

**Editor's Mail**

**Trauma**

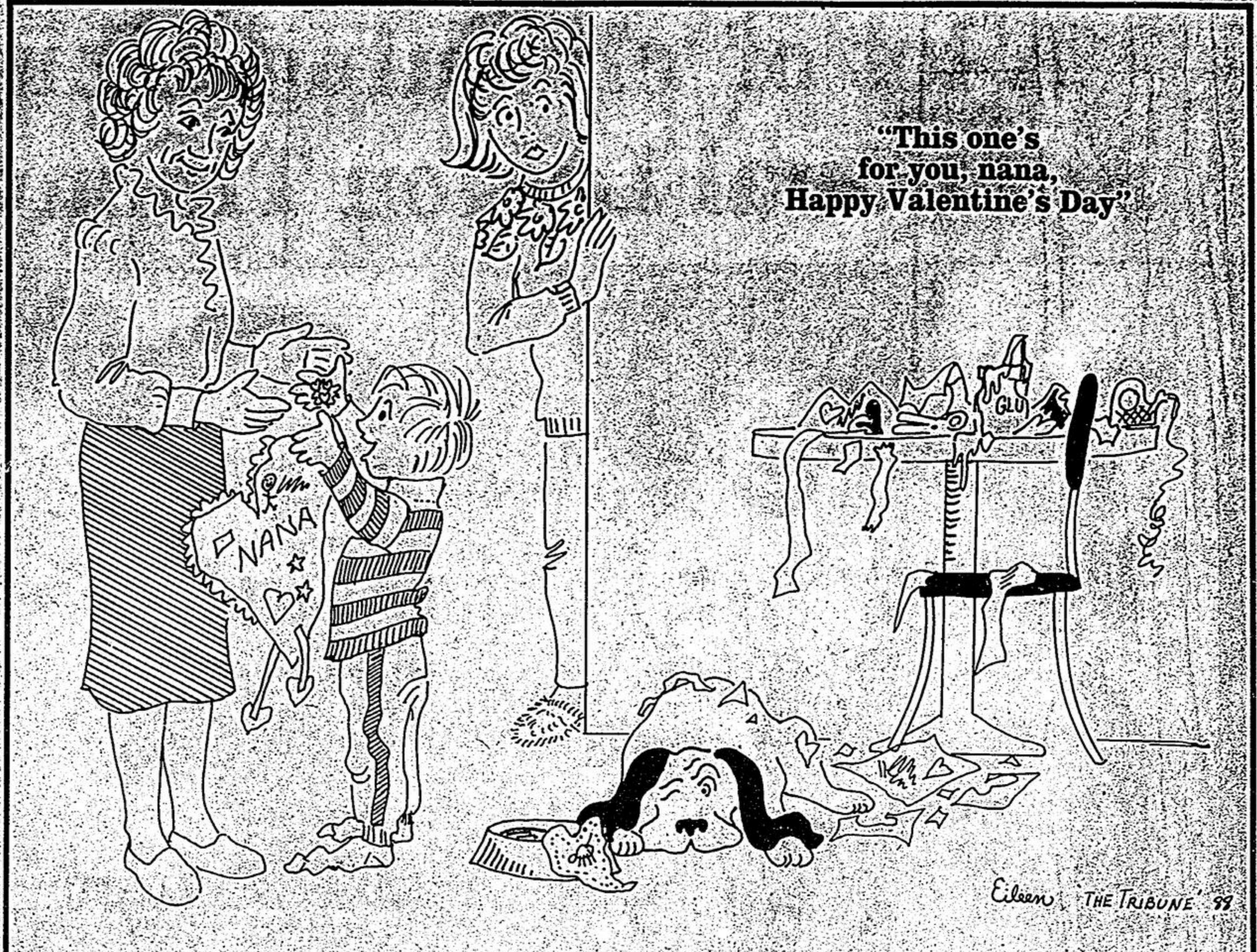
Dear Editor:  
I wish to commend your newspaper on its coverage of the abortion issue and its relationship to this community.  
It bothers me more than a little bit that with the exception of one person, (Margot Marshall), all the 'gloom and doom replies' came from men.  
I ask: "How is a man, any man, to know the trauma of an unwanted pregnancy?"  
For a 15-year-old girl in Grade 10 at high school, the concern and the embarrassment defies description. In many cases, she chooses to bear this concern alone, fearful of telling her parents, even her friends.  
Each male should put himself in this position. Perhaps then, he might feel as much compassion for the 'child' mother-to-be as for the child-to-be.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Kathryn Clark,  
Bramble Crescent,  
Stouffville

