

# WHS NOTE

## Class of 1963 Association

April 26, 2019

To avoid duplication, please send your recollections, experiences and thought directly to [WHSALUM63@AOL.COM](mailto:WHSALUM63@AOL.COM)(click on the email link). Clicking on "REPLY" to the newsletter will send your email to the Weequahic High Alumni Association and, in turn, they would have to mail it to the AOL Account.

All recent editions of the WHS NOTE can be read on the WHSAA web site at [HTTP://WEEQUAHICALUMNI.ORG/WHS-NOTE](http://weequahicalumni.org/whs-note).

**Hi Conservators of the Weequahic Environment,**

**New members of the Cyber Indians Network:**

Howard (Glucksman) Frank, Sharon (Irvington 60) - shazamsaf@aol.com

Jones Purrell, Lydell (*Dell*)(65) - [dellpurrell@gmail.com](mailto:dellpurrell@gmail.com)

Zagorski, Joe (66) - jzagorski1@aol.com

**Jac Toporek (6/63) laments the passing of a classmate:**

It was so sad to receive the news that Steve Wallerstein had died. Steve was a supportive member of our Reunion Committee. Notwithstanding his mobility problems, Steve made all the meetings and answered the call every time he was asked to further the Committee's agenda and goals. And, with Steve at every meeting was his wife Daria and daughter Leah, a sign of a caring family ready to meet the needs of one another.

Steve will be missed because of his friendly spirit, sense of humor and love of all things Weequahic. Steve will take with him his orange WHS hat and Weequahic emblazoned shirt. May his memory forever be a blessing. Click on the following link to read Steve's obituary.

<https://obitree.com/obituary/us/new-jersey/vauxhall-union/menorah-chapels-at-millburn/steven-jay-wallerstein/3814567/>. Jac

## **Alumindians in the Archives:**

5/26/12

Sondra Shangold Fink (1/51)

Ira Landis (6/48) wrote a note to the newsletter asking about any memories of the Rose Street/Rose Terrace neighborhood where he grew up. My grandparents lived on the corner of Rose Street right across from a large cemetery. Their name was Berger. Down the street, in the other direction was Bergen Street, a fairly busy intersection. Their house was a red brick four family and we lived upstairs until I was 5 years old in 1938. We then moved to an apartment at 268 Hawthorne Avenue near Seymour Avenue and I went to Peshine Avenue School.

However, since I started Kindergarten shortly after they moved, on my first day of school my mother was a little late in picking me up. In those days, we were just dismissed from school; no teachers outside, no supervision etc. When I did not see my mother (it was probably a few minutes which seemed like an eternity then) I realized that I did not know my way to our new apartment. But I did know my way to my grandparents, so I walked there. My grandmother did not have a telephone at the time and when I appeared at the door, it must have felt right to her that I was there, and she welcomed me as if this was where I was expected.

My mother, having wheeled my baby brother to the school, was, of course, frantic at this point, being sure that her darling girl had been abducted. The police were called, the neighborhood was searched, and it was several hours before someone thought about the possibility that I might have gone to my grandparents (It was a long walk). Everyone was surprised when they appeared at the door and I was playing happily, with no thought about

where I was supposed to be. I learned where I lived, and to wait a little longer if my mother was ever late, which I do not think ever happened. And, we got a phone.

I continued to visit my grandparents, of course, and they lived there until sometime in the late 40' or early 50s. This has been an often-told tale and I thought I would share it with you. Sondra

**Alvin Attles, WHS legend and NBA great honored as Hall of Fame selection;** <https://www.nj.com/essex/2019/04/nba-great-who-honed-his-skills-on-the-streets-of-nj-is-finally-getting-the-recognition-he-deserves.html>

