

**Editor's Mail**

**No issues**

Dear Editor: There would appear, on the surface, to be a great deal of apathy concerning the Sept. 10 provincial election.

Why is this? I could suggest several reasons. First and foremost, there's a shortage of issues, both province-wide and local.

Sure, there's talk about bilingualism, free trade and the like but who cares?

In Whitechurch-Stouffville, mention's been made of 24-hour ambulance service, (or lack thereof), traffic lights at Hwy. 47 and the Bloomington Road; auto insurance and even homosexuality, but again, nothing to really excite the man/woman-on-the-street.

Your newspaper's recent poll bears this out.

The majority of voters are undecided. Some don't intend to vote at all.

But wait a minute!

Our Town has an important date with destiny, Wednesday night, (tonight). All four candidates have been invited to speak at the High School. I hope the gymnasium is packed.

The meeting places the onus of responsibility on the electorate. Here is an opportunity for people to come, to see and to listen. Also to learn.

I hope your newspaper will conduct a public opinion poll for The Weekender of Sept. 5.

If, by then, folks haven't made up their minds, (because they couldn't be bothered to attend), they'll receive no sympathy from me. I, for one, will vote Sept. 10 according to what I hear Sept. 2. I hope others will come with a similar 'open mind'.

Sincerely,  
Abram Scott,  
Aspen-Crescent,  
Stouffville



DONNA KELLY  
N.D.P.



ROSS STEVENSON  
P.C.

BILL BALLINGER  
LIBERAL

KEN CANNING  
FAMILY COALITION



**"THE GREAT DEBATE"**  
**RIDING OF DURHAM-YORK**  
**WED., SEPT. 2**

"...and now on with the show and may the best man...er...person win!"

**The Tribune**  
ESTABLISHED 1868

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**ROAMING AROUND**  
**Yesteryears relived**



BY JIM THOMAS

Heritage Days, History In Action, Steam Threshing Weekends, call them what you like, area Historical Societies get all geared up for these events. They're enjoyable affairs, education, all too-older folk who recall the steam era first-hand, like to re-live the memories. Middle-agers and children, who missed out on this time period in history, have a chance to catch up.

Many do. Weather permitting, they're all well attended, despite the fact nothing changes. You don't alter the past. I enjoy such occasions, not so much for what I see but for who I see. These are the friendliest people in the world. They love to recall 'the good old days' and share these recollections with others like myself.

On Saturday, I attended the Steam Threshing Show on the site of the Uxbridge-Scott Museum, Quaker Hill. Because of so many activities going on elsewhere, I arrived early.

"Have you seen Francis Hockley?" I enquire of a steam-era senior watching an engine in operation.

"Yup," he replies, "he's the chap running the sawmill with the red and white hat."

It was Francis alright. I remember him from previous years.

But I'm not about to stop him from what he's doing. For he seems to be doing everything, all at the same time.

Finally, I interrupt.

"Could you take ten minutes and explain a few things?" I ask.

"Glad to," he replies, a big smile stretching across his deeply-tanned face, "I'm due for a breather."

We sit down on a neatly shaved log.

Francis is a big man, weighing well over 200 pounds. He fits the description of a steam engineer, knowledgeable, friendly, strong.

His arms and shoulders are covered with sawdust and shavings. This residue adds yet another dimension to his character.

Francis is justifiably proud of his two steam engines, one a 1922 George White and the other, (make unknown), dating back to 1870. Both are in operation.

Francis, "almost 67," remembers the steam era well. "My father had one," he recalls, "but I was too young to understand much about it."

Newt Thompson, Herman Davis and Vincent Riddell, all of the Zephyr area, had steam engines too. They travelled from farm to farm on threshing bees.

"I was too young to afford one," Francis says, "besides I didn't have the time." Later, he worked with Bill Wood of Uxbridge and then, eight years ago, acquired a steamer of his own. It came from Peterborough and cost \$4,200.

The 1,400 pound White runs like a top. "It's just for show," Francis says, "I take it out about ten times a year." These excursions don't include trips up and down the road near where he lives. Kids in the neighborhood love going for rides.

Francis, described by Society president Rich Hannah as "a mechanical genius," admits a little knowledge comes in handy, "so it doesn't blow up or run dry." It's government inspected every year.

The engine, spotlessly clean, sits outside. "It stands the winters well," Francis says. The 1872 relic is housed at the Museum. Eventually, it will become Museum property, he says. As for the White, he's not sure what the future holds. Right now, he's having too much fun to consider "putting it out to pasture."

When the big machine's working hard, it "burns" up to 500 gallons of water a day. It produces between 30 and 35 horsepower.

