



LPSS Matters

Official Alumni Newsletter of Lorne Park Secondary School

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50th Anniversary Reunion
October 19-21, 2007
(revised date)

Lorne Park had an “Amusing” Beginning

Unlike Mississauga's other historic communities established at crossroads or along thoroughfares, Lorne Park got its start because a company formed an amusement park.

In 1878 nine investors purchased for \$7,525 a 75-acre parcel of land located between Lake Ontario and Lakeshore Road, east of Clarkson and roughly two miles west of the Credit River. In April 1879, The Toronto Park Association was incorporated.

These businessmen stated in their Letters Patent that they wished to "...purchase land, erect wharves and buildings and carry on a public park or pleasure grounds...keep a public restaurant or refreshment stand and Summer hotel thereon and to purchase, hire or build one or more steamers to run between the said Park or Pleasure ground and the City of Toronto..."

On May 24, 1879 the Park officially opened, reportedly by John Douglas Campbell, the Marquis of Lorne, Canada's Governor-General from 1878 to 1883, after whom it was named.

Lorne Park with its many recreational facilities and amenities reportedly attracted at times up to 5,000 people in a single day. The

cost of a round trip steamship ticket to the Park for adults was 25 cents and 15 cents for children. Shortly after it opened, a flag stop was established for Lorne Park north of the Lakeshore Road on the Great Western Railway Line, which ran between Toronto and Hamilton. The logging trail from the railway to the Park's west entrance on Lakeshore Road became Lorne Park Road.

The Park's business partners were unable to meet their financial obligations for the purchase of the property and its improvements, and it was sold for \$7,000 to new owners that formed the Toronto and Lorne Park Summer Resort Company. The land was surveyed and portions of it divided into lots, which were sold for \$100 for the purpose of building cottages. As part of their purchase, property owners were given access to the parkland that was retained by the company. In 1891, the property was transferred to The Lorne Park Company Limited.

On June 6, 1903, a section of the wharf broke and those people standing on it fell into the water. The wharf was never fully repaired. By 1909, the Park had become a private summer resort and was closed to the general public.

During its heyday, the Park was home to the Lorne Park Hotel, renamed Hotel Louise in 1889, which underwent a number of renovations over the years. It ceased to be a hotel in 1909 when the Park ownership was transferred to The Lakeshore Country Club Limited, which set about renovating it as a private club.

To protect their collective rights with the Park's new owners, the "cottagers" formally incorporated as The Lorne Park Cottager's Association in 1909.

By 1912, the club was defunct and the Park's ownership, under power of sale, had once again changed hands. The hotel became a private residence. Since the cottagers were no longer receiving services to their properties and learned that the new owner planned to subdivide areas of the commons into building lots, they successfully appealed to the Supreme Court in 1913 to have their rights to the parklands recognized.

In 1919, six cottage owners formed the Lorne Park Estates Limited, each with shares, bought the parkland and unsold lots from the then owner, and took over the outstanding mortgage. Cottagers agreed to pay an annual membership fee,

(cont.pg 2)

(cont.) which was to be directed towards the cost of operating the Park. One owner in particular, Mary Louise Clarke, was responsible for keeping the enterprise viable through her continued investment in the company, which was maintained after her death in 1931 by the trustees of her estate.

Over time many of the cottages were converted to year-round use and owners became permanent residents.

In 1948, after much negotiation, during which time the company considered declaring bankruptcy, Lorne Park Estates Limited transferred for the nominal sum of one dollar the approximately 40 acres of private roads and common lands to the property owners. The Clarke Estate received the unsold lots and other assets from the company to discharge the debt owed to it. The company was converted into a corporation without share capital and renamed the Lorne Park Estates Association.

While farming and fruit growing were the primary occupations in the area, the establishment of the park provided employment and encouraged the development of local services. Some of these early industries were sawmills, a blacksmith, carpentry and masonry construction, boat building, and wood and ice cutting.

Albert Shaver opened the Lorne Park Supply Store and first post office in 1892 on the northwest corner of Lorne Park Road and Lakeshore Road across the road from the Park's west gate. It became the W. O'Hara General Store which burnt down in 1928.

In 1914, just south of the Lorne Park railway station, Clarence Albertson opened a general store and a post office following Shaver's resignation as postmaster. In 1929 Albertson sold the post office to Alfred Weaver Sr. Later it was run by his sons, Alf and Tom, the Weaver Bros. who in 1953 along with Norm Bolton and

Aubrey Ellis built the Lorne Park Shopping Centre, an open concept marketplace, on the site.

Churches, schools, a library, and community hall were built to house the community's needs.

Beyond the park there were other hotels. A former farmhouse became the Glen Leven Hotel for a short time around the 1900's, and Ernest Albertson built the Albertonia Hotel in 1919, later renamed the Lorne Park Lodge which was destroyed by fire in 1929.

In 1915 Albertson also began selling cars, and Arthur Luker, a motor mechanic, opened the Lorne Park garage and was by 1936 selling Chrysler cars.

Superior Bulb Company, a wholesaler of flower bulbs, seeds, flowers, and plants was established in 1933 and was major business for the community. It was renamed Ball Superior Ltd, and relocated to Brampton in 1999.

Today the farmland is subdivisions and marked on the map of Mississauga as Lorne Park. Its first shopping centre has undergone a major renovation; there are two other shopping centres north of the railway tracks; and other small businesses nearby on Lorne Park Road. And Lorne Park Estates, a private residential community, is now 125 years old and still retains much of the natural beauty that appealed to its first owners and visitors long ago.

Taken from The Mississauga News (Oct., 2004) – submitted by Clarissa Stevens-Guille ('83)



LORNE PARK SECONDARY SCHOOL

LPSS Valedictorian Speech 2003-2004 by Joanna Huang

(The LPSS Valedictorian for 2003-2004 was Joanna Huang. Joanna was an honour student, and now attends Queen's University. While at LPSS Joanna was the recipient of numerous awards: the grade 12 French award; the grade 12 History Award; the grade 12 Geography Award; the Governor General's Academic Medal; the Principal's Leadership Award; a Silver Key; Aay March Achiever Scholarship; Wendy's Classic Achiever Scholarship; Millenium Scholarship Provincial Excellence Award.)

Good evening Mrs. Patterson, the administration, respected faculty, dear family, friends, and the class of 2004. The Spartan grads are back....and so is Huangsta.

Grads, sitting here once again, now how do you feel? What do you see? Do you remember the first friends that you made? Are you expectant of what the future holds or are you perhaps a little scared?

Remember the little Grade 9's we once were....looking up to those big people and wishing to be just like them someday? Now that we have graduated, and have gone on to work, college or university, we have become those big people. And we don't care to be like anyone but ourselves and we know that 19 is just the best age to be.

The first autumn we came through these doors, we brought with us different experiences, different expectations, and different dreams. Though we have seen many seasons come and go, our four years together flew by with every spring breeze.

We shared four enriching years. We now know what it is like to stumble and fall, what it's like to pull yourself through hard times, and what it's like to grow. And we all know how important those people who shared these years with us have become.

We shared victorious years. Our dedicated athletes strived for the best in all sports. Who could forget our wonderful sports teams? On the way out be sure to thank our athletes for their significant contribution to the air freshener in the front lobby (i.e. exercise odor).

We shared glorious years. Our halls are adorned with medals and awards won by artists of all kinds. We remember our musician's successes, our dramatist's outstanding performances, and our photographers and art-

ists who have constantly made LP proud. We have even grown to love pink....well, just to make Mr. T feel better.

It's been four unforgettable years. Four years so filled with memories, laughter and tears. Four years where dreams were born.

As leaves fall from trees, we embark on our journey to explore the world. Though we were sent off by teachers we grew to admire, our post-sec Profs seem far away unless you are the keener in the front row. No, I sit in the second row!

