

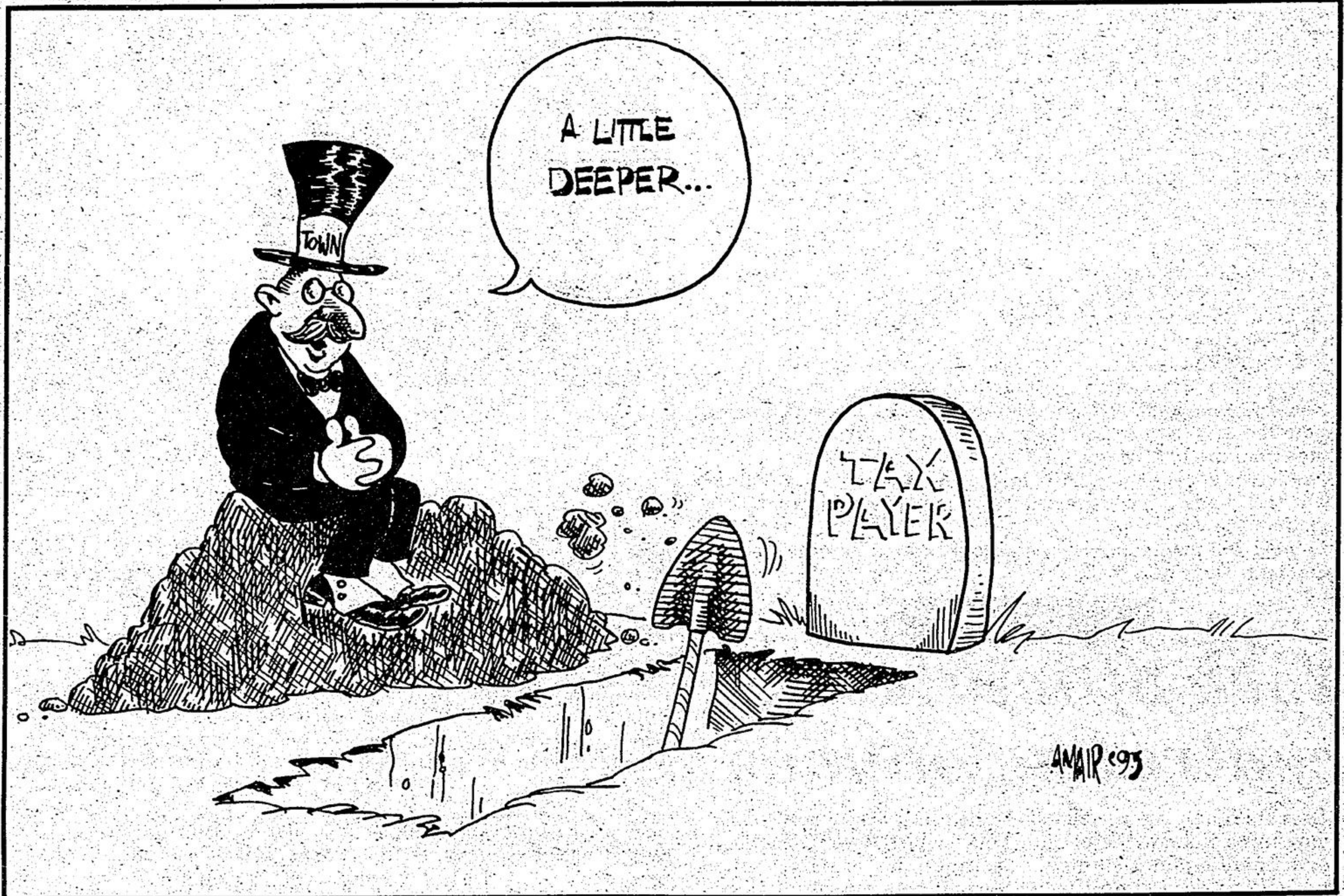
stouffville comment

Say what you will about Ken...

You can say what you like about Ken Prentice, the math-minded councillor in Ward 6.

But you can't fault him for trying to keep the town's affairs in line. However, he is running into some rather serious roadblocks in the town's bureaucracy. He is also not making many friends on council with his constant attacks on the process. And while many feel he is trying to hamstring the process with needless caution and delays, he should be praised for his tenacity.

Who can blame him for being angry that council passed a resolution banning a single member of that august body from obtaining specific information without the remainder of council's assent? The council has always tried to silence Prentice. But apparently, he can still be heard through the gag.



