



# Presenting the DSS alumni newsletter

by John Lasruk

You are looking at the result of a lot of work banging away at the computer keyboard. Its continued viability depends on contributions from you, the former students of Downsview Secondary School. This, the "A" issue of Downsview Alumnus, is designed to give you a sample of what this newsletter can be. Should this publication prove to be successful, as indicated by increased traffic at [www.dssreunion.com](http://www.dssreunion.com), there will be more.

Most of this issue consists of material originally posted on the DSS reunion site. Some of it has been harvested from Opus. A little bit is original material, and I trust you'll forgive the self-indulgence in that respect beginning on page 4. If you have a story or two to tell about your years at DSS, by all means, log in to the [reunion site](#) and post your tale. It doesn't have to be uplifting or cheerful; in an ever-changing community that peaked at over two thousand, there are bound to be some interesting stories of all sorts.

We welcome photographs, too, if you have 'em. Preferably scanned to a reasonable size, say, at least 600 x 800 pixels and emailed to us as a jpeg, tiff, PNG or Photoshop format file. We can use them, particularly if there is a story attached.

Finally, send us your suggestions on what to include in your newsletter. If you'd like to include yourself as a regular contributor, well, the more the merrier.

## About that photograph at the top...

That's Downsview about 1960. At that time it was known as Downsview Collegiate Institute (DCI). Scanned from Opus 7.

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# Returning to the Reunion Web Site

by Michael Wagner, Site Admin

Greetings fellow DSSers!

We really enjoy seeing people returning to the site after a long absence. For many, it seems to be a surprise that the reunion web site is still here and going strong, 3 years after the reunion (and its original purpose) is over.

Well, the reunion web site is alive and going strong still. We decided to rename the site The DSS Online Reunion, and keep it as an online meeting place, and also a mechanism for planning other face-to-face reunions. As such, we changed a bunch of stuff, changed the focus a bit, from planning for that particular event to planning other events. There's also now a chat room (called the Euchre Table) to go and shoot the breeze, etc.

We are planning a software upgrade in the next while and that will bring new facilities to the table.

If you want to come check it out, just use this web address:

[www.dssreunion.com](http://www.dssreunion.com)

Click on the login link and give your name and password, and Bob's your uncle.

If, for some reason, that doesn't work. You should know that we don't retire old userids, or delete them, or disable them. Likely you have forgotten the password you most recently used. Or else the most recent version of your userid.

Sometimes people initially signed up as "michael" or

"mmmw". If you still have your acknowledgement email from 3 years ago, that's the name that'll be in it. Perhaps then you were encouraged to change your userid to first name last name year (example: Michael Wagner '72). Is it possible that you did this? If so, you must fill in the last userid you used.

If that still doesn't work, and you're sure you have the right password too, then follow these instructions:

If you can remember the most recent email address you used on the site and your most recent userid, you can go to this web address:

<http://www.dssreunion.com/phpbb/profile.php?mode=sendpassword>

Enter those two pieces of information, and the site will let you on. Then you can reset your password to something memorable.

If none of the above works, send us email ([admin@dssreunion.com](mailto:admin@dssreunion.com)) and we'll see if we can tell you what your last userid and email address was, and we'll get you signed on somehow.

We know that some people give up and just sign up for new accounts. We wish you wouldn't. It's a house-keeping nightmare. You end up with multiple accounts that look almost the same, and when someone comes looking for you, they don't know which account to send you messages on. Also, any postings you made and pictures you posted back in the day will be orphaned.

## DSS Reunion Site to Get Facelift

We have decided to move ahead to Version 3 of the software. The new software has many more features. Picture support is better, but a bit different. You'll be able to upload pictures directly into your postings. The pictures in the current albums will go away for a while and come back about a month after conversion in a modified, but mostly similar, form. The dashboard will be going away, but some of the most useful features are picked up, in a different form, in the new software.

We expect the new software will make the site more attractive and easier to navigate.

The conversion will take place in mid April. A more precise timeline, and more details, will be posted on the web site closer to the event. **MW**

# Mission Statement

## What Are We Trying to Do?

Downsview Secondary School is well over fifty years old. During that span of over half a century, ten thousand or more individuals have graduated from the institution, some leaving a permanent mark on it, some not, but all themselves affected one way or the other by the school and particularly by the other individuals who attended or taught there.

