

The Tribune
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Editorial

For the sake of five pews

By now, operators of O'Neill's Funeral Home in Stouffville must be wondering what additional demands they must meet in an attempt to improve their service as well as the appearance of their property.

Their efforts to date, have been impeded at every turn.

The latest in a series of frustrations occurred at a council meeting, Thursday.

There, it was learned that the re-modelling of their premises and the inclusion of five additional pews could constitute a breach of the zoning bylaw. Parking accommodation, council claimed, would not be sufficient. They will obtain legal advice.

What a stall.
There's little doubt that parking is

adequate, but it's causing no problem.

And why the concern over five additional pews? It's only an extension to a use, that's been in existence for years.

And intended exterior improvements? A possible encroachment on village property, council suggests. They are requesting a survey.

What a run-around.
While rules and regulations are fine, there are times when their enforcement reaches the point of being ridiculous.

Is it any wonder that some choose to bypass village authority and proceed without permission? In some instances, it's the only way of cutting through the red tape.

Residents — speak up

A residential subdivision surrounded on two sides by an industrial zone?

That's what the future may hold for home-owners in Watson Heights, unless a recommendation by Planning Board is turned down.

Approval of the plan was temporarily stalled, Thursday, when a tie vote in council defeated the issue. Reeve Ken Laushway and councillor Tom Lonergan voted against the scheme.

With all the publicity given the

issue, it is strange that residents in the area affected haven't had something to say on their own behalf.

Not a single ratepayer has attended a meeting to enter the mildest kind of protest or even question Planning Board's action.

Members must now conclude that everyone is happy. But we don't think so.

It will just be another case of too little — too late. If indeed, as we write this, it's not too late already.

Finally waking up

Despite conclusive evidence that except for a handful of discontents, the people of Canada felt no restriction of their liberties due to the War Measures Act, TV reporters keep picking away at politicians on this subject.

In our opinion more discipline is needed and we believe that the vast majority of Canadians are in accord

with any government moves in this direction.

The philosophy of a permissive society, boundless civil liberty, free love and leniency in our criminal code, has backfired. Now the government is trying to re-establish order out of anarchy and chaos. A few cried "Force", but a statesman is dead. Where was his liberty?

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

As a Whitchurch Twp. ratepayer, I say we owe Mr. Merlyn Baker a vote of thanks for taking the time to inform Mr. George Warne of the true situation (that there was absolutely no guarantee he would be retained as recreational director following the amalgamation of Whitchurch-Stouffville, Jan. 1).

The vital question, in my opinion, that requires an answer, is why didn't Mrs. Betty vanNostrand or the committee make the situation clear to Mr. Warne themselves? They obviously didn't, otherwise why would Mr. Warne have written to Mrs. vanNostrand to ask if this information was true?

I for one, would like to see a copy of the letter sent to Mr. Warne, informing him that he would only have the position for one month. The committee obviously had no way of guaranteeing it after Jan. 1.

At the time I read the story in your paper, I felt it rather strange that anyone would wish to uproot themselves and their family and travel a thousand miles to take a job like this for so short a time.

I am certain Mr. Baker wrote to Mr. Warne as a concerned citizen. Because he happened also to be a member of council, is no excuse for attacking him.

I am certain Mr. Baker wrote to Mr. Warne as a concerned citizen. Because he happened also to be a member of council, is no excuse for attacking him.

As for Mrs. vanNostrand 'methinks she doth protest too much'.

If I was a resident of Stouffville, I would be asking Mrs. vanNostrand

for an explanation, and instead of writing editorials condemning Mr. Baker, I would be thanking him.

Mrs. Kathleen Job,
R.R. 2, Stouffville.

