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*A Newsletter published for former students  
and teachers of Harbord Collegiate Institute*

**Fall 2007**



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## **WHY A HARBORD CLUB?**

- 1) To establish and maintain a sense of common identity among former students and teachers of the school
- 2) To share news from Harbordites everywhere
- 3) To provide funds for prizes, awards and scholarships in all grades of the school

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# .EDITORIAL.

Fellow Harbordites,

Saturday, September 15, 2007

A grand hello to each of you. The weather outside is in a state of flux. Yesterday was a lovely summer day. Today, the onset of fall began with the temperature dropping to the early teens. A distinct coolness was in the air as I stooped to pick up my morning papers from my veranda.

The change is inevitable as the beautiful fall colours emerge to indicate the arrival of a new season. Change is also happening in the Harbord Club. A number of new faces have arrived on the scene to think about future endeavours and plans.

I am the new editor replacing Paul McIntyre. I would like to extend a huge thank you for his effort in keeping us connected.

I graduated in 1978 and am the eldest daughter of immigrants who joined the exodus from Italy. My siblings also attended Harbord. I have fond memories of the building before the renovation – a much grander edifice in my mind where I can still hear the creaking of the wooden floors and see outside of the super large windows onto the vista beyond.

When my sister Rosa and I went to a meeting being held by a stranger called Murray I sat and listened in awe at each of the individuals in front of me. These people, I soon realized, was a wonderful group of alumni led by the extraordinary, Murray Rubin, who spearheaded a very successful re-dedication and cleaning of the WWI monument followed by the design, creation and commemoration of the Second World War Monument. Fundraisers, dinners, meetings, endless phone conversations, and more meetings with distinguished individuals were held.

A wonderful group of alumni lead by the extraordinary, Murray Rubin, spearheaded a very successful re-dedication and cleaning of the WWI monument followed by the design, creation and commemoration of the Second World War monument. Fund-raisers, dinners, meetings, endless phone conversations, and more meetings with distinguished individuals were held.

We must now think about new goals. Are you interested in meeting with other alumni? Is it time for a five-year; ten-year; thirty-year reunion of your year? Please consider getting involved with your former high school alumni. We could use ideas and people with various talents to work one or two hours monthly. Articles are needed for the Harbordite. It would be wonderful to read about former grads. Let us continue to raise money for the current students. Most importantly, we need to hear from you in order to keep the Harbord Club and Harbordite in touch with former classmates and teachers. Think about getting involved and keeping in touch.

Josie Galati '78  
Editor

## **.FEATURED ARTICLES.**

Carry me back to my old alma mater



**The big task of high school is to find your fellow iconoclasts and keep them close.**

JOHN SHEARD

I received a flurry of e-mails and letters recently, heralding the bicentennial celebrations next month of my old high school. My alma mater, as it were, is the grand dame of all Toronto high schools -- Jarvis Collegiate Institute. Even as I ponder the daunting prospect of mingling with fellow alumni -- as we check out who has been most ravaged by Time's cool hand after 35 years -- I am taken back to my first day at Jarvis.

I was a 12-year-old boy staring up at its gargantuan portals in awe as I entered the Land of Giants. An early public-school acceleration and a late birthday had conspired to put me there at that tender age and despite the great wisdom of the school system, I really had no business being there.

Jarvis was a huge, mutating organism; the hallways were the veins, the classrooms the organs and the 1,200 students (all older and larger than me) were its lifeblood. I was swallowed whole . . . ingested.

To say I was a fish out of water understates it. Rather, I was a foreign body, an irritant, and as such was quickly identified and marked by the organism's antibodies for containment and eradication. The antibodies came in all shapes, sizes and colours. Their only common trait was an undying contempt for the innocents . . . such as me.

I remember well my desperate need for a friend in those strange, early days. That prayer was answered about Week 2 or so, in the form of my slim, stylish French (and homeroom) teacher, Miss McTaggart.

Recognizing a lost soul, she gave me the lowdown on whom to avoid and whom to embrace. She laid out the rules of the collective for me.

I took her confidences to heart and managed to stay alive and healthy in the mean hallways. Miss McTaggart looked out for me that year and I thought of her as a friend.

She had sat me beside a boy she thought was okay: He was the titan of the class and his name was Gundars. Gundars too, was an odd fish due to his size and the fact that he was repeating Grade 9. He and I hit it off immediately, although we were an odd pair: I was a

young smartass kid from Rosedale, he a quiet son of Latvian immigrants from the poorer end of Cabbagetown. He liked a good joke and I liked to tell one.

I'll never forget the day one of the senior antibodies passed me in the hallway and knocked my textbooks and notes onto the floor, kicking them down the hall with a grin. Gundars happened to be behind me. He nonchalantly lifted my tormentor off the floor with a powerful arm and explained to him that if his behaviour toward me wasn't ameliorated, things could get awkward. Those weren't his exact words but the message was received and I was given a wide berth from then on.

Actually, Gundars wouldn't have hurt a fly but a little sabre-rattling went a long way in the battlefield. Gundars and I were best friends for more than three years and although we drifted apart as our worlds expanded in later grades, we were still friends.

I lost track of Gundars after high-school but he re-entered my life in a heart-breaking way some 30 years later. I had good friends in Cabbagetown that I had visited often over the years; I was there one summer day when I recognized one of Gundars's brothers walking out of the house next door carrying a large cardboard box. I went over to speak with him, delighted to re-connect after so long. I asked why he was there and he told me he was moving his brother's things out of the house. You see, his brother Gundars had just died after a long battle with cancer.

I was dizzy. All those times I had been right next door to my old friend and . . . unaware. Of course, I realized it had been his family home but Gundars had never invited me there -- he had his reasons and I had never pushed it. I had only known the address and now that came flooding back with painful clarity.

That day has become part of the surging memories of school and friends past, both bitter and sweet. Most of my great friendships to this day were forged in high school and if I learned anything there, it is the importance of finding your fellow foreign bodies and upstream-swimmers and clinging to them.

Now, as I think back on Jarvis and all the people there who brushed by me for an instant, I will mostly remember two who are now gone. I'll remember a big, good-natured Latvian kid who was my very good friend, and I'll remember a slim, stylish French teacher who bestowed a few gracious kindnesses on a grateful 12-year-old boy.

*John Sheard lives in Toronto.*

*This article was printed in the Harbordite in spite of the fact that John went to Jarvis. It is very applicable to all Harbord Grads. The Editor*

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## Hinda Petroff

Hinda Petroff, an artist from Toronto, Canada, a graduate of Harbord Collegiate Institute, has been creating outstanding watercolours for the past 25 years. Her ability to capture a large variety of subjects has allowed her work to appeal to a wide audience.

Hinda was born in 1933 in Ansonville, a small town in northern Ontario. Her parents, a doctor and nurse from New York City, settled there specifically to bring needed medical care to the outlying communities. Living in the far north gave Hinda the opportunity, from an early age, to observe the great beauty of unspoiled nature, and allowed her to develop an appreciation for the native art of the local Indians and Eskimos. The family eventually moved to Toronto, where Hinda married her architect husband and raised a family of 5 children and many grandchildren. She taught junior high school for 30 years and upon retirement started her second career as a watercolour artist. Hinda's mother, Celia, was an accomplished artist, sculptor, and potter and had a great influence on Hinda and her two sisters, who are all talented artists and frequently exhibit together.



Currently, Hinda spends most of her time searching for new subject matter and experimenting with unique watercolour techniques. Hinda has studied with well-known artists Jill Siegal, Bilha Morgan, and Jean Rodack of Toronto. She has also traveled extensively in China, and has studied Chinese brush painting with the very talented artist, Betty Li. Hinda is a member of the North York Visual Artists Group. Her works are on display in various locations in Canada, the United States, England, and Australia.

