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Editorials

Dump hearing typical of government safety disregard

A Royal Commission into the mining industry has found the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources, responsible for mine safety, negligent in protecting mine workers from hazardous working conditions that often resulted in fatal accidents or permanent disability.

Ontario Ombudsman Arther Maloney has accused Ministry of Housing agents of railroading Pickering landowners into selling their homes at a lower price than they would have gotten if they had waited for expropriation.

We are of the opinion similar charges could be levelled against the Ministry of the Environment in their handling of the York Sanitation dump on Highway 48.

Throughout the protracted hearings on the issue of expanding the site the ministry supported the dump owner's application although at that time there were no wells down to the main aquifer.

The entire proceedings were a sham because insufficient testing put arguments, both for and against, in the realm of speculation.

Back in March or April the ministry

reported that on site wells showed what they euphemistically referred to as a "chemical imbalance", a phrase which could easily be interpreted to mean pollution.

Since then no further information on the state of the wells has been released and yet we learned last week that Paul Isles, Senior Environmental Officer for this area has recommended "officially" that the site be allowed to continue its operation for an additional five years.

This strikes us as a callous disregard for the safety of the residents of this municipality who are forced to rely on this dubious water.

Provincial ministries have again and again shown that their first priority is to facilitate the profitability of industry, at the expense of the people of Ontario.

Council has, as yet, taken no action on the Preserve Our Water Resources (POWR) group's request to ask the Ombudsman to conduct an investigation of the entire matter.

Mayor Gordon Ratcliff has suggested that the approach to the Ombudsman be a joint effort by the town and POWR, and we agree fully.

A major problem in the town's struggle is that we are a small and relatively powerless municipality. It has been easy for York, and the ministry, to run roughshod over the interests of the municipality.

The Ombudsman's office, with its high public profile, is in a better position to generate some much needed publicity. Since the government seems more inclined to react to adverse publicity than it is to act in the face of a potential danger to the public, this is exactly what is needed.

The sooner this matter is aired, and impartially investigated, the better it will be for all of us.

Few investigate pen

Last week the Uxbridge-Canadian Penitentiary Information Committee held a series of Open Houses in the Uxbridge area in order to inform the public about the proposed penitentiary reception centre slated for this area.

The results of the Open Houses were very disappointing.

Attendance was sparse and many people that did come failed to take an objective look at the material presented—apparently they felt it was all just a government selling job for the centre.

This view was totally unjustified. The information displayed went to some length to list every possible disadvantage or ill effect to the community, and the more positive aspects (such as economic growth and rising real estate values) were presented as possibilities only.

Those that didn't come or came and didn't look, missed an interesting, informative evening.

