

**The Tribune**  
Established 1885

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Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$6.00 per year in Canada, \$10.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 6896.

## Editorial

### Sign it - Now!

Two years ago, Ken Laushway, then the reeve of Stouffville, recommended the detouring of all through-traffic around the village, via the Bloomington Sideroad.

He claimed, after some personal investigation, that Haliburton-bound cottage-goers, represented no benefit whatever to commercial establishments here, but rather, proved only an irritation to would-be local shoppers.

We opposed the reeve's stand at the time, claiming local service stations, restaurants and drug stores did benefit from the weekend cottage commuter. Our opinion was later supported by

professional survey.

That was in 1970. The traffic situation, while bad enough then, has grown steadily worse. We are now prepared to follow Mayor Laushway's advice. Re-route the cottage-bound traffic around Stouffville.

Town Council should act immediately to obtain approval from the Dept. of Highways to erect a large sign at the Ringwood intersection, indicating an alternate route to the north. While the move is no sure-cure for our traffic ills, it would serve as a temporary solution until an improved east-west street system is initiated.

### Out of touch

We do not hold to the adage of 'government by the people'.

We say that Ward representatives, once elected, should not bend in the breeze.

This does not mean, however, that residents should not be heard if they have a legitimate complaint, or, in fact, be consulted, if the issue is something of a personal nature.

This issue is - the re-naming of Mt. Joy Sideroad, (16th Avenue) in the Town of Markham, to Rutherford Road.

It is not our intent to downgrade the status of the late Albert Rutherford of Vaughan. In fact, we feel it's a fine thing that Mr. Rutherford's name is to be revered in this way - in the Town of

Vaughan. But not in the Town of Markham.

We ask - does history hold no significance to the Council of Markham Town? Or, indeed, do they know the historical significance of the name Mt. Joy? Or, do they care?

In case the Ward councillor's memory needs a little refreshing, the designation, Mt. Joy Sideroad, dates back to 1840, so called by the Ramer family who immigrated from Mt. Joy, Pennsylvania to the Markham area, more than 130 years ago.

To newcomers to the community, the importance of the issue may seem trivial. To native residents (and there are still a few left), it is not.

### Planning - An exercise in futility

The function of municipal planning committees should be discontinued - and the committees disbanded.

The futility of it all, was revealed recently in the Town of Whitchurch - Stouffville. Under discussion was a 12-lot development near Lemonville. The original proposal, (20 lots), was approved by the municipality. However, it was vetoed by the province.

Councillor Merlyn Baker was incensed. He had every right to be.

Approval at the local level means little or nothing. The final stamp of approval

must come from Queen's Park, a process that takes far too long; if, in fact, approval comes through at all.

We say, if the province is so anxious to arrogate to itself all planning powers, let them. The vast amount of time and energy spent by municipal representatives on planning matters, could be better spent elsewhere.

Fighting city-hall - in this case, Queen's Park, is a splendid principle. In this instance, it's just not worth it. Let the province have all the power, and all the headaches that go with it.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:  
I read The Tribune every week, My sons sends it to me.

I am concerned about the proposed airport near Stouffville.

I live 15 miles from the El Centro Airport and believe me, at times you would think the jets were coming through the house. They really shake the place.

In some areas, they have had to close the schools.

I was born in Stouffville and retain great respect for my home town and the family after which it was named.

Mrs. P. Lonergan,  
Brawley, California.

Dear Sir,  
Until now, I hesitated to voice my opinion on the abortion issue because an 8 cent letter seemed an inadequate alternative to the complex problem.

To enact more liberalized laws toward obtaining an abortion is a definite step backward, in this supposedly civilized society.

I would give wholehearted support to a government program which encourages the protection of the young, the weak, the helpless, and the disabled.

I would advertise in the paper to communicate with anyone seeking an abortion, and on a mother to mother basis, would try to convey the gravity of such a decision.

Anyone who understands the conception and development of human life, could not, I believe, with clear con-

science, seek to destroy this most exquisite jewel, man and woman can conceive.

The destruction of any living being to ensure happiness for another is not a positive solution to any situation.