And so we leave the place, and, for the most part, we never again see those who, for a brief period of time, were arguably some of the most important people in our lives.

The website, and now this newsletter, exist to bring those who want it, back in contact with those ghosts from our past. Which could mean, I suppose, a lot of nostalgia, for better or for worse. But the name of the website is DSS Online Reunion, not the DSS Online Tearful Past.

If there are people who attended Downsview out there with whom you would like to regain contact, the site, and now this newsletter, have the potential to be your best bet. Given its single major purpose, it should be better than Facebook in that respect.

That, at least is the aim. **JL**

### From Opus 8 1962-63



GYM TEAM TOP ROW: Marg Monk, Pat Leduchowski, Sandy Shimada, Sandy Pitcher.  
BOTTOM ROW: Bari-Lynn Pratt, Barbara Chikosky, Diane Clairmont, Colleen Kirton.

*It's relatively easy to scan from a reproduction and get half-decent results. My own collection of Opuses (Opi?) runs from #6 to #10; hopefully, we can have access to more than that. As an aside, doesn't Sandy Pitcher (back right) look like Rosie O'Donnell?*

### From the DSS Reunion Site: W.D. Shields drawn from the "About DSS Teachers" forum

Who was around when he was principal? You know the new library was named after him.

Yes, he was a very nice man. He treated that skinny little kid (me) like an adult and could discuss any current or social topic not holding back but pushing for our enlightenment and the understanding in the changing world. At first I saw him as "big" almost as a police officer (I think I was 5-10ft 140lbs then) but his warm smile, friendly manner and witty challenges won me over quickly. I was shocked to hear of his sudden sickness then his passing. I am sorry the kids using the library never had the chance to meet the man who donated his name.

Mr. Shields was a gentleman. Many times after a late football or basketball practise he would give me a ride home

He also made allowances for special people when problems arose..He took each incident on its own merit..he didn't just have a blanket approach to things..he gave huge consideration to everyone.

He called our house one night because my little brother was drunk at a school dance..he was in the nurses station and wanted me to pick him up...normally they called the police..Mr. Shields knew that he played football for the school and we needed him at the next game so suspension was not a good idea..

...in Grade 13, my homeroom teacher was also my first class of the day (English) and I hated that class and so I would skip it. That meant I was constantly marked absent for the entire day. So got called in WITH my parents to see Mr Shields - the only time meeting him for a prolonged discussion as to my whereabouts in that first period. Told him truthfully, I spent it in the school library reading! He checked with the librarian and they confirmed it thank goodness - I was an avid bookworm! And so he realised that I and my present English teacher was just not compatible and so he moved me to Miss Kirby's class. I was absolutely mortified because I'd heard she was such a battle axe but as it turned out, I loved her classes and got great marks that year. So thanks to Dubya Dee - to this day I still love the English Classics!

## A few mundane events from my high school years by John Lasruk

# The 60s in person

There are a few old buildings along the way, a tumbledown farmhouse or two, but nothing that I can recall later as being occupied. Most of the land has already been bought up for development.

The day is hot, the walk is much longer than I had imagined and I am thirstier than I can ever remember being, when we finally make it to what seems like the top of the world. We haven't anticipated admission, so we must sneak in over a fence.

After looking around a bit and drinking a LOT of water, we start the long walk back, down the empty country road. Exhausted, I sleep very well that night.

I am blithely unaware that, almost fifty years from now, such a walk would take me through some of the densest, most dangerous neighbourhoods in the city, making my former home at College and Bay look like Pleasantville.

## GRADE 12

I am sitting in a Volkswagen beetle with five classmates, including

It is the summer of 1960. I have finished public school, graduated from grade eight and I'm on my way to high school. That is, I will be in September. For the moment, I am free.

Last year, my parents moved us to a subdivision at the corner of Jane and Sheppard. After living near Bay and College, the 'burbs are a definite culture shock. Less pollution, 'way less crowding, quieter, it certainly is... different. And no movie theatres! Downtown I was within walking distance of a dozen of 'em.

