

# MILFORD FAIR

By John A. Jackson

It was early in September and Valerie and I were getting ready for fall. We had returned from a 3 week river cruise from Budapest to Amsterdam (I'll probably write an article about that soon) and there was a lot of catching up and cleaning up to do before winter.


Son had phoned to enquire about the weather and to advise that he was seriously thinking of bringing his Airstream to Sand Banks for a few days. Seems he had some serious work to do and needed quiet and a pleasant spot to stay and enjoy nature. We told him that the Milford Fair was coming up and his family had never had the opportunity to attend.

The end result was he arrived a few days before the fair and wife and daughters arrived on the Friday evening – late – granddaughters are teenagers and apparently it takes some planning to decide on what to pack! So we were all headed for the fair on Saturday.

I recall when we first arrived here in September of 1993 that we heard a noise and we left our unpacking and walked out onto the back deck only to see a parade going by – we found out later that it was the Milford Fair. Valerie and I attended the next year and it was nothing like we'd ever been to before.

The 'major' ride for everyone was climbing into the bucket on the Hydro repair trucks and being raised and swung about over the ground. We lined up like everyone else for our flight. These trucks came a few times but later stopped probably because of liability and insurance or some such supposed danger. I am sure that everyone who rode above the ball diamond will never forget that long gone adventure.

After the first visit we have attended every fair in Milford as well as some of the others in the County. The displays of food, the art work and the crafts are most impressive. I must admit I missed the dunking tub over the last few years but things do insist on changing. We also had a lawn mover race in the back field which was great fun to watch and then there was cow patty bingo which also seems to have disappeared probably because the cow didn't cooperate until well after the fair had finished.



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Some years I volunteered to work and made hamburgers with my late friend Pete Fleck the year that St. Philip's had the food booth. Valerie became a member of the Fair Board and served as secretary for four years.

This year was certainly going to be different with son, daughter-in-law and granddaughters coming to our local celebration. The family had been regular visitors before the children were born but since that time they have been here for Christmas except on a couple of occasions when we visited them.

Christmas with the granddaughters has been something that Valerie and I have enjoyed for years. The family attends the Christmas Eve service at St. Philip's then is visited mysteriously through the night with gifts which are opened next morning. For a number of years Santa Claus (Pete Fleck) visited the house before anyone was awake. The family members are not early risers so they asked if Santa Claus could come later in future but it was explained that this was the country and he was on his way to hand out presents at the hospital so they had to get used to being awakened early!

Well, I hear you ask "how did the fair visit go?" Unbelievably fine, the weather as you know was great, the parade which we walk down Clapp Side Rd to watch was great and the girls were impressed. We all walked up the fair grounds which is a novelty for the girls because they can't walk anywhere in Toronto – too dangerous! We all split up at the fair grounds and wander around to see what interested us.

I was just finishing my hot dog when Melanie and the two girls, Anjelica and Danielle joined us

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