Can you stall it? I ask.

"Sure, it'll stall," Francis replies, "but seldom does. You have to use a little commonsense."

It's equipped with what Francis calls a speed control that "opens up" (when extra power is needed).

The 115-year-old stationery steamer is a story in itself. "At one time it was owned by Robt. Nesbitt Sr., and later by son Bob," now of R.R. 1, Goodwood.

"It had settled into the ground," Francis recalls. He refurbished it into the classic seen today. Francis doubts there's another quite like it in all of Canada, maybe North America.

A charter member of the Uxbridge-Scott Historical Society, Francis takes charge of the weekend's steam display. Visitors line up to ask questions. Lucky for me he could spare ten minutes.

At the conclusion of our all-too-brief discussion, I point to the huffin', puffin' steamer and ask: "Is it for sale?"

Francis rubs his chin, brushes the sawdust from one arm and replies: "No, not as long as Mr. Mulrooney keeps the cheques coming in."

**Editorials**

**Hear the candidates**

The candidates can only do so much. Some responsibility must rest on the shoulders of the electorate.

A portion of this responsibility can be exercised to-night.

We urge your attendance at the all-candidates' meeting at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. Time of the event is 8 p.m.

With none of the candidates residing in Whitechurch-Stouffville and the Riding established through re-distribution, there's considerable confusion and much apathy related to the current campaign. Rather than support the best person, there's a trend back to old Party line association, that is if sign positioning means anything. We've seen Liberal, Conservative and N.D.P. posters on the same properties for years, maybe generations. This is unfortunate, but the

kind of thing that occurs when the personal approach is lost.

Don't blame the candidates. There is a hopeless task. They're trying their best. We, the people, must go half way.

The opportunity to associate a face with a name has been made available to us to-night. There's no excuse for casting a blind ballot.

Sole credit for organizing Wednesday's meeting, must go to Whitechurch-Stouffville Board of Education member Harry Bowes. He did all the work.

Why would he bother? Only because he's interested. He feels others of the electorate should be interested also. We hope he's right.

Mr. Bowes has received excellent cooperation from the four Party standard-bearers — Bill Ballinger of the Liberals; Ken Canning, Family Coalition; Donna Kelly, N.D.P. and Ross Stevenson of the P.C.'s. All that's needed now is YOU!

Meeting time again is 7:30 p.m.

**Could be beauty spot**

Recently, this newspaper received a letter, (as yet unpublished), complimenting Mayor Fran Sainsbury on giving the Town, (particularly the downtown), her 'feminine touch', with respect to an improved appearance.

The writer's entitled to her opinion. And in this instance, we're not about to argue. Mayor Sainsbury undoubtedly has had a hand in bringing this about. At this point in time, however, we wish she'd extend her hand a little further—to the Conservation Area north of Millard Street. It's a disgrace.