Solo Shows: 2003/04/05/06 Toronto, Canada  
2005 Saskatoon, Canada  
2003/04/05 Woodmont Country Club, Tamarac, FL  
2006 Tamarac Library, Tamarac, FL  
2006 Ft. Lauderdale, FL  
2007 Toronto, Canada

Group Shows: Chicago, IL, 2004  
2005/06 Toronto, Canada  
2005/06 Tamarac, FL

Commissions: Toronto (40 pieces), N Y Towers  
Private clients, Chicago, IL





## 50-year reunion for Harbord Collegiate grads

By ABIGAIL BIMMAN, CJNI Intern

The Canadian Jewish News

Thursday, 30 August 2007

**TORONTO** - Students who attended Harbord Collegiate Institute between 1952 and 1957 are gearing up for the school's 50th anniversary reunion on Oct. 13.

The school, built in 1892, boasted a 95 per cent Jewish population 50 years ago. Even as families began to move north, many students stayed at their beloved downtown high school.

"There were just so many people who left their hearts at Harbord," said Carol (Davis) Bloom, one of the event organizers.

Bloom has stayed in touch with about 10 people from her 1957 graduating class of approximately 110. She is part of a group of women who have met every Monday night for the past 50 years.

"We were close then, and we're close now. We've gone through the whole life cycle – a couple of life cycles, actually. It started out as a bridge group," Davis explained, but conversation always overrode the game.

"We haven't taken the cards out in 48 years," she said.

Bernie Liebgott, another event organizer, remembers Harbord as special because of the connection between the Jewish students.

"It was a crazy time. We had just come from public schools where we had to do the Lord's Prayer every day, we had to read the Bible... at Harbord they didn't do those things," he said of his own experience.

The kinship the Jewish students felt was really evident at "the Y" – now the Miles Nadal Jewish Community Centre. It was the hub of social activity, said Liebgott, a professor in the University of Toronto's faculty of medicine.

At school, students, mostly first-generation Canadians, would speak Yiddish in the halls so that the mainly gentile staff wouldn't understand, he said.

"Things were a little bit tense," he said of the teachers. "You'd get the odd remark about 'our people,' that sort of thing, but mostly they were fair. It was a different time.

Teachers could indulge in corporal punishment," Liebgott said.

"The fact that [the teachers] weren't Jewish was never an issue. It just didn't matter," said grad Martin Goldfarb.

"The Jewish holidays were sacrosanct. The school was open, but nothing happened 90 per cent of the time."

Goldfarb, a principal at Goldfarb Intelligence Marketing, CEO of Goldfarb Corporation



and member of the Order of Canada, said Harbord was more of a club than a school. “Students understood each other and knew each other. Most of them were Jewish. You had this innate understanding of our values and standards for behaviour, what was expected, what was not expected. The teachers understood it too.”

Harbord is known for some prestigious graduates, including the comedy duo Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster; Stephen Lewis, the former UN envoy for AIDS/HIV in Africa and now founder of the Stephen Lewis Foundation; and Dr. Charles Best, co-discoverer of insulin.

Most of the 1957 graduates went into professions like medicine, dentistry, law and accountancy.

Helen Freedhoff (Henchy Goodman) stood out as a female who didn’t go directly into teaching, as many of the girls did, but headed into an academic physics career. When she started teaching physics, she said, it was to all-male classes. She is still a physics professor at York University.

“In high school it never occurred to me that I would have to play dumb to get dates,” she recalled.

“Nobody ever really discouraged me. The teachers really encouraged me, and nobody taught me that there was anything wrong with having a career.”

Stan Kates, who graduated at 16 and was student council president, opened his own advertising agency at the age of 24.

“Stan, the super salesman, will enter commerce and finance and then sell refrigerators to the Eskimos,” his yearbook bio stated 50 years ago.

He is now president of Kates Advertising and chair of the Kates Marketing Group, the largest real estate marketer in Canada.

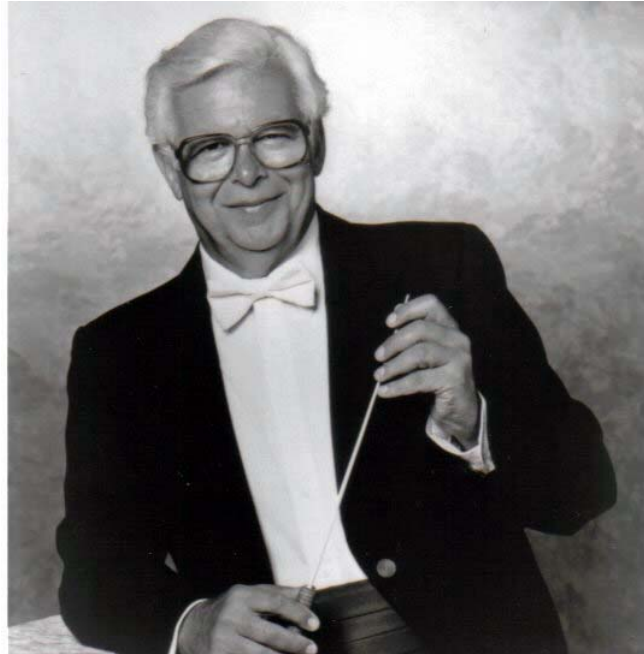
“Harbord, for us who went there in the ’50s and ’60s, was probably the greatest experience that anybody could ever have,” Kates said. “It was an exciting time frame. So many of the kids who went through that period did so well in life. It was a tremendous training ground for us.”

For more information or to order tickets for the Oct. 13 reunion, visit [www.harbordreunion57.com](http://www.harbordreunion57.com) or call Carol Bloom at 416-491-2845.

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## Victor Feldbrill

In many interviews I have had over my career one question keeps coming up: What part did Harbord Collegiate have in my life? The answer is quite simple. My years at Harbord 1937-1942 were the most important formative years of my life in many ways.



When I arrived at the school as a young violin student I was already well aware of the reputation Harbord had in the field of music. The annual performances of Gilbert and Sullivan were well known and respected throughout Toronto and elsewhere. Unfortunately in my first year there was no opera production due to a postponement in the opening of the school year due to a polio epidemic. Nevertheless, because of the dedication of two wonderful teachers, Brian McCool and Allister Haig that first year was still rich in music making. McCool was in charge of the orchestra and Haig conducted the school's choirs.

McCool appointed me concertmaster and soon gave me my first opportunity to conduct. It is a moment I shall never forget because it was truly the moment that changed the course of my musical life. War broke out in 1939 and McCool, now Major McCool, left for the Services. Mr. Haig was left with the bulk of the preparation of the orchestra and chorus. He realized he was basically a choral man and turned over a lot of the orchestral rehearsals to me. What an incredible opportunity for an aspiring young conductor. It afforded me the chances to conduct the orchestra at school assemblies and the overtures of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas during public performances. Somehow news of my activities reached the Students Administration Office of the University of Toronto and they approached me to become the conductor of the University Orchestra upon my graduation. This led to an invitation from Sir Ernest Macmillan to conduct one work on a concert of the Toronto Symphony. I was eighteen at the time.

Harbord was also where I met my first "live" composer. At that time I thought composers were all dead available only in encyclopedias. The composer was the late John Weinzweig. He had attended Harbord and returned to visit after graduating from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester N.Y. He had with him an orchestral score, which he had written and showed how it was put together. I was enthralled. That moment, no

doubt, instilled in me the desire to perform new music of Canadian composers whenever possible.

Weinzweig became my teacher in theory, harmony and orchestration. He became a colleague and friend over the years. I was privileged to perform his music around the world and in Canada.

