



LPSS Matters

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50th Anniversary Reunion
October 19-21, 2007

REMINISCENCES ABOUT WEST CLARKSON

By Louis DeBoer ('63)

I grew up in West Clarkson, far out of the main stream of where most of the kids at Clarkson Public School hailed from. We lived in Spinning Wheel Lodge, across the street from the Anchorage (later the site of the National Sewer Pipe Co.) and next to the Thackerage, the stone house (somewhat overgrown, but still there the last time I checked) right on the corner where the Lakeshore Highway headed West again after turning South for a mile or so at the Boulder Villa. It was a lonely stretch of road as far as classmates were concerned.

Between there and Ha-

zelhurst Road there were few homes. Mainly the vanHartens who lived on the Manor Farm (now the site of a sewage treatment plant) across from where Clarkson Beach is now. Some of you may remember my buddy Len, his older brother Menno (Class of '53), and his sisters Martha (Class of '52) and Greta (Class of '56) who all attended Clarkson Public. Other than that there wasn't much. In a field next to the National sewer Pipe Co., there was an old house consisting of just one large room; uninsulated, and without any heating system, where a French Canadian family lived for a year or two when I was around the

fourth grade. It was a large family, but I only remember Roger Blaise, who was about my age. He had scrounged an old bike with no brakes with which he accomplished miracles. And along the banks of the small creek that ran just east of the Barrel (you all remember the Barrel... eh!), between the Manor Farm House and the Greyshur House were tucked a few ramshackle sheds. These housed a number of Indians, including the Blaker family. You may remember Jimmy Blaker, who was in my class for years, his older sister Jacqueline, his older brother Mel, and little Sammy. The conditions that Roger and the Blaker kids lived under would be almost unimaginable to most of us. Alcoholism was a real problem among the Indians, resulting in frequent knife fights and visits from the police. These kids were amazingly tough, resilient, and real survivors. And most of them were real nice kids to boot. I don't know what happened to the Blaise family, but after a number of years the Blakers gave up on trying to make it in white society and moved back to the Ojibway reserva-

(cont. pg 2)



Spinning Wheel Lodge in the late 1950's

tion near Rice Lake. I remember Jimmy telling me about their decision to leave. He looked mildly hopeful, but mainly sad. I liked Jimmy, and I always felt bad that his lot in life seemed to be so hard. It sure made you count your blessings. In spite of it all, I never heard Jimmy complain. He certainly earned my respect.

The house next to the Barrel was home to Raymond and Rochelle Raets (Class of '54). As I recollect it, their parents were deceased and they were living with relatives there. I remember when I was still in the younger grades we would play guns in the playground. Raymond would sneak around the corner of the portables and get the drop on me and say "reach.!" He meant "reach for the sky," in the sense of "put your hands up." But I didn't get it, and always thought he was challenging me to go for my guns and would inevitably get "killed" in a futile attempt to draw my imaginary guns. They had relatives, a missionary couple, who had spent many years in Korea, and who came to the school and put on a presentation for the whole student body. I still remember all the fancy Korean dolls, etc. that they displayed. Rochelle grew up into a strikingly beautiful young

lady and became a model. The last time I saw her I was in high school. She was manning the Barrel, and Len and I had dropped by. She was a real tease, and after flirting with us, she solicited our advice on her love life. She had two suitors, one who had a nice boat and the other a nice convertible, and she couldn't decide! I was somewhat appalled (I probably took her too seriously, but that's my nature anyways.), but I think Len took a shot at it! The last time I saw Raymond I was probably already at U of T. I had stopped by Roncetti's pool hall in Port Credit to pick up a game or practice and Raymond was there, playing by himself. We played a game of snooker or two and talked. He had been married and divorced and had given up on the institution of marriage. I felt bad for him. He was several years older than me, but that still seemed way too young to take such a cynical view of life. I hope that they are both doing well.

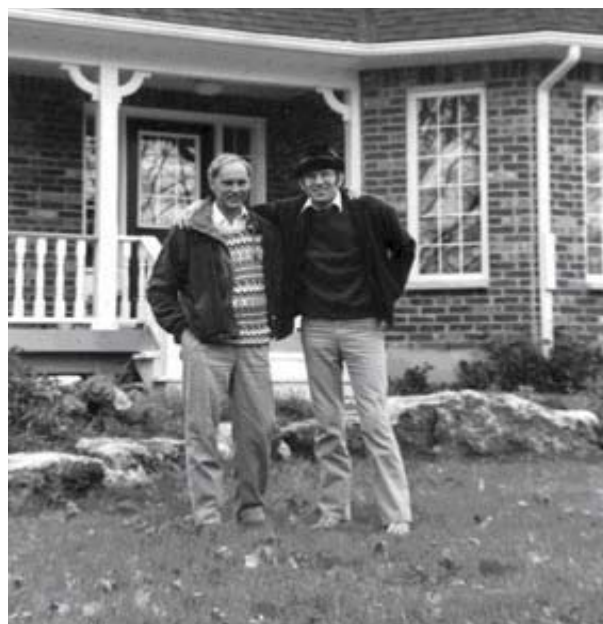
Back on the North side of the Lakeshore Highway, past the Manor farm and the Grayshur House was the Slacer Farm, probably the nicest looking farm in Clarkson. I don't remember any Slacer kids, but that may be because they had sold out by 1956, and a Swiss company, Holderbank

Technical Services, was constructing the St. Lawrence Cement plant there. They also bought the property across the street so they could construct a pier on the lake to ship cement by boat. This property included the house that Annie M. Hall had lived in before she moved to Burlington. This became the home of the Plant Manager, Mr. Egger. His sons, Gian and Kuno, attended Clarkson Public School for about a year before they bought a new home in Oakville. Gian and I became good friends, and remained friends long after they left Clarkson. One day he swiped some cigarettes and matches from his mom's purse and dared me into my first puff of nicotine in the ruins of the old barn behind Spinning Wheel Lodge. The last I heard of Gian he was attending the University of Pittsburgh studying medicine. (As a result of writing this piece I put Gian's name into Google's search engine. Guess what? He's chief of pediatrics at Trafalgar Hospital. He lives in Oakville and his number is in the phone book. So if any of you remember Gian feel free to give him a shout. I did and we had a great time getting caught up after forty some years.)

(cont.pg. 3)



Picture of Len and I at his house about ten years ago



Continuing to head west through the wilds of West Clarkson we come to Hazelhurst Road. Clarkson Public School did not have any school buses. However, kids who lived over two miles from school received free bus tickets for the Gray Coach buses that operated along the Lakeshore Highway. The vanHartens, deBoers, and Blakers, etc. were the kids who had to walk the furthest to get to school. Assortments of us would troop together to and from school, rain or shine, snow or sleet. The kids on Hazelhurst Road and further west rode the bus. In inclement weather they would sometimes share an extra ticket or two with some of us and we could go home in style. This was illegal—tickets could not be separated from the book of tickets, except by the driver—but except for an occasional stinker, the bus drivers generally winked at it. As you headed up Hazelhurst Road one of the first homes on the right was the Roses. Some of you may remember the Rose twins, Jim and Joe (Class of '61), and their older sister Nancy (Class of '59). Nancy took over my paper route when I went off to high school. I have to give her credit; that was a tough route, even after she trimmed it back quite a bit. I clocked about 7-8 miles per day on my bike doing that route. I would leave school and head for the corner of the Town Line (Now called Winston Churchill Boulevard. Don't you hate the way they change things and can't leave anything alone.) and pick up my papers. After reading the comics I would head up the Town Line delivering papers as far as north of the Lower Middle road (At the time this was still a gravel road. Later this became Route 122 and is now called Royal Windsor Drive); then back down, head east along the Lakeshore, up and down Hazelhurst Road, and home. It was a real challenge in those Canadian winters. All that for 1.33 cents per paper delivered. Were we nuts or just workaholics! Nowadays kids look

at you cross eyed if you interrupt their video game to offer them ten bucks to mow your lawn.

A little further on the left as you proceeded up Hazelhurst Road you came to the Sinclair home. Nancy (Class of '58) was one of the prettiest girls in our class and had a lot of sparkle. She sat next to me in the eighth grade and was always very friendly to me. As the class nerd I really appreciated that. I don't know where she lived before, but I watched her dad slowly build their home in his spare time. I think she was real pleased when they finally moved into their nice new home. She was a real tomboy. When the boys decided to get together on the playground on some Saturdays and play football she joined right in. I'm not sure whether she liked football or just liked boys, although I suspected it was the latter, but she was involved in the real thing for the football we played was tackle, not touch.

