

**Editor's Mail**

**Out of luck**

Dear Sir:  
 One of the important issues of the upcoming municipal election is, whether a person who does not live in Ward 6 should represent the residents of Ward 6.  
 The function of a councillor is to listen, understand and bring forward the concerns of the people to Council—concerns which may be irrelevant to people outside the ward. If the councillor does not truly represent the views of the residents, the people are out of luck.  
 I do not want to be out of luck. I want a resident of Ward 6 to represent me.  
 I question the decision of Ged Stonehouse to run in Ward 6 rather than the ward in which he resides.

Sincerely,  
 John Gibbins,  
 Victoria Street,  
 Stouffville.

**Real hazard**

Dear Editor:  
 Joan Sutton of Hawthorne Avenue, introduced an important point recently, with respect to the crossing of Main Street in the east end of Stouffville. A definite hazard exists, a hazard that should be eliminated.

One solution could be a pedestrian-operated traffic light at the intersection of Main and Stouffer Streets. The Summitview School crosswalk could be moved to this area, similar to what's provided at the Ninth Line and Main West.

I for one, appreciate Mrs Sutton's concern. It should be the concern of us all.  
 Sincerely,  
 Wanda Jacks,  
 North Street,  
 Stouffville.

**Quality care**

Dear Sir:  
 We have been sending our two-year-old son, David to the Small World Day Care Centre since September. Because we are so pleased with the staff and the facilities there, we felt we should pass on our compliments publicly.

We feel David is receiving top quality care and instruction at very reasonable rates. We highly recommend this local nursery school to all parents who may be considering such for their children.

Sincerely,  
 John and Barbara Arthurs,  
 Stouffer Street,  
 Stouffville.

HELLO, I'M  
 BILL KAMPS  
 YOUR WARD  
 FOUR.....

ME TOO,  
 I'M FRAN  
 SAINSBURY!

PAT WHEELER  
 THE TRIBUNE



**The Tribune**  
 Established 1888  
 JAMES THOMAS, Editor-in-Chief  
 BARRY W. WALLACE, Publisher  
 ANDREW P. COOK, Advertising Manager  
 EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Jim Irving  
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Rod Spicer, Bryan Armstrong  
 CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING-CIRCULATION: Joan Marshman  
 OFFICE MANAGER: Doreen Deacon  
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Eileen Glover  
 NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300  
 Published every Wednesday at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. tel. 640-2101. Single copies 25¢, subscribers \$13.00 per year in Canada, \$35.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association, Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspaper of America. Second class mail registration number 8896.  
 The Stouffville Tribune is one of the Metroland Printing & Publishing Ltd. group of suburban newspapers which includes Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner/Newmarket Era, The Bolton Enterprise, Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Burlington Weekend Post, The Etobicoke Advertiser Guardian, The Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press, Markham Thornhill Economist, Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Mississauga News Weekend Edition, The North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Oakville Friday Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Oshawa This Weekend, The Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News.  
 640-2100

**ROAMING AROUND**  
**Our house - an igloo**  
 By JIM THOMAS

I'm the hot-blooded individual around our house. I keep the thermostat at an even 80 degrees, much to the disgust of my wife. She prefers things on the cool side, especially when she's overcome by periodic "flashes" that send her scurrying to the basement and sometimes outside.  
 Even when temperatures are well below freezing, it's not uncommon for the doors and windows to be wide open. I've seen icicles hanging from the dog's nose and she'll be fanning herself with an apron.  
 In the car, she peels down to the bare essentials, even though the heater's only on medium.  
 The kids are much the same. "Oh Dad, it's so hot," they complain, even before we've gone a block.  
 I guess it's me; at least I'm out-numbered seven-to-one. But I hate being cold. There's nothing worse: I can go a day without eating; skip morning coffee breaks and work 20 hours without sleep but shivering and shaking's for the birds.  
 It's the same at the Office. The gals can always tell Monday morning if I've worked late Sunday night—it's like walking into a blast furnace. They will like parched prunes while I "soak it up" like a Daytona Beach sunbather.  
 This is a main reason why I love summer and detest winter. Cooling off is simply finding a shady tree but warming up? Where do you go?  
 That's what I hate about today's modern home. There's no place in it to "warm up" when you're chilled to the bone. How different from the old farm Findlay that could sizzle your toes at ten paces.  
 It seems, however, that as my bones grow older and my blood grows thinner, I must re-adjust my physical thermostat to meet changing times. I hesitatingly admit to this after receiving my first oil bill of the 1982-83 season. Would you believe \$228.78? It was only mid-October and the tank wasn't even empty!  
 I hadn't realized the fuel man had paid us a call until I checked my bank book, Thursday, "Holy Smoke," I said, "what cost \$228.78?" When my wife seemed slow to reply, I snapped, "surely to goodness you'd remember a cheque that size."  
 That's when she handed me a "pink slip" that read: 7.4 litres at 31.6 cents equals \$228.78. I was flabbergasted. "There has to be some mistake," I objected, "it can't be this much. It isn't even winter yet!"  
 Since a re-fill, on the average, only lasts about three weeks, some quick figuring placed our house-heating cost at over \$2,700—twenty-seven hundred dollars!  
 While I ranted and raved, my wife pointed to the fact others are in exactly the same boat. She noted too, that many are on fixed incomes, even unemployed. "At least there's money in the bank to pay it," she ventured, "others aren't so lucky."  
 She was right, but her reasoning was little solace to our depleted savings. "What about the next month and the next," I asked, "it's a long time till spring". It was then and there she revealed her plan. It all sounded very simple. "You keep the thermostat at 65 and I'll keep the doors and windows closed," she suggested. "We'll all dress a little warmer—clothes are cheaper than oil!"  
 And that's what we're doing, with few negative results so far. Mind you, I don't like it. The bedroom floor's freezing on the bare feet most mornings and I'm finding it difficult wrapping my mitt hand around a mug of hot Ovaltine, but I'll survive. And so will the kids.  
 As for my wife, she loves our new environment; so much, I'm now convinced she should have married an Eskimo. And the hot flashes are a blessing in disguise; a built-in element that switches on and off automatically.  
 However, one irritant has aroused her ire; my new pair of thick red woollies—they've got to go!

