



Weston Collegiate

Alumni News

IN THIS ISSUE

President's Message

Dear Fellow Alumni,

I'd like to take a moment to introduce myself to all of you. My name is Lesley Ross, I'm a graduate of the class of 2007 and was appointed President of the Alumni Foundation this past January and I couldn't be more excited to take on this challenge.

Many of you may already know me as your classmate or daughter of your classmates, Sandy and Jane (MacMillan) Ross (1970s), or from Weston Lions Arena, where I coach with my dad and serve up famous fries at the Snackbar. For those who don't, I am very proud to have been born and raised in Weston and even more so to be a second generation graduate of Weston Collegiate Institute.

While at Weston, I served as co-president of the Music Council, President of the Weston Athletic Council, played rugby, softball, and helped to bring back Iron Chicks hockey to Weston. Since graduating in 2007, I have gone on to obtain an honours degree in Communications from Carleton University and a graduate certificate in Public Relations from Humber College. Currently, I'm a Communications and Social Media Specialist at one of Canada's largest retailers and as my mom likes to tell her friends, I get paid to play on Facebook and Twitter all day.

This year, the Alumni Foundation has been honoured to donate to the Sports Broadcast, Photography, and IB Programs, Yearbook, and Prom. Thank you to our generous donors. We hope to do even more next year.

I hope everyone has a fantastic and safe summer and while I don't want the summer to pass us by too quickly, I look forward to getting back to work with the Alumni in the fall.

Lesley Ross
President, Weston Collegiate Alumni Foundation

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Note from the Editor:

Thank you to all of those who have contributed to this year's Alumni News.

If you would like to contribute your articles of your experiences from any decade at WCI or help the students of WCI, please send an email to lesleyanneross@gmail.com.

Please note that all articles have been printed as submitted by the authors.

Highlights of the 2013/2014 School Year at Weston

Alumni Faizal Khamisa Speaks at Weston's 2nd Annual I-Rock Leadership Conference

By Pallavi Dutta –Grade 12 Student

I participated in the 2014 IROCK conference at Weston Collegiate Institute on the 20th of March 2014. This Conference served as a dose of Positivity, which, I believe, everybody needs once in a while.



The conference consisted of several speakers, one of which was Faizal Khamisa, a former Weston Collegiate student. His story was really inspiring as it was about his battle with cancer at the young age of 16. Smack dab at the end of Grade 11, he was in for a journey that would change his life forever. His words, "it is what it is" resonated with all of us. The ultimate moral of his life story was to always be positive, no matter what the situation, as it is always "In Your Hands".

This concept of positivity struck me. A person who had been through cancer, a lethal condition, stood in front of me, telling me about how he was positive throughout his fight with cancer. But there I was, always complaining. Complaining about my hair, complaining about my homework, complaining about sore muscles after a workout, all of it seems so miniscule in the larger scope of life.

Faizal's story served as an inspiration to think about the positive side of things. My hair may be difficult, but it is healthy. I may have a lot of work, but it keeps me occupied. And I may have sore muscles today, but tomorrow, I'll have abs (hopefully). I learned that the first thought is not always positive; in fact, it's generally the worst-case scenario. But why must that be? Why not be positive? I learned to see the positive side of things rather than the worst-case scenario. I decided to "Be the Change" in my own life by taking responsibility for my attitude. But this was only Lesson number 1 as there were many more that were learned that day.

Currently, Faizal is a host for Sportsnet 360 and is an up and coming sensation in the world of sports broadcasting. His story taught all of us, that just because one door closes, that doesn't mean you can't get a fresh perspective or viewpoint by looking through and taking a chance by opening a window.

Congratulations to our 2014 WCAF Orlando Martini Award Recipients

The WCAF Orlando Martini Award is awarded to deserving Grade 11 students, who have demonstrated outstanding leadership, as well as good citizenship, and have made a significant contribution to extracurricular activities at Weston.

Congratulations to this year's recipients: Daniel Drigo, Katherine Collier, and Ruchi Vijh.

Sports & Media Specialized High Skills Major at Weston

The Sports and Media SHSM at Weston CI is a Ministry of Education approved specialized program that allows students to focus their learning on a specific economic sector, while meeting the requirements to graduate from secondary school. It also assists in their transition after graduation to Apprenticeship Training, College, University, or the Workplace.

This past year, the Alumni Foundation donated \$500 to the Sports & Media SHSM at Weston. As a thank you, the students did what they do best and put together a video montage for the Foundation.

To view the video montage, please visit: <http://vimeo.com/94002230>

Weston Student recognized at AHEN Black Student Awards

Congratulations to WCI grade 12 Student, Shericka Hepburn, who won a school and community award at the recent African Heritage Educator's Network AHEN Black Student Recognition Awards. She was one of 150 young people recognized at the event reported on by Louise Brown in the Toronto Star on May 24, 2014.



Shericka told the Star, "A lot of time the media doesn't recognize the good stuff we do; things that are positive and uplifting. All students face challenges, but it's hard when you also face stereotypes and stigma - and prejudice. That's why these awards are important; they help motivate students."

Decade News

1930s

Forward by Orlando Martini

We are indebted to Doug Musselwhite for convincing Mrs. Sybil (Watts) Bickerton, an alumna of Weston High & Vocational School (WHVS), to provide us with a few memories about school-life in the early 1930s. At age 97, Mrs. Bickerton may be Weston Collegiate's oldest living alumna. If any of our Newsletter Subscribers or readers know anybody that is older (male or female), please contact Doug & June Musselwhite at (416) 245-5524.

Mrs. Bickerton now lives in the Weston Park Seniors' Residence on Queen's Drive (formerly Central Park Lodge) and enjoys excellent health for her age. On reaching age 90, she bought herself a new car which she drove until last year (2013).

School Memories by Sybil (Watts) Bickerton

At the age of ninety-seven I am told I am the oldest graduate of Weston High School.

It is a doubtful honour because I really didn't graduate. At the age of fourteen after attending Maple Leaf School on Culford Ave I tried my "entrance", as it was called then, and started Weston High School, where Mr. Alexander Pearson was the principal, in 1931.

I can't say I was very fond of school having had a bad experience with a teacher when I was nine years old. My home room teacher was Miss Govenlock who taught Art. Miss Eadie and Miss Wattie were two of my favourites. Miss Wattie taught English and once wrote "very good" on a test paper of mine.

I remember Mr. Dobson had a very puzzled expression when he looked at me as if he wondered how anyone could be so dense about Geometry.