LP and its educators have prepared us well. Maybe today we still can't differentiate between a fetal pig's esophagus and dorsal aorta; maybe we still say Tora, Norvald, and Isben; maybe the skulls of an Australopithecus and homo sapiens Neanderthal still look the same to us, or maybe the only thing we can say in our other official language is "je ne comprend pas". We may even have forgotten Mr. Lougheed's terrible teeth....well...maybe not.

Even if we have already forgotten some of the facts, LP instilled in us knowledge that we will never lose. It taught us how to think, interact, love, and be confident in who we are.

It taught us that it's ok to make mistakes, that it's never too late to improve yourself; that there will always be someone there for you, but that it's also important to make it on your own.

It showed us what community is all about; it showed us that honesty and integrity can go a long way. It started us on the lifelong road of learning and self-improvement. At LP we have truly learnt the meaning of motivation and excellence.

Thank you dear Mrs. Patterson and the administration for your support of student initiatives and leadership, thank you to our guidance counselors, librarians and support staff who looked after the different aspects of our lives and enriched our years.

On behalf of the class of 2004, I'd also like to express a deep gratitude and appreciation to our teachers. Our future successes will stem from your. How could we have done it without you? You were always there to help us, to guide us, to teach us life's lessons, (cont.pg. 4)

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

www.marylennstevenson.com



PREDICTIONS FOR 2005

Well, it is that time of year when everyone wants to know what to expect in the coming year.

2005 is a year of change. There will be new challenges to aspire to. However, as 2004 ends with endings and completions, 2005 will continue that trend through to the end of February, beginning of March. This year of change will affect women more so than men. It will be a year of, “What do I want to do when I grow up?” for many. A time of realigning, reassessing, re-evaluating. Recognizing what you want for you. Once this phase is completed and the time is right, the doors of opportunity will start to open. As with anything, it is up to each of us as an individual to take grasp of those opportunities. As the old saying goes, ‘you can lead a horse to water, but you can’t make it drink’. If you are not willing to take the risks, you will stay where you are. The changes in 2005 are preparing us for what lies ahead in 2006, which will be a year of success.

With change comes uncertainty, therefore, tempers could flair easily. This is not a year to be overly sensitive and do not take too much to heart.

Expect the unexpected and be prepared to make moves and be flexible.

In most cases, finances will start picking up about mid-year. Watch for promotions in the work place between March and June. June and July will be favorable months for money.

In baseball (and believe me, I know nothing of the sport) the Baltimore Orioles will have an unforgettable year.

Toward the end of 2005 there will be an **unexpected** political scandal in the East.

Look for small, yet significant breakthroughs in medical science.

A bridge will be blown up in 2005, most likely to happen in Europe. The U.S. will tighten security even more due to terrorist threats. Look to the East for unexpected support. There will be more focus on Russia this year due to breakthroughs in science.

A silent country will be heard from.

I wish everyone a Happy New Year and all the best for 2005.

(cont.) (and to give us extra homework).

One special thank you to our parents, though sometimes we have tried not to let it show, your love, support, and encouragement are the things we have always depended on. Thank you for always being there. And finally, thank you, Class of 2004. Together, we made it!

Fellow grads, dream big dreams. Feel them! Live them! Follow them! Don’t ever let anyone tell you “you can’t”. Like leaves traveling in streams, over rocks, and under bridges, we’ll face challenges, encounter obstacles, and experience failures. Don’t let these bumps in the road stop you from pursuing your dreams.

Wherever you are going, whichever path you choose to take or to make, follow it with your heart. Follow your dreams! Don’t ever give up. That’s what matters.

Henry David Thoreau wrote: “if you advance confidently in the direction of your dreams, and endeavor to live the life you have imagined, you will meet with a success unexpected within common hours.”

As a final gift to you, in reminiscence of the past, and looking into the future, I’d like to play for you my first piano composition “autumn in Rattray Marsh”. It depicts the beautiful leaves of autumn as they are falling from trees, floating in the air, traveling in streams, over rocks, and under bridges, surging into the shimmering lake, and fading into the misty horizon – like us, leaving our safe harbour to explore the world beyond.

Class of 2004 – follow your dreams. Congratulations and all the best. (Play piece)

ElderCare 101

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



Pat Irwin
(72)



(Eldercare 101 is 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. In her work with adult children and their parents, certain questions continually emerge. Many of the most common ones will be featured in this column, but we welcome your questions as well. Please address them to editor@LPSSMatters.com.)

Q. My mother refuses to discuss finances with me. Doesn't she trust me?

Financial matters are often the last bastion of control, so you must reassure your mom that *knowing* doesn't mean *taking over*. Remind her that all decisions she has made about her care and well-being will be respected, but they must be documented – are Powers of Attorney and a Will in place? Explain that to carry out her wishes, you need to know the relevant players *now*, not when a crisis occurs. Find out her banker, accountant, financial advisor, insurance agent and lawyer; make yourself known to them in case they need to contact you if possible, help simplify her banking arrangements by using electronic payments, direct deposits and consolidating accounts into one branch

Try not to take her attitude personally; your mom may be trying to spare you time and effort. As you work together on a solution, your mother may feel comfortable sharing more information and, ultimately, more responsibility.

Q. My mother just learned she has diabetes but neglects her medication and diet. How can I help her look after herself?

Accepting any disability's symptoms, limitations and prognosis is extremely difficult. Some ideas:

- **Get informed** – scour the Internet and publications so your advice has credibility
- **Be a support** – visit the doctor with your mom and record what is discussed; make a list of her medication schedule; find diabetic cookbooks and products
- **Seek help** – contact the Canadian Diabetes Association (416 214-1899) for resources and programs; if your mother won't go, attend a caregiver support group yourself for ideas
- **Get involved** – consider doing volunteer work for the Diabetes Association, then try to involve your mom to see how others cope with the disease

Back off – when you've done all you can, don't nag – it can be counter-productive. Above all, **use humour** – recall how she couldn't 'make' you study or practice piano – talk about past successes and remind her you're always there for her

Q. I don't think my 85-year-old father should still be driving, but he won't discuss it.—Part I

Oh wow - remember that wonderful sense of freedom when you got your licence? It's no wonder that seniors, especially men, dread giving up their mobility. Unfortunately with advanced age and medical conditions, older drivers lack the stamina, reaction time, motor or physical skills to drive in modern city traffic. In extreme cases such as Alzheimer's or impaired vision, enlist the family doctor's help to advise the provincial transport ministry that the licence should be revoked. Tackling an important issue like this with your dad requires 3 major steps, and since you only get one chance to broach such a sensitive issue, do your homework first.

Preparation:

- * why do you think your dad shouldn't drive? – general health, medication, vision, condition of car, safety record?
- * what does he use the car for now? – shopping, recreation, medical appointments?
- * where does he go? – out of town, all around the city, or mostly a few local places?
- * what is the cost of insurance, maintenance, gas, auto club, parking ?
- * does he still truly enjoy driving ?

Research:

- * find out *where* and *why* your dad is driving now.

ElderCare 101 – cont.