Harbord was also the place where I met my wife Zelda Mann. She was an outstanding Social Worker, wife and mother. We were just two months away from our fiftieth anniversary when I lost her to cancer. But her spirit is alive and well in our daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Harbord also was responsible for lifelong friendships. These friends represent a large canvas of interests in, the fields of medicine, law, science, business and, of course, the arts. We often meet and reminisce fondly of our glorious high school days. I often wonder if there are other schools in Toronto or elsewhere that provided such stimulus for its students.

Victor Feldbrill O.C. O.Ont.

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## **Harbord Remembers WW II**

(Hannah Banky Brown, HCI '50)

On Tuesday, May 8, 2007, a very large crowd of people gathered in front of Harbord Collegiate in the courtyard. We were there to honour the students and staff of Harbord Collegiate Institute who had fought and died in the Second World War. In the shade of the small bright leaves which were just opening, we participated in a celebration of remembrance of all the young men and women who had died, and who had been not much older than the current students who crowded round to listen, watch and perform.

The formalities of welcome and greetings by Mary Jane McNamara, Principal, and remarks and greetings by Sydney Moscoe, Q. C. (HCI '52), Chris Bolton, Vice-Chair, TDSB, Joe Pantalone, Deputy Mayor, City of Toronto, (HCI '72), and Mario Marchese, MPP, were interspersed with beautiful performances from the Harbord Concert Band and the Harbord Cantemus Choir. There were also short speeches about Harbord's history in English and French by two eloquent students, Narine Gharakhanian-Martiros and Gloria Chau, both in Grade 11. Most moving were the speeches given by Major Dan Eustace, Bob Sterling, RCAF (HCI '37), Leslie Dan, Holocaust Survivor (HCI '50), Ivan Fecan (HCI '70), Vernon White, Veteran, as well as Marc Odette, and Mariam Burnett/Tamara Rebanks, Benefactors, from the Weston Foundation. Although the street noises of cars, streetcars, and the occasional jet continued throughout the ceremonies, it seemed very quiet on those front lawns.

The final formal act of the morning was the dedication of a World War II Memorial monument by its creator, architect and sculptor, Morton Katz (HCI '53). Set in a lower courtyard, this austere and beautiful sculpture in the form of the letter "H", reaches skyward from its graceful base to two gently tapering arms. The "H" is broken in the center horizontal bar, signifying loss and destruction of young lives. On its curved inner surfaces are the names of all those Harbord Students and Staff who gave their lives during the Second World War. The smooth polished metal surfaces invite touch, and the structure is large enough that one can stand within it, and achieve a kind of solitude in a crowded courtyard. Morton Katz created a magnificent and inspiring work of art.

It was difficult to leave that structure and go down into the old gym where food and entertainment were waiting. The gym was set up beautifully, and many students were dressed in "costume" (our old clothes of the '40s) in approximation of nurses and canteen workers of the war years. The music, provided by a small choir, a piano and two young women students was wonderful. There was also prerecorded music from old World War II recordings, and I think we all slipped into the past for a few emotional minutes. The young women, whose names I never learned, put on a performance of pop songs of the early 40's, done in the style of the Andrews Sisters. But the Andrews Sisters certainly did not have the verve and energy and talent that these young women displayed. The Cantemus Choir, the smaller group of Singers in the Gym, the soloists, and the concert Band enchanted us all.

Bravo to their teachers: Ms. Renata Todros and Mr. Tim Alberts!

This entire memorial project was the brainchild of Murray Rubin (HCI '50), who worked for almost seven years to ensure its resounding success. Syd Moscoe (HCI '52) coordinated the committees of Harbord and TDSB staffs and HCI alumni volunteers. Mary Jane McNamara, principal of HCI was invaluable for her help and support, and deserves special thanks. None of the wonderful accomplishments of staff and students could have taken place without her! The cafeteria staff prepared and served mountains of excellent food to the hungry crowd. And none of this would have happened without a host of fantastic financial contributions: from wonderful benefactors, generous donors and the ongoing support from older and newer Harbord graduates.

Many of us stayed long after the ceremonies and music, to talk to old friends and marvel at what a special and memorable ceremony it was that we had witnessed. We drifted out in small groups with the music still ringing in our ears, and with the sculpture the last thing in our eyes, we turned toward home.

## Photos from the Ceremony



Fred Lum/The Globe and Mail

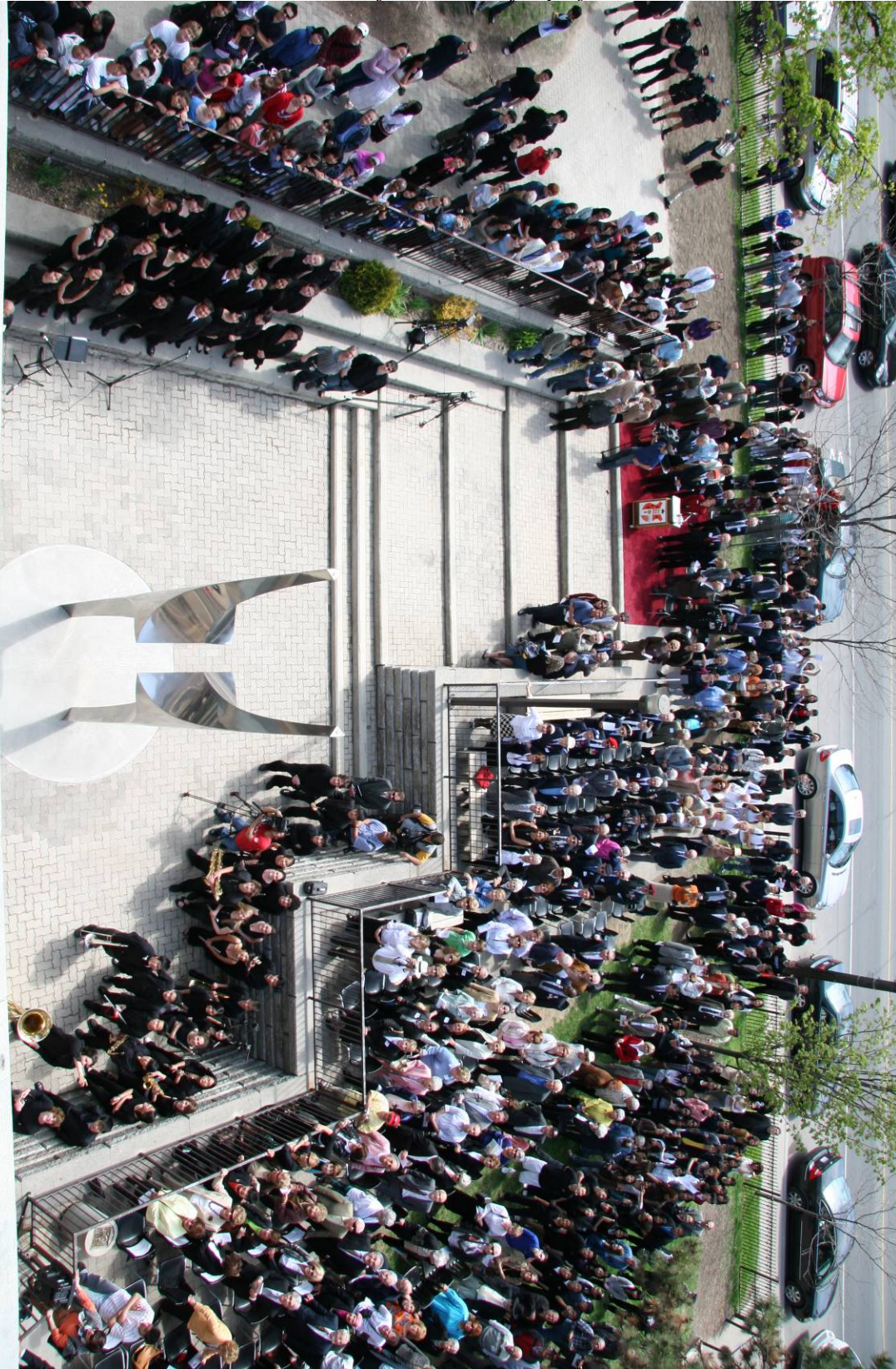
Regards,

Francine Bellefeuille  
Permissions Editor





*Picture taken from the roof top of the school*



## **.OUR READERS WRITE.**

**Dear Mr. Rubin,**

Some time ago we spoke about donations towards the WW I and II memorials. I was happy to contribute and was exceptionally pleased to see on your website that day a special success, represented by concerning dignitaries. Congratulations on your many achievements.

