

WINTER 2008 / ISSUE #23

ALUMNI
CALLUMNI



THE PASSING OF A REMARKABLE MAN

PRINCIPAL RONALD G. STONE

By Phil Yourish, 1964

How do we fathom the precarious nature of life? What explanation can we give when somebody dies young and suddenly? How do we begin to understand and cope with a loss that seems so inexplicable? How do we find solace when a rich and productive life is taken too soon? How do we grieve, heal and move forward?

Weequahic High School Principal, Ronald G. Stone, passed away suddenly on Sunday, November 4, 2007 at age 57. His passing is a great loss to the high school, the Weequahic community, and the city of Newark. Mr. Stone was a passionate, dedicated, and determined educator. He was an inspiration to his staff and students. He brought to the high school a fresh vision, a compelling agenda, and a strategy for success. He embraced Weequahic with energy and enthusiasm. His bold, dynamic and extraordinary leadership truly made a difference.

During his tenure, the school made significant advancements. This included creating an atmosphere for learning and success; instilling school pride; the renewal of the school's accreditation; improved test scores; an increase in students graduating and attending college; better facilities for the marching band and athletic teams; the renovation of Untermann Field; a state championship football team; the use of conflict resolution as an alternative to gang violence; and the establishment of a



working partnership with the school's active alumni association.

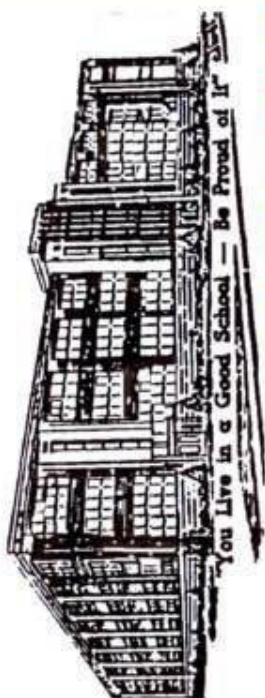
Although a Barringer grad, Mr. Stone bled orange and brown with the same fervor as any homegrown alumnus. He brought the great Weequahic tradition back to the high school. His dream was for Weequahic to return to the glory days of academic excellence. Faced with the many challenges of running an urban high school, Mr. Stone used the athletic teams to spark student interest. He had the school building and Untermann Field painted in orange and brown and had T-shirts made for the students with the large letters "IP" on the back for *Indian Pride*.

He spent school funds to build an exercise facility so that the athletic teams would have greater parity with the suburban schools that they competed against. He organized pep rallies and made Friday a day when both students and staff were encouraged to wear school colors. He was always visible at sporting events with his deep voice booming above the rest - cheering, urging Weequahic to victory.

Once he got the students' attention, he emphasized the importance of the classroom and the pursuit of academic excellence - and Weequahic was making strides in that direction.

For four years, he was a member of the alumni association Board of Trustees and attended our monthly Board meetings. A regular part of the agenda was the "Principal's Report." He helped us to establish guidelines and priorities. His contributions were essential to our success. During this time, the high school and the alumni association became a collaborative effort.

Continued on page 2



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Continued on page 2

STONE *continued from page 1*

Moreover, Mr. Stone was always very accommodating. At Homecoming each year he would share with alumni his thoughts on education and report on the progress that the school was making. On the occasion of our first Scholarship Fund Raising Dinner, he played "Taps" on his trumpet.

At our recent "American Gangster" fund raising event, "Heart of Stone," a trailer for the documentary being made about Mr. Stone, the high school and the alumni association, was shown before the movie. When Mr. Stone was introduced, he touched the hearts of the 500 people present with his inspirational words - concluding by raising his fist in the air and shouting "IP." For many of us, that was the last time we had an opportunity to be with him.

Ron Stone was a genuine Weequahic hero. For six years he was a precious gift to the high school. His impact was immense. We all have benefited by knowing him. In his memory, the Ron Stone Endowment Fund has been established by the alumni association.

Walking with a Chief

By Mary Dawkins, Co-President, 1971

Mary Dawkins is the Weequahic High School Alumni Association's new Co-President. She has been a Board of Trustees member for the past 5 years and served as the Co-Chair of our

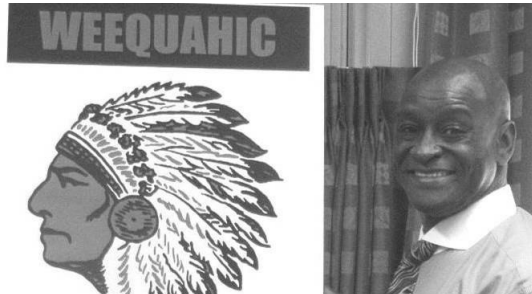
very successful Scholarship Fund Raising Dinner in honor of Alvin Attles.



Mary is the Executive Director of Grace West Enterprises, which includes child-care, senior citizens, and homeless housing programs.

She is a graduate of Rutgers Newark and has a Master's degree in Education. She is married to Mack Dawkins (South Side High School) for 32 years and has one son Mack III, married to Jenea.

Weequahic High School was ambushed last month with the sudden and shockingly unexpected death of Ron Stone - a man amongst men - a man with a dream for the success of every student who passed through the doors of the school - the man who taught all of us about the meaning of IP for *Indian Pride*.



Ron Stone was a source of strength for each warrior who donned the Orange and Brown and anyone else who dared to share his dream. He has left us, but that dream still lives. His wisdom - his authority still inspires us.

When we were last together, Ron spoke about how we must support our kids and prove to everyone that they can be successful at school and in their lives after they graduate. Clearly, he faced a bittersweet battle every day. Yet he was both the authority and the role model. He showed the tribe that there was a better way - a path towards a more positive, productive and fulfilling life - the path of education - no u-turns - because their goals and future lie straight ahead.

Ron's dream was left with us and we must continue his legacy. Ron now is *In the Presence of God*. His work is done. It is we who must roll up our sleeves, get behind his dream, and make it resonate within us.

The WHSAA worked closely with him to forward his academic and athletic programs and we will gladly do the same with his successor. We pledge to whomever is chosen our new chief to dedicate our time, talent and resources toward assuring that Weequahic High School will regain its reputation as one of America's finest academic institutions.

At the Memorial Service in Untermann Field many students dedicated their educational future to Ron's memory. We urge you to continue the dream of our Beloved Chief. You will find that those who traveled the path before you will be with you - encouraging you, committed to you. *You will be the dream fulfilled*

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HELP WRITE THE NEXT ISSUE

Send us letters, articles, stories, memories, poems, recipes, photos, cartoons, trivia, obituaries, reunion information, etc.

SEND US YOUR WEEQUAHIC / NEWARK MEMORABILIA

We are creating an archive of all items relating to Weequahic and Newark for exhibitions at our events.

If you have old photos, newspaper articles, year- books, films, Calumets, Ergo magazines, books, schedules, rosters, certificates, letters, hats, jackets, sweaters, WHS athletic equipment and uniforms, or any other interesting memorabilia, please call us before you discard any of these items.

In Loving Memory

Ronald G. Stone was born in Newark's Central Ward on November 3, 1950. In his youth, the seeds for future success were planted. His values were formed and his consciousness raised by his mother, Dr. Elayne D. Brodie, a well-respected community activist, who marched in the streets of Newark for quality education in the 60's and 70's. She encouraged him to excel in academics, music and athletics.

Mr. Stone spent his teen years in the North Ward section of Newark where he attended Summer Avenue School,



Broadway Junior High, and Barringer High School. At Barringer, he was first chair trumpet and leader of the Blue Jackets Jazz Band. A three-year varsity athlete in track and wrestling,

Ron won both the City and District championships in wrestling in the 157-pound weight class and didn't lose a match in his senior year in 1968.

As he moved on to higher education, Mr. Stone earned a BA degree in Physical Education and an MA degree in Administration and Supervision from Kean University. He also became the starting fullback on the football team and was the captain of the lacrosse team earning All Metropolitan honors.

In 1974, Mr. Stone became a Physical Education teacher and coached in the Newark Public Schools. In early 1980, he started the first wrestling club for youth at Franklin elementary. He coached basketball at Peshine Avenue, Dayton Street, and First Avenue schools. He influenced the lives of numerous young athletes.

In 1993, at age 43, in pursuit of new challenges to test his physical limits, Mr. Stone won the North Atlantic Power Lifting Championship, squatting 680 pounds and setting a State dead lift record of 710 pounds. He also had a black belt in Tae Kwon Do and placed



tenth in the NJ State Cycling Criterion Championship. His varied hobbies and interests - golf, chess, tennis, music - were met with the enthusiasm of a student who would soon become a 'master' of that particular skill.

A motivational speaker, Mr. Stone received numerous recognitions and awards - most recently, the *Benedetto Croce Educator's Award*. He was also inducted into the *Newark Athletic Hall of Fame* and made the keynote address.

Prior to coming to Weequahic in 2002, Mr. Stone was Vice Principal of Avon Avenue School. Weequahic was his greatest challenge and he assumed leadership with confidence and optimism. *"There is a crisis in urban public schools,"* he declared, *"but I strongly believe that these institutions are indispensable!"* He passionately felt that it was up to us to change the culture of hopelessness, to a culture of *"we will succeed, no matter what!"*

Mr. Stone led a very active life with his loving wife Meg. Her thoughts of him are: *"my idol, my best friend, who enriched my life in a way no one could imagine a human could do. His spirituality brought me to a higher level. My greatest joy was just waiting for him to return home to enjoy our evenings together. Our different cultures came together and formed a bond of strength, dignity and respect that emitted an energy that was felt by all who witnessed our relationship. The bond will never end. We will live now at opposite ends."*

To cherish his memory, Mr. Stone leaves his wife of ten years, Meg; his four sons, Bobby, Ronnie Jr., Jesse and Jarret; brothers, Hugh, Howard and Larry; sister,

Jacquetta Campbell; grandmother, Marlyne Brown; mother-in-law, Selma Charney; brother and sister-in-law, Sandy and Rona Steinberg; many nieces, nephews, friends and his Weequahic High School family. He was predeceased by two brothers, Gary and Kevin.

His legacy and devotion to his family, his students, and his colleagues will live in our hearts forever!

Some thoughts on Mr. Stone:

Sharmayne Fontaine, WHS Student

"Not only was Mr. Stone a Principal, but he was a father, friend and a mentor. He cared for his students. He gave them guidance when their lives were going astray. He went beyond his duty to make sure that his students were safe."

Elizabeth Haden, Acting Principal

"He was our leader, our biggest cheer-leader, our father, mentor, protector and my friend. His dedication to the staff and students inspired and instilled in his administrators the charge to supervise and to lead professionally and efficiently. I am grateful for having the privilege to know him, to work with him, to learn from him, and to love him."

Ras Baraka, former Vice Principal

"Mr. Stone protected our children with his life. I know because I was there beside him. He faced guns and gang members. He confronted abusive boyfriends and misguided parents. He put himself in harm's way to assure that our children were safe."

Michelle Bryant, Mr. Stone's Assistant and a Barringer High School classmate.

"Remembering Mr. Stone means realizing his dream to make Weequahic one of the top comprehensive high schools in the city and also continuing his legacy of Indian Pride. A good friend is hard to find, so when in life you have that one opportunity to work alongside a true friend, you must consider yourself truly blessed."

WHAT NOW?

By LaTisha Prophete, WHS Senior

The tears are drying from the faces of our students, but the one thing that remains evident is the fear of the unknown wandering in our minds. WHAT NOW? What will happen now that Mr. Stone is gone?