Paper 'like a letter from home' reader of The Tribune says

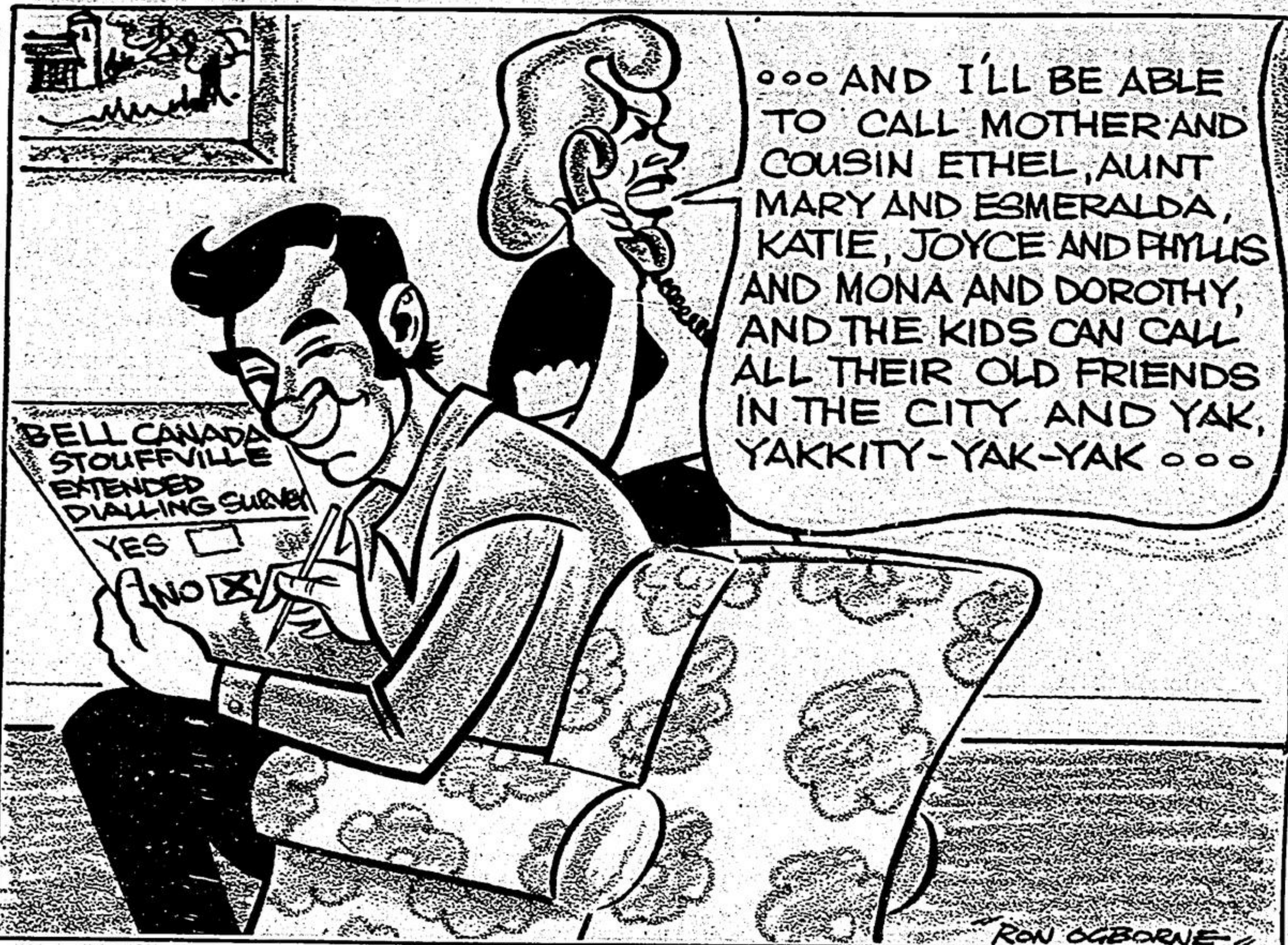
Dear sir,
 Enclosed please find a money order for renewal of my subscription for another year. Sorry to be behind.

I intended sending it early in July to be ahead once, however, with the continuously wet weather it was cut, cut grass, it grew so fast and with work in the garden it did not get sent.

The Tribune coming each week is like a letter from home. We were taking it when living with my parents down in that district since the turn of the century and since coming up here until now it keeps me in touch with everything. I enjoy it each week from beginning to end.

Thanks a million and keep up the good works.

Sincerely yours,
 Flossie E. Gowland
 Park Avenue,
 Newmarket



SUGAR AND SPICE
Joys, and terrors of grandparenting

By BILL SMILEY

Like most grandparents, if they are honest, we are delighted to see our grandchildren arrive, and overjoyed to see them depart.

Started off this year's summer vacation with a visit from our two grandbabies and their mum. When they left, my wife and I went straight into a rest home for a few days, to recuperate.

It's not that they are bad little boys. It's just that they are little boys, with voracious appetites for everything from mother's milk to peanut-butter-and-jam-sandwiches dipped in fruit yoghurt to rides to the car wash to going to the beach to picking strawberries to being told stories to crawling around in the grass being bitten by ants.

None of those activities creates any real problem, but this time, the Lord, moving in His usual mysterious ways, decreed that it should rain hard, day and night, for the first three days of their visit.

Well, that eliminated the beach, crawling in the grass, picking strawberries and going for picnics in the park: all the things that little city boys, who live in a square box on the ninth floor, should do when they go to visit their grandparents in a small town.

And with all that rain, there wasn't a lot of point in going to the car wash, an experience full of joy and terror, the supreme moment of his visits for young Pokey.

It also meant that, instead of riding his brand-new tricycle around the yard and up and down the sidewalk under the maples, Foke was forced to ride it around in a screaming circle inside the house, through the kitchen, into the hall, into the living room and back to the kitchen, shouting a shrill, "Here I come!" scattering various bric-a-brac and adults, and frequently running over one hand or other of his baby brother, who was creeping about on the living room floor, shrieking with anger when he'd get his feet tangled up and couldn't move, or yelling for someone to pick him up, or spewing up his latest nursing in great, viscous globs.

