

# Horse show excitement

It was the greatest ever. The Hornby horse show drew thousands of enthusiastic spectators and hundreds of competitors to a six day war with schedules, rain and judges.

Dozens of local 4-H girls worked daily selling programs, organizing parking and handling raffle tickets and Milton sponsors and advertisers helped make the show the second biggest in the country this year.

It was Jim Elder, the 42-year-old active senior statesman of the Canadian Equestrian scene who walked away with his second win in the Coca-Cola Derby Canada, held Sunday afternoon at the Hornby show.

Elder won the first round of Derby Canada in Orangeville and the final round is at Elder's place, Elderberry Farm in Aurora on Sept. 4. There were over 400 horses

entered with 200 being stabled on the grounds of Sam-Son Farms. There were five riders from Barbados and one each from Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

Around 1,500 people sat on flatbed trucks to view the Coke Derby Canada Sunday afternoon. The steel trucks were equipped with chairs which became quite wet after the 4:20 p.m. rain which lasted 20 minutes. Most of the competitors and spectators returned, only to make light of the mucky situation and the final jumpoff was held and awards presented.

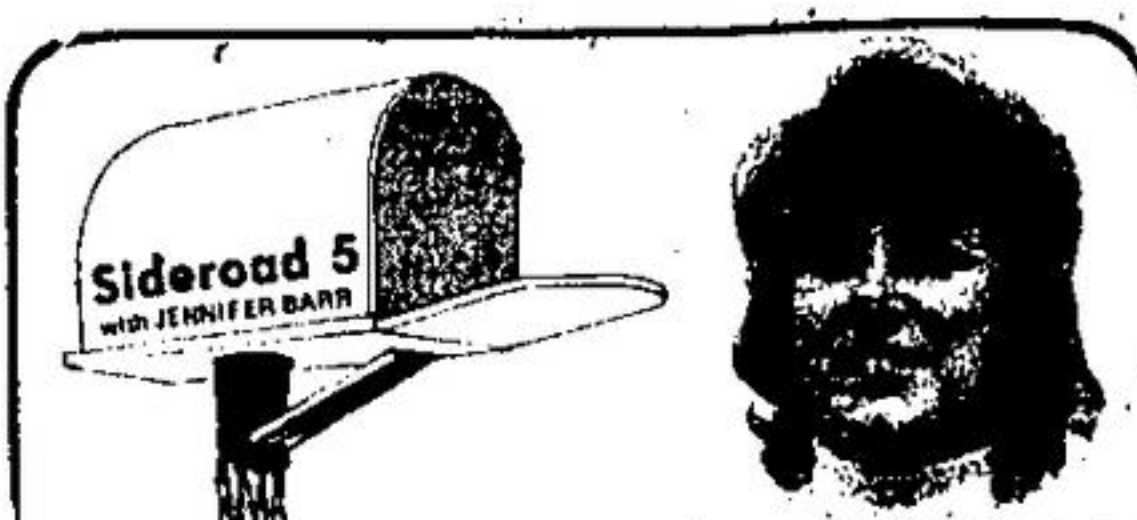
Elder said he did what he wanted to do as a competitor, but not what he would have liked to have accomplished in the way of publicity. On one ride, Reguarez just didn't want to jump. The horse had been hurt on a pole Saturday and was "a little temperamental" according to Elder.

Elder rode Ruffles to victory here after riding the eight-year-old for 14 months. He hopes to take the horse to the world championships next year in Germany.

The local interest was on host Jim Day. Day placed third in the second round of the Derby Canada, however he missed the first round because his mount, Sympatio was bruised and was laid off for six weeks.

What pleases Day about the Coke Derby Canada was that the riders receive some consideration in the line of \$4,000 and a trophy and the reserve champion award of \$1,000. Another rider prize at the Hornby Show was the Cougar XR7 for the top Canadian rider, from Colony Mercury.

He said the rider usually gets nothing but if he can do well at Elderberry, Day said he has a chance to win the reserve championship award.



Several of our friends have recently moved. Not just their households but entire farm operations. This is no mean feat when you consider how much is involved in merely packing the accumulation of two adults, two children and one dog. However, it's one way to get the closets cleaned.