It feels like just yesterday Mr. Stone was walking around playing, joking, and talking with us. Now that he is gone, it feels like no one can fill the void that he has left at Weequahic. Yet, what we don't know is that we can all fill that void. We can take control. We can continue the legacy that Mr. Stone has set out for us. We are on the right track. All we need is focus.

There came a time when our community thought that we were all failures. In our minds we believed that, and it reflected in the actions of the students who came before us. But Mr. Stone didn't believe that. He came to Weequahic with hope and he brought back the Indian pride that was missing.

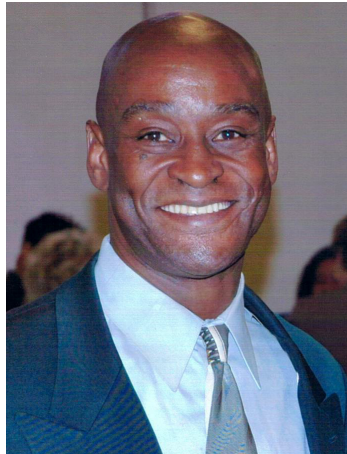
He noticed how the students had low self-confidence and how they were struggling with situations that needed all of his time. So he made time. He taught the students that we should be proud to be an Indian. We had to accept the fact that we can stand up next to any magnet school and be just as good as them.

A friendship was built with Mr. Stone and the students grew attached to his many customs at Weequahic. He created an environment that separated our home lives from our school lives. Academic scores are going up and Weequahic's athletic teams are gaining more than just trophies. Students wanted to do more than just finish high school; they wanted to go to college or trade school. The students gained a confidence that made Mr. Stone and the Weequahic family proud.

Everything was going well at Weequahic and the media grasped at every moment of it. We were compared to the Cinderella story and everybody was excited about

our accomplishments. Mr. Stone gained respect and everybody applauded about how he took control of a struggling situation and found the answer that many people before him couldn't find. He completed the goal that he had set out for himself and now that he has been taken away from us by his sudden death, we have to complete the goal that he had set out for US.

The fear that is presented in our minds is the question that we must answer. WHAT NOW? What will we do now that



Mr. Stone is gone? The answer is very simple. As students at Weequahic High School, we are going to stand up and do what we know is right. We are going to create an environment where the students have an understanding that we must continue to accomplish the education that was denied to us before. We need to put aside all our differences and help one another. There comes a time when we all need a shoulder to lean on and we all can lean on each other. The time is now. We can take control. We are on the right track. All we need is focus.

Indian Dedication

Appiffanny Boston, WHS Senior

It is freezing cold. The wind is blowing Oh, how I cannot wait to get home in the warmth, away from this torturing November weather. I look around and see how many people are sitting in the bleachers here to support and show their love for our beloved Principal Ronald G. Stone. It is Friday, November 16th, 2007. Today is a day in honor of Mr. Stone. Everyone who truly cares, from current

students, to staff, to alumni, to the people of the community is here to give tribute to our dearest lost one. With spiritual songs from the soloist and the choir, a combination of current students and alumni, we feel the warmth of the sun, which shines upon us from the start of each hymn until the end of each word.

We now hear the wonders of our Stone, his accomplishments and contributions to our school, what we will miss about him, and what we can do to continue his vision. From students, staff and alumni, we hear the greatness of Stone and feel the impact of a great loss.

All reiterate the message to the senior class: *GRADUATE!!* Graduate and continue on with your success in the world and the betterment of yourselves; try to be better than what Mr. Stone hoped for; try to supersede his expectations and make him proud, and you be proud, proud to be an Indian.

Graced by the presence of Mr. Stone's family, we hear the encouraging words of Mrs. Stone. With great emotion she tells us of his dedication to our school, especially to the students, how we were his home away from home. The love and support of the students, staff and community are greatly appreciated by the Stone family and they are grateful to be part of our Indian home.

With the setting of the sun, the ceremony is done, but our journey has just begun. The cold of November is setting in, as we go home to reflect on what has just been said. What will become of our school? And will everyone fulfill his or her duty to make Weequahic great? Sit down. Think about it. Will you be another statistic that fails to do your part? Or are you that dedicated Indian we are looking for?

Mrs. Stone speaking to the students at the memorial service:

"But look at me - I am still standing - and I want all of you to believe in yourselves and know that you all have the strength inside you to help me keep Mr. Stone's legacy alive by continuing your education, find your passion, and be true to yourself."

Adenah Bayoh, 1997 WHS Grad, Opens IHOP

By Reginald Roberts, Star-Ledger

For years Irvington's Springfield Avenue business district has flourished with more than a few dollar stores, discount clothing stores, nail salons and fast-food restaurants. Now that an IHOP (International House of Pancakes) has come to town, Irvington officials are hoping it will raise the profile of the busy corridor a notch or two. The IHOP officially opened last fall, the township's first national brand family sit-down non-fast-food restaurant, taking over from the longtime fixture in the community - Kless Diner.

The old Kless was completely renovated with non-traditional IHOP decor. Seating capacity was increased to 190 with an upstairs meeting room that will accommodate 15. *"This is one of the most exciting new projects in the township in a very long time,"* Mayor Wayne Smith said during a ceremony inside the restaurant. *"As we rebuild and reshape and restore the township, it's important that we attract national brands to our main corridor."*

Smith said the IHOP would be one of the catalysts to bringing other national retailers to town. One businessman was so inspired by the new IHOP that he is already considering Irvington as a location for a national store, the mayor said. The last IHOP to open in the area was three miles away on Bergen Street in Newark seven years ago. In two months, it became one of the chain's top

performing restaurants in the region. In Newark, things were done in reverse. The IHOP quietly opened, then a big ribbon-cutting ceremony was held two months later.

The owners of the new franchise, Adenah Bayoh, an Irvington businesswoman, and her partner, Kunle Alli, saved the grand opening until after a weekend of working out kinks. Bayoh said she sent out 50 invitations to senior citizens for a Saturday test run. More than 300 showed up. By Monday, hundreds of free pancakes had been served to various church and community groups. The restaurant is open 24 hours.

Months ago, Bayoh put a hiring sign in the front window of the restaurant. She was expecting about 200 applicants for 140 part-time and full-time jobs: She got more than 900. About a third of the applications were from high school students. *"They wanted to come from school and go to work"* she said. *"I saw Adenah in those kids."*

Now 29, Bayoh got her first job at 14 flipping burgers at the McDonald's on Springfield Avenue about a mile away from her restaurant. It was her best business lesson, she said. When she went to see Smith with the idea of opening a

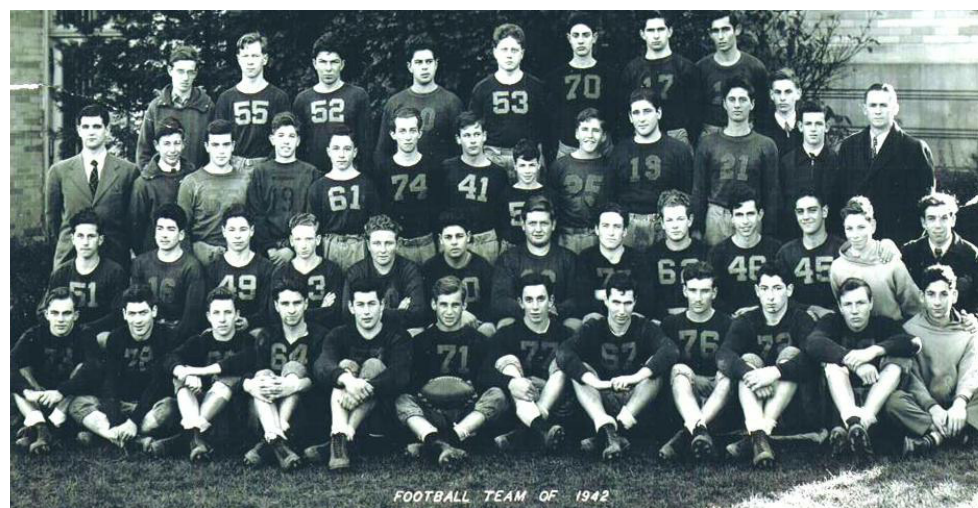


restaurant in town, Smith suggested Kless Diner, one of Irvington's landmark businesses with a unique vertical sign to match.

George 'Pete' Apostolatos had wanted to sell the restaurant for years, but couldn't find the right investors, Smith said. He introduced Bayoh to Apostolatos and after nearly three years of hard negotiations with him and a rigorous process with IHOP, the franchise became a reality.

Bayoh greeted customers asking them if their food was okay. John Lynch, a retired Newark police officer, said he had frequented Kless and loved IHOP pancakes. The blue and white sign was all he needed to know an IHOP was opening. After an order of eggs over easy, bacon and pancakes, he gave the new restaurant a thumbs up. *"The only complaint I have is the parking. There's not enough parking,"* he said. By noon all 38 parking spaces, except the ones reserved for the handicapped, had been taken.

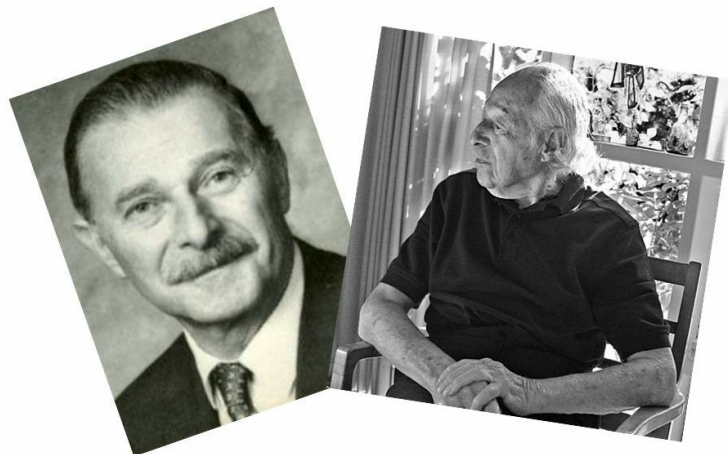
Beverlyn Grissom of Trenton, who was in the area on business, and Tanya Poteat of Montclair both had eaten at Kless Diner as children. *"There was such strong hospitality you just don't find in urban areas,"* Grissom said as she left the restaurant.



1942 WHS Football Team.
Submitted by Seymour Kamm,
class of June 1944. Some of the
football players are as follows:

Jack Greenspan, Red Feldman,
Bill Horey, Skip Sobo, Iggy
Bornstein, Sid Lieberman,
Seymour Kamm, Herb
Zuckerberg, Mickey Dunst,
Marty Rubin, Burt Geltzeiler,
Jerry Rosenfeld, Joel Jacobson,
Alan Semel, Art Lustig, Art
Givas, Dave Furst, and Frank
Tavelow.

Dr. Robert Lowenstein Turns 100



By Dave Lieberfarb, 1965

Thirty years after retiring as chairman of Weequahic's foreign language department, Dr. Robert Lowenstein turned 100 last July. Dr. Lowenstein taught at the high school during its early years before World War II, in the post-war era after serving overseas, and in the post-riots era after fighting his own battle against McCarthy-era political persecution.

He and his wife, Zelda, who died two years ago, also raised three Weequahic alumni: Amy Lowenstein, 1962; Martha Lowenstein Rennie, 1964; and James (Jim) Lowenstein, 1965.

The centenarian has also maintained a 60-year relationship with one of Weequahic's most famous alumni, Philip Roth, whom he met when the future author was in his freshman homeroom. A published poet and author himself, Dr. Lowenstein was a model for a character in one of Roth's novels, *"I Married a Communist."*

Roth, a longtime Connecticut resident, even once sent a chauffeur to his mentor's West Orange home for an in-person critique of one of his manuscripts. *"He used to send me advance copies of his books,"* Dr. Lowenstein said. In one instance, *"I said, 'Philip, I've got so much to say about it that I can't do it over the phone.' So he sent a driver down for me, and I went to his home in Connecticut."*

Dr. Lowenstein's works have been published in a variety of poetry magazines.