So, Bobby, my neighbour friend, and I, chafing for something to do, decide one hot day to walk to Pioneer Village, which has just opened. How far could it be?

The city, in 1960, stops at Sheppard. Jane Street is a dirt road above it and is, in fact, unpaved north of Wilson. So we begin the trek up Jane. Up the centre of the road, actually, because there is almost no traffic.

Jorg, who is too big for the little vehicle. I'm just about as tall, but I haven't put in any time on weights, so I'm nowhere near as wide. And there are four others. We are decidedly uncomfortable. And I'm having a heluva good time. Roger Miller is singing about England "...swinging like a pendulum do" on the radio.

The Green brothers, who, being identical twins, cannot be told apart, are taking us to a strip mall God knows where to raise money for the United Appeal. Mile of pennies. Ask passing shoppers for their loose change and lay it end to end on a strip of tape. The Green brothers play their banjos. I've never heard a banjo in person. I love that goofy twang.

Silly, yes. Unimportant, sure. But I would leap at the chance to live that night over again.

## GRADE 10

I am pinned against the wall by someone who has no business pinning me against the wall. He has been threatening me at lunch hour for most of the year. Likes to call me "Joe Fruit". I have no idea what that

means, but he's totally off base. Older than me, he is small and aggressive while I am tall and not aggressive. He loves to round up his friends so that they can watch him torture me verbally. His chance to be the big man, I guess.

One fellow doesn't take part, but shows up every day anyway. One day I finally decide to shove back and the guy who had been hanging in the background leaps forward and makes it clear that if the bully wants to go after me, it will have to be through him. He has been waiting for me to assert myself.

## 1963

I am in the art room as usual after classes. Bob Bradley is with me and we are washing our hands of paint in cold, cold water.

Mister Tucker, one of the art teachers, comes bolting into the room and says in a loud voice, "Kennedy has been shot. He's dead!"

I immediately say (and mean), "I don't believe it."

The world changes that instant. ►

## 1964

I am watching an awkward older man on the little black and white television in my living room. So are my parents, my sister and, as far as I know, everyone else in my grade 12 class. Quite probably, 95 percent of the students and staff of Downsview SS are engaged in precisely the same activity.

There is a frenzied commotion on the screen and one can hardly hear what is going on above the noise of the audience.

The awkward older man says, "...and now ladies and gentlemen, The Beatles!" and the screaming of the audience overwhelms every other sound, including the singing.

And again, the world changes.

## Opus Exerpts

## OPUS 3: Campus Slang by Spencer Black, 12b

Campus slang is something to marvel at. An average student's vocabulary contains many old expressions which are not understood by the older generation. For example, twenty years ago when a boy talked about a girl he liked, she was very pretty, had a pleasing personality, and was a good dancer. Today she's a "gone chick" who's "real cool" and "digs a beat the most". Also, when one spoke of one's friends they were said to be "easy to get along with, and good sports." Now, they are "hip cats", "real gone greys", "crazy cool men" or "way out Jacksons". These tender words of endearment cannot be appreciated unless heard in conversation by some "hip cat" who is "in the know". This is a typical conversation between a "square" teacher and a "way out cat".

"Do you know how to locate and correct a dangling participle in a sentence?"

"Sure man, I dig you. First you place that crazy pronoun in front of that nowhere verb and fix that weirdy phrase until it's cool with the pronoun; now that phrase isn't dangling; its just hanging, man." (1957-58)

## What Really Happened to Downsview Dells

by "Gullyfourmyle"

If Hurricane Hazel had never happened, Downsview Dells would be a very different place today. But since it did, city officials in the late '50's decided that something had to be done about Black Creek so that the devastation caused by it flooding its banks could never happen again. A man by the name of Ross Lord spearheaded the task and today there is (or was) a monument to his work at the corner of Dufferin and Finch. A monument that I would cheerfully pull out by the roots and burn. The approach they decided upon was to throw a wall of immovable boulders across the creek just before it crosses Jane St. mid way between Wilson Ave. and Sheppard Ave. At the time, there was no thought about environmentally right or wrong. A number of people had died in a thoroughly predicable tragedy that at

the time was considered to be a freak of nature. No thought was given to the fact that many houses and streets had been built directly in harm's way and in fact most of them are still there.

