



LPSS Matters

Official Alumni Newsletter of Lorne Park Secondary School

Volume 4, Issue 4

October 2004

Editor@LPSSMatters.com
www.LPSSMatters.com

In this Issue:

- Lorne Park Public School
- Into the Unknown
- ElderCare 101 (new column)
- We Remember...
- Letters
- Spartan Stuff
- and finally.....



Oct. 26-28, 2007

Lorne Park Public School 1923 to 2003 An Unbroken Thread

By Janice Monks (Mother of SK student
Holly Monks)

When asked some of their most treasured memories, all those who have been part of the Lorne Park community, both past and present, always look back at their time as students, teachers and parents of Lorne Park Public School. The school itself has undergone many transformations from a wooden mission hall structure, the 1920's brick schoolhouse, modernization in the form of a gymnasium and added classrooms, to today's present building. Despite these changes, there has always been one constant from 1923 to 2003, that the intangible qualities of the school such as friendship, loyalty, determination, and ability to work together under adversity have always been part of the values of the Lorne Park community and these are an unbroken thread that connects us to the past.

The school was the dream of the parents of this community as far back as the early 1900's when they made every effort to give the children of Lorne Park their very own community school. They saw this as a dire necessity since their children had to make such an arduous trek to either the schools at Clarkson (School Section #6 at Lakeshore Road and Clarkson Roads) or Sheridan (School Section #5 at QEW and Southdown). Children regularly walked long distances to attend school in these days but this trek proved too far for some. This prevented children from getting a proper education and many children in Lorne Park had never even attended school. Of sixty-one eligible children living in the district, only seven were able to attend regularly. In 1910 the taxpayers of Lorne Park petitioned

the Toronto Township for a school but their application was denied.

These pioneering parents did not give up their dream to provide a decent education for their children and instead formed a small summer school out of the Lorne Park Mission Hall building located on Lorne Park Road by what is today Lorne Park High School parking lot. This school was taught by Miss May Taylor who was from the Taylor family of Lorne Park and in the process of getting her teaching certificate from the University of Toronto.

In 1921 a meeting of several Toronto Townships was held where a permanent school was again proposed and finally agreed to by the Toronto Township Council. The boundary lines were reset for the newly created School Section #22, Lorne Park which included parts from School Sections #19 (Middle Road or what is known as the QEW), #6 (Clarkson), and #5 (Sheridan).

Once permission had been granted the community wasted no time in selecting a site and building their long awaited school. A tract of land referred to as "Taylor's Bush" was purchased for the sum of \$2,500.00 from Mr. Robert Taylor which was located in the northern part of Lorne Park running as far north as the Middle Road. The four-room schoolhouse was finally completed in 1923 at a cost of \$38,139.01.

Many considered the brick building to be extravagant but the community fortuitously argued that they were bound to grow and expand in the future. The original school building was described as a "two-storey red brick, flat roofed structure with a raised basement. The front façade was divided into three bays. The windows on either side of the entrance were paired. The door surround of cast concrete consisted of engaged pilasters surmounted by a plain sediment. A heavy cornice with a wide frieze formed a bank around the top or

roof-edge of the building”.

In September 1923 the school was officially opened at a ceremony by Dr. Waugh, Chief School Inspector of the Province. The first School Board included Mr. R.B. Colloton, Mr. Frank Taylor, and Mr. William Peer of Lorne Park. The first principal was Miss Margaret Craven who was in charge of seventy-six officially listed pupils. Teachers during the 1920's were listed as Miss M. Craven, Miss J.A. Turner, Miss M. Lawrence, Miss A. Fisher, Miss A. Burke, Miss M.E. Shannette, Miss M. Pickett, and Miss Jean Smith. Teachers were listed as being paid the sum of between \$800 - \$1,400.00 per annum to teach at the school in these days. Public health inspections were a routine part of school life and the first school inspector was Miss Galbraith who was hired to visit the children a few times a year. On one particular visit on Jan 29, 1924 she reported in the school logs that *“Pupils health improving – Nails should be improved”.*

In 1928 the school belfry was built on the school roof and a bell and flagpole were installed at a cost of \$125.00 and in 1930, a new well was dug to a depth of 90 feet to provide fresh water for the school at a cost of \$246.75.

In the 1930's the principals were Miss Smith succeeded by Mr. Lorne Burns in 1934. Some teachers were Miss Anna Burke and Miss Margaret Pickett (Stafford). In those days principals also taught students as well. Fundraising was and still is a large part of the school and the Home and School Association formed in 1938 hosted Annual Garden Parties and Field Days on the school grounds to raise money for school improvements. Funds raised allowed playground equipment such as a slide, teeter-totters and swings to be installed in the year 1930.

The school was a focal point for the community and Christmas concerts, pot-luck dinners, meetings etc. brought the community together in one place. A former student from the 1930's, Mr. Lorne Scott who grew up on Queen Victoria Avenue describes his student days there as a wonderful episode in his life. Mr. Donald Perks, a good friend and neighbour of Mr. Scott's remembers the Principal, Mr. Burns was not just the principal but also involved with community as the local Scout Leader. Mr. Perks describes a favourite activity of the children was to play marbles or alleys. Mrs. Rosemary “Bunty” Morse (m. Keim), another student from this time mentions how the kids would play co-ed baseball on the school field and the entire community would come out to watch and socialize together.