His daughter Martha recalled that when she and her siblings were young, their father also wrote a couple of plays and stories for children. She related attending a performance of *"Petey and the Pogo Stick,"* a dramatization of one of his stories.

GOOD GENES

Robert Lowenstein was born July 13, 1907, the fifth of six children, including two others who reached the century mark. He rattled off the names of his siblings: Ida, Eleanor, Aaron, Evelyn and Regina (Jean). Eleanor lived to 102; Evelyn to 100. Their mother reached age 92, and her mother made it to 95.

He graduated from South Side High School and received a degree in English from Rutgers in 1928. He earned a master's degree in English from the University of Pennsylvania, then spent a year in France, where he taught in a boys' secondary school where they trained to be elementary school teachers. Back in America, he went to Johns Hopkins University, where he earned a Ph.D. in French literature, writing his doctoral thesis on Voltaire.

Dr. Lowenstein's first teaching job was in Trenton at Central High School where he taught French and Italian. *"After a few years, I came to Newark,"* he said, *"because the pay was better, it was my hometown, and I could live in my parents' house."* He spent time at South Side, teaching French, Spanish, and Latin, then

Barringer, *"to replace a retiring Italian teacher,"* before coming to Weequahic.

During his first stint at Weequahic, he married the former Zelda Lewis on July 11, 1941. He joined the Army Air Corps and was sent overseas just before the birth of his first child, Amy, whom he didn't get to see until he returned from 16 months in North Africa, Italy, and Yugoslavia, where he picked up a working knowledge of Serbo-Croatian.

Despite being a decorated World War II vet, Dr. Lowenstein ran afoul of the political persecution that took place during the Cold War. One of three Newark teachers fired in 1955, he fought it out in the courts. He was represented by distinguished Newark Judge John Bigelow and attorney Morton Stavis, who subsequently was one of the founders of the Center for Constitutional Rights. *"When the case was finally decided in my favor, the opinion was written by a judge who had been a classmate of mine at Rutgers,"* Dr. Lowenstein recalled. *"Everything worked out fine."*

Daughter Martha learned when she went to college that her father's fame preceded her. *"I didn't realize that you were somewhat of a cause celebre,"* she said. *"When I got to [the University of] Wisconsin, some of the graduate history students wanted to interview me because I was your daughter."*

Reinstated with back pay in 1961, he went to Barringer as language department chairman. *"I was very happy at Barringer teaching Italian,"* he said. But his final transfer was to Weequahic in 1967, when there were no longer any young Lowensteins in the school.

The family moved from Newark to West Orange in 1973, and Dr. Lowenstein still keeps in touch with some of his former students. Martha and Jim solicited comments from several friends, students, and colleagues of their father's for this article. Dr. Paul Kiell (South Side, January 1949) wrote, *"Bob Lowenstein was a model of integrity and scholarship and a teacher I will always remember. I treasure his friendship, a friendship that grew even after high school graduation."*

Continued on next page

LOWENSTEIN *continued*

Here's to his continuing good health and good cheer as he embarks on his next 100 years!"

Joseph Boodin, MD, a friend and classmate of Dr. Kiell's, thanked Jim *"for the honor of writing a few words about your father. He is your father but my hero. I had him as a teacher for second-year French at South Side High in 48-49. He had the respect (and sometimes the fear) of the students. But his influence on me was such that I took four years of French in college (also with another gifted professor).*

"But his courage in refusing the demands of elected government officials who were trying to advance their political careers at the expense of Dr. Lowenstein and others was an act of heroism that was ingrained in my life that will last for my lifetime. Heroes, by their actions, teach, and the lessons they give to others are the most meaningful in life. I thank him for the classroom in school and the lessons in life...I only hope that I can measure up to have others think of me in such a near similar vein. Merci beaucoup, le Docteur Lowenstein!"

An April 2005 article in The Star-Ledger about Weequahic's French students' trip to Paris drew a recollection from more than 60 years by Donald Frank of Florham Park. He wrote: *"Lavinia Rogers, a French teacher at Weequahic High School in Newark who was featured in your April 4 article, is living up to a long tradition of quality French language education. Back in 1942, Robert Lowenstein took his Weequahic High French class to that den of iniquity, the Little Theater in Newark, to see 'Pepe Le Moko,' in French with English subtitles.*

"Many parents thought this was too risqué for high school students, but Dr. Bob gave us kids a real insight into how French was spoken and added real value to our learning experience. More than 60 years later, it is good to know that Weequahic

High and its French department are still on the leading edge of language learning."

Retired Weequahic English teacher and dear friend Louise Weinstein, referring to a pastime Dr. Lowenstein took up in retirement, wrote simply: *"After almost a lifetime of admiring Bob for his intellect, his poetry, his leadership, and his warmth, in the least several years I have enjoyed the harvest of his latest accomplishment, his gourmet marmalade. Through his generosity I have started every morning with perfect taste. What a joy!"*

Shirley Seltzer, widow of former Weequahic math teacher Morton Seltzer, related a memorable incident from their travels in retirement: *"In 1978, Bob Lowenstein, his wife, Zelda, my husband, Mort Seltzer, and I went to Greece on vacation. Bob, who was fluent in many languages, enjoyed conversing with other tourists in their native tongues. However, one time his knowledge of Greek failed him. He had studied Classical Greek, and there didn't appear to be any word for shoelaces in ancient Greece. So, like the rest of us, Bob had to resort to communicating with the shop owner by POINTING to his torn shoelaces, and he was successful in obtaining a new pair!"*

Although he gave up mowing his lawn and shoveling snow a couple of years ago, Dr. Lowenstein still stays active by taking several walks a day. Mrs. Seltzer relates that *"whenever I drop by to visit him, he has always 'just returned from a walk.'"* On the phone, he will give her advice for dressing for the weather conditions! He continues to write poetry and takes great pleasure in rereading his favorite writers, Montaigne and Dante. At the age of 100, family, friends, the natural world, reading and writing remain central to him. The French have a word for it - *engagé*.

Dr. Lowenstein would welcome hearing from former students, colleagues and friends. He can be reached through daughter Martha at Martha.L.Rennie@comcast.net.

ALUMNI PROFILE

Jesse Beim, WHS June 1951 2007 Spirit of Life Award



Jesse Beim began his business career shortly after graduating from the University of California, Los Angeles in 1955. He joined the family business, K&M Company, manufacturers of ring binders, page protectors, and a variety of related plastic

products. Together with his partner and under their spirited, aggressive and entrepreneurial leadership, K&M grew to become one of the most respected companies in the office products and school supplies industries. K&M was acquired by Avery Dennison in late 1986 and operated autonomously as a division of Avery for several years. Eventually, the two organizations consolidated into one with a stronger and broader product line.

Sustained with an uncompromising work ethic, Jesse has always approached business with dedication, involvement and with a strong passionate commitment. A man of high integrity, he has built strong business, industry and personal relationships and has managed to keep pace with modern business developments without abandoning traditional values.

Jesse has spent his entire career of some 52 years in the office products industry, has served on the City of Hope National Office Products Council for many years, and is also involved in several national and local community charitable organizations including STOP CANCER, an organization supporting cancer research; his local synagogue, Valley Beth Shalom; the University of Judaism, ADL, and his alma mater, UCLA among others.

He has received the office products industry ADL Torch of Liberty Award, the SHOPA Life Membership Award, the University of Judaism Leadership Merit Award, and the 2007 City of Hope Spirit of Life Award.

Jesse met his wife Lill while they both attended UCLA and they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 2007. They have three children, Audrey, Steve, his wife Linda and two grandchildren all living in Southern California.



The Rededication of Untermann Field

It was Homecoming Weekend 2007 and on Friday night, October 19, alumni journeyed to Untermann Field to see Weequahic play football against Morris Hills and to be part of the rededication ceremonies at halftime, featuring Newark Superintendent of Schools Marion Bolden, Principal Ron Stone, and our Co-President Hal Braff.

Recently, a \$5 million renovation of Untermann Field was completed. It included a football field with synthetic turf, additional bleachers, a new track, and new locker rooms. Since 1949 when the field opened, it had received only minor upgrades and periodic maintenance.

The next day as our Homecoming celebration continued, a facsimile plaque was placed on the "ROCK" outside of the entrance to the stadium. A permanent plaque that replaces the original one (missing for many years) will be installed this Spring by the alumni association.

Who Was William Untermann?

Excerpts from an article by
Nat Bodian, from Old Newark.com

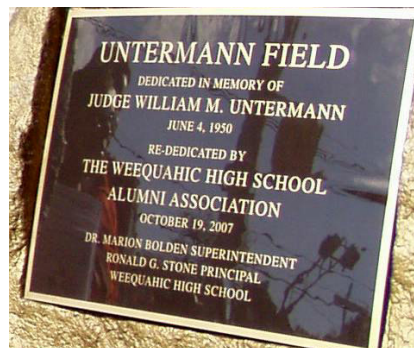


William Untermann was born in Newark on November 26, 1880. He devoted his entire life to Newark causes, such as underprivileged boys and girls, and to aid and betterment for the needy, as well as to various charities, and to civic and communal activity.

He attended Robert Treat School, Barringer High School, and New Jersey Law School.

In his youth, he was an organizer of the Newark Boys Club, and at the age of 16 as its president, he led a committee of boys who petitioned the City for the establishment of a playground system in Newark. As a result of his petition, the City's first playground was opened at Canal and Commerce Streets, the precise site where he was born.

In 1907 "Bill" Untermann was appointed director of the Prince Street Playground, where he served for four years. From 1915 to 1926, he was associated with the Children's Aid Society. In 1925, while employed with the Society, he became a member of the law profession. In 1937, he joined the Newark Board of Assessment and Revision of Taxes. In 1939, he was elected President of the Newark Tax Board, a position, he held for two years until his appointment in 1941 as Judge of the Newark 2nd and 3rd Criminal Courts.



He passed away at age 54 on February 8, 1944. An editorial in the Newark Evening News, devoted to the deceased judge, said in part: *"With the sudden and untimely passing of Judge William M. Untermann, the City of Newark has lost one of its outstanding citizens. In truth has it been said: 'He loved Newark, its people, and served them well.'"*

Judge Untermann's wife, Esther, was named to take over for her husband and she held the post until her retirement from the bench four years later. At the time, she was the first woman police judge in the City of Newark and one of the few sitting female judges in the entire United States.

As a testimonial to William Untermann's life, the new sports stadium on Chancellor Avenue and Summit Avenue was dedicated on Sunday, June 4, 1950 as the William M.

Untermann Playfield. A boulder and plaque were emplaced to commemorate the event. The library in Weequahic High School was also named the William M. Untermann Library.

For many years, the Untermanns lived in Newark on 25 Chancellor Avenue.

Where did the "ROCK" come from?

By Irwin J. Steinberg, 1947

In the 40's, my father, Benjamin Steinberg, was very upset because Weequahic High School had to play their home football games at City Stadium. On several occasions the team and the band were met with violence.

To counter this problem, he started the Weequahic Chancellor Citizens Committee. They petitioned Mayor Ralph Villani and Assistant Mayor David Kent for funds to build a stadium on the open field adjoining Chancellor Avenue School, which was used for practices for the high school teams and for amateur softball leagues.

Once the funds were received in 1948 - Untermann Field was born. It was named for Judge William Untermann, who had died a few years earlier. When the stadium was completed, an appropriate place to mount a plaque needed to be located.