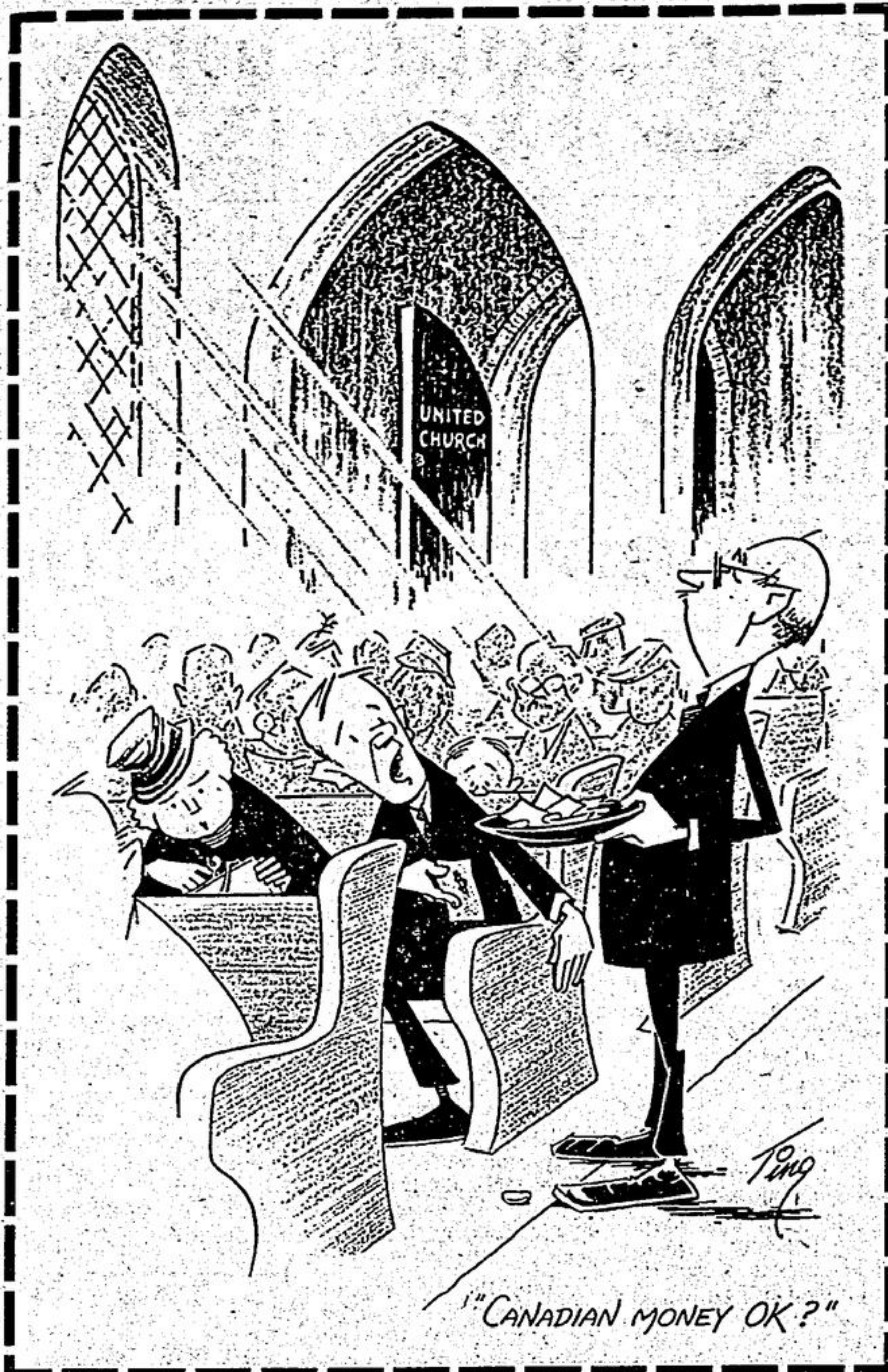
Dear Sir:

The proposed winter recreation project of Bluegrass Turf Farms Limited, Cedar Valley, was presented to the Whitchurch Township Council at a meeting Nov. 3. The council agreed that our request did not conflict with the existing agricultural zoning since it represented an accessory use of the land. Furthermore, it was stated that the granting of the request was dependant on an opinion survey of the immediate community affected by our plans.