The focus of the school changed briefly in the early 1940's with the onset of the Second World War. The General Register of the school from May 1944 demonstrates how the war became part of everyday life and included the entire Atlantic Charter document

and the Preamble of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Mr. Burns remained the school principal in the 1940's. After the war, many much-needed improvements in the school were made such as redecorating Rooms 1, 2 and 4 in 1947 and during the summer of 1948 the furnaces were re-built and the basement redecorated. In the early part of 1949 the rate-payers authorized the trustees to proceed with the building of two additional rooms. The commission to build the new addition was granted to a local company, the A.E. Rule construction company.

Times were still idyllic and class photos show that despite the growing community, it was still a country school in many ways. A school photo of Mr. Norman Hardy who also grew up on Queen Victoria Avenue depicts Miss Banford's 1949 class posing in front the school entrance in three rows with their teacher. However, an “unofficial classmate”, the pet dog of one of students, Allison Chapman, is shown in the front row of the picture. Apparently “Rex” would follow his mistress to school and attend classes alongside Miss Banford's students from time to time and nobody seemed to mind.

Keeping in tune with the economic boom of the 1950's the previously mentioned addition of two rooms was added at the back of the original school-house. As the Lorne Park population grew with post-war home construction another two rooms were added to what became known as the “North Wing” as well as the gymnasium/auditorium, and a powerhouse at a cost of \$110,000. The new classrooms each had their own door to the outside similar to today's kindergarten classes. The principal's office was at the back of the school on the second floor where he could watch over the daily activities. Boys and girls entered the school separately in two distinct lines and were not allowed to mix on the way in.

The principal during the early 1950's was George Ross who is remembered as a great leader that inspired both teachers and students alike. He was a part-time teacher as well and his joy of teaching at the school trickled down and was felt by all he touched. He was a member of the Lorne Park community himself and lived for many years on Indian Road.

The school staff was a tight-knit group of dedicated people who loved their job and forged friendships that have lasted even today fifty years later. The staff regularly socialized outside of school together and one day, believe it or not, had a water fight in the school! George Ross tried to break it up but joined in the fun when he got a bucket dumped on him. Some teachers from these days included Isabelle Patton (Kindergarten), Pat Hogandyk (Gr. 1), Barbara Henning (Gr. 2), Margaret Field (Gr 2), Marjorie Draper, Mary Carson, Jessie Finlayson, Douglas Barber, Beulah Bowers (Gr. 5), Don Jennison (Gr. 6), Adele

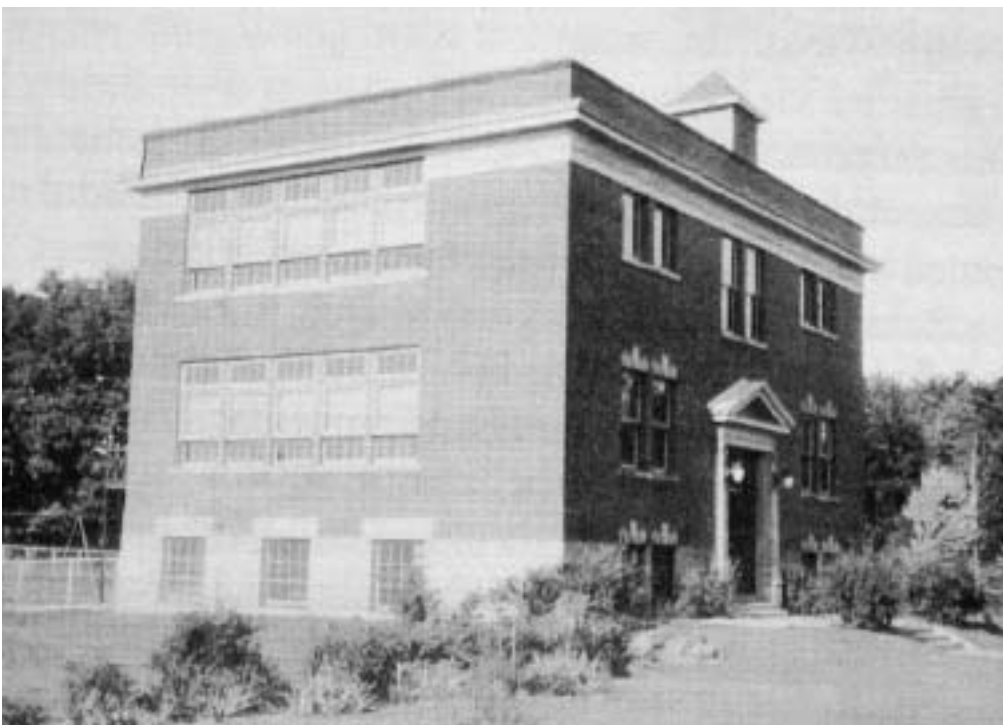
Douglas (Supply), Bruce Russell and Jack Smythe. The School Inspector was A.A. Martin, the school secretary was Mildred Reid, and the custodian was Fred Douglas. George Ross was succeeded by Harold Knisely in the mid-1950's.

Teacher Claire Patterson loved her time at the school and felt that the success was based on the *"strong parent/teacher relationship and that it was great to see parents/teachers/students all working together"*. Custodian Fred Douglas agrees with these sentiments and relates an interesting story of how a young student made some mischief with a fire extinguisher.