One of my uncles told my father about a huge rock on Peshine Avenue. So they went to pick up the rock with a flatbed truck and a hoist. When the rock was loaded on the truck, the front end of the truck lifted off the ground. They solved the problem and brought the rock to its present location on Chancellor Avenue outside the entrance of Untermann Field. And the plaque was installed on the rock.



WHO ARE WE ANYWAY? SHERRY B. ORTNER TELLS ALL!

By Evanne Schreiber Geltzeiler,
Class of January 1952



Evanne
Geltzeiler

When I would call my neighbors and ask if they had any old mosquito netting from their baby carriages, they knew at once that I was planning for one of my weird vacations. Always intrigued with learning about other cultures, my wonderful and accommodating husband, Stan, was my erstwhile and intrepid companion on treks into the deepest jungles of Peru and Ecuador. Those were tough adventures, experienced long ago, in younger years.



Sherry Ortner

So you can imagine my delight when my old love of cultural anthropology could, without mosquitoes, spiders and snakes, be experienced in the comfort of my reclining chair. The brilliant guide was Sherry B. Ortner and the culture studied was that of her own tribe, inhabitants of the Wigwam-on-the-Hill, the Weequahic Indians, class of 1958. My brother, Bobby Schreiber, sent me the marvelous book, *"New Jersey Dreaming - Capital, Culture and The Class of '58,"* Bobby's class; the author, Sherry B. Ortner, Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University.

Following Robert Frost's preference for the road less traveled, Sherry embarked on a challenging, unprecedented and formidable Odyssey of research and discovery spanning some ten years and thousands of miles on a road rarely, if ever, traversed. With steadfast dedication, infinite fortitude and tenacious commitment, the brilliant and dedicated ethnographer has produced an amazing, scholarly, eloquent and monumental study and it's ALL ABOUT US. With intense

ethnographic introspection, Sherry painstakingly peels away the layers as she collects our cultural statistics while taking us from the present all the way back to our roots.



Judy Rothbard

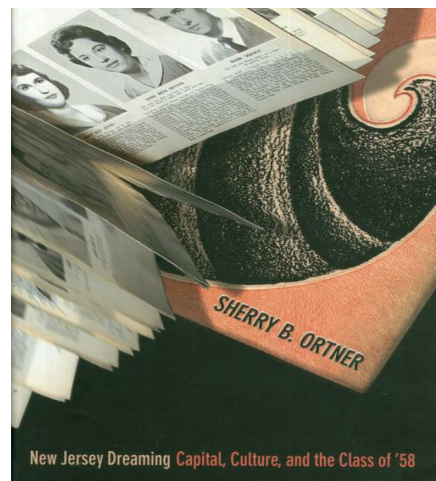
With the inventive talents of her *person-finder*," Judy Epstein Rothbard, the first task was to locate her 304 classmates. With females assuming the surname of their respective spouses, geographic mobility notwithstanding, and some twenty-four classmates unfortunately deceased, tracking them down was challenging. Judy's dogged determination and ingenuity proved successful and amazingly, to her credit, she located more than 90 percent of the class of '58.

Sherry scheduled interviews, personal and in depth when feasible, or otherwise telephonic and via mailed questionnaires. With infinite patience, histories and personal stories were collected, recorded and examined relative to the context and impact of the social and radical milieu of the times, e.g., Beatniks, Civil Rights, Woman's Liberation Movement.

The smooth and gritty surface of our lives, the daily gains and pains in our pursuit of upward mobility and the ways each of us has judged the merits of our own performance, measured most often by financial wealth, presents an important, absorbing and insightful mosaic.

Our adolescent years, when we were striving to be and to become, the demands and expectations placed upon us by our culture, our parents, schools, teachers and peers, pressures and opportunities both real and perceived, our group affinities, i.e., College Prep or Commercial track, the traditions, attitudes and values of our culture and their impact on the choices we had to make during our high school years, yielded valuable insight and understanding of the kind of person(s) we have become.

Sherry speaks of the *"iron cage of social and cultural expectations."* Females,



traditionally expected to be teachers, nurses or secretaries, invites serious reflections on the enormous, untapped and untried talents and opportunities lost.

The Woman's Liberation Movement had a tremendous impact on my own life and, in my forties, I freed myself to explore beyond the confines of housewife and mother to reclaim my own life and to test my hidden longings, unfulfilled dreams and potential and thus define my own identity outside home, hearth and community. Enthusiasm and courage, ignited by the fervor of Betty Freidan, et al., powerful advocates of the feminist movement, I did exactly what Sherry described as *"subverting the girl track."*

Sherry's analysis shows that having moved up from where they started out, taking into consideration degrees earned and career paths followed and especially the Jewish men, with a high percentage of advanced studies and representation in the professional/managerial sectors, the Class of '58 was very successful. Largely the children and grandchildren of immigrants who projected their own longings, dreams and hopes on their progeny, the high rate of their upward mobility, with great value placed on education and wealth, is understood.

Sherry divides the class into identity groups, Jewish men, African Americans and Women as these groups are better understood within the context of their histories, politics, and the power of social movements (Civil Rights/Feminism) within a world which moved from modernism to postmodernism.

Continued on page 11

Beloved Monster

By Esther Gordon Blaustein
Class of June 1952 (written in 1958)

The monster with the orange-and-green face and flying white hair burst into the classroom.

"Ma-seh-chah! Ma-seh-chah!"

boomed the voice from behind the grotesque green mouth. We gasped and laughed at once. Simon Chasen, teacher of Modern Hebrew I at Weequahic High School, was at it again. And to this day, I doubt if any of my classmates have forgotten that *"ma-seh-chah"* means *"mask."*

But just to make sure he had embedded the word in our brain, the monster flung the colorful *"ma-seh-chah"* on his desk (the flying white hair was his own), and swiftly scribbled some Greek characters on the board. *"Read!"* he commanded in Hebrew. We looked at each other. Literally, it was Greek to us.

Mar Cha-zan, as Mr. Chasen had instructed us to call him in class, muttered under his breath. *"American education!"* Quickly he translated the letters into English, and pointed out that the word *"mascara"* was a derivative of *ma-seh-chah*.

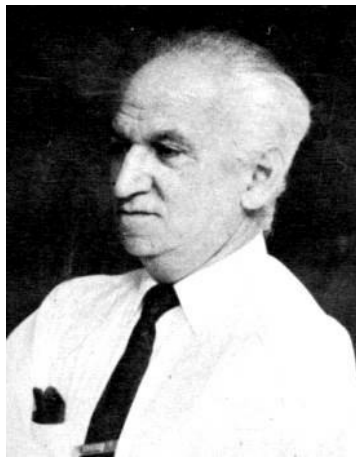
This was his way. He would stop at nothing to make us learn. And because of his intense passion, he was, many times, impatient. Many kids didn't like him, were scared of him, thought him tough. He brought my best friend to tears when she couldn't recite the entire 23rd Psalm in its original Hebrew. *"You should know it!"* he repeated over and over, almost pleading. Two weeks later she was to hear it - and understand each word - at her father's funeral.

Behind his back, we called him *"Chasen,"* but that was all you needed to do behind his back. Because in Chasen's class, you could openly look at the paper of the kid in front of you when you were taking a test. You could even open your *"Modern Hebrew"* textbook if you were stuck.

Or, if you sat like a dummy, Chasen himself would charge over to your desk

The Legacy of Simon Chasen

Simon Chasen, born in Russia, arrived in Newark in 1921. A graduate of the City College of New York, he was a noted linguist and head of the Language Department at Weequahic High School. A fluent speaker of 25 languages and dialects, he taught in the Newark schools for 32 years. At Weequahic since 1942, he taught classes in Russian, Hebrew, French, German and Spanish, as well as special courses in Swahili, Greek and Indonesian. At age 58, he passed away in 1963.



and tell you the answer! Anything, anything - just as long as you *learned*. He rarely uttered a word of English during class. He had other means - most of the time his entire, slight, wiry body - to force Hebrew into your very being.

Once a student translated the sentence, *"I rode on a train,"* literally. *"On a train?"* Chasen screamed in Hebrew. Nimble jumping atop the first desk, he proceeded to march down the entire row, frantic students ducking out of the way of his legs. *"Where? on the roof? In Hebrew, you ride in a train!"* he shouted, plopping into the last seat, as the student who occupied it hastily extricated himself from the path of the whirling dervish.

He'd stop at nothing to make you remember. He emptied wastebaskets onto his head. He blinked his huge eyes. He balanced himself on the windowsill. And it worked. Hesitantly at first, a *dybbuk* - two thousand years in mute exile - began

sounding out an ancient tongue through our amazed lips.

I had not wanted to take Hebrew. I'd had enough in Hebrew School, where the old teacher wielded a red stick (painted, but the kids swore it was really bloodstained). The lessons - by rote - *kometz alef aw, kometz bais baw*, were tedious, irrelevant and barely tolerable. But in 1948, my mother had accidentally and fortuitously met Julius Herr, another parent, who convinced her that, since there was a brand new State of Israel, a committee should be formed to petition the Board of Education to include Hebrew in the Weequahic curriculum. And once they succeeded, how would it look if Mrs. Gordon's own daughter didn't take Hebrew?

Mazal was on the side of the Israelites in those days, for on the language staff of Weequahic was Simon Chasen, linguist par excellence. He was teaching several of the many languages he knew (some said it was 17, some said 35). He agreed to teach Hebrew as a secular subject, but he managed to get in some of the ancient literature. And that is how it came to pass that Hebrew - and Mar Chazan - changed my life. He enriched it ten thousand fold. I began to understand the Hagaddah at the seder, and the prayers at the synagogue. He taught me who and what I was.

He organized an after-school Hebrew Club, and brought to our auditorium folk dancers to teach us the resurrected culture of our people. He used any occasion to give us presents - books of poetry by Bialik and Tschernichovsky. On a Saturday night, he *shlepped* us to Carnegie Hall by bus, to hear the Israeli pianist Nahum Nardi. He dragged us to Israel Bond benefits, and crackled with indignation when we said the swarthy beauty, singer Shoshana Damari, sounded like a man. *"She's Yemenite!"* he exclaimed. *"Their style is guttural!"*

To pursue the subject, as was his wont, he fired our imagination with descriptions of *"Operation Magic Carpet,"* by which the entire Jewish population of Yemen - second-class citizens, and endangered at that - was airlifted to the Holy Land on the silver wings of twentieth-century eagles, in fulfillment of the ancient promise.

Continued on page 11

ORTNER *from page 9*

We are introduced to the concept of our lifelong “tattoos,” an intriguing nomenclature Sherry uses in provocative context e.g., “emotional tattoos” and “memory tattoos.” We are indelibly marked as we experience our transitions, influenced by the demands placed upon us by our culture, our inborn resources, the pressures, expectations and opportunities in our environment.

One classmate, for example, though most probably in his late fifties or early sixties when interviewed, still felt the raw pain of being kicked off the Honor Society because he was found smoking in the boy’s room.

Regarding the enormity of her project, the study of the class of ‘58, the reader deeply appreciates the great personal tax on the author as Sherry shares her very personal, down-to-earth field notes. No matter what the many roadblocks encountered, Sherry pressed on. Her blatantly honest and heartwarming notes give precious insight into Sherry’s profound feeling of obligation to complete the enormous undertaking to which she had committed.

