

The Tribune
 Established 1888
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 Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2100; Toronto phone 361-1680.
 Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$12.00 per year in Canada, \$30.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.
 The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Burlington Weekend Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Mississauga News, Oshawa This Weekend, Acton Free Press, Milton Canadian Champion and The Georgetown Independent.
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Editorials

Tributes by Town Council were earned by recipients

Two 'guests' attending the year-end meeting of Town Council, last week, were appropriately honored by the municipality—Wesley Brillinger, a charter member of the local historical society and untiring worker at the museum, and Eric Timbers, the 1980 Junior Plowing Champion and Canadian entry in world competitions next fall.

Whatever the tributes paid to them on that occasion, they were earned. Their achievements go far beyond the ordinary; extra-ordinary, one might say.

In recognizing them (and others like them), the Council is to be commended. We hope the practice will be continued for, too often, we feel, there's a tendency to ignore the obvious. We all mean well but good intentions are nonentities if there's no follow-up.

In this regard, we contend that Whit-

church-Stouffville still needs a permanent "Hall of Fame". For adulation is such a fleeting thing—appreciated today, forgotten to-morrow.

What a tremendous project for one of our service clubs to undertake—at no great cost. An addition to the present Latham Hall or the Museum would be ideal; or maybe the Public Library where property space is not at a premium.

While sports figures automatically come to the fore when thinking along this line, there's no need to be restrictive in this regard. Fame takes many forms.

We throw out this suggestion as a challenge and trust some organization will take it up. Co-operation of the community (and of this newspaper) is guaranteed.

Driver patience a virtue

Patience is a virtue—on a Saturday in Stouffville.

Certainly, it's no place for the impatient, particularly if you're trying to emerge from one of several side streets onto Main.

Fortunately, there are many motorists today who are not so intent on getting from Point 'A' to Point 'B' that they won't stop for a moment and let others pass through.

While the driver displaying this kind of

courtesy may be the subject of silent ridicule from the party behind, it's a consideration that should be practiced more often.

Place yourself in the position of the stationary motorist and you'll better appreciate what a few seconds of thoughtfulness can mean.

Good highway manners doesn't have to end in Stouffville, but it's sure a good place to start—especially on a Saturday. Try it and observe the positive reaction.

Just what are we anyway?

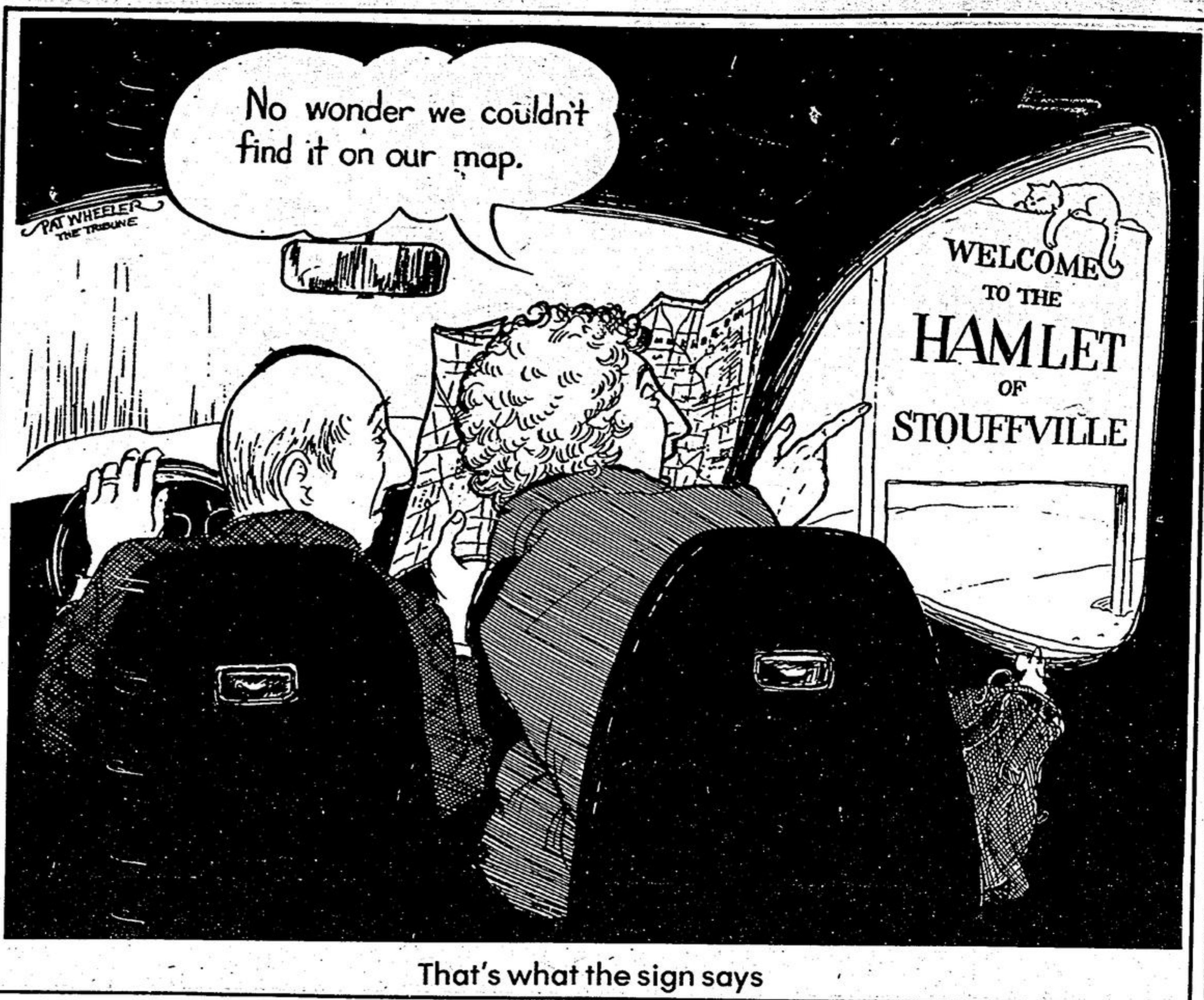
STOUFFVILLE—What are we anyway? Signs erected at both ends of whatever we are, identify us as "a hamlet". Some don't like it and neither do we. It hurts our ego to be placed in the same size classifications as smaller communities like Pleasantville, Churchill and Bethesda. After all, we are 6,000 or thereabouts; not six hundred or sixty. There must be a category that fits. But what? Unintentionally, the Lions Club has raised a very important issue since they (or a committee within the Club), are assuming responsibility for the mistake.