It sounds terrible, but it wasn't really. It was merely bedlam.

I enjoyed every minute of it — when they were both having their afternoon nap, which almost never happened simultaneously.

Pokey and I are still the best of buddies, which is great but can be a little trying. It's wonderful to feel the trust as the tiny, tough hand clutches yours, or you get a big hug and kiss for nothing.

But the other side of the coin is when he won't let anybody but "My Gran-dat" put on his socks and shoes or pull up his pants after a "big pee" or get him second, third and fourth helpings when he wants "more beans."

We did get away from the women and children for one idyllic hour when it was merely drizzling, and drove through the park, down the main drag to the dock, and there got

out and looked at the big boats and the little boats, and saw a real train and some real railroad tracks. Pretty heady stuff for a little city kid.

But three and a half days of solid rain, with two lively, vociferous kids, 2½ years and five months, is about as restful as trying to relax in a boiler factory.

I'm just getting to know my second grandson, who labors, or delights, as his mother would say, under the name of Balind. It's a made-up name that sounds nice, so his mother says.

I call him Young Bill. In a crafty stroke with inheritance in mind, no doubt, he was given the plebeian second name of William. As it turns out, and as my daughter didn't know, it's right in the family, on both sides. He's named not only for me, but for his great-grandfather, William Thomson, on my side, and for his great-great-great-great-grandfather, William Bull, on my wife's side.

Both were good men, and pioneers. William Thomson was slide-master at Calumet Island, in the Ottawa River, in the lumbering days. William Bull was the first settler at Colpoys Bay on the Bruce Peninsula, a "fine man, well educated" who was the first Indian Agent in that area. So, Young Bill it's going to be for me, just as Nikov Chen is Pokey, for me.

Young Bill began life as a bawler, a fat little guy who looked like Winston Churchill and screamed like the Witch of Endor.

In five months, he has improved tremendously. He has lost three chins and now has only one extra one. He has an endearing, lop-sided grin, huge, bright eyes, and a delightful chortle. I think we'll keep him, after all.

Well, just to add to the excitement, the kids' great-grandfather made the trip across country to see his second great-grandson. He got a royal welcome from Pokey, who pointed at him, yelled "Dat's my great-grandat," gave him an unsolicited hug and kiss, and from Young Bill, who gave him a drooling grin.

A momentous few days, the like of which one in a lifetime is enough.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune of September 5, 1946

Billy for you
 A resident of Uxbridge was fined \$25 for striking a police officer on duty and attempting to effect an arrest. In police court the accused pleaded that the officer struck him several times with a billy. Well, after all what's a billy for!

Bakers Sweetner
 Last week a west coast enquirer communicated with the manufacturer of Baker's Sweetner in Stouffville with a view to obtaining the much sought for substitute for sugar in quantities of 500 gallons or more for shipment to China where a market was waiting. Of course, the chemist just can't produce enough for the home market in Ontario, consequently he could not entertain any thought of foreign trade being opened at this time. Ingredients that go to make the Sweetner are now scarce and Mr. Baker is accordingly hampered. He is finding it necessary to restrict all purchases to stipulated gallonage.

Writing in the Richmond Hill paper under the initials of D.M.F. someone has the following article concerning the Stouffville chemist and his range of products:

In the past two years, thousands of Canadians have enjoyed unlimited rhubarb and apple pies, preserves, pickles and confectios because of a woman's faith in her husband's ability to find a substitute for sugar. At his wife's insistence George E. Baker, Phm.B., of Stouffville went from concocting fly sprays and liniment, to

research on sweetners. He experimented for a year and a half while Mrs. Baker, an excellent cook, tested and tasted the results. The basis of his "sweetner" is saccharin, a concentrated artificial sugar, discovered in 1887, but it tends to bitterness when cooked. Mr. Baker has successfully eliminated the bitter taste and put it up in an easily handled liquid form with full directions for use.

Long chatty notices in the classified columns introduced the new product to the public. One forthright woman customer asked Mr. Baker if he wrote them. When he chuckled assent she said, "Well you must be crazy." Crazy, or not the adventures of Mom and Pop, their golden wedding anniversary, their ten children and their colloquios meals have amused thousands of readers and brought results. He plans to expand when space is available, as he anticipates a steady market even after rationing is lifted.

Mr. Baker, a descendent of pioneer settlers, was born on a farm near Gormley. Friends are now pestering him for a substitute for soap, but he feels that he is plenty busy with his "sweetner."