“New Jersey Dreaming - Capital, Culture, and The Class of ‘58” presents Sherry’s stunning, collected materials, beautifully and meticulously assembled, synthesized, interpreted and fully articulated with remarkable precision. A staggering and daunting undertaking, this wonderful book is itself the magnificent story of a supremely dedicated scholar

and brilliant anthropologist. The reader will understand and appreciate, with deep emotion, the words of Robert Frost that speak poignantly to Sherry:

*“But I have promises to keep,
and miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep.”*

Sherry’s monumental study, achieved with enormous stamina, unsurpassed intensity and intelligence, has given great character to our collective life which she has magnificently memorialized with this enduring legacy. She took the road

*“less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”*

We embrace you, Sherry, with a tsunami of thanks!!!

P.S. As I read Sherry’s account of some of the 1950’s grads’ initiative, energy and enthusiasm to found the Weequahic High School Alumni Association, I felt great pride in being part of a very special and diverse family, alumni and current students, all of us, **BROTHERS AND SISTERS FOREVER.**

CHASEN *from page 10*

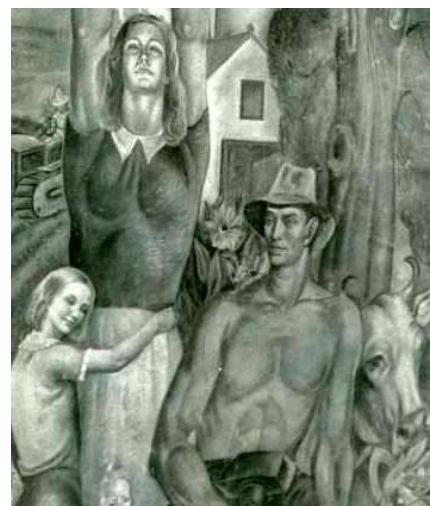
Chasen taught himself languages by purchasing a Bible in that tongue and translating it. The last time I saw him, he was teaching an after-school class in Swahili to the changing population of Weequahic. But my most vivid memory came about during the summer I spent as a teen in Israel. I was writing a letter in

my dorm room when a vaguely familiar voice boomed over my shoulder, “*Shalom!*”

I turned to see my beloved monster, white hair still flying a la Ben-Gurion. And if I had not known beforehand that “*shalom*” meant “*hello*,” it would have not been beyond credulity that Simon Chasen had traveled six thousand miles, halfway around the world, just to teach me that one word.

* * * * *

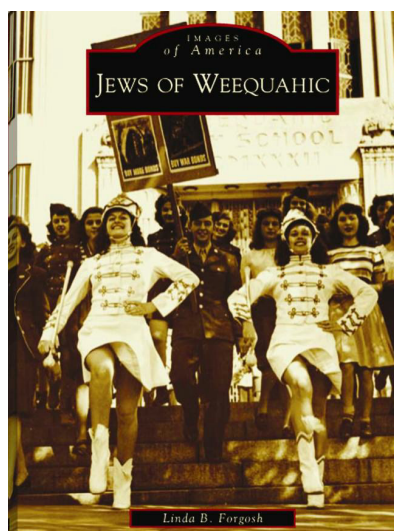
Mural Restoration



Weequahic High School is home to one of the most important installations of public art in New Jersey: the “*Enlightenment of Man*,” a New Deal-era mural painted by **Michael Lenson**, who was the director of NJ mural activities for the *Federal Art Project of the Works Progress Administration*.

After 67 years the mural is seriously in need of repairs. The estimate to restore the mural is \$45,000. So far, we have raised nearly **\$10,000**. We urge you to begin making donations NOW so that we can quickly raise the funds that are needed for this restoration. When the work is done, we plan to apply for local and state historic landmark status. Help us accomplish our goal.

*Make your check payable to **WHSAA** and mail it to the WHS Alumni Association, P.O. Box 494, Newark, NJ 07101 (write **Mural Restoration** in the memo area) or use your credit card by filling out the form on page 18 and mailing it to us.*



The book, ***Jews of Weequahic***, will be available from the Jewish Historical Society of MetroWest at the opening of the exhibition, “***Weequahic Memoirs: Celebrating Newark’s Legendary Neighborhood***,” on June 18, 2008 and during the run of the exhibition. The cost is \$18.00 (retail is \$19.99).

To receive the book by mail, make out your check payable to the JHSMW. Include an additional \$6.50 for shipping and handling and send to JHSMW, 901 Route 10, Whippany, NJ 07981. Copies will also be available at the JHSMW offices located at the above address after June 2, 2008. To order copies, contact Linda Forgosh at (973) 929-2994 or e-mail at lforgosh@jhsmw.org.

ALUMNI PROFILE

Edward Segall

Class of June 1946

Facing death, burn victim discovered a cause

By Mary Ann Spoto, Star-Ledger



Ed Segall rattles off the events of Aug. 17, 1991, like a man who's told the story a thousand times. In the instant that a propane tank exploded at his hot-dog stand, he flung his 15-year-old helper to safety and was

burned seriously on a third of his body.

But as he moves the story forward to his two-year recovery, the feisty 79-year-old owner of the SeaGull's Nest at Sandy Hook grows thoughtful. Suddenly, he is reliving the torture in the tank room, the skin grafts and the great odds he wouldn't pull through.

Sixteen years later, the near-death experience has transformed Segall into an energetic philanthropist for burn causes. From his restaurant perch on the hook, which affords some of the prettiest views at the Jersey Shore, he has become a symbol of rebirth. *"Every American should appreciate being alive and being able to help somebody who needs help,"* Segall said. *"I'm just driven because I was burned and they saved my life and I was taught you give back."* And give back he has.

The spring following the explosion, Segall hosted a Saint Barnabas Burn Foundation Day at his restaurant, a free day at the beach for anyone affiliated with the Saint Barnabas Burn Center in

Livingston, where he spent five weeks recovering. It has become an annual event.

A Newark native who now lives in Long Branch, Segall also started Sandy Hook Friends, a group of donors that over the past 15 years has raised some \$265,000 for the burn unit - not for the hospital operations but to send young burn victims to summer camp, pay for motel stays for parents of burn victims and keep an antique fire truck mobile as part of fire awareness. His efforts earned him a seat on the Burn Foundation board of trustees.

A former boxer who jogged and did daily push-ups, Segall is convinced he owes his recovery to his prime physical condition. Because he was 63 at the time and had burns to his hands, arms, legs and back, doctors gave him a 7 percent chance of survival. Two weeks after leaving the hospital, he was back walking the Long Branch boardwalk, clad in a special skintight suit to compress his burns.

Hani Mansour, the doctor who treated Segall, called him a fighter. *"He's the kind of person you look at him and know he's glad to be alive,"* Mansour said. *"He's somebody that enjoys life to the extreme."*

The sixth of nine children, Segall was just eight when his Romanian immigrant father, Sylvan Segall, died at 49. A World War I veteran, the father was a Newark dentist at the time of his death. Segall said his sense of giving was cultivated in the Osborne Terrace apartment he shared with his mother and five siblings. He remembers coming home one day to find his mother sharing coffee and cookies with three city garbage men.

Whether it was hugs, money or food, Miriam Segall explained, her children had an obligation to give to those less

fortunate. It was a lesson he never forgot while he peddled ice cream though the street of Newark during high school or while he ran concession stands in five state parks in New Jersey during his college years at Seton Hall and the University of Miami. Or when he spun those stands into a full-time job at Sandy Hook in 1962.

His largesse started with free cold drinks and ice cream for less fortunate park patrons. He has donated the use of his restaurant to countless nonprofit organizations for fundraisers. He started hosting Tuesday's Child events, Father's Day gatherings, for children whose fathers died in the Sept. 11, 2001 attacks.

Segall prides himself on the restaurant's sunset ceremony, a nightly event that started 25 years ago as a patriotic tribute to the armed forces and grew to include firefighters and police officers after 9/11. At the microphone, Segall talks about his



life experiences and people in his life. Sometimes he invokes the name of his brother, Seymour, who at 19 was killed in the first wave on Omaha Beach during the Normandy invasion. Or it might be another brother, Maurice, who flew 35 bomber missions over Japan. He'll coax visitors from foreign countries to sing their national anthem or invite military personnel to the small stage. It all ends in the playing of *"God Bless America."*

Beverly Foster, director of the Burn Foundation, said Segall has turned his restaurant into a platform for burn causes, giving back in a way that no patient has ever done. *"He is a man who likes to give back,"* she said. *"He has the kind of lifestyle where he can give back, and he's made sure that he has."*

Remembering...





WALDO WINCHESTER

This popular column from the Calumet first appeared in 1950.

Congratulations to the Weequahic High School Cross Country Team for winning the City Championship.

Buddy Fine, 1948, fills some of his spare time by attending Weequahic High School basketball games, providing sound advice to the coaches and Athletic Director Gary Westbury.

Arnold Keller, 1952, WHS Alumni Board member, is hosting a celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the Weequahic High School Alumni Association on Sunday, February 24th. **Richie Roberts, 1956**, (American Gangster fame) will be the guest of honor.

Calvin Schwartz, 1963, has written a novel entitled "*Vichy Water*." With Newark and Weequahic as a background, the main characters Jewish and Muslim/Coptic, the elements of intrigue, mystery, murder, romance, spirituality, numerology, enduring friendship, destiny, blend into contemporary life (looking to get published).

Sandra L. West, 1964, was the guest curator for the 2008 Black History Month celebration at The Newark Public Library. The six-week exhibition entitled, *Entrusted to Our Keeping: The Legacy of African-American Literary Societies in Newark, the Nation, the World*, commenced in late January and ends in early March. As a writer, Sandra co-authored *The Encyclopedia of the Harlem Renaissance*. She is recently published in two highly regarded anthologies - *Family Pictures: Poems & Photographs Celebrating Our Loved Ones* and *Pembroke Magazine*.

The Reverend Dr. Gloria White, 1969, is the new Pastor of Mount Zion Baptist Church on Broadway in Newark. She is a graduate of Lincoln University, New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Rabbi Meyer Korbman, who was a teacher of some our alumni, will be honored by B'nai B'rith Lodge # 2093 at their dinner dance on Wednesday, June 18, at 6:30 PM at Temple Beth Ahm Yisrael in Springfield. Rabbi



Korbman recently retired as the spiritual leader of Temple Israel in Union after 38 years and was a longtime teacher and administrator with The Newark Public Schools. A graduate from Yeshiva University, Korbman received his MA degree from Seton Hall University and completed his doctorate equivalency graduate courses in psychology and counseling.

Rabbi Korbman has received the National Appreciation Award from the Society of Distinguished American High School Students and

has been elected to and listed in *Who's Who in American Jews*, *Who's Who in Religion*, and *Who's Who in World Jewry*.

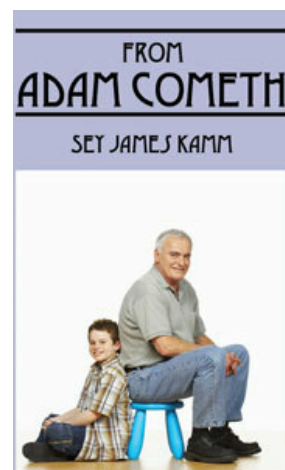
He is married to the former Mildred Penn. Their children are Marc from Elizabeth, Riva Gibber from Chicago, and Rabbi David Korbman from Lakewood.

Alumni Profile

Seymour Kamm, Class of June 1944

From the time I was a youngster in Newark, I wanted to be a writer. I lived in the same Weequahic section and went to the same high school as the very famous writer Philip Roth but a few years ahead of him. My novel begins in that familiar ground. After serving in WW II, I enrolled at the University of Wisconsin where I majored in Journalism. It was here at age 19 that I started "*From Adam Cometh*," that was and still is the original title. After a concussion ended my very brief football career, I transferred to NYU where my major was Radio and Television Writing and Production.

