

## Children are needed for annual parade

For the last couple of years, the Richmond Hill Santa Claus Parade has been, in terms of participants and spectators, a resounding success.

In terms of children, it's been so-so.

Two years ago, when the parade was revived after being very near death, a group of people worked long and hard to bring a parade to Richmond Hill that would delight everyone.

The skeptics said it was a waste of time, and even if it succeeded through one year, it could never run two in a row.

This year will be the third consecutive season for the parade, a tribute to a hard working committee that begins its planning and preparations when the rest of us are out water-skiing.

But the committee is still facing a recurring problem. How do you get the children involved in the parade?

Since this year's parade is tied directly with children, the committee is hoping that all schools in Richmond Hill will make an extra special effort to enter their floats.

Last year, only three schools out of 15 participated.

But, based on its theme

"Christmas is for Children", which brings the Year of the Child into play, the committee is optimistic that most schools in Richmond Hill will participate.

Trophies will be awarded for the best Elementary School float and the best Secondary School float. That competition should arouse students in The Hill.

Other trophies to be awarded include: best Commercial float; best Non-Commercial float; best Theme float; best Majorettes; and the Mayor's Trophy.

That means a brilliant school float could scoop up to three trophies.

Meanwhile, children who are over 11 years of age can get involved in the parade as clowns.

The committee says it needs 200 of them. The clowns will be busy entertaining the crowds and handing out goodies along the parade route.

If you're a youngster interested in any of this, or a teacher who wants a class to build the best float in the world, call Frank Gallant at 884-7005, or Doug Hinchcliffe at 884-3990 for further information.

They'll be delighted to hear from you.



(Photo by Bruce Hogg)

## So long, old friend

### LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

By DOREEN LIVINGSTONE  
Liberal Correspondent



arranged meeting had been called so I was not as shocked as perhaps others were when they awoke the next morning to hear the schools had been closed.

Indeed a neighbor had heard part of it on the 7 a.m. news and phoned me in disbelief to find out if it was true.

On my part I phoned around to others, some who had heard the news late the night before and others who were in the midst of sending their kids off to school.

One trustee hopped in a car and alerted all the students in the area who were waiting at school bus stops. And darn it, there sat those school lunches.

Out of every sad tale comes a humorous incident. At one school a male student was surprised to find out his gym teacher was female and even more surprised that he was in an all female gym class. When he complained about this he was told that someone else in his position would have been delighted.

Strikes and lock-outs became familiar words in our daily conversation. When asked to do something one of my daughters laughingly said she had decided to "work to rule" at which point my husband snapped back "then I guess we'll have to lock you out".

They say sometimes a little humor helps relieve the tension and we needed it that week.

**ROUTINE?**  
By Thursday night of the "first week of school" we were once again listening to the radio and watching cable TV but at this point I can't remember exactly when we heard the news of ratification; the important thing was that we heard it.

I can't even remember if the lunches were made that night or the next morning but the kids finally went to school with their books and their lunches and this procedure has been repeated every school day since.

Who says routine is boring?

## Letter

### A simple method to cross border

Ron Wallace,  
The Liberal

Dear Ron,

I so enjoyed the description of your difficulties in crossing and return crossing the 49th parallel (Liberal Sprinklings, September 26).

But, Ron, where you bin this past 10 years?

You're just not with it. Why don't you get your cheekbones flattened, your eyes slanted, and maybe lose about 60 pounds (or make that kilograms if it makes sense).

A dose of TB and infectious hepatitis, with a dash of poverty won't hurt either.

Alternatively you might black your face, in which case you can skip the weight reduction.

Get pregnant, too. I don't care how.

You will then have all the necessary points to be showered with the sweet blessings of holy Canadian humanitarianism.

Ron (Atkey) and Flora (Macdonald) will be on the welcoming mat, backed up by language teachers expert in argots, dialects, or Shakespearean English, buckets of spending money, and the keys to your new home. (Mind you don't sink too deep in the red carpet, so cutting off your mumbled thanks (optional)).