Miss Ekhardt taught Latin and I can't remember who taught French but I am surprised at how much of the French language I remember.

In the middle of my third year I transferred to Commercial with Miss Found as my home room teacher. She had very blue eyes that were sure to light on you if homework hadn't been done.

Half way through this class I left and began working in Simpson's Budget Club. It was remarkable to find a job as we were in the "Depression". I enjoyed working and remained there until I married in 1942.

My sisters -I had four - were much more studious than I. My sister Hazel when trying her "entrance" won the silver medal for North York, being just two marks short of the gold.

My two sons, Evan and Ross, were students at Weston High. Four of my grandchildren are graduates of university or college and the fifth has been accepted at Niagara College with plans for a three year course there.

I do not feel uneducated as I read one or two books a week and will study any subject that interests me. I like to write and have had a few prizes for essays in the past.

Late 1940s, Early 1950s

By Orlando Martini

For this year's Newsletter, the writer contacted a number of colleagues who have had minimal contact with the School since graduation and it has been most interesting renewing acquaintances with them.

John Macdonald

John Macdonald, a 1953 graduate of WCVS was one of the first employees to join the new Regional Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto's Clerk's Office when the organization was created by the Province of Ontario in the late 1950s. His duties varied from working in the Accounting Department to chauffeuring the first Metro Chairman, Fred Gardiner to meetings.

After two years, John left Metro Toronto and joined the Accounting Department of General Mills, first in Toronto, before being transferred to Minneapolis in 1961. He remained with General Mills for 32 years and is now retired in New Fairfield CT.

In 1964, John was married in New York City to a local lass and they have two sons; one son is a PhD graduate in Pharmacology (age 46) and the other, a New York City lawyer (age 36). The Macdonalds have one grandchild.

Paul Macdonald (1935-2012)

In many respects, the life-story of Paul Macdonald is a very sad one. He was the second child of Archie Macdonald who was a friendly and popular milk delivery man in Weston in the 1940s & 1950s; Bernie (profile above) was the eldest member of that family. Paul first set foot in Weston Collegiate in September 1947 as a bright twelve year old who had completed eight grades of elementary school in six years; consequently, he was two years younger than most of his Grade 9B classmates (including the writer who was 14).

In 1951 when Paul was in grade 12 at WCVS (age 16) he had the misfortune to be asleep in the front passenger seat of a car that crashed into a concrete lamp post and was hurled through the vehicle's windshield leaving him seriously injured.

After several months convalescing, Paul joined the Accounting Department of A.V. Roe Aircraft Corporation. Subsequently, in the mid-1950s, Paul married Lucia, an attractive Canadian lass of Maltese ancestry and a "checkered" life followed which unfortunately, ended in divorce about ten years later – no children. Paul had one son with his second wife and a daughter and son with the third.

The last thirty or so years of his working life were spent in the Georgetown area as a car salesman. He passed away in December 2012 of prostate/bladder cancer.

Bernie Macdonald

After graduating from WCVS in the early 1950s, Bernie Macdonald joined the maintenance staff of the Elms Golf Club as Assistant Superintendent. He worked at the Elms and two other golf courses in the greater Toronto Area (GTA) for a few years before being appointed Superintendent of the golf course serving the Canadian Forces Base Borden (CFB Borden).

He remained in that position for over ten years before transferring to the Camp Borden Fire Fighters which served both CFB Borden and the surrounding Township where he remained for 29 years, retiring in 1996.

In 1959, Bernie married a widow with a young son and daughter that he legally adopted. Shortly thereafter, the family moved to Green Acres, a small farm on Highway 90, a short distance north of CFB Borden, Bernie's "new" employer. On that property, Bernie and the family developed a par-three, nine-hole golf course which they operated and eventually sold in 1979.

Although Bernie and his wife had no children of their own, they have been blessed with four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. His wife passed away in 1995, shortly before his retirement from CFB Borden and he now resides in a condominium in Barrie. For the past fourteen years, Bernie has wintered in Central Florida near Ocala.

Danny Macdonald

Danny Macdonald, the younger brother of Bernie and Paul, graduated from WCVS in 1957 and subsequently earned a B.Sc. Degree from the University of Toronto.

After obtaining his teaching certificate, Danny taught high school science courses for ten years, first at Michael Power Collegiate in Toronto and later at Waterloo Oxford where he met his wife Colette.

In 1972, Danny and Colette left their teaching posts and opened a retail shop in Eden Mills, Ontario (near Guelph) that sold Canadian crafts. Subsequently, Danny purchased some neighbouring stores, renovated them and sold all the properties in 1990 and took early retirement.

Danny and Colette had no children. They have a condominium in Florida and tour Ontario in summer in their trailer.

Late 1940s, Early 1950s Continued...**Marie (Macdonald) Brodhurst**

On leaving Weston Collegiate in 1961, Marie Macdonald went to work in the laboratory of Humber Memorial Hospital and later had a similar position in the laboratory of St. Joseph's Hospital.

In 1963, she married her high school sweetheart Tom, an insurance company employee, and soon afterwards, the Company moved them to London, Ontario.

Following a relatively short stay in London, Tom's employer moved them to several communities in Southwestern, Ontario (1966 to Strathroy, 1968 to Essex/Leamington, etc.) and back to London in 1972 where they still reside. Marie continued working as a laboratory technologist following their first move to London until the birth of their children when she became a "stay-at-home mom" for a short period (Marie and Tom have a son and a daughter and two grandchildren).

In 1983, Marie (at age 40) was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis (MS) and has now been living with that disease for over thirty years. With her "indomitable spirit", she continues to lead a nearly-normal life and still drives her own car. According to her brothers, Bernie and Danny (profiles above), she has always maintained a positive attitude and determination since the MS was diagnosed.

Marie and Tom celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 2013.

Frances (Loftus) Breakwell

Frances Loftus graduated twice from WCVS, first in 1952 as a member of the Grade 12 Class in the General (Academic) department and in 1953 as a member of the Special Commercial Class. After completing the Special Commercial Class, she worked briefly in Pink Motors office in Weston and at an insurance firm before joining the downtown legal firm of Risk, Cavan Murray where she remained for eleven years.

In 1955, Frances married Ken Breakwell, a recent graduate of York Memorial Collegiate and in 1964, their first child, Michelle was born. Tragically, Michelle died in 1983 (a cystic fibrosis victim) while in her first year at McMaster University.