Continuing on our geographical excursion up Hazelhurst the next two homes on the left were Steve McCorquodale's (Class of '59) and Peter Smith's (Class of '57). You may remember Steve, who was a year behind my class, and his sister Jean. Steve was kind of a small guy with big glasses, but he was a friendly kid with a great sense of humor. Peter Smith was kind of a techie, science-guru type. He was close friends with Dave Runnalls (Class of '57), partly because their dads worked together at the British-American Oil Co. refinery and vacationed together. Before I had my paper route Peter and I sold newspapers after school at the gate to the St. Lawrence Cement Co. plant. Peter sold the Star and I sold the Telly. The Star was the working man's newspaper so Peter sold three times as many papers every day as I did; a constant source of frustration. To add insult to injury Peter was a Yankee fan and I rooted for the Brooklyn Dodgers. So every fall, at World Series

time, Peter would rub it in as the headlines blared, "Yanks Beat Bums." After delivering the paper to Steve's house, instead of going back to the road, I cut across the yard to the Smith's house. The Smith's driveway was lined with 4" landscape timbers and the bike would go kerplunk as it dropped down onto the driveway. I had an old bike with a frame that had a repair weld, that my parents had bought me for my birthday. One day as I thunked onto the Smith's driveway the weld broke. I finished the route carrying my bike with one hand and delivering papers with the other. A few days later I bought a beautiful used Raleigh racer from some rich kid in Oakville for \$27 from my paper route earnings. I was really proud when I showed up at school for the first time with my new bike. You were not allowed to ride your bike on school property, and after school those with bikes lined up in the parking lot and were waved onto the street by the student crossing guards. Jim Dixon (Class of '57) was ahead of me in line. He looked at me quizzically and asked, "Whose bike is that." When I said "mine," he responded "Yeah sure" with all the skepticism he could muster. Hey Jim, if you're reading this...it really was my bike!

Continuing on the left side of the road (Isn't it amazing how most of the kids seemed to have lived on the same side of the road?) we come to the Kersten's home. It was a very small white cottage. They were Dutch immigrants as we were and attended the Clarkson Christian Reformed Church as we did. They had one daughter, Margaret (Class of '55). Margaret was smart as a whip, extremely well organized, and somewhat bookish. She became indispensable to the Sunday School program at the church and later had a career as an elementary school teacher, in Lakeview as I recollect. Next was Lynn Holden's place. Lynn (Class of '58) was my other female classmate from Hazelhurst and quite different

from Nancy, being much more quiet and reserved. After having delivered papers up the Town Line I would sometimes cut through the Lever Farm and come out in Lynn's back yard, and chuck their paper onto their side porch as I went down their driveway to Hazelhurst Road. They never seemed to mind and it was a great shortcut. Finally, at the end of the road was the Ritchie place. Some of you must remember the Ritchie kids, Jean (Class of '54), Bob, and Jim (both in the class of '57). I recollect one incident with Bob. One day before school he sold me some cards for my milk money and then challenged me to play.

You played cards by flipping them to the ground and matching what the other guy had done. Bob was quite good at it and pretty quickly he had won back almost all the cards he had sold me. He must have felt a little guilty, rooking an underclassman out of his milk money and cards, because when I was down to one card he suggested we quit. Another incident didn't turn out quite as well. It was during the winter and a sheet of ice had formed in the playground and kids

were sliding on it. I joined in and woke up in Annie's office with a bad concussion, a result of falling backwards and smashing my head on the ice. Later I was told that Bob, along with Cam Pengilley, were responsible for shoving me so that I fell. Later that year I developed epilepsy, and always wondered if there was a connection, as a severe blow to head is a frequent cause of this disorder. At any rate, if you really were involved in this, and if you ever read this, no hard feelings Bob. The Lord works everything out for good and I figure you didn't really mean any harm. I

don't remember very many classmates from the Town Line. Of course, anyone living on the west side of the road would have gone to an elementary school on the Ninth Line and to Trafalgar High in Oakville. Right on the corner of the Lakeshore Highway and the Town Line, on the Clarkson side, was Neilsen Nurseries. I remember Bob Nielsen. He was in my sister Rommy's class (Class of '52). Occasionally we had the money to take the bus to school and I remember one time we were taking the Gray Coach to school and Bob was sitting behind me. He was a real friendly guy and started to chat



Me and my collie at the time I had a paper route

with me. I was in grade one or maybe two, and still working on my English skills. Bob noticed that my lips moved every time after I had just said something. I was going over with myself what I had just said to make sure it had come out right. So Bob nicknamed me "The Repeater." I wound up being called at lot worse at Clarkson Public School so I didn't really mind. Bob was a pretty nice guy.

Across the street on the South side

of the Lakeshore Highway was the Gardiner estate. That's where Bob Donaldson lived. His father was the Gardiner's gardener and they lived in small house on the estate reserved for that position. The Gardiner's were on my paper route, but I never saw Mr. Gardiner. It was also one of the more demanding deliveries. I had to backtrack somewhat along the Lakeshore Highway, go through this imposing entrance gateway and down by far the longest driveway of any of my customers. While peacocks strutted around I had to deliver the paper very precisely to a specific spot by the front door of the Gardiner mansion.

Around the holidays most of my customers would give me a nice tip for another year of faithful and intrepid service, in all sorts of weather. I never got a nickel from the Gardiners. When I went to collect a uniformed maid would answer the door and count out the money to the penny. I sure hope Mr. Donaldson was paid more generously than I was.

Heading North up the Town Line and restricting ourselves to the Clarkson side, the first place of interest to alumni of Clarkson Public School would be the Abbs' farm. It was home to Dorothy Abbs (Class of '55). I can picture Dorothy perfectly in my mind, but can't remember much about her. I do remember that there was a pond in the back of the Abbs' place where we sometimes went skating in the winter time. And finally, last but far from least, we come to the Jackson place. Judy was a very attractive girl, with a great personality and a sweet nature. Both the Abbs' and the Jackson's were

(cont.pg.5)

customers of mine. I remember once, when delivering the paper, Judy was practicing her archery in the yard. I think the girls were taking archery in Phys-Ed at L.P.S.S. At any rate she invited me to try my hand at it. Getting those willful arrows to cooperate in their flight towards the bulleye was a lot more difficult than it looked.

That pretty much wraps it up for West Clarkson, unless one starts heading East of the Thackerage. Like I said, it was sparsely populated with respect to classmates from Clarkson Public. The only other place of note was the Herridge Fruit Market. It was located back then along the Lakeshore Highway on the North side in front of the Earhardts' place (The Earhardts were related to the Herridges, and Lloyd Herridge, the unofficial Mayor of Clarkson, farmed their land) just East of the Manor Farm and no more than a quarter mile West of Spinning Wheel Lodge. Before I got into the paper route business, my chief source of income was collecting pop bottles. My beat was the Lakeshore Highway from the Boulder Villa to the Town Line and I would faithfully scour it for discarded pop bottles. At two cents each they provided me my weekly income. I would cash in my pop bottles at The Fruit Market. Being a frugal Frisian (an ethnic group from

Friesland, a province in the North West of the Netherlands), I generally took cash rather than spending it on soda and candy, much to Mr. Herridge's disgust, who looked on the whole business as an annoyance. Once his frustration with me peaked and he announced that the deposit had been reduced to one cent per bottle. That wasn't true, and I took a financial hit that day. In the future I tried to time my visits so that Mrs. Herridge was there to take my bottles. She was a real sweet lady. Jane Herridge, who was a classmate of mine, hung around there sometimes. I remember once, when we were in about grade seven, she was playing with a doll at the Fruit Market. By that age girls generally didn't play with dolls anymore, but Jane had something else in mind. She had a crush on Dave Runalls in our class and was hugging and kissing the doll calling it "her sweet Davy," while effusing of her love for him to me. (I had my sister Rommy get Jane's address from relatives at the Fruit Market. She had lived in Hawaii for years, but had recently moved to Las Vegas. I wrote her twice but never got an answer, so I don't know if she ever received my letters. I guess she missed her last chance to swear me to silence!).