Abortion is jungle law - survival of the fit - not the feelings of compassionate, caring humans.

Abortion stops; abortion silences; abortion kills; abortion completely reverses our reasons for being; abortion is "I" not caring what happens to "you"; abortion is man failing.

Man makes things. In his attempt to recreate man, he destroys.

Life is our most precious gift. We are only here today to proclaim it.

Thank you for listening,

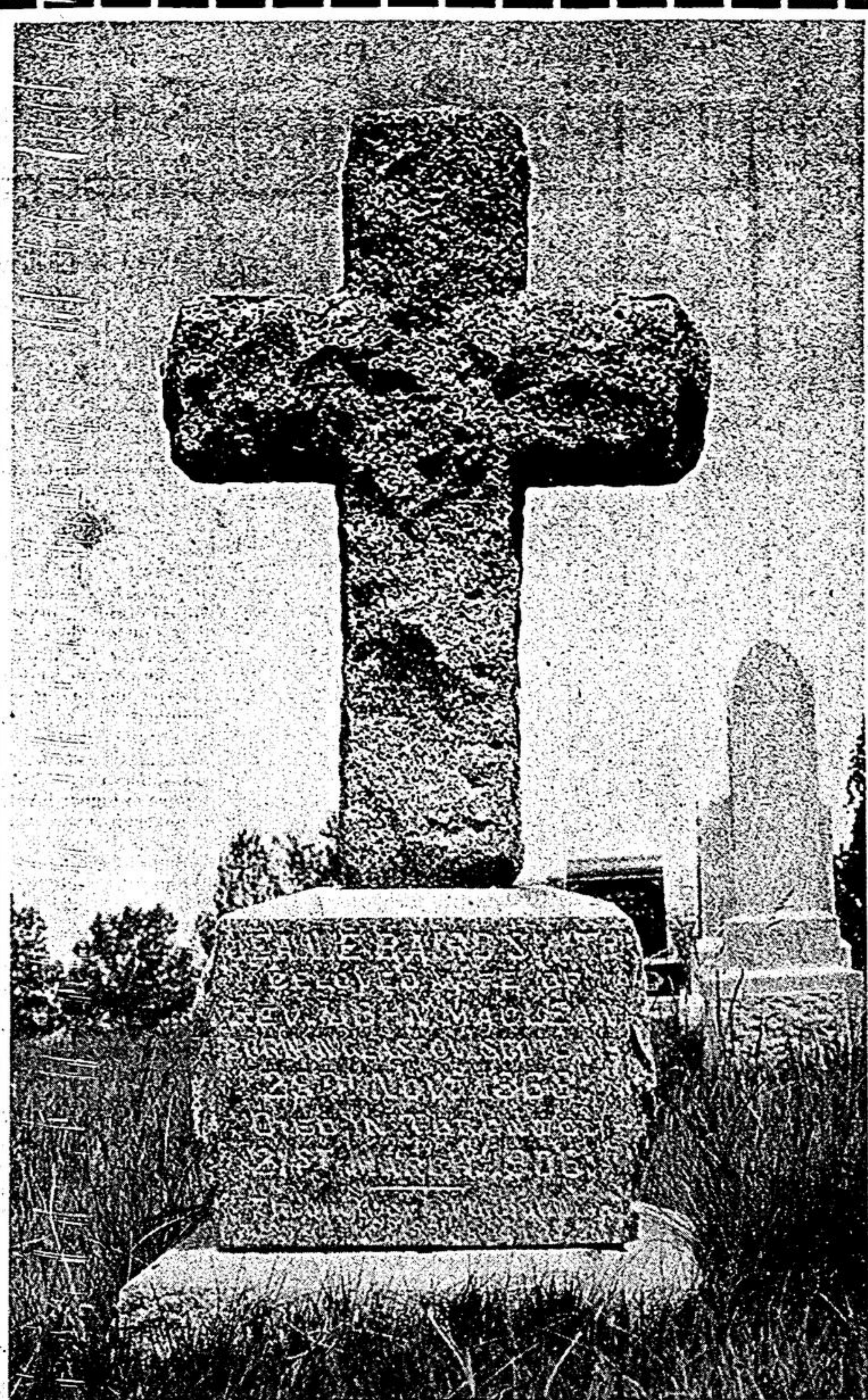
Mrs. Cecilia Broderick,  
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:  
Your Roaming Around column, under the heading 'Self - Pollution', April 27, was an excellent article. The fact that neither you nor your wife have acquired the smoking habit, is commendable.

