

Editorial . . .

Nothing To Be Alarmed About

A number of citizens have been wondering what has happened to those developers whom they read about having appeared before Planning Board in connection with opening up certain vacant land in and around Stouffville. Nothing has happened to them which will be detrimental to the taxpayers already living in town.

These land developers are business people like so many of the rest of us. They are interested in making money, and the fact that in the case of sub-dividers, their interests are not to the benefit of those taxpayers already living here, is of no concern. Stouffville Planning Board and Council too, has been keeping a tight rein on large-scale sub-dividing. Some of those who are interested in developing land and building houses, would have us believe that they are doing the town some sort of favour, which is not the case. They are only interested in how many homes they can locate on a particular parcel of land and how much it will be worth to them to do so, and this is understandable. However, if in building all these homes they saddle the town with considerable costs it will be the present taxpayers who will suffer. They will be forced to share in providing more schools and additional services which they themselves do not need. There will be only one person who can possibly benefit, and that is the sub-divider.

What about taxes? Any survey will show that Stouffville's guarded

growth has done nothing to hurt us taxwise. One only has to look at some of our neighboring towns where very large-scale sub-dividing was permitted to realize our favorable position. We don't mean to construe that we are against growth. Stouffville is quite able to absorb a limited number of homes each year with no bad after-effects, and this is what has been going on.

What about industry? Here again, most developers who own land in town at present, have some of this land zoned for industry or commercial growth. It is the contention of both Planning Board and Council that where this is the case, some development must take place on the industrial or commercial part of their holding before they will be allowed to construct homes. Only exceptions to this stand are where the holding may be very small and the few homes which could be constructed would in no way upset the tax balance.

Sub-dividers must, to the fullest extent which can be had, provide town services for their development so that it can be no expense to present taxpayers, now or in future.

To some developers such terms may seem stringent, but after all they are the only people who will see a profit from this growth and they must not expect to get this profit at the expense of existing residents. Under these circumstances some developers appear slow to act, but the closeness with which large-scale development is handled is for the benefit of all.

A Good Reason To Stay In Canada

If we needed just one good reason for staying in Canada and out of the United States, the latest handling of the Hal Banks affair has provided it. This was one of the best things that has happened in Canada in recent years. Most of us are hard pressed to name more than a very few specific reasons for valuing life in Canada above that in the U.S. The putting away of Mr. Banks provides us with a very important one.

We look across the border and see where Mr. Hoffa has taken on the State Department and whole U.S. legal system more than once and so far has won. After a few years of this system where it's the corrupt types that put the finger on the law

instead of the other way about, many Americans have just given up.

Canadian courts have shown that they are still in control here. If present laws to deal with such hoodlums as Banks are not sufficient, Parliament will be quick to pass some that will. In the U.S. Robert Kennedy would not be so fortunate. He could have little chance of steering new laws through Congress to help him nail down such characters.

The latest cases show that the biggest countries can do little about the biggest hoodlums. We need no better or more concrete reason for choosing to live in Canada despite the internal bickering which is going on at the present time.

Street Painting Needed Soon

While we favoured the defined cross-walks in town rather than the courtesy walks which have been in vogue on our Main St., we will be the first to agree that they have showed great value and seem to be working out quite well. What is needed now is a hurry-up with new paint lines on the pavement. Winter's wear has almost completely eliminated the old markings and under these circumstances pedestrians seem more prone to dart out from almost any point along the street in the business section.

Last Saturday's traffic through town pointed up the need for the

return of these corner controls again, and we would like to suggest that in addition to the two parallel lines, wide diagonal markings be placed between these two lines to further step up the importance of these crossings.

Whether or not we will reach the stage where lights will be required remains to be seen. In some cases on Saturday it took a line-up of motorists almost five minutes to enter the Main St. traffic flow at Mill and Church Sts. Each year has seen an increase in the summer traffic through town and this will continue as the area becomes more and more populated.

Editor's Mail

2743 W. San Juan Ave. Phoenix, Ariz., U.S.A. 85017. May 26, 1964.

The Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont., Canada.