Another memory of the Herridge Fruit Market involves Steve Paul. I don't know if many of you remem-

ber Steve, but he attended Clarkson Public for a couple of years when I was in the third and fourth grade. He lived in that little red house on west side of the Lakeshore Highway about a quarter mile north of the Thackerage, and just south of where the Liquid Cargo Lines now has their depot. Steve's place is where I first got to watch T.V. I was totally blown away by the wonder of it all, being able to watch the Lone Ranger or Sagebrush Trail occasionally on a Saturday morning. Anyways, one day Steve and I were thinking how good a couple of chocolate bars would be about now, and mourning the fact we were both totally broke, when Steve had an idea. He insisted we go to the Fruit Market and that I should ask for two chocolate bars on credit. I had no idea what "credit" meant, but Steve insisted that it would work, so we went. Mrs. Herridge was behind the counter where they sold the candy and the ice cream, and I bravely piped up, "Two Sweet Maries, on credit please." Mrs. Herridge broke out into a huge smile and laughingly plunked two bars down on the counter for us. As we walked off munching our bars I marveled at this magic word "credit" that had the same power as "abracadabra" or "open sesame." A few years later when I dis-

(cont.pg 6)



The Voleendam, the ship we came over on and some of us on the deck. I am the small boy in the center, Rommy is the left foreground, and Betty is behind the life preserver.

HOW MANY DOGS DOES IT TAKE TO CHANGE A LIGHT BULB?

1. Golden Retriever: The sun is shining, the day is young, we've got our whole lives ahead of us, and you're inside worrying about a stupid burned out bulb?

2. Border Collie: Just one. And then I'll replace any wiring that's not up to code.

3. Dachshund: You know I can't reach that stupid lamp!

4. Rottweiler: Make me.

5. Boxer: Who cares? I can still play with my squeaky toys in the dark.

6. Lab: Oh, me, me!!!! Pleeeeeeeeeeze let me change the light bulb! Can I? Can I? Huh? Huh? Huh? Can I? Pleeeeeeeeeeze, please, please, please!



7. German Shepherd: I'll change it as soon as I've led these people from the dark, check to make sure I haven't missed any, and make just one more perimeter patrol to see that no one has tried to take advantage of the situation.

8. Jack Russell Terrier: I'll just pop it in while I'm bouncing off the walls and furniture.

9. Old English Sheep Dog: Light bulb? I'm sorry, but I don't see a light bulb!

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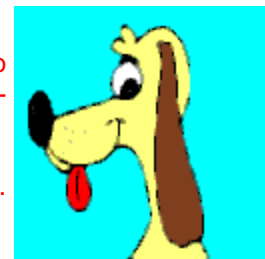
10. Cocker Spaniel: Why change it? I can still pee on the carpet in the dark.

11. Chihuahua: Yo quiero Taco Bulb. Or "We don't need no stinking light bulb."

12. Greyhound: It isn't moving. Who cares?

13. Australian Shepherd: First, I'll put all the light bulbs in a little circle...

14. Poodle: I'll just blow in the Border Collie's ear and he'll do it. By the time he finishes rewiring the house, my nails will be dry.



HOW MANY CATS DOES IT TAKE TO CHANGE A LIGHT BULB?

Cats do not change light bulbs. People change light bulbs. So, the real question is: "How long will it be before I can expect some light, some dinner, and a massage?"

ALL OF WHICH PROVES, ONCE AGAIN, THAT WHILE DOGS HAVE MASTERS, CATS HAVE STAFF!



Submitted by Clarissa Stevens-Guille ('83)

Covered what "credit" meant I went back to the Fruit Market and repaid Mrs. Herridge for the two bars. She was surprised and again took my money laughingly. I think she really was amused by it all. She was a real sweetheart. I hope she is still alive. About a year ago my sister Rommy mentioned that she had cancer. I wanted to get up there he see her again, but haven't been able to make it up to Canada lately. Well, at least my thoughts and prayers are with her.

Well, as they used to say at the end of Looney Tunes cartoons, "That's all folks." I hope that it's

been interesting and entertaining. But stay tuned. Nostalgia addicts like me never really quit or go away.

Note: Class years are referenced by graduation year from Clarkson Public School. Where no class year is given it is either because I do not know, or more likely because they did not graduate from Clarkson Public. For example Leonard van Harten switched to John Knox (let's hear it for those Scotch Presbyterians) Christian School operated by the Clarkson Christian Reformed Church Others, like the Blakers, moved away. Len would

have been in the Class of '59. We started together in the Class of '58 in Grade 1, but he was a year underage and Miss Speck made him repeat. The Clarkson CRC was on the South side of the Lakeshore Highway, just east of the British-American Oil Co. railroad spur, and its back yard abutted our playground. I still remember Leonard, with his nose up against the chain link fence, wistfully talking to all his friends from Clarkson Public at recess time. Class years are not just a matter of memory or conjecture. Sandra Lindsay provided me with the graduation lists from her mother's archives. Thanks Sandra!

"Into the Unknown"—Lynn Jenkins (Stevenson) ('71)

www.marylennstevenson.com



PREDICTIONS FOR 2006

2005 was a year of change, for some, that change was more drastic than others. For some, the change came whether they wanted it or not, it was meant to be, therefore, it happened. 2005 was a year of preparation, getting people ready for what is to come in 2006. The tides of change will continue through to the end of March. By the beginning of April things will start to even out and move in a more positive direction.

2005 was a year of death, 2006 will be a year of new life. It will also be a year of new starts and new beginnings for many.

If you started a new busi-

ness in 2005, you will see it flourish in 2006. If you have a new business idea, this is the year to put it into action as 2006 is a year of success and manifestation. It is, of course, up to you to make it happen. If you choose to sit and wait for success to come to you, you will have a very long wait. As the old saying goes, "As you sow, so shall you reap." In other words, whatever you put out, you will receive back. This is the year to set your goals and go after them.

Finances will be better this year, however, if you overextend yourself too much do beware of bankruptcy.

2006 will be a year of

celebrations.

The political scene will be more of a three-ring circus than usual. More scandal is coming to the forefront as well as some very embarrassing moments for a certain party of politicians.

2006 is also going to be a humanitarian year. More and more you will see people helping people, not because they feel they have to, but because they want to.

If ever there was a time to speak up and be heard, this is it. This is the year to make your mark in life.

Wishing everyone all the best for 2006.

50TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION

Have you marked October 19-21, 2007 in your calendars? Those are the dates for Lorne Park Secondary School's 50th Anniversary Reunion.

We have a jam-packed three days planned:

Friday evening (Oct. 19)- class parties (see pg. 9)
 Saturday, (Oct. 20) - pancake breakfast, opening ceremonies, open house, athletic

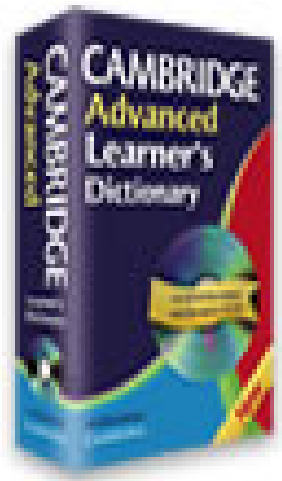
Saturday (cont) - events, LPSS Spartans football and basketball league games, afternoon tea, dances, music, mementos, etc., etc., etc.
 Sunday (Oct. 21) - church service

If you'd like to get involved and help out, you can email us at Editor@LPSSMatters.com, or see page 9—**50TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION UPDATE.**



Some reasons why the English language is not the easiest to learn ...

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) After a number of injections my jaw got number.
- 19) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
- 20) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
- 21) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?