**Apology**

To All Brownie and Guide Parents Through The Tribune, I wish to offer apologies for inconveniences caused your daughters at this time due to re-construction work going on at Latham Hall.  
I trust it will not be long before we're all able to return. For now, we must make do at facilities elsewhere.  
Please bear with us.

Sincerely,  
Barb Hie,  
Stouffville District Commissioner



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**Editorials**  
**Obvious road hazard should be corrected**

Motorists travelling the 6th Concession of Whitchurch-Stouffville, are advised to look neither to the right nor to the left as they approach an incline half way between the Bloomington and Vandorf Roads. The sheer drop is terrifying.  
With the exception of a few useless guide posts, there's no protection whatsoever. Only recently, two cars went over the edge. Miraculously, no one was killed, although both vehicles were demolished.  
Nearby residents, realizing the danger, have appealed to York Region for safeguards. So far, nothing's been done.  
Wire barriers are common today; on provincial highways and regional roads. Many have been installed at locations far less precarious than this.  
So why the delay?

It's true, the 6th Concession, north of the Bloomington Road, will likely be upgraded in a few years' time. Perhaps, this is the Region's thinking; do it then.  
We say it's a precautionary measure that can't wait. Compared to the hazard, the cost is minimal.  
We urge regional road officials to at least take a look at the situation and come up with a recommendation. We urge Mayor Sainsbury, the Town's voice at the regional level, to make sure the recommendation becomes a reality.  
Without safeguards, someone's sure to die. We'd hate to be standing in York Region's shoes when the inquest jury files its report.

**No place to turn**

Marital break-up is a national tragedy.  
The problem is everywhere, Whitchurch-Stouffville included.  
Previously hush-hush, most people adopted a mind-my-own-business approach, leaving couples to work out their uncertainties alone.  
Fine. That was when the stream was only a trickle. Now, it's a flood and the dam has burst.  
Something's gone wrong and people are hurting; terribly.  
But to whom can they turn for help.  
For some, the church is the support they require. But ministers aren't miracle-workers. They're also limited, in time.  
Pre-marriage counselling is one thing. All then is hearts and flowers. Post-marriage discussion is another. Often, only the thorns remain.  
What's a hurting couple to do in Whitchurch-Stouffville?  
Yes, there are services available elsewhere but nothing to our knowledge in Town. We need that service HERE.  
The situation's serious, too serious to ignore.  
People are crying for help and don't know where to turn.  
If professional assistance is available, let us know. We'll pass the information on.  
For some, it's too late. They've passed the point of no return.  
For others, it's not. There's a marriage to be saved. Please help!

