



STAFF REPORT ACTION REQUIRED

Naming of Proposed Public Street at 1201 Wilson Avenue

Date:	December 10, 2012
To:	North York Community Council
From:	Manager Land and Property Surveys
Wards:	9
Reference Number:	P:\2013\ClusterB\TEC\NY13011

SUMMARY

This report recommends that the proposed public street located west of Keele Street extending southerly from Wilson Avenue, be named "Shulman Avenue".

Community Council has delegated authority to decide street naming matters which comply with the City of Toronto Honourific and Street Naming Policy.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Engineering and Construction Services recommends that:

1. North York Community Council approve the name "Shulman Avenue", to identify the proposed public street located west of Keele Street, extending southerly from Wilson Avenue; and
2. the appropriate City Officials be authorized and directed to take the necessary action to give effect thereto, including the introduction of a naming by-law.

Financial Impact

There are no financial implications resulting from the adoption of this report.

ISSUE BACKGROUND

A request has been made by Bill Prokopowich, Project Manager, Infrastructure Canada (777 Bay Street, Suite 900, Toronto ON M5B 2CB) to name the proposed public street located west of Keele Street, extending southerly from Wilson Avenue. The new

Forensics Sciences and Coroner's Court will be fronting the new street, as shown on Attachment No. 1.

The name "Shulman Avenue" has been suggested by the North York Preservation Panel, to commemorate the late Morton Shulman. Dr. Shulman was a prominent physician, politician, and entrepreneur among other pursuits. Consent and background information have been provided by Mr. Shulman's daughter, and is included as Attachment No. 2.

COMMENTS

The proposed name "Shulman Avenue" was circulated for comment and is acceptable to Police Services, Fire Services, and Emergency Medical Services. The proposal is supported by Councillor Augimeri, the applicant Infrastructure Ontario and we have written consent from Morton Shulman's next of kin.

The proposed name complies with the City of Toronto Honourific and Street Naming Policy. http://www.toronto.ca/mapping/street_naming/index.htm

CONTACT

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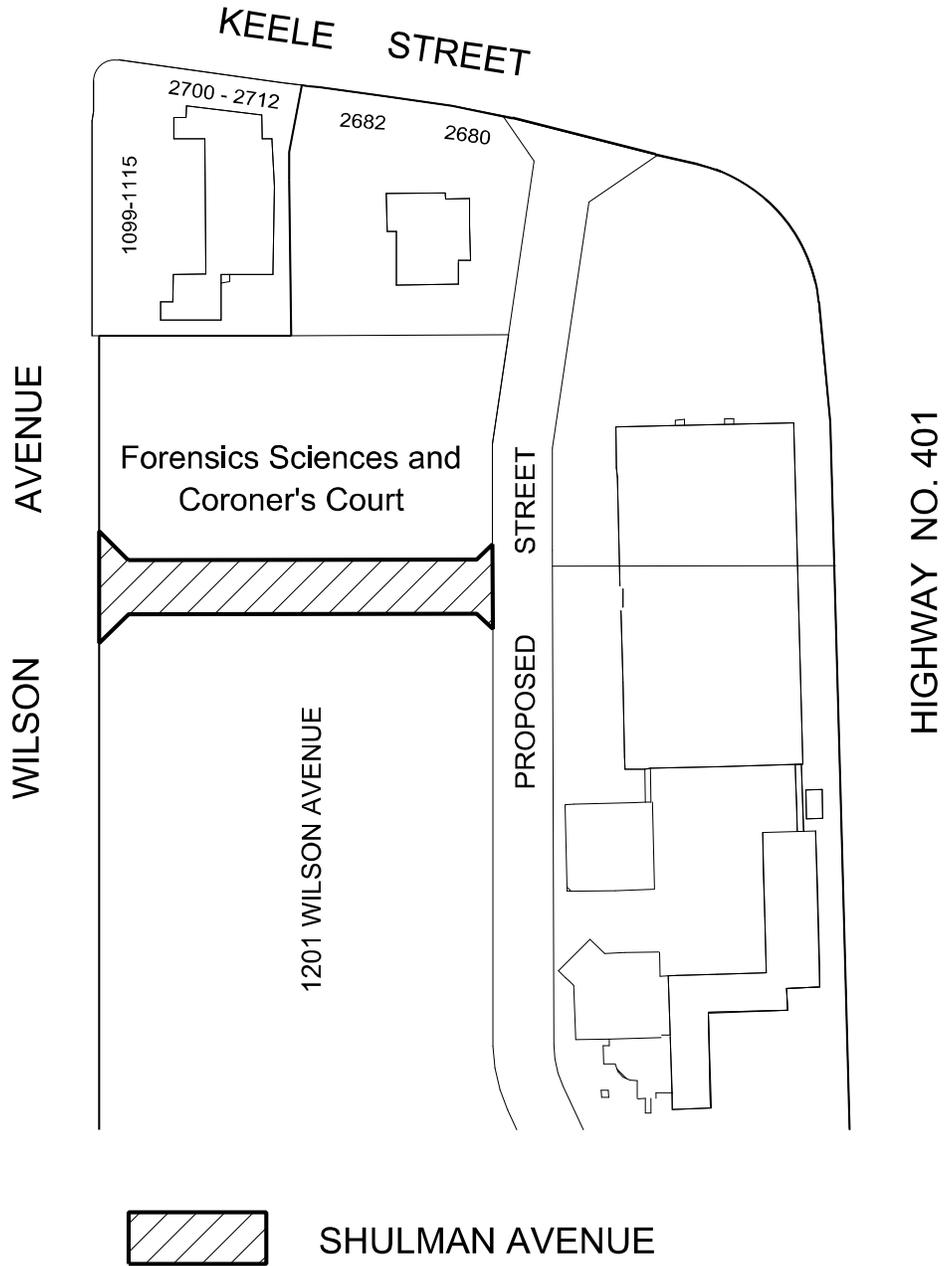
SIGNATURE