LORNE PARK HIGH SCHOOL UNOFFICIAL ALUMINI REUNION

- * GRADUATING CLASS OF 1971, 1972 & 1973
- * DICKSON'S PIANO BAR & GRILL
- * DOORS OPEN AT 4:00 P.M. -PAY AT DOOR
- * \$10.00 INC. HOT/COLD BUFFET (6:30 TIL 10:30 P.M.)
- * Go to <http://www.lpssmatters.com/reunions.php>

- * SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 2006
- * 3737 LAKESHORE BLVD. WEST
(BROWN'S LINE & LAKESHORE)



ElderCareCanada-Cdn. eldercare solutions



Pat Irwin ('72)



Q. I followed the advice in your column about getting my dad to stop driving – and it didn't work! What now?

A. Sorry to hear the 'rational' approach didn't work – but at least your data-gathering gave you the specifics about the problem. Driving, especially to men, represents independence and freedom, so this is not just about a car, a licence and some keys. Your dad's refusal in the face of clear evidences is certainly a sign of 'denial'; it may also indicate some dementia or disassociation from reality. It's now become a serious situation of preventing harm to your dad and to others, so it's now time to enlist the help of professionals:

Family Doctor:

Assuming you followed the tips in our first column, your dad's family doctor is not only aware of the situation, but has advised your dad to stop driving – an edict which has been ignored. The doctor will write a letter to the provincial Ministry of Transport outlining the reasons for the recommendation that the licence be revoked. This letter may be mailed to the Ministry by the doctor, or taken by the family to the local police station with a covering letter from the driver's Power of Attorney, requesting termination of the licence. With luck, this step may convince your dad to sur-

render his licence and keys voluntarily.

Provincial Ministry of Transport

The Ministry of Transport will flag the licence as revoked on its system, so that anyone the licence is checked it will be made aware of its status. While your dad may feel that simply possessing the licence means he can drive, it is not necessary to reclaim the actual licence.

Local Police

In extreme cases, the police can be alerted when you're aware your dad is driving, so that he is 'pulled over' and advised that his licence is revoked – ask for the special number, and provide his car, plate information and location. It's a scare tactic, but it's a calculated risk you might feel is justified.

Insurance Agent

Provide your dad's insurance agent with a copy of the doctor's letter to the Ministry; you can be sure his car insurance will be promptly cancelled, putting your dad further in violation. This, too, might be a point when your dad agrees to co-operate.

How do you actually get Dad to hand over the keys?

When all options have failed, it's time for extreme measures. I have had

success with hiring a private-duty policeman to come to the home – or retirement home lobby - in full uniform, with family members present. The cop talks gently but firmly about the concerns and evidence, then formally requests the keys, which are immediately handed to the family (since they are not the cop's property). Ideally the family member will then remove the car from the premises. Alternatively you may designate a consultant to be the 'bad guy' to accompany the police, so that you can maintain a relationship with your dad and help him deal with this loss. Be sure you have followed the ideas in my previous column about setting up alternative sources of transportation for errands, appointments and outings, and be sure the support system is there for your dad to vent his frustration and sorrow. Be sure he continues to go out, using the alternative methods of transportation, so he doesn't feel like a recluse.

No one wants to treat a family member in this way, but you must keep in mind the liability and potential for harm to your parent and to others. It's an unhappy role-reversal for you to do this to your father, so make sure you have the understanding and support of all family members, and give yourself credit for having the courage to love your dad so much.

50TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION UPDATE

Lorne Park S.S. will celebrate its 50th anniversary in October, 2007. To that end, we are asking for alumni to assist in finding their classmates. To date, alumni from 15 years have volunteered to help coordinate this search. The alumni who have volunteered so far are listed below.

LPSS 50th Reunion – Class Representatives:

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1959 - Patricia Conron (Henderson) | 1960 - Mary Lou May (Baldwin) | 1963 - Fred Hilditch |
| 1964 - Mike Raham | 1965 - Pat Raham (Carr) | 1966 - Donna Walker (Harrison) |
| 1967 - Doug Alton/Karen Empey (Alton) | 1968 - Judy Darling (Orr) | 1969 - Wendy Arntfield (Van Exan) |
| 1970 - Janet Pearson (Miller) | 1977 - Michelle Oliphant (Nolan) | 1979 - Tim Frazer |
| 1983 - Clarissa Stevens-Guile | 1985 - Ken Reeves | 1997 - Colin Crouse |

Please help to make this reunion a success. You will not be alone. You are welcome to enlist others from your year. Also, I will be able to provide you with a class list (in Word format) for your year as well as an Excel worksheet listing some 1,400 LPSS alumni with whom we have email contact already. The web-site, classmates.com, is also very useful. If your year is not covered above, and you would like to help in finding some of your classmates, please contact me at: david.crouse@utoronto.ca

We Remember...

Class of 1965: Rodney Cooper has died. He was our valedictorian.

David Crouse ('65)

I have the following information for the We Remember section of the site: Rick Ogier Grad year 1977? and he passed away in 1999.

Cheryl Smith

Letters

(RE: Front Page Story about West Clarkson)

Hi Fred:

You were very kind to send me the West Clarkson Story through Tim -

How well I remember what a good paper boy you were! And what a fantastic family the Hilditch family was and I'm sure still is.

I look forward to almost memorizing the story - I believe that your parents supported in my election in 1967 when the Town Of Mississauga became a town instead of a township and I was lucky enough to be the Councillor for Ward Two - one of my fondest memories was when we cut the ribbon at the Clarkson Arena, with the support the Clarkson Lions Club and especially with the support of Mayor Bob Speck. Mayor Speck died before the Arena was finished.

So much history!

Our family is doing well and I hope yours is doing well too.

I'll get back to you after I have enjoyed the story.

Regards -

Lou

Jewish Bra

A man walked into the Lingerie Department of Macy's in New York City. He tells the saleslady, "I would like a Jewish bra for my wife, size 34B."

With a quizzical look the saleslady asked, "What kind of bra?"

He repeated "A Jewish bra. She said to tell you that she wanted a Jewish bra, and that you would know what she wanted."

"Ah, now I remember," said the saleslady. "We don't get as many requests for them as we used to. Mostly our customers lately want the Catholic bra, or the Sal-

the Salvation Army bra, or the Presbyterian bra."

Confused, and a little flustered, the man asked "So, what are the differences?"

The saleslady responded. "It is all really quite simple. The Catholic bra supports the masses. The Salvation Army lifts up the fallen, and the Presbyterian bra keeps them staunch and upright."

He mused on that information for a minute and said: "Hmmm. I know I'll regret asking, but what does the Jewish bra do?"

"A Jewish bra," she replied, "makes mountains out of molehills ...".

(thanks Greg)

1050 chum

Since so many of use grew up listening to CHUM radio we though it only fitting to print the obituary of Allan Waters, founder of CHUM

OBITUARY | For broadcaster Allan Waters 84, on Dec. 3, 2005

It all started in 1957 with one small radio station.

In the beginning, for Toronto's rock and roll fans, there was Allan Waters.

Well, not Waters himself, who died yesterday at 84, but the crew of manic and memorable deejays he recruited to Toronto radio station CHUM who were their listeners' constant companions through the evolution of mop-top pop, protest pop, pop-folk and pop-shock.

In the 1960s and 1970s, CHUM was the city's dominant cultural institution. Beginning in 1957, when the fledgling station made a startling switch from religious programming to Canada's first 24-hour Top 40 hits format, CHUM not only put the Temptations and the Four Tops on the map locally.

It also created its own constellation of local stars, disk jockeys like Jungle Jay Nelson, Al Boliska, Bob McAdorey, Larry Solway and Bob Laine, whose affair of mutual affection with a massive audience of teens was unrivalled in North America.

Over time, Waters parlayed the success of CHUM into today's Chum Ltd. empire of 23 radio stations, 12 TV outlets including Toronto's CityTV, and 21 specialty TV channels including MuchMusic, Bravo!, CP 24 and Space.

Starting with that single, struggling Toronto radio outlet that was losing \$3,000 a month on annual sales of just \$150,000, Waters laid the foundation for a company that generated profits of \$41.1 million last year on sales of \$628 million.

"I don't know that he ever thought it was going to get this big ... when he bought 1050 CHUM" in 1953, Waters' son Jim Waters, now chairman of Chum Ltd., said yesterday of his pioneering father. "I don't know that he ever imagined that at all."

It all began with the weekly CHUM Chart, distributed to record shops and tens of thousands of kids, including

members of the CHUMbug Club; the touring bikini-clad CHUM Chicks; the CHUM disk jockeys who emceed hundreds of school dances; and the non-stop stunts like pie-throwing jocks.

Intensely loyal to the station, the jocks weren't above accusing listeners of treason should they drift to rival rock station CFTR. McAdorey once coaxed John Wayne to repeat the station's tag, "I'm a CHUMbug, are you?" The actor repeated what he thought McAdorey had said: "I'm a chum, bugger you!"