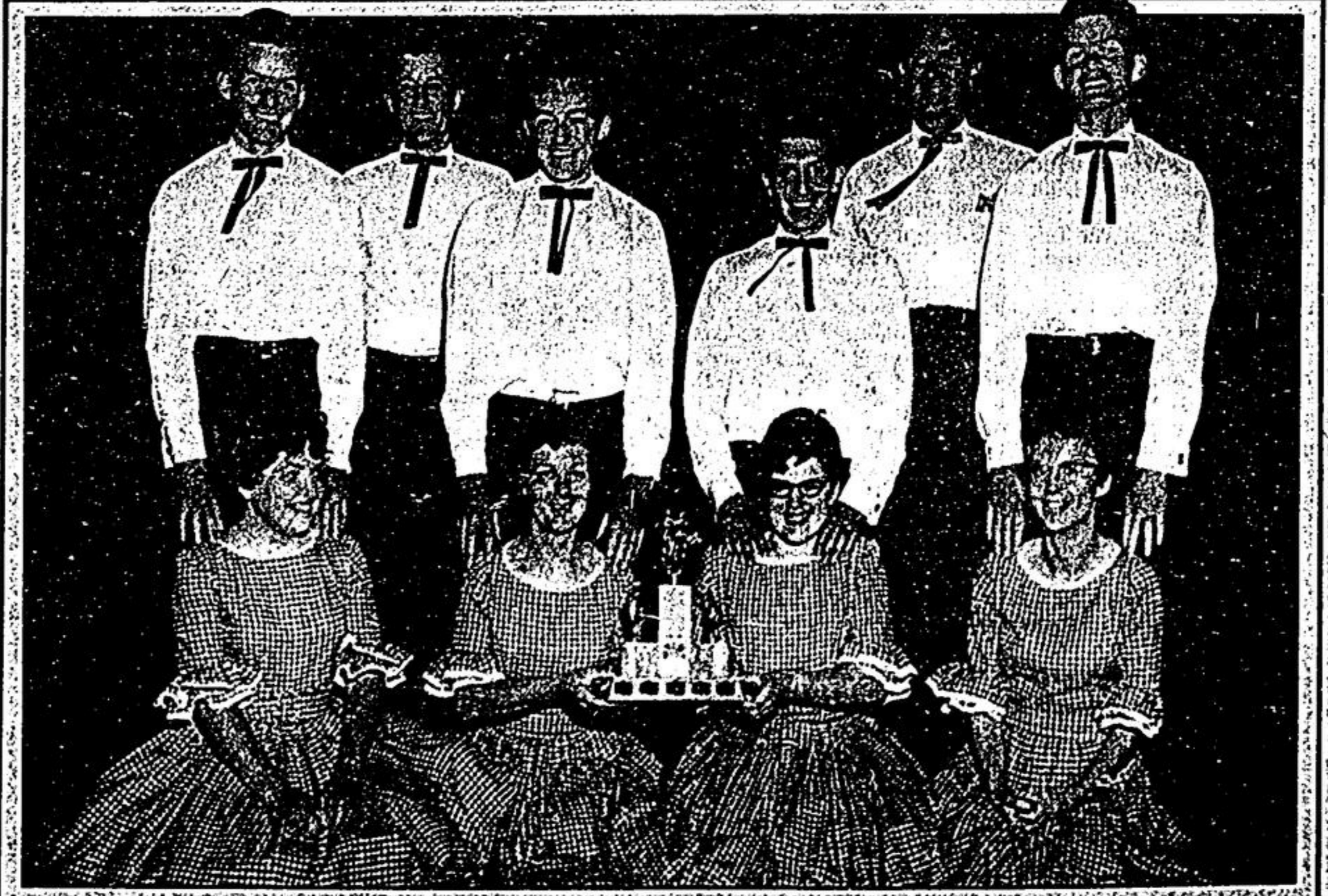
**ROAMING AROUND**  
**A good cop and friend**  
BY JIM THOMAS



The passing of a close friend is always sad news.  
When the friend's death comes suddenly, without warning, it's a shock.  
News of the passing of Cliff Cox was indeed a shock. Even a week later, I still can't believe it's true.  
It was a telephone call Wednesday from John McCague of Victoria Square that let me know. If John detected a long pause at the conclusion of his announcement, the delay, I trust, was understandable. I was lost for words.  
Like Clarence Wideman, Harvey Cox, Don Dukes, George Clayton, Bill Shearn, Doug Tribbling, Gord Heppleston, Evan Kelley, and John McCague, Cliff Cox was a member of the early police 'fraternity' that worked out of cramped quarters in the basement of the Markham Twp. Municipal Office at Buttonville.  
I remember the day he was hired — March 15, 1956, almost 32 years ago.  
I remember the day he retired — March 31, 1986, less than two years ago.  
During the time span in between, Cliff advanced through the ranks from police constable to detective to detective sergeant to inspector to superintendent; the latter positions placing him in charge of No. 28 Division at Richmond Hill.  
In spite of his rank and its onerous responsibilities, Cliff Cox never changed. He was always the personable, fun-loving guy I'd earlier come to know as a freshman newshound just out of school.  
Actually, our association extended back several years before that. I recall Cliff as a mainstay pitcher with Unionville in the old Markham Twp. Softball League. I was a fledgling umpire at the



