The Liberal

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Santa's parade was credit to committee

It was a dinger.

No one, it seems, has any real complaint from Sunday's super performance by a group of people known as the Richmond Hill Santa Claus Parade Committee.

Working almost without precedent, this group masterminded a parade that thrilled thousands Sunday afternoon, and suggested similar parades will definitely become an annual event in Richmond Hill.

It was almost like getting our

community back.

We've been hearing the moaning and the groaning from different areas in Richmond Hill. "No one cares about anything, anymore. "Don't bother me, I'm too busy." "There's no support, it'll never work''.

We want you to know who the committee members were who ignored the moaning and groaning.

Dave Barrow of Barrow's Insurance and president of the Richmond Hill Chamber of Commerce: Chuck Doyle of the Progress Club in Richmond Hill; Don Hick of the Senior Citizens Club of Richmond Hill; Jim



By SHARON BRAIN

Let me say at the outset that I am not a superstitious person. Although I do not assume that I know all the possibilities, neither do I quiver in cemeteries, nor flinch from walking under ladders.

Unless, of course, there is someone with a wet paint brush busy above.

I do not case the skies for UFO's each night before retiring. I neither touch wood nor throw salt, nor trust in horseshoes or rabbit feet.

I do not rejoice when a mirror chatters at my feet, but I do not rush to reckon up seven years on the calendar either.

And so, last Friday, when I went to a friend's to choose a kitten to train for my mother, I picked the best of the lot without hesitation.

I chose the healthiest, the most playful, the one with the brightest eyes.

Never did I, for an instant, consider its colour. Except to think that in this litter black indeed was beautiful.

I brought it home and took the whimpering, quivering ball of fluff upstairs to the bathroom. I introduced it to Kitty Litter, a new concept in its so far unrestrained

I gave it some warm rice pablum.

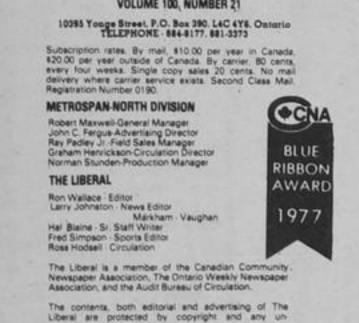
I generally tried to show it that I was not a valid reason for cowering behind the shower cabinet and squealing.

The kitten was not convinced. I shut the door carefully behind me before I went downstairs. We own a huge grey overweight undersocial creature who ranges about our lot enforcing her belief that she should be the only feline allowed in Thornhill. I knew her hospitality to our house guest would be limited.

As I stepped outside to get the groceries, I met Bobbie, the dog from two houses west. He had slipped his leash.

I picked him up to take him home. I didn't know that Bobbie had found a mud puddle directly





for Christmas.

My common sense tells me to stay away from black cats in future, and my conscience hopes

Grainger of State Farm Insurance; Doug Hinchcliffe of Mutual Life of Canada; and Frank Gallant of the Dairy Queen.

Bravo. The parade started off like it was going in four directions. Officials couldn't get Bayview Avenue closed, so there was no way to judge the floats.

And, wouldn't you know it, a train came by just as the parade reached the Markham Road level crossing.

"But it was a blessing," Dave Barrow said, "because it gave everyone a chance to get in their proper order. Until then, we didn't know where anybody was."

At the end of the parade, people dispersed, and still trophies weren't presented.

Hopefully, they'll solve that problem at a special meeting tonight.

Finally, our one big thought. Next year, the Town of Richmond Hill should be responsible for providing Santa Claus' float.

Somehow, the Gormley Sand and Gravel advertising right beneath Santa didn't fit.

Destiny has moved

before finding our front step. I could have wished I had not had my new coat on when I did find out.

MINOR BAD LUCK A bit of minor bad luck.

delivering Bobby, I met a neighborhood child, distraught. His mother and father little girls. had disappeared. I went over to calm nerves and dispense adult

Sorting through their garbled story with the ease of a teacher hands. used to "He hit me!" "Yes, but he ate my eraser!", I soon became convinced that the children were house. right. Their parents had left town.

when the parents returned from their half-hour trip to the grocery store to find me, a near-stranger, spreading panic and peanut butter amongst their children.

heard the words of departure over home on Richmond Street. the noise of the TV program they were watching in the basement.

but my embarrassment was fairly that friendship. major.

better self-control that I would have had in the face of such instrusion and we finally all sat down to dinner together and laughed a

But when I got home, I went upstairs and shut myself in the bathroom with that coal black kitten and thought a lot about luck, good and bad.

I had time for more contemplation throughout the long night with the kitten in the bathroom calling for its mother and the cat outside the door calling for blood.