Bruce McPherson
Manager Land and Property Surveys
Engineering Services

ATTACHMENTS

Attachment No. 1 – Sketch
Attachment No. 2 – Background Information

Attachment No. 1



CITY OF TORONTO
SURVEY AND UTILITY MAPPING
WARD 9 NOVEMBER 13, 2012
FILE:1902.22.09 SHULMAN.DGN
MAP:60N-23 DRAWN:B.HALL

Morton Shulman, April 2 1925 - August 18 2000

Attachment No. 2

(Obituary written by Dianne Saxe, daughter of Morton Shulman - Sunday, September 24, 2000)

My father was a hero.

This is not to say that he was easy to live with, or to love, or to help. He wasn't. But he made the world a better place. He was one of those rare people who really made a difference.

He was born in Toronto in 1925, a lonely only child, a scrawny Jewish kid in a city with limited tolerance for Jews. He had no money, no looks, no athletic ability, no social graces and no connections. Girls laughed at him, in a series of rejections he never got over. But he did have intelligence, agility and drive. In the 1940s, only the top two Jews in medical school were allowed to intern in Toronto. Morty was third, but didn't want to leave his newly widowed mother. Somehow, he talked his way into a third internship.

Morty was determined to become a success. In 1950, he married the most beautiful Jewish girl he could find. They set up a small general practice near his mother in High Park. He kept long hours, made midnight housecalls, and delivered babies. He kept that practice for 45 years, seeing loyal patients long after he himself was ill with Parkinsons.

Morty was never happy, though, doing just one thing, and he usually had at least one other simultaneous career. As Ontario's crusading Chief Coroner, he was a favourite subject of editorial cartoons and intemperate headlines. He inspired a TV series, *Wojack*, and drove the Conservative government crazy. When they finally fired him, there was an astonishing outburst of love and support from across the country. Some of the letters arrived addressed only to Dr. Morton Shulman, Canada. He was almost as much a government thorn in his seven years as a member of the Legislature. (He was even an irritant to the Mafia, and a hit contract was out on his life for a time.) Later he hosted the *Shulman File*, the very first TV attack journalism show. He was also an intrepid traveller, best selling author, innovative and successful stock trader, eclectic art collector, newspaper columnist, entrepreneur, and drug magnate. He told funny stories about himself and did much kindness in secret.

My father loved life, and wanted to taste everything it has to offer. He was never afraid to try something new, or to take risks; you only live once! he would say. He had an immense desire and capacity for enjoyment, and took advantage of every minute. He never saw a gadget he didn't want, or a pretty woman he didn't flirt with. He played outrageous practical jokes, such as slipping a dead barracuda into Grenadier Pond, or putting a Big Sale sign in the window of a friends store. To protest poor gun control, he once smuggled an automatic rifle into the Legislature. At question period he took out the gun and with huge delight pretended to sweep the government benches. The government members hit the floor, then sent the sergeant at arms to arrest him.

Morty gloried in challenging injustice, in righting wrongs, and in saving the day. He hated bureaucracy and the stupid waste of lives. He campaigned, against fierce resistance, for much we take for granted:

- Life jackets in small boats
- Breathalyser tests
- Construction safety

- Surgical counts of tools and sponges
- Safer tonsillectomies
- Safer highway and car design
- Pensions for the widows of policemen killed in the line of duty
- Fair compensation for injured workers
- Control of air pollution

For these things, and many others, he became an Officer of the Order of Canada. He was very proud of this honour; it was one of the few things he kept with him in the hospital until his death from Parkinsons.

The day after Mortys death, the Globe published his obituary next to the one for Genghis Khan. Dad would have been delighted. But here is another side of him, not as well known. One year he went to the reunion of his medical school class. Each doctor in turn got up to brag about his accomplishments, chief of brain surgery at this hospital, top ophthalmologist at that. When they got to S, my father stood up, looked around and said: I am a general practitioner in Toronto. And then he sat down.

Dianne Saxe