Joe Clark will greet you in the language of your choice (please state) and conclude with a brief blessing in the religious style of (again) your choice.

You will then be ready to become a true Canadian, which is — well, I just can't think

what it is for the moment — I've heard it's a law or law enforcement member of a huddle in a muddle — but I'll write you later when (if) you comes to me.

You'll be able to go where you like, when you like, in North America; maybe carry your own little switchblade, hatchet, or machete with you

in case some stuffy local officers gets in your road. Any time you swing your hatchet, always remember to holler "Racist". Loudly. So get crackin', Ron.

Sid Britton,  
84 Hillview Road  
Aurora

## More letters

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## ENERGY SAVERS

Five sliding glass windows on the south side of the pool area have been closed off to avoid heat loss.

Because this new wall reduces lighting in the pool area the number of lights has been increased from 15 to 36, BUT this will still result in a saving because metal-halide bulbs are in use rather than incandescent bulbs.

'This is a trend in lighting for pools,' said John Pirie, aquatic supervisor for the town, 'and should save us about 20 per cent.'

Lighting in the dressing rooms and foyers has also been changed, this time from incandescent to fluorescent, another promised saving of about 20 per cent, said Mr. Pirie.

## YESTERDAYS

By MARY DAWSON



In my last column I recalled some memories of a field threshing from my childhood, but from harvest until bad weather there were not enough days to accomplish all the threshing of wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, etc. that had been garnered that season. In fact threshing went on until and after winter had really set in.

If the farmer had not made his reservation in time for a field threshing or if he preferred a barn threshing then the sheaves of grain had to be transferred to the grain mow in the barn. I spent the summer of 1919 on my Uncle Willie's farm in Caradoc Township and he was a barn thresher.

Since it was an early crop year, the last week of July we transferred the heavy wheat crop to the barn. I was delegated to help my 14-year-old male cousin on the wagon, primarily to keep me out from underfoot, I think, and I did drive the team from stook to stook, although they would probably have made the short trip and the stop without any help from me.

The same type of flat bed farm wagon with high wooden racks was used but additional equipment was needed in the shape of slings of several strands of rope held in place and apart by slats

of wood, which stretched from one end of the wagon to the other.

On these, layer after layer, the load was built carefully to eliminate any danger of the wagon tipping as the team of horses drew it from the field to the barn and up the earthen gangway to the threshing floor.

The team was unhitched and stationed at the head of the gangway.

Then one sling at a time was attached to a contraption and the team pulling a long rope attached to this was driven down the sloping drive, hoisting the sling with its load to the main beam of the barn and across that main beam until it was over the grain mow.

There one end of the sling was released and the sheaves tumbled down, the sling being retrieved as the little trolley returned it to the wagon and both ends of another sling were attached. In the meantime the team had been returned to the top of the gangway.

This procedure was repeated over a period of two days until the whole crop was in the mow. The wagon, slings and horses had already been used before I arrived on the farm to fill the hay mow on the other side of the threshing floor with enough hay to feed the stock during the winter

months.

When the threshing outfit arrived in late fall, the threshing machine would be set up on the threshing floor with the long metal pipe extending out over the barnyard where the stack of straw would be blown.

This was used for bedding the animals during the winter.

Sometimes when the cattle were let out during the winter for exercise they would nibble at the straw until by spring the stack would resemble a huge yellow mushroom crowned with a couple of feet of snow.

When threshing time came the steam engine would be located at the foot of the gangway with the long leather belt extending from there to the machine.

As much distance as possible from the fram

As much distance as possible from the frame building was essential because of the danger of a spark from the engine's smoke stack igniting the straw or the dust in the barn which could be very heavy if the grain was infected with rust or smut.

In a barn threshing the grain usually was deposited in wheel barrows which were wheeled away directly into the granary, usually accessible from the threshing floor.

## MEETING

That evening I got word that a hastily

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Ron Wallace - Editor  
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