

# ON THE MAIN STREET

Oct-13/67

One hundred years ago the Verulam Agricultural Society at Bobcaygeon flung wide a new set of Centenary Gates and they were duly christened. Recently as the Fair known as the "Daddy of them all" held its 113 Exhibition and the beautiful surroundings witnessed one of the largest gatherings in years. The preliminary parade was excellent, the attractions were good and the Fair was blessed with appropriate Fall weather.

As one gentleman behind the mike yelled out: "Do not be alarmed at a few drifting clouds, it might rain a bit on the lake, but it never rains on Bobcaygeon Fair".

All the politicians were on hand extending the glad hand to friend and foe (for one never knows) and one of the venerable gentleman on hand was also acclaimed as the oldest Exhibitor. This was the popular Laird of the Scot's Line, east of Dunsford, J. J. Robertson. In a few weeks he will be surrounded by men and women of the Clan in observance of his 90th birthday. As a mere mite of a lad he remembers his father taking him to the first Fair grounds, then situated across the three bridges near the old Iroquois Hotel. He has attended every Fair since that time and for several years past he has been an Exhibitor. He was successful in winning 25 prizes this year.

This fine senior citizen tilled the soil in his own special garden, planted seeds by hand shovelled over the earth, watched the growing sprouts shoot upwards, sprayed off any bugs, cultivated and finally rooted up the vegetable, and the latter operation was following a rainy day so "JJ" cleaned the potatoes and other vegetables, glossed them over and then bagged the vegetables for the Bobcaygeon Fair. Where is there a tiller of the soil who can equal this feat?

On top of all this effort he came up with the coloured tickets, a bit of money, a broad smile and a twinkle in his eye.

Another pleased and proud winner at the Bobcaygeon Fair was Mrs. Clayton Taylor.

This exhibitor won a number of prizes for flowers and other articles but she was particularly pleased to be termed "Mrs. Button" and for this reason. Her display and arrangement of all sizes, descriptions and appearances won the red ticket. Collecting buttons has become a hobby with many farm and city women and Mrs. Taylor has one of the best. One button she prizes highly was once attached to her Grandfather's tunic, a soldier's tunic he wore in the Crimean War.

Of all the buttons exhibited (metal, bone, cloth, wood and Jade) the Jades are probably the most precious from a collector's point of view. The collection includes a number of fine steel buttons.

"Button, Button — who has the button" was a popular parlour game. Then there were other parlour games, bean bags, musical chairs, pin the tail on the donkey, bobbing for apples, Lost Heir, dominoes, carpet ball and many others — remember?

Tom Martin was welcomed by many friends at Little Bob Fair. He is a Past President, Past Clerk of the Township, Past Warden of the County, Past Master of the Masonic Lodge and Past officer in other church and community institutions. Lately Mr. Martin has been busily engaged in compiling the history of Verulam Township, in fact the



with Ford Moynes

manuscript is in the hands of the local printer and some 500 copies of the history will soon be on the Press. "It will be interesting, it will be factual and it will chronicle the history of this fine old Township" said Mr. Martin. "It has been a labour of love but it has meant much research and digging back into the past — I trust it will be well received".