Upon graduation I wrote with a retired Irvington police chief a series of murder mysteries based on actual cases with a female private eye as my chief protagonist. We got the scripts as far as CBS's top programmer, who I believe was Frank Danzig, who read the scripts, liked them but said he couldn't use them because the TV audience wasn't ready for a female private eye.



Disappointed and disillusioned with the infant TV industry I became a life insurance agent, got married and put my writing ambitions on the back burner until now at age 80. I rewrote those first 90 pages started way back when and completed my novel. It's about the amazing years of the middle and late 1900's and how the times and a terrible sexual experience affected a young man's life and the fantastic women he loved.

Two reviews from Amazon.com follow:

This book allows the reader to share insights into a world many of us know little or nothing about. At the same time, this is a mystery that keeps one riveted to each page and I personally blame the author for my sleep deprivation in order to keep reading late into the night...

This is a good book. I read this book in two sittings and enjoyed every page of it. The story flows well and always leaves you guessing about what will happen next. At the end of some chapters I found myself thinking "*I can't wait to see where this is going*." Also, the ending is fantastic, what a surprise. This is one book I will put on my Holiday list to buy for my reading friends. A friend told me "*you have to read this book*". He and I are avid readers who are always looking for new authors. I am looking forward to Mr. Kamm's next book.

ALUMNI VOICES

Martha Lowenstein Rennie, 1964

I was very pleased to see the Waldo Winchester blurb about my father and the generous donations some of his students from the class of January 1950 made to the scholarship fund in his honor. I told him about the article and sent him a copy.

I also sent a copy of the page to my Aunt Flo (Florence Fayer, my mother's sister, formerly Florence Kleinman), who lives in St. Petersburg, Florida. She taught at Chancellor for many years after her first husband, my uncle I. Ernest Kleinman, died and before she married her second husband, Mischa Fayer, and moved to Kentucky, where he was a professor of Russian. I thought you would be interested in reading what she wrote, and she gave me permission to forward her comments to you:

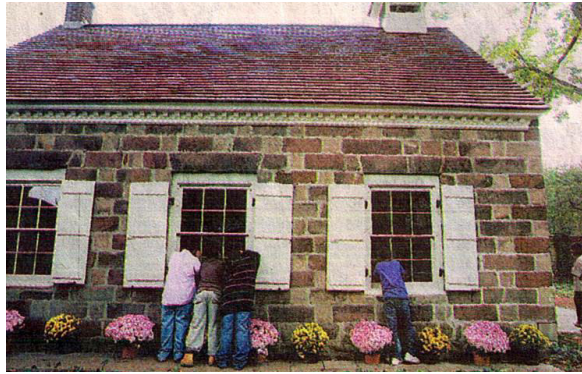
Editor's Note:

In the last issue, Jerry Ennis, 1956, sent us an announcement that the Newark Museum was reopening the refurbished original Chancellor Avenue schoolhouse. Aunt Flo informed us that there was no Chancellor Avenue when that school was built and that the area was known as Lyons Farm, owned by the Lyons family.

She also adds *"that what we call Chancellor Avenue was known as Pot Pie Lane because the farm houses were supposed to be known for cooling pies on the window ledges that created a pleasant aroma for people passing by. The school moved to the Museum is called 'Lyons Farm School' in all the history books and even on a plaque on the building."*

Well, Aunt Flo was correct. According to an article in The Star-Ledger, the original schoolhouse was built in 1728 in an area that was known as Lyons Farms. It was destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1784. A time capsule was placed in the corner of the building in 1938 when the school was relocated to the museum.

Recently, a rededication took place marking the end of the restoration of the building, the opening of the time capsule, and the expanded educational programs to be offered. In the time capsule was a bright red picture book, a report card from 1870, a dime, and a Newark Evening News



Lyons Farm Schoolhouse in the garden of the Newark Museum

from Tuesday, November 30, 1937. One of the newspaper's headlines read *"FDR Asks Deep Cuts in Road Aid."*

Irv Newman, June 1939

An Open Letter To The Students and Alumni of Weequahic High School

Dear Students and Alumni,

My love affair with Weequahic started in 1935 and has lasted to this day. That makes it seventy-three years (they said it wouldn't last) that I have improbably loved an inanimate object like the special school that's called Weequahic. Many things and events occurred over such a lengthy period - economic upheaval, wars, depression, riots, growth, development, etc., etc.

Significant improvements have been implemented at Weequahic with the leadership of a fine (recently deceased) principal, Ron Stone, some dedicated teachers, and a current student body that realizes the importance of an education. Add an active and contributing alumni body and it's evident tradition is being served.

The necessity of an education (and what it brings) has impacted the alumni - both black and white - in tangible and identifiable terms. Our support and loyalty go beyond the written or spoken words. It is backed up with positive acts of involvement and generosity towards financial scholarships (38 last year) for qualified students.

Generous alumni donations and the outstanding guidance from the quarterly Alumni Calumet allow Weequahic alumni members to exceed donations from most other high schools in the nation. Over \$350,000 has been raised and committed to Weequahic student scholarships. This

sum may rival the generosity of some college annual funds. Some of the scholarship recipients came up with telling and feeling comments. It made for prideful and joyous reading for us alumni.

Dorothy Garland said that *"education is the key to empowerment. Once empowered, you can do anything."*

Myron Horton stated that

"the scholarship will take me out of the negative environment in which I live." He nailed this sentiment further: *"with this scholarship the Weequahic alumni have proven to be the association that keeps giving."*

Joshua Nash added *"the interest that Weequahic alumni have displayed is truly a blessing...I can strive for greatness."*

Michael Richardson wrote *"this gift renewed my ambition and focus. Count on my gratitude through my grades."*

Juanita Jordan commented that *"hard work and persistence will pay off. Excelling is possible."*

Ashley Priest expressed that *"the world is constantly changing. Being in a school that's full of energy and people of different backgrounds excites me."*

And **Omar Hudson** declared *"dreams and aspirations are within my reach and I'm ready to seize them so I'm able to give back because so much has been given to me."*

The necessity for a good education is no great mystery. The opportunity to get that diploma is not an easy thing. I wouldn't attempt to disguise that we live in a flawed (but grand) society. Sermonizing doesn't appeal to me. What really counts is proper attitude, ideas, creativity, choices, diligent effort, democratic awareness (voting), even changing the system if we can legitimately do that. Be assured, no one gets off without paying their dues.

To those who graduate and get their diploma, this alumnus would like to pat the back and shake the hand of every one of you. Hopefully, there is a good livelihood out there for those willing to work hard to get it.

Good Luck!!

In Loving Memory

David Rosenzweig, June 1957



David Rosenzweig, a Los Angeles Times reporter with strong ties to New Jersey's Jewish community, died May 2 at his home in Santa Monica after a lengthy battle with cancer. NJ Jewish News staff writer

Robert Wiener remembers their friendship of nearly 50 years.

We met when we were both 17, cub reporters on the student newspaper at Rutgers in New Brunswick, and we began a friendship that endured for a half-century. David became my partner in an editorial project that rattled the chains of a stagnant campus conservatism in the last years of the McCarthy era.

Together we set about raising hell. We united our editorial board to challenge the racism, anti-Semitism, and hazing that were rampant in much of the fraternity system. We led opposition to a requirement that male undergraduates had to serve for two years in ROTC. We went to battle on behalf of women who kept kosher at Douglass and won them an exemption to paying for a campus meal plan they couldn't use.

David was the working-class son of Holocaust survivors. He attended a Jersey City yeshiva before moving to Newark and graduating from Weequahic High School. He hadn't intended to become a journalist when he graduated from Rutgers in 1961. He had been a history major who had just begun pursuing a doctorate at the UC-Berkeley when he was diagnosed with Hodgkin's Disease and was told he would live for six months at the most.

So he left graduate school, joked about the prognosis, returned to his friends in New Jersey and began a career in newspapering that lasted more than 40 years. His first employer was the venerable Sid Dorfman. Each day on behalf of the Dorf Feature Service he would make the rounds of local police precincts throughout suburban Essex County, then race to a typewriter and convert his findings into crime stories for the Newark Star-Ledger. That job led to

more substantial work at the Newark Evening News, then the Newark and Trenton bureaus of the AP. But his interests and attentions lay far beyond New Jersey. Drawn to the most compelling story of his time, he volunteered to cover the war in Vietnam. And even as his undergraduate advocacy had morphed into highly professional objective reporting, he could not help cringing at the carnage around him, writing a personal letter home that the invasion of Cambodia was "*tearing me up.*"

A year later, he returned to the States and began a 35-year career at the Los Angeles Times as a reporter, metropolitan editor, and assistant managing editor for investigations. Like many in the media, his fortunes changed with shifts in management. With a spirit that may well have been born in his student newspaper days at Rutgers, he returned happily to the world of street reporting in 1993 and was covering the Los Angeles federal courts when he retired at the end of 2005.

David had intended to be active in retirement. Curiously, as a man married to a deputy district attorney, Lael Rubin, he had planned to work with defense attorneys, using his skills as an investigator to help free wrongly convicted clients from death row. His plan was not to be. The old malignancy that had threatened to end his life in the early 1960s returned with a vengeance, invading first a kidney, then a lung. He died of pneumonia on May 2 at the age of 67, outliving a gloomy prediction by some 45 years.

In addition to Lael, David is survived by two stepchildren, two grandchildren, a sister, uncountable numbers of admirers in the news business on both coasts, and a group of college buddies he roomed with, partied with, gave love and advice to, and stayed in touch with for nearly 50 years.

ALUMNI VOICES

Susan Levine, 1965

Memories of Solomon Ostrin

I read in the last Calumet Alumni newsletter that Solomon Ostrin had passed away. I took his class in international relations in the winter of 1964-65 during my senior year at Weequahic. Mr. Ostrin lectured to us and taught us how to take notes. The NY Times became an important part of our



daily life. We were required to write research papers using primary sources (usually demanded of university educated students).

My topic was the ongoing battles on the island of Cyprus.

With the urging of Mr. Ostrin, I trekked the long distance to New York (it seemed so far!) and met with representatives of both Turkey and Greece. Finally, I had an "audience" with the Consul General of Cyprus. He later invited me and my family to lunch at the United Nations' private dining room. All this because of Mr. Ostrin's continued support and encouragement. I later studied History and for a short time taught International Relations as well as American History to high school and middle school kids. He was an inspirational teacher.

Herb Schon(wetter), Jan. 1950

A Plea For A 60th Reunion

In 2010 the WHS Class of January, 1950 should be celebrating at a 60th reunion. Most of us will be in the area of 78 years old. I have contacted a number of classmates who are overwhelmingly in favor of, what for many might unfortunately be, a final reunion. The reactions as to whether to have some celebration range from "Great!" to "Great!" to "Great!" to "*I should live so long!*" Many of these reactions come from people who live from 2,000 to 3,000 miles from New Jersey. However, the reaction from others is that the attendance and the costs prohibit an event. Somehow, I can't deal with that from a WHS graduate, particularly the mighty class of January '50.

I urge class members who look forward to sharing memories, comparing medical records, drinking beyond the DUI limits, and trying to remember the lyrics of the school songs to phone Eileen Lerner Greenberg at (973)379-4321 or Bob Lapidus, Gerry Lechter or other reunion committee members and make a plea for a 2010 reunion to celebrate the 60th.

This is something we need, we earned, we deserve. This is so necessary to help preserve so many precious memories. This is the 60th, a long time from 1950. Please help to get the plans started. Thanks.