"They were electronic Pied Pipers, polished showbiz acts in and of themselves," wrote Star critic Greg Quill in 2001 of CHUM's stable of local-legend deejays. Quill quoted David Marsden, a star at a rival station, who said CHUM at its zenith "represented excitement, young ideas, creativity, freedom of expression. And the jocks got to play the music they loved."

Of course, when Waters, a former drug salesman raised in Toronto's east end, introduced the hit-machine format to Canada in the year of the Sputnik launch, there was less competition on the radio dial. Waters' first station doubled its ratings in the first week and soon commanded 15 per cent to 20 per cent of the entire Toronto radio audience.

Waters was wedded to the station. "At Chum [Ltd.], starting with myself and top management, we are broadcasters first," Waters told Canadian Business magazine in a rare interview in 1981. "We work at it. We are investors second."

Which explains why Chum Ltd. has clung to its independence, rejecting merger entreaties over the years.

Waters was adamant that broadcasting is a field for professionals and not deep-pocketed financiers.

"It's showbiz," Waters explained. "People get emotional about broadcasting. They really get emotional. You get 10 guys together and they immediately want to buy a radio station. That's why a lot of radio stations get into trouble — people buy them or get a licence and they can't handle the damn things."

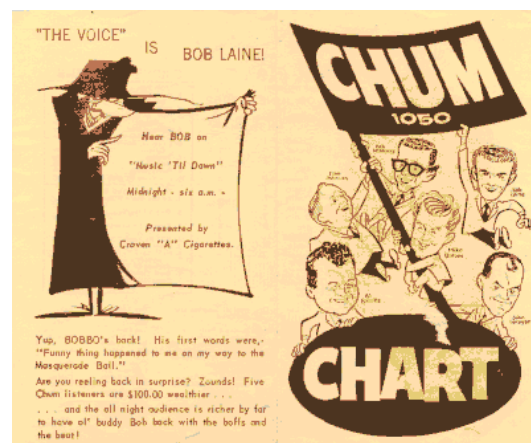
"Some guys don't listen to their own stations," said CityTV cofounder Jerry Grafstein. Waters "enjoys his. He told me once one of his tests of broadcasting is you shouldn't be putting anything on the air that doesn't meet your own tastes."

Did the soft-porn Baby Blue movies aired by the early CityTV on Friday nights (and since revived) meet Waters' tastes? The circumspect Waters never said, but he was quick to see the growth potential of the upstart CityTV's intensely local and mildly irreverent programming formula. As with his other properties, when Waters first invested in CityTV six years after its 1972 launch, he delegated to the existing management.

The deferential Waters shunned the limelight, hosting cribbage matches at his modest Toronto home and a cottage north of the city with a tight group of friends from his youth.

There were setbacks, of course, including a short-lived Toronto classical music station that was more than three decades ahead of its time.

But with persistence and prudence, Waters continued to accumulate broadcast outlets.



*Written by Star columnist David Olive
Sent in by Fred Hilditch ('63)*

WORST DATE

If you didn't see this on the Tonight show, I hope you're sitting down when you read it. This is probably the funniest date story ever, first date or not!!! We have all had bad dates.. but this takes the cake. This just tells you how tough it is to be single nowadays. This was on the "Tonight Show" with Jay Leno. Jay went into the audience to find the most embarrassing first date that a woman ever had. The winner described her worst first date experience. There was absolutely no question as to why her tale took the prize! She said it was midwinter... snowing and quite cold... and the guy had taken her skiing in the mountains outside Salt Lake City, Utah. It was a day trip (no overnight). They were strangers, after all, and truly had never met before. The outing was fun but relatively uneventful until

that afternoon. They were driving back down the mountain, when she gradually began to realize that she should not have had that extra latte. They were about an hour away from anywhere with a rest room and in the middle of nowhere! Her companion suggested she try to hold it, which she did for a while. Unfortunately, because of the heavy snow and slow going, there came a point where she told him that he had better stop and let her pee beside the road, or it would be the front seat of his car.

They stopped and she quickly crawled out beside the car, yanked her pants down and started. In the deep snow she didn't have good footing, so she let her butt rest against the rear fender to steady herself. Her companion stood on the side of the car watching for traffic and indeed was a real gentleman and refrained from peeking. All

she could think about was the relief she felt despite the rather embarrassing nature of the situation. Upon finishing however, she soon became aware of another sensation. As she bent to pull up her pants, the young lady discovered her buttocks were firmly glued against the car's fender. Thoughts of tongues frozen to pump handles immediately came to mind as she attempted to disengage her flesh from the icy metal. It was quickly apparent that she had a brand new problem due to the extreme cold.

Horried by her plight and yet aware of the humor of the moment, she answered her date's concerns about "what is taking so long" with a reply that indeed, she was "freezing her butt off and in need of some assistance!" He came around the car as she tried to cover herself with her sweater and then, as she looked imploringly....

(cont. pg.19)

Spartan Stuff

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



Memories of the Premiere Class Era' 1957 to 1964 January - 2006 - Fifteen Edition since July 2002

From the web site

<http://www.mississauga.ca/historicimages>

Historic Images Gallery of the City Mississauga you can find all kinds of images of Lorne Park & Clarkson like Hotel Louise. Lorne Park Estates Date Built 1879. Description: Conc. 3 SDS, Lot 29, in Lorne Park south of Lakeshore Road. The land on which Lorne Park Estates is today was unclaimed land until late in the 1850s. In 1877 it belonged to J. and W. Orr, when it was discovered by Toronto residents and became a popular amusement park. Lorne Park was officially opened on May 24, 1879 by the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada. The amusement park contained a shooting gallery, swings, slides, a merry-go-round, dancing, a pavilion and a restaurant. There was also a bowling green and tennis courts. The Hotel Louise was built in 1879 and redesigned by Edmund Burke in 1889 in the elaborate style of the time. The hotel had been named after Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria. It was well patronized and also used as a meeting place and social club for the cottage owners who settled in Lorne Park. In 1909 it ceased to operate as a hotel and was used as a cottage. In 1920 there was a fire in the hotel and it eventually became derelict, and no longer exists. Do you remember the Auld Butcher shop, Barn Antiques, Carload Grocery Store, Satellite Restaurant, Lorne Park Railway Station, Lorne Park Community Centre, Springbank Community Centre – Erindale, etc - most of these places are still there in one shape or another?



Clarkson Story by Louis DeBoer ('63) — Sandra Lindsay ('64) - On behalf of all the people who grew up in Clarkson, and anyone else who enjoyed reading Louis DeBoer's Reminiscences about West Clarkson, I would like to say a HUGE thank you to him for taking the time and trouble to put this on paper. No one can properly put a value on this type of historical record. More comments follow. If you missed the story Fred will send it to you.

Tannis (Terri) Newton ('64) - You are forgiven. Besides there are some days that I truly wish for the days of hiking up to Muskoka w/ friends. My parents never opted for a cottage of their own but sure loved to go there. Many fun memories of teen years spent on the water w/ my buddies. Do miss many things about Canada - ones the Yanks just don't understand

Jim Cooper ('65) - Hello Fred - good to hear from you. I retired from CCL Industries Dec 31 2004 - we bought a house on Lake Simcoe - 105 Lakeshore Road West Oro - L0L 2E0 - Oct 2003 - used it for summers until retired - now doing major addition - always a good investment on Lake. Linda and I have 2 grandchildren - our daughter Terri's- 35 yrs old (Donovan) girls - Tatum 7 and Elyessa 3 - they live in Beaverton on the Lake - and visit by boat in summer. Our son Brad lives just down the road - in house his dad bought - he's 32 going on 18 - pay me now or pay me now - he selling cars in Barrie and starting to do OK! We have been married 35 years - lived in US from 1991 - to Dec 04. Lived in Goshen NY, Easthampton Mass, Oak Ridge N.J. and Stamford CT. Got into sailing - after the 15' Enterprises we bought from Port Credit sailing school - we have a 36' Beneteau sail boat in US - hope to move it to Florida fall 06 and spend 3 months on it - Jan - March - in the Keys. I had a great first year of retirement - fishing - lake trout on Simcoe - boat at front door - hunting - Moose and Deer - Bracebridge area - at friends cottage and camp - we got a cow and calf this year - and several hangovers. I'll try and attach a couple pictures - stay in touch - when you're going through - lets have a beer. I'm still playing old-timers hockey - 2 teams - going 2 a week - getting slower every year.