* alternatives should be as attractive as driving himself; foolproof, or they'll be rejected right away, and cost-benefitted, or Dad will object on the basis of expense. For example:

- for groceries, open an account with stores that deliver; order by phone or Internet; or take a cab to shop and have the store deliver
- for recurring appointments, (doctor, hairdresser) book a consistent time, e.g. Monday afternoons, making it easier to plan transportation and set up a driver. Investigate driving services; volunteer / seniors centres, public transportation, Wheeltrans, cabs (open an account, learn which drivers to request, or a private limousine service that caters to seniors. You'll probably find this will cover off 75% of his driving destinations

Alternatives should be business arrangements that are predictable, consistent, affordable and accessible. Don't rely on family and friends; 'favours' make your dad feel he's imposing and fall apart after a short time anyway

Having the Discussion:

Start by reminding your dad that when you were a teen and he was concerned about your safe driving arrangements, you all had to compromise – it's the same situation now. State your concerns from your prepared list and match them with the alternatives. Cost/benefit them as if he were back at the office, and ask for his commitment to try the most common errands, maybe weekly groceries, for a set period. Set it up for him; follow up and help fine-tune it. Over time, implement more errands. Don't be judgemental, threatening, or try taking away the car keys. Show him the trust and respect he deserves, and your trust will be rewarded. Good luck!

Q. How can I convince my dad to stop driving? – Part II

The objective is to develop alternative solutions to address *where* and *why* your dad drives now:

- * for groceries, open an account with stores that deliver; order by phone or Web or shop in person (via cab) and have the store deliver
- * for recurring appointments, (doctor, hairdresser) book a consistent time, e.g. Monday afternoons, making it easier to plan transportation

Investigate driving services; volunteer (Red Cross, (416) 236-3180, seniors centres), public transportation (Wheeltrans, TTC with companion), cabs (open an account, learn which drivers to request), liveries (\$25/hour) or a private driver (\$15/hr) for 'road trips', check group tours in seniors publications like *Forever Young*, available free at drugmarts

Alternatives should be business arrangements that are predictable, consistent, affordable and accessible. Don't rely on family and friends; 'favours' make your dad feel he's imposing. Remember that the alternative must be almost as attractive as doing his own driving.

Next issue we'll review having the 'big discussion' with your parent.

**never forget to love
those dearest to you**



Letters

I just read the article in the October 2004 issue on the anniversary of Lorne Park Public School. I wanted to thank the author as it brought back a lot of memories for me. I (Kathy nee Murgic) (along with my brother Michael Murgic) transferred to LPPS in 1984 from St. Christopher's School, and were much happier children as a result. I was actually in Barbara Kahl's grade 5 class (1985) when we studied Egypt and I was on the field trip at the Middle Eastern Restaurant she describes in the article. I also remember great teachers such as Miss. Foster and Mr. Milne who instilled in us integrity and honesty. Coincidentally I am attending the wedding this weekend October 16th of my friend whom I met at LPSS in 1984 in Miss. Foster's grade 3 class. I will treasure the memories and if possible would like to find out if the time capsule buried in the fall of 1984 by my grade 4 class (teacher - Mr.Milne) was ever dug up?

I have recently moved back to Lorne Park and live on Truscott Drive, when I have children one day I hope to send them to LPSS as well. Thank you again and if you have other info (reunions, etc) please let me know.

Best Regards

Kathy H. Bandula ('94)

(P.S. Pls add my name to the 1994 Grad list. I would like to see more info on the teachers from the time I went to LP where they, if they are still @ LP etc.)

Can anybody help? Ed.

To the editor: I have just read my first issue of *LPSS Matters* and I would like to thank you for the work that has gone into it. I very much enjoyed reading Gord Beattie's blurb (apparently now "Bob Beattie" ...I am not surprised he had to change his name)...I was pleasantly shocked to find out that this fellow was still alive! (My memory is clearly of a chap who lived "on the edge" ...as his story attests). I certainly remember Bob Dick, Mary Millward, and the bike with a siren! To Gord and all of you ..Good Health!

Ian Malcolm ('67) (Montreal Quebec)

Just wanted to let you know how much I enjoy reading the *LPSS Matters* Issues. This October was especially interesting reading about Lorne Park Public School of which my brothers and I all attended. It brought back so many great memories!

Joan Wemyss (Wemyss-Marshall) ('69)

THANKS for doing such a great job !!

Russell Proulx :-) ('72)



Some members of the *LPSS Matters* staff working late to get the January issue finished—Fred Hilditch ('63), Clarissa Stevens-Guille ('83), David Crouse ('65), Lindsay Lepp (Williams) ('95) and Paul Cuddy ('72)

Remember to laugh



Spartan Stuff

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



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

I have had some enquires of the availability of year books for our era. I have scanned all the year books up to 1965 which I have distributed free of charge to a few individual (Everybody wanted to pay – costs me \$2.50). I currently have a similar request which gave me the following idea. I will mail out free a CD containing all our year books (57/65) if you provide one LPSS contact information from the student list of 1957 to 1965 on pages 2 & 3 of this newsletter & make a donation to cancer. Email addresses are what we are looking for, but we accept phone numbers and/or addresses. We will use this info the up coming Re-union in 2007. The donation to cancer is because I am a volunteer driver for cancer but if you have a favourite charity go ahead and twist my arm.

Sandra Lindsay ('64) - On Nov. 17 Fred and I had lunch with Biff/Bill Hawke at Mustangs. The Clarkson location was chosen by Fred for old time's sake. Biff, who is called Bill when he is at home in India, was interested in finding out about where various people are now and who Fred is in touch with. Fred was interested in talking about the Argonauts and we couldn't contribute anything. Next time we have a lunchtime get together, let's get some sports fans out – for Fred's sake. Also, I would like to see some more females there as well – for my sake. At the last two lunches women have been in the minority i.e. me. We quizzed Biff about India and heard lots of interesting stories. A good time was had by all and I can't wait to do it again although I will have to miss Fred and Marg's Christmas lunch because our office lunch is that day. Hope there is a good turnout.



Biff Hawke LPSS ('65) - Dear Sandra & Fred, It was so nice seeing you both on the 17th (Nov) and having lunch together. Most of us have changed in appearance as we approach or enter our seventh decade, but I would have recognised both of you, had we bumped into one another unexpectedly on the street. I don't think either of you could say the same about me - for one thing, I used to have hair! Thanks for updating me on the lives of so many of our former LPSSers. And thank you both for your continued effort towards the success of LPSS Matters. I really enjoy the newsletters. After I left the restaurant, I walked over to that fitness centre to say hello to Pat Base (Harrison), but unfortunately, she was not due in for another hour and a half and I had another engagement. I left a message that included my email address, but she hasn't responded yet. Perhaps she doesn't remember me. Rob would - we hung around together. I arrived back in New Delhi on the 28th (Nov) morning after a few days in Halifax to visit two of my children who still live there, and a visit to Ottawa on business. My wife Linda met me in Ottawa for the business portion of my trip. She has the business mind and I'm the creative one. Together we make a good team. It's good to get back to Canada from time to time, but India is my home now and I do believe that it'll remain my home for the duration. India is booming! If ! If you are going to print this in the newsletter, please convey that I'd love to hear from old friends - especially that young girl who took a hold of my hand in the back of the gym in or around 1961; who played tennis with me; who invited me to her cottage for a weekend that summer; who I wrote so many unanswered letters to; but who wouldn't acknowledge me once the new school year started. I never knew the reason for the rejection and believe it or not, it bothered me for many years. Always did have a hard time dealing with rejection, until I got into sales. My email address is hawkelba@satyam.net.in, but please don't affix a hyperlink to it copied on the website. If anyone has heard of or seen Wayne Kelly ('65), I'd like to know his coordinates. Bye and once again, it was nice seeing both of you.

Honey Hawke LPSS 1962 - I've been very tardy in writing to you about my brother and I apologize. It has obviously not been on my high priority list even tho' it should have been. Biff tells me that you will both be having lunch with Sandra Lindsay the week of Nov.22nd. I can only imagine that you will get so much more information straight from the source

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

than you ever could from me. Glad that you will be meeting up with him. I hope you have lots of laughter, good food, warm memories and a good re-connection.