**Editorials**  
**Leaves a rich legacy**

This Town lost one of its few remaining historians in the death, Friday, of Clarence Wesley Brillinger. Mr Brillinger, "Wes" to his many friends, passed away in York County Hospital at Newmarket. He would have been 75 yesterday.  
 Wes Brillinger displayed a deep pride in his own family heritage. However, his interest in things historical, extended far beyond this intense feeling for his immediate kin. The municipality, rural Whitchurch in particular, was his love and his life.  
 While the past was important, he also displayed a keen interest in the present and, indeed the future. Whitchurch-Highlands School, as an example, stands as a personal memorial to years that lie ahead. The Town Museum, first at Bogartown and now at Vandorf, is a personal monument to years now past. He promoted these projects with a fervor that defies description. He served as chairman of both the Area Board of Education and the Historical Society.  
 Wes Brillinger leaves a legacy that will live on through many generations. That was his wish; his gift. May his accomplishments never be forgotten.

**Made auction happen**

The Benefit Auction, Saturday, was a co-operative community effort. Many people pitched in and helped, thus lightening the load on the faithful few.  
 At this point in time, the end result isn't available. The volunteer clerks are still "adding up". Regardless of amount, the proceeds will help subsidize costs related to the current landfill appeal.  
 While unfair to single out individuals who volunteered their time, a word of appreciation must go to area auctioneers who gave generously of their professional skills throughout the day. Without this assistance, the event could not have happened.  
 To these gentlemen, Whitchurch-Stouffville says "thanks". Your co-operation is what "community" is all about.

**Senseless vandalism**

Why? That's what Town Road Department employees and west-end Stouffville residents are asking themselves, after twenty-two sign posts were either pushed over or broken off early Sunday morning.  
 The replacement cost, (excluding man hours), has been estimated at \$500.  
 What possible "enjoyment" could anyone gain from such a stunt? Second-guessers feel the culprit was likely ticketed by police for failing to stop at a particular intersection and decided to take out his frustrations on Town property. Whatever the excuse, it makes no sense. The only expression of appreciation heard in connection with the offense was the speed with which the damage was repaired. Roadmen, take a bow.

**Window on Wildlife**  
**Leaves have many uses**  
 By Art Briggs-Jude

It is often said that while spring is the season of expectation, autumn is the season of bountiful beauty. You see it in the golden harvest of the grain fields, and the pyramids of orange pumpkins at the roadside stands. You smell it in the hampers of fresh-picked apples and you hear it in the honking of the migrant geese. But of all the attractions autumn has to offer, none can compare with the artistic transformation of the rural landscape. And while an unhurried drive through the countryside at this season gives you almost breath-taking views of this majestic panorama, a walk in the woods will bring you right into the picture.  
 One morning this past week, I took a short stroll down an old logging road. The sky was clear, it's soft blue broken sparsely by a few wisps of fleecy white. A light breeze gently fluttered the foliage on the more exposed trees. The trail led from an unused gravel pit, through a stand of second growth slashing and along between the splashes of vivid color, time was all but forgotten. Little wonder that in the midst of such surroundings, a person's mind becomes caught up in the spell of the scenery.  
 I looked at the golden poplars, their gray trunks standing straight and tall, and at the multi-hued maple whose traditional sap would soon be sinking into the deep roots for the freeze-up. I gazed at the mighty red oaks spreading their tawny limbs wherever the forest openings would allow. I noticed how the ash trees merged their mauve into the golds and scarlets without a clash of colors. And always in the foreground were the brilliant red sumacs and often in the background were the deep dark greens of the pines and hemlocks.  
 Soon, I thought, all but the evergreens will stand bare and naked. And the leaves; those artist's daubings that now mantle each branch in splendor. What about the leaves? I then began to think of all the things leaves do besides contribute to our wonderful autumn scenery. I kicked my foot gently into the soft forest floor, turning up the black humus of a hundred such seasons. Nature doesn't pile and burn leaves I mused, she uses them for future regeneration.  
 The trail took a sharp turn to the left and even the light breeze was suddenly still. Leaves on trees sure help break the wind I thought and similarly have a percolating effect on heavy summer rains. Their canopy provides cover for wildlife and their shade keeps the soil beneath them moist for fragile plant growth.  
 At a small stream crossing, I sat for a time on an old fallen log. That water is cooler too because of the leaves on the trees, I reasoned, and for trout, water temperature is critical to their survival. Yes, those leaves do have many functions besides being beautiful. They range from purifying the air to muffling harsh sounds and not the least of which is the transpiration into the atmosphere of water vapor. A single maple leaf floated down coming to rest near my feet; it's brilliant red smudged with gold. "Alone it was a pretty thing, but when set in the midst of the blazing autumn woods, it was spectacular."