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)



A message and a familiar story—Fellow Hillcrest Public School friend **Lloyd Marshment** lives in south western Ontario. He was connected with us when another fellow Hillcrest student, David Ripley a dentist in Collingwood, was looking for information about our **Cathy Kerr ('62)** who left us in the winter of 2003/4 while trying to be a good Samaritan on airport road in a snow storm. Lloyd belongs to Falcon car clubs and had the above picture on the net to sell his Falcon van. (I didn't remember Falcon's ever having a van) He & his brother Dave are working on a public school picture for us. Here is a little note he sent me. Dave's memory is pretty good but mine sucks big time! Dave handed me a hand written copy of all the kids he knew from the school photo but I have no idea where I put it so I re-sent the school picture to Dave and he is going to redo it for me. He is laid up right now having had surgery to replace both knees on Nov. 14. I spent five weeks in Streetsville; from Oct. 14 to Nov. 14 looking after my Mom. On Friday Oct. 14 I met Dave at Dad and

Mom's house in Streetsville and Dave and I loaded Dad into Dave's pickup truck and he took him to Credit Valley Hospital Emergency and Dad was put into the hospital with severe pneumonia Friday night and then into Intensive care on life support (breathing machine) on Sunday night with a 50/50 chance of making it. I was told by the doctor in charge of the ICU that Dad could be suffering from Legionnaires disease and that he was being treated for this disease as well as pneumonia. About a week or so later they confirmed that it was indeed Legionnaires that Dad had. On Oct. 26 the nurses pulled the breathing tube from Dad's lungs and allowed him to wake from his drugged sleep. He was moved to the general hospital population on Oct. 27 and discharged Nov. 4. Dad is 88 and Mom is 86 and Mom has dementia and Dad was her caregiver; hence the reason that I was staying with Mom was I was now her caregiver. We have since moved both of them to a retirement home in Sarnia so that Mom can be cared for and Dad can recuperate to get his strength back. At this time they are not the happiest people because they are out of their environment and not really liking it. They have lived in their home in Streetsville for 40 years and Dad looked after the lawn and snow removal during the winter until going in the hospital. Dad understands that he can't look after Mom nor himself at the present time and is hopeful of returning to their home in the spring. I don't think he will come back to the point where he was prior to Legionnaires disease. He caught the spores of this disease from spreading 5 bags of topsoil on his lawn before Thanksgiving. Makes you wonder about lawn care doesn't it Fred! Anyhow I still haven't caught up with the jobs that I was in the middle of when I left in October. Mom was sick yesterday and I had to rush her to the hospital and after a whole battery of tests the doctor thinks she might have taken some medication that didn't agree with her. It just doesn't seem to stop with the daily trips in to see them and helping them with bathing and laundry. It sucks getting old! Anyway Fred, I am hopeful of heading to Streetsville next week to clean out their freezer and fridge and check the eave troughs to make sure they are clean: I sure don't need a plugged eave trough to push water back up under the roof in the winter! I will stop at Oakville and see Dave and get the revised list of names and I will e-mail you with the results soon.

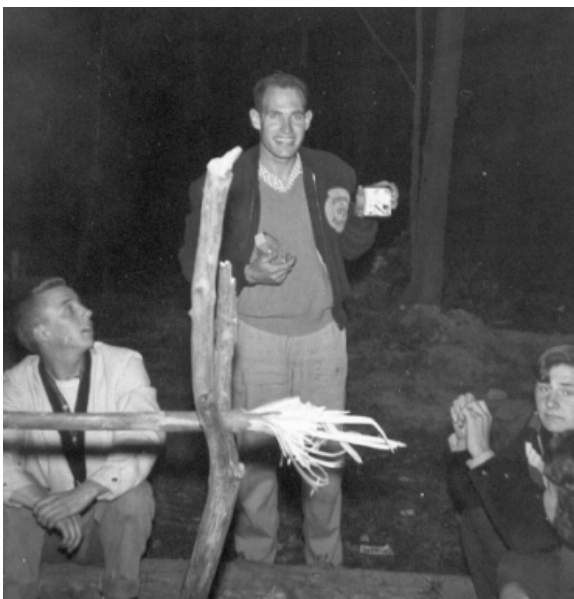
Susan Potts LPSS teacher - Thanks for dropping off **Biff Hawk's LPSS 1965** book, Fred. It's certainly substantial! It's interesting in that Gordon Macfarlane and I went to a book launch last week; Mary Martin, from LPSS, has written a novel, "Conduct in Question". So I now have two ex-students' books to read! Mary Martin No, she's not related to Barry Martin. She grew up in Toronto, and then when her father, Tom, was made a superintendent of the Peel Board, they moved to Lorne Park and she went to LPSS.

From Fred - At a rest area near a bar at the Cottage Life Show (last spring), Jack and his wife (Marg?) came walking by me and I said 'Good Afternoon, **Mr. Jack Richardson**'. I played a little game with him about who I was? I gave him some clues and he figured it out. Not bad for a 75 year old. I was impressed. Looks the same as he does in the attached photo. Jack retired as School Supervisor in the Halton District. **Mr. Manders** has Parkinson's Disease. He also sees from time to time **Mr. Squires**. Jack and his wife have six children who live coast to coast. He has a cottage in the Kawartha's and lives in the same house in south east Mississauga. Jack works/volunteers in pool helping seniors with their mobility. Some of my patients (that I drive to cancer treatment) have him as a pool therapist. Here are some comments when I sent the above out to our members.

Dale Perigoe ('60) - Thanks for the update. My heart stopped when I read the 'subject'. Thought Mr. Richardson had

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)



perhaps died. He was our Grade 10 History and Geography teacher while we went to Port Credit High School in Gr. 9 and 10. Mr. Manders took over as History teacher when the new school (LPSS) was finally ready. Both were amazing teachers and educators in the true sense of the word. As was, Mr. Squires. Even though I did horribly in Math; never could understand the difference between an isosceles triangle and any other square root of anything, I did admire Mr. Squires and his patience. **Carol McNab ('62)** - Gosh Fred, I had Mr. Richardson for history. Can't believe he is 75 since I am only 29!! **Bruce Conron ('63)** - Many thanks for bringing this meeting and the photo of JR, (as we called him) circa 1962, to my attention. He was one of the most influential teachers I had at LPSS, more in his role as football coach than in other respects, and I have thought about his philosophy of team play, gutting it out, and "execution" for all these years. My "career" in football peaked in the fall of 1962 under his direction. I remember a team party during the season at his modest home in Applewood Acres near Cawthra. He is a graduate of U of T's phys ed school, the same one my son is enrolled in now, some 50 + years later. My elder son wants to go into education after he graduates. I hope Jeffrey will have the same ability to inspire performance in sport as well as JR did for many of us back then.

Perhaps we should have a mini-reunion while these old wonders are still with us. **Dick Gregory ('62)** - So JR is only 12 years older than me?! Glad to hear Mr. Squires is still around. In my opinion he was one of the finest teachers at LPSS. He actually taught me geometry, and I was not an easy person to teach. **Jim Dickson ('63)** - the one on the right is Gary Brownridge, the other I don't remember, possibly Bob Richie, maybe. The pic is mine from the '57, '58 grad party. **Pat Raham ('65)** - I just ran into Jack at the dentist's office in Lorne Park last month. My daughter Jenn works there and has had Jack as a patient. When they first met she mentioned that her Mum and brothers went to Lorne Park and to her delight he told her a few stories about her uncles and yes even her Mum. What a terrific man he is and I truly enjoyed our chat. He looks the same and is always the gentleman. As far as the picture goes I don't know.....maybe Paul Funston but on second look maybe not. You should have told me you were going to the Cottage Life Show. They send me 6 passes every year and I seldom go. (Next Time) **Suzie Reed ('62)** - In answer to your question – As you view the photo, I think Al Millward is on the left and definitely Gary Brownridge is on the right. What a great picture! **Terri Newton ('64)** As for Jack Richardson, when you mentioned the home on South Mississauga, I remember going to that house to baby sit once for his kids - remember he had a bunch. **Bob Baker ('61) & Linda Fletcher ('61)** - Bob & I can't figure out who the guy is to the right of Jack. Who is it? Agreed it's Gary Brownridge -still not sure if it's Al Millward. - Check with Marg Dyne (McLennan) I'm sure she would know. FYI - **Al Millward ('61)** was a lawyer - worked in TO for a while, moved to London, Ont. - heard through someone I had worked with that he died a few years ago. I now think it was Brantford that Al moved to, not London - a little memory lapse. You are good Linda. Thanks for the notes. Fred – We never did determine who was the person on the left of JR and that is why it took so long to get this into our newsletter.