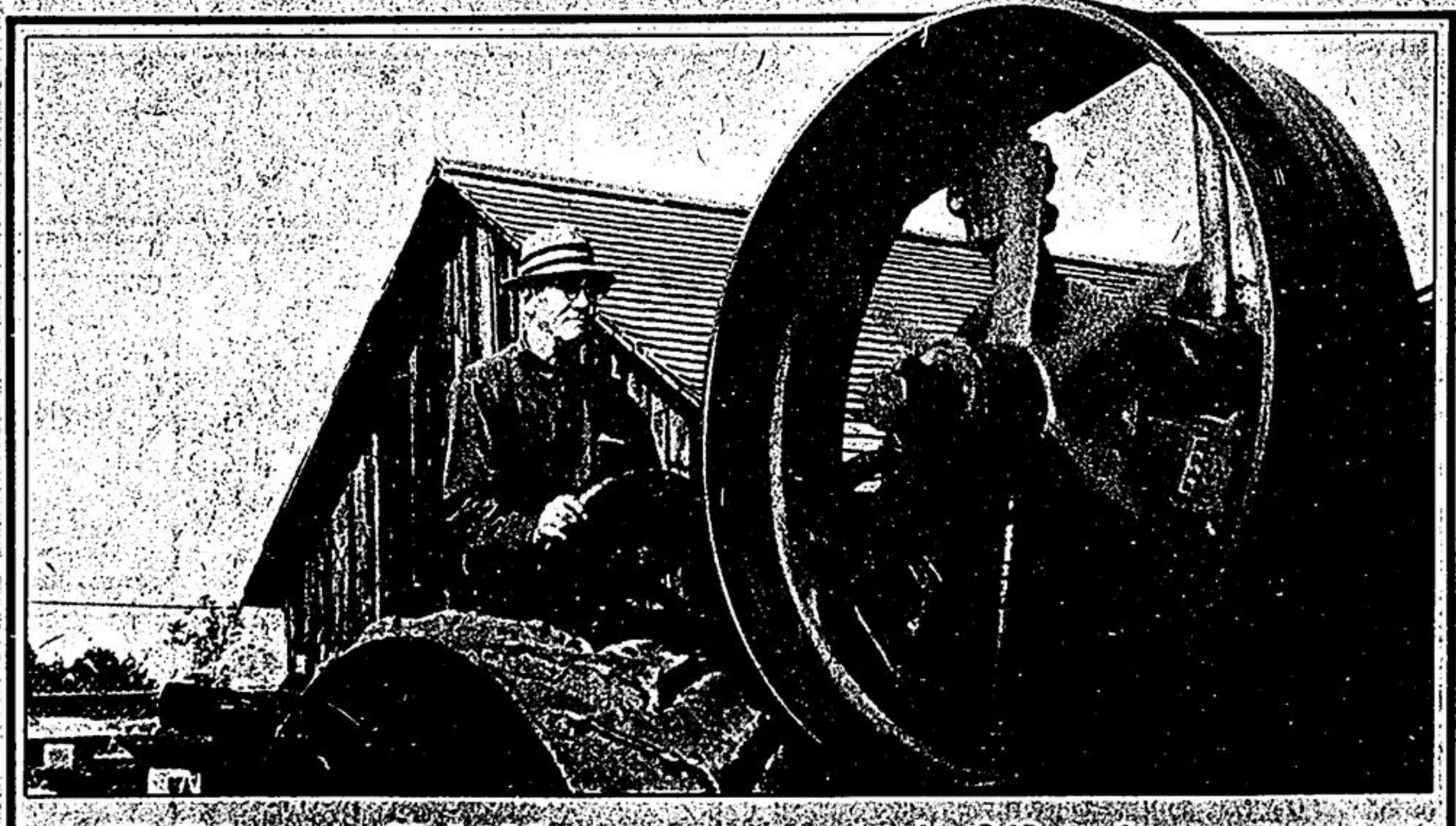
We've said it before and we say it again, residents will not frequent this site until there's some improvement.

Certainly, it's a wildlife sanctuary. But are ducks more important than people? And who's to say wildlife and people can't mix?

We're appalled by the apparent lack of interest in this site. At very little cost, it could be transformed into a mid-town beauty spot with trees, shrubs and flowers; even picnic tables and benches.

The Metro Toronto and Region Conservation Authority has made this property available to us. As a flood control project, it serves a worthwhile purpose. But its worth can be expanded and improved with a little ingenuity and effort.

Let's not sit idly by and see this site, with limitless potential, go to waste.



**Well-known Uxbridge man was part of the steam era**

The steam era and Bill Wood of Uxbridge were synonymous. Mr. Wood attended many of these events, both at the Uxbridge-Scott Museum and the Pickering Museum. Mr. Wood is pictured here at the controls of a steam engine during History in Action Day at Brougham. The year is 1972.

**Editor's Mail**  
**A memory**

Dear Editor:

Your Roaming Around column of Aug. 26 on the subject of Drive-In Theatres brought back vivid memories.

I can recall when they first came into being. It was 'the thing to do' on a Saturday night. Just about every boy who owned a car, (or could borrow his father's car), would take his best girl to these open-air movies.

It was a teenage status symbol. My parents hated them for they conjured up all kinds of terrible expectations in their minds.

I'm not saying some guys didn't take advantage of some girls, but for most of us, the greatest excitement was telling our friends we'd been there. As far as the movies were concerned, most were terrible. I recall both my boyfriend (at the time), and I falling asleep at one show and waking up as everyone was leaving. I arrived home around 1 a.m. and had a lot of explaining to do.

I remember the sound box that hooked onto the passenger-side window. Trouble was, drivers would often pull away while they were still attached, snapping the cables from the posts. Repair costs must have been extremely high.

I remember too how the projection equipment would sometimes break down. This would result in simultaneous honking of horns, noise enough to wake the dead.

As bad as some of the shows were, going to the drive-in was kind of fun. It gave everyone, guys and girls, something to talk about all week long.

I thank you for helping me re-live a memory. It's been thirty-five years since I last visited a drive-in. Perhaps, like you, I'll make that memory a reality and go back again.

Sincerely,  
Barbara Dunbar,  
Thicketwood Blvd.,  
Stouffville

—Jim Thomas