Doug Edward ('64) - Freddy called me up and asked me to play for his hockey team in the Georgetown Hockey Heritage Committee tournament taking place on the weekend of November 5, and, as a 58 year old, the invitations seem to be fewer and further between, so I quickly said I would. Little did I know that he had a plot running behind the scenes, and I soon received e-mails and telephone calls indicating that all of Georgetown and half of the alumni from LPSS were being invited to come out and watch the spectacle and then to join us at the George and Dragon pub afterwards for a few ales and some laughs. Although Fred and I led his team (and if you believe that, I have land in Florida you just might want to buy) to a resounding 3 -1 victory over the eventual tournament winner, most of the players of which haven't seen the sunny side of 40 yet, everyone else wisely warmed up at the pub, rather than take in the game, and Fred and I joined them afterwards.

In attendance were Fred Raham, Pat (Raham) and and me. Maureen (my because Halton District imposed a grades caused her to have to on the HDSB computer HDSB pay attention to the hockey tournaments and We all had many a good every one. Many laughs reminiscences about sedan and how we used to Gravel pits where he'd all around the pit roads, road race against no one dear life. Geoff never did caught, either. We also



and his wife Dianne, Mike Barry Carr, Geoff Robinson (better half) couldn't make it School Board foolishly submission deadline that enter grades and comments that evening (why doesn't the really important stuff, like pub nights???) laugh - it was terrific to see tumbled out of our Geoff's old 1954 Studebaker go up to the Sherman Sand & drive that thing like #\$\$%@* like being in a NASCAR dirt at all. Mike and I hung on for crash the beast, or get howled about the attempts

we made to get to know some of the girls better when we were in our teens, especially when we got wind of their parents not being at the house on a given night. Geoff admitted he'd steered Mike and Pat's brother Peter to certain addresses on certain occasions, convincing him to chat up the resident young lady, because she'd supposedly told Geoff she "kinda liked" Peter, and how well it all worked out anyway. We all remembered how much Peter loved a good joke, and how hard he'd laugh at one. We also remembered a number of terrific people who aren't with us any more.

Pat and I had a laugh about the time when she got her driver's license ahead of me and let me know it by touring around the old subdivision, just so I'd be ticked off that I couldn't do that yet. We had talked earlier about how she had rescued me from having to have a general anaesthetic when I had to have a couple of pins put into my thumb a few years back - yes, from skiing - man, was I glad to see someone I could count on to help me when good nurse Pat arrived at the side of the gurney as I was about to be wheeled in and put under. She convinced the Doc to give me a whole arm freeze instead of the general and I asked so many questions he's probably never let it happen since. We also chuckled about the time in 1963 when I was skateboarding on a tow rope behind Mike Ellis' little Austin Anglia car, and how he said he'd just looked at the speedometer and saw that we were doing 35 miles per hour when he looked up into the rear view mirror and saw me fly off, and how I got the official lecture from Doctors Howard and Betty Vernon about why what we had been doing was just plain stupid. Seemed like a good idea at the time. We also had a chat about Mike's stint with the Calgary Stampede, after he set the benchmark for running backs in the OQAA university league. My brother Tom and I played at Waterloo, and we sure didn't like the prospect of having to contain Mike, and, in fact, we couldn't, nor could the rest of our team, nor the entire OQAA!

Freddy and Dianne were the official photographers for the evening. Camera wouldn't work right until after the third pint, for some reason. As is undoubtedly obvious from the photos, we were all remarkably restrained in our consumption, and

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

Fred and I, in particular, still have that svelte, athletic appearance we have worked so hard all our lives to achieve and maintain. (I thought the others looked a little on the thin side, actually, and was a bit worried about them.) The proverbial good time was had by all, and we vowed to do a repeat when the occasion presents. Way to go, Fred! Official Correspondent and now Social Convener!

Pat Raham ('65) - Okay you guys.....I can handle any beer you put in my hand and frankly the European stuff is far superior to the local swill over here. Although I must admit I don't mind the micro brewery beer. As for the wine I can do that too. Just name the date and time and give me a little more notice. I'll be there. Thanks Doug for the kind words. And just FYI I still shop at Loblaws. Where have you been??? You know where I live so drop around some time. I am now working at the G"town hospital in the OR but on a very casual basis. Got to give it up some day soon. Regards and Cheers.....Pat

Doug Edward ('64) - Doug's comments on a coffee visit in Georgetown with Vicki Poulton and I. - Great to meet Vicki and have a yak with Vicki & Fred. I used to see Pat Raham either when I was on the operating table at Peel Memorial after one of my (un)athletic misadventures, or at the Loblaws store in Georgetown, but she must be sending the kids to do the shopping these days, or maybe it's because I tend to do that now!! Fortunately, I haven't broken anything lately. I have never forgotten how relieved I was to see Pat as the OR nurse when they were about to put me under at Peel Memorial Hospital (it has some new-fangled grandiose name now) to put the pins in my broken thumb - I absolutely did NOT want to be put under, but the rest of the staff, Doctor included, initially insisted upon it, until Pat interceded for me and convinced them to do it with a local anaesthetic (a "Xylocaine block", if I recall). It was great - I had a chance to drive the surgeon crazy with question after question like "And what are you doing now???" . Being a civilized guy, he never asked me to just shut up and let him work, but it was probably the last Xylocaine block he ever permitted to be done in his entire career!! Thanks, Pat!

Fred - I forgot to ask you to say hello to brother John - hope he and his family are healthy and happy.

Hurricane Hazel Remembered: Nov 14/15 1954 Here are some memories: (The best is last)

1. Thanks for the info on Hazel. I was talking to our 2 youngest boys (Jamie, 14 and Jason, 10) on the weekend about hurricanes and our relatively untouched part of the planet, and they asked if we had ever been "hit". Of course, I told them about Hazel but couldn't provide them with many details (I was only 8, and we had just moved from Port Credit to Owenwood Drive in Lorne Park, an area that really didn't suffer much, so there weren't the graphic memories to fuel the discussion). This information will let them read and see what people had to deal with. Doug
2. Dear Fred, I remember that Friday as it was sooooo dark with the rain at about 3:30 when Mom picked us up from Brown Public School on Avenue Road. We were in our car and I never remember it raining harder. Dad and Uncle Ted went to Six Mile and so many boats were sunk. Thanks for the memories. Jennifer
3. Charles talked about this storm - he had been out on a date and was driving home on the Friday night and just barely made it....we, of course, were still living in B.C. at the time (and I was only a child).....thanks for the info. Deb
4. I remember Hazel very well. I was living in Georgetown at that time. Dad took me up to the dam to see the damage and the bridge get washed out. Today we live with our own Hurricane Hazel - The Mayor. Gord
5. How well I remember! Across the road from us a man and his friend were building their own home. It had the roof on but the windows were to go in that weekend. He was a salesman stuck in Sudbury that week. As the rain poured down, it came into their house. They had built a rather pretty sunken living room. It soon filled up and the joists below began to creak with the weight of the water. Well, his wife got out a hand auger and started drilling holes in the floor allowing the water to flow to the basement. The house survived. There's also a book by Betty Kennedy of CFRB fame. She has a picture of a tree with a painted white ring around it marking the high water mark. After everything calmed down and the flooding subsided, it was measured. That high water mark in the Humber valley was 79' above the level of the river! Jim
6. I remember Hurricane Hazel real well. The two Queen Scouts in our Clarkson Boy Scout Troop were absent from the scout meeting just before the hurricane. Someone had hired them to cut down some large trees near their house that they were afraid the hurricane would bring crashing onto their house. My older brother Peter had spent months building his own boat and had just moored it on Clarkson beach behind what was then the National Sewer Pipe plant, just west of the B.A. refinery. He had dragged it onto the beach and secured it to a huge willow tree with two 3/8" steel cables and a strong chain in anticipation of the storm. The morning after the hurricane we went down to check the