Soaring consumer credit causes alarm

By Sinclair Stevens MP

Canadians, more and more, buy on time. Our consumer credit in relation to personal incomes may now be the highest in the world, a dubious honor once held by the United States.

In 1960, Canadian consumer credit as a proportion of our disposable income was 15.5 per cent compared to 16 per cent in the U.S. In 1974, this ratio had soared in Canada to 23.1 per cent compared to 19.4 per cent in the United States. On average, every member of our employed labor force owed more than \$2,250 of consumer debt in 1974.

Canadian attitudes to credit apparently have modified since the 1950's. It has become more acceptable to separate the pleasure of acquisition from the pain of payment by the use of credit. Our chartered banks have been the leaders in servicing the public in their desire for credit. Twenty years ago the banks held only 15.2 per cent of the personal loans in the country. Currently they hold over 55 per cent of all consumer credit which itself has expanded tenfold from \$2.9 billion to almost \$30 billion today.

Last week the Minister of Finance introduced a White Paper on the Canadian banking industry in which he made certain proposals for changes in the Bank Act which will be revised in the current Parliament. If the government's proposals do not actually favor the banks, they certainly preserve the status quo. In our financial system, it is important that a balance be maintained to ensure that one type of financial intermediary is not allowed to dominate the whole system.

Our banks now hold over 42 per cent of the total assets of all financial intermediaries. With their aggregate size, about \$80 billion, of which 90 per cent is held by five banks, it would be easy for the banks to drive other competitors such as trust companies, mortgage companies or credit unions out of business. Precautions must be taken to ensure that an unfair competitive advantage is not given to the banks. For example, if they wished to raise interest rates payable on deposits, they could virtually sop up all such money that now flows into trust and loan companies. That would end those companies.

In reviewing the proposed changes to the Bank Act, Parliament must be satisfied that the changes will not permit any sector, particularly chartered banks, to dominate the Canadian financial field. Since 1967, the year the Act was last revised, banks have been increasing their share of total assets of our financial system from 34.8 per cent to the present 42 per cent. This increase restored the banks' position to what it was in 1957.

All agree we need a competitive banking and finance industry in Canada but as the Royal Commission on Banking and Finance pointed out in 1964, "Competition is an uneasy state and however much they may thrive under it, businessmen have an inclination to protect themselves against it. We must therefore be alert to developments which would lessen competition or threaten its vigour." That will be Parliament's challenge in the coming months.

Linked with our explosive growth in

credit, our banks have allowed their leverage—that is, the amount they borrow in relation to their own capital—to accelerate tremendously. In the White Paper, Mr. Macdonald pointed out, "Banks in Canada have increased their leverage to what is for them an historically high level, somewhat higher than the rising level of leverage in other financial institutions."

It will be important at Committee to gain evidence as to whether present bank leverage—which stands at almost 30 times their equity (compared to 14 times in the early 1960's)—is prudent.

If the White Paper suggestions become law, in future your friendly banker, in addition to giving you a consumer loan, will also be selling you your urban transit tickets along with your municipal, provincial and federal lottery tickets.

Antique car rally article appreciated

Dear sir,
 We wish to thank you for the coverage you gave us last week for our annual antique car rally. The Museum Board and I thank you.

Yours truly,
 Mary Hopkins
 Curator
 W-S Museum

COUNTDOWN:
Stouffville Centennial
1877-1977

Only four months remaining until the start of Stouffville's giant year-long centennial celebration.

Prominent in Lumber Business
 Mr. Joel Baker was born on the old Baker homestead on Baker Hill (48 highway). Most of his life was spent on the farm but he was for many years extensively engaged in the lumber business in this area. At one time he owned a shingle and lumber mill at Ringwood, and later ran a saw-mill at Baker Hill.

In 1883 he built the brick residence at 201 Main St. W. now occupied by J. S. DeLaurier. He had retired from the farm and combined with L. L. Baker to operate a lumber mill in Stouffville.

Early records state that Joel Baker was a man of influence in the early years of

Whitchurch Township, and he served on council for a number of years. When he moved into town he became an early advocate of better drainage, efficient street lighting and a municipal water system. During his years as a resident in town he built three more substantial brick homes.

Meetings of the various centennial committees will be resumed this month.

One hundred and five years ago this fall villagers assembled to see the first arrival of a train on the Nipissing Narrow Gauge. People proclaimed it a great step forward from the stage-coach. At this stage in the history of the village there were few houses in what is today referred to as the westend.