Entire streets were washed into Lake Ontario at the time and if you know what to look for, the remains of the flood are still evident in some locations both in the Black Creek Valley and the Humber River Valley.

In the summer of 1962, the bulldozers and dump trucks moved in to start work terraforming the valley. To prevent the silty floor of the valley from washing downstream and to hold the creek within its banks, rock breakwaters covered with chainlink fencing were installed. To back up the rock emplacements, thousands of truckloads of clay were brought in and dumped all over the valley floor.

Millions of frogs and countless other forms of wildlife were crushed and smothered to death by this process. The clay cap is three feet deep. The cliffs on the north side opposite the former end of Roding St. were bulldozed into a hill. The highest bluff was known as Deadman's Cliff. It was a unique sandstone cliff - a land form not found anywhere else in Ontario that was full of cliff swallow nests.

At the bottom of Deadman's Cliff was the largest pond. It was roughly oval and about thirty five feet in long by twenty wide and about four feet deep towards the centre. Right in the middle was an island where a huge snapping turtle used to sun. On the day that the cliff was being submerged in clay, two of my friends, Lance and Billy Stevens (George Harvey) and my brother were with me. We were surprised (*next page*)

and angry to see the destruction. We were an average of 12 years old. There seemed no stopping the bulldozer that was burying the pond in clay, so we decided to try and save as many of the frogs as possible. The turtle was out of the question as at the first sign of disturbance it dived for the bottom and its bones are probably still buried under all that clay.

The bulldozer was hilling up the loads brought by truck, working across the face of the cliff. When we arrived, the hill was half way up the cliff and the pond was about half gone. We started catching frogs on the east side and running them over to the creek. This was a long job because we hadn't anticipated anything like this so we had no pails or bags or anything else with us to put the frogs in. The water in the pond had turned black from the soil disturbance.

A year prior to this, Lance, Leon and I had stocked the pond with minnows from a nearby tributary. This is how plentiful things were: we caught the minnows in a popbottle as they swam downstream. There were so many of them, they couldn't avoid (or

see because it was clear) the pop bottle opening that was only 5/8" wide. The pop bottle filled up in seconds. We dumped the contents into the big pond and forgot about them. Until the day of the bulldozer.

As we were about to give up on the frogs, I noticed a swirl in the water near my feet. The bank I was standing on was about six inches above the water line. Getting down on my stomach, I reached into the water. The bulldozer was making another pass that might this time reach the rest of the way across the pond. As it approached, the pond bank collapsed. As I sank out of sight in the ooze, the last thing visible was the bulldozer blade coming right at me. Lucky, Lance, Billy and my brother reached in and dragged me out of the way — clutching the minnow. We were so excited about capturing what was now a six inch long minnow that we never gave the bulldozer a backwards glance. We ran to the creek with it and let it go.

For the second time in my life, I was covered in black smelly mud, this time from head to toe.

I later went back and met one of the workers who was installing the rock walls along the creek and asked him about the possibility of cleaning up Black Creek. In his opinion, it would never be possible. To date he is still correct. While the creek is much cleaner now than it was then, it will not become truly clean as long as there are people in the area.

This event was one of two that started my on my lifelong environmental crusade. The other event was much less spectacular. Alister Harrison and I used to fish for Chub in the Humber River just north of Wilson and directly across from a street that was washed away by the hurricane. The first time we went there, on the way through some really dense shrubbery, a pretty wild chunk of scenery, I spotted a crushed Coke can. I can't tell you how offended I was to see that can in an otherwise natural area. Of course since then, I've seen that and much worse many times over.

