

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

JUNE 5, 2020

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

Hi Weequahicnostalgiaologists,

Condolences:

Sharon Rous Feinsod (66)

It is with a very heavy heart that I send news of the passing of my longest, oldest and dearest friend, Robin Trugman Bartel (66). Robin grew up at 339 Leslie Street and attended Chancellor Avenue School with me. I ate lunch at her house at least two times a week, and she came to mine for dinner where she loved to hear the ring of the dumbwaiter coming up at six o'clock. We played at the playground, walked on "the avenue," took the #14 bus downtown, and played eighth grade softball in the playground with Mr. Barone, Mr. Drexel, and Mr. Harris coaching us. At the high school she was on the twirling squad.

After high school, Robin worked for Prudential in downtown Newark until she married another alumnus, Lance Bartel (6/63), to whom she was devoted for fifty-one years. She and Lance raised their two extraordinary daughters, Felice Brown and Wendy Rupa, in Springfield, until moving to Woodcrest in Clark three years ago.

Robin's two gifts; first, her commitment to family, especially to her brother Richard (60), former owner of the Bunny Hop, and sister-in-law Sheri Kroner Trugman (6/63), as well as to her twelve first *Decter* cousins (including WHS alumni Julian (6/58), Ronnie, Fred (60), Hazel (6/63) and Ira (WHS 67/Columbia 68). Second, her ability to understand people served her well fostering relationships in her social and professional life. She worked for twenty-five years for Drs. Michael and Joel Lerner

at Foot and Ankle in Union, building a treasured relationship that continued after her retirement.

Robin could be found wandering about the mall looking for gifts for her grandchildren, meeting me at the Ritz (her choice) or Oscar's (mine), or playing Mah Jong or Canasta. Those of us near and far who have continued our friendship throughout these years will miss her dearly as one of the ladies who lunch," occasionally attend a nostalgia show or find a museum shop.

In addition to her husband Lance, her brother and sister-in-law, and two daughters and their husbands, she was the beloved grandmother to three grandchildren who remained in her heart and soul to the end. I'll be calling up many happy memories when I go to reach for the phone or use the blue tooth. Sharon

Anita Forgash (6/62)

I see many of my Weequahic neighbors have died of the covid19 virus. They are in the NJ Jewish News and in this column every week. Although he was not a WHS alumnus, it is so heartbreaking to read on the front page of the NY Times that William Helmreich, professor and author, died from the virus ([Link to William Helmreich's Obituary](#)) to William Helmreich's obituary). He wrote *The Enduring Community: The Jews of Newark and MetroWest*. It was a great book about "our" past. The book is available on a number of books sites including Amazon ([Link to book on Amazon](#)). The Amazon website highlighting the book reads, in part, "Newark afforded Jewish residents the advantages of a close-knit community along with the cultural abundance and social dynamism of urban life." Anita

If you have not had enough of 2020 electioneering:

New theme, yet unaddressed in more than 20 years of "WHS Note" publications? How about thinking back to the polling for school officers? Were you a candidate or involved in the candidacy of a classmate or friend running for leadership positions of the WHS Orange and Brown Association or of the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes? Please share any recollection of campaign agenda, slogans, handouts and just plain high school politics. Even if not involved in Weequahic electioneering, if you have any recollection you wish to share of school elections, please feel free to do so.

Have any of your high school election aspirations resulted in candidacy and serving in an elected office locally, statewide or nationally? Note sure if she was an elected officer during her years at the “Wigwam of the Hill,” but Sheila Oliver (70) served and Speaker of NJ’s General Assembly and is now the state’s Lt. Governor. Lou Bassano (6/60) was a NJ Senator. From a district that encompassed Union County. I believe Sy Mullman (66) was elected to the Springfield, NJ Council. Did he get his political beginnings at WHS?

Did WHS election success or failure impact you as your life unfolded? Please write in and let the Alumindians know.

Bobbi Fechtner Bierman (1/54) seeks an assist:

Does anyone know whereabouts of Ben Friedman, Class of January 1953, who lived on Seymour Avenue? Ben was drum major at one time. He had an older brother, I think named Seymour and a younger sister, Miriam. Responses can be sent to me at Bobbib1408@gmail.com. Bobbi

Flipping the pin ball back to make points in response to Calvin Schwartz’s (6/63) recent commentary:

Helene Kohn Reiss (Maple/WHS 62/Union 64)

I grew up in the mid-1950's and frequently went to Barry's Candy Store located on Renner and Osborne. In the back of the store were pinball machines, which my brother Arnie taught me how to play and even how to TILT the machines. Helene

Judi Wodnick Chait (62)

[Link to Silverball Museum in Delray Beach, Florida.](#) Judi

Ira Melon (6/63)

My classmate’s recent posting of his pinball experience in Asbury Park triggered memories of my own shore experience. I spent many summers in Bradley staying in rooming houses located on McCabe, Brinley and LaReine. We had a large room and also enjoyed a communal kitchen including a shared refrigerator and shared bathroom facilities. Besides the arcades, I remember Mike and Lou’s, Vic’s, the Friday night dances and my still current passion for body surfing. Taught by my

father, I have taught my son and grandchildren how to ride the waves. To this day, we have our own family contest each summer.

