

WHS NOTE

Class of 1963 Association

FEBRUARY 8, 2019

YOUR EXCHANGE OF COMMENTS MAKES THE WEEKLY *WHS NOTE* A VIBRANT AND PLEASING CONNECTION TO THE PAST WE SHARED. PLEASE CONTINUE TO SHARE YOUR RECOLLECTIONS, EXPERIENCES AND THOUGHTS BY SENDING THEM DIRECTLY TO WHSALUM63@AOL.COM. YOUR PARTICIPATION WILL ENSURE THAT THE NEWSLETTER WILL BE SUSTAINED FOR MANY EDITIONS TO COME.

THE WEEQUAHIC HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, WHICH SOLELY MAILS THE NEWSLETTER, IS ALSO LISTING LINKS TO THE NEWLY FORMATTED *WHS NOTE* ON THEIR WEBSITE AT [HTTP://WEEQUAHICALUMNI.ORG/WHS-NOTE](http://weequahicalumni.org/whs-note).

Hi to the Weequahic Collaborative:

Thanks to Norbert Toporek (6/63) and Robin Jacobs Toporek (Union), attached are two interesting bits of nostalgia dating to 1946. Robin found a Jewish War Veterans publication listing a number of ads of then Newark businesses including the Barrish Funeral Home, Ratiners Cleaners and Sherman Sportswear, all on Clinton Avenue. The other attachments highlight an article about her dad, Harold Jacobs, and his six brothers, all veterans of military service.



[Link to Harold Jacobs 1](#)
[Link to Harold Jacobs 2](#)

Bonnie Bernstein shares news of her mother's passing:

My mother, Sandy Warner Luftig (1/51), 84, of Newark NJ, Springfield NJ, and Boynton Beach FL, passed away on November 17. Sandy was predeceased by her husband of 25 years, Don Luftig, her parents Abe and Rose Warner, and her brother Henry Warner. She is lovingly remembered by her children Bonnie Bernstein (Hank Dobin), Jill (Doug) Teakell, and Geoff (Karen) Bernstein; stepdaughters Cindy (Ken) Strobel and Stacey Luftig (Daniel Jussim); and brother Richard Warner. She was a devoted and doting grandmother to Dan (Kate) Dobin, Noah Dobin-Bernstein (Gabriela

Villanueva), Josh and Zach Bernstein, Catie (Adam) Lebrun, and Kenny Strobel; and proud great grandmother of Micah and Lily Dobin; Leah and Luke Lebrun; and Jesse, Molly, Taylor and Jack Teakell.

Sandy and Don took advantage of her work as a travel agent to explore the world, setting foot in every continent and most countries. Sandy's first love was her very extended family, especially her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and she remained "family" to her first husband, Howard Bernstein, his wife Marilyn, and to Marilyn's children and grandchildren. She kept the family birthday calendar and stayed in close touch with cousins, nieces, nephews, and lifelong friends.

I know she enjoyed keeping up with classmates over the years through the WHS Note. In addition to the time devoted to family, Sandy worked as a hospital volunteer and tutor for children with special needs. She was an avid reader who enjoyed bridge, walks, and dinners out with her Florida friends, and breakfast twice a week with her brother. Sandy was laid to rest at Mount Lebanon Cemetery in Iselin, NJ on November 20. Memorial contributions can be made to Upstream USA.

Alumindians in the Archives:

4/27/01

Ginny Procida Fite (WHS/Columbia 6/63)

Michael Disend's (6/63) note prompted me to write. I loved being at Weequahic (something husband tells me is my own kind of neurosis), but I remember a very different kind of experience. Perhaps I was one of those nerdy kids who just didn't really fit in with the in-crowd? I spent only 3 years at the school, leaving in my senior year for Columbia HS in Maplewood. I mostly remember the folks in AP Math and Science, although I haven't got a clue how I wound up in those classes. And certainly, I may have been a kind of loner since I was one of those youngsters already participating in peace rallies in front of the UN well before anyone knew that our government had embroiled us in Viet Nam.

What speaks to me about what you're doing is that I'm at the point in my life where I'm trying to make sense of who I am, where I came from, what that

contributed, and so on. The Weequahic experience certainly has a lot to do with that, both in the quality of the education I got and in being among, as Michael says, some very smart kids. High school was where I woke up to social responsibility, sex, and the power of books. And I've never recovered from that awakening!