You had also asked if I would be willing to provide you with a synopsis with respect to what impact HCI has had in my life. Please find below a summary for your approval. If it is chosen, it may be featured on your web site. You have my full authorization, and may utilize my photograph in the 1978 year book.

To further add, I have been working on gateways, specifically knowledge & educational gateways in the Maritime Region. I have been fortunate enough to help a local entrepreneur build a school from pre to 8, as well as, was featured in the MacLeans Magazine on the state of education in our country.

If you find this synopsis beneficial, please let me know by email as I would also like to approach the CBC who is featuring on their website "This I believe," featuring prominent Canadians with their perspective. Thank you very much.

Yours Truly,

Mr. Terry Temniuk  
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Wonderful memories of Harbord Collegiate Institute, friends, and learning achievements filter through the aging mind. Since the latter 70's, the ethos ( spirit ) still remains deep within the heart today.

Hi, Bonjour, my name is Terry Temniuk, some called me Taras, I reside in "Canada's Beautiful East Sea Coast." With a healthy and modest mid life disposition, I was asked to share some of my life's experiences, and this is what I have to say...

"Knowledge is the key to life."

Education is a life long passion and does not end after graduation. Hopeful of my journey, I returned for another year of 13, before venturing off to college, then university. Since that time, I continue to engage myself with professional education & development . Today, I have a desire to return to university once again.



Early education directed me towards a fascinating industry opportunity encompassing people and the clarion call to service by putting people first and helping those with a need. During that time I was overwhelmed with joy by the number of individuals that I have met through hospitality, sharing with me "way of life" experiences, rich lessons not learned in a formal educational setting.

Keeping very busy, the decades since HCI slipped by quickly. During the early 90's I travelled North America and became part of a network of a very diverse group of people that afforded me the opportunity to be instrumental in growing business opportunities & relationships between our communities, a true young ambassador in the making.

During the 80's and leanness of the 90's I was able to discover my financial passion and courage for making things work. As a result, business planning & development became reality in conjunction with government, business owners, professionals, community associations, vendors ( customers & suppliers ), schools ( **mentoring & empowering high school students** ) and most of all people eager and willing to work hard. Trust was and remains paramount.

As we get older, we begin to discover our passion(s), our inner gift(s), our true cardinal purpose. We develop vision, sometimes referred to what we can see while others cannot.

Today, life is about taking simple small collaborative steps that lead to ideas and innovation, progress and the sharing of those achievements by all, when the risk fully matures and the dream(s) come true. We all win through "value" and "best in class" efforts.

It is also about having the I-can-do spirit, an enthusiastic attitude in life that inspires the we-can-do spirit.

It is also about mainstreet, family and friends, harmony in life, through enjoyment and doing things with style and class.

The true measure of success is when we are unconditionally loved, respected and honoured.

### **Virtus Et Doctrina.**

Thank you Harbord Collegiate Institute for providing me with a solid educational foundation.

**Hi Josie,**

Over the five years there were many friends. Just to mention a few inspiring individuals ('78), names that come to mind are: Bright Penny, The Cardoso brothers Tony and Joe, Cathy Kosma, Aurelio Damota, Rita Bonicelli, Daria Banach, Isa Casano, Vito Iannace, In Lee, Tina Lem, Margaret Lemon, Arthur Chong, Marina Mirabella, Nicky Tinto, Wayne Tsujiuchi, and Sam Wong. Some of these names stem a life time of friendship from earlier educational institutions and just plain growing up in the Annex - Willowdale Park ( Christie Pits ) areas. Since then I have lost contact, and can only wish that life is treating these friends very well. Thank goodness for the Harbord Club and the technology to collaborate. Maybe the Harbord Club can develop an alumni email / web address listing.

Memorable times include:

During a math exam, Miss Krane gave the class a time out, left the class, and let us watch the topping of the CN Tower by the Skorsky helicopter. It was great to note that we all passed that day.

During a football scrimmage with Central Tech, and being a first year junior on the senior team, I picked up the ball on a wet and rainy day and fully outran two teams and scored. Coach Lillico announced this in front of the school auditorium that if I had a Team of Terry's, I would have a championship team. That year the boys went on to the city final and lost to Central Tech by one point. I wish I was there. Never did I experience such camaraderie by a team of first class gentlemen, true athletes, and a great coach who got the tiger out from all of us.

During geography in Mr. Kuehn's class I scored a perfect test on a very hard Chinese map test. However, many failed, so we did a rewrite, and lo and behold, I got 100% again. More passed the test this time around. Oh yes, there was help with a big map strategically placed at the back of the class. So, being brave, I approached the teacher afterwards and asked why the rewrite. I was told that you will not understand. Being brave I stated that I really studied hard for this one while some took the easy road. I felt real bad for my teacher, as he was not aware of the strategy going on. Study hard and do not cheat or it will get you all the time.

Thanks go to Mr. Katyal for math preparation, as I became a financial controller. Thanks to Mr. Bond for the music as I fully enjoy the opera and symphony. My son plays trumpet in a Dallas Marching Band. Oh yes, I would have been a good musician too. And thank you Miss Davey for believing in me. I have developed a wonderful Canadian and US human resources manual for today's business environment and spend time mentoring some high school stars in the community that I reside. I admire and respect your very hard work with all your students. Thank you.

There are many wonderful teachers to thank.

Let's keep the spirit going...

Terry Temniuk ('78)

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## **To Harbord Collegiate Institute**

Toronto, Canada

Here I was on a whim playing with my computer when my old high school name popped into view. I am from the class of '49. The last contact I had was with the event to save the school from destruction some years ago. Those days at HCI were for others and myself the most formative and existential of many of our lives though many including myself did not recognize it. The teachers were the best -- old school ... nose to the books. I met my future wife who was also an HCI student. Subsequently, Med School at U of T and further training in the U.S.A. before returning to practice surgery in Toronto for 16 years. Then [I] went to Houston for a further 16 years and ultimately retired with family and grandchildren in Dallas. How wonderful to see the excellence and fun of the school still front and centre. I give up a small tear thinking of those character-forming years. It would be nice to know that pictures of the 5th form class were available. In the meantime – ONWARD HARBORD!

Gerald Z. Strauss

P.S. STILL CANADIAN

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### **Class of 1950 – Lunch and Laugh**

At our Class of 1950 Harbord Reunion, the girls decided that we should keep in touch by getting together several times a year for lunch. The decision was prompted from the joy we shared at meeting again and seeing one another after so many years. This gave us the opportunity to catch up with our lives since we left Harbord Collegiate. Originally, the group consisted of just the women who served on the reunion committee, but as more girls became aware of our lunches, our numbers increased.