At six o'clock I could stand it Regional Council. no longer. I got up and brought the kitten into our room. It snuggled into the covers at the foot of the bed and slept.

I stared at it from sleepless, reddened eyes and thought some more. Then I turned over and went to sleep, too.

I woke up half an hour later to the sound of ten pounds of outraged pet hissing and spitting. Somehow our cat had managed to break down the bedroom door and was preparing to do battle on the foot of the bed.

SPRAINED NECK

I leaped from the bed, snatched the kitten and fled to the safety of the bathroom.

The kitten was fine, but I was not so lucky.

In my haste I had managed to

sprain my neck. with each wrong move.

My doctor tells me that in a couple of weeks I will be as good as

My mother tells me she likes her present, even if it is a little soon Street is a testimony to same thing to happen on commercial use.

my mother can survive her gift.

Touch wood.

full, half and quarter notes. On the way back from bedtime, I let my mind wander back to my first introduction to music in an attempt to recap-

Over a period of time it was moved from one room to another and eventually house to

I was ready to call the police playing and would often spend an hour or two at the keyboard while her children attended

I really can't recall if I asked for piano lessons or if the decision was made for me by my parents. Be that as it may, I eventually It seemed the children had not found myself on the doorstep of Mrs. Harwood's

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood were family friends and the very fact that Mrs. H. accepted the task Only minor bad luck, again, of teaching me can only attest to the depth of

Fortunately, the parents had I awaited a reply to my knock on the door. I was

Piano recital a disaster

A few evenings back my daughters returned from their weekly guitar lessons. Siobhan has been attending for about two months and for Jacquie this was her second session.

By Bob Rice

My eldest eagerly removed the instrument from its case and demonstrated the two new tunes that she had mastered and then my 7year-old pointed out the difference between

In the quiet that falls following prayers and obviously ture the excitement that now possessed my two

> Our first, and only, piano was one of those solid upright models. When it first appeared on the scene it was subjected to the usual pounding and hammering by eager, inexperienced

My mother was quite accomplished at various schools around the town.

Clean in my new britches and brown shoes,

regional

By JIM IRVING

viewpoint

shown into the living room and the first few moments were spent in cordial conversation. Following the niceties, I was then ushered to the piano and shown how to sit comfortably on the bench.

that, although it was also an upright, it stood only about four and a half feet high. The keys were a dazzling white and ebony and the tone was rich as my new teacher demonstrated a "C" note.

Mrs. H. patiently explained the difference of gravity. between the type of notes that I would be playing and the position of these notes on the staff.

"Every Good Boy Does Fine" was the method of remembering the notes of the line and F-A-C-E spelled the key to memorizing those that fell between.

About 20 minutes into that first lesson I realized that there was a lot more to this game than just hitting the right keys.

In the ensuing months I started to get a grasp of the picture and before Christmas a date was set for a recital by all of Mrs. Harwood's students.

I had tried to set a schedule of at least half an hour of practise a day and somehow, in spite of such distractions as minnow catching and touch football, I adhered to it, give or take a minute or two.

SEVEN IN RECITAL

I wish I could remember the names of all the tunes I played that day and I certainly would be glad to forget the mistakes.

I think there were about seven of us in-

volved in the recital that Saturday and the parents who came were treated to tea cakes.

As my time to perform neared, I noticed that the palms of my hands were damp. With ten minutes left I started to get an un-The Harwood's piano differed from ours in controllable itch on my left leg and at the fiveminute mark I felt that my blue clip-on bow tie was starting to strangle me.

When I was introduced I walked across the room in a daze and darn near tipped the bench over from sitting too far forward of the centre

I rubbed the moisture from my hands onto my new dress slacks, made a feeble attempt to look totally relaxed and deftly began my first selection.

I couldn't see the look on Mrs. Harwood's face since she was seated almost behind, nor was I able to perceive whatever agony my mother was going through. Although the music sheet was properly positioned in front of my face and I had been practicising for what seemed like eons, I still managed to blow it.

In truth I guess I wasn't really that bad. As a matter of fact, I vaguely recall a round of polite applause following my concert although I must admit that all that I wanted to do was to get the blazes away from that menacing instrument.

How then did I blow it you ask?

Well, my friend, let me give you a little hint. The little ditty titled "Wandering Fingers" begins with a 'c' . . . not an 'F'.

As your mind now wanders back to your youth with all of its fun and foibles . . . heed then the words of the ol' Millpond Philosopher who wrote . . . 'the measure of a man is not what he says . . . but is in centimeters'.