Happily, her son Laurence, graduated from the UofT's Engineering Science program in 1989 and continues to enjoy a successful career from his home base in London, Ontario. Laurence and his wife have two sons, Derek and Daniel.

In the early 1970s, Frances learned to play duplicate bridge and subsequently taught a duplicate bridge night-school course for over twenty-four years. Sadly, her husband Ken passed away on February 4, 2013; they had been married for nearly fifty-eight years and always lived in Central Etobicoke.

Basil Pacini

Basil Pacini graduated from WCVS in 1949 as an electrical specialist from the School's Vocational Department.

During his graduating year (1948-49), Basil served as Vice-President of the Student Council which confirms that he was a popular student.

Following graduation, Basil apprenticed with a small electrical contractor and then joined Canadian Comstock, a major mechanical/electrical contractor where he remained for over 15 years. He subsequently worked for other electrical contractors, primarily in large industrial/commercial buildings (e.g. Ford plant in Oakville).

Basil grew up on Maple Leaf Drive in the former Township/City of North York and still resides on that street to this day. He and his wife Marie have been blessed with six children (5 boys, 1 girl) and nine grandchildren. His older sister, Gina (Pacini) Polla, (a student at Weston Collegiate from 1936-40) died on March 24, 2014 at the age of 92.

1970s

Johnny Bower Boulevard by Orlando Martini

Robert Heath, a Past President of the Weston Collegiate Alumni, grew-up on Patika Avenue a short residential street opposite Weston Collegiate's main entrance.

For a number of years in the 1960s, one of Robert's neighbours was Johnny Bower, the Hall of Fame goalie of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

On May 24, 2014, Patika Avenue was declared Johnny Bower Blvd. The name Patika will remain as shown on the street sign.

**Robert Heath Becomes a Grandfather**

Recently, Robert Heath became a grandfather with the birth of his first granddaughter, Isabella.

Congratulations Robert!

**Thank you, Peter Fritsch!**

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Peter Fritsch who has served as President of the Weston Collegiate Alumni Foundation for over four years.

Peter's term as President took the Alumni Foundation through our 2012 155th Reunion Event, an evening that was enjoyed by many of our alumni.

Due to scheduling conflicts with his work and teaching commitments, Peter stepped down from the Presidency and the Foundation in early 2014.

We would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank Peter for his leadership, website wizardry and great sense of humour. His presence is missed at our meetings.

We would like to wish Peter and his wife Joanne the very best for the future. We hope that you have a great boating season, and that the fish are biting!

All the best!

-Weston Collegiate Alumni Foundation Executive

Weston Lions Arena Memorabilia

Weston Alumni and current Weston Lions Arena Chair, Sandy Ross, is looking for any Weston Lions Arena Memorabilia, as part of a history project the arena is currently conducting.

Anyone who has photos of teams, events, other memorabilia or stories about the arena is asked to email westonlionsclub@bellnet.ca.



2000s

From Manu Cordeque to Tuum Est by Ben Cappellacci

Ben Cappellacci set off on a journey of learning and discovery after graduating from Weston in 2007. He moved across the country to Vancouver to study marketing at the Sauder school of Business at the University of British Columbia. Ben's passion for extracurricular activities was born at Weston and flourished in his time at UBC.

Ben was elected to the UBC Senate representing the faculty of commerce, pushed for land use policy impacting 46,000 students as Vice President Academic of the UBC AMS student union and placed in international business strategy competitions from Hong Kong to Montreal.

Ben spent the final semester of his undergraduate degree studying at Sciences-Po in Paris, France and explored fourteen countries in his time abroad. Prior to graduating, Ben co-founded an energy research project called BlueTerminal.org that raised \$40,000 in grant funding and was featured at the Clinton Global Initiative University Summit.

Ben is proud of his roots at Weston and has kept connections strong despite living on the west coast. He has hosted several classmates visiting Vancouver and enjoys staying in touch with many friends in Toronto. Ben has had the pleasure of hosting alumni Krum Dochev, Shaun Shepherd and brief Westoners Rachel Allison and Rosemary Horwood. On his visits to Toronto Ben regularly tries to meet with his Weston friends including Gerhard Dashi, Thomas Jupe, Chris Truong, Pauline Fung, Andre Olds, and Keara White.

Ben's activities post-graduation from UBC include co-founding the Campaign for Culture, a grassroots lobby group that was instrumental in pushing for a major reform in British Columbia's liquor laws as well as founding entrepreneurship@UBC student advisory board. Ben recently quit his job working in a boutique management consulting firm to found NewDistrict.ca, a startup that aims to be Canada's online marketplace for BC Wine.



Ben, along with his New District Co-Founder, Elin Tayvar, were featured in the National Post this past April.

Weston Grad raises \$5,500 for Kids Help Phone

A ball hockey charity event was organized by Weston graduate Oliver Drigo, class of 2010, and his friends to raise money for Kids Help Phone. Oliver planned the event to raise money and awareness in memory of Terry Trafford, a young OHL player from Weston.



The organizers wanted to do something in celebration of Terry's life, while raising funds for Kids Help Phone and address the issue of depression and suicide among youth and young adults.

Through raffles, silent auction, BBQ sales and donations from the May 11, 2014 event, the group raised in excess of \$5,500 for the charity.

Congratulations and thanks to Oliver and his friends for their efforts in this endeavour.

Iron Chicks Come Together as Ladybugs

By Lesley Ross

This past winter, I joined a women's hockey league with two of my friends, who I played with when I was still in high school at Weston. The three of us were placed on the Bruins, which was made up of a mix of women varying in ages and skill level.

A few weeks into the season, we had an early game that I had gone to straight from a Weston Alumni Foundation meeting. I mentioned in passing that this is where I was as I rolled into the dressing room with not a lot of time to spare, when Nancy and Barb on my team spoke up and said that they were also Weston graduates.

We got to talking about their time at Weston, who they knew, where they grew up, and although Nancy and Barb only graduated one year apart from each other, they actually didn't know each other in high school and had only met this year.

Nancy (Miklas) Dellosso graduated from Weston in 1974 and went on marry her husband, Tony. Tony is a graduate of Thornhill Secondary, but a familiar face in the Weston community serving as Referee in Chief at Weston Minor Hockey League for a number of years while their son played. Nancy and Tony have two children, Andrea and Maric and still reside in the Weston area.