But is it an error and if so, what should the corrected version read? It's a question this newspaper has been in the dark about ever since Whitchurch and Stouffville's amalgamation back in 1971.

It's been our policy to call the combined municipalities a "Town" (capital T), and Stouffville, a "town" (small t). Not once has this practice been criticized. However, as Mayor Eldred King points out, Stouffville is really only a Postal Area, with no status (politically), at all.

So where does this leave us?

Politics aside, we say that Stouffville, having celebrated its 100th birthday, has advanced beyond the diaper stage that hamlet classification infers. The town inference is just as confusing because we haven't reached the stage of adult independence. So why not compromise and call ourselves a Village. We think it suits.



That's what the sign says



Sugar and Spice

Housewife's job is no snap

By Bill Smiley

There's nothing worse than having your wife go off and leave you to cope all alone for a couple of weeks. Unless it's having her arrive home a day early and finding you up to your waist in your own filth, that you were going to clean up tomorrow.

That has happened to me once, but this time I'm going to make sure. I'm going to do the clean-up a day earlier. First time it happened, she was unbearable for about a week, just because there were three or four bottles of sour milk, a one-inch patina of grease on the stove, and a kitchen floor you could hardly walk across without getting stuck.

I'll give a hot tip to some of you middle-aged guys who think your old lady has a soft touch. You know: a lazy coffee and read the paper after you've gone to work, a little dusting and a few dishes to do; a leisurely lunch watching a soap opera; a little nap, and then nothing to do but get your dinner ready.

It's not quite like that. To keep a fair-sized house in anything like running order, a woman must go like a jack-rabbit. Or a jillrabbit, if you think I'm being chauvinistic. Migawd I've barely time to brush my teeth, shave and get to work in the morning, leaving the breakfast dishes all tangled up with last night's dinner dishes, because I was too tired to do them, and there was a good movie on the tube.

Get home after work and there's all this mess of dishes, but I don't have time to do them. I have to go shopping for my dinner—a pizza or a turkey pie and a banana and some pears for breakfast.

Get home from shopping and I barely

have the energy to stick my dinner in the oven, pour myself a relaxer, and read the evening paper. After dinner, I pile some more dishes in the sink, give them a dirty look, and toddle off to mark papers or fall asleep in front of the tube, waking up at 2 a.m., cold and stupid, to fall into my unmade bed and nightmare away about my wife having left me for good. Which she could. Anytime.

Totter up in the morning, do my ablutions, and go down to a cheerless kitchen, with nobody snapping out the orders of the day. I'm always late for work when she's away, because when she's home I try to get away early so I won't have to get into a fight about who's going to call the plumber, why I am so incompetent around the house, and why I got a \$28.00 fine for not wearing my seat-belt.

I don't deny that there have been times when I wished I was a bachelor, carefree, sexy, dining out with beautiful women, taking off, alone, for exotic holidays.

But boy-o-boy, when the laundry hamper is overflowing, your last clean shirt is a white T-shirt with a burnhole on the belly, the dishes are beginning to resemble the Great Pyramid, and the only clean socks you have left are white wool golf type, you begin to appreciate the Old Battleaxe.