ALUMNI PROFILE

Helen Grossman Colton,

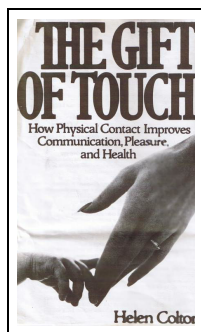
Class of 1934

Writer, Lecturer and Therapist



Helen Grossman was valedictorian of the first graduating class at WHS in 1934. Over the years, she has written several books, *Sex After The Sexual Revolution*; *The Gift of Touch*; *Adults Need Sex*

Education, Too; and more than 200 articles published throughout the world on marriage and family, mental health, psychology, child rearing, sexual behavior, etc. Helen has been a family counselor for 35 years.



She often appears on television to discuss her ideas, and she has taught the course, Psychology and Sociology of our Sexual Behavior, at the student-run UCLA Experimental College. She has lived in Hollywood for the past 61 years.

Below are some excerpts from a 1985 article on Helen Colton by Christy Fisher:

Colton believes *"touch is the most important, least used and most abused sense."* She states that *"it's the only sense that we cannot live without. We can live without smell, sight, hearing and taste - it's not desirable, but we can live without them - but we cannot live without touch."*

She cites medical studies on how infants have died and people have suffered psychotic breakdowns when they have been deprived of touch. She says touch is essential to physical as well as psychological well-being. Psychological in the calming effect of touch and physical in feeling nurtured and cared for. Colton said people need to engage in more *"tissue talk"* and less *"tongue talk."*

Instead of ranting and raving about what a bad day you had to your spouse, Colton said that people should just ask to be held. *"Just hold me is the same as saying I love you,"* she said.

For Colton, studying touch was the natural progression from studying sex because she says most couples in sex counseling did not know how to touch. She says her books give people permission to touch each other and tells them how.

"A lot of people are afraid to touch others," she says, *"because they think it will be interpreted to have sexual meaning. I teach the kinds of touch that are appropriate."*

Helen just recently learned to use the computer and would be thrilled to hear from alumni at belcolt@earthlink.net.

ALUMNI VOICES

Rita Bech Ehrenpreis,

Class of 1954

Florida West Coast Reunion

I must tell you about a wonderful reunion that took place at my home in January of this year. I live on the West Coast of Florida and decided to have this reunion because we never have had one - it seems the East Coast always is having one. At any rate, through the whsalum63 e-mail newsletter, the alumni web site, and word of mouth, I got responses from 60 people who live on this coast. Due to the date, and other commitments, I wound up having 36 alums at my home for a midday lunch.

In attendance were alums ranging from the class of 1939 to 1962. It was an absolutely wonderful weave of people. Before eating, everyone sat down and each person told a *"little"* about themselves. It was truly terrific. What was so nice about this was that it was an intimate atmosphere, (in a home, rather than a restaurant) and age did not matter.

We all came from the same socioeconomic backgrounds with the same aspirations. It wasn't important who was popular, who was a nerd, who was the scholar or athlete, or who was the person who was shy and never talked to anyone in high school. We were, now, all adults and not teenagers in

the *"growing up"* stage, thoroughly enjoying everybody's company.

Everyone received a replica of the OBA "W" which I made. The food table centerpiece was a large teepee with the Weequahic entrance on the front. Name tags were small, 3D teepees that were worn with magnets. This was truly a labor of love for me and I can't express the appreciation and thanks that I received from everyone who came.



Those in attendance were:

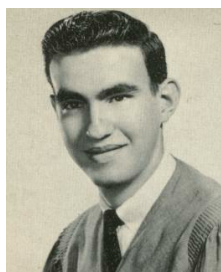
Mike '53 & Marilyn Warner; Irv '39 & Beatrice Newman; Henry Medvin '44 & Selma Malmud Medvin '40; Lynne Konecke Weinick '61 & Stan Weinick '58; Phil '61 & Roz Meadows; Jo Katz Nost '54 & Sandy Rachmiel; Bill '39 & Lenore Weiss; Rita Meyer Brickman '56 & Jerry Brickman; Cookie Pilchman Lynn '56; Carol Miller '56; Jo Guttman Orenstein '54 & Norman Orenstein; Sheila Laub Naimot '54; Narda Mandell Handler '59 and Tony Handler '57; Sara Lempkowitz Lynn '61 & Jerry Lynn '61; Harold Schwartz '42 and Helen Schwartz; Hank Sonnebend '58 & Cookie Sonnebend; Elaine Ordower Resnick '59 & Marc Resnick '59; Susan Handler Gibbs '62; Robert Lynn '55 & Jane Levin; Rita Bech Ehrenpreis '54 & Wally Ehrenpreis.



This was, indeed, a very special reunion. I have received enough requests to have this again. So, I am thinking perhaps *"same time next year."* If you live on Florida's West Coast and I have not heard from you and you are interested in attending next year, please get in touch with me.

In Loving Memory

Elliot Masur, June 1960



Elliot Masur, 65, of Springfield passed away at home on Saturday, Dec. 15, 2007. Born in Newark, Mr. Masur graduated from Weequahic High School and Rutgers University. Elliot

was the owner of Masurs Jewelry Store in Newark, Irvington, Short Hills and Millburn, a family-owned business for 50 years. Since that time, he worked for Marsh & Co. and Fortunoff. He is survived by his wife, Karen (nee Cohen); sons, Adam and Eric; daughters, Lori, Samantha, Jodi and Staci; grandchildren, Landan, Tamar, Dylan, Nikki, Brandon, Cailyn and Ryan, and sisters, Bernice Ogintz and Sondra Schlein.

Jerome Schapiro

Jerome Schapiro, 77, of Montclair and New Paltz, N.Y., passed away of natural causes in October 2007. Mr. Schapiro was born in Newark in 1930. He graduated from Weequahic High School and Syracuse University. He married his high school sweetheart, Edith (nee Kravet), in 1953.

Prior to his business career, Jerry enlisted as an officer in the Air Force during the Korean War era. He then became a chemical engineer specializing in textiles. The care label that appears in all clothing sold today is largely a result of his efforts.

He was one of only two experts designated by Congress in this field. Jerry developed a number of unique formulations still used today in the dry cleaning industry, which for decades were exclusively supplied by his firm, the Dixo Company.

He headed chemical standards committees for several organizations, including the American National Standards Institute and the International Standards Organization. He also represented the US at many international standards conventions in Geneva, Switzerland.

In retirement, Jerry enjoyed plumbing, carpentry and assembling 10,000-piece jigsaw puzzles. He also began a second career as founder of the Sullivan-Ulster Jewish Star, in partnership with his wife, Edith. He is survived by his wife; three children and six grandchildren.

Robert H. Benson, Jan. 1964



Robert Benson was a Vietnam veteran and a teacher for the East Orange Board of Education, retiring after 22 years. He attended Clinton Place Junior High and Weequahic High School, graduating in

January, 1964. Surviving are his wife, Claire Benson; three daughters, Huron, Cleopatra and Tonya; three sons, Vincent, Christian and Carl; one uncle, James (Chop) Jones; also survived by many other relatives and friends.

Barbara Schwartz Karp, Jan. 1951

Barbara Schwartz Karp, 74, of Springfield died suddenly on January 24, 2008. Born in Newark, Barbara graduated from Weequahic High School in January 1951 and earned her BA degree from Rutgers University in 1954. She was an avid golfer and member of Twin Brooks Country Club for 25 years, a member of Temple Sh'arey Shalom, a world traveler, and a dedicated fan of her grandson's ball games and granddaughter's dance recitals. She is survived by Leonard, her loving husband of 51 years; daughters Beth Karp and Dana Karp and son-in-law Hank Messick; son, Kevin Karp and daughter-in-law, Jena Karp; granddaughter, Kylie Karp and grandson, Elliot Karp.

Irving Charles, Jan. 1938



Irving Charles, former president of Neuman Wholesale Drug Distributors, a wholesale supplier of pharmaceuticals and health and beauty aids to retail drug stores and hospitals, died on Thursday,

December 6, 2007. He was 87 years old.

Born and raised in Newark, Mr. Charles graduated from Weequahic High School in 1938 and from New York University's School of Commerce in 1942, where he also met his future wife of 65 years. Muriel Rodnon. During the past 45 years, Mr. Charles lived in South Orange.

He served in the Army Air Corps during World War II as a first lieutenant and navigator aboard B-17's, stationed in the South Pacific. Mr. Charles founded the Newark Vailsburg Lodge of B'nai B'rith, and later served two terms as president of the South Orange lodge. He served on the board of directors of the Federal Wholesale Drug Association, the Drug Wholesalers Association, and the Greater Paterson Chamber of Commerce. He was a member of the NJ Product Liability Task Force and the NJ Drug Travelers Association. He was also a longtime member of the Twin Brooks Country Club in Watchung.

Surviving are his daughter, Judith, and son, Richard, along with two grandchildren, Stephanie and Lindsay Charles. He was predeceased by his wife Muriel.

Norman Rothstein, Jan. 1957



Norman Rothstein, 69, of East Hanover died on October 1, 2007. Born in Newark, Mr. Rothstein resided in Union before moving to East Hanover 20 years ago. He owned and

operated Sterling Press in Orange for 30 years before retiring five years ago. A graduate of Weequahic High School, he served in the Army during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

He was a life member of the Knights of Pythias Roth Lodge and Orange Mountain Lodge and an avid Giants fan. He enjoyed collecting art, traveling the world with his late wife, Betty, and his trips to Las Vegas. Mr. Rothstein is survived by his sisters, Essie, and her husband, Martin Greenberg; Marilyn and her husband Alvin Weigel; Libby and her husband, Norman Herman; and brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Robert and Estelle Roth. He was predeceased by his wife, Betty (Roth).

MEMBERSHIP / MERCHANDISE / SCHOLARSHIP Form

Send to: *WHS Alumni Association, P.O. Box 494, Newark, NJ 07101*
or make your purchases with a credit card at *www.weequahicalumni.org*

- Please Print Clearly -

DATE: _____ TOTAL AMOUNT: \$ _____

2 Payment Choices:

1. **CREDIT CARD** (mail or telephone): MC VISA - Amount \$ _____



Credit Card #: _____

Exp. Date: Signature: _____

2. **CHECK:** Make out check to **WHSAA** - Amount \$ _____

5 Merchandise Choices (circle size of T-shirt and sweatshirt):

1. \$5.00 WEEQUAHIC ALUMNI LAPEL PIN
2. \$15.00 T-SHIRT (sizes S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL - khaki with big W in orange & brown)
3. \$15.00 HAT (one size fits all - khaki with orange & dark brown lettering)
4. \$25.00 SWEATSHIRT (sizes S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL - khaki with big W in orange & brown)

Special Fund Raising Project:

\$ _____ Weequahic Murals Restoration Project

19 Scholarship Choices:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. \$ _____ ALVIN ATTLES Endowment Fund | 11. \$ _____ READA & HARRY JELLINEK Endowment Fund |
| 2. \$ _____ MAXINE BOATWRIGHT Memorial Fund | 12. \$ _____ PHYLLIS & DONALD KALFUS Fund |
| 3. \$ _____ MOREY BOBROW Memorial Fund | 13. \$ _____ HANNAH LITZKY Memorial Fund |
| 4. \$ _____ CLASS OF 1945 Fund | 14. \$ _____ BERT MANHOFF Memorial Fund |
| 5. \$ _____ CLASS OF 1963 SCHOLARSHIP Fund | 15. \$ _____ SEYMOUR 'SWEDE' MASIN Memorial Fund |
| 6. \$ _____ CLASS OF 1964 SCHOLARSHIP Fund | 16. \$ _____ EDWIN McLUCAS Athletic Fund |
| 7. \$ _____ GENERAL ALUMNI Fund | 17. \$ _____ MARIE E. O'CONNOR Fund |
| 8. \$ _____ RONALD GRIFFIN Memorial Fund | 18. \$ _____ LEO PEARL Memorial Fund |
| 9. \$ _____ LES & CEIL FEIN Endowment Fund | 19. \$ _____ SADIE ROUS Memorial Fund |
| 10. \$ _____ MIRIAM HAMPLE Memorial Fund | 20. \$ _____ RON STONE Memorial Endowment Fund |

5 Membership Choices:

 Check if change in postal address

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Class (Month & Year): _____ Current or Past Occupation: _____

Name: _____ Last Name at Weequahic: _____

Street: _____ City/Town: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: () _____ Business: () _____

Cell: () _____ e-mail: _____

In Loving Memory

Linda Wymisner Norton, 1967



Thankfully, no one told Linda Norton, she had only six months to live in July of 2004, when she was first diagnosed with cancer. Linda Norton, 57, passed away peacefully on Yom Kippur, Sept. 22, 2007, after a three-year and three-month illness she was determined to overcome.