Nancy is currently a Return to Work Specialist with the WSIB and has been playing hockey for over 10 years. She has a group of friends from Weston who she sees on a regular basis for dinner including Marion Mauer, Liz Sagar, Liz Schwager, Karen Petrie, Devona Moffat, Linda Armstrong, Doreen Elminowski, Carol Sales, Bruna Simonetta, Wendy Cooper, Vida Zalnerunus, Janet Vie, and Mirella Cirfi.

Barb (Showers) Doherty grew up on Robert Street just across the street from where I grew up and her mother and my parents are neighbours still to this day. She graduated from Weston in 1975 and went on to study to be an elementary school teacher. Her two siblings, Doug Showers and Joanne (Showers) Cossu also graduated from Weston in 1971 and 1979, respectively.

Unlike when I was a kid, there weren't many opportunities for girls to play hockey when Barb was growing up. She started playing on the rink in Elm Park when she was young, but didn't join a team until she started high school at Weston in 1970. Barb was one of the original members of the Iron Chicks hockey team, which I found so amazing, as I had brought the Team back to Weston in 2006 for a few seasons before graduating. Barb continued to play throughout her post secondary schooling and has played in multiple ladies leagues throughout the years.

Barb married her husband, Jim Doherty of Stratford, Ontario in 1981 and they have two children, Megan and Seumas. Due to the nature of Barb's husbands work, in 1987 they moved to New Zealand, where they lived as a family until 1991, when they returned to Ontario. Their children were very young when they moved and the experiences of meeting new families, starting them in school, and travelling around the beautiful islands have certainly enriched their lives.

Barb continues to keep in touch with Jane (Bridgman) Doyle, who currently resided in Fort McMurray, Alberta with her husband. The two have been good friends since Grade 1 at Weston Memorial and get together every summer for the last 20 years at Ontario Pioneer Camp.

A few of my Weston Iron Chicks teammates, Marley Taylor, class of 2006, and Sarah Steenson, class of 2008, as well as our coach and teacher, Monica Crewe, who currently teaches at Weston, were on another team in the same league.

Our team made it to the Championship of our division and placed 2nd overall. It was a great season and I am very glad that I had the opportunity to meet both Barb and Nancy.



Pictured Left to Right: Lesley Ross, Barb Doherty, and Nancy Dellosso



Pictured Left to Right: Monica Crewe, Marley Taylor, and Sarah Steenson.

Tributes

Gary Hamara

By Jane Ross

If you were a student at Weston Collegiate in the 70's, Gary Hamara was your English teacher. He was bright in every way, brash, larger than life, atypical, and so much fun. Gary taught English at Weston Collegiate from the early 70's and was a fixture at the school for decades, continuing to teach students well into the 2000's.

Sadly, Gary Hamara passed away at home surrounded by family in January 2014 following a courageous battle with cancer.

My husband and I graduated in the 70's. We shared English class taught by Gary. He was such a unique individual, so different from the teachers we had been used to in the past. As a student, you loved him, or not. He had a great sense of humour, and was generous with his time and assistance.

He pushed us to work harder, to step out of our comfort zones, to take chances with our writing, to speak up and share our ideas with others. He provided us with opportunities to take leadership roles in class work. I recall being terrified of speaking in front of my classmates at the time, but now appreciate having being pushed to do so, and push he did. But he also appreciated when you pushed back, standing up for yourself and your work. He enjoyed a good argument. He treated his students as young adults, not children. I have spoken to so many former classmates who sometimes dreaded English class, no one ever knew what Gary was going to do or say. We didn't fully understand until later in our educational or business careers that his teaching strategy had actually served us very well, preparing us for University and the world. Some noted that they made sure that they told Gary this when they saw him at later WCI Reunion events. I hope that he realized how much he was appreciated.

Our daughter Lesley (2007) was also fortunate enough to have English classes with Gary (he had returned to Weston to fill in following his retirement, he just could not stop working). Meeting with him across the table as a parent of his student during Parent-Teacher Interviews was truly amazing. He had not changed at all, he was still our Gary Hamara, a blast from the past!

We were extremely saddened by his death, and extend our sincerest condolences to his wife Virginia, children Kirsten (Eric), Mischa and Kelsey, and granddaughter Isla. He will be missed.

A celebration of Gary's life was held in February. Naomi Wittlin, Gary's friend and fellow Weston CI colleague, delivered a very personal and heartfelt eulogy, which she has generously agreed to share with our Alumni in this newsletter.

The Weston Collegiate Alumni Foundation will present an award in honour of Gary Hamara to a deserving WCI grad at commencement this fall. Your donations to build this memorial award fund are sincerely appreciated.

Eulogy

By Naomi Wittlin, former staff Weston Collegiate and friend to Gary Hamara

To gather here at the old Ben Wicks Ginny and Gary's favourite bar to celebrate Gary's life seems almost unimaginable, surreal. Gary, blue, hot pink and orange glasses perched on the end of his nose, reading, musing, engaged in a million aspects of life. A Starbucks, beer, or recently herbal tea in hand, listening closely, asking questions or dropping explosive comments on family members, friends, students. A man-child as to refer to himself, the most immature person he knew. A veritable life force: The most irreverent entertaining and inspirational person some of us have ever known. I chided him at my retirement in June for saying that the Old Guard Weston Staff will probably not meet again since I was the last of the Chronicles who had remained at Weston. That seemingly cynical remark was all too prophetic.

How to define this larger than life, enormous personality? To begin, Gary's solid and wonderful values, many shared with Ginny, rendered the 2 of them role models for their 3 kids, extended family and friends, in the art of living curiously, mindfully, lovingly and passionately with a commitment to excellence, strength and not one of iota of self-indulgence. I told them that I had been in awe of them, both individually and together throughout our 4 decades of friendship.

What made Gary so incredibly charismatic? Unique and diverse in his talents and complexity, he crossed a number of lines (no pun intended) and defied so many stereotypes. This multi-layered, paradoxical aspect of his character made him so very fascinating, combined with an attractive edgy, barrier-stretching perspective made him fascinating, engaging and often transformative.

If I had to isolate one quality in Gary that had the strongest impact on me, it would be his outrageous humour, superimposed on a deeply intelligent, reflective, curious, disciplined mind.

He was a mass of contradictions. Raised in an Eastern-European family, despite being the hardest working person I have ever met, whether raking Ginny's leaves, building at his cottage, schlepping, grocery-shopping, coaching, sous-chefing, or teaching, he never felt he was doing enough work. He was tireless in his creativity and execution of articulation of programs in the former City of York. I rarely saw Gary sitting idle. When not working physically, he was reading voraciously: Fiction, Non-fiction, the New York Times, Al Jazeera to which he urged me to subscribe.