For the past seven years, these get-togethers have been fun, delightful and nostalgic. I am sure I speak for all of us when I say that we look forward to each and every lunch. Hopefully this will continue for years to come.

I am inviting anyone from the class of 1950 who wishes to join us – male or female - to give us a call. If interested, please contact either Helen Klingman at 416-736-8435 or Murray Rubin at 416-483-0985.

Yours,

Esther (Brown) Moss

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I was watching CTV news and saw the coverage of your project to recognize the WWII veterans who attended your school.

I have attached a note regarding my father, Alexander William Stewart, who attended Harbord CI in the 1930's. I know he would have been a great supporter of this project.

Dad was always proud of his association with Harbord CI and many times in business he would be introduced to American businessmen who would ask him '...and which educational institution did you graduate from?' His reply was always 'I graduated from Harbord', but the way he pronounced Harbord, the Americans always thought he said 'Harvard' and Dad just kept smiling.

I hope this is information that you are looking for.

Marilyn Benning

---

Thank you Murray for many enrichments to my life; let me count the ways: your wonderful thought provoking questions to our professors at U.T.A.A. lectures; your perceptive connecting me to a dear friend of my Harbord years before his death; and now once again you are helping to keep alive the memory and sacrifice of my brother, Sub Lieutenant Robert Orok R.N. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,  
Elizabeth Stubbs (nee Orok)

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Dear Ms. Stubbs,

I am reminded of the many times I walked through the halls of Harbord, as a young student, past the lists of Harbord's fallen soldiers. I felt only sadness as I read their names- knowing that these brave, young soldiers left behind so many loved ones.

It will be our pleasure to carry out your request to commemorate your brother's contributions to our armed forces. On behalf of our Harbord Club members, I would like to thank you for reminding us that many men and women, past and present, have lost their lives to make Canada a wonderful place to live. We are publishing your letter describing the life of your brother and include his picture in the article.

Editor

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## **Gordon Shaw**

Gordon Shaw attended Harbord Collegiate from 1934-39. He then went to the Washington University to earn his B.A. in 1945. Gordon Shaw continued his studies at the University of Toronto and received his MA degree in 1948. In 1953, Gordon Shaw earned his medical degree from the University of Toronto. He was an intern at the Toronto Western Hospital from 1953 to 1954. His residency in Pathology occurred in St. Louis from 1954-57. Later, Dr. Shaw spent some time in the Canadian Army in the Chemical & Biological Warfare section in Kingston. Afterwards, he worked in several states (Missouri 1954-1964; Indiana and Illinois 1964-2000)

On a personal note, Dr. Shaw met and married his wife, Verla Casselman, a nurse in 1954. They had four children who followed their parents in the medical field. Two children are working in Chicago (a son, a doctor, and a daughter in Nuclear Medicine) and two practicing in Albuquerque (a daughter, pediatric dentist, and a son, an endodontist). Dr. Shaw has 11 grandchildren. He presently resides in Scottsdale, Arizona.

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Hello Murray,

I have received the copies and I am very moved seeing some of the students and myself back in the old days, I am very grateful for your efforts. I was able to get in touch with one guy and hope to have more info which will help us write perhaps an article about that team but that may take some time, in any case stay in touch and have a great summer.

Sam P.

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Hi. I attended Harbord Collegiate and graduated from grade 13 in 1948. My name then was-Sollie Lishewitz and I lived at 31 Grange Ave. I changed my name later, before my first child was born, to-Sol Layton.I was in 5A in 1948 and left school for a year and worked in a factory. I then entered the CA course and graduated in 1954.

I married Bernice Lieberman in 1952 and on May 25, 2007, we will celebrate our 55th anniversary.

We had 4 children in 5 years (every time I smiled at my wife, she had a baby). I now have 8 grandchildren and the oldest is a girl who turned 24 today. It is possible I may become a great-grandfather in the near future.

I was National tax partner for Canada for an international firm of CAs and eventually left to open a small practice with one of my sons.

In the 60's, I entered York University , Atkinson, and graduated with honours and a scholarship in 1999 earning a BA in Social Science.

I continue to practice with my son and am physically and, I think, mentally alert. Most of the students with whom I attended school have passed on or have retired. Since I changed my name, I have been out of touch with the school but this may now change.  
Sol Louis Layton BA CA CMC.

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### **Sub Lieut. Robert John Orok R.N.**

Dear Sirs,

My brother, Robert John Orok, attended Harbord Collegiate Institute as a student in December 1929 and January 7, 1930, registered in grade XI (form 3). He broke his arm in the gym, was cared for by the teacher, Brian McCool and eventually left Harbord completing his formal high school education at night school at Harbord. During this time, the depression era, he worked in a grocery store, taking deliveries by bicycle in all weathers. Finally, he was accepted at the University of Toronto – graduated with honours in Electrical Engineering in May 1939. He had been accepted in the Royal Navy, with a commission as Sub Lieutenant, was immediately enrolled in the Naval College at Portsmouth, completed the preparatory training, and then sent to Barrow-in-Turners (sp?) doing special work on Naval Guns. Other assignments followed his request to the Admiralty until he was moved to active duty at sea. He survived the loss of his ship (the South Hampton), then to the HMS Gloucester where he lost his life at the Battle of Crete May 21-22.



We learned later he had been up for his second stripe (Lieutenant), which, unfortunately, he did not live to receive.

I am enclosing a copy of his picture taken during this period while he lived in the Harbord District at 288 Roxton Road.

My sister and I are grateful for this opportunity to have Bob remembered as a former Harbord student and a deceased veteran of Canada's wartime contribution.

Yours truly,  
Margaret Orok (sister)  
And Elizabeth Stubbs (sister)

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Greetings from Sidney-By-The-Sea

Enclosed my donation for the "unveiling lunch". I regret that I cannot attend--But the spirit will be there! I am sure it will be a moving ceremony

Thank you to all who did the work

Sincerely  
Jean Buck

---

This is a donation to help pay for the reception after the dedication of the World War II monument. It is a beautiful monument and it was a very impressive and moving ceremony and reception.

Thanks.

Cheryl Tallan (Lapedes)  
Class of '53

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## .OBITUARIES.

### LEON LEPPARD, PHYSICIST: 1907-2006

**At the outbreak of the Second World War, the young Canadian scientist and math wizard was snapped up by the Royal Navy as someone who understood the mysteries of radar**

BUZZ BOURDON

1264 Words

Wednesday, February 7, 2007

Page S7

Special to the Globe and Mail

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OTTAWA -- Wave after wave of German Stuka dive bombers screamed out of the sky bent on sinking an allied convoy taking tanks and artillery on its way to Britain's 8th Army fighting in North Africa.

Below decks on HMS Queen Elizabeth, a super-dreadnought of 33,000 tons, Leon Leppard of the Royal Canadian Navy monitored the air battle with great anxiety. As the ship's radar officer, he was responsible for detecting enemy aircraft and passing that vital information to the ship's guns.

The action, which began an hour after the convoy left the British naval base at Gibraltar in the spring of 1941, saw enemy reconnaissance aircraft coming in from 50 nautical miles, Mr. Leppard wrote decades later. "From then till sunset, the fleet's guns were never still, while our destroyers wove about tirelessly, laying down smoke screens to fox the Stukas."

Supervising the ship's radar, Mr. Leppard, a physicist who helped pioneer radar during the Second World War for both the RCN and the Royal Navy, was happy with its performance. "I had been able to work out a simple formula for estimating the altitude of an incoming attack flight, the principle being the one we had learned at signal school, but the simplicity deriving from a fortunate set of local parameters. As a result, my operators did not have to refer to a set of tables, but needed only to remember an easily memorized multiplier in order to convert a distance-in-miles observation to an altitude-in-feet estimate. It worked 'champion,' up to a point."