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

boat. All we found was the cables, etc. with the hardware that attached them to the boat. The boat had been ripped free by the force of the storm. We found pieces of the boat along the beach all the way to the Town Line. Hurricane Hazel was the real McCoy! Louis

7. Hazel hit the same month we moved from Toronto to Lorne Park. You probably remember the place we had on Parkland Ave. Dad had just planted 20 pounds of grass seed the previous weekend. I don't think we realized the extent of the damage until we tried to drive into Pt Credit to buy some more grass seed and found the big old 2 lane cement bridge over the river washed out. The army was there installing a Bailey bridge which I think stayed in place for a couple of years until the present bridge was built. Interesting memories. Dick

8. Interesting email - brings back memories. I was in High school when Hazel hit - we were living in Unionville at the time in an old farmhouse. On the Friday night the school bus barely got through to drop me off - water was everywhere and rising. My father was away at the time so it was just my mother and myself. It was just a matter of time before the water backed up through the drains in the basement. Smart guy I was I went downstairs and plugged the drains with rags and stacked five gallon paint cans on top (we were in the midst of painting the basement floor) and was sure we would stay dry - but ten minutes later heard a noise only to go down stairs to see the five gallon cans popping up in the air!and the water rushed in. There was a creek near by and by 6pm the entire house was surrounded by water flooding over the top of the banks - by then we had moved as much furniture as we could upstairs. Our concern at the time was of course the rising water levels - how long it would continue from the creek but also for a damn to the North of Unionville - if it burst, the feeling was, Unionville would be wiped out. Hydro was off - we could get no news and we new we couldn't get out. A neighbour came by - she was a very religious person and wanted us to join her in a prayer session for our safety. My mother told her we did not have time as we were busy moving furniture and suggested she might do the same - the neighbours response was "oh no the Lord will look after me" to which my mother answered " it has been my experience the Lord looks after those that help themselves!". She was a great lady and had handled some tough situations in England during the bombing. To make a long story short the water rose until midnight right to the top of our front door steps but then stayed at that level and got no higher but we kept a vigil until about 4am. Unionville was a very small town then and very much organized on a volunteer basis - on the Saturday those people that could, went out to search for people on the highway that had been trapped in their cars and there were many that had to be taken to safety along Highway 7 - sadly we found a father and his daughter just east of Unionville - their car was trapped on the bridge - he got out and put his child on his shoulders but as he tried to get to safety there was a surge that washed them away. The first time I had seen a dead body and it has stayed with me for a long time. A real tragedy. Of course there were many such stories - the damage was unbelievable with many deaths in Toronto but fortunately very few in the Unionville/Markham areas. Bet you weren't expecting this commentary!.....but as I say your e mail brought back memories. Cheers. John

Garry Jasper LPSS 1964 - A Chev 350 cu inch 2 barrel - Latest toy traded in the Go Kart for this new project. Hoping I can get Sharon involved in this project. Might be a problem though since once it is done I am sure Sharon will be the



owner and the Girls are already telling me how it should be done. There will be no Jasperizing allowed on this one if the girls have there way. You are asking all the important questions, no not an SS unfortunately. Although it will be by the time I am finished all except for the emblems. Got all my new front end parts went for the extra quality and heavy duty new springs bigger sway bar etc. Plan to do the same for the back. The front brakes have already been convert to disk has dual exhaust and I have a 4 barrel manifold for it so that will only leave the interior which has to be all redone. I believe it was just a Malibu from what I can tell.

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

Garry Jasper ('64) - How is your house / property after the storms? Garry Lives in Florida. - On the whole everything is OK. All we lost was our wooden fence. I had just completed new facing boards on 2 sections but the wind blew it all down snapping the 4x4 post at ground level. The first time around the girls were without power for 10 days and had a lot of clean-up work to do. They never took down the plywood covering the windows so a lot less work to get ready for the second one. Most of the problem trees were already down so not as much to clean up this time and the power was only out for 1 day. As well, Sharon was home this time so they all had a better time of it the second time. Got through both with very little damage, hurting Nicole's business start up as all of her clients have evacuated further upstate. Things are still far from normal I may go back there after my trip if we can get the materials to fix the fence. Overall not bad. Just a couple of really big blows for us.

Geoff Last ('64) - I attended LPSS for only one year - 1964. However, the majority of my friends are LPSS grads, I stay in touch with many ex LPSS folks, especially those that attended or graduated in the years 1968 thru 1973. Please feel free to use me as a resource if you require. I've spoken to Paul Cuddy, who grew up around the block from me, on several occasions. Anyway, I was wondering if you knew anyone who had a copy of the 1964 yearbook, that I might be able to look at? By the way, my mother taught there in 1964 as well.

'John' A common friend of mine and **Art Nielson ('62)** - Fred the philosopher. Do you send this out every couple of years or did you get this from Art? I gave up coffee for beer which I am now drinking in a small cafe across from the Victor Emmanuelle memorial in Rome. We have just spent 10 days at a cooking school in Tuscany where Beth cooked and I ate. I now look like the Goodyear Blimp. Tomorrow we fly back. Enjoyed your Hurricane Hazel reminiscences. I remember it clearly. We lived in Kleinberg and I slept through the storm but when I woke up and looked around the town was in the middle of a lake. All around was water and all the bridges in the area over the Humber were washed away. Hope this finds you well. John Subject: Life Lesson - When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day are not enough, remember the Mayonnaise Jar... and the Coffee... A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was. The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was. The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous yes. The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed. Now, said the professor, as the laughter subsided, I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things - your God, family, your children, your health, your friends, and your favourite passions - things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, and your car. The sand is everything else - the small stuff. If you put the sand into the jar first, he continued, there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out to dinner. Play another 18. There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first, the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand. One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented. The professor smiled. I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend.

Sandra Lindsay ('65) Here is my response to Mike Ellis for next newsletter. Hi Mike - Nice to hear about what you are doing. My kids, who are both in the arts, have trained me to read all the credits at the end of movies & tv shows. I have seen the name Michael Ellis & questioned whether it was you since it was not an acting credit. Great to hear that you stayed in the arts. I don't envy you the hours as I see what my sons work but, for someone like me who does a very routine job, it seems wonderfully exciting

"If you're old enough to know better you're too old to do it."

George Burns

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

Marg's Xmas Lunch Dec 13 - Lunch with Mary Lou May ('60), Mike Thorne ('60), Larry Curtis ('61), Sandra Lindsay ('65), Fred ('63). Oh! Bye the way, Marg couldn't make it. Marg: we will do it January.