Gentlemen: Though I have not received notice that my subscription to The Stouffville Tribune has expired, I believe it is time to renew it. I am enclosing \$4.50 for another year's subscription.

You can't imagine how much I have enjoyed the Tribune. It is almost as good as a visit there.

My father, Albert Edward Pipher was born in Markham, 15 April 1864 to Abraham and Elizabeth (Sheffield) Pipher. Elizabeth Pipher had a sister, Barbara who married Robert Black. Her father was William Sheffield and her mother was Elizabeth Fockler. I believe Abraham Pipher's father to be

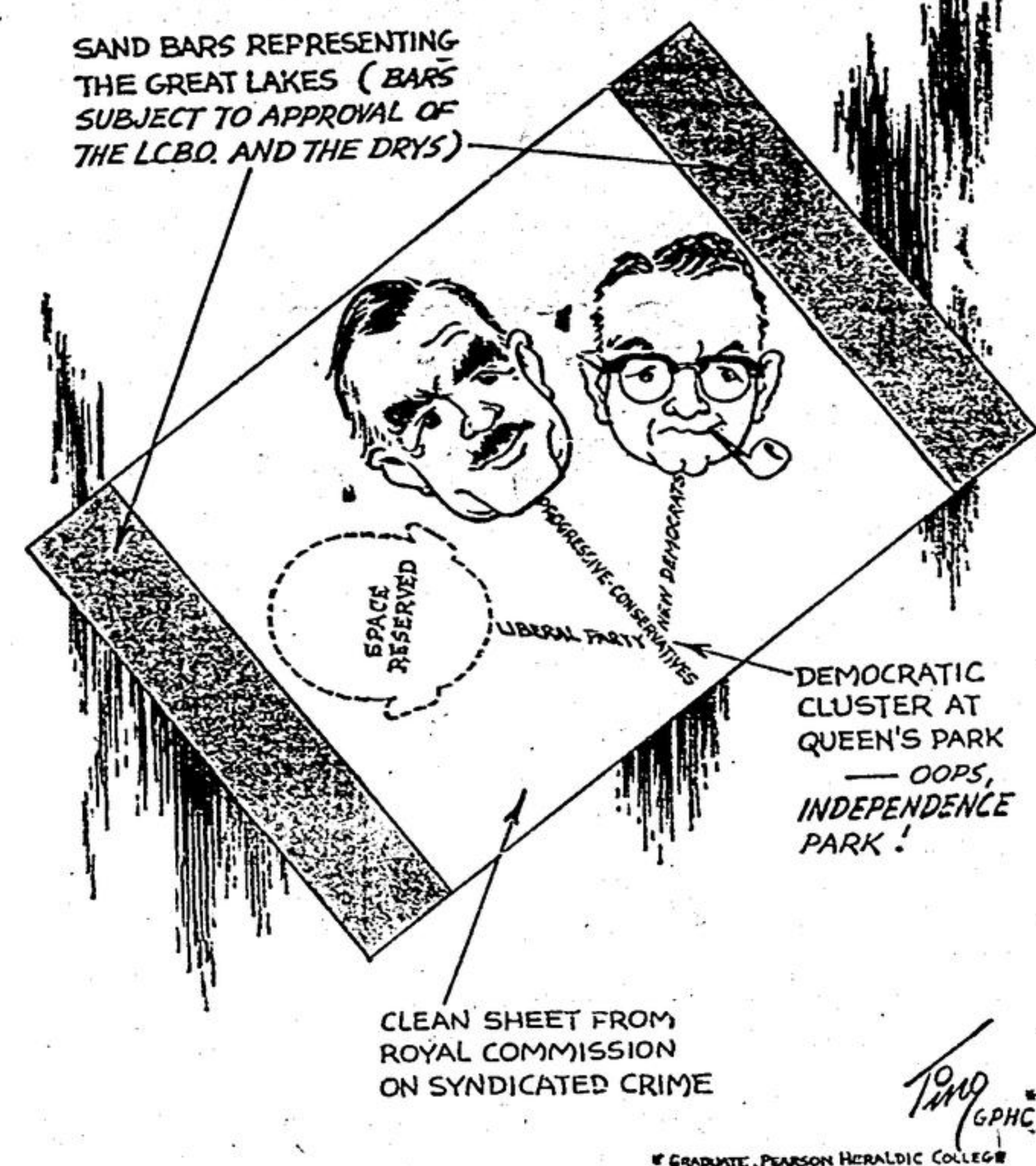
William Pipher and his wife to be Elizabeth (maiden name not known). This family tree is in a Bible which my father left me upon his death in 1937 and which originally belonged to Elizabeth Fockler. William and Elizabeth Pipher's names are at the top edge of a page which is frayed and can't be sure of its correctness.