At the next council meeting the survey would be reviewed and a decision made. I had anticipated attending this meeting which I had understood would be held Nov. 16 at the same time as the previous one. At this meeting I had planned to present 35 out of 36 signatures which I had obtained from the residents in the immediate area who were in favour of the project.

The meeting I question was held at 1.00 p.m., Nov. 16 (I was not present) and according to the reeve, the application was rejected on the following basis:

1. The council had received 16 replies to its own survey - 10 opposed, 6 in favor. The extent of this survey is not known to me, however, several of the residents that I had contacted indicated initial objection to the idea due to a misun-



"CANADIAN MONEY OK?"

SUGAR AND SPICE

Smiley proposes new marriage vows

By BILL SMILEY



Young people of today, as we all know, don't want to do anything the way their elders did it. This includes getting married.

Most still stick to the traditional service, but many modern wedding ceremonies are completely different.

Understanding of our plans and intentions. They had thought that bush areas on their properties would be utilized.

2. In a telephone conversation between a member of the township council and the township solicitor the latter had indicated that the proposal contravened the existing zoning bylaws. This is contrary to a detailed brief drawn up by our own solicitors.

It is my opinion that the decision reached by council is premature, and not based on well researched facts. The project would be a benefit to our community and an adjunct to our present business. To appeal the council's decision to the Ontario Municipal Board will delay the project by one year. In the light of these facts we would hope that the council could reconsider this matter immediately.

Bluegrass Turf Farms Ltd.,
Werner J. Berger, President.

from the time-honored and time-worn ceremony that most of us endured.

Nowadays, instead of hearing the organ triumphantly booming "Here Comes the Bride," you may be startled, to hear someone belting out "Hey, Jude!" with guitar accompaniment.

Instead of the comforting, traditional and often anachronistic passages in the orthodox ceremony, you may hear an erotic poem by Leonard Cohen.

Any day now, you'll see the men lined up to kiss the groom on both cheeks and shake hands with the bride.

In many ways, I agree with the trend. I had the devil's own time with my wife before our nuptial vows were finally nuptialized.

She wanted the "obey" deleted from the phrase, "love, honor and obey," and fought me right up to the altar, where she muttered it only to avoid a scene. And, of course, she has never obeyed me since.

Another bit that got her back up was, "With my body I thee honor," spoken by the groom only. She took it the wrong way, and thought it a perfect example of male vanity.

"In sickness and in health" is another howler that could be jettisoned. When I'm practically dying with the 'flu, she has less sympathy

Rezoning required

Gravel pits and zoning bylaws have always been contentious issues in Uxbridge Township elections. It was with some surprise, Thursday, when councillor Darcy Higgins suggested he might need to apply for rezoning on himself. He said a form of 'mining' would be needed soon for the removal of a kidney stone.

than she would have for a rattlesnake making its death rattle. And if there's anything I can't stand, it's having a sick wife malingering around the place and not getting the meals.

The last bit of farce at our wedding was when the preacher, being a little coy, looked at me and asked, "Would you care to salute the bride?" It was an Anglican ceremony and I was a bit at sea anyway. In addition, I was just out of the air force, where "salute" meant just that.

I gawked at him as he repeated the question. "Well," I thought, "if this is the way these Anglicans do it, O.K.," made a smart left turn and was about to whip up a snappy salute, when my bride, who knew the damn fool was telling me to kiss her, solved the situation by grabbing me around the neck and kissing me. It was a beautiful kiss. I got a mouthful of her veil and that's about all.

But with my personal experience, and in view of the divorce rate today, I'd go further than the modern kids do. Not only would I bring the service up to date, I'd insist on an air-tight contract to be signed by both parties before they swore to anything.

There's not nearly enough space here to set out the contract in full, but I'll give you a skeleton, and you can fill in the flesh.

ITEM. If either party suffers from cold feet, he or she will refer to a hot water bottle, rather than shock treatment to the party of the second part.

ITEM. It will clearly be understood who is to put out the garbage, who will get up to close the window, who will get up to shut up the baby, who will get the car on opening day of the trout season.