*This article originally appeared in [The Neighbourhoods We Came From](#) forum at [www.dssreunion.com](http://www.dssreunion.com)*

## "Oh, Lonesome Me"

Looking for Old Classmates: [Lost & Found Forum](#), Bob Paterson, original poster

Until now, I've been reluctant to post all of the names I recognize from my Opus III yearbook 1957/58. However, I feel the time has come to at least post the names of the people I can connect to in some way. Some might be through school, others from hockey or skating, church perhaps, through friends, or just from hanging out in the community. Hopefully someone will recognize a name, a sibling, or just some connection. Maybe once a few people are found, the ball will start to gain momentum for finding kids from the early years. So, here they are in order of ascending grade years:

Gr. 9 - Jim Clarke, Dave Donaldson, Bonnie Moss, Sandra Whitlock, Frank Connolly, Harvie Wineberg, Barry Lutes, Jim Gorrie, Dieter Schmidt, Bob Wilson, Linda Laughlin, Carol Hollingshead, Tom Clyde, Ingo Glende, Maxine McGregor, Gaye McCalum, Vivien Wilks, Irja Auranen, Angelika Beyer, Audrey Watters, Bonnie Brown, Edith Stainsby, Gus Lanzarotta, Alan Penicud, Jay Seigal, Frank Ings, Philip Thomas, Bill Hyduk, Billy Griffin, Chesley Penney, Jack Carpenter, Stan Gateley, Terry Quinn, Carl Shepniak, Ken Storie, Bill Moss, David Austin, Brian Farey, John Hoar, Spencer Smith, Howie Wiersema, Laverne Sedore, John Jongsma, Robert Noon.

*(continued next page)*

Gr. 10 - Bruce McLellan, Dorothy Orange, Norm Johnston, John Struik, Bill McIvor, Peter Simpson (deceased), Ron Hawes, Peter Lagrave, Don Robb, Jill Gregg, Robert Macklin.

Gr. 11 - Frank Hilliard, Jack Aldis, Doug Dulmage, Richard Simpson, Ralph Morley, Sandra Clark, Jeanne Longard, Dorothy Leitch, Gary Carpenter, Glen McMann.

Gr. 12 - Bob Johnston.

Grads - Wolfgang Glende, John Percy.

There are a few of these people whose whereabouts is known to me and I have urged them to join, with no success so far. I'm hoping if I can tell them "Susie's a member and she wants you to join", they will. There are just about as many names I recognize but I don't know from where. Maybe they will recognize me someday. There are other alumni that came after me that aren't mentioned here also. Hopefully this will start something.

• • •

- \* Wow Bob. You have a great memory. 😊
- \* Hi Bob, Tom Clyde married Tony Greco's sister (can't remember her first name right now). Tom once was a regular poster on this site, but I haven't seen him around for a while. I'm sure you can contact him by looking him up in the Memberlist.
- \*No, I tried that. Email to Tom Clyde's email address listed here fails.
- \*I'm sure if you emailed Tony, he would forward the correct address.
- \* Today I exchanged emails with Tom Clyde. I am really happy about that
- \*Oh, that's good news. Glad you were able to reconnect.
- \*Here's an update about some of the names on my original post in this thread;

Dave Donaldson - I am in contact with Dave's younger brother, Hugh. Unfortunately, David died about 6 years ago and I will post a memoriam when I get some dates from Hugh.

Frank Connolly - I have been in touch with Frank's sister Linda, an alumnus, and hope she will join and that I will contact Frank soon. Linda is in contact with Sylvia Freeman and Diane Holden also.

Tom Clyde - I am in contact with Tom and have exchanged emails.

Ron Hawes - I am in contact with this old friend and have exchanged emails. He knows where Barry and Dave Lutes, Don Robb and Peter LaGrave are.

Don Robb - I have located Don and have exchanged emails with him. He knows where LLOYD Dyck, Dave Osmond, Susan Cooper, Pam Burt, Peter LaGrave and Ron Hawes are.

Jill Gregg - I have had a nice phone chat with Jill's older sister Carol, an alumnus, and have email contact as well. I'm hopeful I will hear from Jill and they both will join.

Doug Dulmage - I have had a few emailings with Doug's older brother Paul and know where they both are.

Ralph Morley - I know how to contact Ralph and will try again to get him to join.

Sandra Clark - Sandra is my cousin and I know quite well where she is. She will join when I can get her in touch with one of; Jeanne Longard, Dorothy Orange or Jill Gregg.

That's about it for now. I have also had online contact with some alumni that I didn't really know and have encouraged them to join this website. Some have, and hopefully more will in time. There are a lot of us 50's and 60's people out there someplace!