time. And while I undoubtedly 'robbed him' of many a grooved strike, he never complained. That was the kind of guy he was.  
Cliff was born on a farm south of Hwy 77, between Unionville and Brown's Corners, second youngest in the family of Oscar and Laura Cox. His father raised and exhibited prize-winning Clydesdale horses.  
Cliff never lost this love. He boarded riding horses on the family property east of Leslie Street and continued this hobby after he and wife Marion moved to a beautiful 22-acre site east of Ballantrae.  
Cliff Cox was actually well known long before he donned the blue uniform of Markham's 'finest'. For nine years he drove the gas truck for Reg Perkins of Unionville. In town or country, his calls were always welcomed.  
It was really no surprise that Cliff should choose police work as a permanent career. For policing was a family affair with brother Harvey, the chief of Markham Twp., uncle Art Harrison, a chief with the O.P.P., uncle John Harrison, the chief of North York and a cousin Roy Harrison, a constable in Vaughan.  
Cliff Cox was more than a 'good cop'. He was an excellent police officer who put his heart and soul into every case.  
As a detective with Markham Twp. he investigated a number of major law violations including several murders and bank robberies. The majority of these, thanks to dogged determination, resulted in arrests and convictions.  
The incident that bothered him most was the shooting death of Constable Douglas Tribbling in August, 1984. Even following retirement this unsolved crime still preyed on his mind.  
While he took his police responsibilities seriously, Cliff was never slow at pulling pranks on unsuspecting officers — and nosy newsmen.  
One occasion I'll never forget.  
It was close to Halloween. I'd nonchalantly entered the 'private' area of the Buttonville Police Office. While leaning with my back to the counter, I felt a tap on the shoulder and responded to a friendly "hey Jim!". I turned around quickly and stared into a false face so grotesque, it defied description. Witnesses said I turned an ashen grey and staggered backwards a half-dozen steps. Everyone roared with laughter, everyone except me.  
Behind the mask was Constable Cox. He never forgot it and neither did I!  
Ranks of Inspector and Superintendent usually place police personnel in 'ivory towers' far removed from the man-in-the-street. But not Cliff Cox.  
A few months prior to retirement, I had occasion to call No. 28 Division (Richmond Hill), concerning information on a particular arrest. My pleas for assistance were getting nowhere. Finally, as a last resort, I sought out the office of Superintendent Cox. After excusing the 'intrusion', I explained my problem. Not only did he obtain the information I was after but took the time to call me back.  
That's service. That was Cliff Cox.  
Cliff's death is the first 'break' in a close family chain that includes brothers Russell, Harvey, Edgar and Bob; sisters Hazel and Muriel and step-sister Arlene. He was proud of his family — wife Marion (Robinson), and daughters Kathryn and Lorna.  
Cliff loved his new home and adjusted quickly to retirement. "He had everything the way he wanted," brother Harvey said.  
The respect with which he was held within the police fraternity was obvious by the cross-section of mourners attending the Dixon-Garland Funeral Home, Markham, Thursday, and the service, Friday.  
Rev. Ainsley Croft, formerly of Brown's Corners United Church and now retired, told of Cliff's many contributions to his community, both local and Region-wide. The floral tributes were beautiful.  
So, it's goodbye to a good cop and a good friend. I was proud to know Cliff Cox as both.



**Square dance group was best in the province**  
Ontario County Jr. Farmers (Durham Region), has long been known for its award-winning square dance groups. So it was back in 1963. This vivacious do-se-do entry includes: Front Row (left to right) — Sharon Jones, Lois Downey, Shirley Dunkeld, Irene Watters. Rear Row (left to right) — John Wilson, Frank Barkey, Murray Carson, Grant Jones, Rod Oxford and Jim Wilson. This was 25 years ago. — Jim Thomas