Susan Penberthy ('62) - Thanks so much for the year books. I had a little look today. It brought back some memories. I must have been so serious back then, no smiles. I look forward to meeting up with you some day soon. Next time I am coming to the west end of the city. Here are some memories for you. DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...? All the girls had ugly gym uniforms? It took five minutes for the TV warm up? Nearly everyone's Mom was at home when the kids got home from school? Nobody owned a purebred dog? When a quarter was a decent allowance? You'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny? Your Mom wore nylons that came in two pieces? All your male teachers wore neckties and female teachers had their hair done every day and wore high heels? You got your windshield cleaned, oil checked, and gas pumped, without asking, all for free, every time? And you didn't pay for air? And, you got trading stamps to boot? Laundry detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels hidden inside the box? It was considered a great privilege to be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant with your parents? They threatened to keep kids back a grade if they failed. . and they did? When a 57 Chevy was everyone's dream car...to cruise, peel out, lay rubber or watch submarine races, and people went steady? No one ever asked where the car keys were because they were always in the car, in the ignition, and the doors were never locked? Lying on your back in the grass with your friends and saying things like, "That cloud looks like a .." and playing baseball with no adults to help kids with the rules of the game? Stuff from the store came without safety caps and hermetic seals because no one had yet tried to poison a perfect stranger? And with all our progress, don't you just wish, just once, you could slip back in time and savour the slower pace, and share it with the children of today? When being sent to the principal's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited the student at home? Basically we were in fear for our lives, but it wasn't because of drive-by shootings, drugs, gangs, etc. Our parents and grandparents were a much bigger threat! But we survived because their love was greater than the threat. Remember Nancy Drew, the Hardy Boys, Laurel and Hardy, Howdy Doody and the Peanut Gallery, the Lone Ranger, The Shadow Knows, Nellie Bell, Roy and Dale, Trigger and Buttermilk. As well as summers filled with bike rides, baseball games, Hula Hoops, bowling and visits to the pool, and eating Kool-Aid powder with sugar. Didn't that feel good, just to go back and say, "Yeah, I remember that"? I am sharing this with you today because it ended with a double dog dare to pass it on. To remember what a double dog dare is, read on. And remember that the perfect age is somewhere between old enough to know better and too young to care. How many of these do you remember? Candy cigarettes, Wax Coke-shaped bottles with coloured sugar water inside, Soda pop machines that dispensed glass bottles, Coffee shops with tableside jukeboxes, Blackjack, Clove and Teaberry chewing gum, Home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers, Newsreels before the movie, Telephone numbers with a word prefix...(Raymond 4-601). Party lines, Peashooters, Howdy Doody, 45 RPM records, Green Stamps, Hi-Fi's, Metal ice cubes trays with levers, Mimeograph paper, Beanie and Cecil, Roller-skate keys, Cork pop guns, Drive ins, Studebakers, Washtub wringers, The Fuller Brush Man, Reel-To-Reel tape recorders, Tinkertoys, Erector Sets, The Fort Apache Play Set, Lincoln Logs, 15 cent McDonald hamburgers 5 cent packs of baseball cards with that awful pink slab of bubble gum, Penny candy, 35 cent a gallon gasoline, Jiffy Pop popcorn, Do you remember a time when... Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-moe"?, Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "Do Over!?" "Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest? Catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening? It wasn't odd to have two or three "Best Friends"? The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was "cooties"? Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a slingshot? A foot of snow was a dream come true? Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute commercials for action figures? "Oly-oly-oxen-free" made perfect sense? Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was cause for giggles? The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team? War was a card game? Baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle? Taking drugs meant orange-flavored chewable aspirin? Water balloons were the ultimate weapon?

Larry Curtis ('61) - I was pleased to see a couple of familiar name in your Sept. newsletter - Glen Ineson with whom I played old-timers hockey here in Burlington and Ron Dyché who I remember from school as well as his sister Marg. These newsletters do have a way of bringing back fond memories. I also remember Nancy Coles and her brother Chuck who I played basketball with and Karen Kerr and Brother Bill who I also see from time to time. I did contact Rita and we have exchanged emails which was great, and she said if she gets down this way she like to go for a coffee or lunch, and I told her it wouldn't take much arm twisting to get you to come as well. About a month ago I was in Thornbury and called Jim Hurlburt and spoke with him for about 10 minutes or so and spoke to his wife Diane (Hern Black) Hurlburt for

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

only about a minute or so as she was rushing off to a town council meeting in Meaford. Jim sounds as laid back as he did in school, if not even a tad more so. Thanks again for the work you do on the newsletters.

Thanks to: Larry, Sandra, Biff, Honey, Doug, Pat, Garry, Geoff, and Susan

HELP FIND LORNE PARKER's from *57 to 65* – If you know any of the following, please let us have their contact information. We will use this for 2007 Reunion and LPSS Matters distribution. We have information on the people listed in bold. Approximately 600 people went to LPSS, 530 people listed below.

Dorothy Abbs	Ted Britton	Nancy Cotes	Doug Edward	Diane Hanton
Bob Acres	Brian Brooks	Doug Cowan	Mike Ellis	Gael Hardie
Chalmers Adams	Brian Brooks	Heather Cowan	John Elsasser	Beth Hardy
George Ade	Belinda Brown	Roy Coward	Phil Errett	Cindy Harris
Ian Anderson	Bob Brown	Danny Cox	Lynn Esson	Dan Harris
George Anstee	Michael Brown	Dick Cramer	Bob Everest	Lynne Harris
Sue Armstrong	Paul Brown	Alan Crawford	John Everest	Steve Harris
Richard Asbury	Wayne Brown	Genette Crawford	Lynda Eyres	David Harrison
Keith Ashby	Gail Brownridge	Lyn Crawford	Carol Fairley	Robbie Harrison
Rick Ashby	Gary Brownridge	Orval Crawford	Barbara Farrar	Diane Harvison
Mary Jane Ashenhurst	Sue Bryan	Peter Crawford	Nancy Farrar	Peter Harvison
Ann Ashley	Carol Burge	John Croft	Lynn Farthing	Peter Harvey
John Atherton	Lois Burge	Sandi Croft	Rod Ferguson	Biff Hawke
Dennis Atfield	Roger Burge	Allan Cronyn	Al Finlayson	Honey Hawke
Bernadette Auger	Mary Lou Burton	Gary Cronyn	Tom Fitzsimmons	Brian Hay
Jim Ayer	Peter Burton	Barb Crook	Linda Fletcher	Steve Headford
Terry Ayer	Sue Bye	David Crouse	Kelvin Ford	Don Herald
Bob Aykers	Adrian Byl	Peter Crowder	Ann Forrest	Diane Hern-Black
Ed Baggaley	Linda Cadeau	Jim Crozier	Elizabeth Forrest	George Herring
John Baggaley	Carol Cadman	Clive Cudmore	Sue Forrest	Lawrence Hignell
Hilary Bailey	Irene Cain	Jane Cudmore	Bob Forrester	Mavis Hignell
Ann Bain	John Cain	Ann Cumberland	John Forward	Fred Hilditch
Bob Baker	Pete Caldwell	Mary Cumberland	Ruth Fosberry	John Hilditch
Reti Barclay	Bill Callow	Larry Curtis	Tom Fraser	Arno Hobart
Marcia Barhydt	Lorne Camp	Murray Cuthbert	Jeanne Frayne	Geoffrey Hobbs
Jane Barnett	Antony Capel	Susan Dales	Mary Funston	Jim Hodges
Pat Base	Ron Carlyle	Rosewitha Darmstadt	Paul Funston	Brian Hodgson
Adrian Bassett	Gerry Carson	Joan Davidson	J.D. Gamble	Georgette Hogue
Lorna Bates	Joan Carson	Tom Davis	Pat Garva	Ivan Hogue
Eric Beatson	Eleanor Case	Diane Dawson	Ron Garva	Dave Holbrooke
Rick Beatson	Jim Cerasani	Louis DeBoer	Bob Gastie	Susan Holbrooke
Dave Beattie	Allison Chapman	Ross De Grandis	Barbara Gilday	Lynn Holden
Gord Beattie	Richard Chretien	Ron De Jaray	Pat Goddard	Judy Holliger
Dawn Bell	Bob Christie	Doug Deeth	Jean Godsman	Valerie Hopkins
Rich Bell	Dianne Church	Barry DeGrandis	Mary Gomer	John Horn
Richard Bell	Jeanne Clarkson	Ken deJaray	Muriel Gomer	Donna Hossie
Peter Bennett	Mary Clarkson	Henry Demoor	Richard Gorman	Gail Howard
Brenda Berry	Gregg Clemmens	Doug Dent	Bob Grant	Loma Howe
Lynn Biegler	Lynda Cole	Donna Dickson	Jim Grant	Mike Howe
Al Blake	Beverly Coleman	Jim Dickson	Linda Grant	David Huff
Marjorie Blake	Chuck Coles	Lee Ditchburn	Paul Grant	Sue Hughes
Jenne Bluett	Nancy Coles	Tim Ditchburn	Gloria Green	Chris Hussey
Sheila Bluett	Vivian Colman	Linda Dittrich	Richard Green	Nigel Hussey
Barbara Blum	Marion Connor	Sue Dobson	Doug Greer	Frank Huys
Marilyn Bouchier	Bruce Conron	Robert Donaldson	Richard Gregory	Honey Huys
Bonnie Boyer	Murray Conron	Ruth Ann Donnelly	Donna Gregus	Shella Ikeson
Monica Bradley	Pat Conron	Alice Drader	Londa Gregus	Glen Ineson
Pat Bradley	Sue Cook	Bill Duff	Carolyn Griffiths	Rick Ionita
Kenneth Brands	Jim Cooper	Joanne Duff	Virginia Grimwood	Sandy Ionita
Linda Brewster	Mike Cooper	Mary Joan Dutcher	John Grysak	Carole Ireland
Sheryl Brewster	Rodney Cooper	Ron Dutcher	Bill Hall	Don Irwin
Bill Britnell	Ted Cooper	Margaret Dyche	Jan Hanier	Lyn Irwin
Donna Britt	Penny Copeland	Ron Dyche		Margaret Irwin