Friends are hitting the baby name books

What's in a name?

Quite a lot, apparently. Friends of ours, who are about to bring another life into the world, have been hitting the library pretty hard these days.

Neither mother nor father-to-be have a clue what they will tag their child with when it finally appears, so baby name books have been their main source of entertainment these last few months.

In desperation, they called this week to see if Kim and I had any ideas. Not that we are a font of knowledge when it comes to baby names, it's just that this couple helped us name our first cat, so I think they felt

they owed us the chance to assist in their dilemma. I suggested 'Snickers' has worked well for us; but they foresaw problems in the school yard in years to come with such a monicker.

In a world of Ashleys, Megans, Jennifers, Justins, Dylans and Brandons, this couple wanted something different. Of course, five years ago, the aforementioned names were quite radical. What ever happened to names like 'Joyce' or 'Pearl' or 'Hilda' or 'Phil' or 'Ed' or 'Lou'? The language is always changing, but it seems names change with each passing TV season. If Storm bumps off Chelsea on All



my *Restless Nights to Live*, the number of Storms in the world drops dramatically. This couple does not watch the afternoon soaps, however, so they turned to us to see if we knew of any unusual names.

Ha! I said I've known people with the strangest names on earth. I have a friend who was

dubbed Krash at birth. I've known a Roger Rogers, a Smithers Smith and a Fern Fearn. I have known a Gibby, a Jiggs and a Flem. None of these appealed to the young couple particularly. In an effort to be of some help, we suggested they proceed with caution so the first name went well with the last.

My wife's maiden name is White and she had the misfortune of having Dec. 25 as her birthday. In the heady, mixed up world of the sixties, her parents were set on the name Christmas, until someone pointed out she would be plagued for

the rest of her life with requests to sing the Irving Berlin song she was named for. My in-laws then lent serious consideration to Carol, Holly, and Garland.

Parents can be even more cruel. I know a couple named Teed who were blessed with twins. The medication obviously hadn't worn off when their mother named the two newborn boys Warren and Garren.

I expressed this concern to my friends, but I don't know if they will heed the warning. They're quirky, and with a last name like Fisch, the possibilities are dangerous.

New outlook on life for my son

It's official. My son is taller than me.

One of the most annoying things about being female in a family of giants is that, sooner or later, those of the male persuasion overtake one in stature. Take my younger brother.

My brother was one of nature's unexpected little miracles, born 11 and a half months after me. By the time my mother was five months pregnant, she could no longer ignore her condition.

She went to the doctor who, since it was the dark ages, was male and infuriatingly condescending. "I'm pregnant," she said without preamble.

"Of course you're not, you're still feeding your daughter. Whatever gives you the idea that you're pregnant?" replied the great man with a smugly paternalistic smile.

"Something kicked me,"



snapped my mother. All I can say is, it's lucky for her that my sibling started his prenatal soccer practice before his shoe size shot off the Richter scale.

At first I passed all my milestones well ahead of my pesky brother, but by the time we reached adolescence I had to stand on a chair to assert myself. I got stuck at five foot five, while he shot up to a giddy six feet four. You could have rescued the entire crew of the Queen Mary in one of his shoes. His arms were always too long for his shirts, which hung untidily outside his pants, because we could never find any

long enough to accommodate his gangly frame. His pants dangled just above the ankle bone, giving him a curiously waif-like appearance. For all his height he was as skinny as a rail and about as beligerent as Mr. Rogers.

Nevertheless he was always getting into 'friendlies' as he called them. A friendly was a fight in which the participants rolled about the grass in unarmed combat, even though they bore each other no particular ill-will. Nowadays, male bonding experts and Michael Kauffman call it inappropriately aggressive behavior. Back then it was called boys will be boys.

But all the re-education in the world can't wipe that superior smile from my son's face, as he looks down at his poor old mother with the triumphant air of one who is no longer vertically challenged.

Stouffville Tribune

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Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement #439010

Published every Wednesday by Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing at 9 Heritage Rd., Markham, Ontario L3P 1M3 Tel. 294-2200. The Stouffville Tribune, published every Wednesday, at 6244 Main St. Stouffville is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: Ajax-Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, Barrie Advance, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Collingwood Connection, Etobicoke Guardian, Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, Midland Express, Milton Canadian Champion, Mississauga News, Newmarket Era Banner, North York Mirror, Northumberland News, Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa-Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, and Uxbridge Tribune.

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