But ironically, the flip side of this work ethic was his outrageous capacity for fun. Gary, along with Gord, represented one of the most notorious party animals Weston and Cabbagetown have ever known. He taught me to work hard and play hard, something I have tried to pass on to my own children.

His humour was raunchy, shocking in his exposure of all things taboo and verboten yet also profound. He could refer to a toilet seat and a soul in the same sentence. At my 50th birthday, he sported pink hair rollers and a toilet seat around his neck to "out" me – expose what he saw (accurately) as my neuroses.

He was risk-taking, "orange" in his TDSB colours workshop, saying the unthinkable which many of us may have thought but never had the nerve to say, but with a kernel of wisdom.

He was simultaneously liberal and traditional. While my children saw him as the most laid back liberal parent they knew, I cautioned them that the freedom he encouraged laissez-faire manner of relating to his children and students, was balanced by a demand for personal accountability and excellence.

How can we analyze Gary's trademark outrageous, "our dear friend Dina" irreverent sense of humour. Gary possessed the most highly cultivated sensor for pretense, for the wildly ironic, the incongruous, that grimly ludicrous in life. He sniffed out B.S., whether it was there or not. As Ginny so aptly stated, "My husband has a very fertile imagination." Gary's goal was to expose what he saw as pretense or things hidden in someone's character or behaviour, (interestingly, never his own).

He and I spent so many hours at Starbucks en route to Weston, discussing such minutiae that we actually developed our own mythology of references, often literary. He cast himself in the role of the Job figure, the sacrificial beast of burden, abused by all, including his children, his wife, me, and his students. He insisted that he was ragging on us only to save our asses. He saw me as an aggressive woman taking advantage of his good nature.

Picking me up faithfully at 7am, he would go through a ritual of early insults, while still in my driveway, querying, "Didn't you wash your hair", or covering his mouth, "Ooh, what did you eat for dinner last night?" Schlepping my numerous, brightly coloured bags of unmarked marking (one of them an actual diaper bag he hoped would serve as a "chick magnet") as well as 3 scarves, into my classroom, he would tell my students he was nothing but a Sherpa, as he quoted Goneril or Regan in King Lear: "Why need you 100 knights (3 scarves)"?

When I routinely shared some catastrophic domestic drama, his usual response was, "I'm sure it will work itself out" or "your kids will figure it out" or "they'll be great once they get away from you", or "this too shall pass". Then he would announce with indignation, that I was taking advantage of his therapy without paying him.

He would bemoan the fact that despite his non-directive parenting, his encouraging of his children's independence, 2 out of the 3 of them moved back from the west and east coast to live close by in Toronto. In contrast, he pointed out the supreme irony that I, queen of helicopter parenting, had ironically driven both my children to seek permanent residence at the other end of the continent in Los Angeles.

Another hilarious charge he would hurl at me was my “cultural pretensions”. When I first met him, not wanting to be presumptuous, I innocently asked him whether he was familiar with the art of Breughel. He accused me of being Blanche Dubois in *Streetcar Named Desire*, in the words of Stanley Kowalski, “Oh hoity-toighty”, putting on airs being cultured and refined. I was Blanche in *Streetcar*, and Estella and Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*. His vocabulary was something else both 19th century melodrama and 21st Century post-modern: Brutal, Imposter, Scoundrel, Brute (in reference to the most innocent of figures, including his children) dogfucker, rat’s ass, “You’re goin’ down, Wittlin”, “hey buddy, what are you doing in class, you should be in the halls” (to a student).

When I completed my Masters in English, he burst into my classroom to congratulate me on “mastering the art of complete bullshit.” My students astounded, would soon snickering as he pointed out the ridiculousness of a paper I had completed on the 3 witches in *Macbeth* as an “unholy Trinity.”

Gary was a Trickster figure, a mischief-maker, who shook things up and often served as a catalyst for change. His humour was brutally honest. His intolerance for B.S., laziness, self-indulgence, and his demand for total responsibility, honesty and excellence in his students and the rest of us were the best possible values an educator can instill regarding not only literature but life itself. I overheard so many of Gary’s students over the years: The common motif I heard was that he taught them so much not only about English and the world but about life. He is the archetypal trickster figure, shaking all of us up. What seemed like intolerance for small weaknesses in others was probably just a projection of his own self-criticism. In some ways he was his own harshest critic.

Despite my initial impression of Gary as a jock because of his bond with Gord and the boys, I very quickly realized he was an exceptionally sensitive and cultured person who, along with Ginny, loved to read, watch foreign films and watch Stratford productions. I feel overwhelmingly grateful to have shared an enormous cultural bond with both of them from book lectures at Hart house to 30 TIFF films during the 10 day festival to Hot Docs, and Soulpepper. Gary always transformed events into a celebration, organizing falafel dinners at Ghazale, and Teas at 400 Sackville. He would constantly chide me for falling asleep at these plays and films, horrified when my head dropped onto the shoulder of some poor, unsuspecting theatergoer. It was only Ginny, seated between us, and never closed her eyes, no matter how emotionally draining her mediation sessions were.

In typical Gary fashion, he would remind me that the only reason he and Ginny hung around with me was the fact that I had a “crippled sticker” (always a master of political correctness).

Of course, Gary complained loudly about his self imposed role of victim in all of this extra-curricular enrichment. Accusing me of forcing him to see dark films he would censor more and more of my choices each year. First, he took issue with my Armenian and Turkish films, (Holocaust films being vetoed early on), then Roma and Albanian and Palestinian films and finally South Asian films. In one of my last conversations with him in the hospital, I told him I had gone to see the Egyptian documentary “The Square” about the spring uprising in Tahrir Square, a film he had refused to see. When I finally recommended a Will Farrell comedy, *Anchorman I*, he claims he was so mortified when he and Ginny watched it, that he wouldn’t even tell her it was my suggestion, lest she lose respect for me. Instead, he blamed it on Gord.