Clarkson Story by **Louis DeBoer ('63)** – **Bruce Conron ('63)** - I greatly enjoyed Louis' reminiscences, although I grew up at the opposite end of the LPSS universe - Tecumseh Park Drive along Indian Road - attending Lorne Park Public and then moving east to Tecumseh Public when it opened in 1954. I'm sure it was 1954 because I remember using scribbles in class with Marilyn Bell's winsome smile on the covers. I was a classmate of Louis in high school. Nancy Sinclair, Jane Herridge, Lynn Holden, Dave Runnells and Pete Smith: a lot of memories go along with those names. My dad lives in Midland, moving there in 2001 after 50 years on Tecumseh Park Drive. Still among us at 95, worked at the B-A refinery in those days. It was his job that brought us out to Lorne Park in October 1951. At that time Clarkson and much of Lorne Park along Indian Road were still apple orchards, potato fields, and flower nurseries. Over the next ten years later most of them disappeared. Thanks for sharing old Clarkson days with the rest of us. Sandra Lindsay ('64) - I just read the part about Bob Donaldson and the Gardiner estate. That must have been the place where Bob sneaked Penny Mason and me in one night when all of us were definitely old enough to know better. We climbed the fence and just looked around - might have picked some lilacs or other flowers. Now I realize that we could have gotten into a lot of trouble. Yikes! **Hilary Meredith ('67)** - What a wonderful read! Thank you for forwarding the story. **Susan Potts LPSS**

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

Teacher - Louis' memories were interesting and well written. I remember Steve McCorquodale too; he did have a fine sense of humour. **Carol McNab ('62)** - Wow, how interesting. I love history, thanks. **Linda Fletcher ('61)** - Loved reading Louis' story. If you have his address, perhaps you could pass this on to Louis. (Done) Louis, you sure bring back many Clarkson memories. I graduated from Clarkson Public School in '56. Since the school was not large at the time, or Clarkson itself, you knew & played with many of the "kids" and their brothers & sisters. Greta Van Harten, Jean McCorquodale, Margaret Kersten, Ritchie kids, Judy Jackson are all familiar. I believe you have a sister around my age however I can't remember her name. Mrs. Herridge died a couple of years ago. Do you remember Clarkson Greenhouses? (on the west side of Lakeshore, north of the BA refinery) My parent's farm was across the road - went down a long lane. Herridge farm on one side & Terry farm on the other side. My sister, Mary (Fletcher) Satterthwaite would have graduated in '60 and my brother Paul Fletcher in '64. We all had Miss Speck in Grade 1 and of course Miss Hall. **Dick Gregory ('61)** - Great reading Fred. Brought back some good memories although I was more familiar with the East end of Clarkson. When we moved from the city we settled on Parkland Ave which I guess was around the line that separated Lorne Park from Clarkson. In any event for a year until they built Owenwood School I had to walk to Clarkson School. I'm sure it was more than 2 miles but I never got any bus tickets. Annie Hall was the principal. My grade 7 teacher was Graham Dovener. Funny thing is our classroom was in one of 2 portables and I don't recall ever being in the main school. I used to hang out with Wayne Brown. His dad ran a gas station in town on the south side of Lakeshore Rd. A B/A station I think or maybe Texaco. Wayne and I used to steal golf balls at the old Glen Levin Golf course then sell them back to the golfers. Wayne talked me into joining the Clarkson Boy Scouts. Eddie Josiak was our leader. I think he worked for Johnston Motors. I went to 2 meetings then to a weekend jamboree somewhere along 16 mile creek in Oakville. I ended up virtually covered in poison ivy. I quit the scouts. I ran into Frank Crawford at the RV/MotorHome Show today. He was interested in the Clarkson Story so I e-mailed it to him. In talking he mentioned he had a number of photographs from that era, class pictures from Clarkson School etc. (Frank has given us a copy of a 1951 newsletter from the BA & 6 class pictures from the years 1944 to 1950— anyone wishing a copy let me know – It mentions Mr. Jack Pipes and maybe other names you would recognize.) From **Frank Crawford** - Talk about memories and good stuff! Jim Herridge lives in Bobcaygeon, not far from us. **Bob Irwin** and I are still good buds. I will see if he or Jim has anything. We were at Bob's daughters wedding recently and I had the pleasure of sitting around the table and talking with the Irwin family including Mrs. (Marg). She in her early 90's, lives at a nursing home in Mississauga. Still sharp as a tack. **Lou Parsons** – real estate agent, Councillor of Mississauga, MPP, GO Transit Director and father of 5 LPSSer's - You were very kind to send me the West Clarkson Story through Tim my son. How well I remember what a good paper boy you were! And what a fantastic family the Hilditch family was and I'm sure, still is. I look forward to almost memorizing the story - I believe that your parents supported me in my election in 1967 when the Town Of Mississauga became a town instead of a township and I was lucky enough to be the Councillor for Ward Two - one of my fondest memories was when we cut the ribbon at the Clarkson Arena, with the support the Clarkson Lions Club and especially with the support of Mayor Bob Speck. Mayor Speck died before the Arena was finished. So much history! Our family is doing well and I hope yours is doing well too. I'll get back to you after I have enjoyed the story. (Lou called me later that evening and had a 15 minute chat about him, the Parsons and Clarkson.)

Don Ursino LPSS Teacher 1957/61 - Quite by chance I met Rick Gorman last week and he informed me that plans are already underway to celebrate Lorne Park's 50th anniversary in 2007. He also stated that you are editing a newsletter and in fact, he emailed a copy to me which I quite enjoyed reading. It was nice to be re-connected to a school that was an important part of life. And I enjoyed seeing the photo of Joan, Mike and Mary Lou although they didn't look quite as I remember them! I also enjoyed the commentary on Earle Brownridge. I had one encounter with Mr. Brownridge that might be of interest. I remember one Saturday morning in November I was at his home in the Lorne Park estates tutoring one of his children who had missed some classes through illness. When I had finished my session and was about to leave, Mr. Brownridge asked if I had any plans for the afternoon. My response was 'no' and then he asked if I would be interested in attending the Grey Cup Game that day. You can imagine my astonishment at being presented with a ticket to such an event. I accepted and in the afternoon found myself seated at about the 50 yard line. And if seeing this game wasn't enough, the experience was prolonged by a dense fog that rolled in during the second half of the game requiring the remainder of the game to be played the following day. So after all these years, I have a very favourable memory of Mr. Brownridge and his family. I had four very enjoyable years as a teacher at Lorne Park from its beginning at T.L. Kennedy until my departure in June of 1961, and I recall with much pleasure my association with some of the basketball teams and with the Faculty Four quartet. Hopefully I'll have the opportunity to meet many of my

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

colleagues and former students in October of 2007. I began teaching at Lorne Park when I was 21 so although the age differential between me and my students then may have been significant, I think we'll find at the reunion we're 'about the same age' now! Please add my name to the distribution list for your newsletter. For your information, when I left Lorne Park in '61, I taught science at Vincent Massey C.I. in Etobicoke for two years then headed to Queen's University where I earned MSc and PhD degrees in plant physiology and biochemistry. From there I took a two-year research fellowship at the University of Milan in Italy and then in September of 1969, I joined the biology faculty at Brock University where I remained until my 'official' retirement in 2001. I have done some teaching at Brock since, but now I am fully retired and living in St. Catharines with my wife, Anne, who I married while still teaching at Lorne Park. Our four 'children' are scattered about the world - Barrie, Ottawa, Vancouver and Sydney, Australia. I'm sure many appreciate your efforts in establishing the newsletter.