On this subject, I find it difficult to understand why so many people possess so little will-power and find it necessary to suck on a deadly coffin nail.

By now, it is common knowledge that cigarettes are a cause of Cancer, but yet folks, young and old, persist. One can hardly ride on a bus anymore without some idle-brained male or female puffing smoke in your face.

There are other forms of pollution, for



### Seek cemetery records

The Ontario Genealogical Society is seeking a record of all cemeteries in the Twp. of Pickering, particularly those burial plots in the proposed Airport and North Pickering Community lands. Information in this regard should be sent to J. D. Milne, 57 Treadgold Crescent, Don Mills or Markham Museum curator, John Lunau, Markham, R. R. 2. This weather-worn monument, located in St. John's Cemetery, conc. 7, Pickering, bears the following inscription: Jeanie Baird Smith, beloved wife of Rev. John MacLean, Born in Glasgow, Scotland, 1868; Died 1906.

—Jim Thomas.

## The speaker was speechless

By Bill Smiley

Life, as some sage put it, does have its ups and downs, does it not?

Item. I have a beloved aunt and a beloved uncle. She was widowed a couple of years ago, and he became a widower some years ago. They were very close. Each was living alone in a good-sized house. They finally decided to pool resources, sell their houses and live in an apartment, as company for each other. They went off to Florida this past winter. In the same mail I received news that she was ill with terminal cancer, and he, at 80, was getting married.

Well, "Life is the life", as my daughter said when she was about five. We thought it a pretty philosophical statement, at that age. It covers a lot of ground.

Speaking of daughter, the bride. She and her husband made it to Vancouver and halfway back in a ten-year old car, which is about the same age as an 80-year old man. Coincidentally, my uncle is going to Vancouver for his honeymoon.

This prelude, as usual, leads me directly into my theme: making speeches. My daughter hasn't made a speech, my uncle hasn't made a speech, and I haven't made a speech. And therein hangs a tail.

The tail hangs between the legs of a good friend of mine. Five weeks ago, he asked me if I'd make a speech, just three or four minutes, at a ceremony to mark the retirement of a dear friend and colleague.

Reluctantly, I agreed. I hate making speeches. However, this was a special occasion. The lady who is retiring is a fine teacher, a gracious person, beloved by her thousands of ex-students, of Irish descent; and a good Anglican. What more could a person have?

example, the dreadful immorality in our schools and colleges, and the pills supplied to carry it on; liquor ads, pornographic literature, strip shows - I could go on.

Why are such things allowed?  
I'll tell you why - love of money, the root of all evil.

Leslie Grove,  
Stouffville, R.R.4.

Two weeks later, my good friend, who was in charge of lining up the occasion, asked me if I would make a short speech at the ceremony. Rather puzzled, I told him he had already asked me. He assured me that the speeches would be short, there were only four speakers, and I would be last. This suited me.

Another member of the dough-headed committee in charge of the big event kept reminding me that I was to speak, and needling me about having the speech ready.

I replied with a certain hauteur that I never failed to deliver, and that the speech would be ready. And it was. At 11.45 a.m., on the morning of the ceremony, I sat down and wrote a light but loving tribute to the victim. The ceremony began at 2 p.m.

It was a huge success. The retiring lady was almost overwhelmed. She had expected a tea with perhaps forty or fifty people, and some kind of a gift. Maybe a watch, or a brooch, or an oil painting.

By 3 p.m., there were over 500 people in the place, some of them from over 1,000 miles away. Then the speakers began. They ranged from her first principal, who plodded with kindly intent but size 12 brogans, through her early life, revealing her age and various other unmentionables.