Another unique and wonderful aspect of Gary was the fact that he was a male completely at ease with what is stereotypically or archetypally considered his feminine side. He was equally at home in the locker room or schlepping on the golf course as well as sous-chefing in his kitchen, with a towel draped over his shoulder, a pattern which drove Mischa to tell Gary that he would never bring women home again because they were so impressed with his apparent sensitivity. Perhaps the phrases “renaissance man” and “metrosexual” can be reworded as “a highly evolved guy” or just a great guy. I often referred to him as “Dionysus”, god of wine who inspired a cult of ecstatic female followers. There was Dina Blanaru, the beloved colleague who passed away in 1998, Heschy Altbaum and myself, all of whom he labeled “neurotic and needy” (translation: Jewish), as well as fortunate to be the recipients of his unsolicited advice. In later years, there was Suzy Taylor, Carol Morrison, and Fauzya, who doted on him as he listened closely and inevitably entertained them with his razor-sharp wit.

That this very special, highly respected, and adored man is no longer here leaves an overwhelming stillness. How can we possibly contemplate this loss? First and foremost, he has inspired so many of us. Fauza reminded me recently of Gary’s love of a poem by the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda who wrote, “I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees”. Fauza said he was, in fact “spring” to so many of us –nurturing, allowing us to grow and blossom with his love, honesty, kindness, humour, and genuine friendship. Suzy Taylor keeps thinking how lovely and warm it felt just to wander through Costco, she, Gary, and myself, en route to his cottage, and to sit in Galley Spice Tea after school at my condo as we chatted about books.

Gord Whitaker wrote this message from Arizona: Gary and I met in 1973, me a geography teacher, Gary an English teacher, not much in common there. We quickly bonded at the morning coffee sessions in the staff room where his sense of humour and joy in living brought us together. We were, however, at opposite ends of the political spectrum. Me, a right-wing knuckle-dragger; he, a 1960s flower-child. His love of literature, expectations of his students and respect for them made him a superb teacher. We both enjoyed college football, making a number of trips to Ann Arbor, details not for public knowledge. Gary played hockey with the teachers and took up golf in these last years. His toughness was most apparent. From the hottest days, when most of us were driving the course, Gary insisted on walking the 18 holes. He insisted on coming to the driving range this fall despite his diagnosis, a more serious form of cancer. Again, we saw his resolve. Never a complaint or negative word. If you were unaware of his dire health condition, one would never have known the dire medical circumstances he was facing. A man of many interests and accomplishments, he will be sorely missed. To Ginny and the family, my deepest condolences. I will miss him.

And this message from John Solarski: Gary was one of a kind and loved by all who had the privilege of knowing. His incredible sense of humour made it all worthwhile. As I can never recall laughing as much as I did with him. I want to remember him as he was this past August, the one and only time we were paired off on the golf course. Easy-going, relaxed and encouraging of me, so much so, that I have taken formal lessons his winter, hoping we could pick up where we left off last summer. There are very few teachers that performed at the level that Gary exhibited. In the broadest sense, he was a wonderful educator, a valued colleague and a good friend. I will miss him tremendously.

Gary has indeed been our trickster figure showing us a larger, more unusual and alternative possibility even if it's one we rarely contemplate. Secondly he has left us with the gift of laughter. For me, Gary and Gord were my companions in howling, in laughing uproariously, at one another, at ourselves and at the ridiculous and ironic aspects of life. That pattern of laughter has proven unconditionally life-sustaining for me, my most significant force for keytonic energy, pleasure and release. Third, he has shown us the value of selflessness, which is essential in real love. Despite his luster and protestations, he was at heart self-deprecating and sensitive, never wanting to impose on anyone whether service people or those he loved. Throughout and to the very end of his struggle, he never wanted to take advantage the medical system (translation: ask a question). He once told me he is sorry for the young doctor who had to give him the disturbing results of his CT scan last September. Even in the hospital, as weak as he was, he said he felt badly that Ginny and his children had to devote their time to him. This concern for his family right to the very end reflects the truest form of love. He demonstrated intense stoicism, never once uttering a word of complaint throughout the diagnosis, chemo and the stroke at the very end. Those of us who watched him struggle realized that despite his bravery, the strongest man some of us knew could no longer sustain the fight so many years ago. When I reflect on the lovely and loving nature of the Hamara family, I am convinced of the overwhelming power of nurturing and love in our lives.

Towards the end, as I observed Gary in his hospital room and finally his living room, surrounded by Ginny and his children and granddaughter, as well as brother Ronny and his family, his cousins and Ginny's siblings I was reminded of the absolutely unconditional love and support I have noticed and admired in them so many years ago. When I reflect on the lovely and loving nature of the Hamara family, I am convinced of the overwhelming power of nurturing and love in our lives.

We are left with an enormous stillness and emptiness. But I will forever hear his voice affectionately chiding me for any number of transgressions: "Your speech was brutal, way too long, it bored them to death", "teacher will do anything to get out of school early", and finally, "Wittlin, you're goin' down."

Fredrick Ernest Worthington (Fred) (1918-2013)

By: Debbie (Worthington) Baer

Fred greatly enjoyed receiving the Weston Collegiate Alumni Newsletter and looked forward to being the oldest alumnus. He would be happy to know that even though someone else will take this illustrious spot, he will have a section dedicated to him and a tribute written in his honour.

Fred grew up in the Weston area and was a student at Weston Collegiate. He spoke fondly of his formative years and even though he did not see himself as a scholar, we his family, knew that his quick wit, his wonderful poems and stories and his ability to create vivid pictures in our minds through his story telling, contradicted his modest opinion of himself.



Fred's high school years revolved around sports. He was a natural athlete and participated fully in the games of the seasons. He especially loved playing hockey with the 'Holley Avenue Gang', a great group of friends, on the Brick Pond! Sports did not have to be organized, paid for and come with uniforms. For Fred, just getting out there and participating was the goal, fun naturally followed.

Fred had several jobs as a young lad, working at the Dominion Store as a 'bag boy' was one of the stories he told and in a self-deprecating way. Fred always dressed for this job in pressed trousers and a sparkling white shirt. One day, while carrying out a 20 pound bag of potatoes for an older lady, some of the potato dirt got on his shirt. A detrimental comment was made to him about his less than clean shirt and Fred never forgot the slight. It was a type of bullying back then and Fred's feelings were always close to the surface.

Fred's employment improved when he was hired by the C.P.R., the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He worked out of Toronto, Walkerton, Owen Sound and finally, Orangeville. The job was not easy and the days were often long but Fred was a hard worker and proud to be supporting his wife, Ruth, (nee Powell), and his three daughters, Barbara, (1942-1971), Sandra, (1944-) and Debbie, (1950-).