I've had a wonderfully rich (as in deliciously varied and exciting) life. I now have grown children and the grandchildren are starting to arrive. Although I sometimes long for lox at 39 cents for a quarter pound, wish that I could once more taste one of those amazing Napoleons from the Weequahic Diner and I miss the extraordinary freedom of being able to take the bus just about anywhere without fear of harm, I agree with another classmate (can't remember her name just now) who says that these (right now) are the best times of our lives. Ginny

Donna Massaro (6/63) reaches out to WHS friends:

After so many years of reading about our school, places where my friends and myself hung out, I finally decided to share a little something. I lived in the Seth Boyden Projects along with Phillip Tischio (6/61), Barbara Kaufman (6/63), Ann Beyers and Judy Wilson (6/63). I did love being a small part of the Weequahic culture.

I often share stories with Barbara and what it took for all of us to travel to school. My dad would drive us, or we would take the 11, 12 or 14 bus up Lyons Avenue and then walk to school. By the time we arrived at school, at least me, I was exhausted. With all the memories....IT WAS WORTH IT. If anyone would like to contact me, I will enjoy hearing from high school friends. I can be reached at donnataalks@aol.com. Donna

Maureen Morris Edwards (1/64) recalls her father; maybe you remember him, too?

Some of you may remember my father Newark policeman Burnett Morris, a.k.a. "Bernie the Cop," who patrolled Bergen Street for most of the 1950's and 60's. He came from a large family that settled in Newark from Ireland in the early 1800's. His father was a Newark fireman and told great tales of old

Newark that daddy loved to share with me and my sister Bernadette (1/60). Bernie was a great guy and wonderful father. He loved his family his friends and his church.

We moved to the Ivy Hill section after I graduated from Weequahic. Then, after I got married, he and my mom moved to Crestwood Village in Whiting where he enjoyed a few wonderful years before his death in 1978. Maureen



Norman Krueger (1/50) responding to the comment of Marilyn Klein Anderson (64) who, in 1968, was instrumental in publishing the first integrated fashion ad in Colorado:

At our 40th Class Reunion, Helene Senders Bloom told me that after raising three children she attended college, graduated as an accountant and became a C.P.A.; a first for the women in our class. There were many outstanding women in our class (1/50). According to The Calumet, October 27, 1949 issue, forty-two of the eighty-seven students rated in the top half of the class were women. Many of the male students became doctors, lawyers, accountants, engineers and Bob Heyman, our only dentist. The women certainly could have matched the men, but those professions were not friendly to their gender. The times were not in their favor. Teaching was the one profession that accepted them with open arms and many of my classmates became very successful teachers. They would have been just as successful in the other professions if they had been given the opportunity.

Who were the women, and the years they graduated WHS, who became pioneers in practicing the above professions? It is time for them to be recognized. Norman

Jeff Golden (6/63) writes to David Sumka on his sharing of thoughts about his Scoutmaster father:

I remember your father, Mal Sumka, as my scoutmaster in Troop 96 for a couple of years in the late 1950s. Boy Scouts were the next step up from Cub Scouts, so I felt I had to do it, even though I was turning to other interests. Other than troop meetings in a room in the basement of Chancellor Avenue School, there were two scouting events that I remember. One was a weekend at a log cabin in the woods somewhere. It was chilly, and the only source of heat was a wood-burning stove in the cabin. The biggest lesson I learned that weekend was don't pee in the stream when people are filling their canteens downstream.

The other was a weekend camping in tents somewhere in an open field surrounded by woods. It was rainy, and we could not do planned activities. Many parents came to the campsite to pick up their little boys before they melted. Since we couldn't go out, we spent most of our time in the scout troop's army surplus canvas tents. I got one very good physics lesson that weekend. I found that, if you rub your finger on the inside of the canvas right above where your tent-mate has rolled out his sleeping bag, the tent will start to leak there.

On the last day, rather than waiting for the bus at the end of the day, Mal brought in a big canvas-covered truck, and we loaded all the camping equipment and all the leftover campers into the back for a ride back to Newark. Would a boy scout troop today ever be allowed to ride in the back of a truck with no seats and no seatbelts? Yet, we survived. An interesting adventure, but the end of my scouting career. I always wondered where Mal got the truck. Jeff

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