All I want for Christmas...

it's only natural, I suppose, that various their salvos to Santa. Out in Markham, for example, Councillor Ron Moran, somewhat

rushing the season, I thought, has, for several months now, been pressing for has one more than any other council for projects pertinent to the municipality, except Richmond Hill,

which has the same number, but

Moran, apparently, thinks three's just a company and six would take better care present representatives now have to listed. of the crowd. The crowd, in this case, is now up to 59,204, putting Markham well in front of

make up the Region of York. Backing him up in his resolve is provincial treasurer Darcy McKeough, who believes in representation by population, which, apparently, makes it sacrosanct.

I will leave the treasurer right there on his bed of fat tax returns; anytime steering committee meetings, has attend. Unless, of course, the press has ho, ho!"

With Christmas only a month away, visions of the provincial government, or missed four out of 17 engineering been able to get to the committee people in the area are already firing off well being, my thoughts tend to become sessions, and two out of 17 council in the paper in time for council. garbled my temper frazzled and my meetings words in -+!\$9?'&!'herent.

always say. I always say that.

another seat for Markham on York Christmas list. One wonders if council meetings. Markham wants those three extra town, or for its own councillors' am- period of five such sessions. bitions, or just to cut down on the number of committee meetings the region, however, he only missed the two

ATTENDANCE Or, at least, should attend. The three Pelletier, said. the other eight municipalities that Markham councillors don't exactly get

> to them all now, as it is. Alma Walker, for example, has missed six of the 15 planning committee meetings, two out of three steering committee meetings and four out of 17 council meetings.

of any of its emmisaries intrude on my meetings, four out of 14 board of health meetings and they can read all about it

Mayor Anthony Roman, has missed Let sleeping dogs lie and lie and lie, I three out of five administration committee meetings, all three committee of Anyhoo, getting back to Mr. Moran's the whole meetings, and two out of 17

Markham, with three seats, already representatives to help sway votes on would have said he missed at least four council meetings this summer, over a

but he's there," assistant clerk, Al

Closer to home, the mayor has missed five of his own council meetings so far, plus a total of 10 planning and

council committee meetings.

If that's the case, one wonders just what the Markham representatives Councillor Moran, while at all three have to bring to council when they do

SEEM PREPARED

In all fairness, however, both Roman and Moran do seem prepared when they come to council, even if the mayor Going by my own shaky memory, I still tends to walk that middle line.

As for Mrs. Walker, her longest speech at Regional council, so far, that I can recall, has been to move the According to the clerk's office at the closure of a meeting.

If Markham is to get more seats, they'll have to come up with better "Tony will come in late sometimes, arguments than they have at present. More votes aren't going to make any

difference. Anyone who has attended council meetings for any length of time can pretty well call the vote now before it's been taken. A vote can usually be swung one way or another, with or

without the extra ballots. If I were Santa, my only reply to Markham council, would be a big "ho,

into Markham.

Save "Ball House" reader requests

Anyone who drives have been razed in- changed to concern. That is why, as I type, my head through Thornhill along discriminately. is on a rakish angle and I grimace Yonge Street is likely to The cultural, aesthetic agencies are working to It stands on property Thornhill. The Club has commercial application be conscious of the ugly and historical legacy of persuade owners of owned by the Thornhill proved itself a consistent for the "Ball House". little plazas and the brick the Thornhill community historic buildings stan- Golf and Country Club asset to the community. It will take good will and cement escarpment continues to be eroded but ding on Yonge Street which has applied to the Its lovely grounds and imagination but the

> wake up. The east side of Yonge They don't want the to modify them for The house was built in the ranks of high rises the kind of massive in- the western, Vaughan difference which leads to side of Yonge.

> commercial strip Residents are not so old Anglican rectory development along naive as to believe that which now houses adfrontage to a main high- they can preserve their ministrative offices for building and residents of the Thornhill Golf and community unchanged, the Humane Society. Attractive old homes but indifference has Another is known was secure when it was rise to the challenge

A number of local House".

that rises tier upon tier residents are beginning to frontage on the Vaughan Town of Vaughan for a provide a welcome relief difficulties are far from side to preserve them and demolition permit.

One such building is the Holy Trinity Church.

timer, the first rector of east.

It is a handsome old of Yonge Street hope that demolition. Thornhill felt its future Country Club is able to

locally as the "Ball purchased by the club, posed by the difficulties Many members live in associated with finding a

1834 for George Mor- that blot the skyline to the is responsive to the

and a happy contrast to insoluble.

sympathetic to any Residents on both sides solutions short of

P. N. Trant

Vaughan Town Council

wishes of taxpayers and

Box 51 Thornhill.