After a long career on the railroad, Fred and Ruth retired, moved from their home in Orangeville to an apartment in Waterloo. The next several years were what he called, "Some of the best years of my life!" Fred and Ruth travelled to Portugal and various places in Florida. They always came back with happy stories of meeting friends, enjoying warm weather when snow was back home and making sure that they observed 'Happy Hour' every day.

Fred spoke with pride about each member of his family! His wife, Ruth, was the love of his life and his children knew they were lucky to have such a hard working and protective father. When Ruth died in 1997, a piece of Fred died with her. Life was not the same but Fred carried on and maintained an apartment, shopping and taking care of his home by himself. He was fastidious in his cleaning and was happy when visitors to his apartment asked what cleaning service he used!! "Just me and my elbow grease!"

Fred moved into Maple Court, a retirement residence in Walkerton in 2011. This location was chosen as he had a daughter, Debbie, living close by and he had once lived in the town of Walkerton for about 13 years. He was a little hesitant at first, moving into a new home, making new friends, figuring out a new way to live but it did not take long before life at Maple Court gave him comfort, happiness and peace of mind.

Fred, being a former railroad man, had no difficulty with the routine of the Seniors' residence. "Breakfast at 8:00. Lunch at 12:00 and Supper at 5:00!" He was always ahead of schedule for his arrival! He participated in regular exercise classes, birthday celebrations and loved Friday's Happy Hour and games of Horse Races and cards! Fred was a happy, healthy and sharp as a tack, fellow. He celebrated his 95th birthday on July 14, 2013. His granddaughter, Jenni Roberge, made cupcakes for him to share with his fellow residents and he set himself up in the lounge area wearing a badge that said, 'Happy 95th' and offering a fresh cupcake to anyone who came into the room! After that he was taken to a wonderful restaurant in Walkerton called 'Old Joe's Cabin'. This restaurant highlights pictures and objects from Walkerton's early history and Fred found it difficult to eat his dinner as he was fully absorbed in looking at all of the pictures and sharing his own memories of those days. It was a very special celebration!

On September 27, 2013, Fred was admitted to the South Grey Bruce Hospital in Walkerton, the diagnosis was pneumonia. His Doctor, *Dr. Zaid Al Qaseer* took excellent care of him and we were confident that Fred would return to Maple Court and resume his happy life. Complications arose and after being in the hospital for over two months, Fred died on December 1, 2013.

Norman Watson

By: Hilton Wilson

Kleinburg lost one of its premier citizens late in May, a person not only from Kleinburg, but of Kleinburg. I wrote these same words just two years ago on these pages in tribute to Norm's wife, Olive, but the sentiment holds equally true for Norm.

Norman Oscar Watson is the official name but "Norm will be fine or just call me Norm", his words speak to the humble nature of this man. He was raised on a farm in Woodbridge, Lot 7, Concession 6, where Blue Willow Public School now stands. Following his graduation from High School in Weston, he enrolled in Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph, Ontario. Upon graduation in 1952 he was hired by the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture where he spent 35 years as agricultural representative for Kent, Oxford, and Haldimand Counties and filling leadership roles in Toronto with the Farm Marketing Board, Extension Branch, Agricultural Rep Farm Assistance Program. His accomplishments in his word of work were many.



What makes Norm so special to Kleinburg, though, is the manner in which he embodied the spirit that has made Kleinburg the unique place it is today. Norm was a volunteer's volunteer. He participated in leadership roles as a volunteer with the Kleinburg Public School Home and School, the Kleinburg, Nobleton, Schomberg Rotary Club, Vaughan Library Board, The Kleinburg Binder Twine Festival (charter member of the executive and treasurer for 25 years), Kleinburg United Church (as an elder, steward, and Sunday School teacher), the Ontario Bee Keepers Association, the Ontario Association of Agrologists, among others.

What a contribution he made to his community and communities in so many ways. Norm was very visible in our village. One could see him walking the streets of Kleinburg on his way to the post office or running his booth at the Binder Twine Festival near Jeremy's, dressed like a country gentleman in straw hat and vest. It was a regular occurrence every September on the Sunday morning following Binder Twine to see Norm early, first on the job, with broom and shovel for the Sunday clean-up - a solitary figure on a deserted, forlorn street starting the formidable task of stowing the litter of the day before.

In all of this, Norm found time to be a great family man - husband to Olive, father to Marina (Wright), Norma (Curtis), Janet (Lawson), and Karen (Lonsway) where they lived on Pennon Road since 1965. He was also the proud grandfather of five!

He travelled to many parts of the world: Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Switzerland, Hong Kong, South Korea, Singapore, Australia, and New Zealand. Wherever he went, though, he made a point of attending weekly Rotary meetings of local chapters and attended many Rotary International Conventions.

Norm was a man you could count on: as a friend, a volunteer, or neighbour - unassuming, charitable, genuine, and generous. In response to a well-deserved thank you or compliment his response would be, "Much obliged," or "Bless you." I had the privilege of working with Norm for many years on the Binder Twine Committee and on the Board at Kleinburg United Church. He was the epitome of Christian love and charity - there wouldn't be an occasion of need or interest where he wouldn't step in without fanfare of any kind.

What a true gentleman, gentle man, and friend! And what an enormous loss to all of us.

Sandra May Snetsinger (nee Sanders) (April 19, 1935 – June 25, 2013)

By: Elisabeth (Coulthard) Gibson

Sandra was a vibrant part of Weston in her early life, at Memorial School, C.R.Marchant (in the first graduating class from the then Weston Senior Public School) and WCVS. She was always smart, good looking with big saucer blue eyes and full of smiles. Before we ever entered school we were each other's first friends. She moved from John St. to Church St (next door to the now Hospital) and finally to their big house on King St. where everyone was welcome and there were even chickens in the back garden.

At High School she always did well academically, was very athletic, led as a cheerleader and a friend to everyone. In our teenage years her parents provided summer work for lots of Sandra's friends at their resort "Lakeview House" on Lake Simcoe at Jackson's Point. Sandra was a hard worker and the most amazing fun when you lived with her like that. When Queen Elisabeth II had her Coronation on June 2, 1953 she invited our Grade 12 class up to Lakeview House to view the exciting day on television – something that none of us owned or had even seen before. We piled into cars and made a wonderful day of it.