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

Judy Jackson
Clive James
Gary Jasper
Gay Jasper
Aif Johnston
Bob Johnston
Ted Jones
Jack Jupp
Ole Kahl
Andy Kalnins
George Kalnins
Lee Kearney
Stephanie Kelley
Peter Kelly
Bob Kendall
Bruce Kennedy
Bill Kerr
Cathy Kerr
Eleanor Kerr
Karen Kerr
Lee Kerr
Margaret Kersten
Sandra Kimble
Anna Kinzer
Joanne Kinzer
Marianne Kirkland
Frank Kirkwood
Elisabeth Koch
Ellen Koch
Frans Koch
Alexandra Koohtow
Gerry Koohtow
Frank Krause
Dieter Kreisler
Carol Kresta
Bill Kroeze
Trudy Kroeze
Andrew Krumins
Judy Krywan
Kathy Krywan
Bob Laborite
Susan Laidlaw
Donna Laidley
Marsha Laidley
Donna Lascelles
Marie Lauzon
Dave Lawrence
John Lawrence
Gerald Lee
Garth Lindsay
Peter Lindsay
Sandra Lindsay
Connie Link
Mike Lister
Bill Little
Richard Loblaw

Jim Long
Ralph Long
Janet Lucas
Art Luker
Lynda Luker
Brian MacDonald
Ian MacGregor
Virginia MacLean
Don MacLennan
Marg MacLennan
Jim Macmillan
Carol Macnab
Rodney Malham
Judy Marcellus
Barry Martin
Pennie Mason
Judy Mather
Mary Lou May
Karen Mayhew
Steve McCorquodale
Doreen McDonald
Ian McDonald
Jan McDonald
Ross McEown
Tom McFadden
Larry McFarlane
Fran McGibbon
David McKee
Gord McKye
Ruth Ann McLennan
John McMurray
Sue McMurray
Hilda McNamara
Rose Menzies
Debbie Meredith
Leslie Meredith
Sue Meredith
Evelyn Meth
Fred Moth
Susan Middleton
Ron Milau
Linda Miles
Chuck Miller
Tim Miller
Tom Miller
Al Millward
Alex Milne
Gladys Milne
Dianne Mitchell
Dave Monk
Eileen Morris
Myron Moskalyk
Keith Mowling
Rae Mowling
Bill Muns
Caroline Muns

Bill Murphy
Norm Natrass
Chris Nelson
David New
Peter Newhouse
Bill Newton
Tannis Newton
Chris Nicholl
Karen Nicholl
Art Nielson
Beverly Oda
Eric Oliver
Margaret Padmos
Norm Parsons
Barry Pattison
Jennifer Pearce
Susan Peddie
Don Pemberton
Sally Penberthy
Susan Penberthy
Cam Pengilley
Anne Perigoe
Dale Perigoe
Doug Perkins
Pat Pickett
Dave Pipes
Chris Plummer
Gail Podoline
Richard Poilard
Jacqueline Potter
Cathy Purvis
Mike Raham
Pat Raham
Peter Raham
Diane Radke
Lionel Redford
Ginny Reed
Suzie Reed
David Richards
John Richards
Bob Richie
Angela Roberts
Celia Roberts
John Robertson
Amanda Robinson
Ann Robinson
Christine Robinson
Geoff Robinson
Linda Robinson
Susan Rogers
Nancy Rose
Donald Ross
Denise Rule
Judy Rule
Mike Rule

Dave Runnalls
Jim Russell
Sue Russell
Les Ryckman
Paul Salvian
Keith Savidge
Don Schalk
Doug Schroeter
Valerie Scott
Ruth Scratch
Brian Searles
John Sheasby
Barbara Sherman
Juris Silars
Ken Silcox
Louis Silcox
Lee Simpson
Herb Skelton
Barbara Smith
Doug Smith
Jack Smith
Peter Smith
Willy Smits
Carol Soltermann
Alan Somerset
James Spencer
Jim Stafford
Joe Stafford
Arnold Stevenson
Peter Stevenson
Jannette Stothers
Dagmar Strauch
Vera Strauch
Dan Strickland
Mary Jane Strickland
John Sundt
Betty Swain
Bill Swallow
John Swallow
Gary Swartz
Sheri Syme
Sandra Tapley
Chris Taylor
Dennis Taylor
Desmond Taylor
Geoff Taylor
Michael Taylor
Terry Taylor
Mary Tedder
Colleen Templeton
Ann Teng
Joan Terry
Barb Thompson
Bruce Thompson
Greg Thorne
Mike Thorne

Carole Tompkins
Janet Tompkins
Barbara Traver
Shirley Traver
Bob Trodd
Bob Tropea
Ron Tropea
Karen Turner
Dough Tweedy
Robyn Underwood
Olaf Van Ramm
Allan Van Wagner
Peter Vander Sar
Menno VanHarten
Reindert Veltheer
Dianne Vernon
Marilyn Wagner
Roger Walker
Stephen Wallace
Jon Walsh
Marilyn Walsmley
Barry Ward
Pat Washburn
Brad Watson
Ken Watts
Dawna Weaver
Renata Webber
Frank Weber
Lawrence Weeks
Alan Weir
Mike Westendorp
Nancy Lou Westphal
David Wexall
Mary Whatmough
Ken Will
Margot Willadsen
D'Arcy Williams
Bob Wills
Jim Wills
Jane Wilson
John Winegar
David Wood
Donald Wood
Pat Woodall
Janet Wren
Al Wright
Bob Wright
Ian Young
Janis Young
Jerry Young
John Young
Don Youngman
Susan Youngman
Hans Zuuring
Peter Zuuring

Spartan Staff

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



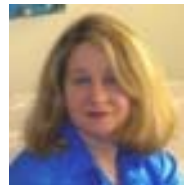
1970—1974 Dana-Leigh Tisdale ('71) - dlt13@shaw.ca



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



1980—1984 Clarissa Stevens-Guille ('83) - clarissasg@sympatico.ca



1985—1989 Clarissa Stevens-Guille ('83) - clarissasg@sympatico.ca

Sara-Jane Brocklehurst ('95) - Well my life, that of Sara-Jane Brocklehurst, has been one of a nomad. I have moved 16 times in the past 8 years, but since graduation, the number is too great to count. I have a degree in Biology from Queen's University and have been self-employed for the past 8 years specializing in diversity. I have lived in warm areas and cold areas and have experienced most things. I would love to hear from anyone who remembers me for the short two years I attended Lorne Park. I currently live in Vancouver and my e-mail is my best contact: sjboat@shaw.ca



"There is more to life than increasing its speed."