My grandfather Pipher died between 1866 and 1871 and his wife married George Lemon in 1871 at Richmond Hill. They had the following children: John, Arthur, Herbert, Ada Estelle and Effie. I have a picture of Uncle John Lemon. While still quite young my father left home, later going to Detroit. He married my mother, Alice Marguerite Hills in Blenheim. He must have known her in Markham, as her family lived there at the time his parents died. They lived in Detroit when they were first married, moving to Port Hope before I was born in 1903. My father

was manager of the Standard Ideal (plumbing fixtures) Manufacturing Co. there for several years (presently the Port Hope Sanitary Manufacturing Co. Ltd.) Our family moved to the United States in 1922 and I have never been back, but am hoping that within the next year or two we can make the trip, visit my dad's old home and ours in Port Hope and get acquainted with some of my relatives in Ontario. There are so many Piphers living there that I am sure I am related to some of them. If not all, in some way. My father had a brother, William who moved to Detroit and worked most of his adult life for the Ferry Seed Co. there.

Almost a year ago, I wrote Mrs. David Hills whose name had appeared in your paper and her daughter, Mrs. Gerald Hoadley answered the letter. We have found we are second cousins. I have since corresponded with her and my cousin,

SINCE MR. ROBERTS WANTS A DISTINCTIVE PROVINCIAL FLAG, HOW ABOUT...



Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

A SHOVEL FOR SYMBOL?

I don't know how you feel about it, but that "distinctive" Canadian flag with the three spindly maple leaves on it makes me want to throw up. I'd like to see somebody ask you to go out and fight and die for it.

No, I'm not a Red Ensign boy. The Red Ensign was a makeshift, at best. It is too confused with colonialism and the merchant marine and the Union Jack ever to be accepted. If we MUST have a Canadian flag, which I deny violently.

By the way, I think the Canadian Legion has had some pretty shoddy treatment from the daily press because of its espousal of the Ensign, and it's less-than-enthusiastic reception of the Prime Minister, at the Winnipeg convention.

What's wrong with an organization standing up for something it believes in? Everybody else does it, from hog producers to folk singers. But the Legion was suddenly made the butt of a vicious and slanted attack in certain dailies.

The men who did the dirty work in two wars were suddenly catalogued as a group of reactionaries, or as one daily put it, a "bunch of old soldiers," trying to tell the rest of Canada what flag it should have.

This canard was climaxed by a brutal cartoon by Duncan MacPherson in the Toronto Star, portraying the Legionnaire as a bleary-eyed, beery-nosed old blimp, clinging to the past. Even the Star was embarrassed by the cartoonist's lack of taste.

But this isn't a defense of the Legion. It can look after itself. It has a minority of old boozers. So does the yacht club and the curling club and the service club and the press club.

Before I finish this digression, let me ask a question. What's wrong with booing the Prime Minister? It may be impolite, but it's a heck of a lot better than assassinating him, and I know he'd rather be booed than defeated in office.

At the same time, let me express my admiration for Mr. Pearson's courage in attacking this flag fiasco, and doing it in front of a body opposed to his views. None of his three predecessors had the guts to do it.

But to get back to what I originally started to say, let's get everybody sore at me and get it over with. The whole business of flags is a medieval hangover, with juvenile overtones.

Men used to rally around flags, in the days of hand-to-hand combat because they were trying to find somebody else who was on their side.