Fred brought the student home immediately to his parents who suggested that the young man work the next few Saturdays alongside the custodian assisting him with his duties. As in earlier years, the school was the meeting place for the burgeoning community and Marjorie Draper remembers how Lorne Park would come out for pot-luck suppers and play badminton together. Claire also speaks of

how the teachers knew every student and how students felt they could go to any teacher for guidance and support. Don Jennison tells a famous story of how one Christmas a young student wanted to please his teachers by getting a Christmas tree for his classroom. He actually went home and cut his neighbour's tree down from their front lawn!

In 1970, the school was in need of expansion again and a new addition to the west of the original schoolhouse was added which is part of the same structure that exists today. The new addition cost \$309,263.00 (\$17.33 per square foot) and the architect was Mr. Clare G. MacLean. The contractor was Ronrica Construction Limited. In total, five new classrooms, the library, a seminar room, a kindergarten room, a staff room and an administrative area were added. Alterations were made to convert an existing kindergarten room to a classroom, an administrative area to change rooms, and the staff room to a kitchen.



ette.

An opening ceremony was held in October that brought the community together to commemorate the new structure. The school principal listed on the official programme was Mr. E.H. Kuechmeister and teachers were Pat Barr, Norma Bateman, James Bromley, Hope Christie, Diane Claridge, Jessie Finlayson, Agnes Hemsell, Jean Jennison, Donna Marshall, Kathy Newland, Ruth Renpenning, and David Salem. The school secretary was Pat Catherine and the custodian and staff were A. DiRenzo, Alice Croteau, Germaine Percy, and Gladys Rodgers.

The 1980's was a time of music and artistic expression with many theatrical productions staged by the teachers and students. Productions such as *Mary Poppins*, *Three Ships*, *An Evening with Beatrix Potter* and *Christmas concerts* such as the *Christmas*

Orange in 1988 all showcased the many talents of students/teachers/parents. Teachers spent countless hours working with the children to make these nights incredibly special. Both teachers and students threw themselves into their education and their love of learning was evident by the lengths they would go in this pursuit. Barbara Kahl, a teacher in the 1980's remembers that when the children were studying *Egypt*, a field trip was organized to go to a middle-eastern restaurant to watch belly-dancers and be immersed in a new culture. She remembers putting rushes on the floor to emulate the houses of medieval times.

The early 1980's was also a pivotal time in the history of Lorne Park Public School which almost resulted in the closure of the school entirely by the Peel Board of Education. The controversy began on January 22, 1982 with a fire that started in the north wing and quickly spread to the original 1920's school-

house. The cause of the fire was determined to be electrical after neighbours reported seeing sparking wires the night of the blaze. Interestingly, this was not the first fire that had occurred at the school. In the 1950's the custodian, Fred Douglas, reported that one evening while cleaning the school, he could smell smoke from a fire that had started in the lights in the boys washroom and spread through the ceiling. Members of the Free Methodist Church who were running a choir practice assisted Fred in quickly putting out the fire.

Barbara Kahl, whose classroom was the place where the 1982 fire originated, first heard about the event at a pot-luck/planning session at teacher Fran Halliday's house. A student phoned Mrs. Halliday in a panic about the fire and the teachers all chuckled thinking that it was just another practical joke by a mischievous student. It was only after several calls came pouring in that the teachers realized that it was really happening and rushed to the school. It was a huge shock to the community and many irreplaceable items were lost. Some students were immediately transferred to surrounding schools such as Whiteoaks and Hillcrest but some remained and tried to continue on. The community rallied around the school and the current principal, Mr. Murray Ellison was quoted in the Mississauga News as saying that "a number of parents volunteered their services after the blaze and came into the school to help out where they could". Many educational items were donated to assist those who had lost everything in the fire.

The school remained in limbo for another year with many students still attending other schools and the fire damage left unrepaired. The Peel Board of Education was intent on closing the school despite it being at 80% capacity and busing the children of Lorne Park to surrounding schools with unused capacity. It was at this point that the Lorne Park Public School Parents Association (LPPSPA) was formed and began to mobilize the community to save the school. A passionate editorial appeared in the Mississauga News on March 2, 1983 which argued that "the advantages of closing Lorne Park's remaining six classrooms are tenuous at best when stacked against the cost of busing, the possibility of shortage of space in the future given shifting educational trends, and the ill will generated in a valuable older community which is seeing the last vestige of its proud past being taken away."

Despite strong community support, the school was officially slated for closure after the Regular Board Meeting held by the Peel Board of Education April 26, 1983. A notice was put forth by Lorne Park trustee Sheila Wilson to keep the school open, repair the damage from the fire and teach school from Kindergarten through to Grade 5. This motion was defeated

by the board with a vote of For 6 and Against 9. The situation got much worse when the City of Mississauga Fire Department's Chief Inspector recommended that the school be fixed immediately or be demolished due to structural hazards. In the end, the outcry in the community was so strong that the Peel Board relented and repaired the damaged parts of the school and removed those that could not be fixed. The original 1920's school house which had been used as a field office was knocked down and original site is now marked by an open field between the east parking lot and the school. The north wing built in the 1950's was also removed.