**Barr's travelling circus**  
Nine years ago (or so it is) we had the pleasure of carting our belongings to Southern Ontario in a caravan that would make the Great Western Exodus look like a picnic.

It was February in the Ottawa Valley, a time when the cold is matched only by the depth of snow. Mack was posted to the University of Guelph and had departed leaving me to hold fort until he could find a place for us and the horses to live. We figured this would be spring at least because it's no easy job to find a farm in winter. Our home was isolated and the only vehicle we had went to Guelph with Mack. So we piled the pantry full of food and supplies for me and the babies while my father-in-law popped in often to see if I was still sane.

However, three weeks later, before I had started to pack or sell the remaining stock, Mack called to say he'd found us a cottage in Elora with a nearby stable for the horses we were bringing with us. The cottage was small but would do until we found a farm, anyway Mack said he wanted some home cooking as soon as possible.

That was a Thursday night late, and he said he'd drive the three hundred and fifty miles after work Friday bringing a U-

Haul trailer behind the pickup. (We were far too poor to be able to hire a moving outfit.)

**Panic!**  
In such crises I become the epitome of womanly efficiency and organization. Things follow a set pattern. First I PANIC, then I call somebody. In this case, I phoned my lifelong friend Joan and cried.

Joan had sensibly avoided getting married when the rest of us did and had spent several years travelling the world. At this time she was resting in Montreal until she took off for Mexico. Without any preamble, she said she would be up the next morning and for me to have a cup of tea and go to bed.

She arrived Friday morning at seven a.m. with a station wagon full of cardboard boxes and a bottle of champagne.

All day we hummed, packed, diapered babies and sorted out the stock. I spent long hours on the phone selling things like animals, baby cribs, carriages, and organizing the close off for hydro and phone, etc. My father-in-law would see about the sale of the farm in the spring.

**No sleep?**  
By midnight Friday we had made quite a hole in the huge old farm house filled with four years worth of Mack's goodies. We had piled the dump truck with old boots, barn coats, Popular Mechanics, and electric cords—all the treasures he would have packed lovingly if he had been around. That was the only move we ever made where I was able to throw out great quantities of his collection.

Mack trundled in around two in the morning announcing he was going to load up and travel straight back. Apparently, he intended to transport our entire entourage with a truck and trailer, making all trips necessary that very weekend, completely foregoing such mundane things as sleep.

I became hysterical and lay on the dining room table kicking my heels. He quietly removed me, set me on the floor, and packed the table. This went on for several hours until he had the load packed virtually by himself—and he did, he turned around and drove all the way back to Elora.

**Champagne helps**  
By the time he got back to the Valley sometime Saturday

night, I had resigned myself to the inevitable; waved Joanie goodbye; sold the remaining horses; made arrangements with a friend to board the horses we were going to keep until we could send for them, packed all the china and linens, clothes and toys; and polished off the champagne.

Mack and I loaded once more, managing to cram everything into the trailer. He then fondly loaded the truck with all the tools, equipment, junk, and boxes from his shop, had breakfast and took off again.

I had put my foot down about travelling the distance with him squashed in the pickup with two babies and a dog. I got the train and was able to rest a bit while the over-excited kids galloped up the aisles. They hardly slept all weekend themselves.

We arrived in Toronto, had to change to Guelph, then make our way to Elora where we waited with some friends of Mack's until he rolled weaving and trembling into the driveway—he had the only key to the house.

It took two days to sort out the mess in the house. In his haste, he had piled everything wherever he could. Eight rooms of furniture, a complete shop and stable were now gracing the five tiny rooms of our new home. I finally found my favorite saddle underneath the fridge.

**We did it again**  
As you can imagine, there's been a lot left out of this saga for the sake of brevity. But I always figured I could tackle anything in the way of moving again. I was right. Eight months later we found a farm north of Rockwood and made the same move in one day, including six horses and four hundred bales of hay—all with a car and hired flatbed trailer (We indulged in a stock truck for the horses).

If anyone needs advice on moving with a shoestring budget, not to mention packing an entire farming operation in portable boxes, I'm your expert.



NOT THE EASY WAY over the bank in the Coke Derby Canada was experienced by Michelle McEvoy on Semi-Pro of High Hopes Farm of Pinehurst, North Carolina. McEvoy took quite a spill but continued after brushing herself off and returning to the course.

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