kitchen and what used to be the slave quarters in the 200-year-old house). The interesting thing was that when they asked us where we were from, the woman of the couple said that she used to teach high school in Newark before they got married. But had never heard of Weequahic.

It turned out that they had been married for over 50 years, which meant that she left teaching (and probably Newark, too) before Weequahic was opened. That was why she had never heard of the school we went to, although it was more than 45 years old by that time. Stories like that kind of illustrate how things really change with the passage of time (and how, somehow, we all have gotten older). Anyway, I just thought I'd pass that story on. It really is true that you can leave Newark, but it never leaves you. Stuart

### **Anita Wasserman Bank (55) gives Alum-Rothians a heads up:**

A note to let everyone know that on March 16, 2020 HBO will begin showing their adaptation and dramatization of "The Plot Against America" by Philip Roth. Anita

### **The "Chemystery" of Mr. Martino:**

Marvin Schlanger (65)

I also was fortunate to have Mr. Martino for Chemistry. Not only did he start me on a life-long very successful career in the chemical industry, he taught me how to focus and solve problems. I am forever grateful. Almost 60 years later, I remember the start of his first lecture; "Science: Classified or organized knowledge dealing with a body of truth acquired through investigation or experimentation." Marvin

Lenny Sherman (1/61)

"When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school;" no, it wasn't that way at all for me, thanks to wonderful teachers like Mr. Martino. I've read negative comments about him on this newsletter and I want to offer my opinion. He was gruff, but he wanted his students to learn. I can still recall in it is entirety what he made us memorize, "hydrogen, silver, sodium, ammonium radical...have a valence of one..." I believe that Mr. Martino helped prepare me for the strict and demanding teachers and professors that I would face after I left Weequahic.

One afternoon, a couple of years after graduation, I happened to sit next to Mr. Martino on the bus on my way home from Rutgers Newark. He was very

congenial, and I felt a warmth within him. He did lament what he described as the decline of academic achievement in our high school. Lenny

Fred Goldman (6/62)

There was a nice story about Mr. Martino in a not too distant past newsletter, but, of course, I have a different spin on him. I never had him as a teacher because he taught classes you need for college and that wasn't my road. However, I did get him for my senior year for Homeroom. I think, but couldn't prove it, that the word was out on me that I could be a problem (WHO ME?). My thought was that my former Homeroom teacher, Miss Shapiro, who threw me out of Homeroom my whole junior year, gave him a heads up about me.

So, first day when we got our seats, guess who got the first row right in the middle of the room in front of Martino's desk? Yes, it was me; with a picture to prove it (below, as pictured in HR 305). Things were OK for Homeroom. He was always telling me to be quiet. But one day when he was in his show off how smart he was mode, he gets right in front of me and in a very loud and proud voice says so the whole class could hear him, "MR. Goldman will you shut your mandible." I didn't have a clue what that meant. I thought he was cursing me out. Later after finding out it meant part of my jawbone, I felt that he was showing off for the class. So, I can say that he actually taught me something because I still know what a mandible is, but I still haven't ever used it. Fred



## To Jed Yaney (64) on memories shared about his father:

Wilma Bernhaut Pitman (6/57)

I never met you, but I adored your father. I was lucky enough to spend my summers at the Hawthorne Avenue Playground where your dad was in charge. No camp for me; I didn't know anyone who went to summer camp, ours was the playground. Girls and boys alike played all kinds of outdoor games, some did crafts. If it was really hot, he would set up an outdoor shower for us to cool under. I was there when the playground opened in the morning, went home for lunch, then went back until dinner. And, then closed up when he locked up at 9. No cell phones, no video games, no electronics. Just good, healthy times and memories. Wilma

Myron Borden (52)

Thanks to Jed Yaney for his mention of his father, Max Yaney, who was instrumental in my lifetime of athletic participation in sports, which I began at age 10 at the Hawthorne Avenue School Playground. Mr. Yaney did a marvelous job there for many years. He organized seasonal leagues in basketball, touch football and softball. I participated in all along with my close friends, Dave Schwartz, Merwin Feinsot, Alan Ginsberg and Larry Barsher and many others who eventually became great athletes at Weequahic High School in the 50's and 60's. We all spent thousands of hours there. It was our summer camp during each July and August. I can also recall many Sundays when many of us would eagerly climb the 12-foot cyclone fence to get inside to play basketball (which I think I can safely confess to now at age 86). Myron

Bob Gold (59)

My grandfather, who unfortunately passed before I was born, was in the produce business after he arrived in this country. Before eventually buying a truck, he made his deliveries by horse and wagon. His wagon was pulled by a Percheron, big horse. Who knows, but he might have stabled or rented from your grandfather. Next, my dad Phillip may very well have been an acquaintance of your father. When Clinton Place opened, he was appointed Guidance Counselor. Subsequent to that position, he served as Vice Principal at Charlton Street School and prior to Clinton Place, he was a

long-time teacher of History and Math at Bergen Street School. Now, in those days, teachers generally had second and often third positions to support a family. Bob

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