



Certificate of Survival Presented to

Bill Climie

One of us born before 1939

We were born between the end of the Great Depression and the onset of the Second World War. Our parents were frugal folks and we heard the stories of how our dads walked to and from school in their youth – seven miles in the snow and uphill both ways. We all had fathers, uncles, cousins or brothers who went overseas so that we might live the lives they wanted us to live. Although not all of them did, **we survived.**

We were “free range kids”. We came and went pretty much as we pleased. We had our friends: we visited and played with them without let. So long as we were home for dinner or before dark all was well. We played hockey in the street or softball on the school grounds. We had fun. Our parents survived and **we survived.**

We walked, or rode the streetcar, tram or bus, to school, to Kerrisdale or downtown for a movie. We had paper routes. We delivered for the local drug store or set pins at the bowling alley. We learned about self-sufficiency and responsibility and **we survived.**

We listened to Monty McFarlane and Jack Cullen on AM radios at home. We had pop music on our HiFi's or on the jukebox at the Avenue Grill. We went to jazz concerts in the school auditorium or the Denman Auditorium. Listening to music was largely a social affair and **we survived.**

We wore drapes and poodle skirts; white bucks and penny loafers; angora twin sets and Jimmy Dean jackets. We sported crew cuts, ducktails and poodle cuts. We ingested Cherry Cokes and Spudnuts, Triple O's and shakes, popcorn and “Awful Awfuls” and tried to learn to handle fags, beer and lemon gin. Somehow, **we survived.**

We respected the Colonel and the Baron, sang for Mr. King, acted for Miss Langridge, played the fools for Mr. Bell and ground ourselves into the mud for Bim and Sidney. We bet “two-bits for the Red Cross” against Mr. Templeton and memorized poetry for Mr. Murray. Despite ourselves, we absorbed knowledge from them and from others. We were in their care for three years. They survived and **we survived.**

We probably didn't appreciate it at the time, but we were a wonderfully mixed bunch at Magee. There were rich kids and poor. There were Christian and Jewish kids and others as well. There were Caucasian and Oriental kids. Kids from Finland, Austria and Australia. We accepted the diversity without question and thrived from knowing these people – our classmates. **We survived and grew!**

WE ARE SURVIVORS – THE MAGEE GRADS OF '55!