**Suzanne Care Cummins (WHS 65-67) and Stew Bitterman (1/61) are seeking an assist in finding friends:**

Has anyone had any recent contact with the Block twins, Karen and Lauren? They were brilliant lovely girls. They would have been in the class of 1968 - they were classmates through my years at Chancellor Ave school, but not sure if they stayed in Newark all the way through HS graduation. I think they lived on Peshine, but I am not sure. My memory is geographically challenged:) I would love to know what became of them. Please share any clues with me at [scummins@email.arizona.edu](mailto:scummins@email.arizona.edu). Suzanne

Does anybody know where Stanley Welland is? He lived in Lutz, Florida and at a home in Australia. I know he has a brother Mark. Please e-mail me to [stoowie@me.com](mailto:stoowie@me.com) with any information. Thanks. Stew

**Marty Hoffman (1/57) notes that WHS Alumism has reached cult status:**

My adult daughter wonders if the Alumni Society is a cult, with members world-wide that continuously bump into each other. Is the Alumni Association a Jewish-oriented Church of Scientology? Please advise. Marty

**Editor's note:**

Funny questions, Marty. We are a cabal fed by our deli memories and need to be, feel, think and relive Weequahic Camelot. What do those afflicted with *WHS Alumism* advise?

**David Lieberfarb (64) Re: WHS Math teachers:**

It was my best and favorite subject at Weequahic. Algebra I and II were pretty uneventful. Geometry was scary, however, because it was no longer all about numbers. I remember being flummoxed by Geometry early in my junior year. When the regular teacher was absent for a few days, we had a substitute, Mr. Barone, the Chancellor Playground supervisor. I will be eternally grateful to him. Somehow, he managed to make some concepts clear for me and the class was a breeze the rest of the year.

Senior year featured a double dip of M.A.P. IV (Morton Seltzer, primarily Trig) and M.A.P. V (Max Pollock, mostly Calculus). There were times in Mr. Seltzer's class when I felt like he was talking only to me, so clear was our connection. I felt even closer to Mr. Pollock, who had been my congenial Homeroom teacher in 10th and 11th grades. I also recall that Mark Souto and I would bet against each other on tests in that class, but there would rarely be a victor because we both would usually score 100. Mark and I are still friends, and I see him any time I visit Southern California.

I started out as a Math major in college, but a variety of circumstance led to my switching majors to History. I still love working with numbers. The Ken-Ken puzzles in the New York Times are a daily treat. I have volunteered as a tax preparer for AARP since I stopped working full-time. Dave

**Marty Hoffman (1/57) provides a “scout’s honor:”**

I read with great interest the stories about Mal Sumka that appeared in recent issues of *WHS Note*. I would like to add my recollections about Mal and present a more complete picture of his achievements and contributions prior to formally becoming a master teacher, administrator, etc. at Parsippany High. The transition from Scoutmaster to Principal should have been seamless. He was a "natural" for both jobs which shared many similar characteristics.

Mal was able to convince my parents to allow me to join the Boy Scouts, specifically Troop 96, at Chancellor Avenue School. I was in the 8th grade at the time of our first meeting and participated in the activities of the troop from 1952-1957, when I entered college and was no longer able to devote any significant amount of time to scouting. Mal impressed the campers in Troop 96 with his humor and quick-witted responses to our sarcastic, sharp-tongued jabs and jibes. He was able to keep his "cool" despite our antics and shared with us his exploits at Weequahic as a returning vet, with us.

Allegedly, Mal was so well known to the authorities at Weequahic that Principal Mex Hertzberg would scan the attendance reports, notice Sumka's name as being marked "absent," and then call over to the pay phone at Sid's to inform the miscreant answering the phone (frequently Mal) to return to class at once. Principal Hertzberg is no longer with us to confirm the anecdote, but Mal certainly played upon it to gain his acceptance as "one of us;" or perhaps, vice versa.