The Devils - **Pat Raham LPSS 1965** - Now I recognize all of these handsome lads.....Frank Atkinson, Chad, Richard French (Frenchie), Bart Crashley, my brother Mike Raham, Lawrence Hignall and Peter Bennett. What a fine group of guys but not devils. Well, maybe one or two but not all!!!!!! **Bruce Conron**- Is that Pete Raham, third from the right? One heck of a football player.

Jane Barnett ('65) – OLD FRIENDS REUNITE AT WHITEOAKS PUBLIC SCHOOL 50TH ALUMNI EVENT - I had forgotten all about the Whiteoaks 50th Anniversary Alumni Reunion and evidently so had lots of other people. My daughter and I were at the Lorne Park library and, luckily, saw a notice on the bulletin board and dashed over (albeit in our running errands clothes) just as the ceremonies were coming to an end. As the crowd cleared out of the gym, I saw a small knot of familiar-looking people huddled over a photograph. Sure enough, it was two of the "Box boys" (Leigh and Gary), David Crouse, Barry Ward, Peter Hoepfner and Lee Kearney, trying to name all the people in Mr. Haldenby's Grade 6 class picture. We shared lots of great memories and got a bit caught up on the last 50 years. We reminisced about how the landscape has changed (the Box family home isn't brown any longer and there's a subdivision around my house), but how many things have stayed the same and how many of us still live in the area. Gary and Leigh had lots of stories about playing hooky, including the time the roof of the school collapsed (during construction) and Mr. Bates thought Gary and Ian McNabb were buried underneath. Lee and I just commented that we knew there was a reason we weren't allowed to hang out with the Box boys. Our days of truancy didn't begin until high school. We talked about what a great job Fred does with the newsletter in terms of keeping people in touch, and we promised to meet again in two years at the LPSS reunion. Fred will make sure everyone knows about that event! Fred - After talking to her mom about the White Oaks Public school reunion her mom, Fran, calls me and saying do you remember me. I said you are the mother of Jane Barnett. We talked for awhile. Then she puts Dr. Howard Vernon on the phone and what a conversation that was. We are going to have coffee one day. Jane has given us many class pictures of Clarkson Public School. This job of being your newsletter writer has these benefits of getting out-of-the-blue phone calls from well remembered and regarded people. Awesome.

Spartan Stuff

1957—1964 (cont.)

CHUM OBITUARY for broadcaster **Allan Waters 84**, on Dec. 4, 2005. 07:43 AM. It all started in 1957 with one small radio station. In the beginning, for Toronto's rock and roll fans, there was Allan Waters. **Peter Harvey LPSS 1963** - What a coincidence. My friend who worked as an engineer for CKNW in Vancouver and I were discussing radio stations and other nerdy stuff at lunch. We talked quite a bit about CHUM, and tonight you send this obit! Weird. I was recalling how my granddaughter and I were in Toronto last year and stood outside the Chum building watching the Much-Music Dee-Jays.

Thanks to: Louis, Sandra x2, Lloyd, Dale, Carol x2, Jim, Bob & Linda x2, Hilary, Susan x2, Frank, Lou, Jane, Don, Peter, Suzie, Dick x2, Bruce x2, Art, Terri x2, Pat x2,.



50th Anniversary Reunion
October 19-21, 2007

Spartan Stuff (cont.)

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

Lee Kearney (Pettersen) ('65) - My husband Leif and I reside in Etobicoke with our two daughters, one of whom attends Etobicoke Collegiate and the other continues to ride while keeping up with her studies at Queens University. Our family still includes two Jack Russell Terriers, two cats and three horses in spite of our best efforts to downsize. Interests include golf, tennis, skiing and riding. Two other Kearney girls and our Mother still live close to LPSS, Sue in Etobicoke and Robin and Mom in Lorne Park.



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

After five years of dedicated service, Dana-Leigh has decided to retire from *LPSS Matters*. On behalf of the gang at *LPSS Matters*, and on behalf of the grads from 1970-1974, thank you Dana-Leigh for all you've done. Your submissions, suggestions and overall enthusiasm have been most appreciated!! We'll miss you.



1970-1974 GRADS - CORRESPONDENT NEEDED!

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



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



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



(cont. from pg. 12).....into his eyes, he burst out laughing. She too, got the giggles and when they finally managed to compose themselves, they assessed her dilemma. Obviously, as hysterical as the situation was, they also were faced with a real problem. Both agreed it would take something hot to free her chilly cheeks from the grip of the icy metal!

Thinking about what had gotten her into the predicament in the first place, both quickly realized



that there was only one way to get her free. So, as she looked the other way, her first-time date proceeded to unzip his pants and pee her butt off the fender. As the audience screamed in laughter, she took the Tonight Show prize hands down.. or perhaps that should be "pants down." ..And you thought your first date was embarrassing.

Jay Leno's comment .. "This gives a whole new meaning to being pissed off."

(contributed by Fred Hilditch ('63))

Spartan Stuff (cont.)**1990—1994****Lindsay Lepp (Williams) ('95) - linzy905@hotmail.com****1995—1999****Lindsay Lepp (Williams) ('95) - linzy905@hotmail.com**

LPSS 10 YEAR REUNION



Craig Mayer Hazlon Schepmyer,
Rob Yocum and Joel Hanning

The Class of 1995 came out in full force the Friday night of Thanksgiving. 75 graduates arrived at the Crooked Cue for drinks, laughter and a lot of catching up. Thanks to everyone who forwarded emails, spread the word and came to the event. It was a lot of fun!

Lindsay (Lepp) Williams
Class of 1995

If you were at the reunion and aren't on the list on the following page, or you know someone who was there that isn't on this list, please let me know. Send me an email at linzy905@hotmail.com

PORTAM FUTURO APERIMUS

Spartan Stuff (cont.)

1995—1999 (cont.)

1995 Grads in Attendance

Brett Aikman
Mark Aikman
Laura Alsip
Dave Anderson
Gavin Bajin
Matt Barber
Jenn Barbosa
Kelly Bausch
Eddy Bavington
Heather Barrett
Kathleen Barrett
Claire Bolin
Laurie Brema
Tim Bemmann
Trevor Brisbin
Tamas Buday
Sarah Bumstead
Mike Burke
Dave Caringi

Will Chow
Brad Clarke
Coleman
Kelly Cuthbert
Susan Dawson
Patrick Devlin
Jen Diaz
Jaime Diplock
Kelly Duffin
Jen Dumitrescu
Dina Eno
Lisa Gagnon
Brendan Good
Caroline Glynn
Jennifer Grossman
Joel Hanning
Robin Harding
Anouska Harris
Rebecca Hockridge

Lori Kloosterziel
Dave Lawson
Mark Leeder
Lindsay Lepp
Jeff LeRoy
Chris Lote
Leigh Anne Lucas
Frank Luisser
Seble Makonnen
Janet Marin
Cathy Margulis
Craig Mayer
Denise McEachern
Julia McGillis
Heather McKay
Ian McIntosh
Amanda Montgomery
Alyson Munkley
Jeff Newhouse

Mark Newsom
Lori Pajot
Greg Phin
Adrienne Pryde
Christine Robertson
Luciana Rodrigues
David Rogers
Mike Ross
Hazlon Schepmyer
James Smith
Stuart Snyder
Andrew Spiro
Mark Stoeken
Duncan Stewart
Jeannette Szabo
Craig Tullett
Shannon Watt
Matt Whiting
Rob Yocum

and finally...



A man escapes from a prison where he's been locked up for 15 years. He breaks into a house to look for money and guns. Inside, he finds a young couple in bed. He orders the guy out of bed and ties him to a chair. While tying the homeowner's wife to the bed, the convict gets on top of her, kisses her neck, then gets up and goes into the bathroom.

While he's in there, the husband whispers over to his wife: "Listen, this guy is an escaped convict. Look at his clothes! He's probably spent a lot of time in jail and hasn't

seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck. If he wants sex, don't resist, don't complain... do whatever he tells you. Satisfy him no matter how much he nauseates you. This guy is obviously very dangerous. If he gets angry, he'll kill us both. Be strong, honey. I love you!"

His wife responds: "He wasn't kissing my neck. He was whispering in my ear. He told me that he's gay, thinks you're cute, and asked if we had any Vaseline. I told him it was in the bathroom. Be strong honey. I love you, too!!"



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Submitted by Fred Hilditch ('63)