One of my fondest memories, however, is of the Bradley pinball arcade. My buddies and I would scour the beaches in the early morning searching for glass soda bottles to return for deposit. This money would help fund our “pinball habit.” As I recall, there were a couple of machines that were almost impossible to tilt. This aided our ability to rack up many free games. What a beautiful sound that was to our ears, the free game “BING!” Then, in turn, we offered the accumulated free games for sale, at a discount, to those around us.

For the past 20 plus years, my wife and I have continued to enjoy the shore from our condo in Belmar. We enjoy Belmar’s diversity and the fact that it is an all year-round town. Bordered by Bradley to the north and Spring Lake to the south, the area is full of life and many restaurants. I guess you just can’t take the shore out of the boy. What fond memories of days gone by! Ira

Fred Goldman (6/62)

More on the Becker candy store and the pinball machine. The story, of course, is just a little different than the one by Calvin. Becker’s was on the way home from school and we would stop in there to play pinball. I usually walked home with two or three other guys, but when we got to Becker’s, we had a plan. The pinball machine was at the back of the store after a very long counter and squeezed in after the counter next to the phone booth (remember them?).

So, here’s how it went. One person would stand or sit in the last seat of the counter and one would sit in the phone booth with a clear view of the store. The main trick was that our friend, I’ll call him Claude, always wore work boots with very strong toe’s (might even have been steel tipped). We would pick up the machine just enough so Claude could put his boots under the two front legs to make the machine almost level so that the ball would be easy to keep in play. Then we would let Claude play; made it so easy to just rack up a bunch of free games. Afterwards, we would put the machine back down. If we left it on his boot too long it was no fun for Claude.

Then there was the 2nd part, like Calvin said, it was just too easy to lift (steal; not proud of it now), but back then it was so easy. We would take the little cakes and

soda and pass them to the other person in the phone booth and had our after-school snack. I just can't believe Mr. Becker and his son Gary (also WHS student) caught on to the scam. The con ended when we started driving cars and stopped walking home from school.

We did get very good at playing pin ball and to this day when I see a pin ball machine, I have to play it. So much better than Xbox; NOT. It seems that when my stories are printed in this newsletter, I was always trying to beat the system. If I spent as much time on doing my homework as many did out of our class of almost 600, I could have been a lot higher the number 598. I beat out two kids that dropped out. JUST KIDDING! Fred

“As It Was,” Weequahic Section-wise:

Sandy Markowitz (6/63)

This picture of myself (right) and my late brother Neil was taken at 34 Pomona before that we lived on Mapes between Bergen and Elizabeth Avenue. Sandy



Leslie Goldman Pumphrey (6/62)

Alan Eisenberg's (Hillside 60) mention of one of his relatives in a recent edition of the *WHS Note* more specifically *Foot Flex Children's Shoe Store* on Chancellor Avenue, brought back a rush of memories to me. My mother purchased all of my shoes from that dear, kind man Irving Eisenberg. And that's the way I have always remembered that store; not *Foot Flex Children's Shoes Store*, but (one word) Irving Eisenberg.

I had (and still have, sigh) orthopedic problems which necessitated me having a lift on one shoe and, per my orthopedist's edict, “NO Mary Janes, NO pretty shoes.” I was consigned to wearing oxfords or totally ugly shoes. I have to confess that

whenever we went to Irving's store, my mood was extremely sour. And I am sure that I, as a little girl, treated him “sourly,” too. I remember begging my mother for one pair of pretty shoes, just one pair. My mom and Irving would exchange looks, and he would then bring out yet another 'ugly' pair of shoes. He would keep his calm and never reacting to my pouts, as he fitted me.

I also remember that he had a large portrait of a young, beautiful girl on the wall of his store. I always assumed it was a picture of his daughter, but never asked. To Alan, I just want to tell you that your uncle lives on in my memories as one of the many “good guys” from my past. As an adult, there were many times (including while reading your note) when I apologized for being a brat to that gentleman uncle of yours. Leslie

Clark Lissner (6/63)

In response to Rita Kirsch Morris' (64) compliment on my remembrances of the Boys Club trip to D.C., I do recall two humorous moments from Ms. Bingham's otherwise “nothing funny about it” Geometry class. During one class, my brilliant friend and Bobby Schwartz (6/63), who scored 800 on his Math S.A.T. and attended M.I.T., seemingly wasn't paying much attention when Ms. Bingham called on him. He not only gave the correct answer, but then pointed out that she made an error on one of the complex problems she had written on the board!

On another memorable occasion, a classmate, Seymour Schissler, was dosing off, when Ms. Bingham used the phrase, "you'd SEE MORE clearly." Upon hearing his name, “SEEMORE” bolted straight up in his seat, eliciting giggles from those seated around him. Clark

THE “WHS NOTE” WILL NOT BE DELIVERED ON JUNE 12, 2020. THE NEXT EDITION WILL BE PUBLISHED ON JUNE 19, 2020.

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