War evolved (or degenerated, if you like) until the stretcher-bearer became a lot more heroic than the standard-bearer.

If you want a bit of gay bunting, by all means go to it. Hang up a rosy apple for the Okanagan Valley, or a lobster for southeast Nova Scotia, or a rampant oil well for Calgary, and enjoy it. But a Canadian flag is an anachronism, in the first place. And in the second place, the maple leaf, to me and many another Canadian, is just a dang nuisance that clutters up my lawn in October.

The only possible symbol that would represent the whole of Canada is a snow shovel.

By the way . . .

ANNE ROSS

Do you find it difficult simply to say "thank you" for a favour done, or a gift received? And do you, like so many of us add, and add again "you shouldn't have done it"? Giving is supposed to be a supreme act of human goodness, and so it is. But too often we forget that it takes two to make a gift — a giver and a receiver. Receiving — plain, uncomplicated acceptance — is the nicest thing we can do to show our appreciation, whether the offering is a present or hospitality, instruction or a service, or an honour bestowed. We all know that it is far easier to give than to receive graciously, and yet so often as a recipient we are self-conscious and embarrassed.

A closed fist cannot receive, and neither can a closed mind. I once read the story of a woman with an important job who gave her secretary a cheque for \$25.00 at Christmas, and apologized for not making it a thoughtful gift. There just hadn't been time to shop. The secretary thanked her and said she had been in exactly the same predicament, and handed her a boss her cheque for \$5.00. Instantly the woman went into a long speech about what the secretary could afford and how she — the employer — could have deducted the \$5.00 from her own gift cheque if that was what she had intended, and so on. Hurt and upset by the unfeeling reaction to her gift the secretary replied: "I had hoped you would enjoy buying something you really wanted with my cheque, as I shall with your generous gift to me."

I'm learning I think, to accept what people give me, thereby finding my life doubly enriched. Last winter a friend who

Joseph Heise who has a Family Bible which gives all our family for two generations, some of which is written in German. These are my mother's people. They originally immigrated to Canada from the Mohawk Valley in New York. The Heise family came from Pennsylvania to Canada, both families moving to Canada between 1795 and 1825. John Hills and Magdalena Heise probably married in Markham or the nearest town. I am still hoping to contact someone who knows where I fit into the Pipher family tree.

Yours sincerely
Carl H. Pipher.

Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text: But whose hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him. 1 John 3:17

Approach to the Lesson

A secular newspaper writer on his first visit to India commented recently, "This is need in a new dimension. We had heard about it all but thought it exaggerated, now we know that only a fraction of the truth has been told." The crowds who know no home but the streets and no bed other than the sidewalk, the utter hunger and destitution which compels millions to go to sleep every night and condemn them to never having an adequate meal, let alone enjoyable meal, the way in which those who die in the streets of starvation are picked up by trucks and carted away—these and innumerable other unforgettable sights, sounds and smells, make an indelible impression on the visitor from more favored lands.

It is, of course, quite possible to harden one's spirit, even in the midst of such appalling need and live in comparative luxury and indifference. It is equally possible never to read any literature or search out any information which makes one aware of the true situation and therefore to go on blissfully unconscious of it. Surely this is the only possible explanation of the way in which we in North America lavish money on our homes, churches, and luxuries, while, as in the case of a large denomination in the U.S.A., only spending a little over one dollar a head each year on the missionary program. This is a denial of our Christian faith.

A leading politician said recently that we have only fifteen years in which to prove that the split of humanity between the white haves and the colored have-nots will be closed. Otherwise, a fissure will have been created, a lack of trust, a gap of understanding, which no subsequent efforts will be able to mend. Small wonder that nation after nation is turning to communism with the despairing thought that we of the West do not care enough to share, let alone sacrifice, our wealth. We know they will be even worse off with communism in the long run, but the situation demands, not superior knowledge, but active and practical compassion motivated by knowledge and the love of God in our hearts. If this involves our being labelled do-gooders, then so be it. It is far better for Christians to be known as "do-gooders" than as "do-badders" or as "do-nothings." Our lesson will help us all to see God's teaching on this up-to-the-minute subject.