He was followed by a couple of former students, a couple of former colleagues, the local member of parliament, for whom she wouldn't vote if it meant she was damned for eternity, and a temporary colleague.

The temperature in the cafetorium (how do you like that word?) was about 110. The acoustics were hopeless. A great groundswell of murmuring arose from the back of the hall, where people couldn't hear a word and started having a reunion.

The speakers were interspersed by the reading of telegrams from the Minister of Education, the Prime Minister of the province, and Pierre Elliott Trudeau, whoever he is.

I was sweating about a quart a minute, not from fear, but from humidity. My wife started to get hairy, as speaker after speaker mounted the podium. She shot

## ROAMING AROUND

### What Daddy means to me

By Jim Thomas

What is the significance of Sunday, June 18?

Forgotten? Don't be ashamed - you're not alone. For let's admit it, fathers don't rank with mothers when it comes to 'special' days; in fact, fathers don't rank with mothers in many areas.

However, regardless of any personal feelings of inequality, I could see no harm in putting other Pops to the test. Mr. Boadway, the Principal of Summitview Public School in Stouffville, readily agreed.

The question posed to boys and girls, Grades 1 and 2 was: "Why do you love your Daddy". The hand-printed replies were introduced by: "I love my Daddy, because -". A few of them follow:

David Sibbick: I love my Daddy because he knows how to spell my Spelling.

Janet Stevens: I love my Daddy because he makes my day happy.

Betty Jean Jollymore: I love my Daddy, because he's the best father in the whole wide world.

Colin David Varley: I love my Daddy because he takes my brother and me camping. He buys us toys and marbles, candies, ice cream cones, and almost everything - but I don't have a horse.

Jeff Hutchinson: I love my Daddy because he plays ball with me.

Gloria Mintz: I love my Daddy because he is handsome.

Teddy Barker: I love my Daddy because he lets my Mom and us go to New Brunswick.

Douglas Smurthwaite: I love my Daddy because he is good.

Michael Glenn: I love my Daddy because he makes good cookies. He also makes our beds sometimes.

Jane Manser: I love my Daddy because when I'm bad, he spanks me, because he doesn't want me to do the same bad thing again.

Sean Wilkinson: I love my Daddy because everyone should love one another.

Ricky Ewing: I love my Daddy because he looks after us.

Sandy Stover: I love my Daddy because he tickles me every night and when he arrives home from school, he hugs me.

Kent Dayvide: I love my Daddy because he doesn't send me to bed until 10:30 on weekends.

Craig Corrier: I love my Daddy because he takes me to his Police Station.

David Darling: I love my Daddy because he makes most of the money for us.

Lisa Eriksen: I love my Daddy because every night he cooks our supper.

John Paul Herold: I love my Daddy because he lets me go to Uncle Adams to ride their horses and play in the hay.

Stephen McGinty: I love my Daddy because he gets up in the middle of the night to go to work.

Linda Ostrander: I love my Daddy because he bought me a pup.

Lea Sainsbury: I love my Daddy because he takes me horseback riding and fishing - we're real good friends.

Tracey Thompson: I love my Daddy because - I just love him, that's all.

Christie Gooderham: I love my Daddy because he first loved me.

Sunday, June 18, is Father's Day. Remember?

looks and hisses at me, and murderous looks at the chairman. My speech rustled in my breast pocket.

The gifts were fabulous: an oil painting set, a French poodle, live, and an in-perpetuity scholarship, in her name, for students of French.

It ended, and the mob's murmur became a roar. My wife leaped up, went to the chairman, and said something probably not worth repeating. She came back to me, eyes blazing, and blurted, "I'm going home. Right this minute".

And she did. She stomped out, which, as a lady, she'd never have done. This is how you know your wife loves you. It didn't bother me much. I hate making speeches.

I gave my manuscript to Dear Grace. On Monday, she wrote me a note that can only be called by that old-fashioned adjective: beautiful. It meant much more to me than a thunderous ovation. And my good friend, who had fouled up, couldn't sleep all that night.