The Lorne Park Public School 60th Anniversary reunion held on Saturday June 2nd, 1984 was a reaffirmation of the school and was well attended by a few hundred students both past and present. One of the original teachers, Miss Margaret Pickett wrote an eloquent thank you note to the organizers of the reunion that summarized the deep emotions of those that had managed to save the heart of their community. She writes, "Dear Mrs. Pozak, I would like to express my sincere appreciation to you and your co-workers for an afternoon I shall never forget "June 2". The joy of meeting so many of my former pupils of Lorne Park School (1928-29) and to reminisce with them along with the hugs and kisses was overwhelming. Although I have not had the pleasure of meeting you, I feel I know you, as Jessie Finlayson who has been a very close friend of mine for years, has kept me updated on Lorne Park School and your organization. Words are inadequate to express what this has meant to me. Many, many thanks for June 2, 1984 a day I shall never forget. May I add my appreciation for the work your organization has done to preserve the Lorne Park School. With sincerest thanks, Margaret 'Pickett' Stafford".

A 65th Anniversary Reunion was held on May 18, 1989 and was officially marked by the opening of a new Creative Playground which had been donated by the Lorne Park Public School Parents Association. The principal at this time was Debra E. Richardson.

Time passes so quickly and here we are again celebrating another milestone, the 80th Anniversary of the school from 1923-2003. The thread remains unbroken through 80 years and we can see how we have not changed so very much in our thoughts and dreams for our children. We should all be proud as members of this community and as parents/teachers/students to be a part of the tradition of such a special place as Lorne Park Public School.

Note: Gratitude and thanks to the many people who opened their hearts to me during my research of this essay: Claire Patterson, Marjorie Herbert, Don Jennison, Margaret Field, Norman Hardy, Rosemary Keim, Donald Perks, Lorne Scott, Fred and Adele Douglas, Barbara Kahl, and special thanks to Jo Guatto for her support and encouragement.
(submitted by Fred Hilditch ('63))

“Into the Unknown”— Lynn Jenkins (Stevenson) ('71)

www.marylennstevenson.com



Halloween will soon be here, so, what is more fitting this time of year than a ghost story!

A number of years ago I was called into a senior's home in the Niagara region because of mysterious and unexplained happenings. The manager of the home did not believe in ghosts, surely there had to be a logical explanation for what was happening. She agreed to have me go through the home only to prove once and for all, there was no such thing as ghosts. Did we have some surprises in store for her!

As it was an old age home, over the years there had been many deaths, therefore, I encountered several spirits as soon as I entered the home. None of them were causing any problems and I was able to send them on to the next 'level' where they belonged.

When we stepped out of the elevator on the fourth floor I was immediately met by the spirit of a young boy. James was four years old, had blonde curly hair and the most beautiful face I had ever seen on a child. James died of pneumonia in the winter of 1856. He had lived with his aunt all of his short life as his mother had died during childbirth.

James showed me a visual of himself tickling peoples' feet in the middle of the night and then laughing at them. He thought it was funny watching them try to figure out who the culprit was. One of the staff members started laughing and told me one of the problems they were having was just that. The residents on the fourth floor were complaining about their sleep being disturbed in the middle of the night. They claimed their feet were being tickled and someone was giggling at them.

The next this James showed me was how he played with the buttons on the elevator. That was great fun! It seemed one of the complaints the staff members had was the elevator seemed to have a mind of its own, especially on the fourth floor.

James did not want to move forward, he was happy where he was and was waiting for someone. I let him be, as long as he behaved himself.

Several evenings after that, my daughter and I were sitting at the kitchen table when suddenly she looked past me and asked, "Who is James?" He had followed me home.

I asked Nicole to describe the image she was and sure enough it was James. He had followed me because he wanted a sugar cookie. When he was alive, his aunt used to make sugar cookies for him. At the old age home, apparently, they had not made any since Christmas. Curious to see what would happen, I made a batch of sugar cookies. When I went into the kitchen the next morning one of the cookies was missing. I had put them out of reach and out of site so my children would not get into them.

Later than morning I phoned the home and confirmed they had not made any of James's favourite cookies since Christmas. The cook agreed to make sugar cookies of a regular basis and always left one out for James. After that, they had no problems and the cookie always disappeared.

About a year later, however, I received another call from the home. James was acting up again. This time he was scribbling all over the nurses' uniforms with black magic marker. I had her check with the kitchen staff, which had changed over the past year. No one had made any cookies for James and he was quite upset. The next day, one of the nurses took in some cookies and James has been behaving ever since.

Last year, friends of ours lost their son in a motorcycle accident on Father's Day. During the church service Dan told me he had a message for his family, which he would deliver when he felt they were ready to hear it. On the anniversary of Dan's death, his mom phoned to tell me they had indeed received that message. However, not the way they expected. The young woman who had been Dan's passenger survived the accident but had been in a coma for several weeks. She made a special visit to relay her message from Dan.

She remembers a light and all of a sudden she was standing in a long line up. There was a door at the other end of the line from which a bright light emanated. Dan stood before her with his backpack on his back. He turned to her and told her to go home. It was not her time yet. Dan told her to tell her family he loved them. He then turned his back on her and started to walk forward in the line.

It was a message that brought great comfort to his family, just to know there is something beyond.

Four All Who Reed and Right

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
but the plural of ox became oxen not
oxes.

One fowl is a goose, but two are called
geese,
yet the plural of moose should never be
meese.