She married Hugh Snetsinger right after completing Grade 13 and moved to Ancaster, Ontario, where they raised their four children, Dewey, Laura, Paula and Michael. Hugh died before he reached 50. Eventually, Sandra continued her education and pursued her love of art, graduating as a weaver. For the rest of her life this was a major interest. At one point she even moved to Cape Breton Island where she raised sheep and spun their wool for her work.

When she moved to Saltspring Island to be near her four children who all settled in BC, she created a fibre arts studio that she maintained for the rest of her life. She alternated that with a job in Tofino at the Roy Vickers Art Gallery also managing Bed and Breakfasts on beautiful Chesterman Beach.

There in Tofino she met Roly Arnet whose Norwegian parents and grandparents were among the first settlers in this area. They became partners till her death. Nothing rejuvenated Sandra more than walking on the beaches in any weather – over the sand, watching the waves, stones, sand, shells and driftwood. She loved it all.

In 1997 Marilyn (Graff) Harrison and I went to visit her for a few days in Tofino to catch up and recall lots of early stories, and to walk the beaches. Then Sandra travelled down to Saltspring Island to show us her other home and studio where Marn (Mills) Scholes joined us. Laughter was the centre of that visit.

Sandra always supported the underdog and took a big interest in politics, the CBC, the environment, Canadian literature, music and always art. She read endlessly. She loved her family, her four children, her four grandchildren and all their doings. Her obituary in the Globe and Mail tells us "she looked for beauty in everything, exuding glamour and grace herself, yet always unassuming".

Jacqueline (Saville) Johnson (1935 - 2014)

By: Fred Fox

Jacqueline “Jackie” Saville was born in Toronto on June 1, 1935, the eldest of the three Saville children. Her youth was spent in Toronto, Willowdale and later, St. Boniface Manitoba since her father had been posted to Rivers, Manitoba by the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF). It should be noted that Jackie’s father joined the RCAF in 1939 when Jackie was four years old, and he was honourably discharged in October 1945.

In 1946, Jackie’s parents moved to Aura Lee Boulevard in the Humberlea area of the former Township of North York (Weston Road area, midway between Wilson Avenue and Sheppard Avenue) and in 1947, Jackie graduated from the local Public School (Humberview P.S.) at the age of 12. In September 1947, Jackie enrolled in the Commercial Course offered at Weston Collegiate & Vocational School (WCVS) and she graduated from there in the Spring of 1951 at the age of 16.

While at WCVS, Jackie was a popular student involved in a number of extra-curricular activities including cheerleading, figure skating at Weston Arena as well as working part-time at Woolworth’s store on Weston’s Main Street. After completing Grade 12 in 1951, Jackie went to work at Kodak in Mount Dennis and in 1955, married her high-school sweetheart, Larry Johnson with whom she had two children. While raising their young family, Jackie obtained her real estate license and embarked on a highly successful career in that field. In 1973, the family moved to Bradford where Jackie became one of the top, local real estate agents.

Once the family was settled in Bradford, Jackie became an avid curler and qualified for the Ontario Senior Mixed-Curling Championships several times. During this period in her life, she also obtained her curling coaching certificate and was instrumental in establishing the Bradford Junior Curling League. In summer, Jackie’s passion was golfing at the Board of Trade Club in Woodbridge and at Big Cedar Point Golf & Country Club in Innisfil where she was a member.

Tragically, on September 6, 1982, Jackie (age 47), lost her husband Larry at the young age of 51 and became the family provider. That task she undertook with due diligence. Jackie was a breast cancer survivor for 13 years. In 2007, she was diagnosed with dementia which prompted her to sell her condominium and become a resident of Bradford Valley Long-Term Care Facility. While there, she was involved in many activities until last year (2013) when her cancer returned and subsequently took her life on February 22, 2014. She is sadly missed by her sister Marg, brother John, daughter Wendy, son Jay, 4 grandchildren, 2 great grandchildren and many close, dear friends.

In Memoriam

Since publication of the last alumni Newsletter in June 2013, the Weston Collegiate Alumni Foundation has been informed of the passing of the alumnae/alumni/staff listed below. Heartfelt condolences are extended to the families and friends of the deceased. Please let us know if we have missed anyone.

Era	Name	Residence	Date
1940s/50s	Norman Watson	Richmond Hill, Ontario	May/2013
1940s	Florence (Screen) Hopcroft	Newmarket, Ontario	June 6/13
1950s	Sandra (Sanders) Snetsinger	Salt Spring Is. B.C.	June 25/13
1940s	L. Elwood Wilson	Weston, Ontario	July 3/13
1940s/50s	Louis "Louie" Bunda	Toronto, Ontario	Aug 3/13
1960s	Sharon (Sprange) Hatton	Inglewood, Ontario	Aug 17/13
1940s	Morris Bilyk	Barrie, Ontario	Aug 24/13
1940s	Jack Hildebrand	Unionville, Ontario	Aug 24/13
1940s	Mary (Bolton) Harley	Oakville, Ontario	Sep 1/13
1940s	Gilbert Bridgman		
1940s	Maurice Bent		
1950s	Norma (Borrett) Torance	Toronto, Ontario	Nov 23/13
1960s/70s	Danny McCort	Kitchener, Ontario	Nov 28/14
1930s	Fred Worthington	Walkerton, Ontario	Dec 1/13
1940s	Mary (Silver) Redfern	Durham, Ontario	Dec 5/13
1930s	Mary Robinson (Boake)	Saanich (Victoria) B.C.	Dec /2013
1960s	Gary W. Hunt, Ph.D	Toronto, Ontario	Dec 30/13
1980s/90s	Robin Ann Shepherd – Staff/Vice Principal	Toronto, Ontario	Jan 7/14
1960s	Brian "Butch" Pender	Toronto, Ontario	Jan 12/14
1974-2003	Gary Hamara – Staff	Toronto, Ontario	Jan 23/14
1940s/50s	Jackie (Saville) Johnson	Bradford, Ontario	Feb 22/14
1950s/60s	Robert George Bull	Montreal, Quebec	Mar 7/2014
1930s	Gina (Pacini) Polla	Loretto, Ontario	Mar 24, 2014
1950s	William John Michael Palmer	Oakville, Ontario	Apr 2/14
2000s	Shanjeewan Ponniah	Hamilton, Ontario	Apr 26/14
2000s	Kevin Nguyen	Weston, Ontario	Apr/14
1967-1992	Ernie Dawson – Staff		Apr/14
1940s	William "Bill" Jago	Toronto, Ontario	May 8/14
1940s/50s	Don Gunn	Stoney Creek, Ontario	May/14

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