ITEM. Neither partner shall spend more than ten minutes during each 24 hours telling the other partner what a hell of a day he or she had at work or home.

ITEM. She will not say, more than once a week, "You never say you love me anymore." And he will refrain from replying, "Certainly I love you; now will you quit bugging me about it?"

ITEM. Neither party will promise the kids something ridiculous, then confront the partner with a fait accompli.

ITEM. The male partner may invite anyone for a drink or dinner regardless of hair curlers, "the house is a mess," "there's not a thing in the house to eat," or "you might have a little consideration for me."

ITEM. Males will refrain from shouting violently, "Why is there never any peace around here?" Females will not hit, except in the clinches. (I have scars.)

Carry on chaps. I've just begun. There's money, jealousy, sulking, teasing, nagging, back-seat driving, decorating. There have been far too many books written about sex and marriage. Let's get down to the realities.

ROAMING AROUND

It's a thing called 'Determination'

By Jim Thomas

Through the years, I've attended many high school graduation ceremonies.

To the casual bystander, one is much the same as another - rather routine.

And, if the reason for being there isn't personal, that is, a proud parent, a brother, sister or close family friend, then the whole affair can even become a bit boring.

But not for me. For two reasons. Graduates, particularly girl graduates, make pretty pictures. Whether their choice is a long gown or mini-dress, their stage appearance is not likely to shatter the most fragile of camera lens. Believe me, I know. For I've 'snapped' my share.

But far more important than graduation glamor is the life story behind every graduation diploma. And there is a story, if one wishes to take the time and trouble to search it out.

This one, in my opinion, deserves telling.

This Friday evening is the graduation program, or Commencement Exercises, as they call it, at Markham District High School.

All the doting Moms and Dads will be there plus the aforementioned brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and so on. But undoubtedly, the proudest parents of all will be Mr. and Mrs. Jim Campbell, 47 Drakefield Road. Their pride is justified. For Stephen Campbell, their son, an Ontario Scholar and class valedictorian, had other than academic problems to contend with. He suffers from a form of arthritis, a physical handicap that would have floored many a young person with less courage and determination.

The Campbell family, that also includes Sheila, 16 and Patricia, 12, moved to Markham from Toronto in 1957.

It was while still a pupil in public school that Stephen felt the first twinges of pain. Months of tests and treatments followed before the exact cause of the malady was known.

With tutoring assistance from Mrs. Mary Doy of Unionville, Stephen studied for his Grade 9 year at home and passed. He returned to M.D.H.S. for his Grade 10 and 11, then missed several months in Grades 12 and 13. Despite all this, his average last June was 90.3 percent, including a 96 in mathematics and a 94 in Physics.

Science and Mathematics are Stephen's main academic interests. As proof of his ability in the former, he teamed up with classmate Simon Raab on a project (transmission of sound by light) that was rated No. 1 in the County of York and second in National competition.

Stephen is now enrolled in a 4-year course at the University of Waterloo. His enthusiasm and thirst for knowledge continues just the same.

While Friday evening has not been designated 'Stephen Campbell Night' at Markham High, it could well be. For he will appear on the platform no less than ten times for academic trophies, bursaries and awards.

And while his valedictory address may credit his success to the efforts of many people, the greatest credit he owes only to himself.

It's a thing called - determination.

Dear Sir:

Your column (Nov. 19) on the subject 'A diploma - what is it worth?', was most interesting.

When I completed my Grade 13, I tried to find a job but ended up washing cars in a Toronto service station.

I then enrolled in university and acquired a B.A. degree, but ended up driving a gravel truck.

My advice to high school graduates is to 'specialize'. In my opinion, the general course is far too general to be worthwhile. This, I learned - the hard way.

William Perkins,
Claremont, R.R. 1.



Portraits of the past

Remember this picture? Sharon Mercer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R.L. Mercer, Manitoba Street, Stouffville, likely will. Then 6½, she was an

entry in the Lions-sponsored music festival in the Stouffville United Church. That was 1962, eight years ago. —Jas. Thomas.