Linda Susan Wymisner, the daughter of Harold Wymisner and Evelyn Pedagog Wymisner, was born on Dec. 27, 1949, at Beth Israel Hospital. She attended schools in Newark graduating from Weequahic High School in 1967. She graduated from Trenton State College in 1972, returning to Weequahic High School to teach health and physical education.

In 1975, she left teaching to pursue a singing career with her friend Howie Tepp, as the duo Babe, at Hunter Mountain, N.Y. From 1983 to 1986, Linda owned and managed a Fort Collins tavern, *Gadsby's Bar and Restaurant*, with her second husband Dan Gadsby, who died in September 1986.

In 1986, Linda began her career in real estate working for Jim and Judy Rhodes, at Rhodes Realty where, under their guidance and tutelage, she became a successful Realtor.

In 1989, Linda was named "Rookie of the Year" by the Fort Collins Board of Realtors, and three years later, "Realtor of the Year." She also served as president of the Board of Realtors in 1994. She became a Realtor for Coldwell Banker Residential Brokerage when Rhoades Realty merged. Linda also served at the state and national level with the Colorado Association of Realtors and the National Association of Realtors.

Linda was recognized for her work to provide affordable housing to citizens in Fort Collins. She was a founding member of *Funding Partners for Housing Solutions* and won the *National Association of Realtors 2002 Good Neighbor* award for her efforts. In 2005, Linda was named the first recipient of the *Distinguished Seniors Real Estate Specialist Award* by the Senior Advantage

Real Estate Council for her extraordinary performance in serving the senior community. On May 12, 2007, the Fort Collins Board of Realtors named Linda *Citizen of the Year* for her work as an affordable housing advocate. She also gave generously of her time to many organizations, including Realities for Children and Open Stage Theatre.

Linda is survived by her husband of 18 years, Michael Norton; her son, Chase Norton; her mother-in law, Mary Norton; her black lab Cody; brother, Lew Wymisner (WHS 1964); sister-in-law, Meredith Abbey; good friends, Marcia and Michael Marberry, Roberta (Bert) Greeno, Tammy Spalding and Debbie Tamlin. Special appreciation goes to her loyal friend, Ty Youle, whose nightly visits sustained Linda during the last months of her life.

Mitchell Rosenthal, 1966



Dr. Mitchell Rosenthal, 58, of Basking Ridge, died on May 31, 2007. Born in Newark, He lived in Rochester Hills, Mich.; Naperville, Ill; and Boston, Mass., before moving to Basking Ridge eight years ago.

Dr. Rosenthal was the current chief operating officer of Kessler Rehabilitation Research and Education Corporation in West Orange.

He was also professor of physical medicine and rehabilitation at UMDNJ and project director at the Traumatic Brain Injury National Database Center. He was elected as a fellow of the American Psychological Association in both clinical and rehabilitation psychology and served as president of the Division of Rehabilitation Psychology.

Dr. Rosenthal's numerous honors included the 2002 Gold Key Award from the American Congress of Rehabilitation Medicine; the 2002 Distinguished Service Award from the American Psychological Association; and the first Robert L. Moody Award for Distinguished Initiatives in Brain Injury Research and Rehabilitation from the University of Texas Medical Branch in 2001.

He was the founding coeditor of the *Journal of Head Trauma Rehabilitation* and the senior editor of the textbook, *"Rehabilitation of the Adult and Child with Traumatic Brain Injury."* He published over 100 peer-reviewed articles, books and book chapters and delivered over 200 presentations at major national and international conferences.

Dr. Rosenthal is survived by his wife, Peggy (Fridel) Rosenthal, his two children, David and Michelle; his mother, Edythe (Kurtz) Rosenthal; and his brother, Clifford (WHS 1962). He was predeceased by his father, Morris Rosenthal.

Martin Moskowitz, Math Teacher



Martin Moskowitz, 91, of Boca Raton, Fla., died Friday, Jan. 25, 2008. He was born in Newark, where he lived for 51 years. He later lived in Livingston for 10 years and Monroe

Township for 28 years before moving to Boca Raton two years ago.

A graduate of South Side High School, he earned his BA from NYU and MA from Columbia and Bowdoin.

For 36 years, he worked for the Newark Board of Education before retiring in 1975. He was a math teacher and faculty manager for athletic teams at Weequahic High School in the 50's and early 60's and later department chairman at Vailsburg. Mr. Moskowitz was an avid chess player and composed chess problems for publication in international chess journals.

He was predeceased by his wife, Martha, who passed away in 1987. He is survived by his wife, Sylvia; son, Warren Moskowitz (WHS 1960); daughter, Phyllis Frakt (WHS 1963); stepchildren, David Daniel and Joshua Barras, and grandchildren, Benjamin Moskowitz and Austin Frakt, and great-grandchildren, Olivia and Maizie Frakt.

Gerald Byrd, 1972

Irwin Grossman, June 954

Dr. Marvn Bierenbaum

Daniel Stacher, June 1946

Gerri Jerusky Levine, June 1948

REUNIONS 2008:

☺ May 17, 2008
JUNE 1948 - 60TH

Saturday, 12 P.M., Maggianos Little Italy Restaurant, Bridgewater, NJ. Contact Claire Bernstein Shulman at (973) 467-0687.

☺ May 18, 2008
JAN. 1948 - 60TH

Sunday, 11:30 A.M., Suburban Golf Club, Union, NJ. Contact Alan Kampf at aries13@aol.com / (973) 758-9573 / (973) 699-6808.

☺ May 18, 2008
JAN. & JUNE 1943 - 65TH

Sunday, 11:00 A.M., Essex House, West Orange. Contact Selma Rosenstock Cohen at (973) 731-4170, Leona Lubin Kaufman at (732) 846-3322 and Marilyn Newman Schneider (Florida) at (561) 276-3313.

☺ May 18, 2008
JAN. 1958 - 50TH

Sunday, 11:00 A.M., Oyster Point Hotel, Red Bank, NJ. Contact Don Kalfus at (973) 994-1117 and Judy Karetnick Rufolo at (973) 736-3777.

☺ June 8, 2008
JAN. & JUNE 1945 - 63RD

Sunday, 12 P.M., Ramada Hotel, East Hanover. Contact Dave Horwitz at phylanddaveh@yahoo.com (973) 539-5158.

☺ September 21, 2008
JUNE 1958 - 50TH

Sunday, 12 P.M., Maplewood Country Club, Contact Judy Epstein Rothbard at (973) 467-1037 / judyepster@yahoo.com.

☺ November 1, 2008
1968 - 40TH

Saturday, 7 P.M., Sheraton Hotel, Eatontown, NJ. Contact Helen Perlman Siegel at HSiegel51@aol.com.



Weequahic Gals from the class of June 1955 celebrated their 70th birthday at the Highlawn Pavilion in West Orange on October 20, 2007. Chairing the event (pictured on right) were Sharon Katowitz Borger, Eleanor Papier Damiano and Isobel Cohen Kampf. More than 60 women attended from NJ, Georgia, Florida, Maine and Maryland.

WHS ALUMNI STORE

See page 18 to order,
or order from our web site



WHS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Established in 1997. The WHS Alumni Association is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization incorporated in New Jersey.

Phil Yourish, 1964, Executive Director

Harold Braff, 1952, Co-President
Mary Brown Dawkins, 1971, Co-President
Sam Weinstock, 1955, Treasurer:
Myrna Jelling Weissman, 1953, Secretary

Board of Trustees:

Larry Bembry, 1966
Judy Bennett, 1972
Sheldon Bross, 1955
Marshall Cooper, 1969
Vaughn Crowe, 1998
Harold Edwards, 1966
Arnold Keller, 1952
Monroe Krichman, 1955
Dave Lieberfarb, 1965
Arthur Lutzke, 1963
Adilah Quddus, 1971
Gerald Russell, 1974
Dave Schechner, 1946
Vivian Ellis Simons, 1959
Charles Talley, 1966

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REUNIONS 2008:

☺ May 17, 2008

JUNE 1948 - 60TH

Saturday, 12 P.M., Maggianos Little Italy Restaurant, Bridgewater, NJ. Contact Claire Bernstein Shulman at (973) 467-0687.

☺ May 18, 2008

JAN. 1948 - 60TH

Sunday, 11:30 A.M., Suburban Golf Club, Union, NJ. Contact Alan Kampf at aries13@aol.com / (973) 758-9573 / (973) 699-6808.

☺ May 18, 2008

JAN. & JUNE 1943 - 65TH

Sunday, 11:00 A.M., Essex House, West Orange. Contact Selma Rosenstock Cohen at (973) 731-4170, Leona Lubin Kaufman at (732) 846-3322 and Marilyn Newman Schneider (Florida) at (561) 276-3313.

☺ May 18, 2008

JAN. 1958 - 50TH

Sunday, 11:00 A.M., Oyster Point Hotel, Red Bank, NJ. Contact Don Kalfus at (973) 994-1117 and Judy Karetnick Rufolo at (973) 736-3777.

☺ June 8, 2008

JAN. & JUNE 1945 - 63RD

Sunday, 12 P.M., Ramada Hotel, East Hanover. Contact Dave Horwitz at phylanddaveh@yahoo.com (973) 539-5158.

☺ September 21, 2008

JUNE 1958 - 50TH

Sunday, 12 P.M., Maplewood Country Club, Contact Judy Epstein Rothbard at (973) 467-1037 / judyepster@yahoo.com.

☺ November 1, 2008

1968 - 40TH

Saturday, 7 P.M., Sheraton Hotel, Eatontown, NJ. Contact Helen Perlman Siegel at HSiegel51@aol.com.



Weequahic Gals from the class of June 1955 celebrated their 70th birthday at the Highlawn Pavilion in West Orange on October 20, 2007. Chairing the event (pictured on right) were Sharon Katowitz Borger, Eleanor Papier Damiano and Isobel Cohen Kampf. More than 60 women attended from NJ, Georgia, Florida, Maine and Maryland.

WHS ALUMNI STORE

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WHS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Established in 1997. The WHS Alumni Association is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization incorporated in New Jersey.

Phil Yourish, 1964, Executive Director

Harold Braff, 1952, Co-President
Mary Brown Dawkins, 1971, Co-President
Sam Weinstock, 1955, Treasurer:
Myrna Jelling Weissman, 1953, Secretary

Board of Trustees:

Larry Bembry, 1966
Judy Bennett, 1972
Sheldon Bross, 1955
Marshall Cooper, 1969
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Harold Edwards, 1966
Arnold Keller, 1952
Monroe Krichman, 1955
Dave Lieberfarb, 1965
Arthur Lutzke, 1963
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Weequahic High School Alumni Association
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