You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice;
yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,
why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

If I spoke of my foot and show you my feet,
and I give you a boot, would a pair be called beeth?



If one is a tooth and a whole set are
teeth,
why shouldn't the plural of booth be
called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three
would be those,
yet hat in the plural would never be hose, and the plural
of cat
is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
but though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
but imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.

Let's face it,
English is a crazy language.

There is no egg in eggplant,
nor ham in hamburger;
neither apple nor pine in pineapple.
English muffins weren't invented in England.

We take English for granted.
But if we explore its paradoxes,
we find that quicksand can work slowly,
boxing rings are square
and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea,
nor is it a pig.



And why is it that writers write but fin-
gers don't fing,
grocers don't groce and hammers don't
ham?



Doesn't it seem crazy that you can
make amends,
but not one amend?

If you have a bunch of odds and ends
and get rid of all but one of them,
what do you call it?



If teachers taught,
why didn't preachers praught?

If a vegetarian eats vegetables,
what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes, I think all the folks who grew up speaking
English
should be committed to an asylum for the verbally in-
sane.

In what other language do people recite at a play
and play at a recital?

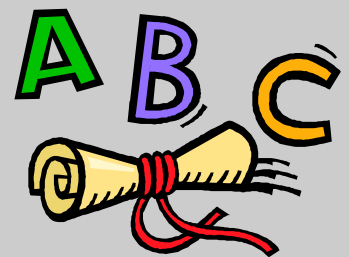
Ship by truck and send cargo by ship?

Have noses that run and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same,
while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language
in which
your house can burn up as it burns down;
in which you fill in a form by filling it out
and in which an alarm goes off by going on.

~Author Unknown~



ElderCare 101

WorkingWomen+
eldercare solutions for adult children
416 487-6248 workingwomenplus.com



Pat Irwin ('72)



Never before has a generation had so many conflicting demands and so little time to take care of them all. As the Baby Boomers grow older, so too do their parents, and childcare issues are replaced by concerns about caring for aging parents.

Every day brings new reports of the crisis in healthcare. When making eldercare decisions, 'adult children are pressured to make vital decisions on minimal information. They need support, information, timely advice – or sometimes just the reassurance that the information they've been given is valid. It's also estimated that an employee's productivity is reduced by 30% when researching, implementing and managing eldercare.



Everyone talks about the sandwich generation, but LPSS Matters is here to help! This month we begin a new series, ElderCare 101, an advice forum for your questions and concerns. Our expert is Pat Irwin ('72) who left a successful career in financial services consulting after the illness and death of her dad. The experience made her vow that no other family would go through that process alone, and in 1999 she founded WorkingWomen+, an advice and action consulting service for adult children and their families. Check out her website at www.workingwomenplus.com and send us your questions about aging parents to editor@LPSSMatters.com

"Mom and Dad want to stay home but they shouldn't be alone"

"Dad's had a stroke – what happens now?"

"Mom can't manage her affairs but she won't let me help"

"How can I convince Dad to stop driving?"

Q. I need advice about care for my parents but can't afford to hire a consultant. What can I do?

A. Obtaining professional advice can save time, effort, frustration and overall costs to you, your employer and your family. As with any professional such as a lawyer or accountant, consultants are most effectively used when you have done your homework in advance.

Here are some tips on making consulting assistance affordable:

- check whether your employer (or your spouse's) offers eldercare under an Employee Assistance Plan (EAP)
- gather all relevant information about your parents, including medical history, assessments, financial position, Powers of Attorney and Wills
- contact an eldercare consultant for details about options, costs, government agency contacts, required documents and local community support
- work with the consultant to develop realistic strategies and implementation plans for housing, care, financing and ongoing care management

Your parents deserve the best; spending a few hundred dollars for professional advice will prove to be a worthwhile investment in their future well-being.

Q. Is 'free' help available for my parents?

Yes, 'free' help is available, covered by OHIP. Here's how it works:

-In Ontario, the **Community Care Access Centre (CCAC)** is the access point for all community-based health care, including visiting nurses, homemakers and personal care workers that are invaluable in keeping your parents safely in their home.

-Contact the CCAC directly or through your doctor - the CCAC general phone number is 416 506-9888.

-The CCAC assigns a caseworker to visit, assess needs, make necessary referrals and connect you to the appropriate services.

-The amount of help, and the type of caregiver, is based on 'need', such as type of illness, prognosis and amount of family support. Be sure you clearly understand how much care you can expect.

Care is expensive so it makes sense to obtain all the free assistance you are entitled to. Making the most of 'free' help requires careful planning, so make a point of learning what's available **before** you need it.

You know you're from Mississauga when ...



1. Hazel McCallion is the only mayor you have ever known.
2. You know how to spell "Mississauga"
3. You had a Friday night that went like this: A movie at the Sussex Centre followed by dinner at Lime Rickey's.
4. You've missed a bus and had to wait an hour or longer for another one.
5. You remember when Square One was actually a square.
6. Square One is your reference point for all locations and estimated travel times. Everyone knows that South Common Mall is approximately 10-15 minutes from Square One depending on traffic.
7. You know that the high school closest to Square One is Father Michael Goetz and the "Goetz" rhymes with "skates".
8. You still say "Erindale College" even though the name has been "University of Toronto at Mississauga" for years.
9. You know where "5&10" is and you have visited a barber shop there.
10. As a child you went to a party at the McDonald's Caboose on Dundas St. near Tomken.
11. You know that Meadowvale is in the west end of Mississauga, not the east end of Scarborough.
12. You snuck out of your house to go to Changes, Burriz, The Mix or on of the many short-lived all-ages clubs at 1331 Blundell Rd.
13. You know that no matter what the map says, Malton is not part of Mississauga.
14. You have heard of or been to the Bread and Honey Festival.