Those happy circumstances ended when the set suddenly went off the air. Other than the ship's human lookouts, the battleship was suddenly steaming blindly toward the enemy. What followed was the most tense 45 minutes of Mr. Leppard's life, he told his family years later.

"With flashlight in hand, he set about in the dark, tracing the source of the problem, ascertaining what was required, while everyone waited with bated breath. At last it was time to test his success," said Mr. Leppard's daughter, Mary Townley. "To his immense relief, the [set's] lights came on and a great cheer went up among the ship's company. He was the hero of the hour."

Known as "Doc" or "Tiger," Mr. Leppard was so good at his job that senior officers praised him as "a capable radio engineer and scientist . . . the best radar officer in the service." One performance report also described him as "a very able administrator and a sound, balanced thinker. A man of great charm, of manners and tact. Speaks several languages."

Leon Leppard grew up in Toronto, the scion of a German Quaker family that arrived from Pennsylvania in the early 19th century. Excelling scholastically from an early age, he won a British Empire-wide competition in 1921 to write a 100-word birthday greeting to King George V. He was paid \$100 -- two month's salary for many people back then -- and his literary masterpiece was read to the king.

Topping his class at Harbord Collegiate Institute -- he finished ahead of Louis Rasminsky, the future governor of the Bank of Canada -- he won Ontario's highest-ranking scholarship. Opting to study mathematics and physics at the University of Toronto, he graduated with first-class honours in 1930. Specializing in spectroscopy, a master's degree followed. In September of 1931, he left for Germany's University of Gottingen and the birthplace of quantum physics to study for a doctorate under Nobel Prize laureate James Franck.

Mr. Leppard revelled in his two years at Gottingen. He often ate lunch with Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb, and enjoyed nights out on the town. But Adolf Hitler was on the rise, witnessed by Mr. Leppard, who once attended a speech by the Nazi leader, whom he described as frightening. On Jan. 30, 1933, Hitler was appointed chancellor of Germany and suddenly all Mr. Leppard's Jewish colleagues were in danger.

Prof. Franck resigned and Mr. Leppard returned to Canada in 1933. After completing his doctorate, he joined Ontario's Department of Health as an expert on such dangerous materials as uranium and radium, which were then entering Canadian industry.

On Aug. 17, 1940, Mr. Leppard was commissioned in the RCN Volunteer Reserve as a lieutenant. The Royal Navy was desperate to borrow Canadian scientists for radar work and the RCN eventually seconded 123 officers, including Mr. Leppard. Although 33, and much older than most of the other junior officers, he quickly made an impression on his men. "Our new officer is slight, dark and sinister-looking; he made us climb the masts from dawn to dusk," an anonymous rating wrote about him.

Attending signal school in Portsmouth, Mr. Leppard "played an instrumental role in developing the newest type of radar and [prepared] the official handbook on the resultant Type 286 RDF set," said Ms. Townley.

On Feb. 13, 1941, Mr. Leppard joined the Queen Elizabeth, where he quickly adjusted to service at sea on one of the Royal Navy's biggest battleships. Possibly the most dramatic moment during his 14 months on board occurred on Dec. 20, 1941, in the Egyptian harbour of Alexandria, when explosive charges attached to the hull by two Italian frogmen the previous day exploded. Three boiler rooms were hit, killing 50 men, and the ship came to rest in shallow water. Standing on the quarterdeck, Mr. Leppard was thrown off his feet.

With the Queen Elizabeth in dry dock for repairs, Mr. Leppard was appointed senior radar officer at HMS Nile, the British naval base at Alexandria. It was a tense time for the British, since Field Marshal Erwin Rommel and his German Afrika Korps were moving steadily toward Egypt and the prize of the Suez Canal. By June of 1942, many people thought Rommel unstoppable. "The Alexandrian shopkeepers were hedging their bets," wrote Ms. Townley. "Dad remembered pictures of the King being removed from shop windows and replaced by photographs of Hitler and Mussolini."

As it turned out, Rommel was defeated at the second Battle of El Alamein and then trounced at the Battle of Medenine, so that by May, 1943, Mr. Leppard found himself back at RCN headquarters in Ottawa where he continued to work on radar. He was demobilized in December of 1945, with the rank of commander, the equivalent to lieutenant-colonel in the army.

After the war, Mr. Leppard returned to the Ontario government's radiation protection branch of the Department of Industrial Hygiene. By then he was a world authority on radiation controls and he set about devising and enforcing the standards that ensured the safety of uranium miners at Chalk River and patients subject to therapeutic irradiation. "If Ontario has a safety record that is the envy of the world, it is largely his doing," said Ms. Townley.

After retiring in 1972, Mr. Leppard became a consultant for the Atomic Energy Control Board of Canada. An idealist who preferred to serve the community instead of entering the business world, Mr. Leppard was angered by the prospect of uranium miners exposed to toxic materials and anyone else whose health might be threatened. "He was highly motivated to help them, to protect their health, their freedom, their rights," said Ms. Townley.

**Leon Bruce Leppard was born on July 19, 1907, in Toronto. He died there on Dec. 20, 2006, from pneumonia. He was 99. He leaves his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, six grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He was predeceased by his wife, Jean.**

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Philip Crawley, Publisher

## Sydney Himel, 81: At 79, he was still on the court

**Lawyer, roughly 40 years older than other players in pickup basketball games, never lost the competitive spirit of his youth**

Feb 06, 2007 04:30 AM

[Michele Henry](#)

STAFF REPORTER

He played basketball well past his 79th birthday.

Roughly 40 years older than the other players in the pickup games he joined twice a week, Sydney Himel could hold his own on the court. The competitive spirit of his youth, which propelled him through various leagues and international games, worked its magic even in his twilight years.

At 6-foot-1, Himel was a tall teenager. "Doc," as he was known, would dominate as a guard in the games that unfolded in the gym at Mackenzie Collegiate Institute.

"Until he was 70, 75, he'd go in for the rebounds for sure," says his son Martin Himel, 50, a filmmaker and television correspondent based in Israel. "He had a mean one-handed shot. He'd be running up the court with the ball."

Himel played basketball throughout his life – on the Varsity team while attending law school at the University of Toronto, during his years as a litigator and throughout his tenure as president of Beth Emeth Congregation, a local synagogue, in the 1980s. He started basketball house leagues at the Community Hebrew Academy of Toronto, where his two sons Martin and Daniel went to high school. He kick-started the program that still exists today.

After a drawn-out illness, he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer little more than a month ago. He died Jan. 27 at 81.

He leaves his children, five grandchildren and companion Hyla Aronoff.

Born June 24, 1925, in Toronto, he was the youngest of five children. Himel grew up helping his parents cook in the small convenience store and restaurant the family owned on Dundas St. near Kensington Ave.

Although the store was a social hub, the Himel family struggled during the Depression. With no money for entertainment, Himel would pass his time on the court. When he was a bit older, he scored a position on the Tri-Bel team in Toronto, and on the YMHA seniors' team when he was in his early 20s.

He played in the Maccabiah Games, an international sporting event, twice – in 1950 and 1954. It was there that he met his wife, and the mother of his children, Malka Stein. They parted ways in 1966.

More than just a game, basketball was a way of life for Himel, his son Martin said, and it underscored his father's legacy: the synergy of Jewish identity with athletics.

The son of immigrants, Himel was brought up with a hardy work ethic and an emphasis on education. But he believed in balance.

"He didn't want to be someone just praying all the time," Martin said. "He wanted to be a strong Jew with a strong body."

But Himel never forgot about his roots. He called upon them almost daily as a lawyer. The sole proprietor of a thriving practice, he worked mainly with new immigrants to Canada.