The Heart of the Lesson

Someone has said that holiness is simply the will of Christ. We are apt to swing to extremes and either make Christianity all faith and no works or emphasize works to the exclusion of faith in the finished redemptive work of Christ. Actually the Christian life begins with faith in the finished work of Christ and then goes on to prove its reality by loving God.

Someone has said that holiness is simply the will of Christ. We are apt to swing to extremes and either make Christianity all faith and no works or emphasize works to the exclusion of faith in the finished redemptive work of Christ. Actually the Christian life begins with faith in the finished work of Christ and then goes on to prove its reality by loving God.

lives in an isolated outpost in Newfoundland, whom I have never met in person — a mother of 13 children in whose home there are no such luxuries as a washing machine, a refrigerator or a television set — sent our daughter a pair of mitts that she had knitted with wool from their own sheep. Knowing she had little time or money to spend on such a gift, I enclosed a pair of earrings with my thank you note. In the next mail were two more pairs of beautifully knitted mittens and an eight-page letter telling us about her family and their activities. Then I realized I had accepted her gift with a rebuff, almost as though I had said "I too can afford a gift." So, humbly, and with real pleasure as I wrote, I sent her a long, newsy letter of our life here in Stouffville, and reminisced about our three years with the wonderfully hospitable people of Newfoundland.

Sometimes we have to learn to simply say "thank you."

Roamin' Around . . .

Clifford Dunkeld, Secretary of the Atha Centennial program committee has produced the finest growth of "face-warmer" to be seen in this area since the high-wheeled bicycle went out of style. We just hope that no one gives it a pull to see if the hairy red masterpiece is legitimate. Following the weekend anniversary, Clifford would be wise to hold out for the highest bid from either Gillette or Schick and appear on a T.V. commercial. Any blade that will nip that growth off in sixty seconds has got to be the best.

Building construction projects appear to be exceptionally good in the Stouffville area this summer, according to local contractor, Bob Bruce. He feels that the Federal tax on many products in this line has created little or no slow-down in work as was suggested in many circles last year. Mr. Bruce is currently working on the new Wagg home, east of Stouffville.

The Ringwood School Board is still convinced that a hazard does exist on No. 48 Hwy., through their section and the members are continuing their drive to have it reduced. The trustees received some satisfaction for their efforts recently when 40 miles per hour signs were erected on the County Road, west of the intersection.

Call it smoke or smog, but the blanket of heavy vapor that blows across Main Street in Stouffville from the dairy when the wind is in the north-west, is arousing some complaint from residents — and rightly so. Some steps should be taken to correct this condition or the issue will become more than just street-corner conversation.

If you should return home from a hard day's work at the office one of these evenings and discover that your frau has run off with the Fuller Brush salesman, just blame the whole affair on television. In at least two afternoon soap operas, the spouse of the house has fallen madly in love with married men — one a doctor and the other, a teacher. Is this the type of things that young mothers should be watching? First, the cowboys turn the kids into juvenile delinquents and now, the soap stories are wooing the wives. This is the kind of treatment the bread and butter man is subjected to when his back is turned, gazing at his office secretary.

The Stouffville Monument Works is receiving a fine facelift with Bud Spang doing the carpentry. Some people have expressed regret at the change, claiming it represents one of the few connections with the past. Not being a native in town, we cannot agree with this type of thinking. We feel that any improvement in the appearance of a business building is an improvement for the Main Street.

We attended the Geo. Jones—Melba Montgomery country music show at the Annandale Country Club near Pickering on Friday night. The program attracted many hundreds of people, many of whom waited for over three hours for the stars to appear. They arrived on the platform at exactly 11 p.m. and at 12:30 a.m. were still going strong. The crowd cheered and applauded every song and not one person questioned the long delay. We left at an early-morning hour but the majority remained "glued" to their seats and could be there yet for all we know. The two stars were great — just great, with that certain professional touch that sets them apart from the ordinary amateur hill-billy. A fine list of talent is scheduled for this same location throughout the summer months, including the incomparable Johnny Cash and Hank Snow.