*If anyone reading the article above recognizes some or even one of the above names, please leave a message to that effect on one of the forums at [www.dssreunion.com](http://www.dssreunion.com) Note that the stars in the text above indicate responses to the original and later messages.*

## The Downsview-Sheridan College connection

When Sheridan College was established in the late 60's, ex-teachers at Downsview Secondary School had a tremendous early influence at the Oakville Community College.

Jack Porter, formerly a Principal at DSS, was one of Sheridan's founders and became its first President. Bill Firth, who was one of my art teachers, became Dean of the school of art. Under his leadership, Sheridan College became world renowned for its school of animation. Frank Winter, one of my geography teachers at DSS, became

Dean of Educational Services and, parenthetically my boss in the only full-time job I have ever held, in the AV department.

Both Mr Porter and Mr Firth have passed on. I have lost track of Mr Winter, although I do know he held a high position at Commodore Computers for a while. JL

Since the 50th anniversary reunion in 2006, over 600 members have registered on the [www.dssreunion.com](http://www.dssreunion.com) website. This continuous increase in the number of people who have shown interest in the website should facilitate the connection process through networking.

As members join and search the lost and found forum, the feeder schools, memberlist and hundreds of posts in the topics and threads, some are finding old friends and acquaintances and stories about places and things from Downsview that were part of their lives a long time ago.

One of the important components of networking is disclosure. Reconnecting with Downsview is a process that not only means searching the posts on the website, it also means being a part of that process by posting information about one's self.

Most people who join the reunion website, do so with some hope and expectation of reconnecting with some aspect of the days they spent in the Downsview community. The people and places they knew, the things they remember doing and the memories that are someplace in their psyche that hasn't been visited for a long time. This hope or expectation may be realized, or in some cases it may not, but in order for the networking process to be successful it requires constant input.

When you joined the website, you had the opportunity to find thousands of pieces of information that your predecessors placed there. As a member who was given access to that information, you have a sort of responsibility to do your part by posting personal information for others to access. Things like your real name, the years you attended school, which feeder school you attended, where

## DISCLOSURE AND ITS IMPORTANCE IN NETWORKING

by Robert Paterson

you lived, who you would like to reconnect with, who you knew and some comments that you can make about anything you found on the site. It is in this way that the process will flourish and the website will offer its

members all that they had hoped for and more.

Note that we are not asking for highly personal information. Your current address, phone number, financial information medical information and the like, should and will remain undisclosed.

Please take a few minutes to make a personal disclosure and you will enhance the excitement of the Downsview Online Reunion.

### Opus Exerpts – OPUS 10





## Do You Recognize Anyone In This Picture?

*Robert Paterson writes, "Who played hockey in the Downsview Boys' Club? Just to jog your memory, you might be in this picture. If you are one of the many grads from the '72 era, you would have been about 10 years old in 1964. This is a picture of the team I coached in about that year in the houseleague. I'm pretty sure we won the Atom championship with this team. I noticed the name Brian Sykes someplace on this website and he may have been on a team I coached at some point, if not this one. Look hard! It was a few years ago but you might be surprised who is pictured here."*

# Opus Exerpts

## **OPUS 1: The Laying of the Cornerstone**

*Friday, November 26, 1954* will be remembered by Downsview students and teachers as the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of their school. In this block of cement lie the news of the day, one copy of each of the daily newspapers, the names of the 1954 Board of Education members and the coins of the realm.

Although the brief ceremony took place on a cold and muddy day, school spirit was shown by the number of students and staff members present on this occasion. As well as our principal, Mr. Chapman, our teachers and our students, Mr. F. C. Stinson, Rabbi Jordan Pearlson, Reverend T.F. Hayes, Canon A.C. McCallum, Dr. L.S. Beattie, Reeve F.J. McMahon, Mr. H.J. Allward and Mr. S.J. Kelner were present to wish us luck and happiness in the new building.

# Does anyone remember the dorkiest thing you did while at DSS?

From the "[Other Memories of Back Then](#)" forum

## Anne B.

Sorry Earl Barlow for setting your hair on fire in the science lab.

## JimSavage74

I recall Dave Norton and I deciding early at DSS that we wanted to 'go into computers'. So...we thought we'd better start taking business courses. We took typing..and then we had a conversation that went something like this.

