

Autumn's Treasures



Milton Fall Fair

MILTON FAIR GROUNDS
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Friday, Sept. 25th 3pm-10 pm
 (GATES CLOSE)

Saturday, Sept. 26th 9am-10pm
 (GATES CLOSE)

Sunday, Sept. 27th 10am-4pm
 (GATES CLOSE)

905.878.5689
136 Robert Street, Milton

COMMENT

Head for the hills! No, there wasn't a flood coming...

By Ted Brown
tedbit@hotmail.com



A Ted Bit

Whenever I hear the saying 'Head for the hills,' I tend to look over my shoulder to see what's coming. The original saying referred to finding 'high ground,' as there was a flood or some other disaster brewing.

But this past weekend, the saying took on a whole new perspective, as the Craft Beer Festival, (aptly called 'Head for the Hills') took place at Trafalgar Sports Park on 17 Sideroad.

Organized by four Georgetown service clubs—Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis and Kinsmen—the concept was a great idea.

To pull off and event of this magnitude, it takes a load of volunteer help—not to mention having active volunteer committees to oversee the setup and take-down of the event. When it's spread over four service clubs (who all have their own volunteer base, and liability) the job is so much easier.

And all four groups have super track records in hosting such events, as well as running successful fundraisers. This event was in aid of Food4Kids North Halton, a charity that provides food for at-risk youth.

So it was a no-brainer from the get-go.

The Sidekick and I took in the event, and had a great time. Arriving around 12:30, we grabbed lunch first—there were lots of food trucks on site to offer quite a diverse selection of cuisines. I have found over the years, that my constitution needs something for the beer to land on, otherwise I'd be a mess!

We invited another couple to join us, and they were a bit delayed, so we ambled around, and had some great conversations with folks I hadn't seen in ages. Our friends arrived at 2 p.m., a bit later than they'd planned, and like The Sidekick and I, started with some food.

They'd hardly finished their lunch when the big black clouds started to move in, and before long, the heavens opened up.

I was one of the lucky ones—I had just made it to the cover of one craft brewery tents, and as I received my beer, Mother Nature opened the flood-

gates. It occurred to me that 'head for the hills' could suddenly take on a whole different meaning—I'm not saying there was an eminent flood—but man, a whack of water fell in a very short time.

Getting drenched to the skin is something of an equalizing action. Everyone around you looks like a drowned rat. Flat hair, soaked T-shirts, and running makeup puts everyone on a level playing field.

We all look like hell.

The Sidekick was no exception, she looked like she'd just swam the English Channel. Her hair was plastered to her head, and her jeans were dripping water.

But she's the last person in the world to worry about being soaked to the skin. She had me take a photo and she placed it on her Facebook page to show the world.

I have to agree getting soaked isn't the worst thing in the world—to a point. After all, we all came into this world soaking wet, so what's the big deal if we get rained on?

Despite the rain, it was a great event, and I'm pretty certain we'll see the second-annual 'Head for the Hills Beer Fest' organized next year.

As always there were a few chronic complainers in the crowd—'not enough porta-potties, not enough seating, not enough of this, not enough of that...'

But I say "Get over it, and suck it up. It was great."

This was the first event of its kind in town. There's bound to be a learning curve.

And knowing the collective talent of the four service clubs involved in the planning, I'm absolutely certain they're already making notes on how to improve and fine-tune the event for next year.

I know I for one will be at the front of the line to purchase a ticket for the 2016 version.

Good work Rotarians, Lions, Kiwanians and Kinsmen—ya done good!

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