"He could empathize with their position because of their background," Martin said. "They always felt they got respect from him."

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## **WWII veteran remembered for his generosity**

**By CYNTHIA GASNER** *Special to The CJN*

Sam Cohen, a retired regimental sergeant major who fought with the Toronto Scottish

Regiment machine gun unit in Europe in World War II, died on April 18 at 101.

Cohen served in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Luxembourg and was decorated with many medals, ribbons and citations for his war service. He was a career soldier until the age of 60.

In France, Cohen was wounded by shrapnel fire during a bombing raid. After retiring from the army, he went to work for a security company until he was 78.

Cohen was active with the General Wingate Branch 256



**Sam Cohen**

of the Royal Canadian Legion.

On his 100th birthday, Cohen told The CJA that one of the highlights of his life was returning to the Netherlands in 1970 for the 25th anniversary of that country's liberation.

Cohen lived in a house on Shaw Street in Toronto, which he purchased after he returned from the war, until his 100th birthday, when he moved into L'Chaim Retirement Home.

His parents came from Kiev, Russia, and met and married in Toronto. His family name was "Kagan," but it was changed to Cohen by an immigration officer because his father, David, who did not speak English, told the officer he was a "kohen."

Cohen's father had a butcher shop at College and Markham streets. Cohen, who was born in 1905, attended Harbord Collegiate Institute. He operated a grocery store on Lippincott Street during the Great Depression.

He ran into financial problems because he extended credit to many of his customers, who were unable to repay him. He was known for his generosity throughout his life.

Cohen closed the store and enlisted in 1940. When he went overseas, he left behind his then 10-year-old daughter, Theresa, and one-year-old twin daughters, Joscelyn and Marilyn.

At the funeral service, Cohen's granddaughter, Gianna Kasman, spoke of her memories of her grandfather and his love of family and sports.

"My grandfather was famous for his love of all the Toronto teams – the Blue Jays, the Raptors and the Maple Leafs." She said that he read the sports sections of the newspaper every day.

"He was so vital. He experienced more things in his long, incredible life than most, and [was] completely with it right to the very end."

She added that her grandfather's longevity defied all medical logic. "He smoked two packages of unfiltered cigarettes every day until he was 100 and enjoyed eating foods that were not healthy."

Cohen, who was buried in the Jewish War Veterans Memorial section at Mount Sinai Memorial Park, was predeceased by his wife 16 years ago.

He is survived by his daughters Theresa Strom, Joscelyn Kasman and Marilyn Weinrib, his sister Hilda Gould, seven grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

## **Reverend Doctor George Bernard McClintock (Staff)**

(April 3, 1924 – July 9, 2007)

A shining example of faith, hope, courage, and love to all whose lives he touched. George McClintock died on the morning of July 9 at the Toronto General Hospital, aged 83. George was the beloved husband for the past 25 years of Catharine Ann Montgomery. He was also the beloved husband of Elizabeth Louise (Long) McClintock, who predeceased him in 1969. He was the son of Wesley Bernard and Floretta Louise Randolph Busswell and the brother of Lois (deceased), Carol, Donald, John, and Hugh. George was the loving, inspirational, and quite simply wonderful father and grandfather of Elizabeth Irene and her daughter Ujarak of Arviat, Nunavut; Margaret Louise (James Mac Cammon) and their son James Thomas (Tom) of Toronto; George Bernard Jr. of Halifax and his daughters Alice Aurora and Laura Arden of Cobourg; and John David (Vina Broderick) and their daughter Victoria Louise of St. John's. He was the loving stepfather of Charles Francis Minor (Adele) and grandfather of their daughters Abigail Frances and Hannah Catharine of Aurora. George was a dedicated United Church minister cherished by his congregations in Kenogami, Quebec; Halkirk and Three Hills, Alberta; and St. George's Birchcliffe West Humber, Woodbine, and St. James-Bond United Churches in Toronto. He was also a teacher at Heydon Park Vocational, Jarvis C.I., and Harbord C.I. in Toronto. A child of the Depression, George was a high school principal at the age of 19 and a brilliant mathematician of university who followed his faith into the ministry and returned to university to earn his doctorate of ministry at the age of 69. A tireless worker for social justice, he served as a volunteer on many boards and committees throughout his life. His unflagging spirit, keen intelligence and wit, wisdom, humility, and compassion will be deeply missed by us all.

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## **EULOGY**

**SAUL SIDLOFSKY** by his son Rabbi Paul Sidlofsky

The Talmud teaches that saving one life is like saving an entire world.

As I look around today, and as I think of my dad,

It is remarkable to think of just how many worlds Saul Sidlofsky affected.

Some worlds he saved by literally saving many lives over the years.

Others he influenced in less extreme, though very important ways.

Each of us is here today, I would guess, has had his or her world positively influenced by Saul Sidlofsky.

My dad was, in many ways, a simple, quiet man.

Though he may not have seemed it, he was basically shy and unassuming, modest and even self-deprecating at times.

He would be embarrassed, even flustered, if any fuss was made over him.

But that did not stop him from always striving to make the world a better place for those with whom he had contact.

It was commonplace for me to meet people in many situations, and to be asked, "Are you related to Saul Sidlofsky, the doctor?"

Or to be told what a great man my father is.

In over forty years, Dr. Sidlofsky made a tremendous impact on Mount Sinai Hospital and on the patients lucky enough to have him as their physician.

My dad was a skilled surgeon and an intelligent student of medicine.

And despite his horrendous childhood Cheder experiences, he possessed a love of knowledge and lifelong learning.

He was a history buff, a spy novel lover, an avid reader in general, and the most knowledgeable member of any guided tour group;

He would retain every fact, and loved to travel because of that.

He went through school until he was thirty-four -- he would never dream of turning down a scholarship -- and even repeated kindergarten twice!

But despite his excellent clinical and intellectual qualities, what I heard most about his medical success was his bedside manner;

How kind, caring, empathetic and supportive he was to those who were going through a stressful time.

How he would joke with the nurses and other doctors, even in these past few weeks.

Incidentally, some of you may not realize that we are very fortunate that my dad actually became a doctor.

Legend has it that at a young age, my superstitious grandmother used to slip cards with pictures of famous rabbis under his pillow, with the plan of having him become a rabbi himself.

But always a sensible person, he realized that this was no job for a nice Jewish boy, and demanded that the cards never be put there again.

Years passed, and one day, my dad had occasion to flip his mattress over.

And what should he find there, but rabbi cards!

He wasn't the only ucshun in the family -- my grandmother had been secretly putting them there.

And our family theory is that the placement under the mattress instead of under the pillow, caused the effect of becoming a rabbi to skip a generation!

So thanks to a Beauty Rest, we all knew a great doctor instead!

These qualities which my dad brought so successfully to his work, he demonstrated equally well in his personal life.

He loved this Temple, Holy Blossom, and was actively involved for years, and, together with my mom, brought the qualities of caring, selflessness and common sense to the leadership of this congregation.

He was also a good friend, who valued and was valued by those he knew.

He and my mom have been blessed with incredible friends, some going back at least ten years, to their youth!!

I think my dad often thought people were friends with him because he came as a package deal with my mother.

And though that certainly is understandable, knowing my mom, it was not totally accurate, as people value my dad for himself as well.

He loved a good time; telling stories and telling jokes.

"Stop me if you've heard this one.", he would always say.

After a while, we wouldn't bother, as he could never stop once he'd started.

So we learned to go along for the ride, and enjoy the humour in it.

He was generous and generous of spirit.

And, of course, he possessed moderate political views, which he kept to himself;

Positioned, as we'd often joke, just to the right of Atilla the Hun.