'hey Davey.....what's this stenography thing?'

'not sure....but it's a business course so we'd better take it'  
'ok'

(what a couple of buttheads)

...so there we were...in stenography class, me, Davey and a room full of girls.

.....yeah.....dumb like foxes

....typing's come in real handy.....steno really didn't pan out

## stephanie stephens 87

Does swimming in to the pool wall and breaking your nose count? Not too embarrassing... especially for someone on the swim team... Maybe it was one too many hours in the pool that morning... but at least Mr. Sigmund sent me home because I "wasn't looking so good"... a little bruised and swollen....

## kenny namak

I played at a school concert during the day - perhaps with the symphony. After school hours, I was stuck there with my guitar and heavy amplifier in the main lobby, waiting for someone to pick me up. So I decided to plug in and wail away, loudly of course. The next thing I know is that the Principal came out of the office raging mad because he can't do his work. But then I was saved by the Music Teacher, who decided to give me a ride home in his big Lincoln Continental. Hey, the trip was worth it!

## Tony D'Amato '75

October '74: I ate 30 bananas in 30 minutes. All for a fund raising cause.

## Sarah Hopton 70

Was it the time I sat in on one of my mother's English

classes "pretending" to be my friend Ethel Kamo's cousin from the Ozarks?

Or maybe it was the time I tried out the men's high bar -- the guys did it, how hard could it be? - and promptly invented a new dismount, the KER-THWAP!! (For full points you must land flat on your back, eyes wide open, no breathing allowed.) Luckily only my ego was bruised.

## Randi Chikofsky

Does anybody remember the day some 9 guys picked up a Volkswagen Beetle and put it down between the portables? We all watched hidden waiting for the guy to come looking for his car. That was maybe funnier than dorky.

## Michael Wagner 72

I think the stupidest thing I did was, one day in chemistry class we were supposed to burn a tiny bit of sulphur (why escapes me at the moment). So, of course, we took a big old dollop of the stuff and burnt that instead. Despite the windows being open, we cleared the room. Lucky no one got taken to hospital. Whatever were we thinking?

## scotty72

Sounds a lot like my Science project volcano. Smoked out the whole south end of the second floor.

Ahhhhhh.....good times. But not dorky. Sorry.

## ek

Scott.....**D-O-R-K-Y**.

## John Lasruk

My story is similar to Michael's, only it involves hydrogen instead of sulphur. We were supposed to collect some hydrogen in a small test tube, then hold the end of it over a bunsen burner, I guess to demonstrate its flammability. Mr Reid, the teacher, stepped out of the class at just about the time my bench mate, Greg Charles and I got bored. He spotted the nice, empty BIG glass carboy. Fortunately, we probably didn't collect the hydrogen in the right proportion, otherwise, the five gallon carboy would likely have blown up, with serious consequences. As it is, we made a noise that was heard down to the end of the hall and startled the bejeezus out of the rest of the class.

## TERRY FOX RUN

The Terry Fox Run took place in early September and with a number of participants it turned out to be quite a successful event. Everyone had a fun and tiring day in the warm sun. Many thanks to all who showed up.



81/82



Downsview S.S.  
Opus 27  
The Way We Are ....

# Faces of DSS from Opus - the 80s

## We are the History *by John Lasruk*

As I get ready to bring this initial issue of *Alumnus* to a close, I reflect on what makes a newsletter like this one a success. If this was commerce, the answer would be easy — profits. Success for the Downsview *Alumnus* has to be measured, however, by response. If this little publication produces only silence, it has failed. And there will not be another *Alumnus*.

I'd like to think that there are enough people out there who want to maintain a connection to their own personal histories, to support the [www.dssreunion.com](http://www.dssreunion.com) site with their own reminiscences, insights and writings. Maybe one or two of you can be seen, younger, among the fresh faces above, eager to take on the world.

The world, of course, has changed. DSS, with its more than 50 year history, might not make it for very many more years, with enrolment down and governments predisposed to chop rather than preserve. Who knows? But, as long as we, the former denizens of the big building on Hawksdale, are still around to tell the stories, that history lives on.

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