Pass it on to any of your Mississauga friends that would get a chuckle out of this (or can at least say "Yes" or "I remember that" to a minimum of 7 out of the 14)!!

By Tim O'Neil ('88)



We Remember...

Al Cronyn ('63)

CRONYN, Allan William—Suddenly at his home on Friday, July 16, 2004 in his 60th year. Allan, beloved husband of Bonnie. Wonderful father of Grant, Alison and her husband Denis Murphy. Brother of Gary and his wife Kathy Cronyn of Kingston. Lovingly remembered by his mother-in-law Florence Grant. Funeral Service will be held at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, 143 Main St. North (Markham Rd.), Markham, Ontario on Tuesday, July 20 at 2 p.m. with the family receiving friends from 1 p.m. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Heart and Stroke Foundation or the Canadian Diabetes Society would be appreciated.

Letters

Hello Fred & Dana;

I had to let you know how much I have enjoyed reading every issue of *LPSS Matters*. It brings back things buried deep in my memories of a blissful, happy time in my life.

Keep up the great work. You are appreciated.

Regards,

Mary Anne Joslin-Sarne ('70)

Thanks for the kind feedback—Ed.

Coincidences???

Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.
John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

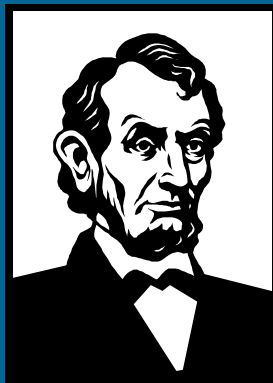
Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860.
John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

Both were particularly concerned with Civil Rights.
Both had wives who lost children while living in the White House.

Both Presidents were shot on a Friday.
Both Presidents were shot in the head.

Now, it gets really weird...

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.
Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln.



Both were assassinated by Southerners.

Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson.

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.
Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1839.
Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy, was born in 1939.

Both assassins were known by their three names.

Both names are composed of fifteen letters.

Now, hang onto your seats!!!

Lincoln was shot in a Theatre named 'Ford'.

Kennedy was shot in a car called 'Lincoln' made by 'Ford'.

Lincoln was shot in a theatre, and his assassin ran and hid in a warehouse.

Kennedy was shot from a warehouse and his assassin ran and hid in a theatre.



Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials.

And, here's the kicker...

A week before Lincoln was shot, he was in Monroe, Michigan.

A week before Kennedy was shot, he was with Marilyn Monroe.

Creepy huh? Perhaps a history teacher could explain?



Facts Of Life In The 1500s



Next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.....in the "good old days"!

Here are some facts about life in the 1500s:

1) Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June.

However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children - last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it - hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

2) Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw, piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice rats, and bugs), lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof - hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

3) There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

4) The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entry way-hence, a "thresh hold."

5) They cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat.

They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day.

Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for Quite a while-hence the rhyme, "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

6) Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon."

They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

7) Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

8) Most people did not have pewter plates, but had trenchers, a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Often trenchers were made from stale paysan bread which was so old and hard that they could use them for quite some time. Trenchers were never washed and a lot of times worms and mold got into the wood and old bread. After eating off wormy moldy trenchers, one would get "trench mouth."

9) Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

10) Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would some times knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up-hence the custom of holding a "wake."

11) England is old and small and they started out running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, one out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."



Spartan Stuff



1957—1964 Fred Hilditch ('63) - fred@businessdata.on.ca

Memories of the Premiere Class Era' 1957 to 1964- Fred Hilditch ('63)

I had an excellent summer. 2 canoe trips – (one 12 hour trip); travelled to Alberta for a week to watch my daughter, Brooke play rugby; 3 weeks of holidays at the cottage; 6 of us did an overnite boat trip/camping at Beckwith Island; our Oakville baseball team won the season (lost in the playoffs) one of the female baseball players boy friend was Paul Ineson, Son of Glen Ineson LPSS 1964 – Paul promised me some pictures of the various sports teams Glen played for; Wedding on Hamilton mountain (what a view); had a water with Ron Dyche at his house/kennel – good visit – he invited me back; Sold some Calendars of Brooke's Rugby team to some LPSS's thanks to Mary Lou., & Marg- I think I delivered both these over a coffee; LPSS Debbie contributed to my daughter's costs to go to China, connected Larry Curtis to old Friend, Rita Tonelli; Susan Potts gave us 2 LPSS contacts = the Oliver Children, Rhondda & Eric– Reverend Oliver of the 1st Christ United; I am recovering from my son's wedding and our party for all the people who could speak no English. We are exhausted. Translations every step of the way but it was a beautiful wedding. **Sandra PS** My neck is stronger from all the bowing we did.