If I have one more turkey pie, I'm not going to grow waffles. Those I already have, the penalty of sagging jowls. But there is a distinct possibility that I might begin to gobble. One more frozen lasagna and I'll be singing arias. In Italian.

Actually, I can cope. I can keep myself clean, dressed, and fed. But it's the extras of housework that are destroying me. Like dealing with aluminum window salesmen,

brickworkers, painters, plumbers, and electricians. My wife does all that, normally.

I haven't a clue where she keeps her bills; her chequebook, and all the sundries. I was frightfully embarrassed this week when a plumber came to finish a job, and I couldn't pay his bill. I dug out all my cash and was 42 cents short. He was a good type, and told me to forget it. My wife would have given him a cheque for the exact amount. I got a receipt, I think, which I'll probably lose.

Perhaps this all sounds materialistic, and not at all the sentimental nonsense a husband should feel when his wife is away spoiling his grandchildren. Well, it is.

I've written her a hundred or two love-letters. I've told her how beautiful she was, on many occasions. I have complimented her on her brains, her innate common sense, and anything else I could dredge up.

I have admired her good taste in clothes and decorating. I have tried to buck her up when she is depressed. I have listened to her. Endlessly. In short, I have been an almost perfect husband. I just threw in that "almost."

But the simple fact is, she's got to get home and get the joint running again. I can't even find the television programs I want, because she knows that channel 2 is really channel 10 and channel 3 is channel 14 and channel 6 is all French. I just flip the dial around hopefully.

But what really gets me is the fingernails on my right hand. I can cut my toenails. I can cut the fingernails on my left hand. But she has to cut the ones on my right hand. And they're about half an inch long. Get home, mama.

Window on Wildlife

Nuthatches are amazing birds

By Art Briggs-Jude



Among the many bird migrants moving about at this season, you may see an active little fellow that divides his tree time between the small upper branches and the heavy bark-covered trunks. These industrious little workers often clinging to the undersides of limbs like flies on a ceiling, are red-breasted nuthatches.

A smaller and slightly more energetic edition of the white-breasted species, this bird has a rusty chest and underparts, and a sharp black line through the eye. Between this dark eye-stripe and the shiny black crown is a wider white streak that sometimes joins over the bill and gives a white eyebrow effect. The back and wings are slate-blue, possibly a shade or two darker than the upper parts of the white-breasted nuthatch, it's larger relative.

The irregular and sporadic appearance of this tiny northern nuthatch, often coincides with a light crop of conifer seeds occurring in the evergreen forests. For these cones seem to be this bird's favorite fare, and although many bark dwelling insects are taken, they are more of a dessert to the main cone-seed dish. Even in the southland when the birds show up there, this preference prevails and the little red-breasted nuthatch will not often be encountered too far from some stands of spruce or pine. Here too, he may be seen keeping company with his smaller relative, the brown-headed nuthatch, who as the name suggests sports a chocolate cap.

Nuthatches are interesting and amusing

little creatures that never fail to attract attention whenever and wherever they appear. Their habit of working their way down tree trunks headfirst has given them the nickname of "upside down birds", and this accomplishment is a clue to their identification. For example another bark-climber, the brown creeper, starts at the base of one tree and works upwards to the top while the nuthatches fly from the base of one trunk to the upper branches of an adjoining tree. Often small flocks of creepers and nuthatches move through a woodlot with a scissor-like action, gleaming a myriad of insect eggs and larvae from the creviced trunks.

It is generally believed the nuthatch

family derived its name from the method the birds used to extract the meat from nuts and other hard-shelled foods. Wedging the unopened shells into convenient cracks, the birds hack away with their spike-shaped bills until a hole is made and the kernel withdrawn. Actually, their bills could be used more often to procure wood-boring bugs, but except to excavate a nest chamber and to crack nuts the birds seem content to search the surface bark for food or pull the seeds from coniferous cones.

So watch your area for the busy nuthatches these days. The white-breasted with its nasal "yank, yank" call, and the smaller red-breasted with higher pitched and finer "ank, ank" notes.

Politicians are human

Dear Mr. Thomas:
 Thanks to the publicity provided by your newspaper and the fine campaigns conducted by the candidates, election interest soared to a record height in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

The electorate was able to get to know its council representatives on a personal basis, a "closeness" I hope can be maintained in the two years ahead.

In this regard, I hope the mayor and

members of the 1981-82 council will arrange some kind of informal get-together, similar to what was organized back in 1977.

Politicians are human. Many of us, however, look on them as 'untouchables' because we're so seldom in touch with them—except when we have a complaint. This attitude, I feel has changed—a change for the better.

Jan Marsden,
 R. R. 3, Stouffville.

THE HAMLET OF STOUFFVILLE TOGETHER WE SERVE

What are we? Signs erected recently on the approaches to Stouffville, have classified the former village as a hamlet. Some residents resent this, claiming we're a town. But this doesn't hold either because the Town now takes in the former Twp. of Whitchurch. Maybe someone can sort us out.
 Jim Holt