Miss Donna Dart has opened up a new beauty salon in the Alsop Bldg. on Main Street, north of O'Brien Ave. Through an error, the Bell Telephone Co. had given her an incorrect number that threw everything into a temporary turmoil. Persons wishing to make reservations, found themselves in contact with a private residence. To add insult to injury, the wrong number was printed on her business cards and the mistake was discovered too late to make the correction. The RIGHT telephone number is 640-3933. Donna has a fine reputation in this profession and we hope her stay here will be on a "permanent" basis. After getting a quick glimpse of the operator, we may just drop in for a little "touch-up" ourselves.

The introduction of the red ensign debate within the Council of the Twp. of Pickering was quickly "canned" last week when two members criticized the inclusion of that issue within the realm of municipal matters. We agree. We can see no gain whatsoever coming out of such argument on a municipal level. As far as newspaper polls are concerned on the flag, we feel that the result is good only as liners in a waste-basket. Experience has proven that those persons violently opposed to anything, will immediately jump on the bandwagon and let their opinions be known. On the other hand, those in favour, are willing to sit back and let the chips fall where they may. In actual figures, the "fors" could out-number the "agins", 2 to 1 but this result would never be born out in a paper poll.

Although we feel that the construction of a \$300,000 municipal building in the Twp. of Pickering, is still a trifle premature, we would be definitely opposed to the pouring of a \$44,000 centennial grant into an extension of the Brougham Museum project. For practical purposes at least, the new municipal offices should get priority although the decision will undoubtedly arouse some complaint.

This Saturday, the grunt and groan men will be back in town for a display of gymnastics in the Stouffville Arena. A good card has been lined up with Whipper Watson against The Beast. No doubt, many of the same persons who condemn this "sport" and holler fake with its every mention, will be back again in the front row seats.

What happened at the regular meeting of Markham Twp. Council last week? Many readers are asking this question after The Tribune reported that the session was adjourned "when it deteriorated into an incoherent jumble." We think that the ratepayers have a right to know the full facts on this matter unless the members are willing to forgo their usual fee and chalk it up to experience. We cannot recall anything similar in any other town or township at any other time and if our suspicions are correct, we would hope that it never happens again. We, like many more, are merely guessing.

The Sunny Valley Dance Hall at Musselman's Lake has been re-opened to the tune of country and western music. This premises was at one time the scene of some rousing post-war gatherings as the then teenagers and now Moms and Pops of this community will remember.

This Sunday holds special significance for members of the Dickson's Hill United Missionary Church. Not only is it the congregation's anniversary services, both morning and afternoon, but it could mark the end of a debt incurred through the erection of their church building some thirteen years ago. If this goal is attained, it will be a Sunday to remember at Dickson's Hill.

Speaking of churches, recent renovations at the Markham Gospel Chapel on Church Street has greatly improved the appearance of that building.

When it comes to the submission of successful truck tenders, Neil Patrick Motors of Stouffville appears to employ an exceedingly sharp pencil. He has been able to place new vehicles in most of the surrounding municipalities, the latest in Pickering Twp. His price was lower than that of larger competitors in Toronto and Oshawa.

A wind sock is located in a field adjacent to the home of Mr. Bert Carey, west of Stouffville and if you look closely, you'll see a smart looking plane parked at the rear of his spacious residence. How it is able to take off on such a short runway, we don't know.

The "sold" sign on the old Anglican Church on Main Street is rather deceiving since we understand that the town has placed the structure on the sales' block again. This on again, off again transaction has this writer rather confused.

ity for which He gave His Son and to prove that love in most practical ways. We show our faith by our works. (Jas. 2:14-26.)

Tribune Office Supplies for Office Supplies & Business Machines
Phone 640-2100

The Stouffville Tribune
ESTABLISHED 1888
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association.
Authorized as second-class mail, Postoffice Dept., Ottawa.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont.
In Canada \$3.50 Elsewhere \$4.50
C. H. NOLAN, Publisher JAS. THOMAS, Editor JAS. McKEAN, Advertising