Nancy Coles ('63) - All is well in Deep River - I had a fantastic surprise 60th birthday party in April with Charlie, aunts, cousins, nieces making the long trek from southern Ontario to attend. The biggest surprise was Karen and Eleanor Kerr showing up! They met in Ottawa and drove since Eleanor lives in Quebec and Karen in Oakville. A very late night with us catching up on old times. Hope all is well with you.

Larry Curtis ('60) - I remember Larry, we were in grade 8 together and yes my Dad played cards with his but also looked after the outdoor rink in the Marigold Crescent that we all went to. I believe that I had a crush on Larry when he used to come to the Oakville arena skating. I didn't go to Lorne Park we moved when I started high school. When you see him again say hi for me if he remembers who I am. Rita Tonelli

Carolyn Braid ('68) - I would love to receive a copy of the history of Owenwood Public School. I attended Owenwood for grades 7 & 8 a million years ago....(early 60's). We lived on Parkland, near the lake. Spent the entire time in trouble. When you see Larry Braid (Fred's cottage friend) tell him that Carolyn said hello and that she hasn't disappeared off the face of the earth...she's just hiding in Cobourg licking her wounds and getting into as much trouble as she can, teaching grandson the important things in life....farting, burping, that sort of thing. When I was a kid I loved hanging out with Larry 'cause we'd do bad things like drive to Toronto when we were supposed to be going to the A&W. We also got to be mean to Judie (Larry's Sister). I hate to admit it, but that also was fun. (BTW Larry & Judie Braid are formerly of Port Credit SS.)

Bob Beattie ('65) - We shouldn't have survived – Yes and I have the scares to prove it! Like the day I borrowed Bob Dick's bike as he had one of the pull chain police sirens hooked up to the front wheel. I wanted to impress Mary Millward. I raced down the street at 30 mph, pulled the chain. The chain broke so I leaned over to push the siren wheel up against the rubber portion of the front tire only to miss and jamb it into the spokes. Needless to say that stopped me on a dime, threw me over the handlebars and hurled me forward onto the old tar gravelled road about 40 feet FACE DOWN!!! I miss those days. Thank you for reminding me of one episode from my memory that wouldn't have come to mind had you not sent me your funny email.

Robert (Bob) Gordon Beattie ('65) - Salutations. Freddie, I never got married, came very, very close on a couple of occasions. Both were named Linda and both Gemini's! Now I shy away from any woman named Linda. I went from LPSS in 1965 straight into the music world until 1969. I went to Sheridan College to study photography from 1969 - 1971. I ended up working off and on for many years for my father at Rayshield Ltd. Rayshield was my personal downfall and probably why I never married. But, that is another story and a life time ago. I just moved back from Vancouver a year ago where I spent 18 years enjoying West Coast living. I was the president of Image Fast Productions Inc for 9 years. In 1995 I took up golf very seriously and ended up working for Inside Golf a West Coast Golf magazine. My game and handicap index suffered as I wasn't able to play as much as I thought I would. But I received a lot of perks just not the money. Now that I'm back in Ontario my game and practice has suffered somewhat. My brother Dave is married to Jane they have two sons Davie, Colin and one daughter Mara-Jane. Davie is now married to April and they are expecting their first born this May. Yikes! I'm going to be a great uncle. Where have the years gone? Colin is married to Mandy and they live in Edmonton. Mara-Jane is in Guelph studying at the university. Dave & Jane retired some years ago and are living in Brockville. My sister Catherine is living in New Zealand. I'm back here to keep an eye on Mom and Dad as

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

they are in their mid-eighties. They still live on Mississauga Road. They are at that age and someone has to be around to help when they need it. Such is life eh? I'm now the Auto Body Division Manager for North America for Island Clean Air Inc. (see website) I will say that I am fortunate that I work for Island Clean Air because their head office is in Vancouver. That allowed



Bob with friend Lynne, Xmas 2002



Thelma & Louise

me to transfer here and not miss a beat. I'm just getting ready to move into a new apartment on April 24th up by Square One on Elm Drive. By the way I should mention that I'm also a golf club maker. I took it up as a hobby and quickly found myself knee deep in it. I really enjoy it. At present the only two girls in my life are Thelma & Louise (cats). I drove across Canada in the sub zero temperatures with these two.

Thanks to: Nancy, Larry, Carolyn, Bob (Gord) (2), Sandra (Sandra proofreads your newsletter)



Fred's 60th

1965—1969 David Crouse ('65) - david.crouse@utoronto.ca



1970—1974 Dana-Leigh Tisdale ('71) - dlt13@shaw.ca



I recently caught up with **Mark and Pat Irwin** - you may remember their performances in the annual variety shows. **Pat** ('72) achieved a successful career in financial services – banking, trust and systems consulting – in Canada and the US. Her life was transformed by the illness and death of her dad, and in 1999 she founded WorkingWomen+, a consulting service to assist 'adult children' in dealing with aging parents. From in-home care, selecting a retirement home, moving, house clearing, care management, to estate-closing and funeral planning – it's all covered off in a professional, caring manner – check out www.workingwomenplus.com. Pat is a longtime member of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, and

Spartan Stuff

1970—1974 (cont.)

serves as a director on various arts and healthcare boards. She is married and lives in North Toronto.