Mohandas K. Gandhi

Don't forget to relax and enjoy



Spartan Stuff

1990—1994 Lindsay Lepp (Williams) ('95) - linzy905@hotmail.com



As the new correspondent for grads from 1990-99, I am thrilled to be the new voice for our classes. Thank you so much for your overwhelming support. I must admit, when I sent out my first email to our graduates, I was shocked with the many returned email addresses that filled my work "inbox". I thought that this might, just become a larger task than I was expecting. Gradually however, as I sorted through them, I was so thankful for the words of encouragement and the following updates that are included in this newsletter. So – here's my chance to show exactly what our great classes have been up to. First let me set the stage by telling you a little about myself.

Currently I live in the United States and work at the University of New Hampshire! I work in the Residence Life Department here and supervise a residence hall. Lots of fun comes with this job – educating students, dealing with counseling issues, conduct issues as well as making significant impact on student's lives – and there are the few 3:30am fire alarms as well!!! I am no longer Lindsay Lepp, but a Williams, as I met my husband in graduate school (Western Illinois University) and we were married last October in Mississauga!

An update like this isn't that hard and I know that many of you turn to the Spartan Stuff first when you get your newsletters, so please keep the updates coming, and send pictures too. I can be reached at Lindsay.Williams@unh.edu or linzy905@hotmail.com. If there are siblings or friends who don't get our publication, please pass my information onto them. All I need is an email address and the year in which they graduated. Happy New Year LP!

Lindsay ('95)

Kari Green-Church ('90) - Since I am a grad of LPSS and you are looking for stories, I thought maybe you would like to know that my work at Ohio State University has led to a publication in the Journal *Nature*. My lab did the science to prove the scientific physical existence of the 22'nd genetically encoded amino acid. There were originally thought to be 20, then the 21st was discovered and we have proved the 22nd. A link to the paper is found on our lab's web site at www.ccic.ohio-state.edu/MS

Mel (Elliott) Whitaker ('90) Having recently moved back to Canada from a stint in Los Angeles, I'm now a partner in a marketing and communications company in Toronto: blackbox communications. We specialize in live events and travel across North America producing shows - lots of fun, lots of work! (but mostly fun).....so if any of you out there are looking for a GREAT communications company, by all means, look us up! I married, and become Melissa Whitaker in Dec of 2002, and have the world's greatest son: Sawyer.

Mark Duncan ('90) Here is an summary of significant events up to now since then: Toured Europe and lived in UK for a year, played American Football for a city rep team. Came back in '93, met my now wife, Kristen, who was a Clarkson grad of '89 (I know,!! Ug! LOL). Got my real estate license and went to work with Re/Max. Have been successfully selling real estate, on both the residential and commercial fronts, in Mississauga, Brampton, Etobicoke, Oakville and Burlington and I am presently a 100% Club Member for 5 years running. Married in '97 in the D.R. (Dominican Republic). Bought an older home on a large private lot with a pool in Streetsville in '01 that we have been renovating and updating by ourselves. Had our first child, Jillian, in September of last year and our expecting our second, another girl (name to be announced), in January. Life is about to get a whole lot more interesting!



"Go the extra mile. It's never crowded."

*Executive Speedwriter
newsletter*

Spartan Stuff

1990—1994 (cont.)

Michelle (Le Feuvre) Dirracolo ('92) – I wanted to write this piece to thank all of my teachers at Lorne Park. I really feel they gave me the drive and determination to go on to University and strive for success in the business world. I don't normally write things like this, but I wanted those Lorne Park grads to know who I am, that I am in Barrie, and am here to help in any way that I can. I am now living in Barrie and graduated with a BComm from the University of Guelph in 1996. Lorne Park was an excellent school to prepare me for University and life. I want to take a moment to thank the staff at Lorne Park who motivated me to strive for greatness, and led me to be the first member of my family to go on to University. When life is difficult (owning & operating 2 companies this is almost a daily occurrence!) I feel I am well trained with a good foundation, which gives me the confidence to tackle any problems that may arise. President and owner of 2 companies Arcline (2000) Inc. Transportation Software (www.arcline2000.com) & Key Factor Freight Management Inc. (www.key-factor.com) My father and I Built a 6,000 square foot office building located at Innisfil Beach Road and Hwy. 400 where both of our companies reside. I am working closely with Georgian College in Barrie with Co-op student placements for both Computer Studies & Business students.



Natasha Blair (Lemire-Blair) ('92) I am currently on maternity leave with our first baby. Kiera Joyce was born on July 2, 2004 in Toronto. Frank, Kiera and I are currently looking forward to a family vacation in England and Scotland. I graduated from WLU in 1996 with a Political Science degree and will be returning to work in August of 2005 employed by a not-for-profit in a government relations position. Fellow grads can reach me at tash@abstrakt.org - particularly anyone else with small children at home right now!! :)



Benjamin Williams ('93) I am currently at completing my Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology (Neuropsychology). I was married in July, Mabel Ann Williams was born on August



University of Victoria in Victoria, BC (with an emphasis in Clinical Psychology) 2000 and am proud to be a new father: 10, 2004.

Gavin Magrath ('94) I just returned from law school at Dalhousie and I'm working as an articling student with the firm of Paterson MacDougall in Toronto.

Ali Jahed ('96) Since Lorne Park, I've basically spent my time at Queen's university. I graduated in '99 with a BA Psychology, '00 BSC honours Life Sciences, '02 MSc Anatomy and Cell Biology. I'm currently working on a PhD in the field of spinal cord injury and repair at Queen's University (Still). I'm also a competitive cheerleader (Queen's '98-'02, ProSpirit (club team from Pickering) '02-Present) I also coach the Frontenac Falcons Co-Ed Competitive Cheerleading team here in Kingston. I have a bunch of papers in submission and I'll update you if we do get accepted into any major journals with our discoveries.

Heidi (Winterton) Ramperstad ('96) I graduated from Guelph with a degree in English and a minor in computer science. I married Brian Rampersad (a Clarksonite) in 2001, and we had our first son Jayson William in July 2003. I used to work for a small engineering company specializing in IT support and telecommunications, but I am presently taking some time to be a full time mom. Many of my peers will remember me for my childhood acting and singing which I have since given up, but I still find time to play my guitar once in a while. Someday when I have time I plan to write some children books (I'll have to test them out on Jayson and my goddaughter first to make sure they are worthy of publication). I would love to hear from some of my high school friends and can be reached at heidi_adele@cogeco.ca.

Spartan Stuff

Errica Beuchner ('97) I am a high school English teacher at Mgr-de-Charbonnel in North York. It is a French-Catholic high school and I'm in my second year of teaching here. Who knew that all those years of French Immersion could lead to a job in a francophone school? Two years ago, when I was completing my teaching Practicum for the University of New Brunswick, I actually worked with Laura Rosebrugh and Bruce Pirie at our fair high school. It was an enlightening experience to finally see LPSS from the other side of the staff room door. The best comment I heard was when I walked into the staff room that first day and Bruce Berry (everyone's favourite science teacher who was more famed for his Squirrel casserole than Science class) looked at me and asked, "Weren't you a student here?" Laura Rosebrugh and Bruce Berry have both retired since I was there. As for other news, I got married two years ago in Mississauga and my husband and I have just recently moved to our first home in Newmarket.

1995—1999 **Lindsay Lepp (Williams) ('95) - linzy905@hotmail.com**



2000—2004 **Correspondent needed**

"Enjoy the little things, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things."

Robert Brault

and finally...



Always take time to smell the flowers



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