So we avoided political discussions, and focussed on more commonly shared topics, like the love of food.

I will always recall fondly our "diet" meals when I was a child, when he and I would go to the "Y" and then out for a healthy lunch of corned beef on rye, kishka, dessert and, of course, a diet pop.

My dad was also a great supporter of the dim sum industry, continually shocking the waitresses by ordering -- and actually eating -- chicken feet.

And he was a practical problem solver:

On a cruise, unable to decide between the rack of lamb and the duck -- two of his favourites -- he compromised, and had both.

My dad was a forward thinker. At lunch, his favourite topic was what we would be having for dinner.

And, of course, he would love a Johnny Walkers Black Label whenever possible.

But, despite his love of food, he was not a material person.

He learned early on, coming from a family with little financial means, not to take money for granted, and to work hard to support himself and others.

But material goods were not nearly as important to him as being happy.

And what made him happiest -- at least once Michael, Rich and I grew out of our teenage years -- was family.

Dad taught us a lot.

Rich shares a common love for helping people and for medicine.

Michael recalls dad's patience in teaching him to swim.

And he values one of the last things dad told him, just the other day,

"The most important thing in life is to be a mentsch."

Words our dad lived, as well as spoke.

As for me, I remember being on this bimah 33 years ago at my Bar Mitzvah.

I was, of course, nervous that I would completely mess up.

And dad said that it didn't matter if I fell on my face -- he would still be proud of me.

I am glad to say I exceeded his expectations and stayed upright throughout the service.

And I can still do that most of the time.

It is moments like that that helped shape our lives.

I remember sitting with dad in the living room after three years of rabbinical school.

I had had it! I really was ready to throw in the towel.

My dad convinced me that I should persevere, and not throw away all my hard work.

He was right. And here I am. Like him, I have learned to finish what I start.

We are all grateful for the relationship dad had with us;

With Wendy and Joanna, and their parents -- Al and Linda, Irving and Jeanne -- whom he and my mom embraced as family.

And the relationship he cherished with his three grandsons, Ben, Eli and Reuben, who all love their Zaidy!

But for him, no relationship was more special than the one he shared with my mother. In her words, and I know he agreed wholeheartedly, "We had the happiest 52 years of marriage I could ever expect. We were perfect for each other."

Their relationship was indeed special.

It was obvious to all how they love and cared for each other.

As my dad would say, they married early, and grew together as people.

They both changed a lot, but they grew and changed together.

From the outset of their relationship nearly 60 years ago, he was easy to talk to; they never were unable to talk to each other.

From their first date on New Year's Eve, to going steady for three years, to marriage and living with my mom's parents for the first ten years;

To their house of thirty-seven years on Ridge Hill Drive;

They shared each others joys and sorrows; fortunately, mostly joys.

They were each other's "bashert" -- a truly great match;

An example for all who know them of how a loving, caring relationship should be.

Mom, we know that dad will always be with you, as he remains with us all.

Saving one life is like saving an entire world.

My dad certainly did this many times over.

And the loss of one life is like the loss of an entire world.

For many of us, losing Saul Sidlofsky affects our world in a major way.

He had that kind of impact, in his own quiet, unassuming manner.

But the values he leaves for us and the lessons we have gleaned from his life will live on,

Just as his memory will live on for us,

As long as we continue to make his memory a blessing.

May the memory of Saul Sidlofsky remain a blessing, just as his life touched and blessed us all.

Good-bye, dad. I love you. We all love you, thank you and miss you.

Rabbi Paul Sidlofsky

# **.FUTURE EVENTS.**

## **Harbord Reunion - Class of 1957**

**Date:** Saturday, October 13, 2007  
**Time:** 7:30 P.M.  
**Location:** Richmond Hill Golf Club  
**Address:** 8755 Bathurst Street, Thornhill, On.  
**Cost per ticket:** one hundred dollars

This will be a wonderful opportunity to remember the days we spent at an outstanding school with special friends.

Dinner will be served and entertainment will be part of the evening but the highlight for us will be conversation and remembering.

Spouses and companions are welcome to share this evening.

On October 13, between the hours of 2P.M. and 4P.M. Harbord's museum will be open for your enjoyment.

If you wish to attend this special evening, please fill in the section below and mail it and your cheque to:

Mrs. Helen Freedhoff,  
38 Alexandra Wood,  
Toronto, On. M5N2S1

An early response would be much appreciated so that requirements could be accommodated.

-----  
I request \_\_\_\_\_ ticket(s) to the Harbord reunion class of '57.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_

E mail address; \_\_\_\_\_

Please check one of the following statements.

(  ) My numbered tickets may be sent through e mail.

(  ) My numbered tickets should be sent through regular mail.

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## **Harbord Collegiate Annual Commencement and Annual Awards Assembly**

The commencement this year is on Thursday October 4, 2007 at 7:30 PM

The annual awards is on Wednesday October 31, 2007 at 1:00 PM

All 1957 Harbord Graduates are invited to attend the Annual Award Assembly

This year the Harbord Charitable Foundation and the Harbord Club are giving \$10, 175.00 towards 71 student awards.

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**Annual Meeting**

The annual Meeting of the Harbord Charitable Foundation will take place at Harbord Collegiate Institute, 286 Harbord Street, Toronto, ON, on Friday, November 9, 2007 at 10:30 a.m. This will be followed by a meeting of The Harbord Club at 11:00 a.m. The meeting will take place in the Museum – use the Harbord Manning entrance (southwest corner of the school) and along the main floor.

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**THE HARBORD CHARITABLE FOUNDATION**  
**TORONTO, ONTARIO**  
**NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING**

Take notice that the Annual Meeting of the Members of the Harbord Charitable Foundation will be held at 286 Harbord Street, Toronto, ON, Friday, November 9, 2007 at 10:30 a.m.

- a) To receive and consider the Report of the Board of Directors, and the financial statements of the Foundation for the year ended February 28, 2007;
- b) To elect Directors for the ensuing year;
- c) To appoint Accountants for the ensuing year; and
- d) To transact such other business as many properly come before the Meeting.

Any member who cannot attend is requested to sign and return the attached proxy to the Secretary, Harbord Charitable Foundation.

(Dated September 27, 2007. By order of the Board, Pat Wong, Secretary.)

-----Cut and Mail-----

Proxy

I, \_\_\_\_\_, a member of the Harbord Charitable Foundation hereby appoint \_\_\_\_\_ as my agent to vote for me and on my behalf at the meeting of the members of the Corporation on the 9<sup>th</sup> of November 2007, and at any adjustment thereof.

Dated the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 2007  
Signature of Member \_\_\_\_\_

If you are unable to attend the annual meeting, please fill out and return the above proxy or a facsimile, it is an indication of your interest in the affairs of the Foundation, and will help to obtain a quorum so that the business of the Foundation may be conducted.



## **Harbord Club Executive**

President - Joan McCarville  
Treasurer - Peter Miller  
Museum Co-ordinator - Syd Moscoe  
Harbordite Editor - Josie Galati  
Harbordite Assistant - Editor - Murray Rubin

Secretary – Patricia Wong  
Director – Murray Rubin  
Director – Doris Chan

## **Harbord Club AD HOC Committee Members**

Arthur Downes  
Sid Caplan  
Rosa Galati  
Helen Klingman  
Belinda Medeiros-Felix

Lisa Caparelli  
Alice Freitas  
Gord Hinch  
Sid Klotz

## **Harbord Club Foundation**

President/Treasurer - Peter Miller  
Secretary – Patricia Wong  
Director – Murray Rubin  
Director – Joan McCarville  
Director – Doris Chan

286 Harbord Street  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
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