Mark Irwin ('67) began his career as a cinematographer in the first graduating class of film production at York. After several years as David Cronenberg's director of photography he moved to Los Angeles in 1987 and was behind the camera in such hits as *There's Something About Mary*, *Dumb and Dumber*, *American Pie 2*, *Scream*, *Road Trip* – over 100 feature films, according to www.imdb.com. He lives in Los Angeles and his 20-year-old son, Matthew, is film school in Santa Barbara. Mark still plays guitar in a small band in LA.

Their older sister **Joan Irwin** ('66) is a professional caregiver, living in Toronto.

Linda Tisdale (Knechtel) ('74) Ahhh...life on the farm...who would have thought that's where I'd be today! You never know what curves are going to be thrown at you. After graduation in 1974, I headed for Western, and then Ryerson to achieve a BSW along with some practical experience in the field. I helped establish the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre, and then moved on to group home counselling at Humewood House and Stop 86. "Burnt out" after a few short years, I moved on to the PR and advertising field. While managing the media room at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, I met my husband, Gerry. A farmer with 4 children and a hog farm in Shakespeare, Ontario, he likes to tell people that I traded in my high-heeled shoes for rubber boots. And I guess I really did. We married in 1984 and have successfully raised 4 contributing members of society who in turn have blessed us with 5 wonderful grandchildren. But I get ahead of myself.



Our mission on the farm was to genetically improve the pig. We must have been fairly successful at this because people came from all over the world to buy our swine genetics. We can proudly say that we produced breeding stock that has travelled to more countries than we have! At the same time, we started marketing our own pork direct from the farm. In 1987, we formally began The Best Little Pork Shoppe. Our mission...to provide the finest pork products, direct from the farm. This being before someone coined the phrase "value added", we were pioneers in this area and had to forge our own path.

We always thought the Shoppe would be a sideline to the swine genetics, but as life would have it, an auto accident in the Fall of '88 changed all of that. Gerry sustained life altering injuries that actually had us putting the farm up for sale (briefly) in 1990. Never one to take things lying down, we looked at our situation and decided that the hogs had to go and the Shoppe had huge potential for growth. It was a good decision. We have been able to stay on the farm (still keeping 195 acres in crops). In our on-farm store "The Best Little Pork Shoppe" we now see 75,000 people from April to December and market about 80,000 lbs. of pork along with Ontario lamb and some beef. The Shoppe also sells baked goods and farm-related gifts. A few pigs, a mini horse, fainting goats, sheep, rabbits and a few chickens make up the "livestock" part of the farm now. Our proximity to the Stratford Festival gives us an enviable location with unlimited potential. We see great things for the future. If you're ever in the area...drop in and make sure you identify yourself as an LPSS alumni! We'd love to see you!

Linda (Tisdale) Knechtel

The Best Little Pork Shoppe

Open 7 days a week—10:00am to 6:00pm April thru December
#2146 Highway 7&8, Shakespeare, Ontario Canada N0B 2P0
Telephone: 519-625-8194.
www.porkshop.on.ca



Spartan Staff

1975—1979 Michelle Oliphant (Nolan) ('77) - mnolan42@cogeco.ca



1980—1984 Clarissa Stevens-Guille ('83) - clarissa_sg@hotmail.com



1985—1989 Rob Boyko ('88) - rob.boyko@maketechnologies.com



1990—1994 Correspondent needed

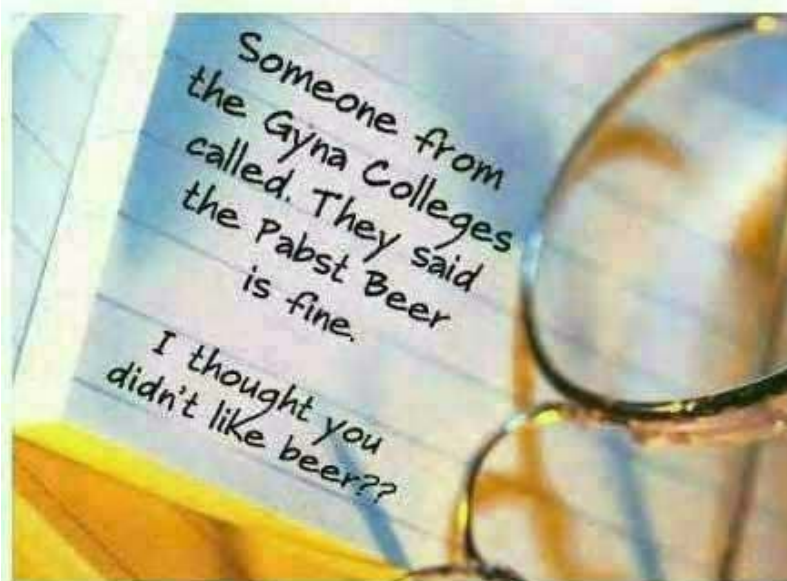
1995—1999 Correspondent needed

2000—2004 Correspondent needed

and finally...



Why men shouldn't take messages



LPSS Matters is written by LPSS alumni for LPSS alumni. It is the official newsletter of Lorne Park Secondary School alumni. Information contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of LPSS, its staff or students (current or past). While all reasonable efforts are taken to ensure accuracy, the writers and contributors to LPSS Matters cannot be held responsible in any way or fashion for the content or accuracy of the newsletter, nor is the editor/publisher responsible for the content or opinions expressed by the contributors. Please direct correspondence for LPSS Matters to Editor@LPSSMatters.com