Troop 96 was well run and well organized. It was also backed by fathers of the scouts, whom Mal was able to threaten, cajole, invite and welcome to support the campers in raising funds, securing donations of supplies, driving to and from campsites, etc. It literally took a village to sustain Troop 96, and Mal was the Pied Piper for the village. We learned basic scouting skills and were able to employ same to our advantage when camping at various locales, such as Boonton, South Mountain Reservation, Stokes State Park, High Point State Park, Camp Mohican. Mal was unstinting with his time. He encouraged the boy scouts to attend classes in scouting and leadership, scout school, programs, community service, etc. Troop 96 showed up as a unit at Camp Mohican one summer; a wonderful bonding experience.

Mal was far ahead of his time in welcoming scouts with disabilities. One example was a young boy who had epilepsy. We were charged with the responsibility of being an extra pair of eyes to be sure that the young boy could participate in every activity. Mal's car at the time, a 4 door, two tone green and cream Kaiser, was frequently called upon to transport bodies and materials from various locales to Chancellor Avenue School in anticipation of camping trips, routine weekly meetings, drills, competitions and the like.

I must, sheepishly, confess that Mal's record as Scoutmaster (and friend) contains a black mark in an otherwise unblemished record. One weekend, in perhaps my senior year at WHS, three or four of the senior scouts approached Mal and suggested that we go camping in a week or two. Mal was "on-board" at the outset, but as time passed, he made no effort to collect the supplies, food, etc. that was needed for the trip. Nor did he encourage us to attend to these matters. After several days passed without any forward progress, we approached Ma to inquire about the status of our proposed venture. Sheepishly, and with some hesitancy, the bachelor Scoutmaster explained that he had promised to "see Mike" that weekend and that the trip was off, or at least delayed for a few weeks.

Talk about being disappointed. Who was Mike and how did he fit into the picture? How could a respected and respectable Scoutmaster let his campers down? Hard feelings and much grumbling ensued. Finally, a week or two later, the mystery was solved when Mal confessed that Mike was in fact Myra, and the rest is history. Fortunately, when the disgruntled campers met Myra, aka Mike, she won our hearts and the rest of the story is a wonderful marriage with an extended family and many wonderful accomplishments, personal and professional, and many years of health and happiness together.

Marty

### **Notations from the neighborhood:**

Marty Weckstein (Columbia/58)

I really appreciated the story of Bernie the cop from his daughter Maureen Edwards. I attended Peshine Avenue School from 1950 until 1954 and my younger brother Steve (Columbia/63) from 1950 to 1957. Bernie acted as crossing guard at Bergen Street and Custer Avenue. Since we went home for lunch, we saw him four times a day for many years. He was a really nice guy. However, my brother Steve was very rebellious and frequently disobeyed Bernie. One day in 1950 or 1951 when Steve was in kindergarten, Bernie scolded him. When Bernie turned around, Steve bit him on the back of his thigh. My parents had to meet with the principal later

that day. Steve and I are the sons of Andy Weckstein of Andy's Sporting Goods. Marty

Fred Goldman (6/62)

I remember going in to Marshall Banner's when walking home from Weequahic; yes, walking that's what we did in the old days. His store looked like a hoarder's house. It was packed from front to back with all kinds of stuff from baseball cards, coin collections and comic books. You could spend hours there just looking around and Mr. Banner was glad to let you look around. It made the walk home a little better. I did buy some things there. If they did not get thrown out or lost, they would be worth a tank full of gas nowadays. Just kidding; they would be worth a lot more. Fred

### **PLEASE BE CAREFUL - UNSUBSCRIPTION RULES:**

The WHS Note and WHS Alumni Bulletin is sent through Constant Contact, the WHS Alumni Association mailing service. At the bottom of the page, there is an unsubscribe link. If you unsubscribe from either or both the WHS Note or the WHS Alumni Bulletin, you will be removed from the mailing list by Constant Contact and will no longer receive any future communications. Also, if you forward the Note or Bulletin and that person unsubscribes, you will also be unsubscribed by Constant Contact.